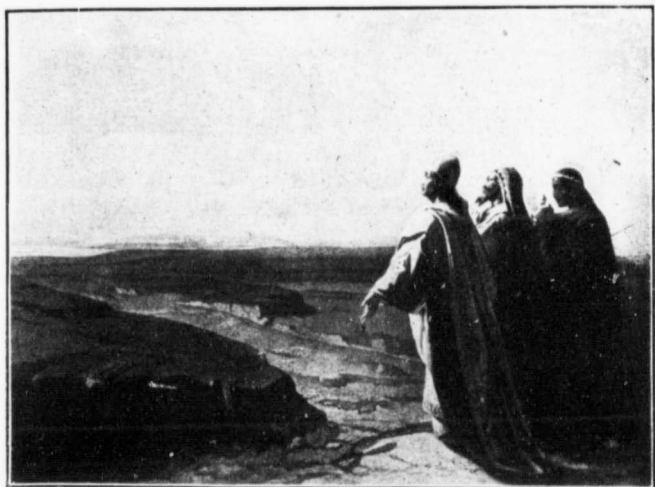


THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

By Joseph - Aubert.



THE SENTINEL

JANUARY, 1906.

THE MAGI'S GIFTS.

*NAY, Lord, not thus, not thus! It is not meet
To bring rich offerings to Thy holy shrine:
Who, having all things mundane and divine
Created, carest not for incense sweet!
These arches towering splendid to the skies,
These gilded altars and these vestments rich,
These costly statues carven in each niche,
Are but the world's display in holy guise.
Nay, when we offer Thee earth's richest store
We but present Thee that Thou hadst before;
But when our hearts we to Thy service lend,
We offer Thee a gift that ne'er shall end.
And Thou hast said, "A broken, contrite heart
In sacrifice is mine accepted part!"*

LAURENS MAYNARD.



Holy and Happy New Year.



WHILE joyously greeting the advent of the New Year we wonderingly ask as did the Jews centuries ago over the cradle of John the Baptist: "What think you this child will be?" What think you this New Year whose birth is equally shrouded in mystery will be for each and every one of us? Will it bring us happiness, prosperity, health, riches; or will it add new trials to those already afflicting us and seeming so heavy and so hard to bear? We know not. Neither do we know the events that to-morrow and the following days will form the topic of pleasant or sad conversation among men; but we know positively that if the Blessed Eucharist still abides with us God will love us, and even now we can see stretching out before us, through that very abiding, a way strewn with blessings and graces, each one of which to be worthily appreciated would require the heart of a Seraph.

Under the consecrated Host we substantially possess the food that will strengthen us to bear the burden, the weariness, the warfare of life under its diverse aspects, the sun to scatter its mists, to light up its darkness with the light of faith, hope and love. Besides, the goodness of Jesus so gratuitously lavished on us during the past year leads us to hope that His benign Providence will be equally propitious to us this opening year. His empire is so sweet that we need not fear change and even were He to change, would it not be only to show us more tender mercy, more loving care, while His presence that will redouble His sacrifices for love of, us, tells us that this

love knows no recoil nor cessation, but goes on increasing until the century of the endless Gift.

Nevertheless, Jesus does not distribute His graces and blessings indiscriminately. He is as just as He is good, consequently He proportions His favors to our love for Him and our zeal in making Him known and loved. Therefore, we can form no better wish for you, dear readers, than that this burning love and ardent zeal for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament may fill your New Year and crown it with every conceivable good. Yes, may this year from beginning to end be impregnated with devotion to, with acts of faith and love practised towards the Blessed Sacrament, and necessarily it will be a happy, a holy and a prosperous year.

Whoever you may be, whatever may be your age and social standing, if in the course of this year you grow in the love of and zeal for the Blessed Sacrament, you will infallibly draw nearer to peace and happiness, because you draw nearer to Jesus, the source of all beatitude.

What is this divine Wisdom of which it is asserted that all good things have come to us with it, if not, Jesus Christ, who lived visibly on this earth doing good during three and thirty years and who continues to live in an invisible but very real manner in the Blessed Sacrament in order that all generations may participate in the great graces of His Incarnation and of His Passion? Since the surest way to share in these blessings and treasures of the divine Wisdom is to love Him and work for the extension of His reign, once more we cordially wish you all a happy New Year! A year filled with progress in the love of Jesus in the Sacred Host and in zeal for His glory.



“ May every coming hour be
A bud of hope on life's full tree ;

Each day a blossom of delight
Whose beauty time can never blight.

And God who doth such blessing send
Be first and last thy truest Friend.

Dear Friend ! All blessings thine shall be
If God but hears my prayer for thee.”



Particular Practice for the Month of January.

Our duties towards the Blessed Eucharist.

Seventh Duty : To Imitate It.



OUR Lord once gave His disciples this simple but sublime summary of the code of moral perfection He had brought to the world : " Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect."

Behold then in the heavenly Father the adorable Model Christians should imitate. But according to another Scriptural text, no one save Jesus Himself, has seen the Father. How, therefore, can we copy an invisible model? Our Saviour Himself answers this objection when He says : " Who sees Me, sees My Father ".... " I have given you the example in order that as I have done you may do likewise." A devout follower of Christ, commenting on those words, thus expresses himself : " The God of heaven became man so that we should only have to imitate a man in order to imitate God."

But that man, Jesus, has departed from this world wherein He visibly walked during the short space of a human life, He has ascended to the right of the Father : we can no longer find Him except on the altar, the mystic mountain, of which it is written ; " Look and act according to the model shown you on the mountain." (Exod. XXV, 40) Consequently, Jesus in the Eucharist is in reality our divine Model, and to Him we must go to study those virtues that are to become in us the human translation of the perfections of the Father.

In effect, what sublime examples we find to imitate in Jesus Sacred Host ! What poverty ! What annihilation ! He possesses nothing but the frail veil of the Species covering His glorious body. He is surrounded by obscurity,

solitude, silence, nevertheless, He is the King of Glory and Majesty acclaimed in Heaven by thousands of angels.

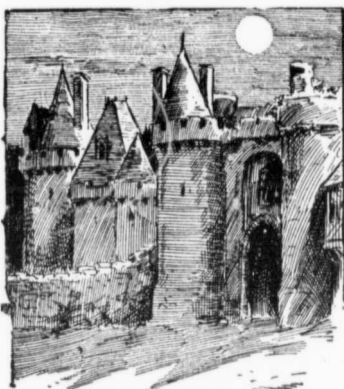
What lessons of detachment, of humility and of abnegation for us poor miserable slaves of a vain world ever swayed by the desire of riches, honors and pleasures.

Jesus in the Eucharist also gives an example of most sublime obedience. He, the sovereign Lord to whom all must bow, He comes down every morning at the first request, comes into the hands of the priest who immolates Him on the altar. He accedes at every hour of the day to the desire of the most humble of His children whether at the Holy Table or on their couch of agony. What a contrast to our spirit of independence and insubordination often exhausting all the resources of pride and anger before submitting to legitimate authority.

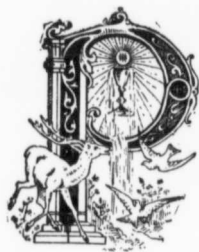
Where shall we find more admirably exemplified than in the Eucharist those rare and beautiful virtues, patience and meekness? The Sacred Host shows us the King of Peace and Meekness unceasingly saying: Learn of Me for I am meek and humble of heart." We easily discern the traits of the Lamb of God, in the gentle Victim who bears in patience these nineteen centuries all the irreverences, the sacrileges and outrages of dearly loved children monstrously changed into traitors and executioners at the Table of Love.

Let us pause and examine and judge ourselves. Is not our patience somewhat like that of those explosive substances inert until they come into contact with a spark of fire? Is not a spark of blame, of contempt, of want of consideration, of contradiction enough to light up in our heart the fire of bitterness and anger and put on our lips a torrent of abuse against our fellowmen, sometimes even against God?

Finally, we see in Jesus, Sacred Host, the model of the most beautiful and the most necessary of virtues, the inspirer and queen of all the others: charity, in the surrender of self. How brilliantly this sublime virtue shines in Communion where Jesus gives Himself to all, refusing no one, not even a Judas. He loves all men, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, just or sinner, and He bestows this supreme gift in order to unite us all together by uniting us all to Himself.



The two
Midnight Masses
at the
Castle of La Porte.



RIEST, I pay you, you are my chaplain, you must obey me!" "God first, my Lord. — "Your God! Why need it bother Him because I want to change my ugly old wife for a pretty, young, rich one!" — "My Lord, Jesus Himself has said: Let no man put asunder what God has joined together!" "You quote Him to suit yourself and, though I am a gentleman, I cannot read, so you play on my ignorance!" "You wrong me, I would not dare change the sacred words. Go and speak about the matter to Mgr. Rainier of Flanders, our bishop: the bells of Holy Cross like those of your chapel are now ringing for midnight mass, it will only take you about an hour to reach there and you will be in ample time to consult His Grace after his first mass." "I scorn your Bishop: he is an intruder and you, you are only the son of a slave, whereas I am a Lord and shall do as I please. — The Church forbids you. God preserve you, Lord though you be, from feeling the weight of His anathemas!" "You threaten me, I believe! Yes or no, will you, between the second and third mass marry me to Deborah, daughter of old, Moses, the rich Jewish banker?" — "Never! You have stolen this girl from her father, she is a Jewess; you are a married man and yet pretend you want to

marry her. Triple crime." "Insolent creature! how dare you judge your master? Obey me or I will crush you." "I cannot obey you. I have no option, only the consolation of knowing that I shall gain heaven by dying in the discharge of my duty?... Then, you will gain it pretty soon."

The foregoing conversation, ominous harbinger of a dreadful tragedy, took place on the twenty-fourth of December, of the year 1076, at midnight, in the interior portico of the chapel of the castle of La Porte, near Sandillon, between the Lord of the manor and his chaplain. Hervé, Lord of La Porte, Bruel, Marais and Prateaux, was a type — happily rare even in those iron days of the XI century — a partly civilized barbarian, more feared than loved, a feudal in the worst sense of the word, a renowned hunter, drunkard and adventurer, an illiterate, brutal man who tyrannized over his subjects and was the terror of the neighbouring countries, the oppressor of his serfs, the scourge of his fellowmen, the scandal of the clergy who had several times already vainly threatened him with the wrath of the King. The ferocious-looking wolf emblazoned on his coat of arms was a meet type of this barbarian, surnamed the bluebeard of Sologne.

Tired of his wife, who, though good and pious, was neither young nor pretty, he continually abused and ill-treated her until finally she could bear it no longer and taking her child fled for protection to her father's home. Thus left to himself the Lord of the manor indulged in such extravagant excesses as soon brought ruin in their wake. To escape this dreaded foe and to replenish his coffers he had forcibly taken despite her tears and protests beautiful Deborah, daughter of old Moses, the Jewish nabob, and was trying to compel his chaplain to marry them before the third mass. The chaplain was young and slight but beneath his frail appearance throbbed an apostle's heart, a noble, dauntless soul that indignantly refused and recoiled before his master's command. The latter threatened and stormed, his anger increasing to frenzy by this unexpected opposition and the too many glasses of burning Cyprus wine under which he laboured. In fear and silence, anticipating some sad ending to their master's passionate outburst, the servants and slaves

knelt in the seigniorial chapel. The second mass draws to a close. The chaplain who knows his master's wickedness and whose sacrifice is made has repeated a second time the sublime invocations causing God to descend on the altar. He murmurs the final prayers, pronounces the "*Ite missa est.*" Poor priest, martyr to duty, is it not your own life you are bidding depart ?

He turns to bless the assistants and sees-sight to make



the bravest heart quail — standing on the altar steps, not two feet from him, with glaring eyes and drawn sword, the giant form of his enraged, thwarted master ; and at the end of the chapel, in the shelter of a covered passage leading to the main tower a woman's form being forcibly dragged towards the altar. Her convulsive sobbing unmistakably proves what an unwilling victim she is.

" Priest, everything is ready. Will you marry me ? If you do I will give you a chasuble of gold and the free-

dom of your kinsfolk." "Keep your gold, my Lord; and as to freedom, true liberty is that of the children of God, my kinsfolk desire no other. Let that poor unhappy girl go back to her father, bring home your lawful wife, implore God's pardon and perhaps in this night of mercy and joy He may forgive you your great crimes" — "Insolent creature! obey me or on my honor as a gentleman my sword shall pierce your heart." — "You threaten a priest at the altar and yet call yourself a gentleman! Gentleman of the highway like those our good king Philip condemns to dangle from a rope." — "There, take that blow across your cheek. And now marry me or die. Yes or no." "Never..." Scarcely had he time to pronounce the word before his master's sword was buried in his heart. The undaunted champion of God's law staggered and fell, reddening the altar steps with his life's blood and fixing his murderer with a sad, pitying glance.

An exclamation of horror and indignation ran through the chapel. The assistants moved by a simultaneous impulse, although unarmed, threw themselves on the murderer whose bodyguard could scarcely defend him from their fury... But he sees nothing; he seems turned to stone as he stands there, upright near his victim, silent, fascinated, gazing down in an agony of fear and trembling upon the prostrate form and flowing blood. Shivering convulsively, he awakens to reality, gives a great despairing cry, scatters with his naked sword those obstructing his way and jumps from the chapel window. Once outside he flees like one pursued across the frozen country into the deep sheltering gloom of the dense forest, a second Cain even more guilty than his predecessor.

* * *

Ten years have elapsed since this crime was committed, ten years, day for day, Christmas for Christmas. To night as ten years ago Midnight Mass lights up with its joyous splendours the chapel of the castle of La Porte and brings back a portion of the same assistants — but a small portion, alas — and the new generation of the surrounding hamlets.

The liturgical psalmody and the sublime versicles rise up from the altar imbedded in beautiful palms and profusely decorated with Christmas roses and holly wreaths

with their bright red berries sparkling amid the myriad lights. The second mass is finished. A second time the celebrant blesses the kneeling crowd, some among whom shudderingly recall the sad tragedy enacted at this moment just ten years ago.

.....

What means this strange commotion in the peaceful chapel? Why does every one turn and stare at a newcomer, an old man, a tall pilgrim with torn robe and bleeding feet, who slowly walks up the aisle and whose ill-fitting rope-girdled tunic still reveals the wearer, majestic in his savage humility. In his right hand he carries a silver reliquary and in the left a roll of parchment covered with red characters, from which hangs an authentic seal. As he reaches the altar he bends low to receive the priest's blessing. Who is he?... mutely question all as prostrate on the altar steps, he kisses again and again the dark stains made by the life-blood of the martyred priest which ten years have not sufficed to efface.

As the celebrant is about to begin the third mass, the prostrate man rises and with head raised and still haughty eye faces the congregation. An awful cry escapes from the seigniorial pew as the lady of the manor recognizes her guilty husband. The cry is taken up by the slaves who all recognize their cruel master. Quiet being restored, the cause of all this commotion says :

" My Father, and you good, faithful people, listen to the confession of a great culprit, of a penitent who craves your mercy. Yes, I am he : the assassin, the murderer ! Here ten years ago I committed my crime. I confess it, I am heartily sorry for it ! Have I sufficiently expiated it ? Am I worthy to retake my place among you ? You yourselves shall be my judges !

Seized with horror after I had done the awful deed, I fled, branded like another Cain, haunted by the look of the dying priest, cursing and loathing myself. Crossing the glacial Alps, I went to Rome and on the threshold of his Lateran palace threw myself at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, Gregory VI, confessed my crime and offered to surrender my head.

Sadly and indignantly, the Sovereign Pontiff listened to my awful tale ; without a word, he left me and entered his palace, where he remained in prayer until midnight. Then he sent for me and said to me : " Go, poor guilty sinner, go to Jerusalem ; become a pilgrim, a slave of the Holy Sepulchre ! Go, make the journey three times, amidst the hardships of the itinerant, — hunger, insults and blows. Offer to God, in expiation, your too well-



deserved sufferings. Go, and if God vouchsafes to grant you mercy, He will manifest His will in some unusual way. Then, return, and, if I still live, I will give you a brief of absolution."

I set out. Each time begging my way, thrice I braved the perils of the sea and of the African pirates. Three times with pilgrim's staff I visited Jerusalem and adored the sacred rock of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. The

first time, the cursed Turk, conqueror of Arabia since a few years previous, and tyrannizing over the holy City, seeing I was only a poor pilgrim, insulted me struck me and spat in my face. The second time he marked my guilty brow with a red hot iron. The third time he stripped me of my clothing and dragged me on a hurdle the length of the dolorous way lashing me with whips at every step and because I cursed Mahomet threatened to burn me alive on the steps of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre.

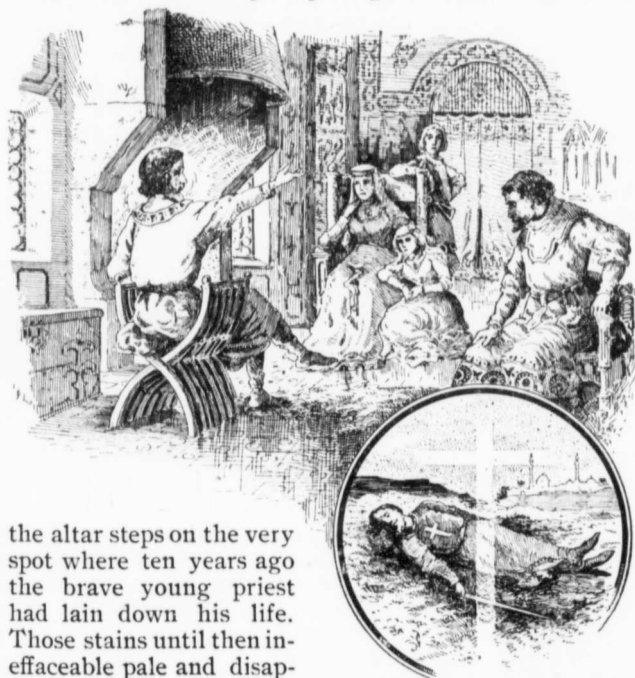
When, finally, more dead than alive, I was ransomed with gold, I went and threw myself in the crypt of the Sepulchre with head resting on the very marble where my Saviour had lain. I thought I felt the sacred stone grow soft beneath my penitent kisses. Overcome with surprise and filled with happiness too great for words, I earnestly besought the risen Christ to take pity on me and give me a sign of His mercy ; in my intense longing, I convulsively pressed my lips to the blessed tomb — marvel of God's infinite goodness — a small piece of its pure white marble remained between my blanched lips.

You may imagine my delight as I carefully removed my treasure, hid it close to my heart and joyously took up my staff to return to the Eternal City. A second time I knelt at the feet of Christ's Vicar. Gregory had died during my absence but his successor, Victor III, received me kindly, ratified the divine pardon, gave me this brief of absolution sealed by the effigy of the two Apostles and this silver reliquary inlaid with precious stones where he himself placed the small piece of marble detached from the Holy Sepulchre, a particle of the true cross and other valuable relics, It is my ransom. I bring it to you because the Pope as a last expiation imposed on me the duty of obtaining from you, my victims and the witnesses of my crime, final and enduring pardon.

Good people who listen to me, formerly my vassals, now my judges, you whom I oppressed and tyrannized over for so many years, will you not also pardon and pity me? Have I sufficiently expiated my crime? May I now live among you to repair the scandal I have given you, or must I once more hopelessly retake my way to Jerusalem an outcast forever?....

"No no good master," unanimously cried out the deeply affected listeners. Your expiation has been sufficient. The Pope has absolved you, all is forgotten and forgiven. Stay with us."

His wife welcomed him kindly, his daughter covered his emaciated hands with loving kisses and the priest made on his brow the sign of the cross, the sign of mercy. Tears run down the poor prodigal's cheeks and fall on



the altar steps on the very spot where ten years ago the brave young priest had lain down his life. Those stains until then ineffaceable pale and disappear entirely, washed away by the tears of true repentance and deep humility.

The Lord of the manor resumed his place among his own and was their elification for many years. When Peter the Hermit sent out his appeal for troops to defend the Holy Land, he responded and set out with Foucher of Orleans. He was killed at the battle of Niece, a martyr for Christ, effacing by his heroic death the bloody stain of his life.

The Bethlehem of Today.

BETHLEHEM ! The mere name awakens loving thoughts and high aspirations.

Even hearts who deny the divinity of the Babe born there cast their inward glance toward the Child in the manger as His birthday comes yearly around. The influence of the all-holy Little One overshadows them in their own despite, touching with pleading grace all that is gentlest and best within them. The tiny King of Judea, at least at Yule-tide, sways the world from His cradle of straw. Little children echo the "*Gloria in Excelsis*" of the angels and its sweet spirit creeps into the darkest places. Good-will breathes everywhere. Merriment and gracious sweetness reign. The "Little Flower that bloomed in the midnight" long ago fills all things with its fragrance of innocence and peace and tells us that we too must become "as a little child." Thus the lowliness of Bethlehem triumphs.

But the lowliness of the altar pleads alas ! in vain. The species of bread are less fitting clothing for the "Word made flesh" than even the swaddling clothes, the tabernacle a deeper humiliation than the manger wherein He lay amid the dumb brutes, their meek eyes gleaming through the darkness at the tiny form upon the straw as though their instincts divined in some mysterious way the presence of their Master. Ah, had we been in Bethlehem, we sometimes think, on that Christmas Eve, the Virgin Mother would not have been forced to seek shelter with beasts for her child. Yet when He pleads in the little Host for refuge in our unworthy hearts from the coldness of the world, which has no room for Him, we do not heed the cry. Blinded by earthly cares and pleasures we do not penetrate the veil, and falling down, adore as did the humble shepherds. His Magi knelt but once before their infant King but we may kneel at His feet daily if we will, and offer the frankincense of a love more precious than gold to him.



SUBJECT OF ADORATION.

An Hour of Adoration before the
Blessed Sacrament.

The Holy Name of Jesus.

I. — Adoration.

O Jesus, my adorable Saviour! I pronounce Thy holy name Jesus, and I feel my soul penetrated with respect, love, and adoration for the Divine Person who bears this thrice holy name. I love Thee, O my Saviour, for ennobling our human nature by taking from it Thy Body, Thy Blood, Thy Heart, and Thy soul with all its admirable faculties! I say to myself: If the name of Jesus is so holy, so terrible, that when it is pronounced every knee should bow in heaven, on earth, and in hell; if it is so powerful that the first miracle of the New Law, the first miracle of Thy Apostle Peter, was wrought in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and ever since by the power of the same holy name the saints have performed so many prodigies, what must we think of Him who bears that name of glory and of love? If the name of Jesus is so sweet, so charming that the Church delights in chanting it, and all who love the Saviour thrill with joy when pronouncing it or hearing it pronounced, what shall we say of Him, of Jesus Himself?

Ah! I understand why the name of Jesus is of so much worth and merit, why it is deserving of so much reverence and confidence. It is because Jesus signifies *Saviour* of the world. Now, only a God, a God-made Man, has power to save us, as Peter assured the Jews that there was no other name by which we could be saved. *Jesus!* Matchless name,

peerless name, sacred name *par excellence*, name truly adorable, because it is the name of our Emmanuel, the name of the good God, present and living among us! To merit this name above every name, O how much our dear Saviour suffered and humbled Himself, becoming, as St. Paul says, obedient unto death and the death of the cross!

Gladly, then, will I cry out with David: "*O Lord, our Lord, how admirable is thy name in the whole earth!*"—" *From the rising of the sun till the going down of the same, the name of the Lord is worthy of praise.*"—" *Young men and maidens: let the old with the younger praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is exalted.*"—" *All the nations thou hast made shall come and adore before thee, O Lord: and they shall glorify thy name!*"

II. — Thanksgiving.

The name of Jesus is a name of sweetness and love. If it calls upon me loudly to adore, it commands me not less imperatively to thank. The name of Jesus recalls to me my beloved Saviour, my sovereign Benefactor, Him to whom I owe all that I am, all that I have, all that I hope for and expect in this world, both in the natural and the supernatural order, and in the next eternal glory and beatitude.

To pronounce, to hear the name of Jesus, is in itself a grace, a protection. The saints teach charming things on this subject. I love especially to recall what St. Laurence Justinian says of the advantages to be derived from the pious invocation of the name of Jesus: "As often as you piously pronounce this holy name, you taste a certain spiritual sweetness most agreeable, not only in the heart, but also on the lips. This name has a power all its own to rejoice the soul, refresh the spirit, strengthen devotion, and rouse the piety of him who invokes it. If tempted by the demon, oppressed by men, burdened by sadness, worn out by suffering; if violently agitated by the spirit of blasphemy or despair, struck with terror, or plunged into the agony of doubt, utter the name of Jesus, and, at once, light and grace will flow upon you. Yes, in difficult, perilous, terrible moments, at home and abroad, in the desert and on the billows of the sea, in fine, wherever you may be, pronounce the name of the Saviour. Pronounce it not with the lips alone, but from the bottom of the heart, with faith, love, and confidence, for it would serve little merely to spell, as it were, the syllables of the divine name. But if you say, *Lord Jesus!* confessing with mouth and heart that He is truly God and truly man in the unity of one same Person, you will be en-

tirely embalmed with the good odor of Christ, and, by virtue of that confession, you will be saved."

Let us now listen to St. Bernard : " The name of Jesus," says he, " is honey to my mouth, music to my ear, jubilation in my heart... Thy name, O Lord, is like oil poured out. Oil enlightens, nourishes, softens. It feeds fire, nourishes the flesh soothes pain. It is a light, a nourishment, a remedy. And so it is with the name of Jesus."

Here let us give utterance to our sentiments of gratitude, for we have near us in our tabernacles Him who is called Jesus, and we can approach Him, speak to Him, receive Him into our breast, and unite ourselves to Him as closely as we please.

III. — Reparation.

The name of Jesus has wonderful power to incite us to reparation. There is nothing astonishing in this, since Jesus is the name of our dear Saviour, officially imposed upon Him on the day on which, in His eagerness to save us, He began to shed the first drops of His Precious Blood, namely, the day of His Circumcision. It is in view of this fact that Holy Mother Church places upon the lips of her erring children these words : " *By Thy name O Lord, have pity on me, for great is my sin !* " — " *Through Thy holy name, O Lord, pardon my sins !* "

To repair the sins committed against the Eucharist, the forgetfulness, the irreverence, the blasphemy, let us love to repeat often the following little act of love and adoration : *Praised be Jesus Christ !* Let us say it when we see a steeple in the distance, when making our genuflection or prostration before the Most Blessed Sacrament. Our fathers the first Christians, when they met, saluted one another with the words : *Praised be Jesus Christ !* Why at least among devout persons, should we not try to establish this holy custom ? Let us say, let us cry out if possible, when we hear a blasphemy : *Praised be Jesus Christ !* — If miscreants claim the right to blaspheme and curse aloud, why should we not enjoy the liberty to bless and adore aloud ! In many Christian homes, notably in Catholic Belgium, may be seen on the walls scrolls and placards, bearing in large characters these words, which are constantly repeated : *Praised be Jesus Christ ! Forever !* — Ah ! here is a tradition which we should not allow to fall into disuse. It would help to repair the evil wrought by so many vile posters stuck on the wall of our cities.

IV. — Prayer.

My Jesus, mercy! It is a cry of reparation and an ardent prayer. St. Leonard of Port Maurice, that illustrious converter of souls, that great apostle of Italy in the eighteenth century constituted himself the indefatigable propagator of this short, but powerful, invocation. He used to cry out at the end of his missions: "Ah! my dearly beloved brethren, who will give me a voice of thunder, or rather one of the trumpets that will resound on the day of the Last Judgment, and, transported with holy zeal, I shall ascend to the top of the highest mountains and from there shout with all my might: 'Erring people, commend yourselves to God in these or similar words: *My Jesus, mercy!* *My Jesus, mercy!* — And I give you my word, since Jesus has given you His before me in His holy Gospel, when He said, '*Ask, and you shall receive*' — yes, I give you my word, I repeat, if you commend yourselves often to God by these words, *My Jesus, mercy!* you will cease to sin, and you will be saved!"

This incredible power of the invocation of the holy name of Jesus is founded on the promise of Our Lord himself. Hast Thou not said, O good Master: *Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in my name, that will I do?*: Have not Thy Apostles written: *Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved?* Behold why the Church expects all her help from the Lord who made heaven and earth: *Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini qui fecit caelum et terram.*—Blessed, then, is the man whose hope is in the name of the Lord! Again, if the name alone of Jesus possesses such great supernatural power, what of His Person Itself, of His Divinity, His Sacred Humanity? What is the power of His Soul, of His Body, and of His Precious Blood? What shall we say of His Heart, that adorable heart, which the Divine Sacrament places at our disposition, that by It we may render to God all our religious duties, merit all His benefits, and pay our debt of gratitude for them? Yes, when we offer to Almighty God the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, we discharge our debt far beyond its value, since nothing can equal in worth the Holy Eucharist, the Gift above all gifts!





Sighs to Jeſuſ in the Sacred Hoſt.



AY Thy kingdom come ! May it be enlarged, exalted, perfected ! This should be our New Year greeting to Our Lord. May it be fulfilled wherever He is not known, not now loved ? May all His creatures perfect in themselves the work of the Incarnation and of the Redemption !

And what about those nations that had never had the Faith ? How will Jesus establish there His kingdom ? What is necessary for that ? Ah, listen ! *One saint, only one saint*, would suffice ! Desire for Our Lord good priests, true apostles. That ought to be our constant prayer. The poor pagans know neither their Heavenly Father, nor their tender Mother, nor Jesus, their Saviour,—and we leave them in that sad, sad state ! O-how cruel ! Let us extend, let us enlarge, by our prayers, the kingdom of Our Lord. Let pagans come to the Faith, let them know their Saviour. Let heretics and schismatics return to the sheepfold and range themselves under the crook of the Good Shepherd.

And among Catholics, how does Jesus Christ reign ? Ask without ceasing the conversion of bad Catholics, who have but little faith. Ask that they who have the faith may preserve it. You who have a family, ask that all may keep their faith. So long as they have this bond of union with Our Lord, there is hope. As long as Judas lived with Our Lord, he had the chance and the means of salvation. One word would have saved him. But when the unhappy man left Jesus, he came to an evil end. He fell into the abyss of perdition. Ask, then, to preserve faith in Jesus, no matter in which one of His mysteries.

It is often said that a good Protestant is better than a bad Catholic. But that is not so. Such a declaration means that one can be saved without the true Faith. No, no ! The bad Catholic, though a prodigal, a sinner, is always the child of God, and has a right to His mercy. The bad Catholic, by his faith, is nearer to God than the Protestant. He is still in the house of his Father, which the Protestant is not. And what difficulties to be overcome before he can enter !

In laboring for the perservation of the Faith, use Christian language, the language of Faith. Change the forms made use of by the world. By a culpable tolerance, we have banished Our Lord from our customs, laws etiquette, and circles of fashion. In a mixed assembly, we do not dare speak of *Jesus Christ*. Even among practical Christians, it is thought strange to mention Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. It is alleged as an excuse that there are so many who do not make their Easter duty, do not go to Holy Mass, consequently, some guest might be offended by such a subject. The master of the house may himself be among that unhappy number. Religious art, moral truths, the beauties of religion, will, perhaps, be discussed ; but Jesus Christ, the Eucharist, never ! Now, let us try to change all that. Let us profess our Faith. Let us learn to say, Our Lord, Jesus Christ, and not merely Christ. We must proclaim that Our Lord has the right to live and to reign in the language of society. It is dishonorable in Catholics to hide Our Lord under a bushel as they do. We should confess Him make Him known everywhere. He who makes open profession of his faith, who courageously pronounces the name of Jesus Christ in public, draws upon himself a grace from above. Let all know the Faith that we profess.

Atheists proclaim aloud their principles, whole nations glory in believing nothing, and shall we not dare to make known our Faith ? shall we shrink from pronouncing the name of our Divine Master ? We ought fearlessly to do so. The impious are, if not absolutely possessed by the evil one, at least obsessed by him. Against these demons, let us oppose the name of Our Lord, Jesus Christ. If every faithful soul would take the resolution to speak boldly and reverently of Our Lord, the face of the world

would soon be changed. The thought of Him would become familiar. The great day is coming. The two armies are standing face to face. Thanks be to God, eclecticism is no longer in force. We must be either of the good or of the bad, of Jesus Christ or of Satan. Ah ! let us proclaim Jesus Christ, let us sound His name ! It is our standard. Let us bear it nobly aloft.

Lastly, let the reign of Our Lord come into us, into our soul. Our Lord is, indeed, in us. But that He may reign in us absolutely, there is yet much to be done. We are not entirely conquered. Our Lord does not yet reign peacefully by a reign of harmony and love. The frontiers of the soul are not yet subjected to Him ; and what sovereign can reign as master if he does not hold the boundaries of his dominions ?

Let us know Our Lord more perfectly. Let us enter into his life, His sacrifices, His virtues in the Most Holy Sacrament, and into his love. Instead of always living in self, let us mount up to Him. To see self in Him is good, but to see Him in self is better. Instead of cultivating self, let us cultivate Our Lord, let us make Him increase in ourselves. Let us think of Him. Let us study Him in Himself. Let us enter into Him. We shall have enough in Him to support our life. He is great. He is infinite. This is the broad and royal road that ennobles life.

We must, also, console Our Lord. He expects from us consolation, and He will receive it with pleasure. Let us ask Him to raise up good priests, apostolic priests, saviours, who will make an era in the world's history, and who will give kingdoms to God. Ask that all may be His, that He may be not only a saviour, for that supposes too much suffering, but that He may be a King, a King peaceful and absolute. Console Him for this that He is so little of a King in His own kingdom. Alas ! Our Lord is conquered ! In heaven He reigns over the saints over the angels. There He is the all-powerful Master, whose will is faithfully executed. But here below ?—Ah, no ! Men, His redeemed, His children, have vanquished Our Lord ! He no longer reigns over Catholic society. Let us make Him reign over us at least, and let us labor to restore His kingdom everywhere.

PÈRE EYMARD.



The Way of the Lord.

*THE way of the Lord is the way of a child,
The path of the Spirit, the Heart undefiled.
And this for the asking He gives to us all,
Who on Him in Truth and in Spirit do call.*

*Himself to the Father he offers for thee,
From birth in the manger to death on the tree:
And still on the Altar continues the same,
The offering of love, freely made in His Name.*

*"The way of the Lord is the way of a child,"
Perpetual offering of self undefiled.
He makes Himself little because He is great,
And He serveth all upon whom all do wait.*



*Epiphany brought the Wise Men to His side,
Who sent them the Star of the East for their guide,
And gifts did they bring of frankincense and gold,
For Gift of all gifts, Whom the prophets foretold.*

*Then shall we less wise be, to-day than the sage,
Whose history brightens the scriptural page,
The Child Heart of Bethlehem loves as of yore,
The wise men who still come to love and adore.*

*And wisest of all, is the one who can take,
The Gift of all gifts, love hath made for his sake;
And keeping it ever, the Heart of the Child,
Make offering to God, of His love undefiled.*

*"The way of the Lord is the way of a child."
And they shall walk in it—the humble and mild.
To such doth He ever say "Come unto Me."—
The Gift of all gifts is still waiting for thee.*

HONORA McDONOUGH.





The Chapel of Reparation Destroyed by Fire



THE greater part of our readers have already learned through the press of the burning, on the 30 of October, of the Chapel of Reparation with all its appurtenances. Of the pretty little chapel nestling so calmly and peacefully in its verdant surroundings and so dearly loved and favored by pilgrims nothing now remains but a heap of ruins.

The work of Reparation was founded by two devout Christians, two sisters with Apostolic hearts, one of whom sleeps in the Lord beneath the very ruins of the burnt sanctuary, while the other from her Carmelite's cell in France prays and suffers for her cherished work.

Grain of mustard seed — from its inception the work of Reparation developed admirably. Magnificent grottoes and representations of various scenes of the dolorous passion were erected to complete the installation of the beautiful Stations of the Cross, whose sublime pathos and life-like vividness fill, us with tender compassion for the suffering Victim, with infinite longing to console Him. —

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This year another new monument, the Scala Sancta, was being built according to an original plan.

The number of pilgrims visiting this renowned shrine was legion : this year alone they outnumbered 60,000. What a consoling and edifying sight it was to see their piety and fervor in this sacred spot already sanctified by so many prayers and spiritual favors.

And this humble sanctuary, the witness of such great things, has been destroyed by fire. Though we grieve and



Jesus and the Little Children.

SANCTA SCALA — POINTE AUX TREMBLES.

perhaps even weep over our great loss still we are not discouraged. With God's help and the charitable assistance of the devoted sympathisers of the work, whom we judge to be numerous from the very fact that Reparation, the desire to offer Reparation, is an imperative need of every human heart ; so we are confident that at no distant date a new chapel, larger and better adapted to meet the wants of the pilgrims, will rise triumphantly from those charred ruins.



My First Missal.

NEVER in the memory of nurse had Master Jean gone to bed so late or so noisily. Usually after the family night prayers, while good-nights and kisses were being exchanged, half-past eight would ring from the cuckoo clock in the hall, and the sandman would begin his rounds. Oh, that sand ! Jean's eyes, and even his mouth, would be already full of it, and he would give himself up to old Marguerite docile, blind, mute — grumbling, did you say ? Oh, no ; only *snoring* ! But this evening, feast of St. Sylvester — what bright looks ! What activity ! My ! how he chatters !

“ I'll show them to you to-morrow — my gifts, my little altar !... You'll see if it isn't fine ! It is made of polished wood like papa's secretary, with four candles, four candlesticks, and a golden chalice, and a stand for the book, and a real tabernacle — see, here is the key ! And then I've got a vestment — everything, you know ! It was Aunt Germaine who embroidered it ... white, and flowers around the cross, and then — ”

But here old Marguerite interposed : “ Come, come now, Master Jean, your little brothers are asleep long ago... Why, it is nearly 10 o'clock ! ”

Jean does not easily go to sleep. He is too happy ; also, he is a little anxious. When one is six years old, one thinks of so many things. By and by, mamma comes softly counting her beads. Peeping between the snowy curtains, she meets two bright questioning eyes. The

little form starts up in bed. "Oh, mamma, mamma! there isn't any book!"

"No book?" Mamma is puzzled.

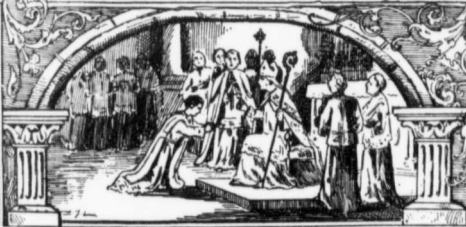
"No, none on the stand to read the Mass in."

"But, my darling, can you not use one of your little picture books?"

"Oh; no! no, mamma! it must be a big book — a real Mass book."

"A Mass book? Oh!" And mamma pauses, thinking. She nods her head as if some one were speaking to her in a whisper — her guardian angel? — or perhaps Jean's? Then she smiles happily, and, bending, kisses the rosy little mouth. "Go to sleep, your Reverence, you'll have your Missal soon — in a few days. Just dream they are sending it from Rome." ...

During several succeeding evenings, after the chatter of the little ones had subsided into sweet slumber, when Master Jean was seeing himself (O beautiful dream!) celebrating Mass in a stately, sun-lit cathedral, served by angels in surplices of azure Mamma is busily



engaged upon a work which seems to interest her greatly. She has refound and re-opened a certain little box of paints which during the past eight years had been laid away forgotten among other souvenirs of her girlhood. Mamma has also refound with the little box of paints some of the untiring patience of the boarding school girl winning at the Convent of the Sacred Heart the first prize for painting, for mamma's art as a painter in water-colors had won the praise of more than one connoisseur in those bygone, girlish days. And now, under the touch of the little brush, the parchment is gradually covered with mystical lilies, the flowers and leaves being interspersed with great, black letters (for the text must be, above all, quite legible) among which shine forth gilded capitals. Surely, never did miniaturist of old illuminate a MS. with more love, never did the artist herself accomplish a work dearer to her own heart ! Ah, no ! it is not simply the work of an artist ! It is the work, the masterpiece of a mother — a Christian mother, for it required the exquisite soul of a mother — it required the piety of a Christian mother to conceive and to execute this book of which no publisher could ever have dreamed — this Missal in which Jean was going to read his first Mass ! — an extra, unliturgical Mass, very short, in English ! — how is mamma ever going to arrange with the Congregation of Rites ? — but so full of the ecclesiastical spirit, I was going to say of the priestly spirit.

Let us see, Here are some of the contents : An outline of the Divine Office from the beginning, " In the name of the Father ... I will draw near to the Altar of God — of God Who gives joy to my youth. ... Glory be to the Father ! " ... down to the prayers after Mass, three Hail Marys, a prayer for the Pope. There was the whole of the Confiteor ; an abridged Gloria — that of the angels at Bethlehem ; a part of the Gospel of St Matthew (xix, 13, " At that time they brought to Jesus little children that He might lay hands upon them ; " ... the Creed

that Jean does not know yet, down to the words, "life everlasting." There were even prayers that you would seek for in vain in the Roman Missal. For example, this one (don't be surprised if the brush trembled in placing it,) "O my God! I am only a child, but if Thou deignest to call me to be some day Thy priest, grant me the grace to correspond generously to Thy call, and to be not too unworthy of it." ... And this other one after the Our Father, "Lord Jesus, Who will come some day to visit me, and give Thyself entirely to me, prepare me well for my First Communion. Amen." ... A few more additions, a final prayer for papa and mamma, and this final rubric done in carmine: "*When Mass is over, everything should be put back in its proper place.*"

At the beginning of the book is placed a large picture done in water-colors, viz., Jean in his vestments, with outstretched arms, his blue eyes half closed, and saying with a little grave mouth, "*Dominus vobiscum.*"

And now it is all finished. "Quick! quick! sir!" cries mamma to the binder; "this is a very urgent piece of work. I want a very good, solid binding, bright red, with golden clasps and a cross — all, all in your very best style!"

Ah! how happy will his little Reverence be when, on this the second Sunday after the Epiphany, he finds on the altar this splendid, this dazzling missal. Why, he will be almost as happy — as mamma!

* * *

O! these memories of childhood — like a flight of swallows coming back to their old nests in the springtime! They flit through the mind of a young priest, just ordained this very morning.

All the sweet dreams of his boyhood years,

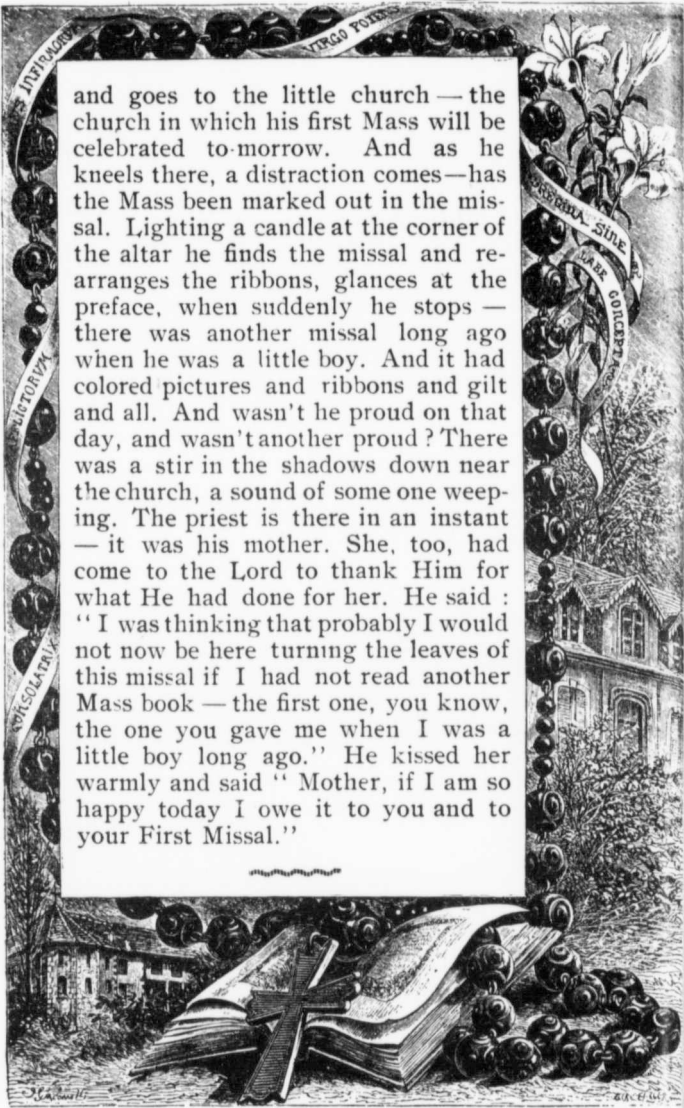
All that a heart could hold,

All of his hopes and all of his fears,

All of his smiles and of his tears,

* *For, something far, far above gold — God's priesthood!*

He has not said "Good-night" to his Friend down in the tabernacle. He steals out of the house



and goes to the little church — the church in which his first Mass will be celebrated to-morrow. And as he kneels there, a distraction comes—has the Mass been marked out in the missal. Lighting a candle at the corner of the altar he finds the missal and rearranges the ribbons, glances at the preface, when suddenly he stops — there was another missal long ago when he was a little boy. And it had colored pictures and ribbons and gilt and all. And wasn't he proud on that day, and wasn't another proud? There was a stir in the shadows down near the church, a sound of some one weeping. The priest is there in an instant — it was his mother. She, too, had come to the Lord to thank Him for what He had done for her. He said : " I was thinking that probably I would not now be here turning the leaves of this missal if I had not read another Mass book — the first one, you know, the one you gave me when I was a little boy long ago." He kissed her warmly and said " Mother, if I am so happy today I owe it to you and to your First Missal."



It Must.

ON the steep banks of the Jordan, the Precursor's voice rang out making the mountain echoes vibrate with his enthusiastic cry : " There is One in your midst whom you know not ! It is the Messiah ! May His kingdom come ! It must ! "

It must repeats the Church adown the centuries. There is one in the Tabernacle whom you know not. It is your God, and you do not visit Him. It is your strength and you do not receive Him. It is the sacrifice of your salvation and you are indifferent to It. His kingdom must extend. He must be better loved, more honored and more frequently visited and received.

It must the *Sentinel* repeats in its turn to its many readers. yearly increasing in numbers and devotedness in whose soul it aims to instil the blessed Eucharistic tidings.

And we see parishes transformed by the reading of the *Sentinel* ; Communion become more numerous and more fervent ; deportment in church more devout and respectful, Christians no longer satisfied to bow when passing a church but entering if only for a moment to pay homage to the divine In-dweller of the Tabernacle.

Nevertheless, how many parishes there still are, some populous ones, too, where devotion to the Blessed Sacrament languishes where the church during the week is nearly always deserted, where the daily mass is said before empty pews, where old and young approach Holy Communion scarcely, two or three times a year. We must rouse those relaxed souls to a better knowledge of their duties towards the Blessed Eucharist ; we must recall them to devout soul lest they grow careless, we must infuse them so deeply into the hearts of the children that they may never forget them... We must.

Dear Promoters, your mission is not to ascend the pulpit ; still, you can touch hearts, convert them and sanctify souls by making them read the soul-uplifting pages of the *Sentinel* and participate in the spiritual advantages granted to subscribers. Will not those *weekly masses* offered in their behalf, those hours of adoration perpetually going on at Jesus' feet in the Sacred Host draw down on them and on our families choice graces and abundant blessings ?

See, then, dear Promoters, all the good you can do, and since you can do it, you must set yourself bravely to the task. You must because Our Blessed Lord asks you and because He has promised His love and His favors to those who will gain even one soul for Him.

←→ NOTICE. ←→

As the subscription to the "SENTINEL" will expire for many of our subscribers with this January number, we beg of them as a favor kindly to renew in good time and thus continue to help along our Eucharistic good work. The low rate at which the "SENTINEL" is sold not allowing us a very large margin for correspondance this notice will replace a bill. Money may be sent in stamps, postal order, or even coin, if carefully put up.

We shall send the attractive premium-picture to any person sending their renewal fee for another year before the 15th of January. It is certainly also within the power of each to enroll a new member among friends or acquaintances. *Why not make the attempt ?* In a short space of a month the readers of the "SENTINEL" would be *doubly increased* and with but a slight exertion on their part our subscribers would cause an incalculable upraising of faith and devotion towards the Blessed Eucharist.

Subscribers wishing to have their "Sentinel" bound have only to send us the twelve numbers of the past years and 35 cents. After a few days they will receive the volume in pretty linen binding with title in gilt letters.

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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

By Otto Lingner.