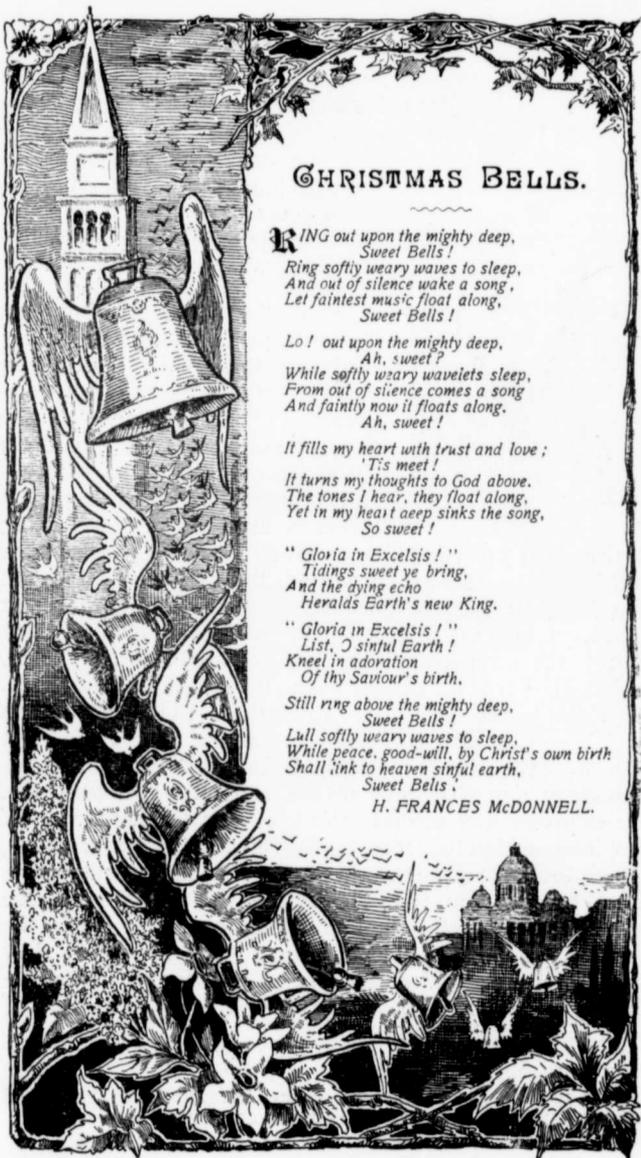




THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

RING out upon the mighty deep,
Sweet Bells!
Ring softly weary waves to sleep,
And out of silence wake a song,
Let faintest music float along,
Sweet Bells!

Lo! out upon the mighty deep,
Ah, sweet?
While softly weary wavelets sleep,
From out of silence comes a song
And faintly now it floats along,
Ah, sweet!

It fills my heart with trust and love;
'Tis meet!
It turns my thoughts to God above,
The tones I hear, they float along,
Yet in my heart a deep sinks the song,
So sweet!

"Gloria in Excelsis!"
Tidings sweet ye bring,
And the dying echo
Heralds Earth's new King.

"Gloria in Excelsis!"
List, O sinful Earth!
Kneel in adoration
Of thy Saviour's birth.

Still ring above the mighty deep,
Sweet Bells!
Lull softly weary waves to sleep,
While peace, good-will, by Christ's own birth
Shall sink to heaven sinful earth,
Sweet Bells!

H. FRANCES McDONNELL.

Yearnings for the Birth of the Saviour (1)

PÈRE EYMARD, S.S.S.

*Rorate cœli desuper et nubes pluant
justum!*

Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain
the Just. (ISAIAH XLV, 8.)



Y Jesus, what more touching than these appeals, these cries, these burning sighs, which the Church puts upon our lips and into our hearts on the approach of the blessed anniversary of Thy Birth here below! For ages, succeeding generations have repeated them as an echo of the longing desires that preceded Thy coming. As for us, who do not call Thee the Messiah promised, but the Messiah given, the Messiah become our Emmanuel, what joy, what thanksgivings are mingled with our sighs! It is, without doubt, the expression also of our desire, for, O Jesus, although Thou art already come, although Thou art with us, there is for each of us a plenitude in this possession of Thyself, a sovereignty in the reign that Thou dost will to have over us, and it is this plenitude, this sovereignty, for which our desires call. But still more is it the expression of our adoration, of our thanksgiving, of our love. O lowly Host, frail Appearance, sacred Veil, which love has chosen, how sweet it is in contemplating Thee to proclaim that He whom Thou dost hide. He whose annihilation Thou dost protect, is He whom the nations, the gentiles have expected and for whom they sighed: *Rorate cœli desuper et nubes pluant justum!*—that it is He whom they saluted with titles significant of power and domination!

(1) This beautiful paraphrase on the Advent O's was published in THE SENTINEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT some years ago. We reproduce it by special request.

I.

O Wisdom, who didst proceed out of the mouth of the Most High, reaching from end to end, with might and with sweetness disposing all things! Eternal Wisdom, from whose treasures came forth this adorable invention, the highest, the most profound of Thy Incarnation! Eternal Wisdom, who nowhere sheds such light as in the Adorable Sacrament of our altars, which is the Incarnation continued and communicated at all times to all men, I recognize Thee, and I adore Thee in the Host!

O Adonai, Leader of the house of Israel, who didst appear to Moses in the fire of the flaming bush, and didst give him the Law on Sinai! Adonai, who dost continue under the mysterious cloud of the Sacrament, to conduct the children of the Church through the desert of this life toward the Promised Land of eternity! who dost give to them Thy law of grace and love, or rather, who art Thyself their living Law,—I recognize Thee, and I adore Thee in the Host!

O Root of Jesse, who art a signal to the people, in whose presence kings shall be silent, and to whom the gentiles shall pray! Spotless Flower, who dost embalm the garden of the Church, stainless Standard, under whose shadow the Faithful will combat and take shelter, I recognize Thee, and I adore Thee in the Host!

O Key of David, and sceptre of the house of Israel, who openest and no man shutteth, who shutteth and no man openeth! Mysterious and unique Key, who dost give us access to the Divinity Itself, and to the store-house of all Thy treasures, I recognize Thee, and I adore Thee in the Host!

O King of the gentiles, and their Desired One, the Corner-stone that joinest the two walls, become in the Eucharist the bond of mysterious union which unites all souls, all nations,—the divine Centre which begins here below that great family which the Apostle St. John describes to us in his Apocalypse, and which he could not number, I recognize Thee, and I adore Thee in the Host!

O Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the expectation of the Gentiles and their Saviour, who nowhere art *God with us* as in this Sacrament, which gives Thee entire to each soul, I recognize Thee, and I adore Thee in the Host!

II.

O Jesus, if these glorious names excite our adoration, if they are titles so powerful, what thanksgiving do they not call for!

O Eternal Wisdom! thanks be to Thee for this, that, in Thy adorable council from all eternity, wishing to save men, Thou didst consent to abandon the throne of Thy majesty, and to lower Thyself even to us! Thanks be to Thee for this, that, Son of God in eternity, Thou didst become the Son of Man in time! Be Thou blessed, O Jesus, increaser of Wisdom, Eternal Wisdom, who for love of us didst will to be treated as a fool, in the annihilations of Thy birth, the labors of Thy life, the humiliations of Thy Passion!—Be Thou blessed, above all, for this Sacrament, which gives Thee to us entire, which makes Thee our Brother, our Friend, the Companion of our pilgrimage, our Bread! O be Thou blessed for the Eucharist!

Be Thou blessed, *O Adonai*, for willing in the Sacred Host to remain our Guide and the mysterious Leader of souls, no longer in the pomp of majesty and glory, which surrounded Thee on Sinai, and which made Moses tremble on approaching the burning bush, but revealing Thyself by love, drawing us to Thee, as the prophet said, by the bonds of love!

Be Thou blessed, *O Root of Jesse*, Immaculate Host, for remaining exposed in the Church of God as our rallying Centre, the Pledge of our hope in the combat of life! We raise our eyes to Thee, and from Thee comes our help.

Be Thou blessed, *O Key of David*, Jesus, who in the Eucharist openest to us the gates of heaven, and closest forever those of hell, into which we have deserved to be plunged for all eternity!

Be Thou blessed, *O King of the Gentiles*. Jesus veiled and hidden in the Host, for remaining the Key of the

Church, for coming down with her through the centuries, uniting to Thyself all the elect, bringing them forth to the life that never ends!

Be Thou blessed, *O Emmanuel*, God with us! for,



having finished Thy course here below, thou hast not forgotten us, Thy children of earth. Be Thou blessed for having instituted the Eucharist in order to continue, to perpetuate the benediction of the Eucharist, of Thy Redemption, and to assure to us Thy Presence till the consummation of ages!

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III.

When we reflect, O Jesus, upon what we owe Thee by so many titles, what motives for reparation do we find, alas ! in our conduct !

O Wisdom ! since Thou dost follow us in our ways and fix our destiny, we owe humble docility to all Thy designs, and filial adoration for Thy least will in our regard.

O Adonai ! since Thou dost deign in the Eucharist to continue to be our Guide, we ought to abandon ourselves into Thy hands, confiding in Thy guidance, for Thou hast said by Thy prophet : " Behold he shall neither slumber nor sleep that keepeth Israel—*Neque dormiet qui custodit Israel.*"

O Root of Jesse ! since in the Eucharist Thou art, as it were, the spotless Standard raised in the bosom of the Church, and since, O Jesus, Son of the Virgin Mary, Thou art pleased among the lilies, to be worthy to follow after Thee, we ought to adorn our soul with purity and innocence.

O Key of David ! Jesus in the Eucharist, by that mysterious key which is called Thy love, Thou dost will to enter into our heart. Thou couldst, indeed, force an entrance, for all power has been given Thee. But O Key, which dost open all the avenues to that secret chamber, Thou dost deign to knock, and Thou dost wish that we ourselves should open unto Thee !

O King of the Gentiles ! we owe Thee the homage of all our faculties, of our entire being.

O Emmanuel ! because Thou art God for us, God with us, in our turn we ought to live for Thee, live with Thee, live by Thee !

IV.

O Jesus, we entreat Thee with the Church, come and delay not : *Veni et noli tardare !*

Come, *O Wisdom*, show us the way of prudence, that we may triumph in dangers and perils. Give us, above all, O Jesus, that wisdom which consists in becoming a

fool for Thy sake! The first to walk that way, Thou Thyself, didst give the example, for Thy wisdom is pleased to second Thy love. It became the folly of the Cross and the annihilation of the Eucharist!

Come, *O Adonai*, redeem us in the strength of Thy arm! Our life is a long combat. Travellers to the Promised Land, before conquering it by our struggles and victories, we are surrounded by enemies. But if Thou art with us. O powerful Protector of Israel, who can hurt us?

Come, *O Root of Jesse!* come, deliver us, and delay not. O Thou who dost plant the Eucharist in our souls, come bear flowers and fruit therein. Make of it a garden inclosed in which Thou canst take Thy delights, and whose fruits, the old and the new, will be all for Thee.

O Key of David! come and take out of prison the captive seated in the darkness and the shadow of death. O Jesus, break the chains of so many unfortunate souls who are the victims of Satan, of their own passions and sins. Break, also, the thousand bonds that hold fast our own poor souls, and hinder them from flying to Thee.

Come, *O King of the Gentiles!* Reign by Thy Sacrament of Love. Hasten, Lord, for it is growing late. The nations, trembling and in distress, have no hope but in Thee!

Come, *O Emmanuel!* it is Thou whom our souls need. Thou hast made them too great and too noble for anything here below to satisfy. O Jesus, the divine torments them, eternity attracts them, the thirst after love and happiness devours them! Come, fill up all these abysses by filling us with Thyself, and with Thyself alone!

Practice.—During the holy time of Advent, multiply your spiritual Communions.

Aspirations.—Come, Jesus, delay not!

NOTICE

Subscribers wishing to have their "Sentinels" 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.

The Christmas Guest.

(See frontispiece)



T was twilight on the mountains ; the brilliant phalanx of stars came silently out, one by one, taking their own appointed places in the deep blue vault of heaven. It was a cold, bright evening, a typical Christmas Eve. There was a thin carpet of crisp snow on the ground, the giant pines threw long shadows over the path, the moon was rising and the snow reflected its rays. The mountain forest on a plateau was like a great cathedral with long aisles and the green-fringed boughs of the pines and hemlocks were heavy with snow. In the valley below, whence came the distant sound of bells, the Frost King did not hold sway ; but here on the mountain heights he was king indeed.

On a hope of the Appenines dwelt a simple Italian shepherd whose little flock of mountain sheep and goats were the objects of his tender care as they grazed on the scanty grass which here and there covered the level-places. From the window of a low thatched cottage, half stone, half wood, gleamed a friendly, beckoning light and Vincenzo trudging over the mountain passes with a strayed lamb over his shoulder, a bag in his hand, and a small fir tree trailing behind, saw it from afar, smiled, and said as he looked up at the stars, " A fine Christmas Eve ! To be sure it is very cold, unusually so, but there will be a warm fireside, and Teresa, God bless her, will have a hot dish of stew waiting for her old man."

As Vincenzo drew near home he began to sing with a resonant, musical baritone the grand old Christmas hymn "Adeste Fideles," and as the song resounded through the clear, vibrant air the door of the cottage opened, sending out ruddy beams of light, and two little children ran shouting and laughing to meet him.

"Oh, father!" they cried in unison, "we have been to the village. Sister Agnese came to see a sick woman in the cottage over there by the cascades, and so, on returning, she took us down to the church to see the Madonna and the dear Christ Child in the manger. You should see it! The creche stands without the chancel, and St. Joseph is there, too. Oh, it is lovely! And we had a dish of soup at the convent and the good mother gave us some frosted cakes, and a waxen Bambino."

"Softly, softly!" said the father smiling. "If you tell it all now there will be naught to tell around the fire later on; that will all keep. First let us restore this lost lamb to its anxious mother. Hear her mourn! It is not well that any of God's creatures should mourn on this blessed evening. Remember, my children, that the dear Christ is called the 'Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world'."

The children were silent and a little awed; they clung to their father's hands as he led the way round a bend back of the house where cut in the rock was a cave which served for a shelter for the flock and from whence could be heard their rapid breathing. The lamb was restored to the joyful mother, and leaving the animals snug and warm the shepherd with his laughing, dancing little ones entered the cottage where in the chimney corner by a blazing fire, which sent forth resinous, piny odors, sat an old woman knitting with a purring cat on her lap.

The good wife, a handsome, darkeyed woman of some thirty years, came to meet her husband with a smile on her lips, helped him get on a soft, warm coat, brought his goat skin slippers and busied herself serving a savory stew.

But Vincenzo saw that her smile was forced and that she had been crying.

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"What! tears on Christmas Eve?" he exclaimed. "This will never do! See what I have brought thee, dear one!" and he triumphantly produced a small bag of chestnuts, a package of raisins, some spices and a flask of wine. "You may well look surprised," he said. "I was myself. Only a mile back I met Carlo, who has owed me some money this year back. I did not press him, and now behold, he brings me this offering. We will have a fine Christmas pudding fit for a king; and we have a fat goose, too; what more do we want? Even the Grand Duke himself will not have a better Christmas dinner."

"And we children are to sit up to hear the chimes at midnight!" cried Paulo.

"And tomorrow we are to have goose and pudding!" said little Beppo.

"And a cake!" added Faustina proudly. "A cake with frosting sent by the good mother at the convent."

"Bless me—a cake!" cried Vincenzo, laughing heartily, and he plunged his hand in the bag and threw the children a handful of chestnuts, and soon a merry group was seated before the fire roasting them, a beautiful picture of youth and happiness with the rosy flames throwing high lights on Faustina's dark tresses or bringing out the gold of little Beppo's blonde curls. The old woman was silent and sat with her chin in her hand gazing at the glowing wood turning to ashes on the great heartstone.

Vincenzo ate his stew with an appetite many a millionaire might have envied, then standing up bowed his head and thanked God for it, after which he turned his attention to his wife who sat unusually silent, watching him. He regarded her steadily and said gently, "Tell me thy trouble, dear wife."

Them with sobs she told him that the tax-gatherer had been there and threatened to drive them from their home and seize the sheep and goats if the back taxes were not paid by January first. "And," she added, "we must give him altogether 60 lira, and you know, Vincenzo, what with the expense of father's funeral last summer and when you sprained your knee we are in debt and cannot pay him a lira just now. And where can we go, Vincenzo? Just think of it! to leave the dear little

home where we came on our wedding day,—the little home where all the children were born ; what shall we do ? and mother so old and feeble."

An anxious look came over Vincenzo's usually placid face. He remained plunged in deep thought for a moment, then his face cleared.

"Dear wife," he said, "this is Christmas Eve — the holy night. Why, as I came over the mountains and looked up at the bright stars, I, a simple shepherd, re-



ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS.

membered those other shepherds who watched their flocks by night, and the angel's message, and I thought why might not I have a message ? And really I could hear in the air wonderful sounds, sweet singing, and there seemed to be a glorious light all about me. 'Twas only for a moment, but it was wonderful, Cheer up, Anita ! all will be well. Come, call the children and we will kneel and ask the dear Saviour's aid ; and the blessed Madonna, surely she will plead for us on this holy night."

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So they all knelt and prayed, even the old woman bowed her head, she was too stiff to kneel, and afterwards they sang Christmas hymns.

Vincenzo assured his wife that something favorable would happen, but his old mother would not take so hopeful a view of the matter. "No one will help us," she complained. "Not even Christ Himself, nor the Madonna—they have forgotten us. We will be driven from our home and I, Teresa Mantoli, who had once a house of my own and four olive trees near beautiful Amalfi, will end my days in poverty and want." Her head sank upon her chin and she was silent.

While they were talking there came the sound of a timid knock at the door. Vincenzo opened it and saw on the threshold a poorly-clad man who looked at him with an air of piteous appeal. The wind was now blowing a gale, it was very cold, and his thin garments were insufficient to afford necessary warmth.

"What do you want?" asked Vincenzo. "Food and shelter?"

"I am tired and hungry," said the stranger.

"Enter, my brother!" said Vincenzo. "You are welcome. None shall be denied shelter here on Christmas Eve for the dear Christ's sake."

Despite the old woman's grumbling and protests that there was not enough for themselves, Anita come forward smiling, led the stranger to the settle by the fire, and seeing his shoes torn and wet, removed them, washed his feet, and put on them a pair of warm stockings of her own knitting.

The children gathered near with wide open eyes and watched this strange guest while he ate the remains of the stew and some brown bread made of acorns and rye flour.

The man looked gratefully at Vincenzo and Anita. His face was strong and gentle, and they remembered afterwards that he had wonderful eyes. The children drew nearer, and little Beppe leaned confidently against his knee. The man laid his hand on the boy's sunny curls and said gently. "Except ye become as little children!"

Vincenzo's heart warmed within him, and the stranger looking up suddenly, said to him. "So you shelter me for Christ's sake?"

"Yes, stranger," said his host.

Just then from the valley below came the distant sound of bells. "The Christmas chimes!" cried Anita. "Who would have thought it was twelve o'clock. Come, children, sing another Christmas hymn—then off to bed with you."

"Merry Christmas!" resounded on all sides. They gathered round the fire while the cold north wind howled without, and somehow a great content and gladness filled all their hearts and it seemed as if sounds of harps celestial and angel's music filled the air.

The mother went into an adjoining room to put the little children to bed, the old woman dozed before the fire.

At last Vincenzo spoke aloud from a burdened heart, "Surely, Christ will help us in our trouble!"

"Are you in trouble?" asked the stranger.

By this time Anita had returned and presently, they scarcely knew why, they found themselves telling all their troubles to the stranger, and Anita wept at the thought of losing their home, but Vincenzo still maintained that help would come and that the dear child Jesus would hear their prayer.

The old mother was now awake. "It is all nonsense!" she said. "No one will help us. And I, Teresa Mantoli who once owned a house of my own and four olive trees, will have to beg my bread!"

The stranger looked at her gravely, and somehow, as she afterwards said, she was afraid and ashamed as if she had done wrong and was reproved for it. She crouched back in her chair holding her withered hands before her face that she might not see those wonderful penetrating eyes. The elder children still lingered half asleep on the sheepskin before the fire.

"Yes," maintained Vincenzo, "you may all mock me, but I believe what I say. We are told if we have faith we can ask for mountains to be removed. Now I do not ask so much as that—only for enough to get on my feet again; and I believe that the dear Christ will help me!"

"What have you in that little bag?" asked the stranger.

"Only some chestnuts," answered Vincenzo.

"Bring them to me, that I may bless them," said their guest.

There was such a tone of command in his sweet, clear voice that Vincenzo never thought of refusing and obeyed his behest.

The old mother removed her hands from her eyes, the children drew near and Anita gazed wonderingly at the stranger who took the bag and blessed it. Immediately the room was luminous with a mellow light and sweet music filled the air. The stranger, no longer poor, emaciated and ragged, appeared to them as a beautiful smiling child who said, "Vincenzo, thy simple faith hath served thee well!" — and he was gone.

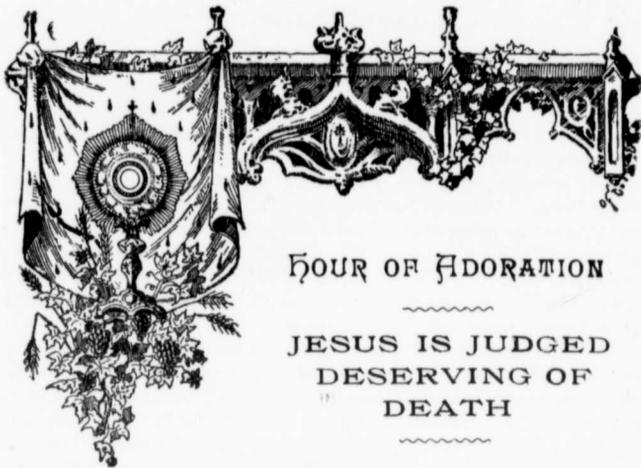
The whole family fell on their knees filled with rapture, for they realized they had entertained an angel unawares.

Then Vincenzo thought of the bag of chestnuts, opened it and found they were turned to nuggets of pure and shining gold!

"The Christ Child hath indeed visited us!" said he. "Did I not tell thee, wife, that he would hear our prayer?"

And so on that blessed Christmas Eve to the humble shepherd's cot, with the stars shining bright without, with simple faith within, the Christ Child came to one who looked for His appearing.





HOUR OF ADORATION

JESUS IS JUDGED DESERVING OF DEATH

I. — Adoration.

Jesus had said to His Apostles ; “ Behold we go up to Jerusalem, and the Son of Man shall be betrayed to the chief priests and the scribes, and they shall condemn Him to death.” Jesus is now at the mercy of the priests and the scribes. We are about to see the second part of the divine prophecy realized. Caiaphas, the hypocrite, having publicly testified to the blasphemy on the lips of the Accused, dared not, however, pronounce sentence alone. By a truly diabolical ruse, and to give a semblance of justice to the condemnation, he appeals to the opinion of his colleagues. What a hellish comedy ! He had just pronounced the answer of Jesus horrible blasphemy, he had just declared that there was no need of further witnesses to condemn Him, and now he asks advice : “ What think ye ? ” The answer was such as might have been expected from the enemies of Jesus. From all sides resounded the furious shout : “ *He is guilty of death !* ”

Whom, then, are you going to condemn to death, O official representatives of law and justice among God’s people ? Have you reflected seriously upon the declaration which the Accused has just courageously made to you : “ I am the Messiah, the Son of God ! ” Is there not lurking in your mind this appalling doubt ; “ May not this man be the Messiah expected by Israel, the Son of God come upon earth under the form of a man ? ” And if He is the Son of God, your Messiah, the Saviour of the world, the living Being by essence, will you condemn Him to death ? Did this doubt glance through the mind of this iniquitous assembly ? We cannot say. But of this we are certain, we, Christians and

believers, He whom they are condemning to death is God, is the Saviour, is the *Life*. Kneel down beside Him, at this moment outcast among you, when the horrible shout ; “ *He is worthy of death !* ” falling from the infamous lips of the Jews, is about to strike so cruelly on the ears of Him who says : “ *I am the Life !* ”

Ah, yes, Jesus, at the tribunal of Caiaphas, as well as in this little Host, I believe that Thou art the Life, the Life by essence, for Thou dost possess in Thyself the principle of that divine life whence flow all the operations of the Divinity, divine wisdom, power, and love ! I believe that Thou art the infinite Life, and that from Thy divine love and that of the Father, proceeds the Holy Ghost, the third Divine Person.

I believe that not only dost Thou possess the fulness of life, but still more that Thou art the Author of all life, the Source of all supernatural, and even natural, life. I believe that the life of the plant, of the animal, of man, of the Angel, and of every living being is but a flowing from Thine, a participation in Thine.

I believe that Thou art the Author of that magnificent life which is called grace, which enables me to think, to love, and to act like God, and which will warrant my enjoying in heaven Thy divine Presence,

Yes, I adore and I proclaim before Caiaphas, before all Thy enemies of the past and the future, that Thou art the Life of the world, of the material, as well as of the spiritual, world. I know that without Thee nothing of all that lives could subsist ; that without Thee all nature would die ; that without Thee souls would lose grace, since Thou alone art capable of conferring, maintaining, and increasing it. Yes, Caiaphas, you may rend your garments, treat Jesus as a blasphemer, pass sentence upon Him, and sign *His condemnation to death*, but none the less does Jesus remain the Life. Withdrawing from Him, it is your own death-warrant you are signing.

II. — Thanksgiving.

How is the Author of Life going to act in this sacrilegious and horrible scene ? One word from Him would cast into the abyss of eternal death them who dare pronounce against Him a sentence of death. But no, Jesus will not avenge Himself. A word of murmur or complaint will never be surprised on his lips. In silence, without even a gesture of indignation, He hears the horrible shout : “ *He is worthy of death !* ” What do I say ? In His eyes the sentence is true, is just. Not, indeed, on account of the crime that the Sanhedrim imputes to Him, not for having blasphemed by assuming the title of the Son of God, of the Messiah. No, for He truly is the Son of God, the Messiah, the Promised of Israel for so many ages. But He believes Himself

worthy of this condemnation, because He judges Himself infinitely guilty before God.

Jesus, indeed, though most innocent and most holy, had accepted the burden of all our sins and so had acquiesced in the sentence which God had pronounced against Adam and His posterity: "But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat. For in what day soever thou shalt eat of it, thou shalt die the death." All His life He had heard it sounding in His ears from the mouth of His Divine Father. At this moment, then, He offers Himself to His Father as a victim for the remission of the sins of the world. With supreme happiness He renews to Him the offering He had made of Himself on coming into the world: "*Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldst not: but a body Thou hast fitted for Me: Holocausts for sin did not please Thee. Then said I: Behold I come. In the head of the book it is written of Me, that I should do Thy will, O God*" Behold why Jesus receives this frightful sentence not only with calmness, but also with supreme joy.

Jesus wishes, then, to die, to die for us and instead of us, He dies to obtain life for me, that divine life which will restore to me the friendship of God, my title of child of God, and my right to the inheritance of heaven. Thanks to this loving acceptance of my Lord's condemnation to death, the demon is no longer my master, hell is no longer my portion. The liberty of the children of God, the greatest good that a soul can possess, is going to be restored to me." And as in Adam all die, so also in Christ all shall be made alive." Thanks to Thee, O Heavenly Father, who, in union with Thy Son and the Holy Spirit, didst for our salvation decree the death of Jesus!

I thank Thee, O Jesus, my amiable Saviour! Thou didst not fear to lose the life of the body in order to restore to me that of the soul. Thou didst Thyself accept and sign this decree of death in order to sign my decree of resurrection! It is from Thy own divine hands, from Thyself that I receive the assurance of it in that ineffable invention of Thy love, which is called Communion! Oh, how often, perhaps, during the course of my life, Thou hast recalled me to life, and thus applied to me the merit of Thy ignominious condemnation! I thank Thee, Jesus I thank Thee!

To show myself grateful for this signal benefit, I will carefully watch not to lose this life, which cost Thee death. With Thy help and the protection of the Mother of Divine Grace, I will labor with all my strength to preserve and increase in myself this precious treasure. Yes, I believe, I confess with gratitude, that it was Thy love for me, Thy love alone, and not Caiaphas, not the Sanhedrim, that condemned Thee to die.

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III. — Reparation.

"*He is guilty of death!*" Rising to their feet at the word of the High Priest, the Sanhedrim shouted with one voice: "He is deserving of death!" Pilate will refuse to condemn Jesus blindly. He will call for accusers, witnesses, proofs; but the priests condemn Him to death without inquiry or examination. If they do not yet pronounce the kind of death, it is because they are resolved to obtain from the Roman Procurator the most infamous of punishment, that of the cross. Thus did the Jewish nation, by its representative officials, deny its Christ, its Messiah, promised by God so many ages ago for its salvation. It casts out from its bosom the Saviour whom it was bound more particularly to receive and adore. This declaration of the Grand Council of the Jews constitutes the most enormous of all the crimes committed during the Passion for "The prince of the Jews," says St. Thomas, "recognized the Christ and, if there was among them ignorance, it was voluntary and incapable of being excused. Their sin, also, was the greatest of all, as well in itself, as in the malice of their will." The Sanhedrim is, then, extremely culpable. It bears before Christian generations the responsibility of the greatest of crimes, if it is true that the malice of a crime should be measured by the holiness and dignity of him against whom it is committed. But it was not with impunity that the Jewish people rejected their Christ and mocked their God. At the same instant the cry of death was pronounced, God, from the height of heaven, decreed their downfall, pronounced their condemnation to death. At the very instant that their sacrilegious lips proclaim *Jesus deserving of death*, they lose their privileges, their glory, their life. They no longer exist in the eyes of the God of nations. At that moment began for them the series of lamentable misfortunes predicted by the Prophets for not having acknowledged their Messiah, their King. It is not Jesus who is condemned to death, it is in reality the Jewish people. Jesus will die only to rise soon again and to live forever; but the Jews will be precipitated into the abyss of death never to leave it till the end of time.

How saddened the Heart of Jesus must have been on hearing those horrible yells uttered against Him! This people whom He had loved above all others, whom He had loaded with so many benefits, in a word, *His own people*, denies Him, rejects Him, and condemns Him to death, Jesus distinguishes every one of those decide voices. They are so many arrows, so many poisoned shafts, that pierce His tender Heart through and through. They would have produced sudden death, had not God preserved His life for our salvation.

O my Saviour, I execrate that sentence! In the face of heaven and earth, I proclaim it the most unjust, the most iniquitous ever pronounced by any tribunal.

Pardon, O Jesus, for all those wicked men who every day vote for Thy death ! Thy death, that is, the death of Thy priests, of Thy religious, of Thy faithful friends, the downfall of Thy dogma, Thy morality, Thy law, Thy Church ! This sorrow was still more increased by the sight of that multitude of Christians whom He foresaw He would be obliged, in spite of His death, to condemn for all eternity. And these unfaithful Christians would carry their outrage so far as to force Him to sign through them His own death warrant. This is what St. Paul teaches when He speaks of those that communicate in the state of mortal sin : " Whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and the Blood of the Lord. . . . not discerning the Body of the Lord."

Pardon, O Divine Saviour, for the souls in purgatory who had the misfortune to condemn Thee to death by committing sin ! Pardon, Jesus, pardon, for the part that I took by my sins in that execrable sentence ! I hate all my sins, the smallest as well as the gravest. In expiation of them, I offer Thee the merits Thou didst acquire by the sufferings of Thy condemnation. I offer Thee, also, Thy divine Mother's anguish, which almost caused her death, when she learned the frightful decision of the Grand Council of the Jews. I now accept, with resignation and in union with Thee, the decree of death so justly pronounced against me by Thy Father in expiation of the sins of my whole life.

IV. — Prayer.

The Christian who sins, condemns Christ to death. Still more, as St. Paul says, he crucifies Him anew in his heart. St. Bridgid relates in her *Revelations* that the Blessed Virgin said to her one day : " I am sad, because my Son is now more cruelly crucified by His enemies than He was by the Jews, for their vices by which they crucify my Son spiritually are more grave and more abominable than those of the executioners of His Body. O Jesus, by the merits of Thy voluntary and loving acceptance of Thy condemnation, grant that I may never have the misfortune of committing the crime of condemning Thee to death and, above all, of crucifying Thee anew by a single mortal sin !

Not one present during Christ's interrogatory at the tribunal of Caiaphas, not one of those Doctors who, however, could not have been ignorant of the teaching of the prophets concerning the Divinity of Our Lord, not one rose to defend Jesus, to take in hand the cause of the Oppressed, to demand for Him even a respite that He might be permitted to prove His claims.

If I myself had been in that sacrilegious assembly would I have had the courage to rise and proclaim Thee the Son of God ? I am so weak, so cowardly when there is question of defending the truth

and professing my Faith. Nevertheless, for the future, I want to protest energetically shouldst Thou be attacked in my presence. I will defend the Blessed Sacrament against all the foolish opinions of the world. I will maintain publicly and resolutely the sacred rights of Thy royalty under the obscure veils of the Eucharist. But I know my weakness, I have need of Thy assistance to give me the courage necessary for such an occasion. Give me help, and grant that I may rather die than abandon Thy cause without defense in the hands of Thy enemies.

And if I myself, O good Saviour, am sometimes the object of an unjust condemnation on the part of men, grant that I may imitate Thy patience and resignation ! Didst Thou not suffer the words of eternal life to pass for blasphemies, and even become the subject of Thy condemnation ? When I shall be calumniated before men, I shall recall that they cannot do so before Thee, that I am, at best, only an unworthy sinner, whilst Thou . . . Thou art the Holy of holies !

Strengthen me, O Mary, in these resolutions, and make of me an ardent apostle, a zealous defender, and a perfect imitator of Thy Divine Son, that I may never have the misfortune to hear that terrible sentence for His lips ; "*He is worthy of death !*"

RESOLUTION.—Unite hourly with Mary and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth. Ask the Divine Saviour for the grace to labor to maintain openly and boldly His sacred rights, above all in His Sacrament of Love, against the inane opinions of worldlings.

LESSON OF THE CRIB.

Is not humility, next to love, the lesson of the crib ? We are less happy than we should be, because we are less humble. Let it be our practice now. It is a devotion in which we can make no mistake, in which we can never go too far. Let us keep to the side of our Infant Lord and sink with Him out of the sight of men and of self into those depths of humility, which will gently leave us at the last, not in the poverty of Bethlehem, but in the boundless riches of our heavenly Father's house above.

THE POPE

AND THE

FATHERS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.



On the twenty-third of September, about twenty-five of the Reverend Capitulary Fathers of our Congregation had the honor and happiness of being received by His Holiness Pius X. To their address he replied :

“ Every religious Institute and Order glories in the Saint that founded it thus St. Basil, St. Benoit, St. Dominic, St.

Francis, St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross ; others in the Blessed Virgin who is greater than all the Saints, for we owe her cult of hyperdulia ; but you, you go straight to the ocean, to Jesus Christ Himself, the source of life and grace and the centre of all mysteries ; to Jesus Christ truly living and really present in the Eucharist where His ineffable love keeps Him always with us.

“ Ecce ego vobiscum sum usque ad consummationem sæculi.”

“ I rejoice with you in the glory of your vocation. I thank you for the good you have already done, that you are doing now, and that you will still do by prayer primarily and by exhortation to spread devotion towards Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

“ I Bless you all, and I bless your Perpetual Adoration ; I bless the missions you give to propagate the practise of frequent Communion, because those who communicate often grow in faith and if they have faith they will also have good morals and be true Christians ; I bless the Cause of your Venerable Founder inspired by God in his work, because his glorification by the universal Church will be a new approbation given by Jesus Christ Himself to your Rule, and a consolidation to your vocation. I bless all your works and your intentions ; I bless those dear to you and united with you :

Adjutorium nostrum etc.

Immaculata.

Verses on Muller's Immaculate Conception.

*O Sinless One !
O maid—embodied burst of mankind's love and
prayer !
How fair thou art to look upon how fair !
O Sinless One.
The night has fled and with it led the hosts of sin
and death.
The dark shades melt as though they felt the fair
new morning's breath.
The long drawn bars, Aurora's cars, with their
fringe of red and gold.
Sweep 'way below the white—light glow, of the,
"glory the skies unfold.
A lambent gleam, like a deep sweet dream, lies o'er
the placid sea.
The lonely isles and coast defiles though dark they
seem to be.
Lift up their heads from their rocky beds and a
slumber that has flown
To a day as fair and a light as rare as ever our
world has known.
For the morning star that gleamed afar in ages
past away.
When poor man sighed and prayed and cried for
the break of promised day,
Hath burst through the deep, deep blue of the
midnight vaulted dome
To light the way for us who stray and guide us
poor ones home.*



IMMACULATE

*A stately queen, so pure, serene, ah me ! how sweet
and fair !*

*With her starry crown and sun—woven gown and
the light on her go'den hair,*

*Her eyes upturned as though she yearned for the
child of her maiden love,*

*Her hands at rest upon her breast, like a meek
and spotless dove.*

*Her airy throne the moon alone 'midst matin
mists uphung,*

*With its horn like the glow of morn the Snow-
capped peaks among*

*When slow the light dispels the night and drives
the bleak shades on,*

*And mounts on high the wreathed sky on the
pearly stairs of dawn.*

*Ah ! see her court of clouds disport in light—
waked radiance round*

*Their victor queen now calm serene, her mortal
foe now bound :*

*Ah ! see him turn and writhe and burn as though
he would be free ;*

*But that virgin heel, he shall ever feel till bound
eternally.*

*But how bespeak in words so weak this Virgin
Mother's charm !*

*Inviolatè, Immaculatè, these words all art disarm.
Here rather hush where painter's brush, in tints
from heaven brought,*

O Sinless One !

*O maid—embodied burst of mankind's love and
prayer !*

*How fair thou art to look upon, how fair !
O Sinless One.*

F. ALBAN SMITH, O. F. M.

Franciscan Review.





A Feature of the Pope's Jubilee

An Irish Day at the Vatican.



THE International Sporting Congress which was organized as a feature of the Pope's Jubilee and which took place in the courtyard Belvedere, in the Vatican, was the most important ever held in Rome. The courtyard was converted into a stadium and over 2,000 picked Athletes of the National Gymnastic Union participated in the contests.

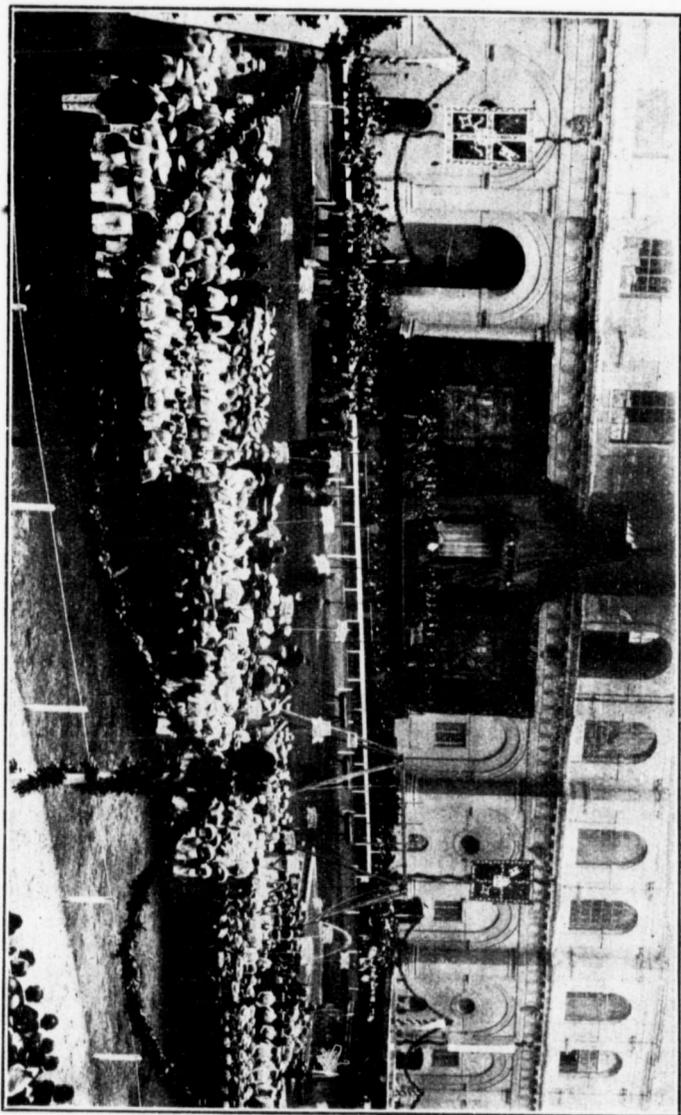
The first meeting took place on Wednesday morning and the only four events for individual competition, a high jump, a long jump, a rope climbing competition, — and a hurdle race were all swept off by Irishmen.

A boy of the Bowries rather startled the Judges by jumping over the highest thing they could mark with, but it was only about six feet from the ground, and the nearest competitor could not come within half a foot of him.

When it came to the long jump Brennan of Dublin gave a little hop—but when they came to measure it they could hardly believe their eyes for it measured eighteen feet.

Carroll climbed up the twenty six feet of rope so quickly that you could hardly follow him, and another Irishman walked off with the hurdle race in fine style.

On Thursday morning one of the features of the sports was a football match between an Irish team and a team



BELVEDERE COURT DURING THE GYMNASTIC MEET IN PRESENCE OF THE POPE.

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of Romans. The Irishmen won by twelve goals to nothing.

Since then they have won the races of 100,200 and 400 metres.

BLESSED THE ATHLETES.

Twenty thousand spectators attended the games on September 26th. A flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the Pope, and spectators all knelt. The Pope mounted a throne, surrounded by Cardinals and Prelates. The crowd cheered enthusiastically. Then the Pope smiling at the people, blessed the Athletes as they marched past giving a salute and a display of physical exercises.

After all was over the Pope again blessed the kneeling Athletes, who cheered him lustily. He was deeply moved and repeatedly bowed his thanks.

IRISH DAY AT THE VATICAN.

Thursday was Irish Day in the Vatican, for the Holy Father received not only the Athletes and the Pilgrims who accompanied them, but an official delegation from the Dublin Corporation sent hither to offer the congratulations of the capital of Ireland to His Holiness on the occasion of his Jubilee.

At the head of these latter was Mr. Nannetti and with him were the Councillors, some of them in their robes of office: Kelley, Rooney, Lennon, Murray, Union, Gallagher, with City Treasurer Murphy and Secretary Hutchinson.

Mr. Nannetti read a fervid address breathing devotion and love to the Pope in every word.

The Holy Father replied briefly but in words of the warmest affection for Ireland, which had ever distinguished itself in its faithfulness to the Church and its devotion to the person of the Sovereign Pontiff—and then the Dublin deputation retired to the Hall of the Consistory where the Irish Pilgrimage, consisting of nearly two hundred persons, were eagerly waiting to receive him.

They were ranged in a double row round the hall, and the Holy Father went from one to the other giving his hand to each to kiss, as they were presented to him by the Rev. Dr. Hagan, Vice-Rector of the Irish College. Then the Pope took his place on the throne and Mr. Edward Smyth, Secretary of the Central Council of the Young Men's Association of Ireland read an address.

Dr. Hagan translated the Holy Father's touching reply: "I thank you for the sentiments you have just expressed for my Jubilee, in the name of the Catholic Young Men of Ireland, and I pray that for this action the Lord may reward you abundantly, granting you his choicest graces and favors. But the best favor I can ask for you is that the Lord may keep you always faithful to the religion of Jesus Christ and continue for you that Apostolate for which Ireland is so glorious. Amid the sorrows the Church had to endure



Chalice of gold presented to the Holy Father by the Catholic Young Men's Societies.

through the Anglican schism Ireland remained faithful in spite of everything.

“If the Church to-day intones a hymn of thanksgiving to Providence as she sees the old sun rise again throughout English — speaking countries, and a new spring for the Catholic religion blooming among them she owes this to Ireland, to the Catholic breasts of the Irish who have stood up for their faith against all adversaries and who have won for it that liberty which Jesus Christ brought into the world.

“Therefore, O my beloved children, I congratulate you that you feel running in your veins the blood of your forefathers strengthening you in courage and perseverance. I pray that the Lord may keep you evermore steadfast in your apostolate for the defence of the faith, and that He may give you a certain victory—that victory of which we have seen a harbinger in the Eucharistic Congress of London which thrilled the whole world.

Returning to your beloved country you will tell your brethren that the Pope looks upon them as his beloved children and recommends himself to their prayers. The supreme consolation of the Pope in his sacerdotal Jubilee is to know that all his children are ready to persevere in the maintenance and defence of the faith of the Church. May the blessing of the Lord be upon you, upon your families and upon those dear to you according to your intentions, and be for all a source of sweet consolation and comfort.”

There was a great outburst of cheering when the Pope's words were made known to the Pilgrims—to be followed by a few moments of deep silence as all knelt to receive his blessing.

MASS IN ST. MARIE MAJEURE'S.

Sunday at half-past-eight all the Athletes filed into the renowned Basilica of St. Marie Majeure to assist at Mass. The immense nave barely sufficed to accommodate them, and their banners and flags to the number of ninety-three, literally covered the walls with gay colours and pretty pictures.

After Mass they marched to the Consistory Hall where they were most cordially and affectionately received by the Holy Father.



GIVE us this day our daily bread,
 So hast Thou taught us, Lord to pray ;
 Oh Thou, by whom our souls are fed,
 Give us Thyself from day to day.

Give us Thy love, that we may know
 Its sweetness, all its depth and height ;
 Love that in us shall daily grow
 Subduing all things by its might.

Give us Thy patience—Thou didst bear
 Reproaches, blasphemy and shame,
 Grant us in these to have our share
 Our joy to suffer for Thy name.

Give us Thy loneliness that we,
 May learn of Thee, the Wisest, Best,
 That being made dear Lord like Thee ;
 Our souls may find in Thee their rest.

Give us Thyself with all Thou art,
 All Thou canst give, for we are Thine,
 Give us Thy grace, Thy love, Thy heart,
 Thyself to be our Food Divine.

Benjamin's Little Friend.



NAZARETH lay buried under its December mantle of snow ; poor squalid little Nazareth, hemmed in by its bleak hills and forgotten or despised by the world beyond, yet sheltering, unknown even to itself, the Messiah, the Saviour, in the glory of His humility and love ! Near the outskirts of the village in a house, poor even for Nazareth, lay a little crippled child, Benjamin, the widow Miriam's only son. She pale and tired and sad faced, smiled at her work to see him busy and unmindful for a time of his affliction.

"What art thou doing, my son ?" she asked at last. A sweet innocent child's face it was that looked up to her as he answered rather timidly, showing her a rudely made toy :

"It is for my little friend Jesus. He will be nine years old to-morrow and He is so good to me that I want to have a little surprise for Him."

"Indeed, He has been good to thee, and because He loves thee will be pleased with thy gift," she answered smiling tenderly at the eager little face.

While Benjamin finished his poor paper toy his mother was thinking of the Child Jesus. In His visits to her little crippled boy He had won her heart by His gentleness and sweetness and His love for Benjamin. She recalled the day long months before, soon after the accident which had invalided him, when he lay by the open door peevish and fretful and longing to take part in the merry games of the boys who were shouting and laughing nearby. How it made her mother's heart ache to see her darling yearning for what she could not give him, for the health and freedom he could never have again. And then she heard a light step, and, looking toward the door, had seen a child whose face was so winning, so sweet, so loving, that her heart went out to Him and

seeing whom Benjamin had clapped his hands, exclaiming :

" It is Jesus, mother ! I told you He was my friend."

And Jesus ran to the little cripple and sat beside him, saying : " I like sick people better than well ones, so I have come to play with thee."

Ever since He had been there often, sometimes bringing sweet wild flowers, or a little cake His mother had baked for the invalid. Somehow He had always come when His little friend was in great pain, or lonely and cross, and when He went away Benjamin was smiling happily, and a great peace and joy sang in his mother's heart.

Benjamin worked all the afternoon at his toy, afraid each time he heard a step on the hardened snow without, that Jesus had come and would see it before it was finished. When at last it was ready he was all eagerness to send it to Him, so his mother, tired though she was, took it at once to Joseph's humble home.

" Jesus has gone with His father to help him carry some work he has just finished, but wilt thou not come in to rest ?" his mother said.

The interior of the little house was neat and clean, though very poor, but Miriam saw nothing but Mary's beautiful face as she listened to her words of gentle kindness. She noticed that in speaking of her Son there was something more than a mother's love in all that she said; there was reverence and awe and a love surpassing that of earth.

Miriam walked home oblivious of the cold she had found so biting but half an hour before. She was puzzled. She had always felt that Jesus was not like other children, and now that she had seen His mother and heard her speak of Him she was sure of it. " Could He be—? Oh, no, for was He not to be a king, a ruler ?"

Reaching home she found Benjamin in great pain, and as she watched by him during the long night, the thought came again and again, " Could it be—could it be ?" and when she put the idea from her because He was to be a mighty king stray texts from the Holy Scriptures which she had often heard in their context but without thinking of their meaning, then came to her mind persistently :

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“ A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows,”
“ The reproach of men and the outcast of the people,”
“ My heart expected reproach and misery, and I looked for one that would grieve together with me and there was none.”

Somehow these words seemed to point strangely to Jesus, her little friend, with His love and pity for the sick and poor and sorrowing, with something about Him that made you realize that His own heart was sad, though his smile was always bright and sweet.

As the hours passed Benjamin grew weaker and weaker and his pain more intense. Miriam tried not to see that the end was near, but her heart was almost breaking and she was glad when Jesus came that she could slip from the room and give way to her grief without disturbing the little sufferer. Coming back noiselessly she heard Jesus say :

“ I will tell you what happened the night nine years ago when I was born,” and then she heard as only one could tell it the story of the angels who sang. “ Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will ; and of the shepherds who went to the stable to adore the new-born Babe. Then resting His hand on Benjamin’s heart as though in blessing, He said :

“ Good-bye, little friend, it is in return for your gift that I leave you my priceless one,” and left the cottage. Miriam’s whole soul cried out, “ It is the Messiah ! ” and yet she tried to still its voice, for, Jew that she was, she looked for One who would rule “ my people Israel,” one who would free her countrymen from the hated Roman yoke.

Benjamin lay very still and smilingly shook his head when his mother asked if he suffered, but was evidently getting weaker, Just at sundown he looked up suddenly, his face radiant and holding out his arms exclaimed joyfully :

“ Oh, dear Jesus, hast Thou come for me? Glory be to God in the highest,” and fell back lifeless. And peace and faith entered his mother’s heart at the moment.

“ *From The True Witness.*”