



THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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The Last Visit

Good-night, sweet Sacrament, good-night;—
How happy I, to linger here
Where Thy great love disarms my fear,
And gladdens all my days,—
Good-night.

Good-night, sweet Sacrament, good-night;—
One little wish I humbly make,—
'Tis this, my King, asleep, awake,
My heart may beat for Thee,—
Good-night.

Good-night, sweet Sacrament, good-night,
Alas, I blush to offer Thee
This small return for gifts to me
This day. 'Tis all I have,—
Good-night.

Good-night, sweet Sacrament, good-night;
Fain would I kneel some minutes more
In prayer, to praise and Thee adore,
But I must say, good-night, —
Good-night.

S. H.

SAINT TERESA**HER DEVOTION TO THE HOLY
EUCHARIST.**

What is most remarkable in this virgin, is the profound worship which, in her zeal to glorify her Divine Spouse most magnificently, she had vowed to these two objects, the most august on earth, the Eucharist and the Church, these marvels of divine love which should ravish the hearts of all true Christians, since they sprang from the Heart of Jesus agonizing on the Cross.

As to the Eucharist, who, better than Teresa and in terms more magnificent, has praised the wisdom and goodness which God shows forth in it; since in this Mystery He finds means to lower Himself in an incredible manner to our littleness and to satisfy the demands of His own love, while perpetuating the Sacrifice by which He wrought the salvation of the human race? Who has ever experienced a more ardent hunger and thirst for the Body and the Blood of Jesus Christ? In her time, even good Christians dared not approach the Holy Table frequently. But Teresa communicated daily, and with a heart so eager that no human power could have prevented her from nourishing herself with the Eucharistic Bread, even had she to encounter a thousand swords. Who uttered moans more sorrowful than she over the guilty coldness and contemptuous impiety with which so many Christians were seen to treat Our Lord in His Sacrament of Love? And who ever devoted herself with more zeal to reparation for the injuries offered Our Lord in this Mystery of ineffable love? She ceased not to urge her daughters to perpetual reparation, recommending them to practice it generously, so keenly did she feel in her own soul bitter sorrow, for the black ingratitude of creatures toward God. She seemed unable to endure longer such forgetfulness of the Divine Bounty, and earnestly begged the Lord either to put an end at once to man's wickedness, or to destroy the earth altogether.

PIUS X.

Jesus in the Tabernacle.

Our Physician

"Whithersoever Our Lord entered," says St. Mark, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought Him that they might touch but the hem of His garment ; and as many as touched Him were made whole." Let us cultivate the spirit of faith displayed by these sick people. We are much more favored than they ; we can come to Jesus whenever we please, and we may not only touch His sacred person, but even receive Him—true God and true Man—in holy Communion. They merely hoped for their cure through the mercy and goodness of Our Lord ; therefore, from all parts of the country, they thronged into the streets of the town, that they might see Him pass by. And Jesus, the divine Physician, in that land of faith, passed through with pitiful compassion. If our blessed Lord responded readily to the desires of those who looked only for physical health, simply because they were humble and felt the need of His almighty power, how great will be His mercy and kindness to us, if we humbly represent to Him the many needs of our soul. By sin we are cast down to the lowest abyss of nothingness ; we have wandered far away from God, and lost ourselves amid the miserable deceptions of vanity and pleasure. How vile do we appear in the pure light of His holiness ! How greatly we stand in need of mercy ! The Holy Eucharist confers its benefits under the veil of silence and obscurity, but this only enhances their sweetness to the living soul that receives them. These poor, sick people were so eager to see Our Lord pass by that they were not afraid of cold or darkness, nor hesitated, even in their suffering state, to wait long hours, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather. How humbled should we be for the coldness and indifference with which we await the moment of holy Communion, and for the dissipation of our minds during the adorable sacrifice of the Mass ! Does not this conduct seem as if we supposed that His sacred Body were possessed of no more virtue than

the hem of His garment ? When we hasten to the church it is not now in uncertainty of Our Lord's coming or as hoping only to contemplate Him for an instant. We do not go there expecting to touch the hem of His garment for the cure only of some corporal malady. We know that we shall find Him in the Tabernacle, ever ready to listen to us, to feed us with His adorable body, to sacrifice Himself upon the altar, to communicate His life and His strength to us.

O ever-blessed Host, bounteous Physician of our souls, true and living God, most loving Saviour, we praise Thee and adore Thy goodness and Thy mercy. Thou didst come to seek and cure the weak and wandering sheep, and in Thy mercy and love to offer them health. If, while Thou wert on earth, there issued from Thy body such divine virtue that the sick who approached it were healed, assuredly now Thy power is not weakened. I know that I am all unworthy, but do Thou, the Son of David, have mercy on me ! If Thou wilt that I should be clean, speak only and I shall be cleanse. Say but the word, and my pride shall be destroyed, my unruly will restrained, my guilt washed away. I am ready to do Thy will, O my God. Here shall be no false tenderness. I will cut out and burn every inordinate earthly affection, that my malady may be cured, and that I may be saved through all eternity. Yes, dear Jesus, even so I hope. I embrace Thee ; I bind Thee to my poor, but loving heart. Grant that I may always love Thee, that I may ever be loved by Thee. This is my hope to love Thee, Who art the love of my soul, and to enjoy Thee eternally.

O Food of life ! Thou, who dost give
 The pledge of immortality !
 I live ;—no, tis not I that live ;
 God gives me life ; God lives in me.
 He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,
 And every grief with joy repays.



Priests on the Battlefield

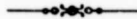
An English exchange tells of a collection of pictures at present in London which ought to be of much interest to Catholics. They are half-tone pictures taken from photographs brought from the front by a Catholic journalist, who presented them to one of the clergy attached to St. Ethelreda's Church. They show priests engaged on the battlefield, discharging the solemn duties of their sacred office. They include views of a priest celebrating Mass in the Belgian trenches ; a French Bishop presiding at High Mass said in the open air, and assisted at by British and French soldiers. A most striking picture is that showing French, British, Belgian and German soldiers kneeling side by side at the celebration of Mass on the ground separating the trenches of the rival armies. Another one shows Allied soldiers and their enemies receiving Holy Communion side by side at Mass celebrated in the open air "on the very spot which had been the centre of several bloody battles," to quote the words written under the photograph. The set also includes a picture of a priest saying Mass in Italy on the summit of a hill 7,500 feet above sea level, while his congregation are worshipping within view in the valley beneath. Another photograph is that entitled "Friend and foe," assisting at Mass in the open in Russian Poland. The picture of a religious service in Alsace-Lorraine held while fighting was in actual progress is most interesting. The remarkable thing about all the photographs is that the officiating priest appears to be quite as unperturbed as though he were celebrating the Divine Mysteries in his own church. "This, surely, is suggestive, not only of their piety, but for their heroism," remarked a Protestant lady who was viewing the pictures with keen interest.

The virtues of the Heart of Jesus are communicated to us through the Precious Blood in the Eucharist. Its "wine that germinates virgins."— Monsignor Raymond.

A NEW TARSICIUS

A correspondent writes from Rome to the "Catholic Times" of Liverpool :—

Of the many examples of extraordinary reverence for the Blessed Sacrament, given in districts occupied by the belligerents in the war, one of the most touching is reported from North Italy. As 'L'Unita Cattolica' of Florence guarantees its authenticity, I will let it describe the episode ; "At Torcegno (Valsugana) the parish priest and the chaplain were unexpectedly interned at night time, one after the other, and the hamlet itself by order of the military authorities was to be evacuated by the few inhabitants who remained after continual alarms. But the Blessed Sacrament was still in the church, and the good people, without a priest and without a hope of one, felt troubled as to what to do, not wishing to leave it behind. What course did that pious population, composed of folk of simple faith, adopt ? The ingenious and touching way which provision was made for the consumption of the Sacred Species brings us back to the glorious days of the first three centuries of the Church. Taking a well instructed child of six years of age, the good people thronged to the church on the following Sunday. Silence and an unusual commotion, mixed with the anxiety of expectation, reigned. Suddenly an angelic-looking boy dressed in white appeared and directed his steps to the altar. All eyes were directed towards him. A voice began the 'Confiteor', and all the people recited it devoutly, not without tears and sobs. The child ascends the altar. He opens the Tabernacle. And oh! solemn moment! he takes out the Ciborium. And this new Tarsicius, this improvised deacon, turns to the rails and distributes Holy Communion to the people, or rather to all those that considered themselves to be in a state of grace. Since the Sacred Particles were numerous, the faithful, in order to consume them all, had each to partake of them ten or twelve times."



Guard of Honor

OF THE

The Blessed Sacrament

**The symbol of the wine means the joy, the rapture procured
by Holy Communion for the present life,**

When the sacred writers speak of the Eucharistic Wine they call it a beverage full of savor. David, foreseeing its sweetness, says : "Let the just feast and rejoice before God and be delighted with gladness."

The Holy Doctors, echoing the sacred writers, celebrate the joys tasted in Eucharistic Communion. St. Clement compares our Lord to a bee which has hidden under the snowy species the most exquisite honey. But for St. Augustine the soul is the bee sucking the sweet juice of the most fragrant flowers. "Drink, little bee," he says, "that delicious liquor whose sweetness is ineffable. Plunge into that source of pleasure and felicity."

The Venerable Peter Julian Eymard styles the partaking of the Eucharistic Banquet "the Sacrament of delights," and calls Holy Communion "happiness itself." "What is happiness," he asks, "excepting the possession of an infinite good, the real and lasting union with God ? This is the fruit of Holy Communion. Happiness means also peace. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is the God of peace, He who gives peace to His friends, He who stills the tempests of the soul by one word, and who with one look lays low our enemies. Happiness means also sweetness. At Holy Communion the soul is conscious of Jesus in her whole being ; she beholds herself like a paradise in which God dwells ; she forgets this exile and its miseries and enjoys sweet repose upon the very breast of Christ."

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Who can paint or recount these holy raptures of the Eucharist ? who can tell the bliss it communicates to

our souls when the Divine Blood flows from the Heart of Jesus into our poor human heart ?

See that child, scarcely awoken to the realities of life and who, for the first time, approaches the holy Table. Then it is that the angels envy him and ask whether man admitted to such mysteries was really created below them. Then it is that our mothers, forgetting their sorrows, are proud of having given to the world a man who has become the tabernacle of his God. Then is it that our tears become sweet, our chants angelic, our prayers confident, for First Communion is the moment of untold rapture, the day on which we are admitted to the inebriating sweetness of the Eucharistic Cup.

And this youth whose faith begins to weaken, whose piety is languishing and whose passions torment—and that one more mature, whose paths have been other than the ways of the Lord, who has drank out of the torrent of sensual pleasures, and whose life is a long and sad story of miseries and misfortunes. Ah ! to save them from despair and eternal ruin, to spare them the lot of the withered branch cast away from the vine-tree, hasten to lead them to the table at which is served the generous Wine which restores strength and holy joys.

This chalice, the humble daughter of the cloister asks for it every morning and, having obtained it, she finds it easy to renew her sacrifice and acts of devotedness. This inebriation which enobles, elevates and transforms is necessary for her to make her see Jesus Christ in the poor whom she adopts, the sick whom she tends upon their bed of sorrow, the child whom she instructs, the dying whose last sigh she receives without, perhaps, knowing the name, but not without dropping a tear and offering a prayer. Be assure that this devotedness, nay this enthusiasm will not diminish while the fruit of the heavenly Wine is given her as a consolation and to communicate to her its divine energy.

And we too, priests of the Lord, workmen in His Vineyard, we consecrate and drink every morning this juice of the Eucharistic Vine, the most Precious Blood of Christ. Ah ! how many miseries it makes us, priests, forget ! How it tempers the bitterness of life, for to

nature the priest's sublime ministry is a real crucifixion. But the priest is of the Eucharist the father and the guardian, and the Eucharist is God ! Is not this saying all ! Then earthly goods, honors and pleasures are very little to him ; sorrows, enemies, ingratitude are his portion, and are looked upon as an incomparable mine of heavenly treasures.

But a day will come when the chalice of salvation will have still more sweetness. That will be the day of our last communion. It is no longer we who will go to find Jesus in His sanctuary ; it will be He who will come to visit us on our bed of pain. But what will render this communion all the sweeter that this last inebriation will not be dissipated as those of the past by contact with the realities of life. Pains and trials are gone never to return, and unending joys begin. It is Jesus Himself who comes to seek the soul, the espoused of His love. He will then draw from her the veil concealing eternity and, with a gentle hand, detach her from the earthly Vine as ripened fruit, and present her to His Father, the Heavenly Vine-dresser, as a trophy of His own Precious Blood.

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Come, then, dear Guards of Honor, come to Jesus as to the fountain of eternal bliss. Come, there is no felicity comparable to that which exists in loving the Eucharist and receiving It into our poor hearts. Believe me we find happiness only in the Eucharist. Many a one before us walked the flowery ways of the world in quest of felicity and they met with bitter disappointment. At last they have come, weary and languishing, to rest and take new courage at the foot of the tabernacle, and there they were refreshed and satiated. My friends, the world promises much, but it keeps not its promises. Jesus, on the contrary, gives far more than He promises. He promises His cross ; He gives it, but He gives Himself also ; and hardly has He entered our hearts that He inundates them with untold consolations and supernal felicity. Really, I now understand the saints and their burning desires to unite with Jesus in Holy Communion. Their only fear was to be deprived, even once, of that

blessed union. Blessed Magaret Mary declared that she would, were it necessary walk barefoot over roads of fire in order not to lose one communion.

But to find in the Eucharist the happiness Jesus lavishes therein, we must imitate the fervor and the generosity of holy souls, renouncing pleasures that God condemns and enjoyments that might sully our purity. Jesus manifests Himself only to pure souls, simple and generous. It is for them that He reserves His sweetness, which He communicates to them without stint or measure.

Therefore, wishing to superabound in the joys of Communion we will strive to detach ourselves from the spirit of the world, breaking not only those bonds that are evil, but even those that are useless. Let us empty ourselves of self-love and strive to dominate our natural inclinations. Let us be tranquil and recollected souls who know how to taste God and entertain themselves with Him. Then will the church become for us the vestibule of heaven; God, the source and object of our affections; our hours of adorations, visits full of delights; and Holy Communion, the delicious act of union with the Well-Beloved, to Whom alone we desire to belong. And this will be only the foretaste of the perfect and unalloyed felicity of heaven. Amen.

Joseph A. Côté, s. s. s.

IN THE CHAPEL

O little lamp that glows before the shrine
Of Christ the Lord, here in the chapel dim,
I would the tireless constancy were mine
Wherewith your radiance serves and honours Him!

O little lamp, thy steadfast worship shames
My hours of deep discouraging and doubt,
When fitfully with love my heart upflames
And then in dark forgetfulness goes out.

Denis A. McCarthy.

PRAYER

Three motives continually urge us to pray : our dependence on God, our subjection to temptation, and our state of imperfection. Every moment we need the help of the Omnipotent to sustain us. His power is as much required for our constant support as it was to create the world. The air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, all demand an acknowledgment, of His providence. The beasts of the field minister to our wants ; the earth, from her fecund bosom, pours forth fruits and flowers at our feet. All creation cries out to us : "O man ! thou art our high priest ! At the command of the Most High God, we minister to thee that, as our head and chief, thou mayest offer to Him, in thy name and ours the homage of humble prayer and adoration !" Each day we are tempted, realizing the word spoken by St. Peter, "your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour." Our great defense is prayer; and non can be conquered who nobly implore heaven's aid in the time of temptation. Nay, God permits our temptations to compel us to have recourse to Him in prayer. Again, we must pray in order to attain the perfection to which we are called. God does not give us at our birth, or at our baptism, all the graces He intends for us. He has immense treasures for each of His children, but He requires that they ask for those treasures through fervent prayer. Even as the parent does not give his child in infancy all the gifts intended for it, but desires that each day the little one make known its wants, so God wishes that we daily make known our necessities to Him, thereby recognizing our entire dependence on His bounty, and at the same time paying to Him the homage of prayer. It was by this means that His chosen servants attained their high state of perfection. They found that prayer was the key that opened heaven's precious treasury. In communing with their Creator they enjoyed a sweetness and a delight that surpassed all earthly treasures. Hence it was that so many sought the solitude of deserts and cloisters, that

in silence and alone with God they might pour forth their souls in uninterrupted prayer. We may not be called to retire from the world or to hide ourselves in the wilderness with the early cenobites, yet we require prayer as much as they did. We have our own battles to fight, our enemies to conquer, our perfection to gain. Let us then be thoroughly earnest in this pious exercise, and especially in the use of that form of prayer, the holy Rosary, revealed to us by our Blessed Mother, and handed down to us by St. Dominic and the saints. In the devout and faithful use of our beads we shall discover one of the most powerful means of elevating our souls to God and of enriching them with the choicest gifts of heaven.

The Wall of Ingratitude.

A rich girl who received many begging letters and was pursued by those who wanted help said after a year's experience: I want to help the poor, but they are so ungrateful. I have not yet found a grateful person."

"How many grateful persons did our Lord find on earth.?" asked the woman to whom she complained. "Yet He went on doing good and loving mankind. He did not let even the wall of ingratitude stand in His way." Many good people never get across that wall. They come to it and it discourages them so about human nature that they stop loving others; it is not hard to stop, especially for the beginner in Christian love. But the disciple ought to follow the Master, and Christ never stopped for ingratitude. He went on and laid down His life for a world that sought to crucify Him; and the indomitable wall of His infinite love, resting on the sacred stones of the Altar, stands unshaken by the monstrous ingratitude of the human heart, and that undying, illimitable love, at length, has drawn men irresistibly to Him.

THE CORONATION OF MARY

ADORATION.

Lovingly proclaim that, as God does nothing but by Jesus and with Jesus, so Jesus acts only through Mary and with Mary.

Believe this law of inseparable union between the Mother and the Son, founded upon the Incarnation itself. Since to become incarnate and to be born Jesus willed Mary's concurrence necessary, she remains inseparably united to Him in all His mysteries, in all His works.

United with Him in sorrow on Calvary to save the world, she is united with Him in glory to govern it, in the Eucharist to nourish it, and in souls to sanctify them.

She is constantly doing her work. She is constantly giving Him new members, constantly perfecting the body of His Church. She is always His Mother, the Mother of Christ glorified, the Mother of the Eucharistic Christ, the Mother of the mystical Christ, as she was the Mother of Christ Incarnate. Mary is part of the mystery of the Incarnation. Now, as the Incarnation is a gigantic and immortal tree which, springing from the bosom of Mary, grows, increases, and sends forth its branches in souls, in the Church, in the Eucharist, and in glory. Mary is always and inseparably united to all these extensions, to all these developments of the Incarnation. She is united with Him by a necessity founded on the divine will and plan of God. She is united with Him gloriously in order to act, cooperate, constantly to multiply the number of His children, and everywhere and in all things to be the Mother of Jesus.

Let us adore this divine plan in its sweetness, its harmony, its magnificence. It is unfolded in all its splendor, it is attested in all its grandeur and truth in this mystery of the Coronation of Mary.

Let us, then, exalt Mary. Let us give her true place in our veneration and love. As she is one with Jesus in the divine plan, let her be one with us in our devotion !

THANKSGIVING

Mary's diadem is one of goodness. She is crowned Queen, but it is Queen of Mercy.

O let us bless God for having willed to take a Mother in the work of Redemption ! A mother—that means whatever is sweetest and tenderest, most patient and loving, most devoted in the whole world. A mother—a being who lives only for her child ; who finds all her happiness in devoting and sacrificing herself, who exposes herself to the loss of health, rest, and even life for her child. A mother—the ideal of love, heroic in its strength, sublime in its sweetness and tenderness! A mother—one whose whole reason is love, whose being is *heart*, and who is incapable of aught but love !

Yes, Jesus willed to have such a Mother, and He willed, also, that she should be our Mother.

Mary loves us with a love the strongest and the best after the gracious love of Jesus.

She is drawn to love us because we are her children, and she loves us all the more since we have cost her more than children ordinarily cost their mother. In exchange for us, she gave her own Son Jesus. For us, children of adoption, she gave the true Son of her own blood. For us, guilty and ungrateful, she gave her most holy, her most loving Son! And she gave Him at the price of the most cruel sorrows a double martyrdom for Him and for herself ! How, after all that, could she help loving to excess the children for whom she has already done so much ?

So sweet, patient, condescending, and compassionate is Mary! No weakness daunts her, no ignorance wearies her, no ingratitude repels her. There is no sinner so hardened as not still to be her child; over him she watches, for him she prays. Her diadem of goodness has so enlarged her heart that in it all men may dwell, all may make it their abode, their place of refuge. Mary's heart never wearies of the multitude of the unhappy and the unfortunate. It is so vigilant, so attentive, so sensitive, that the faintest sigh, the most stifled sob reaches it, and melts it into tenderness.

O Mary, I well know that you have a mother's heart ! How often I experienced it in my life ! As I desire to bless you and prove to you my gratitude by my unwavering confidence, I shall never hesitate. I shall never cease to have recourse to you !

Thanks be to Thee, O Jesus, for having given me Mary for a Mother, and for having made her heart so like Thine own that, with the exception of Thy Adorable Heart, there is none so kind, none so compassionate!

REPARATION

In this mystery Mary receives the crown of all virtues. With the exception of her Son, no one ever practiced virtue so perfectly as she. She practiced all virtues in a heroic degree toward God, her neighbor, and herself. She is the model of every virtue, the spotless mirror of all justice.

The priest, the religious, the mother, the youth, the maiden, each may find in her the finished model of his state. Those virtues that she was not called upon to practice, she possessed eminently and equivalently. She may truly exclaim : "In me all grace of the way and of the truth.—*In me gratia omnis via et virtutis.*"

Mary is a model most attractive, most accessible, which facilitates the practice of virtue and renders it most desirable. She is, as it were, the simple and elementary translation of the virtues of Jesus. She seems to change them into milk as does the mother to nourish her babe unable to take stronger food.

And still more, Mary's virtues, merits, and satisfactions are our treasure, our superabundant riches, so to speak, which we ought to appropriate to ourselves and offer to God, to supply for our own deficiency. Mary never labored, merited, and laid up riches for herself alone. A mother lives and works for her little ones. Every act of virtue, every sacrifice, gained for Mary superabundant merits of which she now disposes for us. We can and we ought to take from Mary, as from Jesus, some of her superabundance in order to supply our own great indigence. All that is hers belongs to us by right of our adoption.

Let us examine how we serve the Queen of Virtues, The service claimed by this title is imitation and resemblance. Do we honor our mother by our virtues ? Do we study Mary's virtues, their motives, their qualities, their sacrifices ? Do we clothe ourselves with the desire, the love, the imitation of her virtues and her dispositions ? Jesus will regard us with pleasure when He sees in us the reflex of His Mother's virtues. Let us imitate ! Let us appropriate !

Three virtues outshine all others in Mary's diadem : love, purity, and humility.

It was love the most pure, the most generous, the most devoted, that inspired all the thoughts and actions of our Mother.

Her purity, spotless from the moment of her Immaculate Conception, held her far removed from sin, from even the slightest breath

of sin, and its brightness was increased from day to day by sacrifice and merit.

Mary envelopped herself, as it were, in her own humility in order to hide from her own eyes, as well as from those of the world, that God alone might reign in her. Humility was the atmosphere that she breathed, which rendered all glory to God, and annihilated her in the midst of the greatest wonders.

Let us clothe ourselves with Mary's humility, love, and purity. Let us pay our debts from her abundance. Let us never present ourselves to Jesus unaccompanied by Mary, hiding our own miserable poverty under the mantle of her virtues.

PETITION

Lastly, it is the crown of power that the Blessed Virgin receives at the solemn hour of her exaltation. Her Son, by seating her on a throne at His right, gives her all power in heaven and on earth. It is a reproduction of the immense power that Jesus enjoys in His Humanity as Head of the Church. That Humanity having been exalted above every name and placed above all things to rule them, to guide and govern them with absolute power,—is it not proper that Mary, who was so united to It, that Mary who is the cause and the source of It, should share in its almighty power ?

Jesus, laying the crown of power on Mary's head, seemed to say to her : "Mother, My royal power and the sovereign disposal of all gifts of nature and of grace, I possess in this Humanity which I received from you. This flesh which suffered, this blood which was shed, this life which I gave for the glory that I now enjoy, I have from you. If My victory over death has put Me in possession of all these goods, is it not just that I share with you, and that I give you the entire dispensation of the revenues and the magnificent fruits for which you furnished Me the capital ? Take them, then, O My Mother ! All is yours, since all proceeded from that human life that came to Me from you !"

And Mary receives all power and royalty over the angels of heaven, over all men down through the ages, and over the souls in purgatory, to rule them ; yes, and even over the demons themselves, to subjugate them.

All helps, all graces of conversion, even of the most obstinate sinners, all the graces of holiness, Mary has the free disposition of,

and she gives them to whom she wishes without ever exhausting her treasures.

She has power over nature to suspend its course, and over the body, to cure, yes, even to raise to life. She has power over all the gifts of fortune and over all temporal goods, which she distributes according to her pleasure.

Mother of the whole Church, Mary has jurisdiction over all the graces that are necessary for it.

Mother of our soul, Mary has power over all the help that it needs.

Let us, then go to her confidently if we wish to please Jesus, her Divine Son. Let us ask her often, ask her for much, ask her for everything. Let us ask boldly, again and again, and let us never leave off asking.

O Mary, for the glory of your Divine Son in the Sacrament of His love, we beg you, above all, to make Him known and loved. Raise up to Him apostles of fire, and throughout the whole world multitudes of adorers, that Jesus therein guiding and nourishing our souls, we may live of Him and with you in everlasting glory !

Queen of the Rosary.

When dangers pursue me, and terrors dismay;
 When dark are the clouds that before me I see;
 When doubt and temptation encumber my way,
 Dear Queen of the Rosary, pray thou for me!

When joys that allure me prove fickle and vain;
 When hopes that were brightest no longer may be
 When courage to struggle seems loath to remain,
 Dear Queen of the Rosary, pray thou for me!

When waiting the summons each mortal must hear
 My trust will abide, dearest Mother, in thee;
 Protect me as ever; still loving be near,
 Dear Queen of the Rosary, pray thou for me!



EMMANUEL

Lowly, O Lord, is Thy dwelling amongst us,
Nothing of glory or majesty here ;
Only a faint ruby light lifts the shadow,
Only the heart feels a Presence is near.

Lowly, O Lord, is Thy dwelling amongst us ;
But who can tell of the wounds Thou hast healed ?
Who of the peace Thou hast brought to the weary ?
Who of the hearts Thou hast entered and sealed ?

Lowly, O Lord, is Thy dwelling amongst us—
Thou whose kind hands for the famished hold meat ;
Night draws the sinner for pardon and blessing,
Virgins to nestle secure at Thy feet.

Lowly, O Lord, is Thy dwelling amongst us,
Cold is the world where Thou ling' rest for me ;
Yet many hearts truly beat for Thee only,
Striving to live and be lowly like Thee.

Lowly, O Lord, is Thy dwelling amongst us,
Lifting our hearts by Thy kindness and love,
Breathing Thy sweet, noble spirit upon us
Aiding our steps towards the kingdom above.

Lowly, O Lord, is Thy dwelling amongst us—
Ah, what would life be if Thou ceased to stay !
Tarry, Lord, tarry, the night is approaching—
Crown of hereafter, but Need of today.



A fitting emblem

We have seen the fruits of Pius the Tenth's decree opening our tabernacles to the Catholic child everywhere; we wonder why children were allowed to grow up from seven to twice seven years before receiving the Sacrament into their young hearts.

Is not the heart of a child a fairer home for our Lord than the seared heart of age that has no baptismal innocence to commend it to the favor of the living loving Lord of our altars? And yet Innocence was withheld from the innocent. On what plea forsooth? Because children did not know enough to properly receive Holy Communion. How much do we know that they do not? We may use more words in defining our faith, but have we any more thought than they? When all is said, is it not true that we know very little, and that little more than outweighed by the young and affectionate heart of the dear reverential little boy or girl?

Our last dear Pope, for having given the Catholic youth of the world their early and heavenly Breakfast, could have no more fitting emblem upon his tomb than the golden key of the altar's tabernacle. Christ is no longer locked from the people, but walks with them in Holy Communion, even as once did He with His disciples in the shades of evening on the road to Emmaus. He plays with the child; He thinks and feels with the old and hallows Christian homes with frequent visits, and all this through frequent and early Communion by the great strong Pope with the child's heart, that recently guided the destinies of the Church.

Jesus dwells in the Blessed Sacrament as our Father among His children, as our Redeemer to complete His work, as our Sanctifier to continue it, as our Glorifier impatiently anticipating our endless union with Him, and as our Creator, perfecting, finishing and outstripping in Transubstantiation the most delicate processes of Creation, which without it would be unfinished.

FABER.

Our Divine Raphael-

Never forget that you are traversing an enemy's country, that you carry a hidden treasure and that a thousand robbers ambushed to left and right, are waiting to deprive you of it. The false charms of the world, the snares it sets at every step for innocence and virtue, and to which its science and experience are applied, the league of the wicked against all that is high and holy : these are snares indeed, for unwary feet.

"Whosoever would live piously in Jesus Christ," says the Scripture, must suffer persecution." Yet there are other snares still, a combat more terrible, that the soul must wage with the evil one, a combat full of surprises and mortal dangers that flesh and blood alone are powerless to overcome. St. Paul says : "We fight not alone against flesh and blood, but against powers and principalities". Oh my God, how often surprised and wounded we cry out that we are lost ! What shall we do ? Where find refuge but in Thee ? Jesus save me, I perish !" Let us cry out to our Divine Raphael, with a loud voice, and with an unshaken confidence, and Jesus, the Defender, the Conqueror, will be at hand to save us. Do you not know that the Holy Eucharist is the bread of victory ? Do you not know that Jesus remains with us in the Eucharist to be ever our Defender against Satan ?

When Jesus instituted the Blessed Sacrament at the Last Supper, in the discourse that followed their First Communion, He pointed out to His disciples the dangers that awaited them. He told them that the world would persecute them, that they would be maligned and calumniated, and tortured and put to death. And then He spoke this word as a source of never failing consolation : "Have confidence in Me, for I have overcome the world" And as to the demon : "Know that I have cast him out." He may rage and threaten and beat at the doors, but he can not prevail over those who have recourse to Jesus. And it is in order that we also may overcome him that Jesus will remain with us until the end of time.

Yes, weak as we are and easily overcome by temptation, bound with the shackles of this body of sin, we may still cry to Jesus, and He will never fail to answer. "We may do all things in Him that strengtheneth us." And when we come from Holy Communion we bring thence supernatural strength that makes us terrible to the evil one. As of old the exterminating angel passed by the doors which were marked with the blood of the lamb, so the devil dare not approach those upon whose lips shines the royal trace of the Blood of Jesus. They breathe forth a destroying fire. And the devil cries out as he did of old at the approach of Jesus: "Why comest thou to torment me". But alas! You have already yielded to the tempter, or, too sensible of your weakness, are on the verge of despair. Cry to Jesus, your Raphael! He is the Conqueror; He will reveal to you that to be tried by temptation is often beneficial. The outward falls that humiliate you in the eyes of the world will awaken you to the evils you do not recognize, secret pride and self-love. Jesus will open your eyes to greater dangers and will by these means dissipate a blindness more fatal to your soul than these occasional falls; He will draw a remedy of contrition, humility and prudence that will guard you from like accidents in future.

When we gaze with love and awe and bashful loyalty upon the Blessed Sacrament in His Monstrance on the throne, we know that it is Jesus Himself who is behind those thin mysterious veils. Jesus is God and man; but He is especially and pre-eminently present there in His Human nature. This is the prerogative of the Blessed Sacrament. It is Man abiding with men, to govern and console them. It is God sweetly and familiarly present not as God only, but as God-man. He is finding His "delights with the children of men", and in the same impassible and glorious Flesh in which, according to our view, He would have come among us and been one with us, if Adam had never fallen, and sin been a name and thing unknown upon the earth.

FABER.

HEROINES OF ITALO-AUSTRIAN WAR

The world, "does not heed preaching, nor believe in the priesthood; but it believes still in charity. March on then to the conquest of the world by means of love of the poor." (Pius IX.)

Whether the Sisters, the chaplains engaged in hospitals or on the battlefields of Italy, and the representatives of St. Vincent de Paul recall in 1916 the words of Pio Nono I know not. But certainly they are putting them into practise with excellent results. Right amid the roar of cannon and the shrieks of the dying those Sisters, mostly delicately nurtured ladies, go about as coolly and as calmly in the performance of their duties as if they were in their convents. In the hospitals no duty is too repulsive, and so well do they conceal natural repugnance, that officers and men manifest with enthusiasm their feelings of admiration for those heroines who reflect such glory on the Church.

As a natural consequence the religious instincts of the lapsed are awakened, and they are found in the confessional. The good Catholics become better. And a spirit of religious fervor pervades the entire army.

Needless to say, in the case of every man in the Italian army religion loomed large in his life at some period or other. Not one of Italy's millions ever found himself in the spiritual condition of that English officer who, during the interval of convalescence passed some weeks ago in an hospital in Rome, used to drive out each evening to view the sights of the Eternal City. He went to St. Peter's one evening, and on returning to the hospital, he approached one of the Sisters.

"Will you tell me, Sister," he asked the astonished nun, "Is it Jesus Christ who is buried in St. Peter's?"

But those good Religious are after all only following excellent example shown them by the Holy Father Benedict. His efforts on behalf of the Polish and the Belgian sufferers of the war, his mental anguish at the continuance of the struggle, and his latest cry for peace are the

object of the admiration of even enemies of the Papacy. Those outside the bosom of the Catholic Church have conceived a respect for the Vicar of Christ, such as they never expected to have. They find His Holiness declaring it matters not that his cry for peace has been left unheeded by the belligerents: they are all his children and his duty is that of a father to call for peace until he succeeds in making himself heard.

Even his political enemies no longer countenance such bull-headed insolence as that which emanated from Nathan, ex-Mayor of Rome, in his writings against the Pope's admission to the European Congress on the score that no Anglican nor Lutheran Archbishop may enter its portals, much less the head of the Buddhists or the Sheik-ul-Islam. With calm dignity La Tribuna of Rome, a daily which has rarely or ever been able to bring itself to speak with due respect of the Papacy for political reasons, soundly rebukes Nathan for his impudence in comparing the head of the universal Church to any of the personages mentioned above.

O let not your foot slip, or your eye be false, or your ear dull, or your attention flagging! Be not dispirited; be not afraid; keep a good heart; be bold; draw not back—you will be carried through. Whatever troubles come to you, of mind, of body, or estate; from within or from without, from chance or from intent; from friends or foes; whatever your trouble be, though you be lonely, O children of a Heavenly Father be not afraid; fight you like men in your day; when it is over Christ will receive you to Himself, and your hearts shall rejoice, and your joy no man takes from you,—Newman.



Here alone.

"The answer of the Catholic Church to the question: 'Where is the real presence of God?' 'Here within my precincts,—Here alone,' has at least the merit of simplicity; and is easier to test than the Protestant reply. It has no absolute need to make its title good by links of testimony running back to a far-off sources of prerogation; no age of miracles to reach and historically prove as a condition of its rights today. It carries its supernatural character within it; it has brought its authority down with it through time; it is the living organism of the Holy Spirit, the Pentecostal dispensation among us still. And if you ask about its evidence, it offers the spectacle of itself. Though it alone has lived through all Christian history, it least affects antiquarian pomp—knowing no difference between what has been and what is; and in its retreat from the movement of the world being hardly conscious of the lapse of time. Itself the sacred enclosure of whatever is divine and supernatural on earth, it has no problems to solve, no legitimacy to make out, no doctrine to prove; but simply to live on and witness of the grace it bears."

"KING EON'S" SECRET.

There it stood, majestic in its wealth of years, and burdened with the secrets which had been wafted to it on the wings of the day breeze, or whispered to it in the sacred silence of the peaceful night hours. That great towering tree had been regarded with reverential affection for years beyond the memory of even the most aged amongst the people. While the children of the day were wont to consider it their property by right of childhood's divine privilege. Many a truant frolic was kept beneath its shadow, and here the little folks laid their plans for new sports, or discussed the difficulties of their small existence. And verily the old tree seemed happier while its little friends thus schemed and planned; for its mighty branches spread out protectingly, and though the thousand

leaves whispered merrily to each other, never yet had they told the world, one word of childhood's mysterious secrets. "King Eon" it had been named, far beyond the memory of this generation.

When had the old "King" looked more radiantly majestic than to-day? So Antone Winston asked himself, as he leaned affectionately against the sturdy old trunk and gazed fondly up into the wealth of leaves and mighty swaying branches. Yes, "King Eon" knew him! He felt the thrill of recognition throb through its mighty frame. His memory swiftly went back to those early years when this had been his favored haunt. He had first been carefully led thither by the guiding hand of his beloved mother, and here in the quiet heart of the forest, while she plied her needle, she told the child those legends and tales which had unwittingly laid the foundation of the great purpose now burning within him. Later as a boy it had been his delight to share with the forest king the secrets of his soul, and here with only the myriad creatures of the wood to witness, he had made the tiny rustic altar, and played at Mass with the goblet of wild flowers for his chalice and bell. How diligently he had swung the tiny blue-bells, till in the wealth of his enthusiasm, he seemed to see the fairies of the forest worshipping at his child shrine, and joining with him in his fanciful rite under the shadow of the mighty tree!

Yes, "King Eon" knew it all! And the lordly monarch knew too of that other day, the one which had marked his first step in the realization of his hopes. As Antone recalled it all, a thrill of emotion swept his frame. Deep in the trunk of the old tree was the mark which he had placed there on that day, as a promise and a prayer.

Antone, his mother had named him, for he had come to her in the fair month of June, on the feast of the great Saint Anthony. With all the love of her mother heart she had confided his soul and body to the care of the mighty Paduan in whose sacred arms the King of Heaven had deigned to repose. And to her little son she spoke so affectionately of this heavenly protector, that the young Antone soon looked upon the Saint as an unseen companion who ever guided his welfare. And so it came

to pass that on the never-to-be-forgotten day twelve years before, when Antone Winston had bade adieu to home, he had placed a small statuette of the Saint deeply and safely in the trunk of the old tree, while he vowed his purpose of consecrating his life to the sacred ministry of the Gospel. Here too, after he had enshrined his Saint, he led his cherished mother, and together they made their sacrifice under the shadow of "King Eon." How oft she must have repaired thither during these long years of his absence and preparation! But she was gone, and to-day he stood there alone—true to his pledge—the oil of priestly consecration upon his hands, the fire of priestly zeal and devotedness burning within his heart. A priest of God! Antone Winston bent his head in a rapture of thanksgiving and joy. Even as "King Eon" towered above his mates of the forest, so had the grace of God exalted him to the highest kingship of his race. His soul was flooded with a rapture of grateful love, and falling upon his knees, he wafted his thanksgiving heavenward.

His had indeed been a favored life. He recalled the happiness of his childhood, the freedom of his boyhood, the pleasing associations of his school days. For, swayed by the influence of an ideal mother, and inheriting many of her qualities, Antone Winston had ever felt a keen desire for learning. His progress had been far in advance of his companions, yet his genial disposition made him a favorite with all. Not all—he recalled the fact suddenly, and an expression of pain passed over his features as the memory of one name pressed upon him. "The other Antone" he had been called by the boys, and this in itself had seemed to be a slur cast upon him by the unerring judgment of childhood. Antone Winston could never quite reason out during those days, why his most heroic efforts failed to win the appreciation of his namesake and classmate; extremely sensitive as he was, he frequently and sorrowfully reproached himself, and sought to conciliate the boy whose friendship he coveted.

But the climax was reached on that day preceding the final test of the year's work, which was to decide the awarding of a prize, the aim of every student's ambition.

Antone Winston had placed his papers according to instruction and gone hopefully homeward. Later that evening, "the other Antone" had been discovered while making erasures and changes in these papers which would have rendered them absolutely worthless if presented for the test. The discovery necessarily brought about well-deserved humiliation to the offender, and though Antone Winston would gladly have hushed the affair, it soon became subject of general gossip. All efforts at reconciliation proved useless. He had even tried to lure the culprit to the shadow of "King Eon," for it was a time-respected decree that a quarrel settled in the shade of the mighty forest monarch, was not to be again renewed or remembered. But "the other Antone", unwilling to conquer his feeling of envy and unjust hatred, refused to visit the sacred treaty spot. And so they had parted. To-day this memory fell like a dark shadow, for in the soul of the priest there throbbed a mighty love of mankind, and he feared for the fate of one in whose heart the Master might find a hatred of his brother. "Love your enemies" came the insistent voice of conscience, and Antone Winston bent his head reverently, while he promised that the name of "the other Antone" should be daily remembered at the altar, when he raised the sacrificial Host.

Having finished his pilgrimage to "King Eon," and visited the various nooks and corners around which he had once played, Antone wended his way homeward. Shortly after his return, a messenger came, requesting the priest to bring the Viaticum to an old lady who had been suddenly stricken with a serious illness. The aged pastor with whom Antone was visiting, had availed himself of the presence of his guest, to take a short ramble through the country. Antone, fearing to lose time in search, decided to answer the call himself. So hastily writing a word of explanation, he hurried to the church, and a few moments later was on his way to bring the last blessing and consolations of religion to the dying woman.

The journey was long, and for the most part lay through the narrow forest paths. Once as they went onward the priest marked "King Eon" in the distance, and he knew that this old friend would serve as a land-

mark for him on his return. Finally they paused before a small house, hidden under a wealth of foliage, and here he was told a soul was in its last struggle, calling out for the Bread of life. He hastened within, and a short while later was prepared to give the Holy Viaticum, when to his amazement he discovered that he had unwittingly brought two Hosts. So, carefully replacing the sacred particle, he breathed a prayer of adoring love to the God who so absolutely trusts Himself to the arrangements of his creatures. How he gloried in the privilege of this trust and resolved ever to be faithful! As he went reverently homeward, a strange fancy swayed him. Before his mind's eye he saw his favorite picture of Saint Anthony. Safe within the strong arms nestled a winning Babe. How reverentially the Saint carried the burden of a Child-God! Was he not, he asked himself, now sharing the privilege of that old time Saint? Pondering these thoughts, he did not notice the length of his journey. Already "King Eon" was close at hand, and lying directly in his pathway, when suddenly the sound of angry voices was borne to him from a nearby thicket. He could gather that two were quarreling; one seemed unwilling to agree to the proposal of the other and as they stumbled forward he could hear the angry oaths and imprecations of both men. They had not seen him, and evidently intended to pass on, but must of necessity come out on the path where he now stood.

Full of anxiety for his sacred Burden, he resolved to seek shelter with his old friend "King Eon," and springing lightly forward over familiar spots, he was soon safely stowed away under a depth of foliage, in the hollow of the noble old tree.

Meanwhile the men struggled angrily on. At first they were aiming directly for the path, but a moment later Antone's heart almost burst with horror. The stronger of the two men grasped the other roughly, and pushed him forcibly onward, until both stood within the very shadow of "King Eon."

"Your choice now!" the infuriated man exclaimed. "A tryst kept at this spot is never to be broken! but by the God who made us, I swear that if you are to turn

traitor to the boys, I will leave your worthless carcass here one moment after your answer is spoken !”

“Unlucky day that I ever knew the boys !” came from the trembling man who crouched nearer to the friendly tree. “Strike if you will ! And may the God whom you call to witness your deed, accept my death in atonement for the evil I have committed amongst you !”

Before the last word had died away, a pistol shot rang clearly through the silent wondering forest, and a moment later a man lay prostrate upon the ground. At once the priest came forward. The murderer, hitherto unaware of any witness, was terrified at the possibility of discovery, and sought safety in immediate flight. Father Antone bent tenderly over the helpless form, and staunched the wound from which blood freely flowed. Then placing the dying man in a more comfortable position, he strove to make him realize that the God to whom he had offered his life, was willing to accept his atonement. Slowly the idea formed itself in his mind, and between gasping breaths he told as best he might, the story of his life, up to the moment when he had finally listened to the reproaches of conscience, and decided, at any cost, to break with his evil associates.

Antone Winston, as a priest of God, listened to the sorrowful recital, then spoke the words of absolving peace to this singularly favored penitent. With overpowering emotion, he told him of the Sacred Host which Providence had permitted him to have in his care at this moment; and it was here, in the vast silence of the forest, that this prodigal received the pledge of pardon and peace from the hand of the wondering priest.

The last moments of life were upon the sufferer when he feebly asked the name of his rescuer. Antone Winston bent affectionately over the prostrate form, and in that instant a new light came into the face of the dying man.

With a sudden energy he grasped the priest's hand and exclaimed in a clear voice : “I am—the—other—Antone! —Forgive—me! We have—kept—our—tryst in—the—shadow—of—King Eon! ”



OUR LADY OF PEACE.

From the rocks where the pine-trees stand,
At the meeting of sea and land,
 She looks out o'er the sea;
And the Child-God on her arm
Keeps the fisher from harm:
 "My peace go with thee!"

Toward the East where He worked and died,
The land of the Crucified,
 She gazes, nor turns away;
And God's light pauses a space,
To rest on her dear face
 At the spring of each day.

Though storms may beat on the strand,
Solemn and still and grand,
 She heeds not their wrath;
And the ships that pass to and fro
On the face of the waters below
 She speeds on their path.

When at mid-day the sun, risen high,
Tunes water and air and sky
 To one common blue chord,
Then myrtle and thyme at her feet
Wrap in incense pure and sweet
 The Elect of the Lord.

And the winds and the pines and the waves
Sing in murmurous staves,
 And repeat without cease,
The words from her lips that fall:
"God's mercy rest on all,
 And on all be peace!"