

THE TABERNACLE WHERE DWELLS EMMANUEL.

Life has its sorrows and life has its joys too, but its sorrows will be all too heavy and its joys will be tainted and unsanctified unless, we bring them one and all to the foot of the altar. There is the "Tabernacle for a shade in the daytime of pleasure when all is well with us and we are prone to forget our God, and for a security and covert from the whirlwind and from rain," and the darkness of trial and overburdening grief. To us the Prophet Balaam speaks in ways beyond his knowing: "How beautiful are thy Tabernacles, O Jacob, and thy tents, O Israel"—the tabernacles where Emmanuel dwells, the tents where the Son of Man lingers yet a while—as woody valleys: as watered gardens near the rivers, as tabernacles which the Lord hath pitched: as cedars by the water-side. There is our good Master, Rabboni, waiting for us in the dawnlight as He waited of old for Magdalene, listening for our footfall at eventide, even as He listened for the knocking of the sick and the halt at His humble Home in Galilee. He will be to us "a cloud by day and a smoke and brightness of flaming fire in the night," ever guiding, ever leading us on unswearingly to our home beyond the grave.

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### A peace Sunday

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For us field soldiers—it might be more apt to say mountain soldiers—not only the beautiful scenery of autumnal splendor was a source of joy on a recent Sunday—we were also blessed with far higher spiritual happiness, the presence in our midst of the Most Blessed Sacrament. It was a veritable peace Sunday. The army chaplain came in the afternoon again, after an absence of two weeks. As was the case last time, the soldiers made their confession and went to Communion early this morning. In the forenoon the priest was with the regiment stationed next to us.