

The Blessed Sacrament was exposed for adoration from 3 o'clock on. The space about it was filled up with kneeling soldiers, who alternatively prayed and sang, while others were patiently waiting their turn for confession. In the evening from 6 to 7 we had the closing exercises of our devotions. Everything most primitive and poor, but it was in truth a guard of honor surrounding the heavenly Lord and Saviour in the Holy Eucharist. The soldiers, mostly middle-aged and gray-bearded, when saying the Rosary, added a sixth decade for the fallen comrades. The "Tantum ergo," in its simple Gregorian melody, never yet moved us to a like depth of feeling and devotion. And the heavenly hush when the holy Host was lifted by the priest over the vast assembly: "Jesus, for Thee I live, for Thee I die; Thine in life and death!" Only a man who has stood in the din of battles, amid the cruel shower of bullets and bursting shrapnel, can feel a like emotion of the soul at such a moment.—From diary of an Austrian soldier.



Listen

We borrow,
 In our sorrow,
 From the sun of some tomorrow
 Half the light that gilds to-day;
 And the splendor
 Flashes tender
 O'er hope's footsteps to defend her
 From the fears that haunt the way.

We never
 Here can sever
 Any now from the forever
 Interclasping near and far!
 For each minute
 Holds within it
 All the hours of the infinite,
 As one sky holds every star.