


H. J. Siukel.

The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple.

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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O Jesus, it were surely Sweet.



O Jesus, it were surely sweet,
To sit and listen at Thy feet ;
With those who in Thy life drew near.
Thy words of wondrous grace to hear.

Yet sweeter far it is to pray,
Before Thy altar night and day ;
And feel the love which bids Thee lie,
Thus wrapt in holiest mystery.

Yes, Jesus, Thou art hidden thus,
On this poor earth for love of us ;
And yet upon Thine Altar throne,
Too oft we leave Thee all alone.

Ah, since it is Thy chief delight,
To dwell with us both day and night ;
Sweet Jesus, make it ours to be,
Both day and night to stay with Thee.



Holy Communion for children.

PRIVATE FIRST COMMUNION.

“THE Eucharist” — St. John Chrysostom says — “makes all men one in Jesus Christ.” During the first ages of the Church, in East and West alike, it was considered wrong to exclude children from this mystic union with Christ, and accordingly the Holy Eucharist was administered even to those children who had not yet attained to the use of reason. The very fact that they had been made members of Jesus Christ was considered to give them a right to receive His Body and Blood. The Church has, however, changed her discipline in this matter. Yet she has never declared children to be incapable of receiving the Holy Eucharist. It is true that she always regarded Baptism as sufficient by itself for a candidate. Her only object, therefore, in adding Holy Communion was to arm the little ones more completely against the outward assaults of the Evil One, without implying thereby that Holy Communion was an indispensable condition for their salvation.

This primitive usage was gradually abandoned on account of the unseemly mishaps to which it exposed the Blessed Sacrament. The practice began to fall into partial disuse in the ninth century, and still more in the eleventh. In the twelfth century, its neglect became so pronounced, that by the thirteenth it had become all but universal.

But though the Church is no longer accustomed to give Communion to infants, she has in no sense relaxed her discipline in the case of children who, to some extent, have reached the use of reason.

The obligation of Holy Communion rests upon a divine command. The Master gives us a distinct precept: “Except ye eat of the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you.” It is also

imposed by ecclesiastical precept, being clearly prescribed in the 4th Council of Latran: "Each member of the faithful, of either sex, as soon as he (or she) has reached the age of discretion, shall privately make confession of sins to the priest at least once a year... and receive the Sacrament of the Eucharist at all events at Easter, unless, in accord with the priest's advice, he deem it better to defer the reception awhile for some reasonable cause."

Now to whom is this command to receive Communion at Easter addressed? As the very words of the Council show, to every Catholic of either sex that has arrived at the age of "discretion". Now "discretion" means the power to discriminate, that is to say, the power of recognizing a thing and of distinguishing it from something else. Hence, the age of "discretion" required for receiving the Eucharist is "the age at which a child no longer mistakes this sacred Food for the ordinary nourishment of the body"; "the age at which it distinguishes this Food of the soul from bodily food." For this, it is enough that the child should understand that the Eucharist is a food which must be taken with a pure conscience for the salvation and sanctification of its soul.

St. Thomas Aquinas, the prince of theologians, teaches the same thing by replying that "the Eucharist may be given to children once they begin to have some use of reason, so as to be capable of conceiving a certain devotion towards this Sacrament".

The Catechism assigned by Pius X. for use in the Roman dioceses gives the following: *Question* — "At what age does the precept of the Easter Communion begin to bind?" *Answer*. — "The precept of the Easter Communion begins to bind as soon as the child is of an age to be capable of communicating with the necessary dispositions. Thus, we see that the teaching on this point is unvarying: *no minimum of age is prescribed*."

To whom, then, in practice, does it belong to determine the age at which a particular child shall be admitted to its First Communion? Here is the rule laid down in the Roman Catechism, or Catechism of the Council of Trent: "The persons best qualified to decide when child-

ren should be admitted to the holy mysteries are the father, and the priest to whom a child goes to confession; for it is the duty of these to question children with a view to ascertaining whether they have acquired some understanding of this adorable Sacrament and have an appreciation for it." Moreover, the degree of understanding demanded by the Roman Catechism is merely that "the child be able to distinguish between this Bread and ordinary bread. For this it must firmly believe that the Eucharist contains the true Body and Blood of God."

In view of the above quotation, the "Annales," organ of the Association of 'Priest Adorers,' and of the "Priests Communion League," pertinently asks: How are we to reduce this rule of the Catechism literally to practice? In other words, how soon, as a general rule, do children develop sufficient discretion? Saint Alphonsus wrote to his clergy as follows: "Notice that, in the common opinion of doctors of the Church, the obligation of children to receive Communion begins to hold from the age of nine or ten." To this one may add that forward and intelligent children possess the needful intelligence from the age of seven or eight(1). Others, on the contrary, who are slow and dull of wit, or whose endowments of intellect and memory are exceptionally poor, will not have acquired even this rudimentary knowledge by the age of eleven or twelve. Yet the number of children capable of receiving Communion before the age of nine is found to be far larger than of those who only become fit after the age of ten. This is what Saint Alphonsus says: "Doctors agree that, as a rule, children are not bound to communicate until their ninth or tenth year," (*i. e.*, ninth or tenth year *completed*). "We say 'as a rule' for as authors observe, children may come under obligation earlier, that is to say, when they develop sufficient discretion before that age."

(1) From the above we see that it is the presence or absence of the degree of *discretion* needed, and not *age*, which determines the whole question. Thus, in the actual discipline of the Church, it cannot happen, in the present matter, that a child may be allowed to communicate and yet not be bound to do so owing to its fewness of years. (to be continued)

Is the Best too Good?



O Gerald Moore has sacrificed a brilliant career to bury himself in the novitiate," sadly remarked my friend, Luke. "It's a great pity. He would have made another Webster.

"But now he may turn out another Lacordaire or DeRavignan," I suggested.

"That's not at all likely!" exclaimed Luke impatiently. "It's pounds to pence he'll just become a humdrum priest, whom few of us will ever hear of again.

Well, it's the Church's way," he continued, with some bitterness. "She robs the world of its best and fairest and then makes no use of their talents and abilities. Another instance in point is that of the beautiful Mildred Ennis, who went off to the convent the other day, I hear, to be a shepherdess or something."

"So you consider the best too good for God?" I innocently enquired.

"No-o-o-o. Not that exactly," answered Luke, with some hesitation. "But hadn't Gerald just won that celebrated libel case, and what scope will his exceptional talents have now? As for Miss Ennis, everybody knows she had her choice of a dozen rich suiters. I can't help feeling that her virtues and accomplishments will be wasted in the convent."

"Say, Luke," I asked as if I were changing the subject, "do you recall the famous incident that happened in a supper-room of Bethany! As Our Saviour reclined at table, you remember, Mary Magdalene came in with a box of 'ointment of right spikenard,' the most precious thing she had, and poured it over His sacred feet, then dried them with the crowning glory of her beauty, her

long, dark tresses, and 'the house was filled with the odor of the ointment.' Judas, you recollect, viewed the proceeding with strong disapproval and asked indignantly, 'To what purpose is this waste? Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?' Thereupon those who heard Judas complaining began to murmur too, for grumbling you know is infectious. But Our Blessed Lord at once spoke up in that generous woman's defense saying: "Let her alone. Why do you molest her? She hath wrought a good work upon me. Wheresoever the Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done shall be told for a memory of her."

"I see that you yourself are helping to fulfil that prophecy," said Luke, with a sly look. "But I hope you are not likening me to Judas Iscariot."

"Oh, dear, no!" was my prompt disclaimer. "In your remarks about Gerald and Mildred, however, I detect a spirit that in this drossy age of ours seems to be spreading even among Catholics; an earthly, selfish, material spirit, that begrudges giving of our best to God and His Church. You know those I mean. Out of their fulness and with wonderful prudence they dole out their gifts to the altar, the sanctuary or the cloister, but they reserve all that is rarest and best to lavish on the world and on themselves."

"It was just such practices, you remember, that cost the Chosen People God's favor. For they offered polluted bread upon His Altars, and presented for sacrifice animals that were blind and lame and sick, and gave to the Lord only what was feeble and worthless. So it came to pass finally that He no longer took pleasure in the Israelites, refused their gifts and abandoned them for the Gentiles."

"That's from the Prophet Malachias, isn't it?" asked Luke with interest. "No wonder the Lord complained. Why, even the heathen used to set aside their best for the gods."

"To be sure," I assented. "Their finest edifices, too, were Temples. What is more to the point, however, the

Catholics of the Middle Ages, who erected those magnificent shrines and cathedrals that are now the admiration of Europe, built as they did because they felt that nothing is too good for God. The people gave generously of their savings, and architects, painters, sculptors and skilful artists in glass or metal put their best workmanship into whatever was to shelter or adorn our Blessed Lord's abiding place, because they felt that nothing is too good for God."

"That must have been the reason," agreed my friend.

"Of course it was. Now why is it, Luke, that you are so fond of attending High Mass at the Cathedral? Isn't it because the music, the ceremonial, the decorations, the altar plate and the vestments are all so splendid there, that you, too, feel that the best, as becomes His Divine Majesty, is there being offered to God?"

Luke was silent but looked very thoughtful.

"Nothing is too good for God," I went on. "No, not even human souls. Gerald Moore has given up the law to become a priest, and Mildred Ennis has turned away from the world that both may cleanse from sin or rescue from everlasting death thousands of Christian souls and give them to God; for nothing is too good for Him; no, not even human souls. The best, I repeat, is none too good for God. On the theory and practice of this principle rests the life of the counsels that these two young people have so joyfully embraced. Virgin hearts, unfettered hands and singleminded service they will offer by vow to God, because they are aware of no gifts more rare and precious in themselves, or more pleasing to Him.

"Then if to these sacrifices Gerald and Mildred are permitted to add the surrender of brilliant worldly prospects, and are allowed to bring to the cloister exceptional talents and accomplishments, nobler still is the sacrifice and the more acceptable the gift; for nothing is too good for God. In offering Him all, they realise that they are but returning what He has given them, soiled now, though it be, and full of blemishes from having passed through the hands of worthless servants. 'Thine own have we given Thee,' they will say. Yet they know

that God accepts the poor offering gladly, and is kind enough to be grateful for it, as if He and not the religious were the gainers."

"No doubt that's all very true," assented Luke. "But tell me this: Of what use now will be our friends' talents and attractions?"

"Every natural gift and grace that a religious has can be employed in gaining souls," I answered. "For men must be won by our force of character and personal charm. The finer the instrument the better the work that can be done with it. Not that one's success in soul-hunting, however, depends chiefly on merely human gifts. Besides being delicate, the instrument must be responsive to the workman's hand. Good priests and religious accordingly are well aware that success in bringing back to God the sinful and the erring will be measured by their singleness of purpose and the closeness of their union with the Source of all grace. So they strive to live always in the Divine presence, and to labor solely for God's glory. Though keenly realizing how poor and imperfect after all, even their best must be, they offer it joyfully because they believe that our services owe this worth and dignity largely to the power and majesty of Him who deigns to accept them. Just as the nobles, for example, who graced the entourage of Don Philip or of the Grand Monarque, considered trivial functions and commonplace duties highly honorable and of great importance because discharged for so exalted a prince."

"That's a good illustration," Luke agreed.

"And don't you worry," I went on, "about the cloister's stripping the world of its best and fairest. The world has always shown remarkable capacity for taking care of itself in this respect. You should not begrudge the Church, however, an occasional Gerald or Mildred. The more youths and maidens of great gifts and talents there are to consecrate themselves and all they have to God, thus breaking, so to speak, a box of right spike-nard to anoint the feet of Christ, the richer and more fragrant will be the odor that will fill the house of the Church, and the less glaring in consequence will seem

the ingratitude of men for all God's loving kindness towards them. We offer Him our best because He has already given us freely of His best, namely, His Only Begotten Son, as our Pattern, our ransom and our Food, the spring of Grace here and of Glory unending hereafter. But our talk is concluding like a sermon. However, Luke, say no more 'why this waste?' for nothing is too good for God. Remember that."

"You are right," assented my companion gravely. "Nothing is too good for God."

WALTER DWIGHT, S. J.

A Good Work for Lent.

During this holy season the Church emphasizes the necessity of fasting, prayer and good works.

So we utilize the opportune moment, to suggest a special good work, to our readers, a spiritual and most excellent work, one that can not fail but glorify God and find favor in His sight: the work of extending our Lord's Eucharistic reign.

A splendid means for that purpose is to take the resolution, and in case you should forget or postpone it, take it now, this very minute, the resolution to introduce the "Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament", whose every page breathes loving devotion to Jesus Sacred Host, into three or four families where its existence is not already known.

This will be a good work, a work agreeable to our Blessed Lord, a work that will make Him better known and loved, a work that will nullify and counteract the pernicious influence of an irreligious evil press.

How pleasing to our dear Lord, how precious in His sight will not be, those, who thus strive to defend His interests, who consider it a duty as well as a happiness to seize every available opportunity to extend His reign among mankind, by obtaining for them a more intimate knowledge of His love.

And that is just what the Promoters of the Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament do. They cannot preach the Gospel by word of mouth, our Lord did not entrust that mission to them, but they can, and in fact do powerfully second the work of salvation and sanctification wrought in souls by God's appointed ministers. Thanks to their zeal and devotedness, the Sentinel goes each month bearing to innumerable families, light, strength consolation, and winning for Jesus in the Tabernacle an extension of His reign, an increase of loving homage and of loyal service.

If our readers are alive to their true interests, they will not fail to use this practical and feasible way of spreading the Eucharistic reign of Jesus is the Blessed Sacrament. We appeal to each one of you individually, and ask you once more, to set to work in earnest and try and introduce the Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament, into at least three or four families. Rouse up your courage, your supernatural spirit, do not recoil before possible refusals, even should you meet with them, don't mind, you are not seeking your own interests, and our dear Lord sees and knows and understands. Moreover, I do not think you need fear them, especially if you are generous enough to take charge of the subscriptions yourself, and thus relieve the subscriber of all expense and trouble. Later on the little Magazine itself will hold their interest, and they will be grateful to you for having brought it to their notice, but that will be only one of your rewards, Our Lord Himself will give you another, a far better, as well as an endless one. Now, I am sure you are fully determined to take the resolution we suggest, and to carry it out energetically during Lent; besides, I am sure of your success in the good work, especially as we will all place it under the patronage of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament. With all my heart I wish you Godspeed.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS

Montreal : Miss Annie McCready. — Miss Margaret Walsh. — Mr Harry Wood. *Hartford, Conn.* : Rev. Sr. M. Rosalie.

Jesus presented in the Temple by Mary.

(See frontispiece)

I.—Our Lord would not delay to offer Himself publicly to His Father. Forty days after His Birth, He inspired Mary to take Him to the Temple. Mary carried her Infant in her arms, about to offer Him to the Father, and to buy Him back with two turtle-doves. Jesus willed to be purchased for these little creatures, which speak to us of His purity and simplicity. The joy, the bliss of the Most Blessed Virgin ended on that day. Hark to the words of the old man chosen of God: "This Child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted. And thy own soul a sword shall pierce."

How can the Holy Trinity, how can God so good, so tender, thus discover such a mystery of sorrow to a poor young mother of only fifteen, still inebriated with joy at the birth of her Son? It is the first visit she has made since His birth, and she is told of the cruel death awaiting her beloved Child. O she understands all! From that day, Calvary is wherever Jesus is, at Nazareth, in Egypt — everywhere does she behold before her Jesus crucified. Ah! the soul that is not possessed of virtue, God allows to slumber on in a certain kind of security; but give Him a loving soul, and He is eager to crucify it for His own glory. Love lives on sorrow. Mary accepts it. Henceforth she converses with her Son but of Calvary, of His sufferings and death. She had strength to endure a Calvary that lasted thirty three years: "Thy own soul a sword shall pierce." — Do we comprehend the crucifixion implied in these words? From the moment that Mary heard them, she saw all the sufferings of her Son in their smallest details, she pondered them incessantly, and from that day she became the Queen of Martyrs.

II.—What must we glean from the mystery of the Presentation of Jesus by Mary? We should offer ourselves

in union with Mary, our Mother, give ourselves to God, and accept the pain, the sufferings, and all the crosses that He may will to send us. At first, after giving herself to God, the soul receives consolations, the service of God is full of sensible sweetness for her. There are many souls who, disgusted with the world in which they find only deceit, return to piety, to find in it peace and consolation. They seek that alone, they desire to find only that in God's service. They serve Him as long as the Lord bestows upon them divine favors; but when He hides Himself, and wishes to substitute stronger nourishment instead of children's food, they become disgusted, discouraged, and scrupulous. They torture their imagination to find out what could have drawn upon them such punishment. They fancy that their confessions have not been sincere, that they have made bad Communions. They wish to find in themselves the cause of that change; but not succeeding, they become despondent, and end by abandoning their pious exercises.

We must not, indeed, disdain God's consolations, we must receive them with joy when He sends them; but we must not seek them alone. Such sweetness, such favors pass, while Jesus alone remaineth forever. There have been saints who were favored with great sweetness from God, with ecstasies and transports — but O how they suffered! God gave them those celestial favors only at long intervals: They were the recompense of their sufferings, and an encouragement to suffer still more for His love. It is by suffering that we are sanctified. It is by crosses and trials that the soul is strengthened and disengaged from self, in which blessed state it no longer seeks its satisfaction in the service of God, but in God alone.

Such is the teaching of the mystery of Mary's Purification and of Jesus' Presentation in the Temple. Let us put it in practice if we wish to be worthy of the august Victim whom we incessantly contemplate in the Blessed Sacrament, and of His Mother who so generously offered Him for us.



Holy Communion

A SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

THE adorable Sacrament of the Altar has become the banquet, to which the Catholic Church daily leads souls entrusted to her in order that there they may sacrifice themselves for their brethren. She speaks but one word and her priests and missionaries go forth into the four quarters of the globe, they go into exile, as it were they renounce that which is dearest upon earth — country and family. They adopt those as brethren for whom they feel not the slightest natural inclination, and amidst the greatest difficulties they sacrifice their natural life for the supernatural life of their brethren.

Whence comes this power? Thousands of Sisters of Charity lead a life against which human nature revolts. They nurse the sick from whom everyone turns with disgust, dread, and fear; they nurse them with a tenderness and patience, aye, with the very complacency with which a young mother nourishes her first suckling babe. Amidst the terrors of death, amidst the most frightful tragedies of the battle-field, where the hearts of brave veterans tremble, the Sister moves about quietly and collectedly. She knows no joys of life save the renunciation of all joys. —

Whence comes this power? 'Tis true, love of sacrifice was at all times the motive power of the Christian care of the poor and sick; but whence comes the power of

this love of sacrifice? Whence comes the power for all to lead a truly Catholic life, full of self-denial and mortification, full of love and self-sacrifice, even for those from whom one only reaps scorn and contempt, spoliation and every sort of privation?

Brethren, will you still ask: Whence comes this power? Does it not come solely and entirely from the reception of that most Holy Sacrament which is especially called the Sacrament of Love? It is there that the faithful soul learns to know and to value her neighbor; not only



as an image of God, but as a precious member of the body of Christ; there, in Holy Communion, the faithful soul feels herself broad enough to embrace all mankind. In the poor, in the sick and the abandoned, aye, even in her scoffers and her persecutors, she sees her brethren and her sisters, children and heirs of God and coheirs of Christ. The center of her love is no longer her personal "Ego." "I live," she says with the Apostle, "but no longer I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. II, 20.) Christ is the center of her love, and as she feels Him operating within herself, so, too, does she see Him in her neighbor; and hence her love.



HOUR OF ADORATION

“Behold thy Mother”

REV. PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Deinde dicit discipulo: “Ecce Mater tua.” Et ex illa hora accepit eam discipulus in sua.

After that, He saith to the disciple: “Behold thy Mother.” And from that hour, the disciple took her for his own.

(*John, XIX, 27.*)

I. ADORATION.

“*BEHOLD thy Mother.*” Jesus is about to die. What will become of His Mother after His death? She is nearly fifty years old and grief has so told upon her that she has no longer the strength to gain her livelihood. Joseph is no more. He quitted this earth when all was perfect peace in the humble home at Nazareth. It is probable that he alone among all mankind had the happiness of dying in the arms of the Saviour and under the eyes of her whose love he had won by his perfect purity. Again, Jesus had neither brother nor sister to take care of His Mother. He had no support to leave her. Who, then, would provide for this tenderly loved Mother?

It was on the virgin-disciple that Jesus at once cast His eyes. John is a virgin. He has vowed virginity. It is to him that Jesus is about to confide the most precious treasure of His Heart, His divine Mother, the Virgin *par excellence*.

Therefore, the Saviour, after giving John to Mary, turning His eyes toward His disciple, added: “Behold thy Mother!” Take care of My Mother here below. Take My place near her. Render to her all the services of which she has need. These words express the positive will of Our Lord. While conferring a privilege on the disciple, they at the same time impose on him a particular obligation. The assistance and the society of the Mother of God were given to the purest, the most devoted of Jesus’ disciples.

John will, then, become the support of the Virgin-Mother. He will watch over, not only her physical life, so precious for the establishment of the Church, but still more over her spiritual life. He will be her special chaplain. Every morning he will renew before the Mother of God the Sacrifice of Calvary in the celebration of Holy Mass. Every day, he will lay upon the tongue of that divine Mother the Sacramental Body of her Son. He will take care that Jesus — veiled of course — but really living under the Eucharistic Species, shall never be absent from the humble home that will shelter the Mother of God and the Mother of men.

The disciple understands what a precious treasure friendship has confided to him in this trying hour. He himself tells us that from that moment he received the Virgin under his roof and became toward her a loving and devoted son. "O truly blessed disciple," exclaims Bossuet, "to whom Jesus Christ gave His Cross to associate him to His own suffering life, to whom Jesus Christ gave His Mother that He might live eternally in his memory, to whom Jesus Christ gave His Heart to be forever one with his!"

Jesus' word: "Behold thy Mother," is not confined to John. It is addressed to all mankind. It means: To-day, you will recover the life of grace by virtue of My sacrifice and at the price of My Blood. Know that My Mother has offered this sacrifice together with Me, that I have from her the Blood that I have shed for you, and that I received it precisely for that purpose. Never forget that you owe your life to her, that she has become *your Mother*, and that you should have for her *the heart of a child*. Jesus did, indeed, address Himself to John, but He regarded His disciple as the representative of all Christians, of all mankind. He spoke to him as He would have spoken to every one of us.

Should a dying person commend his mother to his friend, that sacred trust would be present to his memory even till the last sigh. But here, there is neither counsel, nor request, nor official charge. It is an order. It is still something more — it is a creation. The almighty will of Jesus creates at once whatever it wills. It is not light which shines forth from nothingness at the Voice that calls it; it is not the world that falls from the hands of God simultaneously with the word that falls from His lips. No, the universe with its glories and the light with its rays are nothing compared with this new creation. It is the heart of a son — it is the hearts of sons as numerous as the grains of sand on the seashore, all filled with filial piety toward Mary. It is truly from Calvary that the love of the Church for Mary dates: "*And from that hour, the disciple took her to his own.*"

And from that day, Christians, taking upon themselves the rôle of testamentary executors of the will of Jesus Christ, have never ceased to love Mary as a Mother. The word of the God-Saviour, "Behold thy Mother!" hardly fell from the height of the Cross

before it is realized from generation to generation, from the Apostles who surrounded that universal Mother with love and veneration down to our own days. Every age pays to her its tribute of filial love: churches built in her honor, hymns chanted in her praise, statues raised to her glory, congregations of men and women enrolled under the titles of her mysteries in order to labor for her reign, and new feasts to consecrate her privileges. Yes, Jesus Christ dying, gave to the Church a daughter's heart for Mary.

Adore the Almighty, the sovereign goodness of the Divine Saviour, creating in us, unknown to ourselves, children's hearts for Mary. Only a God could make a will in such terms!

Adore Him in the Eucharist, where He abides here below to watch over the execution of His last will with regard to Mary.

At every instant, whether in Sacrifice, or in Communion, or in Adoration, He allows a spark of that filial love that He always felt for Mary to fall from His Divine Heart upon the hearts of the Faithful as He did from the Cross upon the heart of John.

Grant, O Jesus, that I may be a child of Mary such as Thou dost desire a disciple who wishes to love Thee!

II. THANKSGIVING.

"Behold thy Mother!" Jesus gives Mary to John! The Divine Saviour has given His pardon to sinners: "Father, forgive them!" . . . to the thief, paradise, — to the soldiers, His mantle and His garments, — to Veronica, the impression of His countenance on her veil! — to Nicodemus, the nails, the lance, the crown, — to Joseph, of Aramathea, the Holy Winding-sheet, — to His Church, the Cross — but to John, He bequeathed what was dearest, most precious to Him in the world, His Mother: *"Behold thy Mother!"*

O John, what glory for thee! What an incomprehensible treasure is thy legacy! It is the Mistress of the World, it is the Queen of Heaven, who brought forth the only Son of the Father. It is she who is given to thee, confided to thee! Thou, the poor son of Zebedee, thou hast become the protector of Mary!

"And the Apostle took Mary to his own!" With what affection, with what vigilant care did he not surround her! What filial love did he not testify to her! With what tender veneration that faithful chaplain drew down upon the altar every morning the Body of that Divine Son, and thence into the heart of Mary! How often in the midst of the innumerable cares of the apostolic ministry did he go to her for light and consolation to imbibe near her the virtue of the saints! Mary revived for him the life of the Saviour.

By the light of grace, John comprehended the gift that Jesus had made him. It was like a gleam of happiness, a kind of ecstasy

of love and gratitude in the midst of the anguish of the most bitter grief.

How great, also, was the gratitude of the Apostles, of Peter in particular when, after the Resurrection, they understood the magnificence of the legacy that Jesus had left the Church! Will it not be Mary who, by the efficacy of her prayers, the holiness of her example, the solidity of her teaching, will nourish the Church, the youthful Spouse of her Son, as she herself had nourished with her virginal milk the Infant Jesus Christ, the Spouse of the Church?

With Mary, bequeathed as Mother to the Apostles, we were to have the beautiful and touching revelations which the nascent Church could learn only from her. Saint Joseph being dead, also the parents of Saint John the Baptist, Mary alone could tell the Evangelists about her marriage with Joseph, the doubts of her virgin-spouse, the words of the angel at the moment of the Annunciation, of the conception and birth of the precursor, of Mary's visit to Elizabeth, of the circumstances of the Saviour's birth, the adoration of the shepherds and the Magi, of His circumcision, His presentation in the Temple, His flight into Egypt, of Herod's cruelty, and of all the delicious mysteries of the holy Infancy of Jesus. It was she who preserved to us, by dictating them to the sacred writers, her own Canticle and those of Zachary and Simeon, — those three truly divine poems that form the daily delight of the Church.

The Apostles never undertook anything, as the Fathers of the Church tell us, without first having recourse to her who knew the secrets of God. How many benefits those words, "*Behold thy Mother,*" have brought with them to earth!

But, understand well — Saint John's grace is ours also. In giving her to the disciple, Jesus gave her to us all. He gave her to us that we may honor, love, and serve her. Disciples of Jesus Christ and children of Mary are inseparable titles.

Thanks be to Thee, O Jesus, for having given that filial piety towards Mary, not only to the Apostles, but also to all Christians! Thanks be to Thee, O Jesus, for all the graces of purity, for all the strong virtues that this filial devotion to Mary has brought to the world since Thou didst declare us her children!

Thanks, O Jesus, for the tender love which Thou hast given me for Mary! It has been for me a strength and a support in the midst of the loneliness of life. Thanks, O Jesus, for having given her to me as a Mother still more than to many others, in the sacerdotal, religious, or pious life.

O Mother of Sorrows, thank for me the adorable Dying One who, before breathing out His last sigh, addressed to all mankind this divinely beneficent word: "*Behold your Mother!* — Be her children!"

(To be continued.)

Mary's First Communion.



BREATHLESS and flushed with excitement Mary eagerly opened the front door, and with a cry of, "Ma-ma, Mama, where are you?" quickly ran up the stairs. It was a pretty child who entered the room where her father and mother were seated, and throwing both arms around her mother's neck fondly embraced her. She was probably seven years of age and an only child, her brother and two sisters having died when babies. On this November afternoon she had just returned from Sunday School, which for the past few weeks she had attended with her playmate Margaret O'Leary. Although she was not a Catholic, many of her companions were, and with them she frequently visited the Blessed Sacrament, and attended Benediction or Sunday School. In this manner she learned to love the Catholic Church.

It was only natural that Mary should inherit some love for the Church, for Mrs. Donnelly, her mother, a graduate of a convent school, was once a firm Catholic and an ardent lover of the true Religion. Unhappily like many another, she early married a bigoted Protestant lawyer, who easily persuaded her to abandon first one and then another of her pious practices, till she finally renounced religion itself.

"Oh, Mama," the child cried eagerly, seating herself upon her mother's lap. "To-day at Sunday School, the First Communion class was started and Margaret O'Leary and Agnes White are going to prepare. Please can't I? I'd just love to."

It was rather a startling question for the child to ask such parents and it stunned them. It was Mr. Donnelly who turned to the child and spoke for his wife.

"Where did you get such a peculiar notion, Mary?" he asked tossing aside his Sunday paper.

"At Sunday School," came the prompt reply.

"Don't you know, Mary, I object to these Sunday Schools, and don't want you to have anything to do with them? Don't mention such a thing again unless you want to displease me very much."

"Oh, Papa, I do so want to receive First Communion, but Sister Mechtilde told me I must first have your permission," the child continued in a pleading tone.

"Hm — I thought as much; more of those nuns' foolishness. Say nothing more about it, Mary; drop the subject at once." And picking up the paper he continued reading.

Still the child was not satisfied and continued pleading, her big blue eyes beaming with the earnestness of her petition. Her father, however, was not to be influenced although he dearly loved his only daughter, and it grieved him to deny her anything she asked. The wistful eyes of the child turned sadly to those of her mother for aid, but they were cold and answerless, and stared into vacancy. A tear arose and slowly trickled down the child's flushed cheek; and the golden head released from its bonnet dropped to the motherly shoulder, and the child wept, sobbing as though her heart would break.

A few days after this incident Mrs. Donnelly walked home from school with her daughter. It was now Mary's custom when passing St. Dominic's Chapel to enter for a few moments, but to-day she hesitated, lest her mother might be displeased. She risked it, at any rate, and timidly asked:

"Mama, won't you come into church just a minute? I don't like to pass without going in. You know God is always awaiting there for us. Won't you come?"

Mrs. Donnelly had been watching her child quite closely of late, curious to learn how Mary had acquired her pious practices, and her knowledge of the Catholic Church. Her curiosity now got the better of her, and taking the child's hand she entered. It was a strange sensation that she experienced. Many, many years had passed since she had entered a church, and she had almost forgotten what to do, as well as how to pray.

An instruction for the First Communion class was just closing, so Mary instead of seeking her usual place at the altar railing remained in a pew in the rear of the church until the children had departed. Then, leaving her mother she noiselessly walked up the side aisle, crossing to the center of the church, knelt reverently before the Tabernacle, while the mother curiously watched every movement. A hand, however was suddenly placed upon Mrs. Donnelly's shoulder, and a soft voice said:

"Pardon me, but haven't you dropped your glove? I just found it on the floor beside this bench."

"I believe I have. Thank you Sister," Mrs. Donnelly replied, taking the glove. It was a long time since she had seen a Sister of Notre Dame, and this meeting awoke many recollections. Seized with a desire to talk to her, she began rather timidly.

"Sister, I think you know my little girl, Mary, Mary Donnelly. Don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," the Sister replied "and a dear child she is."

"Mary has been to Sunday School a few times and I am anxious to know how she has learned so much about the Catholic Church. You know we are not Catholics."

"What! Not Catholics? I thought you must have taught her everything she knows, the prayers and even the catechism. I have often thanked God, dear Mrs. Donnelly, that she had such a good mother."

This remark pricked Mrs. Donnelly's conscience, which was somewhat hardened by the neglect of many years.

"I am sorry to say Sister, I have taught her nothing. I had her baptized when a baby, but that is all. I was so engrossed with my social duties and Mr. Donnelly was so opposed to Catholicity that I thought it best to avoid disturbances by not bringing Mary up a Catholic. I can't imagine how she has learned so much. Perhaps it is little Margaret O'Leary who has been telling her these things."

"I would not be surprised at all," Sister replied. "Margaret is well instructed, and the two little ones are

often together. But I hope you will not deprive her of making her First Communion. She is a Catholic, as you say she has been baptized, and you know you are bound under serious sin to look out for her religious education. Won't you consider this? You say your husband is opposed, but haven't other women been in your position and come out victorious? What others can do you, too, can do; so take courage and do not be afraid to do what is right."

Meanwhile Mary had finished her prayer, and had returned to find her mother, but not seeing her she passed quickly to the vestibule, and meeting Sister's reassuring smile quickly re-entered the church to wait. The two spoke for some time, and Mrs. Donnelly without realizing it had told Sister the greater part of her life. Sister endeavored to show the woman her duty and urged her to permit Mary to join the First Communion class.

"Mary is too young, I think," was Mrs. Donnelly objection. "She cannot realize what she is doing.

"Oh, my dear, she has attained the use of reason; she knows what is right and wrong, and that is all that is necessary," Sister Mechtilde replied.

"Well, Sister," Mrs. Donnelly replied, "I shall consider your words, and meanwhile, pray that God will strengthen me to do right.

It was Christmas Eve. Everything seemed to make ready for the wonderful event to take place that night, First Communion at Saint Dominic's Chapel at Midnight Mass. Mrs. Donnelly carefully arrayed her daughter in the outward garb of purity, for already her spotless soul had been sanctified in the cleansing sacrament of Penance. The dainty white dress was donned; a tiny white ribbon nestled in bright curls and the golden head covered with the delicate First Communion veil. What a picture! The big blue eyes were filled with a spiritual radiance and the little mouth parted in a smile of peace of one waiting to welcome for the first time the Lord and God of all. What an abode prepared for the coming of the Lover of childhood!

Was it a tear that fell upon Mary's hand? She raised her eyes — yes, her mother was crying. No wonder!

Did this picture not recall to her the day when she herself stood as this child in the innocence of youth, awaiting the Bridegroom? On tiptoe the child tenderly threw her arms about her mother's neck and drawing her face to her own lovingly kissed her, then whispered:

"Mama, dear."

"Yes, Mary," was the soft reply.

"To-morrow is Christmas isn't it? Will you give me something I want very much?"

"Whatever you want you have, my darling. What are you so anxious to receive?"

"Please, Mama dear, receive the Christ Child to-night when you come to Church with me."

"O Mary, that's no Christmas gift for you. Why not ask for something you would like very much for yourself?" Her heart was touched, however, by the child's appeal and she struggled hard to control her emotion.

"No, Mama; there is nothing else I want. Only give me this one thing. I know the little Jesus is just longing to give you this gift if you will only go to Him and ask for it. Please come!"

The pleading tone, the look of love and longing in the tearful eyes, the pressure of the little arms about her neck were too much for the Mother. Embracing the little one more tenderly than she had ever done before she replied:

"My own little girl, I will not refuse you even this on your First Communion day, though it is the hardest thing you could possibly ask of me. Pray, Mary, that the Christ Child may give me the grace of a good confession. What others have done, I, too, can do."

"O, Mama, I'm so happy," Mary cried, and tears of joy filled her eyes as with her mother's hand in hers she sought her father in the library.

"Papa," she said, releasing her mother's hand, and stealing softly to her father's side.

He did not answer. This outward display, foolish in his opinion, provoked him and his wrath was enkindled. Entirely against his will was this event taking place, and it angered him to see his wife oppose him so.

"Papa dear," the child again pleaded. He raised his eyes from the paper.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Will you give me a Christmas gift?" This question was entirely unthought of, and the man, delighted to please his daughter in every way, replied:

"Certainly, what would you like?"

"Just to have you come to church with Mama and me to-night, and see me make my First Communion. Please don't say no."

His dark eyes clouded, the mouth shut firmly, and he gazed for a moment at his daughter in astonishment and anger.

"Mary, what do you mean by even mentioning such a thing? If I had my way neither you nor your mother would go there. Such foolishness, mockery, he mumbled, rising; and pushing past the child, he left the room.

One, two — eleven, twelve — midnight. Only the measured tread of his footsteps were heard as Mr. Donnelly passed back and forth in his room. The chimes soon wafted their tones across the snow and announcing the glad tidings, "Glory to God, good will to men," finally ceased. He was all alone; something tore at his heart. "Why cause thy child sadness on such a happy night! Go, visit the Christ Child, see your daughter's happiness and your wife's peace when they receive the Divine Child." Surely there must be something in this religion that so suddenly changed his wife, and was making his little one so happy. Who could it be that she loved more than she loved him? "Will I go?" he meditated. "Go," his Guardian Angel prompted. "Don't be foolish; why show your wife how weak you are? What will the other people think?" the evil spirit whispered. He struggled hard, such promptings tortured him. With a last, final struggle, he banished temptation and seizing his overcoat and hat he hastened from the house.

The chapel was crowded as the man entered, and dazed by the scene before him, stood motionless near the door. The altar was lighted with numberless candles and an odor of incense pervaded the place. The altar bell sounded three times; the children in white advanced slowly to the

altar, while the organ chimed forth softly and the choir began — “Jesus, Thou art coming,
Holy as Thou art;
Thou the God Who made me,
To my loving heart.”

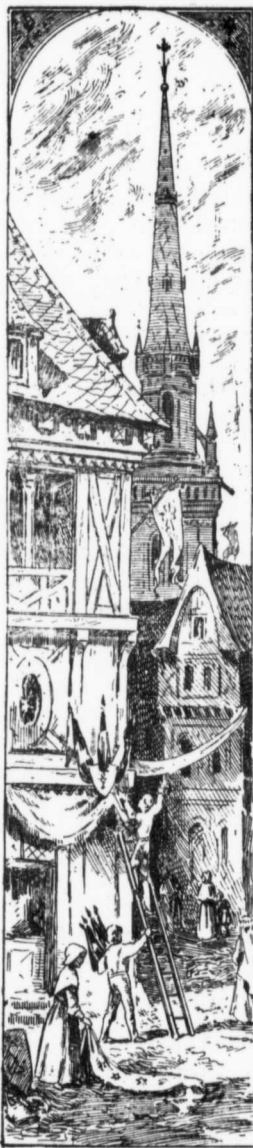
The priest, turning to the people, and elevating the Sacred Host, said, “Ecce Agnus Dei,” and descended to administer First Communion. Still the man remained standing at the door, gazing in astonishment. What a holy scene! One by one the little ones arose at the altar railing and others took their places, till finally the long line was nearly ended. The man never for a moment took his eyes from the children until, “Who? Yes! It must be my Mary! Last of all. Yes, last, but not least, Mary slowly returned from the altar, her head erect, but her eyes lowered, and her hands reverently joined in adoration. “My wife!” the man gasped, as behind the child a tall woman walked, she too, with downcast eyes and hands joined in prayer. He took a step forward and leaning against the back of a bench gazed intently at the two as they slowly proceeded to their places. What could be the meaning of that smile that each bore? Happiness shone in their radiant countenances. Still the choir sang —

“Thou art my Good Shepherd
I Thy little lamb,
Take myself, dear Jesus,
All I have and am.
Take my heart and fill it
Full of love for Thee;
All I have, I give Thee
Give Thyself to me.”

The man fell upon his knees and his head dropped upon his hands; tears filled his eyes as the organ ceased and the echo within his heart cried “Take myself, dear Jesus; give Thyself to me.”

The following Christmas found not two, but three persons happy; too happy for this world, kneeling before the altar awaiting the coming of the Bridegroom.

Kathleen Kearns in Sunday Companion.



The Home of Love



Written for the Sentinel.

He dwelleth there my Lord Divine,
 Within the little curtained shrine,
 His voice calls forth, "Oh come to me
 All you, who heavy burdened be."

When the heart with sorrow is opprest,
 Before the home of Love there's rest,
 Oh, at the Altar steps I'll lay
 My joys, my griefs, my wrongs each
 [day.

He dwelth there my load to light
 To aid me in earth's dreadful fight
 To lift the burden when I stray
 Bewilder'd, wearied on life's way.

He dwelleth there to keep His child,
 When round the tempest rageth wild,
 To crush down Satan's fatal pow'r
 And aid me in that trying hour

Within that Home of Love each day.
 He dwells to wash my sins away,
 To feed me with His Flesh Divine,
 And let heav'n's light around me shine

To the Home of Love I then would go,
With all my sorrows fears and woe,
When for some comfort, I shall yearn
To that Lov'd Home my steps I'll turn.

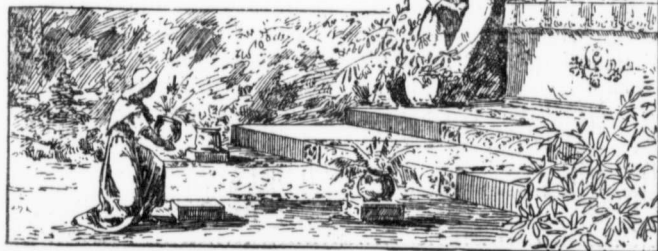
When help my weakness of shall need,
And none but Jesus, shall me heed
Oh, then I know my poor sad heart,
From that dear Home, shall find
[comfort.

O dearest Lord, what wond'rous love,
That Thou from Thy bright Home
[above,
For love of me didst kindly come,
To dwell within an earthly home.

O Jesus ! gentle shepherd stay
That I may come to Thee each day,
And teach me what I most must know.
How in Thy blessed Love to grow.

O Dearest Lord, for ever mine,
O keep me in Thy humble shrine,
O fix my heart on Thee above.
And make it Thine own Home of Love.

S. M. F.
Holy Angels' Convent
Trevandrum.



Thoughts for the Month of February.

THE early days of February remind us of the solemn scene when our Lord was offered in the Temple, as an act of humiliation that placed Him among sinners. The first-born son was sacred and had to be ransomed from the Lord. As we kneel during those days in adoration before the Tabernacle, let us unite our souls with the oblation that our sweet Jesus made of Himself for us and ask ourselves if there be not some offering we can make to Him in return. Our visits to our Lord must not be without their influence on our daily life. Is there not some act of charity that we can promise to our King? Perhaps there may come an inspiration to curb our impatience with others, to overcome the impulse to anger or to discouragement when things do not go as we wish. We must remember that Christ's yoke is a cross to be borne daily after Him.

Many who have turned to the service of God, find at first great delight and great spiritual consolation in their prayers and their visits. They are joyous and glad, because God bestows so many favors upon them. When He begins to hide Himself from them, they lose heart and imagine that they are no longer His friends, as if the test of our friendship were the constant reception of favors from our friends, rather than our endeavor to do something worthy of the love in our hearts. Let us not seek consolations for their own sake. We are sanctified by suffering, and when Christ sends the suffering to make us like Him, why should we repine? Crosses and trials make us detached from our own will, and conformed to the will of the Lord.

Again, we shall think often at this season of the lovely hidden life at Nazareth, a figure of the hidden life in the Tabernacle that He has been leading for so many hundred years. Most of us are called by God to lead a hidden life. Let the joy of our life be Jesus, as He was the joy of Mary and Joseph in the home of Nazareth. Let

us promise our Lord to lead a life like His : a life of prayer in union with the hours spent in contemplation as He wandered over the hills of Galilee, and in union with His lonely vigil in so many churches and chapels, where He is rarely visited; a life of work, for we are told that He labored as a carpenter, to bless those who are obliged to toil; and a life of obedience, mindful of the least wish of His heavenly Father and of His parents, who had their authority from God.

PIOUS UNION

FOR THE COMMUNION OF CHILDREN.

IN the allocution pronounced by the Holy Father at last year's consistory we especially remarked the stress laid upon the movement actually taking place and which is bearing Catholic souls towards the Most Blessed Sacrament. The Pope thus expressed himself: "While the enemy's forces are pressing on toward the ruin of individuals and nations by destroying Christian morals and institutions, . . . we have to admire the goodness of the God of mercy, who, by enkindling a new fire of charity, as it were, invites the wanderer to re-enter the safe way. Truly, we can not despair of general salvation when we behold in all countries Catholics so inflamed with love for the Most Holy Eucharist. Innumerable, in effect, not only among adults, but still more among young people and children, are the Christians of each sex who surround the Most Blessed Sacrament with their unwearying homage and their pious love, and who communicate frequently and not without great profit in the exercise of faith and the other virtues. To this result marvellously concur the Eucharistic Congresses which Catholics, assembled from all countries, are accustomed to celebrate every year. . . ."

In a discourse pronounced two days after, the Holy Father reverted to the radiant vision of young people and little children pressing around the Eucharistic altar. Various reasons permit us to hope that "the people who made an alliance with God at the Baptismal fountains of Rheims will return repentant to their first vocation." Lastly, Pius X. said: "And, above all, the pleadings of so many little children who before the tabernacles pour forth their soul in expressions that God Himself puts on their lips, will certainly call upon that nation the divine mercies."

The touching allusion on two solemn occasions to the piety and the prayer of children shows clearly how the Sovereign Pontiff earnestly follows the labors of those last years to bring those little souls to the Divine Master living in the tabernacle.

A new pledge of the paternal solicitude of the Vicar of Jesus Christ for the Eucharistic education of children has come

to us in the Brief by which the Pope raises to an Association *Primaria* universal, a pious union established lately in Rome for the development among children of the practice of frequent Communion. The following is the Brief:

PIUS X., POPE.

For perpetual memory. Elevated to the Chair of Saint Peter by the divine will, We have nothing more at heart, because of our special devotion toward the Sacrament of Love, than to see children at the moment when the perilous journey of life opens up before them, approach the Eucharistic Table with a pure heart and, at the time marked, before the contamination of the world has tarnished the lustre of their innocence, seek strength in the grace of this august Mystery. For this end, We have taken care to publish on the age of admission to First Communion the Decree that begins with the words, *Quam singulari*; and Our heart is greatly rejoiced on learning that in the Church of Saint Claude at Rome, there has been erected, by Our dear son, the Cardinal-Vicar, an Association under the title of Pious Union for the First Communion of Children. The aim of this Union is to spread the knowledge and the execution of the Decree, and to dispose the children, according to the rules of the same Decree, to approach the Holy Table for the first time with proper instruction and preparation, and then during the years of childhood to nourish themselves frequently with the Bread of Angels. Now, the Procurator General of the Congregation of the Most Blessed Sacrament having earnestly begged Us to be pleased to raise this Pious Union to the rank of Association *Primaria* for the whole Catholic world, We wish to second the first steps of so useful an Association that it may daily develop and, with the grace of God, increase more and more for the greater good and profit of the Catholic name. We think it a duty to accede eagerly to this petition. For this reason, by these Letters, by virtue of Our authority, We erect and establish to perpetuity as Association *Primaria* for the universal Church the Pious Union for the First Communion of Children, canonically erected in this city in the Church of Saint Claude, and We confer on it all the privileges and prerogatives which, by right, belong to Associations *Primaria*. We grant, by Our Apostolic authority, to the Director and the officers of the said Pious Union as raised by Us to an Association *Primaria*, the power to aggregate throughout the whole world, according to the formula prescribed by the Constitution of Our Predecessor, Pope Clement VII., of happy memory, and by the other Constitutions and Apostolic ordinances published on this subject all the other Pious Unions of the same title and the same canonical end already erected, or which shall hereafter be erected, as well as all the Faithful individually; and communicating to them all the communicable Indulgences granted by the Holy See to this Association *Primaria*.

We decree that Our present Letters shall be forever unalterable, valid, and effective; that they shall go forth and shall procure, fully and entirely, their effects, and that they entirely favor those that they concern or shall concern, desiring that it be thus pronounced and definite and declaring null and of no value all that which, on the part of any authority whatever, knowingly or not, may be brought against it. All other things to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome, near Saint Peter, under the ring of the Fisherman, January 4, 1912, of Our Pontificate the ninth year.

CARD. MERRY DEL VAL,

Place of the Seal.

Secretary of State.

*STATUTES OF THE PIOUS UNION FOR THE COMMUNION
OF CHILDREN.*

ARTICLE I.

An Association bearing the title of Pious Union for the Communion of Children, is established in Rome in the Church of Saint Claude.

ARTICLE II.

The end of this Pious Union is to contribute to the spread of the knowledge and the execution of the Decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments, *Quam singulari Christus amore*, of August 8, 1910, on the age of admission to First Communion.

ARTICLE III.

All who, in whatever capacity, desire to help children to approach the Holy Table as early as possible, and afterward to continue to nourish themselves as frequently as possible on the Eucharistic Bread, may be admitted to membership in the *Pious Union*.

ARTICLE IV.

Consequently, not only ecclesiastics, but the laity — parents, teachers, catechists, etc., who propose to exercise their zeal toward the children of their family or their Institute, and also, as far as possible, toward other children, especially among those of friends and acquaintances, may be inscribed.

ARTICLE V.

The associates shall be employed principally in teaching children as soon as they have reached the age of reason, the things they ought to know in order to be able to make their First Communion, and to prepare them for the great act by suggesting to them short exercises as preparation and thanksgiving.

ARTICLE VI.

They shall, besides, take care that the children after their First Communion continue to approach the Holy Table, at least on feast days, and that they frequent catechetical instructions.

ARTICLE VII.

To attain the end of the Pious Union:

1.—The associates shall recite daily the special prayer, or a *Pater* and *Ave*, with the invocation: *Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, pray for us!*

2.—Every member shall, besides, attend as far as is possible to him, the works recommended in the practical instruction given him at the time of his inscription, in which are indicated the means for instructing children in the truths of religion and of leading them to the frequentation of the Sacraments.

ARTICLE VIII.

The Director of the *Pious Union* shall be the same as the one in charge of the *Eucharistic Sacerdotal League* established in the Church of Saint Claude, who is nominated by His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar.

ARTICLE IX.

The organ of the Pious Union shall be the monthly periodical entitled *Le Petit Messager du Très Saint Sacrament*, which is published in different languages.

PRAYER

To be Recited by the Members of the Pious Union.

Lord Jesus, who hast said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," and who didst institute the admirable Sacrament of the Eucharist in order to give Thyself to them as the safeguard of their innocence, have pity on all the little children still in the sanctity of their Baptism, and deign to preserve to them that treasure by entering into their heart by Communion in order to defend them against Satan. Preserve in them grace, the purity, the simplicity, the candor of childhood. Preserve them from sin and its chastisements, that they may spend their whole life in Thy friendship and that Thou mayst, after taking in them Thy delights upon earth, grant them in heaven the beatitude that Thou hast promised to the pure of heart. Amen!

Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, pray for us.

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