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## The Child and the Blessed Sacrament

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IF bells were silent," says Chateaubriand, "it is the voice of an angel or of a child that should summon the faithful to religious worship," which beautiful idea we find carried out in the case of the Blessed Sacrament during the Franco-Prussian War. The inhabitants of — hearing of the approach of a body of soldiers, and fearing for their church, gathered round it to defend it as best they could. The priest was absent, and no one daring to remove the Blessed Sacrament, a little child was brought to perform this sacred duty, the circumstances of which the following lines will show.

Thank God for all the good we know  
Of sweet and generous deeds,  
That, like celestial blossoms, grow  
Among our earthly weeds.  
Thank God for every tender thought  
That faith and fervor feeds.

The sound of strife, like funeral knell,  
Was heard anear and far ;  
Nor pity's voice, nor prayers could quell  
The demon of the war ;  
Rage, terror, fury, urging on,  
The devastating car.

And none with calm, determined air,  
At duty's holiest call,  
The faithful hearts assembled are,  
One impulse quickening all,  
To guard the hallow'd House of Prayer,  
Till, man by man, they'd fall.

Fear-bound, they pause ! Is courage spent ?  
Ah ! whence that sore dismay ?  
'Tis for the Blessed Sacrament,  
Who'll bear It safe away ?  
The Priest on sacred duty is,  
'Mid battle's dread array !