



*Death of St. Marcell pope and martyr in 310*

THE SENTINEL  
OF THE  
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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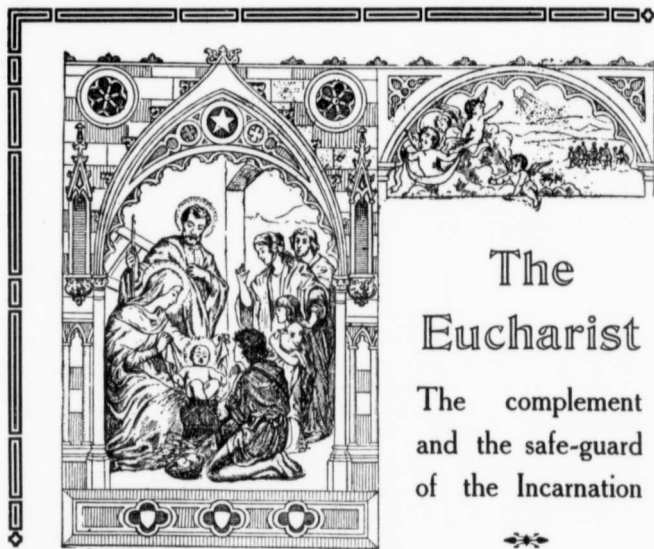
No. 12

Mater Christi.

MOTHER of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
What shall I ask of Thee?  
I do not sigh for the wealth of earth,  
For the joys that fade and flee.  
Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
This do I long to see,  
The bliss untold which thine arms enfold,  
The Treasure upon thy knee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
The world will bid Him flee,  
Too busy to heed His gentle voice,  
Too blind His charms to see.  
Then, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
Come with thy Babe to me,  
Tho' the world be cold my heart shall hold  
A shelter for Him and thee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
What shall I do for thee?  
I will love thy Son with the whole of my  
My only King shall He be. [strength,  
Yes, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
This will I do for thee,  
Of all that are dear or cherished here,  
None shall be dear as He.



## The Eucharist

The complement  
and the safe-guard  
of the Incarnation

### ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

\* \* \*

... The vital principle in the dogmatic and the moral economy of the Christian religion, is the Incarnation of the Eternal Word. Therefore, the closer or the more remote the connection of its other parts with the Incarnation, gives measure of their intrinsic excellence, and of their relative importance in the religious life of the Christian Church. Allow me to rehearse what the Eucharist is with regard to the great dogma of the Incarnation.

#### *The Institution of the Eucharist.*

“And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us—*Et verbum caro factum est et habitavit in nobis.*” And now I say the Word was made flesh and dwells among us—*Et habitat in nobis.* What! the Incarnation still upon earth, in the midst of men, this very day, so that we to-day may draw nigh to Him, speak to Him, lip to lip, hold Him in loving embrace! Yes, Brethren, all that

and more yet : ours to receive Him, flesh and blood, soul and divinity, as very food, so that verily in very truth, each may say : He is my life : He lives in me : I live in Him. Mystery upon mystery, marvel upon marvel ! Yes, the Eucharist is a mystery, but every act of the Infinite is a mystery to man's small mind. And the Eucharist is a marvel ; but marvels, high above man's small power, are but play to the Omnipotent amid His creation and, Jesus is Omnipotence Incarnate.

It was the evening before the drama of Calvary. For the last time Jesus was taking food and drink with His Apostles. The farewell was to be spoken, the farewell of a God Incarnate to those for love of whom He, the Son of God, had been made the Son of man. " Having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them unto the end." Await the culmination of divine love. Taking bread, He gave thanks and broke, and gave to them saying : This is My Body, which is given for you. Do this for commemoration of me. In like manner the chalice, also, after He had supped, saying : " This is the chalice of the new testament in my blood, which shall be shed for you." " This is My Body. \* \* \* This is My Blood." Jesus speaks ; His words are truth, His Power knows no limitation : Therefore, what has been bread is changed into the Body of Jesus, and what has been wine, is changed into His Blood. It is, the living, not the dead Jesus : therefore where the part is the whole is, and whether under the appearance of bread, or under the appearance of wine, it is Jesus, whole and entire, humanity and divinity.

" Do this in commemoration of Me." Therefore the Apostles to whom He spoke, were then and there constituted the agents of Jesus to do what He Himself had done—to change bread into the body of Jesus and wine into His Blood. And therefore since in the Apostles seated at the Last Supper Jesus viewed not so much the Apostles there present as the whole Apostleship which later he was to endow with perpetuity of existence even unto the consummation of the world, the lineal and direct successors of the men seated with Jesus at the Last Supper, wherever and whenever they speak within



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the terms of the commission, possess the power given to them and work the mystic wonders they were authorized to work.

Priests of the Holy Catholic Church, you are the successors of the first twelve : you are the heirs of their privileges and powers. You celebrate your Mass. At the moment of the consecration you repeat the words of Jesus : " This is My Body \* \* \* This is the chalice, the new testament in My Blood." You speak under no power, no authority of your own ; you speak as Jesus did speak, under the spell of His Omnipotence—what He did, you do : the bread is changed into His Body and the wine into His Blood : Jesus is on the altar, fully man, fully God. The bodily eye does not discern Him, neither does the ear hear him ; yet our Christian faith bids us proclaim His presence. Yet He is there : we have " the more firm prophetic word," from which there must be no dissent.

*The Eucharist, the Perpetuation of the Incarnation.*

Do you now ask in what relation the Eucharist holds itself to the Incarnation ? The Eucharist is the Incarnation itself, continued through the ages, that men wherever in time or space, may feast upon the sweetness of its immediate presence and receive from it the fullness of its supernal blessedness, and as truly, as really as if in the long ago they had adored Jesus with Mary and Joseph in Bethlehem, with the early apostles in the chamber of the Last Supper, with Mary and her faithful attendants at the foot of the cross on Mount Calvary. " Having loved His own, He loved them to the end," even to the end of time. The Eucharist is the complement of Bethlehem and Calvary ; through it the Incarnation abides among men, in the fullness of the original gift, adown the ages even unto the consummation of the world.

The Eucharist is the Incarnation, dwelling among us, realizing by immediate contact with souls the mighty purposes the Word had in mind, when, in the counsels of the Godhead, He first exclaimed : Behold I come.

*The Eucharist Continues the mystery of Divine Love.*

In the Incarnation the Almighty sought closeness to humanity—closeness even unto identification. So urgent was the love urging the Word to become Incarnate, as we learn of it in the revelations of Jesus, that according to some eminent doctors of Christian theology, while coming to a sinful humanity, the Word came as Saviour



and Redeemer, He still would come had humanity retained the original righteousness of Eden—coming then as the friend, as the lover—so intense His love for those whom He had made to His image and likeness.

“And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.” The condescension of the Almighty dazes human thought; so measureless its downward leap; yet infinite love is unsatiated. All very well, for the sons of men who

roamed through Palestine two thousand years ago, who met, heard Jesus and were the witnesses of His effusions of power and love. All very well, too, so far as remembrance of a great fact, once entered into its life, may leave impress along the ages, and be able to shape and direct the destinies of humanity. Divine love, however, coveted personal union with the living soul of each one, willing to be near Him, personal converse, personal embrace. Love to the race at large means too little to the individual, and all the less as the day of the manifestation recedes through the hazy mist of the passing ages. What then will the Incarnate do? What new mystery will He unfold in order to be mine to-day, as I live remote in space from Palestine, remote in time from the morning when angels bade the shepherds hurry to the lowly crib where lay the new-born Saviour! Behold Jesus at the Last Supper: hear Him: "This is my body \* \* \* This is the chalice of the New Testament \* \* \* Do this in commemoration of me." The new mystery of divine love, the new marvel of divine power was the mystery, the miracle of transubstantiation, and of the institution of the Christian priesthood.

Cross the threshold of the temple of the Church of Christ, be this the stately Cathedral, or the lowly hut, be this the rude Arabian tent across Sahara sands, or the bower of bough and leaf in American forest; an altar is there; on it Jesus descends from the right hand of the Father as the priest repeats the mystic words of the consecration; a tabernacle is there: and beneath its canopy Jesus is enthroned. Draw nigh; it is Bethlehem; it is the chamber of the Last Supper; it is Calvary. Draw nigh; pour out worship and love; nigher yet; take Jesus as your very food. At the Last Supper Jesus did say: "This is my body," and also did He say: "Take ye and eat." Not only is Jesus upon the altar and in the tabernacle; He is with you in your heart, a very part of yourself—much more to you, than to shepherds and Magi, to disciples seeing Him raise the dead to life, even to His close intimates, the apostles themselves before the solemn moment of the Last Supper. "O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How

incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable are His ways!" All this, because "God so loved the world."

*The Eucharist Safeguards Faith in the Incarnation.*

... Of what use to men is the Incarnation—meaningful as it is in the counsels of the Godhead—if men do not appropriate it to themselves through earnest and submissive faith? "He that believeth in Him is not judged. But he that doth not believe is already judged, because he believed not in the name of the only begotten Son of God."

"He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." Well may we repeat to-day the lament penned by St. John with regard to his own times—with greater truth to-day than at any other era of history since St. John wrote his narrative of the coming of Jesus into the world. Despite the evidences of His grandeur and power, told in the Gospel, despite the records of the marvels wrought by Him in His Church, despite the all-towering intellectual and moral civilization, which is Christendom, the work of His Church in the past eighteen centuries, the world to-day seeks to hide from its vision the splendors of His majesty, denies His Godhead, and fain would lower Him down to the level of ordinary humanity. The war is against the Incarnation. Towards the Incarnation speed the poisoned shafts of the vain-glorious scientist, the reader of distorted history, the proud and rebellious rationalist. Whencesoever the attacks, and they come from all quarters, whatever the immediate target of their aim, the citadel towards which they hurry, is the Incarnation. The Incarnation still believed, the whole edifice of the Christian religion stands safe and erect. The Incarnation blotted out from the thoughts of men, the Christian religion is the meaningless legend, the impotent hope of the dying dreamer. None has discerned more clearly the darkening signs, none has sounded more loudly the trumpet of alarm, than the watchman of the Vatican, Pius X. Hence His repeated calls to the battlefield in defense of the Incarnate Word.



You have observed at the same time the constant exhortations of Pius X in favor of vigorous faith in the Eucharist. With the clear-sighted eye of the successor of St. Peter, the Pontiff recognizes that the Eucharist is the palladium of the Incarnation, that the most effective remedy against modern unbelief in the Bethlehem of long ago is the vivid and adoring remembrance of the ever-present Eucharist.

There is peril in remoteness; distant events, distant teachings appeal but little to the imagination, and challenge but weakly the attention of the mind; the intellect is more sluggish in yielding to them assent, however otherwise compelling be their historic claims. Set those events and teachings within the immediate purview of thought and spiritual sight: they are more easily grasped, more quickly admitted to willing and joyous belief. All this was in the mind of Jesus when He said: "Do this in commemoration of Me:" let the repetition of this Last Supper be, through ages, an effective reminder of Me, of what I am, of what I have done.

An act of faith in the Real Presence of Jesus in the Eucharist, sacrament and sacrifice, is an act of faith in the Incarnation. The Incarnation is a fact; else there is no Eucharist. The Eucharist is near us; its necessary prerequisite, the Incarnation, is made to be near us. Jesus is in the Eucharist in real living presence, outside of dreaming or imagining on our part, objectively in Himself, independently of mental conceptions of ours: and so the Incarnation, necessarily so, is an absolute objective fact in history—not the fruit of man's immanent craving, or a vague and imaginary summarizing of humanity's own evolutions. The Eucharist concretes and precises, in opposition to fatal errors of modern days, the Jesus of history, while at the same time through the closeness to Him into which it draws us, it renders faith in Him easier to the human mind.

The Eucharist in the act of faith it wins from us, fills the intellect with the thought of Jesus, the soul with the love of Jesus; and so illumined, so ignited, the soul dashes aside, as the hazy mists and the cobweb threads

that they are, the quibbling arguments which foes of the Incarnation scatter across the bridge of time, and sees Jesus in the effulgence of His divine majesty as manifested in Palestine, and with Peter's outburst of enthusiasm cries out in adoration: "Lord, Thou hast the words of eternal life," and with Thomas, "My Lord and my God."

And, then, Brethren, you recall the mount of the Transfiguration where the divinity of Jesus so revealed itself to the chosen three, that to them faith was vision and feeling. Even so, in the Eucharist, Jesus showers upon the soul of the faithful disciple such flood of light and grace that, as it were, it sees and feels His presence, so transfigured it is into the image of the divine visitor, so replete it is with the effulgence of His glory. I call to witness the saints of Holy Church; I call to witness yourselves, Brethren, whenever, with purity of soul and attentive faith, you assist at the sacrifice of the Mass and, in sweet communion, take into your very life-blood the victim of the altar. The Eucharist, to those who know it and love it, is itself the proof of the divinity of Jesus—God to-day, God yesterday.

*Extract of sermon delivered at the Eucharistic Congress of Cincinnati.*



## SAINT MARCEL

### Pope and Martyr

*(See frontispiece)*

¶ This illustrious Pontiff suffered greatly during the cruel persecution waged against the Christians under the Emperor Maximus.

Finally his church was confiscated, turned into a public stable and the venerable Pontiff ill-clad, badly fed, inhumanly treated compelled to serve as groom therein until death put an end to his agony, on the sixteenth of January, in the year 310.



## The Feast

of the

### Immaculate Conception

*Written for the Sentinel.*



Mary conceived without sin  
 We have recourse to thee.  
 Preserved from stain of sin  
 Was the Mother of God to be.

Purest of all Creatures,  
 Sweet Virgin Mother blest  
 We, thy children beg thee  
 Be our Patroness.

Virgin of all Virgins  
 What sweeter title given,  
 'Tis thus we love to greet thee  
 O Queen of earth and heaven.

Purer than the lilies  
 Banked around thy shrine,  
 Brighter than the midday sun  
 That on the world doth shine.



All heaven sings thy praises  
 On this bright happy day,  
 So we thy children gather  
 Round thy shrine to pray.

Loving hands have decked it  
 With flowers sweet and rare  
 More numerous are the lilies  
 Thy emblem pure and fair.

Throughout life, sweet Mother  
 Ever be our guide  
 In temptation's moments  
 Never leave our side.

When death has closed our eye-lids  
 When the breath of life is o'er,  
 Then bring our souls, O Mother  
 Safe to the eternal shore.

Pray that we thy children  
 May one day worthy be  
 To live with thee and Jesus  
 Through all eternity.

Carmel.



Our Premium  
For  
1912

WE sincerely hope the artistic Premium we offer our subscribers for 1912, will be pleasing to them, and serve as an incentive to lead their thoughts to more frequent Communion, and to its loving but imperative claims on all loyal Christians.

This premium is a beautiful picture, 16 x 24, and represents the Blessed Virgin holding her Child and as it were presenting Him to our homage. In the Child's right hand are the emblems of the Eucharistic mystery: the chalice and the Host. The Virgin Mother contemplates the mystery Jesus discloses and to which by a triumphant gesture He calls all men: it would be difficult to portray in the attitude of that Mother full of admiration for the sublime reality she perceives greater modesty, respect or unspeakable adoration.

Our best wishes accompany the Premium; moreover we are sure our Venerable Founder, Père Eymard will from his heavenly home protect in a special manner, those who honor the pictured-image of her, whom he was the first to call by the sweet title of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament.



Fac-simile on page 399.



## Under the Sanctuary Lamp THE HILL OF BETHLEHEM

Our thoughts during this Holy Hour must dwell where the thoughts and affections of thousands of the church's children love to linger, about the hillside cave of far-off Bethlehem. Jesus so loved that eastern hill in distant Palestine, that He preferred it to every other spot on this beautiful earth, and chose it as the place of His first home. But Jesus had many homes which He dearly loved, and Bethlehem was not His first dwelling-place. His first abode was in the Father's bosom which He had loved away back in the everlasting years.

Mary's bosom was His next home. Nine months ago, in the quite grotto in obscure Nazareth while Mary was in prayer, the Angel Gabriel at the Father's bidding winged his flight from Heaven and asked Mary to give a home to Him whose dwelling-place was with the everlasting Godhead. Strange that it should have been possible for one so encompassed by grace to do aught else but consent; yet she was free, and by that free act the Creator found a home within the bosom of the creature, and the peace of God swept over and rested on that Mother's soul.

There is another earthly home for which the Heart of Jesus was yearning, the hearts of men. If He came to Mary and make her His Tabernacle, if He was born in the city of David, if He labored and died, it was to secure an abode in the souls of men. He has loved us with a love as ceaseless and as restless as the swell of the ocean, and as boundless as the heavens. By this love He yearns to win our hearts so that He and the Father may come to them and take up their abode and dwell in them. He is ever anxious to visit us and tarry in our hearts. He longs to stay with us with a yearning intenser than any that ever filled with passionate fondness the heart of a mother hungering to see her absent child. And yet at times we are more cruel than the peasants at Bethlehem who had no room for Him in the inn.

Years have flown away and glided into eternity, and perhaps the world has disappointed us; and so during this Holy Hour, on the hill of Bethlehem, He is asking a home in our hearts. Shall we open them wide and let Him enter in? If we do so, there will be on earth no joy like ours, and His presence will be more than a match for any sorrow. The peace, too, of which the angels sang on Christmas night above Bethlehem's hill, will possess our soul.

There is another, or rather there are ten thousand other earthly dwelling-places where He ever loves to tarry—the Catholic altars in every clime and among every people. These altars are dear to Him because of His abiding Presence among the children of men and because of the clean oblation which is offered to His Name in every land, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. How the angels gazing at their Master on the altar must marvel at our coldness! Will not our firm belief that the Babe of Bethlehem is there, just as truly as He was in Mary's arms that first Christmas eve, make our love glow on His coming birth-day? Would we, had we been in David's city that first Christmas eve, have sent Him to the cold, bleak hillside to be born?

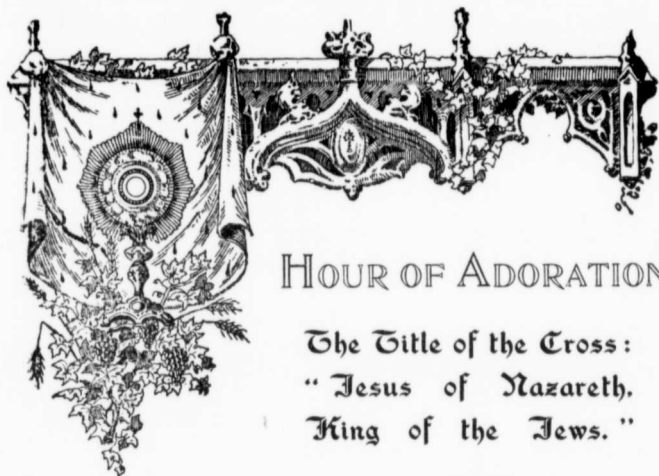
Doubtless Bethlehem's hill will re-echo with the song: "Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad before the face of the Lord, for behold, He cometh." But no such song went up from the lips of the children of Israel

that first Christmas night. It is well that thus early the doors should be shut in His face. Soon He will be hunted by Herod into Egypt, and later on His country-men will cast Him out and try to stone Him to death. He will be rejected by the men of Galilee, abandoned by His Apostles, betrayed by Judas, hooted by the populace, and put to death by the nation. Now, too, the same rejection is going on every day in thousands of human hearts. Men will not give Him shelter; they send Him out to the cold and heartless hillside of the world. Our hearts, like the inns of the city of David are crowded with other interests than those of the Babe of Bethlehem. There is room in them for dangerous pleasures, worldly aims, doubtful friends, fashionable companions, distracting and useless occupations, but when Mary's child knocks gently for entrance, the door is not opened at all and even at times is slammed in His face. No room for the Babe of Bethlehem in our hearts! Love of comfort, love of ease, love of dress, love of money, love of the world, can make our hearts colder to Mary's Child than was the chilly cave on Christmas night.

Out to the cave Mary and Joseph make their way. How the child in His Mother's bosom must love that hill! It affords Him a home and shelter when the city of David has rejected Him and sent Him into the cold, bleak stable to be born. Suddenly a heavenly music which drowns the minstrelsy from Herod's banquet-halls floats from above the hills: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of "good will" is chanted by "a multitude of the heavenly army." A mysterious light from the manger fills the place with a brilliancy of heaven, and there upon the yellow straw Joseph beholds the Eternal Son of God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in human form, for "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." In the morning it was registered in the civil records of Bethlehem that a child was born during the night, of poor homeless parents who had come up from Nazareth for the Census. The King is on His throne and they knew it not." "He came into the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own and His own received Him not."

J. H. O'ROURKE, S. J.





## HOUR OF ADORATION

The Title of the Cross :  
 " Jesus of Nazareth,  
 King of the Jews. "



PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

*Erat autem scriptum : Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judæorum.*

And they put over His head His cause, written : Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.—(Matt. xxvii, 37.)

### I — ADORATION

*And Pilate wrote a title. . . and the writing was : Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.* It was the duty of Pilate as head representative of the Empire to formulate the title which was to be affixed above the condemned. The Procurator sought to find some formula that would fully exculpate him from the accusation brought against him by the Jews, namely, that he was not Cæsar's friend, since he did not want to condemn his competitor to death.

And so he wrote : *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.* This title, so worded, would take away all suspicion of treason against the Emperor. The Jews accuse Him of making

Himself King. Jesus proclaims Himself King, and only five days ago Jerusalem enthusiastically received Him as her King. The death of this Man would, then, be the perfect justification of Pilate's attachment to Cæsar, and the merited reply to the inconceivable pretention of this Galilean and the foolish hopes of the multitude. Still more, such an inscription will be bloody irony to the address of those proud High Priests who so sedulously labored for the condemnation of innocence.

According to Roman custom, did Jesus Himself bear this title while ascending Calvary, or did a soldier carry it before Him? It matters little which. But one thing is certain, and that is that the soldiers, after finishing their bloody task of crucifying Jesus, nailed the inscription above the head of the Divine Condemned. At that moment the High Priests, perhaps not having read the inscription or, if they had, not having weighed its import, but being now reminded of it by some Jews in the crowd, comprehended its offensiveness to their nation.

"Jesus of Nazareth, *King of the Jews!*" What would the nations say? They knew that the Jews were expecting a Messiah who was to be their King. What opinion could they have ever after of a nation which had ignominiously put its King, its Messiah, to death? And was it for this reason alone that Jesus had been condemned?

The Jewish people themselves regarded the title "King of the Jews" in itself as synonymous with the Messiah, for the Sacred Books and all the Prophets had given to the Messiah that title of King of the Jews. The Jews, then, were expecting Him under that title, and might not the people allow themselves to be seduced and recognize in this crucified Man the true Messiah? It was urgent, then, to make this equivocal title disappear as soon as possible. The High Priests went, therefore, to the Procurator: "Write not," they said, "*King of the Jews*, but that He said: '*I am the King of the Jews.*'" This the prophet had predicted. But the title of the Cross had to preserve intact its precious writing. "*What I have written, I have written,*" Pilate haughtily replied. And the High Priests are obliged to read their own condemnation. Yes, it is indeed the Messiah whom they have crucified! As ever, man executes the thought of God.

There is, then, no cause of astonishment at beholding Pilate, so weak a short time ago when there was question of freeing an innocent Man, now suddenly become so strong, so inflexible, even to the point of refusing to change a single letter in the wording of the title of the Cross. It is because, in reality, Pilate was executing the divine will. God willed that in the midst of humiliations Jesus' royalty should be proclaimed, should shine forth before all eyes.

Adore Divine Providence willing with extreme care to make the Divinity of Jesus shine forth in every detail of His Passion. Prostrate at the foot of the Cross and read with respect those four words traced by the Holy Spirit, in order to make you know and love more Him who shed His Blood for you. With the eyes of faith gaze upon Him who designed this divine instruction for you. You have Him truly present before you in the Host. Recognize Him there as the true King of the Jews. He reigns upon the Cross. He reigns upon the Altar !

## II — THANKSGIVING.

*“ This title, therefore, many of the Jews did read, because the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city : and it was written in Hebrew, in Greek, and in Latin.”*

God is good to excess. The Jews carried their cruelty so far as to crucify His tenderly loved Son. Jesus is on the point of yeilding His last sigh, and God offers His executioners a new grace of salvation. This inscription which the Eternal Father caused to be placed above the head of the illustrious Condemned, clearly indicated to the Jews, to those steeped in deicide as to all others, that Jesus was indeed the Messiah foretold by the Prophets and expected by Israel. According to a prophecy of Ezechiel, the Jews could expect no other king than the Messiah-King, for the royal crown was to be given to none other than the Messiah. He alone was to mount the throne of David.

This call of God to faith in Jesus Christ was addressed not only to the Jews and the Gentiles of Jesus' time. It had a far greater scope. It is to all nations of whom the crucified was to become the King that this invitation was made. I myself, I have been called by a special grace of heaven to read in-

telligently this title, which in substance contains all the greatness of Jesus Christ. Every word of this inscription contains a mystery of love.

*Jesus !* Jesus signifies Saviour ! It makes known to me, then, the end for which Jesus came into the world and the cause of His death. He was born in order to work out the redemption of the world, and He would soon die to accomplish it. At the Circumcision He shed the first drop of His Blood, and now on the Cross He will shed the last.

*Jesus of Nazareth !* How many virtues this name recalls to me ! The thirty years spent in poverty, obedience, meekness, patience, humility and in that abnegation of which the Cross is going to set forth examples.

*King !* Eternal, all-powerful King, but, above all, King of love. Jesus is King, because He is Saviour. This is what the angel had said to Mary when, after announcing to her the name of the Infant-God, he added : " He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High ; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David His father ; and He shall reign in the house of Jacob forever." But what the angel had not said the inscription, with the commentary of the present circumstances, make us understand. *He shall be great,* He shall be a great King, because He shall be humiliated, because He shall give up His life, that is, because He shall be the Saviour.

*King of the Jews !* This last word designates His native people. The Jewish people will never be able to forget that the other nations have received the inheritance that they themselves disdained. A new proof of the love of Jesus' Heart !

It is in order to explain to me Himself its deep and hidden sense that Jesus has remained in His Sacrament of Love. It is in adoration that He reveals it, comments upon it, and makes it relished. It is in Communion that He applies all its virtues to the soul. Is He not, above all, Saviour and King in Holy Communion ? *Saviour*, for He comes to clear away all obstacles to our salvation and confer in abundance the life of grace, which is later to be changed into the life of glory. *King*, for by Communion He takes possession of all our faculties, and exercises over all a sovereign empire.

## REPARATION.

*The Chief Priests of the Jews said to Pilate : Write not the King of the Jews, but that He said "I am the King of the Jews."* Calvary being a place very much frequented by the Jews, many could read the title placed above Jesus' head. This was for them a signal favor from God. How did they profit by it ? How did they read this divine inscription ?

Doubtless, a certain number, like Mary, St John, the holy women, and some faithful disciples, read it more with the eyes of faith than with the bodily eye. Mary, in particular, penetrated its sense. "Jesus" and "Nazareth"—what wells of sorrow these two words opened in her soul ! Jesus at Nazareth ! Jesus on Calvary ! What a frightful change ! The Saviour's friends lovingly saluted this inscription. Jesus had reigned as King in their heart for a long time, and they have but one desire, and that is that He should become the King of all hearts.

But many others read this inscription out of pure curiosity, without giving it a thought, without trying to understand it or asking themselves whether the Crucified was really the King of the Jews, the promised Messiah !

The High Priests also read the inscription. At the sight of that august and sacred title, which revealed the quality of the Messiah foretold by the Prophets and expected by Israel, they are filled with fury and rage. They had wished to have Him condemned as a malefactor, and behold, by a solemn declaration the Roman Judge authorized all the nations of the world to believe that *Jesus of Nazareth* is no other than the King of the Jews ; that is, according to the well-known sense of the word, the object of all the promises they have received, Him whom they were to expect as the Messiah ! Will not the memory of such a fact, in passing down to posterity, cover them with unending infamy ? It was for this reason that they ran immediately to Pilate's palace, demanding a change in the formula of the title. "*Write not King of the Jews, but that He said, "I am the King of the Jews."*" There must be misunderstanding. Jesus is not, they said, King of the Jews, but an ambitious imposter who wished to pass for such. Those savage beasts, thirsting for blood, pursued with their hatred the

adorable Victim to His last sigh. The Heart of Jesus had to endure martyrdom from Its enemies till Its last pulsation in His mortal frame.

Fearing that the people who had already given so many evidences of faith in the Saviour's Messianic character might at last recognize Jesus as really the Messiah, the High Priests wanted at any cost to remove every chance of equivocation, and leave to Him, as sign of His pretended royalty, only His Cross and the crown of thorns. Oh, how guilty they were, they who in quality of priests having charge of souls were not satisfied with denying Christ themselves, but dragged others with them into the abyss of apostasy !

God, in His infinite goodness, has often given me that divine inscription to read and to meditate. How often He has explained it to me by the priests of the New Law ! It may still be read by the faithful soul in letters of fire above the Sacred Host which holds Jesus of Nazareth, King of both Jews and Gentiles. How have I read it ? In what category can God place me ? With Mary and the holy women ? Like them, have I tried to penetrate the mystical sense of this title ? Does all my happiness consist in discovering the mysteries and the grandeurs of Jesus, Saviour and King ? Or do I belong to the number of those superficial souls who contemplate the moral beauties of Jesus without divining their sense or drawing profit from them ?

#### PRAYER

Thou art, King, O Jesus and as such Thou must reign. Reign, over me, over my heart, my understanding, my will, my senses, my life. Reign over my whole being, over all who belong to me. Reign over the Jews, over the pagans, over all Christians ! Jesus, let Thy kingdom come !

#### A GOOD RESOLVE

Let us resolve never to pass by or near a church without entering. If we are pressed for time, let us still enter if only to make a genuflection and hurry out again. For even if we do not say one word, what does the genuflection mean ? It is in itself an act of faith and a proof of love, an act of faith because by that reverent bending of the knee we acknowledge the Divine Presence ; a proof of love, for surely if we were indifferent to that Presence we would not have troubled to come in and pay It homage.

**EUCCHARISTIC LESSONS**

FROM

**Our Heavenly Mother's Life.****The Christmas Message**

**The Preparation:** The long months that intervened between the Angel's Visit and the blessed day when the world's Redeemer first saw the light were passed by our Sweet Lady in most eager and fervent preparation. So intense was her desire to see Him face to face that the Church celebrates a special feast in its honor—that of "The Expectation."

How beautiful, how perfect were the dispositions in which Mary made ready for the coming of Jesus! She who was always holy, always spotless, considered herself, nevertheless, unworthy of this unspeakable favor, and it was with the deepest humility that she prepared to look upon the face of her Son. But who shall tell the love with which her heart overflowed as the moment approached which she desired so ardently? Mary had always loved her God with a love so perfect, so adoring, that the love of all the Saints for their Creator could not approach it, and now she knew that the Son of God was her Son; that it would be given to her to gaze upon His sweet Infant face, to clasp Him in her arms; that she would be near to Him as no created being was ever near; that He would love her with the closest, fondest love; that she would be permitted to work for Him, to minister to Him, to cherish Him as her Son even while she adored Him as her God. Oh! what wonder that she sighed for the fruition of her holy desires, that she awaited the coming of Jesus with yearning love.

Does not our Lord come to us, too, in Holy Communion, uniting Himself to our souls and taking up His

abode with us? A Redeemer was promised to the world, *unasked*, for fallen man would never have dared of himself to hope to appease God's anger at the price of His Son's blood. Unasked, Jesus descended into Mary's womb—the humble Virgin of Nazareth had never aspired to so great a dignity. Of His own accord, also, out of pure love and pity for weak man, our merciful Lord instituted the Blessed Eucharist, which is the crowning miracle of His love. No human mind could have conceived it possible for Jesus thus to abase Himself; not even the most loving human heart would have had the temerity to desire such a union as that to which He condescends in the Holy Communion.

God is the first to bestow Himself on man; it is always He, the dear Lord of love who makes the first step; He —oh, wondrous mercy! who desires us to desire Him. And do we desire Him? Which of us can say that we long for His coming with even a shadow of the yearning love which consumed His Blessed Mother? Our hearts are too often tepid and unmoved as we wend our listless way to the Altar rails to approach the Sacrament, which only infinite love could institute. What effort do we put into our preparation? How few of us really put God first! We have work to do, and obligations to fulfil and relaxation to take, and we are well pleased with ourselves if we can set apart a few moments for God, and make them fit in with the plan we have marked out for the day. Let us resolve in future to think more seriously of what takes place when we go to Holy Communion. Who is it that we receive? Is it not the same Jesus who gave Himself first to Mary? The self same God, with the same perfections, the same power, the same mercy, the same love? We receive Him as she did, but, do we prepare like her? "Oh! the blindness and hardness of the heart of man, that doth not consider so unspeakable a gift, and from a daily use of it, falls into a disregard of it." Thus speaks the "Imitation of Christ" and do not these words apply too well to each of us?

Let the thought of Mary's fervent, loving expectation animate us to better things; let us unite ourselves to her



dispositions when we prepare to receive the Holy Communion. Let us offer to our Lord His sinless Mother's heart with all its perfect love and dispositions at the moment when she became His mother on that first Christmas night.

**The Birth of Our Lord:** As the day drew near which was to give a Redeemer to the world, Mary and Joseph were forced to leave their home at Nazareth, and to travel to Bethlehem, there to be enrolled in the census by Caesar Augustus. The journey was long and toilsome, and when they at last arrived, weary and spent, at Bethlehem, they were refused admittance even to the common inns. They wandered through the town, but all doors were closed against them, and they were obliged at last to take refuge in a poor stable, sharing even the shelter with animals. There in the depth of the winter's night, in the midst of the most abject poverty, the King of Kings was born. At last that supreme moment came for which Mary had sighed so long, and she looked upon the face of her Son—the God of Heaven, her own Sweet Babe?

There is no joy so great, no love so pure as that which fills a mother's heart when she gazes on her first-born child. Who then shall describe what Mary felt as she clasped her Jesus in her arms, pressing Him to her heart and caressing Him in her own tender, virginal way. In His first wail she could hear, not only the cry of her Child, but the sound of that voice which was one day to echo through the world. In His dear Baby face she saw not only the first traces of the beauty which was to distinguish Him among the sons of men, but the reflection of that great mystical Beauty "ever ancient and ever new" the brightness of Eternal Light, the splendor of the Father.

Clasping the frail, helpless Infant in her arms, she felt that she clasped her God—hers in very truth, with a right that was given to no other creature, for, face to face with the God she worshipped with all the ardor of her pure young soul, she was permitted to say to Him "Thou art my Son!"



Our Premium for 1912.

And now, what did Mary do when the first rapture of her joy was spent? We read that she "wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger." Why this transition? Was not her heart His proper resting place? that heart which alone in the wide, guilty world was free from taint, and therefore worthy of Him? Why was it that, rejoicing as she did in the happiness of clasping Him in her pure arms, pressing Him to her loving heart, she brought herself, nevertheless to lay Him, weak and sensitive to cold as He was, on the straw of the manger? It was because He willed it so. Jesus had come to suffer, and as Mary's bosom was a "dwelling of delight" to Him He would not abide there. Thus Mary, whose will was His, knew her part and accepted it from the first. Jesus was to suffer and she was to look on; His will was to be accomplished, the end for which He had come on earth to be wrought out at any cost.

She loved Jesus so much and so perfectly, that because He willed to suffer, she willed it too. He willed to despise all earthly comfort, and she for love of Him, withheld such as she could give. And so it was that, unclosing the tender arms which craved to clasp Him, she laid Him down on the straw, away from the heart that beat but for Him. Was ever union so perfect, so complete as this?

Did Mary feel, as she laid her treasure there in the cold manger that she was simply prefiguring what He would wish after all His work and suffering would be over—to be laid away, day after day, in the cold tabernacles of the catholic world? Let us take to heart the lesson that our Heavenly Mother teaches us to-day. Her first act is one of self-denial, of renunciation in order to please her Divine child; the second, an act of the deepest and purest adoration ever given by a creature to its God.

O Divine child, I am not worthy to cross the threshold of the stable wherein Thou liest. I have neither the purity of Thy Mother, nor the humility of Thy foster-father, nor the simplicity of the shepherds, those angel-sent adorers, and yet I dare receive Thee into my heart!

Kneeling at the foot of Thy Crib, I humbly ask of Thee, Divine Babe, the grace of contempt for the fleeting things of earth; of strength to use the pleasing things of life more moderately; and of simplicity, truthfulness and charity in my dealings with those around me.

I offer Thee the love of Thy dear young Mother's heart, and the joyous song-burst of the Celestial Messengers. Please accept them as though they came from my unworthy heart, and deign to raise Thy Baby Hand in blessing upon my sinful self, upon the listless, pleasure-seeking world, and upon those I love, that we may all, in the fervour of our hearts, make this day so consoling to Thy Eucharistic Heart that it may be, in truth, for Thee "A Merry, Merry Christmas."



WHEN Mary Morrissey married Thomas Cologan she thought she was well aware of what she was doing. She knew the burden she was taking on herself, by marrying a widower of thirty five, the youngest of whose three children was six years old, a sprite whose like the village had never seen for mischief and unquenchable light-heartedness. She knew, too, that Tom's mother and two sisters, almost her next-door neighbours, would probably not

look with much sympathy on the new management of the household which they themselves had ruled, but with indifferent results as concerned the three little ones, for the odd two years that had elapsed since the death of gentle Agnes, the first Mrs. Cologan. Yet, confident and hopeful, she had undertaken the responsibilities and cares the position involved, with full realization. Or so she thought. For she had not been long installed in her new home ere doubts and difficulties, anxieties and uncertainties presented themselves in an array far more formidable than she had thought any such trouble could be. And, do what she would, the worry only increased as the days went by, as the weeks slipped past. Mary was a very conscientious woman indeed, she had a heart of gold, incapable of unkindness or neglect of others, she was both sensible and firm. Yet, with all these qualifications, she could not produce any impression on the children—and *they* were her chief thought, the subject of her most fervent prayers.

Nearly three years of freedom from maternal control (the authority of their grandmother and their aunts having proved weak and ineffectual) had caused the two boys, Donal and Tommy, and even little Agnes also, to develop into wild, untrained, elusive, and somewhat selfish characters. They were clever and bright, singularly quick of intellect and advanced for their age. But they had no idea of discipline or of submission. Whatever they did was done at the bidding of their own sweet wills. Goodhearted and affectionately impulsive, they would only obey when it suited them and when they must.

Mary had taught them their prayers anew, she saw to it that every night and morning the mischievous trio was gathered around their little altar, and said those prayers faithfully. She put them through their catechism also, instructing them carefully in the different mysteries of their Faith, and finding them quick and responsive.

But for all that, "I don't seem quite to be able to get a proper hand over them, Father," she explained to

Father Burke, a friend of hers before her marriage, who had recently become their parish priest. "They're good children, clever and warm-hearted; they know their religion well, but, somehow, the loss of their mother for so long seems to have spoiled them in a way, made them difficult to do with."

"I think I understand exactly," replied Father Burke, who had visited at the house two or three times already, and had made the acquaintance of the small people under discussion. "They're fond of you, aren't they, and that's one good thing. It makes matters easier. But I have an idea."

"Oh, have you Father?" interrupted Mrs. Cologan delightedly. "I'm making the Nine Fridays to find out what I ought to do for them, and for the children themselves, to ask every grace from the Sacred Heart for them. I've consecrated them all, often, too, to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Mother, and I make them renew their consecration every First Friday, and on all the Feasts of the Blessed Virgin. And now I'm sure that, through your Reverence, the Sacred Heart is going to answer my prayer for guidance."

"Well, the course of action I am going to suggest is certainly inspired by our Blessed Lord," said Father Burke with a smile, "for what I'll say isn't my own mere personal wish, it's the command of the Holy Father himself. You've done well, very well, Mary, so far, and your teaching the children devotion to the Sacred Heart is the best thing you could have done—till now. For now you must do a better thing still, this beginning of theirs in devotion to the Sacred Heart must be improved upon and perfected. You've heard of the recent Decree on children's First Communion? How the Holy Father knowing the Heart of Him who said "Suffer the *little* children . . . to come to me," has fixed the age for First Communion as the time when the child has reached the use of reason? Well, now, I think we're both agreed as to there not being much doubt that Donal, Agnes and Tommy have all come to that age, they're bright, sensible children even if they *are* frolicsome; they know their

religion quite well enough, as I've seen for myself. They don't require to know *everything*, nor need their knowledge be as detailed as it would be, say, at twelve years old. So, Mrs. Cologan, I want them to make their First Communion, the three of them, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart. As it happens in this diocese, it falls within the time prescribed for the Pascal duty. I've some others under instruction just now, and I want to make up a good number—some will be going at Corpus Christi also."

Mrs. Cologan gasped. The idea took her entirely by surprise. She had no words to answer with, the plan had so confused her.

"There's another thing I'd like to say," resumed Father Burke, after a pause, "that is, the Sacred Heart hasn't forgotten grown-up people either. He wants every one to come to Him—innocent children, hard-working men, anxious, busy wives and mothers like yourself. Young people and old, are welcome, He is eager for all.

"I know you go to Holy Communion with Thomas every Sunday: I know you go on First Fridays and Feasts also. But that's not enough, my dear child. If you want our Lord's daily blessing, His hourly help, companionship and counsel, come and receive Him *every day*. Every day, child, with your little ones, when they've once made their First Communion. *Christ doesn't ask more of a child than a child has to give Him*, remember. And He does so want their pure souls, He'll do so much for them.

"It's the Bond of unity, therefore, the Sacrament of a Christian family. It is the bread of the strong, and the Sacred Heart will help you and strengthen you so much, Mary. He will teach you and show you how to keep your household for Him. And how grateful He will be to you! Only come yourself, and Thomas too, if possible, and bring your children to Him—He will do all the rest. And this is not my word, it's the word of the Vicar of Christ."

When Mrs. Cologan at last found her tongue, it was only to voice her astonishment, her fear that it couldn't

be done, her doubts as to the children's fitness, their knowledge, their age—everything. But, one by one, each objection was met, and she had no case indeed, whereas Father Burke's position and logic were unassailable.

Mary yielded at length. "Father, I believe you," she said "but—it's all so sudden. I and the children to receive every day—sure, we're not fit; at least *I'm* not."

"And will you become more fit by communicating less often?" questioned the priest. "Come, come, Mary, let your good sense and your love of the Sacred Heart help your decision. Listen: Saturday next is the Feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Make a triduum to her about this matter, say the *Memorare* each of the three days. And, child, go to Communion each of those three days too and on the Feast. Begin to-morrow, you'll just have time. Then come to me again. I think you'll find that what concerns the Son interests the Mother also."

Mary obeyed him. And she pondered the matter carefully and diligently at the same time. The result was that she paid a second visit to Father Burke, who succeeded in removing her last doubt, soothing her last fear. Once convinced, she lost no time in setting about the matter in whole-hearted fashion.

She began herself at once to go daily to the Altar as she had been bidden, and, somehow, those morning moments of grace seemed to illumine the whole day. Certain it was that she had never been able to explain so well before to the children what Holy Communion meant, never had she felt so tender an interest in them as now, when, fed daily on the Bread of Angels, she was helping and preparing for a like happiness, in all the thousand sweet unobtrusive ways that only a mother's heart can find, those dear little ones whom God had lent her.

So the days slipped by, the children growing more and more docile, more affectionate and submissive, preparing with all the ardour of their little white hearts for the beautiful Day so soon to approach. They got to know one another wondrous well during that happy time, the



children and she, and already another spirit was springing up in the home.

The Feast of the Sacred Heart arrived at length. Joy was on the face of creation, joy in the hearts of all in Father Burke's parish, especially in the hearts of the First Communicants, who were also that day made members of the Apostleship of Prayer and invested with the Brown Scapular, and there was joy in the loving Heart of God as It beat the faster that glad Festival, beneath the accidents of the great Sacrament. Another happiness had been given to Mary that day, as well—the reward of her loyal obedience, it seemed. Her husband's hours had been changed, and he would in future be able also to join the little family group that intended, in fair weather and in dark, to offer the Sacred Heart the homage of their own hearts' daily hospitality.

Time has passed since then, but it has only confirmed and strengthened in the minds of the happy parents the impression which almost immediately rewarded Mary's efforts at the unforgotten First Communion time, namely, that now at last the children's hearts and souls were won. For a happier, more affectionate and united family does not exist. Thomas himself attributes all the security and happiness in his life to that daily Bread, and, through It, he looks forward to a peaceful entry into the everlasting Harbour in the golden sunset. His mother and sisters are of the same opinion, for their practice is the same, and Mary and they are the greatest friends. There is no room for little jealousies between them, for, as Mary laughingly says, "'Twas the Holy Father himself and Father Burke who managed the children; I couldn't do it,"—and changed them into the splendid characters they give promise of, she might have added.

For the children's hearts and souls were not only won but kept. And that because the sweet memories of their First Communion day have never been permitted to fade, but are kept a living reality, renewed each day at morning Mass.

THAMONDA.