



Suffer the little Children come unto Me!

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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The Prisons

O Jesus, Thou art a Prisoner,
For love has made Thee thus
Thy Prison is the Altar Home
Where Thou e'er shalt dwell with us.

Thou waitest for us always,
Tho'oft we leave Thee lone,
And sad hearts are most welcome, Lord,
And those that pain have born.

Yes, Lord Thou lovest the suff'ring
Then pity the souls that lie,
Lamenting in that Prison of fire
While they for Thy Vision sigh.

They cannot come to linger
Thy earthly Prison nigh,
They cannot sing the praises blest
Of heavenly souls on high.

Enclosed and suff'ring Jesus !
Those captive souls set free,
By the love with which Thou dwellest
A captive here for me.

S. M. F.

Purgatory

Nothing defiled will ever enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Now, the soul is stained, not only by mortal sin, but also by venial sins and imperfections. What becomes of a soul when it is separated from its body and is stained with venial sins or imperfections? It does not go to hell, because hell is reserved for those who have committed mortal sin and have died in that state. It goes to Purgatory; that is to say, to the place to which God sends it that it may expiate its stains and entirely efface them. It is there also that God detains those souls which have not yet satisfied His justice for their mortal sins, although they have received the forgiveness of them by absolution of the priest or by an act of perfect contrition before dying. Thus, all just souls in a state of venial sin are guilty of some imperfection, all just souls which have not entirely satisfied the justice of God, go to Purgatory to expiate their sins and render satisfaction to God.

“All the souls in Purgatory are in a state of justice: they have the life of grace, they are confirmed in grace, they can neither sin nor commit any kind of evil. They love God above everything, and with the purest love, and they cannot but love Him. They tend towards God, they sigh after Him, but as yet they cannot go to Him. They have to make expiation, and they make it in Purgatory.

IN HIS COMPANY

Nothing is more wearisome and discouraging than a long journey alone, and nothing is more agreeable than the companionship of a dear and congenial friend, above all when we are going to undertake a journey. The conversation of one we love lends a charm to the way, and the hours fly fast in his company.

The loneliness of the road to Heaven affrights us, and its solitude overwhelms with awe the human soul, which must live detached from the world, which must escape its dangerous snares so thickly spread, which must not dwell in the charm of its feasts nor be beguiled by its enchantments and pleasures.

Earth is to the Christian a dreary desert, and appalled by the desolate prospect he cries out in terror: "Lord would'st Thou condemn me to travel this solitary way? Hast Thou forgotten Thy warning to all those who walk alone?" No, Jesus has not forgotten. He is at hand. Behold Him! Will you walk in His company? Will you keep closely to His side, and avoid the snares spread by false friends and the seductious that draw aside the many from the guardianship of the Lord? His conversation hath no bitterness. His words will be so sweet to your ears that your heart will overflow with a happiness of which you have never yet dreamed. And you will taste the delights of a companionship that inflamed the hearts of the disciples of Emmaus, who were so blest as to walk with Jesus: "Did not our hearts burn within us as He spoke to us in the way."

And so the Life journey will lose its terrors and you will not fear the roughness of the road. You will not sigh under the burden, nor faint in the heat of the day. Believe Him who hath said: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy burdened." Believe the Author of the Imitation, who doubtless experienced that of which he wrote. "Swiftly doth he journey who is carried by the grace of God." "When Jesus is present all is well and nothing is difficult. If He say but one word, all weariness ceases, all labor is done, all tears are dried and consolation and joy replace our mourning."

Oh, let us be faithful to our truest Friend Jesus. Let us receive Him frequently, let us visit Him often. Let us cling closely to Him throughout our journey even unto the end: and He will be our joy, our consolation, our Brother and our Friend, and we may say more with the heart than the lips: "Jesus, Thou art my Brother, my Friend, my Happiness, and my All here below."

WAR ITEMS

FATHER M. KING, S. J., who is at the base depot "somewhere in France," in a letter printed in the *Mountaineer*, writes :

I have big church parades here every Sunday, and Communion for the men every day. I also say Mass at an hospital, and look after five other hospitals—all camp affairs. The men are very good: many lead saintly lives, and all are under the influence of religion. Officers and men are absolutely free from human respect, and go on their knees for Confession at the stations, in the streets, or anywhere. The R. C.'s are an example to the Army. I am glad to say that in no hospital which I attend has any Catholic died without the last Sacraments. The wounds are fearful, the effects of the gas awful, and I am simply astonished at the patience and endurance of the men. They die like saints.

The war is taken very seriously here, and it makes us sick to hear of strikes, race trains, etc., at home, when we want every ounce of power to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion. Living at the advanced base, and seeing the men go to the front and seeing them return, what is left of them, gives quite a new idea of war. Incidentally it brings out the grand character of our men; they are simply splendid in their courage, cheerfulness, and determination. I would do anything for them. I only feel uncomfortable when I see the young chaps going so cheerfully to the front, knowing what is waiting for them, and then have to return to my comfortable quarters.

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A CHAPLAIN attached to one of the French hospitals writes :

There was a large number going to the front to-day, so the morning began early. About 200 yards from my tent is an enormous hangar, cathedral-like in its vast proportions. At 5.30 in total darkness the men began to assemble there. They had no time for Mass, but the

Padre had promised them Communion. It was pouring rain, the wind boisterous, the mud phenomenal. The Padre's candle lantern was the only light. "Confiteor" was said, and though the men were told they might receive standing, they no sooner heard the gracious words: "Ecce Agnus Dei" than all were on their knees in mud and dirt. There was no altar, no table, and the Blessed Sacrament rested on its clean linen corporal on a soldier's inverted hat. Was ever soldier more proud than the poor fellow whose hat had served as the throne of the King of glory? As each received, he left the hangar—back to duty—his thanksgiving to be made as he worked or marched. It was all informal—but it was the real thing, and the happiness that lighted up the faces of the men showed that they knew it. They were strengthened for the fight, careless now of danger, because Christ was with them.

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A DEAN in the Picardy country has paid a handsome tribute in the *Chronique Picarde* to our Catholic English soldiers, declaring that what he has seen of them ought to be brought as an example to the knowledge of French Catholics.

One finds among the Catholic English soldiers the true mentality of Catholic life in practice. We see them here every Sunday all hearing the Mass said by their military chaplain, whilst those who are on duty hear the parochial Mass. Nearly all of them come to Communion at the 9 o'clock Sunday Mass; and their behavior at the service is more than irreproachable, it is pious and edifying.

One Sunday just lately when the men were leaving next day for the front, all the Catholic soldiers had been to Communion at the Military Mass. But one of them had been prevented by duty from being there, and as soon as he was free for an hour he came to hear the parochial Mass, after which he came to the sacristy asking for the Chaplain who had gone to a church in the neighborhood to say a second Mass. "I should like," he said, "to go to confession and Communion as I have to leave immediately for S—. Would you be good enough to tell him that I

will be here at half-past four to make my confession and receive Communion ?" "You are still fasting then" I asked. "Oh, yes," he replied ; "it is a day of penance for me," and he said it perfectly naturally. At half-past four he returned with a comrade and the two of them received Communion just before the 5 o'clock Benediction. Such an incident as this needs no comment. The same man added :

"I lost my wife a year ago," he is a soldier of thirteen years service, "and I go to the trenches to-morrow as I have always done before without fear. If I am killed I shall go to join my dear wife in heaven. She died like a saint." And he lives like a saint and in an army of non-Catholics.

As a last remark I would note that these Catholic soldiers, who form only a minority of the English army, come to Mass accoutred and on duty under the command of an officer. Here it was the officer who served the Mass, and it is curious to note that he was the son of a High Church clergyman and a convert of seven years' standing.

THE TEMPLE OF THE LORD.

The church edifice means something to the Catholic people. Outsiders note that fact as we find in their writings and conversations. "It is certainly true that the Catholic Church as a whole is in touch with her children during every hour of the day—not only through the many stated services, but more significantly when no bell rings an invitation, when altar and choir are deserted by the chanting priests. These silent intervals between Masses and Benediction are more fruitful of love and conviction to the traveler than anything else. For never does he enter a church—no matter how obscure, how remote, how unadvertised—that he does not find some man or woman kneeling before an altar or a shrine, lost in supplication. There is reverence and concentration enough in these private worshippers. They prostrate, they abandon themselves, clinging to heaven by the hem—they pour out their souls in adoration or in entreaty."

Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Every Mass is productive of the same fruits, the same profit to the soul as that which resulted from the death of Our Lord on Good Friday. The death and Passion of Christ are the treasury, the Mass is the key that unlocks it. The cross is the tree of life, laden with celestial fruits and by the Mass those fruits are given to us. In the Mass the Son of the most high God comes down from the gardens of paradise, bringing to us celestial riches and treasures of infinite value. If you, O Christian, knew how to profit by the Mass, by it you might become richer than all the creatures of God can make you! One must be in a state of grace in order to receive most of the sacraments, otherwise one cannot share in Christ's merits, and one incurs the guilt of mortal sin; but it is not necessary to be in a state of grace to hear Mass, the sinner does not commit a fresh sin by doing so; on the contrary he gains the grace of conversion.

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**The dead Bird**

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One day, says an old, old legend, the dear Child Jesus was playing with other little boys of about His own age when some of them happened to find a poor little dead bird lying in the field. While seeking for food for its young it had been killed by a stone flung by some cruel hand and had fallen to the ground in the very midst of a joyful song, its happy life crushed out of it through the heartless cruelty of a child! In vain its little ones now awaited it, crying for food; in vain its little mate called for it to come and help her in a task too heavy for her alone. Cold and lifeless it now lay on the flowery grass, its bright eyes closed and its pretty head hanging limp and blood-stained.

But the little Jewish boys felt no pity for it. On the contrary one of them seized it by the end of its wing and tossed it up into the air: crying:

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"Why don't you fly, you lazy fellow, you? Why don't you fly?" Then, as it fell back upon the hard ground, another kicked it roughly, also crying in a mocking voice: "Here! why don't you sing, you silly?"

But the Child Jesus sprang forward, and, stooping down, picked up the poor dead bird with a look of infinite pity on His sweet face and tears in His beautiful eyes. In spite of the laughter and jeers of His companions, He gently smoothed its ruffled plumage, pressed it to His breast, and held it in His two little hands, as if to warm it. Then, pressing His lips upon its drooping head, He murmured: "Poor little birdie! fly to thy loved ones and be happy once more" And with a wild chirp of joy the little bird flew out of the Christ-Child's hands, and with swift, strong wings soared back to its nest in a great tree near by, where it sang an exultant song of thanksgiving.

This is but a legend, though a beautiful one. But, boys, remember that God "loves the work of His hands:" that He did not put the birds into this world as targets for your guns and slingshots, and that Our Dear Lord Himself said to us: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? Yet not one of them is forgotten by your Father in heaven." Therefore if you should ever be tempted to kill or wound one of our useful friends, the birds, remember that your little victim, humble and defenceless though it may be, will not be forgotten by the great God of heaven and earth.



There is not a difficulty, not a trial, not a sorrow, not a calamity which we may not lay down before Jesus in the Tabernacle, confident that He will either relieve us of its burden or else give us strength enough to bear it joyfully for His sake.



## VOCATION.

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That the choice of a vocation in life is a matter of the greatest importance few would deny, and one can affirm also with positiveness that in general, on the wise choice of a vocation depends the salvation or loss of a soul.

The vocation is the choice of one of those states instituted by God and confirmed by Our Lord as a distinct manner of life, having its obligations, its duties, its dangers, but also its special graces and appropriate helps which may be counted upon by those who embrace it in accordance with God's will and therein observe His laws.

The vocation of each human soul was chosen and willed by God from all eternity, and our whole being, body and soul as well, have been fashioned to the needs of this particular state. It is the special soil that is adapted to the growth of the seed of grace, that will, in Heaven, blossom into a beautiful flower of glory that we are chosen to bear.

Not to know one's vocation is a dangerous error, a real misfortune, which even though it should not result in the loss of our soul, will be for us the cause of a thousands falls, mistakes, threats and terrible doubts. And if this knowledge be so important, how can we doubt that God will give it to us if we ask Him in sincerity and faith? Indeed, He will give it to us if we add to our earnest prayers, the practice of frequent Communion, for, having with us One who is "the Way," as our light and Guide, we will know our path and will walk in it without fear of being misled.

But to know and not to follow would be an evil greater still, a fatal game in which we would hazard the chance of our eternal happiness. Divine mercy is infinite, it is true, and condones many mistakes in a divinely loving way, but the graces that repair such losses are never so strong, so helpful, so easy to follow as those ordained for us in the original designs of God.

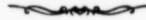
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This may be said of all vocations, and with greater force, of vocations higher than marriage, to the priesthood and religious life. But as many draw back from these sublime calls from ignorance or fear of their requirements, and a want of fervor and zeal, so many, too, who are called simply to the married state, forfeit its graces by neglecting to seek in it God's inspiration, His will and His grace, and though they are really called to sanctify themselves by Christian marriage, which has ever been held by the Church to be a state adapted to the sanctification of souls, marry so badly, choose so imprudently and from motives so natural, so mercenary and so base, that what should be to them an aid to holiness becomes the instrument of their eternal ruin, after having embittered their lives here below with tears and anguish of heart, as well as many sips.



#### THE CHANGELESS LOVE.



They know little of that Divine Heart, and have read to slight purpose the story of His life who picture Him as cold to sinners or unwilling to forgive. "God is love", says St. John, who had reclined on the Master's bosom, and such He was during the course of His mortal life. His very enemies charged Him with friendliness towards sinners whom He ever welcomed with words of tenderness, pardon and forgiveness. As He was then in days of old, as He was that crisp autumn morning in the Temple porch toward the sinful woman, that He is still now: "Jesus Christ, yesterday and today, the same forever". Above all in the Tabernacle and in the confessional, in the Sacrament of His compassion. He is tender-hearted toward all who seek forgiveness, and will never add one word of reproof to the affliction of the repentant sinner. He will lift from it lovingly and gently its burden of sin and pour out on it instead the grace of His consoling love.

## Our Dead

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*Beside the dead I knelt in prayer  
 And felt a Presence as I prayed,  
 Lo ! it was Jesus standing there.  
 He smiled and said  
 "Be not afraid."*

*Lord, thou hast conquered death, we know,  
 Restore again to life, I said,  
 This one who died an hour ago.  
 He smiled and said  
 "He is not dead."*

*Asleep, then, as Thyself didst say,  
 Yet thou canst lift the lids that keep  
 His prisoned eyes from our away ?  
 He smiled and said  
 "He does not sleep."*

*Nay, then, though happy he doth wake,  
 And looks upon some fairer dawn,  
 Restore him to our hearts that ache.  
 He smiled and said  
 "He is not gone."*

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*Alas ! too well we know our loss,  
Nor hope again our joy to touch  
Until the stream of death we cross.*

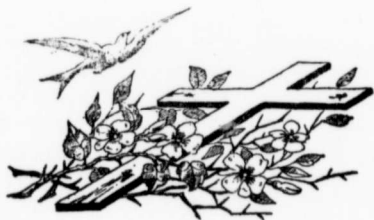
*He smiled and said  
"There is no such."*

*Yet our beloved ones seem so far  
The while we yearn to feel them near,  
Albeit with Thee we trust they are.*

*He smiled and said  
"And I am here."*

*Dear Lord, how shall we know that they  
Shall walk unseen with us and Thee,  
Nor sleep, nor wander far away ?*

*He smiled and said  
"Abide with me."*



## SUBJECT OF ADORATION

**The Pledge of Heaven.**

## ADORATION.

Adore, behind the cloud of the sacred species, as in a heaven which has drawn nearer to earth, and where He wills to reside that He may be more accessible to us, the King of angels, the Sovereign who reigns radiant and triumphant in the heaven of His glory.

He is the same here in the sweet light of the Eucharistic cloud, so well suited to the weakness of our eyes, as in the splendor of His throne in the highest heaven. He is here to give us the pledge and the foretaste of what we shall possess in the heaven of His glory.

He is the pledge, that is to say, the promise, the assurance, the agreement to give us His Paradise. Has He not in fact said : "He who eats My flesh has eternal life ;" "I am the Bread of heaven, he who believes in Me shall not die" ? He has therefore taken an engagement upon Himself; the Eucharist guarantees the truth of His word ; it publishes it everywhere, and keeps inviolable its integrity.

Besides, having given Himself, as He does in the Eucharist, He gives Himself necessarily afterwards in heaven. What is heaven ? The possession of Jesus, the perpetual and assured possession of Jesus, a mysterious reception of Jesus, without reserve and without end ; He in us perfectly, we completely in Him—behold heaven ! But what is the Eucharist ? The possession of Jesus, the permanent presence of Jesus ; the sacramental reception of Jesus. The mode differs, it is true ; here Jesus is veiled, and we are powerless to possess Him perfectly, and to be ever present with Him ; and even in the eating, faith alone enjoys Him, whilst the senses remain outside His contact, often incommoding faith, clouding its glance, and impairing its flight. But nevertheless, the foundation is the same, and Jesus gives Himself here as He does there, really.

Have we any reason then to be astonished that the Eucharist should be the pledge of heaven ? Having bestowed on us this first gift, cannot the Saviour afterwards give Himself in heaven ? Ap-

preciate this truth, and adore Him who wills to engage Himself as irrevocably to us as we are inconstant to Him.

Ah, it is not this food that is to blame for so much misery in this valley of tears, but only ourselves, whose faith allows itself to be obscured by the fascinations of earthly treasures, whose heart so soon becomes too much weakened by material pleasures, to be able to enjoy the pure delights of future blessings.

Adore, then, with gratitude, admiration, and confusion the "living Bread come down from heaven in order to make of this our earth the threshold of Paradise."

#### THANKSGIVING.

How great is the goodness of God, how earnest His love, how impatient He is to heap His mercy upon us ! In truth, it might have seemed to be sufficient in order to prove to us more of love than we shall ever merit, to have promised us heaven as a recompense for our labors and our struggles, and to wait in order to give it until the measure of our merits should be filled.

No ! The Saviour who acquired for us a right to heaven by His death, who delivers up to us the price of it in His blood, which all the Sacraments diffuse in us ; who has taught us the path by His saving words, who has opened the gate of it by entering therein first Himself, and who is occupied in preparing our place for us in it,—this kind Saviour, whom it would be impossible to call sufficiently kind, infinitely kind, this Jesus wills to come back to us to lead us there by the hand, as it were ; He wills to give Himself up beforehand for us that He may guarantee the access to it for us ; He wills to make us experience some of the delights which await us there in order to attach us to it forever, by separating us victoriously from the temporary but seductive good things of this world.

Oh ! God ! what wouldst Thou not have done to bring me at last to heaven ? And if I do not go there, how just and deserved will be my chastisement ! Will it ever equal the love Thou hast shown to make me avoid it ?

#### REPARATION

Oh Lord, my God, beauty without stain, sovereign goodness, life without end, substance of all happiness and of all good, how great is my shame when I recall to mind Thy promises, Thy calls.

the pledge and the foretaste of heaven which Thou procurest for me by this heavenly Sacrament !

The fact is, that I hardly ever think of heaven except when I am unhappy and deprived of the joys which I had ardently sought after upon earth. Heaven then appears to me desirable only in proportion to what I suffer. But let human happiness shine upon me only a little, let me have the enjoyments which my heart and my senses call for, then immediately my eyes cease to be raised towards Thee ; and if I think of heaven it is to supplicate Thee, alas ! not to call me thither until I have completely emptied the cup which inebriates me.

Divine Sacrament of heaven, it is into this earthly, obscure, and filthy soul that Thou hast cast Thyself ; ah, I understand but too clearly that Thou art but little appreciated therein, and that Thou remainest inert, powerless to excite the production of the holy desires, the sweet joys, the ardent impatience, the lofty aspirations of the Saints towards the heavenly country and towards Thee, who art all the treasure of it.

PRAYER.

Let us make, at the foot of the Sacrament of heaven, the most urgent resolutions relative to the great duty of hope ; let us make our daily prayers and frequent communions rest upon them ; but let it be upon one condition : that we recall them to mind in each one of our thanksgivings, to examine if we are faithful to them.

There is no doubt but that this practice will disengage us from the ties of the flesh, will raise us above the frivolities of this world, will make us despise them and love eternity ; it is then that we shall feel in the depths of our heart the assurance of heaven. It is then that we shall really experience how truly the Bread of life contains the foretaste of its eternal delights.

Ask at each Communion for final perseverance, and the desire for heaven, and each time make a sacrifice of one of the things which might retard the possession of it for you.





## Jesus in the Tabernacle

Our merciful Saviour.

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"Come to Me, all you that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you". Does not Jesus still address these words to us from the Tabernacle?

Your life will be marked with trials and troubles, but these may be accompanied by many graces. Look at Jesus—the man of sorrows! Look at Jesus in the Tabernacle—Jesus suffering! Look at the Saints! And learn like the saints to consider that day the happiest which brings you most trials and griefs, because therein you can approach more closely to the divine Pattern whom you are striving to imitate. Afflictions trace in us our Saviour's image. You have suffered much; you may have more to suffer. Look upon it as a special predestination to have been in sorrow from your youth up. You will see one day how much love there has been in the share of trials which the good God has awarded you. Sickness and worry and disappointments, trials of the body and troubles of the mind keep our hearts detached from the world; they remind us of Jesus, the merciful Saviour, in the Tabernacle and warn us to fly to One mightier than man for help and consolation.

The great God is everywhere, in Him we live, and move, and are, but the great God, in the person of His Son, has become incarnate, He has taken on Himself the feebleness of our nature, with its cares, and sorrows, and pains, and derelictions; He has been a child, a boy, a man; He was a Priest, He had a mother. He had tears, and sighs, and blood. He placed on His beating Heart the young Apostle He loved; He embraced children in His arms and blessed them; He had His Friends; He looked sadly at them when they wronged Him; the people were weary and He fed them; they were sick and He healed them; He pitied the widow who followed to the grave her only child, and He raised him and restored him to his mother; He found His apostles sleeping in the midst of His agony, and with plaintive voice He appeal-

ed to them to watch with Him if but a single hour. What consolation to the sorrowful, what hope to the broken-hearted, what mercy to the penitent, that the same Jesus incarnate, in His own sweet nature glorified, yet the same, is ever present in our churches, in the humblest Catholic chapel of the sequestered village, or in the midst of the crowded city, there is our Jesus — "Come unto Me all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you". "Be not fearful, O ye of little faith: it is I". "Cast all your care upon Me". "It is I who have borne your infirmities and carried your sorrows". "I am meek and humble of Heart". "I was the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with infirmity". "My look was hidden and despised and they esteemed me not." "But I am the mighty God, and the Father of the world to come". "I heal the sick, I speak to the dead, and the dead arise to bless Me; I pardon the sinner, and the sinner returns to serve Me."

Exhaust the treasures of your wealth and the devout intentions of your soul to surround with beauty and with love your Jesus in His altar-throne. On Him your all depends. He is now in your hands, a time will come when you will be in His: He is a generous giver—but He is God.

Thou, O sweet Saviour didst leave to Thy Apostles a heritage of labor, suffering, and tears, and I ought not to desire a better fate than that of the best friends of my Lord. Thy spirit, gentle Jesus, in the Blessed Sacrament is still the same. Thou hast placed Thyself in the Tabernacle in a state of humiliation, of annihilation, and of death, but yet Thou art my Hope, my Strength and my Life. I will not seek so much for consolation as for the grace of a greater love towards Thee, my merciful Saviour, and for strength to suffer courageously for Thy greater glory and my own sanctification.

Jesus! our only joy be Thou,  
 As Thou our prize will be;  
 Jesus! be Thou our glory now  
 And through eternity;

*An Altar boy's Retort*

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Not long ago a Catholic boy was traveling in a train between Brussels and Namur. In the same train was an infidel school inspector. On passing before a Catholic church the boy uncovered his head in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, which he knew was kept in the church.

The inspector, who up to this time has been reading a newspaper, on seeing the reverence paid to the house of God, began to laugh, and the following dialogue ensued.

"To be sure, my little friend, you must be an altar-boy?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "and I am just preparing for my First Communion."

"And would you please tell me what the curate teaches you?"

"Well, he is just instructing me in the mysteries of religion."

"And, please, what are those mysteries? I have forgotten all about those mysteries a long time ago, and in a couple of years it will be the same with you."

"No, sir; I will never forget the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, of the Incarnation and of the Redemption."

"What do you mean by the Holy Trinity?"

"One God in three Persons."

"Do you understand that now, my little friend?"

"Where there is a question of mysteries three things are to be distinguished; to know, to believe, to understand. I know and I believe, but I do not understand. We will understand only in heaven."

"These are idle stories; I believe only what I understand."

"Well, sir, if you believe only what you understand, will you tell me this: How is it that you can move your finger at will?"

"My finger is moved because my will impresses a motion to the muscles of my finger."

"But do you understand how this is?"

"Oh, yes, I understand it."

"Very well, if you understand it, then tell me why your will can move your finger and not, as in the case of a donkey, your ear?"

That was too much for the learned school inspector. He made a sorry face, coughed and muttered between his teeth: "Let me alone little fellow; you are far too young to teach me a lesson." He resumed reading his newspaper, and never took his eyes from it until his unpleasant little traveling companion had stepped off at the next station and disappeared from sight.



### THE GREAT RETREAT

Over here the more forcible and eloquent preacher of the great retreat, the most successful in bringing back souls to God in the trenches, is the Cannon. Little by little religion is regaining its empire, resuming its sway in France. Not long ago a famous General said to a priest-friend: "Do you know what we are short of? Not cartridges, bombs, shrapnel, we have enormous quantities of these—but of consecrated hosts, and the shortage is so great that every host has to be divided into four parts to accommodate the number of Communicants."

This fact is characteristic.

Naturally the French people do not change all at once into an army of saints. But it is a fact, an undeniable fact that soldiers as well as citizens at the sight of so much suffering and death, across the terrible ruin and devastation stretch out their arms to the Eternal God.



### The "Collegium Tharsicii"

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Rome, May 29.—Not the least interesting of the several anniversaries which Rome is this year celebrating is the tenth anniversary of the "Collegium Tharsicii," the tenth year since the "Pious Union of Young Men of Rome" was founded for the purpose of rendering to the young proto-martyr of the Eucharist that honor which his death on the Appian Way in defense of the Sacred Species entitles him. To every Catholic the sweet story of Tarsicius is familiar through the pages of Allard's "Histoire des Persecutions." Tarsicius, the acolyte of thirteen years of age, hurrying along the Appia from the Catacomb of St. Callixtus with the Blessed Eucharist wrapped up in linen and silk in his breast, carrying his precious Burden to the martyrs in prison, seems to have been known to all of us since childhood. To the Romans of to-day, as to the Christian Romans of A. D. 257, the year in which the young pagans set upon the saintly messenger on the Appian Way and stoned him to death, full of intense interest are the details of his martyrdom. And it is pleasant for them to be able to point out that in the twentieth century there is on the Tiber an association consisting of the sons of families of every grade in life, flourishing day by day, having in view the practise of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament as intense as even St. Tarsicius had.

Nor would the association of youths feel satisfied with celebrating the "festa" of their foundation in any of the Basilicas or the glorious churches within the city walls. But down in the depths of the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, in the little Chapel of the Popes, they attended High Mass and watched before the Blessed Sacrament until evening. And then to crown the boys' celebration, they held a procession through the garden of the Trappists, who guard this catacomb, with no less a personage than His Eminence Cardinal Serafini, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, carrying the Blessed Sacrament over the ground hallowed by the footsteps of St. Tarsicius.

It is no small satisfaction for one to obtain a whiff of this pure air now and again in these days, when there is little else but gunpowder in the air of Europe.

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The Twelfth Promise.

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The long hot day was at last over. Now, a fresh cool breeze offered a welcome relief from the stifling heat. The dusk deepened into darkness and soon a full moon flooded the earth with a silvery light. The crickets and hundreds of other insects filled the night with music. The fireflies—fairy lamps, flitted to and fro. The notes of the nightingales and whip-poor-wills floated on the breeze, liquid melodies.

And out under the limes, Father Vincent and I sat, taking it all in. Ah, it was delightful!

Father Vincent leaned back, his eyes closed, trying to select a suitable text for his sermon, on the following day, Sunday, and the last of June. I sat dreamily gazing at the trim little yacht, dancing out on the bay, when Father Vincent sat up suddenly, murmuring. "That's it; the vision."

Now, Father Vincent was a good and holy man; every one at St. Andrew's loved him. Good-natured, gentle and patient, he succeeded in gaining the confidence of the boy's of St. Andrews, and understood them as no one else did. It was only to Father Vincent that they would bring their little troubles, and only he could comfort and cheer them. They deserted Father Lane and flocked to him for Confession, every Saturday night. He was consulted on games, pic-nics, etc., and there was nothing done without his approbation.

He had taken a liking to me, for some reason or other, and I was the privileged one who served his Mass and accompanied him on his walks, much to the envy of the other boys. And so he had called me out to him that evening, to keep him company.

I pricked up my ears at those words of his, for I knew that, should I ask it, a story would be forthcoming. And ask him, I did, enquiring what he ment by his words.

"Yes," I nodded, "He promises, to all those who make the Nine Fridays, that they will not die in His disfavor; but I thought you meant a vision you had seen yourself. Have you ever seen one, Father, or has anything miraculous ever happened to you"? For I thought that if anyone ever saw a vision, it would be good old Father Vincent.

"No-o-o-o," he answered, slowly, I have never seen anything really miraculous, but I did have a strange experience, once."

"Oh," I begged, "Father, won't you please tell me about it?" "There's twenty minutes yet, till the first bell."

He settled back comfortably and closing his eyes, began. This is the story as near as I can remember it:—

"Well, Jim, no interruptions, now, remember." He said this sternly, but I could see by his smile that he was joking.

"Thirty-odd years ago I had a small parish in northern Maine. There were only a few Catholic families there. Their occupation was chiefly lumbering and trapping. There was a pretty little church and a comfortable cottage for me and, altogether, I had a pleasant time of it."

"And, one night this experience, about which I am telling you, occurred. It, by the way, deals with the subject of my text to-morrow. I had gone to bed at about nine-thirty, and slept soundly until about two, when I suddenly sat up in bed, wide awake. It seemed as if someone were calling me—a faint whisper said, "Father, Father!" I could not tell from where the sound came, but, nevertheless, it was there."

"I got up and partly dressing, went out into the yard, thinking that perhaps someone was out there, but a thorough search revealed no one. My horse whined a welcome as I came into the barn."

"I came back into the house, and tried to sleep, but it was of no use. At last I could stand it no longer; I simply could not shake off the impression that someone was calling me. I got up again and went out, hoping that I could shake off the impression in the fresh air, and a little walk would set me aright. But again it was of no use."

"Seeing the strange predicament I was in, I went into the church to pray for guidance."

"How solemn it is in the church at night! The little red sanctuary lamp ever glowing, the flickering shadows, and deep silence, all fill your soul with a spirit of reverence."

"And as I knelt there, the Sacred Heart on the statue seemed to swell and glow, to palpitate and bleed, and I felt strangely calm."

"After a few minutes, I got up and, hardly knowing what I was doing, saddled my horse, and rode out into the woods. I felt as if I were in a trance, but all my faculties were fully awake."

"I let my horse have rein, and off he started deeper into the woods."

"After riding about an hour I suddenly heard the calling again. This time it seemed to say, 'This way, Father, come this way.' And I turned my horse in the direction from which the sound seemed to come. And it was forever calling, calling, I could not turn back. I seemed to be unable to do anything but guide my horse in the direction of the sound."

"You may wonder if I didn't pray. I did. And it seemed that the calling answered me. If I doubted it would assure me; if I feared it would calm me."

"At last, just as dawn was beginning to redden the sky, I stumbled into a clearing, in the middle of which was a small cabin. Here the calling seemed to whisper, 'Now, Father!'"

"I dismounted and went to the door of the cabin, and knocking, entered. It was pitch dark in there; so I struck a light."

"At the sound of the scratching of the match, I heard a voice saying, 'In the name of God, who are you?'"

"Startled, I glanced around, and in one corner of the cabin, I saw a bunk, in which an old man was lying. The rest of the cabin was rudely furnished with such articles as a man might make to supply his needs, living alone; a few stools, a shelf or two and a table, on which rested a few pieces of broken crockery and a candle, were all."

"I told him I was the priest of St. Mary's Church at Wasatch, whereat he murmured 'Thank God!', then, 'Father, hear my Confession. It has been forty years since I received the Sacraments, and Oh! I regret those misspent years. And now, I am dying.'"

"Lighting the candle, I came nearer, and saw his features. He was wrinkled and grey, and I saw by the pallor of his face that he was dying. I had heard of him from one of my parishioners. He had called him 'The Old Man of the Woods.' And fearing lest he die as he had lived, I heard his Confession."

"He seemed to rally afterwards, and gaining strength, he told me the story of his life. He had been born in France, near the place where Blessed Margaret Mary had lived. He was educated in the Sisters' school, and had lived a life of piety till he immigrated to this New World. Here he gradually fell away from the faith, and at last gave up the Church entirely. He had come to the forest to trap and now he was there, dying."

"I told him my story, about the calling, etc., and when I had finished, I asked him how far I was from home, and which was the nearest way back."

"He told me that I was ten miles from Wasatch. Then he said 'I made the Nine Fridays when a lad. To this I attribute the reason for the great grace the Lord has just given me. Truly, the Lord has kept His promise.'"

"I then left, first promising that I would be back that morning with the Blessed Eucharist. I made it back home in time to say Mass at the regular time. And I was more devout that morning than I confess I had been in a long time."

"I returned to him after breakfast with the Holy Eucharist, and found him worse. I had administered the Last Sacrament to him, and he dozed off to sleep. He awoke in a short time, however, and calling me to him."

" 'You might wonder,' he said, 'what I have done with all the money I have received from my skins. I have it here under my pillow,' he said, bringing it forth, 'here is something like six thousand dollars, which I have accumulated since I started trapping. My wants were few, and once I captured a silver fox' he said with a trace of pride. 'And I want you to take it and build a church to the Sacred Heart.' "

"He soon passed peaceably away. And there is a church now, near where his cabin stood."

"Now, that is all, Jim. and there goes the bell. Good night."

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IN THE "DIES IRÆ"

In a ruined church not far from this spot, Shane Leslie heard his first Mass under fire. Shell after shell tore through the brick walls, one wrecked the Lady Altar, another the confessional; one failed to explode and lay at the door, exuding sulphur. When a lull came in the firing the priest began the Mass, and as the Consecration drew near, the boom of cannon drowned the sound of the bell that an orderly rang. But the service went on to the end. "I could not help reflecting on the discipline which has made the French priests what they are," he says in conclusion. "In the *dies irae* they have not flinched from the field or from their flocks."



*The supreme source of grace*


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The greatest act of which the Church of God is capable, the greatest Sacrament of which she is the keeper, that which not merely symbolizes but actually contains the sum and fullness of God's dispensation to man is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The tremendous meaning of the Mass almost passes our comprehension. For when God made creatures to His own likeness, the primary end of this act was His own glory. No other end could be worthy of Himself. Here there is the glorious fulfilment of the purpose of creation. Here the nature, which in us is so weak and perverted, so often recreant and rebellious, is dignified wondrously and made equal to the task of worthily glorifying the Most High.

This meaning of the Mass should be our first guide when we assist at the Holy Sacrifice ; for Christ is our brother according to the flesh. But the intercessory power of the Mass should never be lost sight of. Christ not only offers Himself up for the glory of His Father, but He prays for us, His brethren, whom He came to save. As on the Cross every drop of His Blood, every pang of His agonized Soul and Body cried irresistibly for mercy and grace for mankind, so now though there is no bleeding and no agony it is the same pleading Christ and the wounds He once received are still there in His hands and in His feet and in His side.

No one but he to whom God has revealed it can ever tell what the Mass here on earth has meant for the world, how much mercy it has drawn from God, how many afflictions it has averted from nations, families and individuals. All this we should remember when we are hearing Mass, for at the altar of the Mass is the supreme source of grace for fallen man.

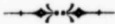


## FROM AN ITALIAN SOLDIER

"This has been for me a great feast-day because gladdened by two good events, the Holy Mass and the arrival of your parcel, everything so very useful.

This morning we had the comfort, after such a very long time, to hear Mass on the field. The moment was quite unfavorable, and make one realize more than ever the solemnity. Our brave Chaplain offered the Mass in suffrage for the souls of our poor dead, while for organ we had the rumble of cannon. How many reflections in those twenty minutes of sincere meditation! How evident was the union of the three great sentiments: family, fatherland, religion. Our thoughts rush to our dear ones. Many fellows that in the company have the names of atheists, were present at the Mass, kneeling, hand on gun. It was a fine spectacle to see all those armed men. It was like the ancient Crusaders; and, indeed, we are fighting like them, for peace and civilization. After the Mass we had an instruction; it was very simple, but it made certain hearts vibrate with perseverance and a stronger spirit of sacrifice, although generally this spirit is not lacking.

We always tremble for the unknown fate of ours... Many people ask me what we are doing, as if the war of today were like an excursion! Those who are far from the field can only arrive to imagine fancies; but we who are here and who willingly suffer everything, we see how it is difficult to direct such a multitude against a not inferior number of enemy forces, well-disciplined and in readiness for such a long time. We will endure every sacrifice with resignation because we have great confidence in God and in our chiefs. We are always the descendants of the ancient Romans who ruled the world, not only with arms but with Civility. We know that Italy will win, because we, her sons, will so."



CONVERSION OF A FREE MASON

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A Free-Mason of note, well known for his rabid anti-clerical sentiments, returned from Charleroi in the famous retreat of last August.

One day seeking refuge in a church he found a wounded soldier, prostrate on the ground. Evidently he had dragged himself from the entrance to the middle of the church for large clots of blood marked the traces of his calvary.

Full of pity the Free-Mason bent down to see if he could help him.

"Friend," the prostrate man whispered : "I am a priest, I am dying. Will you do me a great favor ? I have dragged myself this far in a vain endeavor to reach the Tabernacle and consume the consecrated hosts to save them from sacrilegious profanation at the hands of the Boches who are coming. I must die without being able to carry out my desire. In God's name, I beseech you, do it for me."

The Free-Mason was dumbfounded. He hesitated, the agonizing priest prayed, finally grace triumphed the Mason knelt beside the dying priest and made a sincere confession of his whole life.

Then trembling with reverential awe he approached the Tabernacle opened the door and consumed the Consecrated Hosts.

From that hour he was a firm believer, a staunch practical Catholic specially noted for his great love for the Blessed Sacrament.

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Love Jesus with a brave love, as the holy martyrs loved Him; that so thou mayest dare to say: "Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine... or the sword."

## THE TABERNACLE WHERE DWELLS EMMANUEL.

Life has its sorrows and life has its joys too, but its sorrows will be all too heavy and its joys will be tainted and unsanctified unless, we bring them one and all to the foot of the altar. There is the "Tabernacle for a shade in the daytime of pleasure when all is well with us and we are prone to forget our God, and for a security and covert from the whirlwind and from rain," and the darkness of trial and overburdening grief. To us the Prophet Balaam speaks in ways beyond his knowing: "How beautiful are thy Tabernacles, O Jacob, and thy tents, O Israel"—the tabernacles where Emmanuel dwells, the tents where the Son of Man lingers yet a while—as woody valleys: as watered gardens near the rivers, as tabernacles which the Lord hath pitched: as cedars by the water-side. There is our good Master, Rabboni, waiting for us in the dawnlight as He waited of old for Magdalene, listening for our footfall at eventide, even as He listened for the knocking of the sick and the halt at His humble Home in Galilee. He will be to us "a cloud by day and a smoke and brightness of flaming fire in the night," ever guiding, ever leading us on unswearingly to our home beyond the grave.

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A peace Sunday

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For us field soldiers—it might be more apt to say mountain soldiers—not only the beautiful scenery of autumnal splendor was a source of joy on a recent Sunday—we were also blessed with far higher spiritual happiness, the presence in our midst of the Most Blessed Sacrament. It was a veritable peace Sunday. The army chaplain came in the afternoon again, after an absence of two weeks. As was the case last time, the soldiers made their confession and went to Communion early this morning. In the forenoon the priest was with the regiment stationed next to us.

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



Listen

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

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