

The drummer was impressed. He came, he attended the conferences addressed to an assembly of 1,500 men by M. l'abbé Vincent, a good preacher, one of my friends. Now, 1,500 male voices resounding through the vaults of the church in the chant of the Passion, were already as it were, a word of overpowering eloquence. How many tears have I seen furrowing those bronzed faces! And one day I saw the good drummer, also, enter the sacristy in tears.

"Monsieur le Curé, you once beat my drum, but the preacher has beaten my heart. It is a call to the good God! But there is only one obstacle—I have not made my First Communion."

"Fall into rank, my good friend. I have nineteen men inscribed, and you will make the twentieth."

My twenty men were admirable. The drummer was among them. Had he known the Latin of the Church, he might have exclaimed: *Felix culpa!*—Happy fault! But he failed not to exclaim: "Happy mockery which brought on me so fruitful a reprimand and, by the divine mercy, consolation so sweet!

A Little While.

"O Jesus" we are tempted to say when the cross bears heavily upon us, when life's sorrows seem unbearable: "How long? How long will this last?" and the answer comes' "A Little While." The wicked people, they have everything to make them comfortable and happy it seems. They succeed where we fail. They rejoice while we weep. But do not envy them. Go before the Blessed Sacrament and ask Jesus why is this? and the answer will come to you as to the disciples of old: "you will lament and weep, but the world shall rejoice." But only for "A Little While." Soon "the day will break and the shadows will retire" and then you will see all so plain and clear. Tell souls to trust Jesus, to wait for a "little while" in the love and friendship of Jesus here, so that for a "long while" "yea, forever and ever you will be happy with Him in eternity.

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