

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

Vol. XIX. No. 5 Montreal, May 1916:

Holy Thursday.

I wish I were the little key
That locks love's Captive in,
And lets Him out to go and free
A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the chalice fair
That holds the Blood of Love,
When every flash lights holy prayer
Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower
So near the Host's sweet face,
Or like the light that half an hour
Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where,
As on His Mother's breast,
Christ nestles like a child, fore'er
In Eucharistic rest.

But, oh! my God, I wish the most
That my poor heart may be
A home all holy for each Host
That comes in love to me!

FATHER RYAN.



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THE MONTH OF MARY.

Is there a Catholic heart in the world that does not exult at the words "Month of Mary"? Blessing on that pious soul, who first thought of consecrating the beautiful May to her, who is "our life, our sweetness and our hope." And it is but fitting that these days of buds and blossoms, falling from the cycle of time should crown her, whose name is a synonym for all that is beautiful in heaven and earth.

Who can boast a May Queen as amiable as ours? Though the angels crown her with everlasting roses, she stretches out her gentle hands for our earthly garlands. Though the heavenly spirits are singing celestial harmonies in her honor, she turns an ear of pity to our cries of sorrow and distress. O! happy we, the subjects of such a Sovereign! O, that she would bind our hearts to hers forever with chains of love and sweetness!

Let us delight to honor her with the devotions that holy Mother the Church has instituted for the month of Mary. With what joyful piety should we not recite the Rosary—each Hail Mary a beautiful rose, springing from our hearts to form the crown we offer her, the Rose of Sharon, whose fragrance fills the court of heaven. The May blossoms we bring to her shrine perish before our eyes, like all else that is of earth. Yet not so, these other garlands of our prayers.

May we offer them with such devoted hearts, that they may be a chaplet worthy to crown the chaste brow of her, who is our May Queen and Mother.



THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

THE CROWN OF ALL THE WORKS OF GOD

God made all things according to the plan in His divine mind, and no creature can, without a revelation from above, have such knowledge of the mind of God as to correctly judge between one of His works and another; but when the Holy Ghost Himself, in the 110th Psalm, says, "He hath made a remembrance of His wonderful works, being a merciful and gracious God," He thereby makes known to us that one of His works is to be a memorial of all the others; and when He concludes this statement with the words, "He hath given food to them that fear Him," we are surely justified in considering this a direct revelation from above, that the food of our souls, the Blessed Eucharist, is that great memorial of all the wonderful works of God. Now, if this is true, it follows that the Blessed Sacrament must be the masterpiece of all God's works, and that, among the works revealing the perfections of God, it must have the unique distinction of showing us, not only one of the infinite glories of our God, but many; and showing them not dimly, but plainly; not feebly and in faint outline, but in splendor and magnificence. And this distinction the Holy Eucharist does possess, for, by prayerful and reverent meditation, we shall find that it is the epitome and crown of all the wonderful works of God. St. Thomas Aquinas does not hesitate to assert that the Blessed Sacrament is the abridgment of God's miracles.

Now, there are three marvelous works of God, in which, as in a mirror, we catch a glimpse of His omnipotence, His wisdom and His love, namely, the Creation, the Incarnation and the Redemption. These three divine works receive additional lustre from the Holy Eucharist. In the Most Blessed Sacrament they terminate, and by it they are crowned.

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In the first place the Blessed Eucharist is the crown of Creation. And why? Because in this Sacrament the love of God urges Him to the extreme limit of possibility. Here the Omnipotence of God exerts itself, not only upon creatures in causing the appearances of bread and wine to remain without the subjects to which they naturally belong; but this Omnipotence, in a certain sense, lays its hands upon the Incarnate Son of God. A truly wonderful thing takes place when the bread and wine have ceased to exist, but something still greater happens at the same moment; for, instead of those lifeless substances, there comes into the Blessed Sacrament, not merely a living being, not merely a sensate being, not merely a rational being; but there is present the fullness, the source, the author of all life, the highest being we know, indeed, the highest being that exists. In this the Blessed Sacrament has the appearance of a new creation; and, since it is God Himself who takes the place of the departed substance of bread and wine, it can truly be called the crown of Creation. "The World was made Flesh: and dwelt among us," and this is renewed at the moment of consecration.

Does it not seem, in this sense, to be also the crown of the Incarnation? At the word of the Blessed Virgin Mary, "Be it done unto me according to thy word," the Son of God became Man in her virginal womb. At the word of the anointed priest of God, "This is My Body," the same Incarnate Son of God becomes present in the Blessed Sacrament. At the moment of the Incarnation the Divine Word became Flesh, and took the form of a servant, and in this form of a servant has been made like unto us in all save sin; but here the Infinite Majesty of God does not rest until, so to speak, it is hidden in the very bosom of nothingness. The Blessed Sacrament goes another step beyond the work of the Incarnation. If, according to the Apostle, "He emptied Himself," when He came in the "form of a servant," how much more does He humble Himself when He comes under the appearance of bread!

Finally, the Blessed Eucharist is the crown of the Redemption. The greatness of the work of the Redemption is to be measured by God's own standard, namely, the humility of the Incarnate Son of God; and we must use the same criterion if we would learn the greatness of the Blessed Sacrament. During the course of His Passion our Divine Lord allowed Himself to be scourged, crowned with thorns and nailed to the cross, until His blessed body writhed in an agony of pain. What greater humiliation could be conceived? And yet the Sacrifice of the Mass is the very same as that of Calvary, the only difference being in the manner of offering; but in that very distinction there is also included in the Blessed Sacrament a greater act of humility on the part of the Son of God. While on the cross, although so profoundly humiliated, His human form was still recognizable, His divinity alone being concealed; but in the Blessed Sacrament He humiliates Himself so deeply that even His humanity is hidden from view. But the self-abasement of our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament goes even deeper than this. In His Passion He allowed Himself to be kissed by the traitor Judas; but, in the Blessed Sacrament, how unspeakably horrible and frightful is the humiliation inflicted on the Person of our Lord by the unworthy communicant!

Truly, in the Blessed Sacrament the Son of God is infinite in His humility and infinite in His love. Speaking of this great gift, St. Augustine says: "I dare say that God, though He be omnipotent, could not give us more; though He be all wise, knows not how to give more; though He be all rich has not more to give." In His love for us He lets nothing stand between Him and us, neither the laws of nature nor His own dignity. Let us, in our turn, as true priests of God and true communicants, who come so near to the Blessed Sacrament, allow nothing to stand between us and Him. From first to last, in small things and in great, let us be "All for Jesus."



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National Eucharistic Congress in Argentine.

L'Apostol del Santissimo Sacramento, of January 1916, organ of Eucharistic Works in Argentine, informs us that a National Eucharistic Congress will be held this year at Buenos-Ayres, capital of the South American Republic.

The ardent and long-standing wish of all solicitous for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament's interests will at last be realized says the Review; the Sacred Prisoner of our altars will this year be socially glorified in the Argentine Republic by the holding of the First National Eucharistic Congress.

Our Beloved Archbishop who more than any other and for so many years, desired this national act of Eucharistic faith, voices his joy, when he exposes the motives that had actuated him in fixing its realization this Jubilee year.

"Desiring", says the Prelate, "that the Church take part in a special manner in the celebration of the Centenary of our Independence we have resolved to hold the Congress, on this occasion; a National Eucharistic Argentine Congress in testimony of our respect and love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and in memory of the very dear Priests, who in great numbers signed the Act of Independence in the immortal Congress of Incuman."

As President, the Archbishop appoints, the Reverend Proviser and Vicar General of the Archdiocese, Don Louis Duprat, choice pleasing to all and assurance of success.

The Commission held its first meeting on the 10th. of December in the Archbishopal Palace, the Archbishop himself presiding and expressing the wish that the Congress be the faithful expression of the Faith of our

Country, and at the same time the excellent means to inaugurate the crusade of social regeneration by the Eucharist. The Congress will then study the best ways and means to develop in souls the knowledge of the Sacrament of love and make them profit more and more by Its redemptive efficacy.

At this meeting four members of the conveners committee were charged to draft the programme of studies to be treated during the sessions. The date of the Congress will coincide with the Centenary celebrations in July.

Guard of Honor

OF THE

The Blessed Sacrament

(Meditation for the Month of Our Lady
of the Blessed Sacrament.)

In the beginning of the public career of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Evangelists tell us, a marriage-feast was solemnized at Cana, in Galilee, and Jesus was present at the ceremony with His blessed Mother.

Now it happened that during the banquet the wine failed. As one may easily understand the youthful spouses were in danger of being exposed to confusion and charged with inhospitality. The Blessed Virgin Mary witnessing their embarrassment with considerate kindness leaned toward her Divine Son and whispered low: "My Son, they have no wine." A few minutes later the guests were feasting on the most delicious wine, supplied by the omnipotence of Jesus, yet at Mary's request.

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We know of another banquet more touching than that once given in Galilee, at the time of our Savior's mortal life, where innumerable guests have received from Our Lord, at Mary's request, and continue ever to receive, thanks to the same benevolent intercession, an aliment far superior to the wine of Cana. This is the Eucharistic Banquet, given us by Jesus, but which His blessed Mother has implored for us and prepared with maternal care.

* * *

From her earliest infancy, nay, from her Immaculate Conception, Mary was endowed with the perfect use of reason illuminated by the splendors of faith. She then turned to God by a free disposition of her will and she knew Him better than any other creature. Her Master was the Holy Spirit, and it was from Him that she received by infusion the gifts of knowledge, of intelligence, of wisdom, with the notions of the highest truths and especially of the mysteries of God's love.

Follow Mary to the Temple. By the assiduous reading joined to the constant meditation of the Holy Scriptures she became more enlightened than the most renowned rabbies. Better than they did she penetrate the secrets of the Old Law, fathomed the figures of the patriarchs and the oracles of the prophets.

If this was so, did not God reveal to Mary when she prayed before the Ark of the Covenant, containing a measure of the Manna, that a day would come when we should possess the true Manna descended from heaven? When morning and night she saw the lamb sacrificed in the Temple, did she not understand that it was the figure of the Lamb of God immolated from the beginning? Mary had read Malachias and she knew that the figurative sacrifices of the Temple were no longer pleasing to God, that the goats, lambs and doves were not the victims that would appease His offended Majesty and attract His looks of complacency—that, in their stead, would be substituted the pure oblation offered up in all places, from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same. For Mary the figures were like an open

book concealing nothing except, perhaps, some circumstances of mode, time and place of the numerous mysteries of the Real Presence. But she knew enough of the immense love that Jesus would testify us therein to adore It beforehand as the Bread that would nourish her old age, and restore to her, in sacramental communion, the Flesh that she had given Him in the Incarnation.

* * *

What! Mary not know in advance, Mary not comprehend the mystery of the Eucharist, when her Son was born at Bethlehem, the House of Bread!—when she laid Him upon the straw of which He was the Divine Wheat! When she carried Him to her breast she knew well that she was given nourishment to Him whose Body and Blood would nourish the world. This was the sweet meditation of Saint Augustine, who contemplating Jesus in His early Infancy at His Mother's breast, addressed to her this devout prayer: "O Virgin, nourish our Bread. That Infant sheltered in thy arm, whom thou press to thy bosom, thou knowest, O Virgin, will be our Bread. He is as yet too young; He must reach maturity in order to serve for our nourishment. Take care, then, to feed Him. Reflect that, by feeding thy Son, thou art feeding the faithful whose milk and nourishment He will be in the Eucharist."

From this it follows that all Mary's care, all her labor and solicitude were to watch over our Bread and to protect Jesus for our Eucharist. She is, indeed, strongly united to her Son and her God by love and grace, but she no longer feels Him living in her womb as during the nine months that she carried Him. Her prayer then must have been something like this: "O my Son, return, return into my womb that I may again feel Thee therein! But since Thou canst return only by the Eucharist, hasten the institution of this august Sacrament."

Jesus seems to have wished to hear in advance the prayers of His Mother, and His first miracle will be the most striking figure of the Eucharist. With what ardor Mary urges her Son to institute the Adorable Sacrament:

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"They have no wine!" She believed the time had arrived. The circumstances could not be more favorable: they were at a banquet and the Blessed Eucharist was to be a nourishment; the wine failed and the hour was propitious to offer a beverage that would satiate the souls more famished than the bodies.

But the hour had not yet come to work this wonder destined to be the crowning act of His earthly career. Jesus had to acquire by His apostolic labors, His sufferings and His death, the infinite treasures of grace and mercy He had desired to enclose in the Eucharist.

Our Lord calls His Mother's attention to this, saying: "My hour has not yet come." But to prove that Mary is not mistaken concerning the Gift, itself, He performs on the spot the miracle which has the greatest affinity with that of the Last Supper—the changing of water into wine, the prelude and figure of the transubstantiation of the wine into His adorable Body.

FIRST COMMUNION

What a delightful sight to see the troops of little children swarming around the Communion table in this blessed month! According to the privileges bestowed by the late glorious Pius X. the white lambkins of the flock, in Life's early morning, breakfast with their Saviour.

They promise their Host their young affections so that He may consecrate them, their minds that He may brighten them with knowledge and enrich them with wisdom, their souls that He may make gracious His creation. Their young bodies are tabernacles—their heart ciboriums. They pledge their eyes to Christ that they may ever read and observe His word, their hands that they may be never soiled with dishonesty, their feet that they may ever fly to Him, their ears that the Gospel may be always music, their tongues that they may be used to pray to Him here and bless Him hereafter and that they upon whom His Sacred body rests will ever be true and pure and kind.

We hail the little ones, blessed in themselves and blessing in their influence.

The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

"SUFFER the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." Thus spoke our Lord when He blessed the little ones who flocked around Him and whom the disciples tried to keep back, because they feared their Master would be fatigued.

What a memorable day that must have been for those children and their happy mothers! These mothers pressed forward eagerly and were most anxious that their dear little ones should see and touch the Divine Master and be blessed by Him.

The same good Lord and Master, the same mighty God is on our altars and bids us come to Him that He may impart His blessing and His gifts to us. We deeply prize the blessings of priests and saintly people; we travel a great distance to secure the benediction of the Holy Father. How is it we are so utterly indifferent about God's blessing in the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament? A living, fervent faith should make us realize and appreciate the value of Benediction.

We read of another benediction which Our Lord Jesus Christ will pronounce in these words: "Come ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Mindful of this benediction at the Last Judgment, we can pray to God that we may be numbered among the elect; we can ask of Jesus the grace of final perseverance, the most precious of His gifts, which will secure for us the crown of eternal glory. Some there are who, in the multiplicity of their necessities and under the weight of their sorrows and perplexities, express at Benediction their faith and confidence in the goodness of God, whilst they submit their hearts and bow their heads in perfect resignation to the divine will; they strike their breasts when the Sacred Host is held over them at the moment of Benediction, while they whisper "Jesus, I believe in Thee; Jesus, I place all my confidence in Thee; Jesus, I love Thee with my whole

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heart. Thy will be done. Bless me, my Lord, my God, my all!" Yes, great moments of grace, indeed, are the short moments of Benediction. The place itself is holy, we are in the presence of God, we kneel at His sacred feet. The angels of Heaven surround the beautifully decorated and illuminated altar, as on the holy night they hovered about the manger in the stable of Bethlehem, chanting the joyful tidings of man's redemption and salvation. The hour, the flowers, the lighted candles, the odour of incense, the sweet and mellow tones of the organ, the sacramental hymns—all atune the heart and excite the mind to pious acts, serious reflections, consoling thoughts, and holy aspirations. Earth vanishes in these blessed moments; we feel as if transported to heaven, uniting our prayers with the supplications of the saints, and our praises with the music of angelic choirs. Here is found a balm for every wound—a solace in every sorrow. Here the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant, the sick and the weary, the anxious and the unhappy, can find sympathy with Jesus, Who opens His heart and His hand, and cries out to us from His throne of grace: "Come to Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will refresh you." Great and manifold are the graces that come to us from the hands of our blessed Saviour at Benediction. The light and warmth of divine grace flow upon us to illumine the dark spots of our soul, to strengthen us in our weakness, to enlighten us in our doubts, to enliven us in our faith, to fill us with consolation in our misfortunes, to drive away the evil spirits that tempt us, and to inspire our guardian angels with the best means for our guidance and protection. At Benediction a peace comes over us that is not of earth, a calm resignation which comes from intimate union with God, Who alone is immutable, and without Whom all is vanity and affliction of spirit. We leave the church strong and willing to fight the battle of life; we leave with an abiding faith and confidence in God: and as the odour of incense lingers about the sanctuary long after Benediction, so do the graces of this devotion accompany and sweeten our actions long after we have left the house of God to mingle again with the busy throngs and to engage in the distracting scenes of life.

Oh! let us ponder well all these things and resolve to take advantage of every opportunity of being blessed by God; for if all the blessings of holy people are so fruitful of good, how much more so will be that of Him, Who is the source of "all good"—the all-holy and all-powerful God.

Surely we shall be amply repaid for our efforts, when we kneel before the Master's throne and know, that besides gaining incalculable good for ourselves, we are giving pleasure to Him, whose "delight" is to "be with the children of men."

O Sacrament most holy! O Sacrament divine! All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine!

A Fine Christian Soldier

Captain Rideau, a French officer killed in action, was a fine example of the Christian soldier. He read a passage from "The Imitation" every day. During January he walked long distances to hear Mass and to receive Communion. He had the happiness of receiving on the day before his death. One of his men, writing to the captain's son, said of the gallant officer: "What gave him his prestige with his men was the fact that he was in all things and everywhere a convinced Christian and acted as such. When we were resting in a village we saw him go to the church for all the services. God alone knew how many he drew to the practice of their duties by his example. One day, when one of our men was grievously wounded, our captain knelt down by his side and helped him to make an Act of Contrition."

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The Art of Saying the Rosary

THE ROSARY is sometimes accused of being an automatic, a mechanical prayer, slavishly monotonous; and if the way in which some people recite their Rosary gives a pretext for such judgments, it is not less true that these same judgments, which flatter themselves on their enlightenment, rest upon a narrow and formalistic conception of prayer.

What, then, is the perfect prayer? The perfect prayer is one, long or short, which ends in a prolonged silence during which God fills the thoughts. This is what renders mystics enviable. It is the unutterable silence that with them succeeds to the words which, like all Christians, they articulate.

Words are merely crutches by means of which the soul endeavors to reach unconsciously what I shall call the state of prayer, the crowning of the act of prayer, for no words can contain all the homage, gratitude, and repentance we owe to God.

Prayer extends far beyond words. It makes use of their rigid contour only to make its escape through them. The words that are murmured, that are repeated, that linger on praying lips, form a barrier between the soul that prays and exterior preoccupations. But the soul that prays does not permit those poor human words, naturally insufficient and imperfect, to form a barrier between her and God. Apart from those words, she is desirous, if I may dare say so, to think upon God without their help. Under the shadow of their protection, she is tending to intuitions far above them. And this is precisely to what the Rosary leads. In trying to divine and measure the flight of prayer, it is the Rosary we have defined.

The *Hail Mary, the Aves*, succeeding one another as they do, say always the same thing, and that rhythm exalts the soul into an atmosphere of prayer. The completion of every decade, every ten, scans that rhythm,

and every time this is for the praying soul the occasion of a new contemplation. The words that the lips pronounce, favor and sustain the successive meditations on the Mysteries. They become, as it were, a protecting bark from which a spiritual sap rises and circulates; the prayerful thought frees itself from them at the same time that it follows them, it rises above them, while being impregnated by them. Apart from the fifteen successive times that it contemplates the Mysteries in which it rejoices, suffers, and triumphs, the very atmosphere which they make for it is favorable and necessary for its upward flight. This prayer which appears to be verbal, is the most spiritual of all prayers; this prayer which appears slavish, is the freest of all; this prayer which appears rudimentary, is the most contemplative of all, and may turn out to be the most personal of all.

On the canvas which the soul spreads before itself, meditation according to its own pleasure, its own inclination, paints the living image of the fifteen Mysteries; and who will say what forceful originality there may be in the contemplations of certain humble souls who, bent in appearance over the beads of their chaplet, are soaring far beyond their *Aves*? The Rosary for them, is, if we may so speak, a prolonged distraction about God. In whatever direction their lips impart, their soul rises and mounts, and this very ascension that it makes above and beyond the words, takes it nearer still to God, to the unknown God. Such is the unprecedented riches of this prayer of the humble. The most profound of all prayers, is at the same time the most customary of all, the most accessible of all. The art of reading, of understanding the Cathedrals, which the people have lost since they have read books, helped the Faithful in their apprehension of the Mysteries of the Rosary. The windows repeated to them the story of God, told of joy or sorrows; the rose-windows promised them the kingdom of God, His glory. The fingers followed the *Aves*, the eyes followed the scenes depicted on the stained-glass panes, while their souls mounted upward, ever upward! Let us say our Rosary!

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SUBJECT OF ADORATION

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ADORATION.

Adore Our Lord Jesus Christ upon the altar, in the immortal glory of His risen flesh; in the unbounded joy which inundates His soul: and in spite of the Eucharistic veils which hide His splendor from your eyes, believe that you are in the presence of the glorious Conqueror of death.

The life of Jesus Christ was one of poverty, obscurity, privation and contradiction; His Passion was the combination of unexampled suffering and ignominy; His death was most agonizing, but in His resurrection a total change of circumstances took place. On the third day of His burial His soul was reunited to His body; He came forth from the tomb alive and immortal, resplendent with brightness and triumphant in the defeat of death and hell. He was invested with infinite happiness, unlimited power, incapacity ever again to suffer in mind or body, and a blissful security of everlasting felicity, incomparably superior to that of the blessed spirits.

Remember the glory which surrounds His holy humanity in heaven which ascends to Him from the praises of the heavenly court. This glory which comes to Him from the elect, is the recompense which the Father gives Him for the suffering and humiliations He endured here below; it is the reparation offered to His sacred humanity.

But if the reparation of glory be given in heaven to the suffering of the Saviour, is it not just and reasonable that He should receive it on earth? Is not reparation all the more necessary here below, seeing that it is here below that Christ suffered? and after the thorns of suffering, does not earth owe Him the roses of glorification?

Let us prostrate ourselves, therefore, and let us say to Him, in a spirit of reparation for the outrages of the Passion: *Ave Rex!* Hail! Hail to Thee! oh King of the true Israelites! King of the elect, King worthy of all praise and of all love, hail!

THANKSGIVING.

Whence proceeds this miraculous transformation? How strange the transition from the cross to the right hand of the eternal Father! from the tomb to the highest throne in heaven! from helpless weakness to boundless dominion! from the abyss of humiliation to the pinnacle of glory! from the condition of "a worm, and no man, the reproach of men, and outcast of the people", to the dignity of Sovereign of the universe, Judge of the living and the dead, the Word before whom every knee shall bow, in heaven, on earth, and in hell, and for eternity shall share the homage offered to the Godhead! How to reconcile these two extremes; one is simply the consequence of the other. "Jesus Christ humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, to the death of the cross, for which cause God hath exalted Him, giving Him a name above all names."

Such is the result of the sufferings and humiliations endured by Christ for the love of His Father, and with conformity with His will; immense glory, honor and joy.

Let, then, the sentiments of gratitude be poured forth at the foot of the altar, of the Eucharistic throne. For whom was the Passion? For whom did He suffer? For us and our sins, for our redemption and for our salvation! For us this pain, for us this immeasurable suffering! For us this heroic charity that drained the chalice to the dregs. With our whole body and soul let us join the adoration of the risen Christ of the Sacred Host, with piety, love, joy, Christian enthusiasm. Let us sing in our heart the exultant Alleluia, Hail! Hail to Thee oh risen Lord of the Host!

REPARATION.

Let us look with the eyes of faith on our Redeemer risen from the dead; let us contemplate Him in His renovated existence in the Most Holy Sacrament, and remember that His present glory in heaven is the result of previous suffering and ignominy. Instead of the pillar to which He was ignominiously bound, and the tribunal where He was shown to the people who showered on Him their maledictions, there over the tabernacle, is a rich canopy, an aureole of lights and of flowers, and in the temple resound the enthusiastic Hosannas of

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all the people on their knees. Instead of the purple rag, it is silver and gold embroidered upon costly materials which form His royal mantle or which carpet the sanctuary of His residence. Instead of the sorrowful isolation in which His disciples left Him, it is the constant fidelity of His priests who spend every hour of their life for Him and for the souls of His redeemed children. They never cease to say by the world: "*Ecce Nomo.*" "Behold the Man"! but the Man-God, the Man triumphant, the Man Saviour, He who took upon Himself our humanity that He might give us His divinity and make us the true adopted sons of God. The view of such a magnificent reward bestowed on the Man-God as a reparation of His past sufferings and humiliations, will encourage us to embrace with joy the self-denial and subjection inseparable from the painful casualties of life; it will animate us to generosity in the endurance of its attendant trials; it will stimulate us to offer ourselves nobly to its sacrifices. The Holy Eucharist is the Host, is the Victim which continues to offer itself for us and the voluntary oblation of which has a claim on our whole love and devotedness.

PRAYER.

Let us apply to ourselves the practical lesson inculcated by the mystery of our Saviour's resurrection. Conversion from sin to grace is one species of resurrection. As the renewed life of Jesus Christ is permanent, death no longer possessing dominion over Him, so should it be with us after our spiritual resurrection. We should guard against sin, which extinguishes the life of the soul, and carefully avoid those occasions which might expose to destruction our new life in God.

Conversion from dissipation and worldliness to a fervent and true Christian life is a resurrection of another kind. And as Jesus Christ after His resurrection belonged no more to this world, appearing on the scene but seldom and briefly, so, "if we have truly risen with Him, we must seek only the things of heaven; we must mind the things that are above, not those that are upon earth."

As an encouragement in the practice of penance, and a support to our weakness under the corporal infirmity and the prospect of approaching dissolution, with the attendant horrors of the loathsome tomb, we should reflect that the resurrection of Christ is an assured

pledge of our own, and that our body, if we have labored to sanctify it here below, will one day participate in the qualities of the glorified body of Jesus Christ.

"Oh memorial of the death of the Saviour! Living Bread which givest life to men, give my soul to live by Thee, and ever to enjoy Thy sweetness! Amen.

"IT GIVES A MAN REAL PLUCK"

Of the strengthening grace of confession and absolution on soldiers in the present war we have had multiplied evidence, and perhaps it is because of their devotion to the Sacraments that the Irish soldiers in particular have so distinguished themselves by their glorious and dauntless courage and gallantry.

An English Catholic chaplain, the Rev. Father Marshall, writes from the front of the death of Sergeant William Docherty 12th Northumberland Fusiliers. Sergeant Docherty, who was well known some years ago as a boxer, was 33 years of age. Father Marshall states that on the night of January 12th, a party of Northumberlands volunteered to raid a German trench a very dangerous, daring operation. The chaplain visited the men in the trench before they set out and gave them "general absolution." "Docherty," he writes, "was standing by my side. He grasped me by the hand, and said, 'Thank you, Father, it gives a man real pluck. It doesn't matter what happens now.' About two hours later his dead body was brought back on a stretcher. He had been killed in the German trench."

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Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the Helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day!
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me;

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.



NO DEVOTION COMPARABLE WITH MASS

"It is the Mass that matters." As many of our readers well know, says the English Messenger, these are the words of a non-Catholic statesman. They are among the truest words he ever wrote or spoke. Even he had a deep sense of the all-importance to Catholics of the Holy Sacrifice of the altar.

We may hope that few of our readers need to be reminded of the incomparable dignity of Holy Mass. Full well we know that it is the one supreme act of worship. It is essentially the Divine service of the Church; Divine in its institution, Divine in its effects. For the Divine Son of God is at once its Victim and its Priest, though He condescends to make use of the ministry of mortal men. Moreover, it offers to all who assist at it nothing less than the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, His Soul and Divinity.

No form of devotion can be compared with Holy Mass; no method of prayer can ever take its place. Though it is accompanied with petition and praise and intercession, it is so surpassingly more than these. It is a great Act of Worship, and one that brings down to this sinful earth the Lord of Hosts who is the King of Glory.

When, through his own fault, a Catholic loses Sunday Mass he not only commits a mortal sin, but he loses participation in the greatest act that can be performed on earth, that showing forth of the Lord's death in a real though painless mode of sacrifice.

It has been well said that devotions come and go in the Church. "Some are more popular in one age than in another. Mass is the devotion of every age and people and tribe—it is ever stationary, like the sun in the heavens, shedding light and warmth over the earth. Mass can never leave us so long as this planet exists.

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THE ANGELUS HABIT.

If you are in the habit of reciting the Angelus, you are gaining a partial indulgence of one hundred days with each recital. Furthermore, you are receiving a plenary indulgence once a month, if in addition to the habit of saying the Angelus you receive the Sacraments monthly and comply with the usual conditions of gaining a plenary indulgence.

To obtain these indulgences, however, the prayers must be said kneeling or standing as is prescribed, and at the time the bell is rung, unless good reasons prevent you from fulfilling these conditions.

On Saturday evening—in Lent also on Saturday noon—and on Sundays, the Angelus is said standing, and at other times the kneeling posture is used. During the Easter season, that is beginning with the Alleluia of the Mass on Holy Saturday until the evening before Trinity Sunday exclusively, the anthem, *Regina Cœli*, is said instead of the Angelus, standing.

All devout Catholics, deserving the name, practice this devotion either at the sound of the bell, if they are in their homes or wherever they may conveniently perform it, or as soon after as possible.

The Angelus recalls the Incarnation of the Son of God and the redemption of mankind. Are not these great mysteries by which you were saved worthy of being recollected at least three times during your day?



ADORATION IN TRUTH

Jesus Christ adored *in truth*; truth tested by substantial acts, not confined to sterile sentiments. He unconditionally submitted to the exercise of His Father's dominion and He freely devoted His life to the fulfilment of His Father's will. His mortal career was but one continued act of immolation to the majesty of God. His only concern was to glorify His Father's *name*, with utter forgetfulness of His personal interests; to establish His Father's *kingdom* through His own unwearied labors and humiliating subjection, and, adopting His Father's *will* as His sole rule of conduct, to accomplish it with more love and fidelity *on earth* than the blessed fulfil it in *heaven*. Such is the true and practical adoration which God requires. Protestations of devotion are delusive unless followed by an actual surrender of our being into the hands of God and a total renunciation of our imaginary right to dispose of ourselves in matters merely indifferent. In no circumstance of our lives are we entitled to resist the dominion of God. To adore Him *in truth* we must submissively embrace the condition in life allotted to us by His Providence, faithfully discharging its attendant duties, which are all regulated by His will. If there be one moment, one thought, one project, one undertaking of our existence wholly appropriated by self-will, private judgment, or personal interests we transgress the first duty imposed by that adoration *in truth* which should extend to every act and intention of our lives. Such was the doctrine of Jesus Christ. Such was also the doctrine of St. Paul, who exhorts us, "whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever else we do, to do all to the glory of God". To act for God's glory is to adore God *in truth*. That adoration embraces the motives of our ordinary actions, even those exclusively connected with the care of our earthly portion, and to seek any object in our pursuits except God's glory is to violate the obligation of adoring in truth.

The Providence of God being identical with His dominion we adore Him *in truth* only by submitting to the

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ordinances of that Providence. This is a subject which embraces an infinite detail. The Providence of God manifests itself in all events of life; in the casualties which influence our individual interests; in the vicissitudes of sickness, health, riches, poverty, prosperity, and adversity, in which daily occurrences we should adore God by receiving from His hand and profitably employing both the blessings and tribulations He dispenses. To rebel against suffering, to repine at affliction, to abuse prosperity by losing sight of its Divine Author and attaching the heart to it for its own sake, is more or less to transgress the obligation of adoring God in truth, because such a disposition encroaches on His glory or, it may be, leads to open infractions of His law.

God desires to establish in our hearts a free dominion, founded on the voluntary and irrevocable consecration of our will; He desires that we should live in perpetual subjection to grace, that our actions and intentions should be directed to the great end of our being, His glory and our own happiness. To adore God *in spirit and in truth* we must detach our affections from transitory things and fix them on heavenly joys; we must regulate our opinions of passing events by the influence they exercise on our eternal destiny; we must renounce our will and accomplish the will of God; in fine, we must adopt Jesus Christ as our model, laboring to imbibe His spirit and imitate His example.

His Holiness Benedict XV and Eucharistic Congress.

We are happy to learn that in the audience His Holiness recently granted His Grace Mgr. Heylen, there was question of International Eucharistic Congresses whose general Committee has for President the Bishop of Namur and that the Holy Father remarked the series must be reopened once the war is over, the Eucharist alone can unite divided hearts.

An old Irish Woman's Rosary.

Here is the story of Lady R—'s conversion, just as Father Conway, a missionary of 25 years' experience, tells it:

I have just returned to London after ten years' experience of colonial life, and while giving a mission there I met Father H—. He was a convert, young and of noble family, yet he and I became remarkably good friends in a short time.

We were walking together one spring morning in the direction of Kensington when Father H— said:

"I have to call on Lady R—. Will you come with me?"

I shook my head. "I don't know the family; but I will wait here for your return."

"No, no," the young priest said. "Lady R—is a convert, and she is never so delighted as when a missionary calls on her. So come along."

I went with him, and in a few minutes I was introduced to a stately, pleasant voiced lady, who greeted me very kindly.

Now, and Father Conway smiled a little, I am not in the habit of staring at ladies, but I suppose I did so then, for after a few minutes Lady R—remarked with a smile:

"Father, you seem to be admiring some of my jewels."

"No, indeed, your ladyship," I replied, "but I am wondering very much why you wear an Irish bog-oak Rosary among your gems."

"Oh!" the lady cried eagerly, "that's the missionary that converted me and many others."

I looked in surprise.

"Yes; may I tell you the story? It is not very long."

"It will give me great pleasure to hear it," I replied, and Lady R—commenced:

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"You must know that the R—family were among the most bigoted known and my ideas concerning Catholics were certainly vague. Ignorance and idolatry were among their failings, I had been taught, and both my husband and myself were careful not to allow a Catholic into our service or about our children. This, I suppose, became known and many stories false and mischievous found their way to our ears. One day my maid entered in some excitement the room where I was.

"Oh! your ladyship, look what I have found."

"What is it?"

"It is one of those horrid Popish idols;" and she held forth these very beads you see.

"Really, and where did you find it?"

"At the lodge gate, and Mrs, Parr says it belongs to an old Irishwoman who comes each day to sell water-cresses."

"I carried the Rosary to the drawing room where Lord R—and his youngest sister were, and while we were laughing over the superstitions and practices of Rome some callers were announced. The Rosary was duly inspected, and at last my young sister-in-law exclaimed:

"Let us have the old woman up to-morrow, Letty; it will be such fun."

"I assented readily to Clara's whim, and after some slight demur my husband gave his consent. The two ladies were invited to witness the scene we expected to enjoy, and one of the servants was instructed to bring the old woman to the house from the lodge in the morning.

"Well, at an unusually early hour we were all again assembled. Harry had entered completely into the spirit of the fun, but I was in my heart thinking how easily we might convert the poor, ignorant creature.

"Here she comes," my husband cried, and we crowded to the window to see a small, tidy-looking old woman walking beside our tall footman, and evidently talking and protesting vigorously.

"An' what does the lady want wid me?" we heard her exclaim; and a giggle went round the hall where the servants were collected.

The footman opened the door. He had brought the old woman so far, but further she would not come.

"Go in there to that grand place wid my muddy boots, is it? Bedad! I won't then. Surely the lady can come here, and say whatever she has to say."

"No, no, my good woman; come in," I said, advancing to the door. "We don't wish to harm you."

She made an old-fashioned courtesy. "Harm me! Sure what would any one harm me for?"

"Certainly not; but come in?"

With some persuasion, she did so, and then I said:

"My good woman, you have lost something."

"Troth, then, an' it's little Molly Feenan has to lose ma'am."

"Oh! but you have. You have lost your God."

"Lost my God. The good God Almighty forbid! An' what do you mane at all?"

"Don't be excited, Mrs. Feenan. You have lost an idol, one of the things you Papists worship; this, in fact," and I held out the Rosary.

"Och! did ye find my bades? Well, God reward you, ma'am; that's all I can say. An' 'tis greatly obliged I am to ye for thim."

"Stop pray. Don't you know it is sinful and wrong to worship idols, my good woman?"

"But I don't worship idols;" and Mrs. Feenan drew herself up. "It was Father Mahoney—God give him the light of heaven this day!—that taught me to say my Rosary; and taught me the manin' of it, too."

I smiled pityingly and, said:

"You should read your Bible, my poor creature and not to be tyrannized over and befooled by your priests."

Mrs. Feenan had forgotten her timidity, for she laughed.

"An' sure I can't read at all, ma'am, but I know as much of my religion as many that can."

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She had been drawing the big black beads through her fingers.

"I know right well that 'tis laughin' at me ye are! but here's what the bades teach, here's what I read from them;" and with uplifted voice and brightening eye she began:

"Ye see that crucifix. Well, when I look at that I think how Jesus died for me on Calvary; I think of all His wounds an' sufferin's, an' I say: 'Sweet Jesus! keep me from vexin' you!' Och, ma'am! sure if ye had the likeness of some one who loved—of a dead child maybe—wouldn't ye love it as I love this?" and she kissed the cross.

"Then ye see that one big bade an' the three small ones. These tell me there is one only God, an' in that one God there are three Persons. An' ye see there are six big beads in all and one medal, that minds me of a tabernacles. (Maybe ye don't know what a tabernacle is. It is a place in our church where the Blessed Sacrament is kept). Well, the six bades an' one medal mind me that there are seven sacraments, an' one of these is grater than all. That's the Holy Eucharist."

A deep stillness had fallen on us, and Clara had drawn near to the old woman.

"An' these six bades mind me, too, that there's six commands besides those of God that I must keep," and she sang them out and paused to gain her breath.

"An' then the Rosary itself consists of fifteen mysteries in honour of the Mother of God: five Joyful," and she repeated them; "five Sorrowful," and she repeated them; "and five Glorious;" and her voice rose in these last.

"An' when I am going about tryin' to earn my livin' in honesty, I say the Joyful mysteries and on a bad day when I'm wonderin' maybe how I'll get my supper, I just repeat the Sorrowful mysteries, and say to myself: 'Mary Feenan, what signifies your bit of trouble? Sure one day it will all end, and God give ye grace to end well.' An' when I've done bravely 'tis as little as I can do to keep sayin' Glorious mysteries over an' over in honour

of her who is the Mother of us all. An' there's the way I pass my days."

This was not as we had arranged. My friends were listening respectfully and attentively, and I was inclined to follow the example of my sister-in-law, who was crying softly.

"There, we've had enough of this," whispered my husband. "Give the woman her beads and some money, and let her go."

None of us cared to speak of what we had listened to, but I wondered if that was the religion I had been taught to despise. I saw Mary frequently afterwards, and she gladly gave me her cherished Rosary when I asked her for it; and at last there came a day when I begged Father—to instruct me for baptism.

When I was received into the Church I told my husband. He was angry—more angry than ever I saw him before—but I waited and prayed, and after a few weeks he said:

"Go to your church, if you must, and the children and I will go to ours:" and then the time passed, till one Sunday I said to him:

"Come with me to-day, Harry:" and he yielded, and before a year ended I had the unspeakable happiness of seeing my seven children and their father received into the one true Church.

"So you always wear the Irishwoman's Rosary?" I asked after a few moments.

"Always, Father; and frequently at ball or levee some lady of my acquaintance will come to examine my jewels.

"O Lady R—, such strange stones. Do they come from India?"

"No, not from India."

"And are they very valuable?"

"Oh, very valuable! They have been worth millions to me." And when I have her curiosity fully aroused, I tell this story as I have told it to you; and so you see the Irishwoman's Rosary still works good.

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NOBLE DEEDS

"An enthusiastic youth fired with love for the Blessed Sacrament, and eager to do something to extend Its reign, began by gathering at his home fourteen children and young people. To inflame their ardor he read them a chapter from some work on the Eucharist, and told them a story bearing on the same subject. Already his reward is 80 to 100 communicants a week.

The greater number are children of the working-class and of the public schools, all living in their families and obliged to get up very early, to come sometimes from great distances, and in every kind of weather, to hear Mass. Many of those innocent little ones are in the church every day at a quarter past five waiting for the half-past five Mass. One of them who made his First Communion secretly on account of his father, a rabid free-thinker's opposition, has not since then missed a single morning, to receive Communion at this very early Mass especially early for sleepy heads like himself."

"For more than a month three sturdy young mechanics of 18 years, come every morning at five, to receive Communion before Mass and after a short but fervent thanksgiving, go to their work, bearing every day the Good God to factories where He is often insulted, always unknown. In order to receive Jesus in their hearts those young heroes often deprive themselves of their morning cup of coffee and for healthy appetites like theirs that is no small sacrifice."

You asked me Father, to let you know whenever, I came across any noteworthy examples of generosity. You will, I am sure think as I do, those I have just mentioned beautiful and noble, and I trust they will help to comfort you for the indifference of so many others towards Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

Chinese Devotion to Our Lady

"From one of our men in China we learn that preparations have already commenced for the annual pilgrimage made to the shrine of Our Lady at the Hills. These hills are about twenty miles from Shanghai. During the month of May a festival is held, and while it lasts there are splendid examples of fine Catholic faith.

The opening ceremony commences on April 30 by the firing of a cannon. The following day Masses are said in the two churches, which are situated, one midway up the hill, and the other at the top. The path leading to the latter zig-zags up the steep slope, along which are distributed the fourteen Stations of the Cross. Thousands flock to the celebration, and from morning until night there is a continuous procession of pious pilgrims making their way to the summit, while making the Way of the Cross. The natives come from all parts of the country, and it is not uncommon to see entire families who have journeyed several hundred miles. It might be called the Chinese Lourdes so loved is it by the simple people.

One of the picturesque sights is the hundreds of boats grouped at the base of the hill and along the banks of the canal for more than a mile. This solid mass remains practically unbroken for the entire month, for those who leave are replaced by new comers. The whole month of May is held by the Chinese in reverence and love and one of the surest signs of the lack of faith in an individual is a waning devotion towards the Mother of God."

The dear Christ dwells not afar,
The king of some remoter star,
Listening, at times, with flattered ear
To homage wrung from selfish fear
But here amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, He lives today.