



The Master calls.

THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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I STAND AND KNOCK

(See frontispiece)

The night was dark, the rain did pour;
He stood beside the fastened door,
But none would come unlock:
So loudly swelled the noised din
Of wanton revelry and sin
That filled the festive house within,
They did not heed His knock.

Morn broke and midnight pleasures fled;
Remorse upon a sleepless bed
Tortured their soul of sin.
At length, ere morning crow of cock,
They heard the waiting, patient knock
And gladly hastened to unlock
The door and take Him in.

D. S. s. s. s.

Jesus is our All.

If the Blessed Sacrament is Jesus all for us, is it not the most legitimate of conclusions that we should be all for Him? We should be all for Jesus, if Jesus is our all. And what does this mean? Surely, among other things, that the Blessed Sacrament should be to us just the single overpowering fact of the world. Our hands hold Him; our words make Him; our tongue rests Him; our body compasses Him; our soul feels Him; our flesh feeds upon Him, Him, the Infinite, the Incomprehensible, the Immense the Eternal. Must not all life be looked at in this light, just as the whole Church lies in this light and has no other. What more attentive, what more reverent, what more familiar, what more timid, what more happy, than the worship of the Blessed Sacrament, and the peculiar practice of the presence of God which it is to all of us! Our whole being from year's end to year's end resolves itself into one double duty, one while praise, and another while reparation, to this Most Holy Sacrament. And what else will the grand ceremony of our entrance into eternity be, but simply the unveiling of the Blessed Sacrament.

I never see the Blessed Sacrament without being reminded of the last judgment of the world. Its very merciful stillness is a continual admonition to me of that resonant pomp and burning majesty.

The silence of the Blessed Sacrament seems ever to be saying, Jesus has nothing to think of but you! And the angels say, O happy you! And heaven envies us, and earth rejoices to bear the race of the sons of men. But our own soul! O perverse thing! how little it knows its own happiness. Could any misery be conceived more dreadful than that God should cease to think of us for one moment? We should drop back into nothingness. Or

that He should cease to love us? It would be hell. Yet look at Him in this mystery. He puts forth all His omnipotence to hinder our forgetting Him. He exhausts His infinite wisdom to prevent our hearts growing cold towards Him. He comes into our streets, lies upon our altars, causes bells to ring, and thuribles to smoke, so that at every turn we should come across Him. And yet! we who are good, as we call it, who believe, who love, who aim at high things, who wish one day to sit among the seraphim, —how little we think of Him, how much less do we speak of Him, though we speak so much, how almost less than nothing do we do for Him! Ah Lord! Blessed Sacrament! one thing Thou hast left undone. Thou hast let our frost be stronger than Thy fire; and if it had not been so, there need have been no heaven; for we should have had all Thy glory, and with Thy glory Thy sweet humiliations too.

Faber.

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To Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

Jesus! how oft Thou waitest here alone,
 A pining Captive, Prisoner of Love?
 The angels hover round Thy throne above,
 And Thou art here neglected by Thine own;
 Behind the lattices alone, Thou art.
 No thought can fathom, and no tongue express
 Thy love, Thy mercy, which is measureless,
 Sweet Jesus, of Thy own dear Sacred Heart.
 My Saviour! when we know that Thou art here,
 Could we not come one moment every day?
 Thou would'st our lonely pathway fill with cheer,
 And help us o'er the thorns that strew our way;
 Dear Jesus take this lonely heart of mine
 And make it more and more like Thine.

Frances Keogh.

THE ROSARY OF LIFE.



HAVE you ever—on your way home from work—stepped into the church to say your rosary? How quiet it is? The Tabernacle lamp glows like a great ruby in the twilight, and it seems that your soul is alone with God. How small worldly things seem to us then? How easy it is to pray, to pour out one's heart in supplication or thanks-giving. How much alas! in supplication and how little in thanksgiving!

Has it ever occurred to you that the rosary is very much like life? The mysteries Joyful, Sorrowful and Glorious, may be likened to youth, maturity and old age. In youth all things are bright and full of promise. There is the Annunciation, the Visitation and the Nativity. The first hint of sorrow is found in the Presentation; the prophecy of Simeon; and the loss of the Child Jesus. Yet, as in youth, the sorrow was soon forgotten in the awe of redemption and in the joy of restoration.

In maturity we realize that the world is a battlefield and the cares of life press heavily upon us. Each heart has its own Gethsemane when it prays that the "Chalice may pass away", but how few of us say with our dear Lord; "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Are we not scourged by passions and the frailties of our poor human nature; with the sting of every day trifles whose very smallness makes them harder to bear? Does not conscience crown us with thorns when it makes us realize how sinful, weak and unfaithful we have been? Each one carries a daily cross beneath which we fall many times. And have we not some small share in

Mary's anguish on Calvary when we kneel at the death-bed of our loved ones.

In our old age we find our recompense. We rise above worldly things. We have borne the heat and burden of the day, but now that evening has come we put aside the garments of folly and ascend to the state where we are worthy to receive the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Purified and sanctified, our souls like our Lady's body, will be assumed in heaven and—our crown.

The days and years slip by; we pass through joy and sorrow; sorrow and joy telling each bead in the rosary of life until the weary soul is released and goes to its account.

O blessed Rosary! Thou art dear to all the world because thou art our Lady's own. Rich and poor, learned and ignorant, saint and sinner, find comfort in thy beautiful prayers.—

L. L. Couglan.

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I wish to return thanks to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament for my restoration to health. I was scarcely able to walk and the doctor said nothing would help me but an operation. I made a Novena of Holy Communions; I had faith for I knew that if touching the hem of His garment would cure, I could expect much more from receiving His Sacred Body and Blood. Without medicine or an operation, I am now a well woman, working every day.—(Miss M. P. C., *Indianapolis*.)

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The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass supposes brotherhood among men. How many Christians ever think of offering it to My Father for their brethren?

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PROFESSOR JONES BECOMES A DAILY COMMUNICANT.

"Man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature." Bacon, Essay XVI.

Father Carroll had served some time as an army chaplain. In consequence, he was rather soldierlike in several ways. When appointed pastor of Holy Cross Church for instance, he had made it his duty to become personally acquainted with every one of his parishioners. If the Good Shepherd were to ask it, he wished to be able to give as strict an account of every member of the flock confided to his care, as the captain gives to the colonel of the company he commands.

The success that attended his efforts in this direction, was as complete as could be hoped for in a large city. There were few Catholics within the limits of Holy Cross parish, whose names and condition were unknown to Father Carroll. Once they knew him, the people could not but love him. He was a welcome visitor to every home; and he dispensed advice, encouragement, and consolation on every side. Many a man taking gradually to drink, many a girl becoming wayward, many a boy starting on a mad career, was enabled, through his encouraging direction, to lead a better life.

To acquire this knowledge of his people, and to keep in constant contact with them now that he possessed it, Father Carroll had established numerous parish societies. There was such a variety too as to allow none of the parishioners to escape being enrolled in one or more of them. The latest venture was a Literary and Scientific Society, destined, as the rules read, to enable those of the parishioners possessed of a higher education to meet together

for amusement, instruction and edification. Back of the idea of amusement, instruction and edification, was Father Carroll's determination to keep in touch with every class of his people.

The Literary and Scientific Society met every Tuesday evening, in a spacious room adjoining the school hall. The programme was simple but agreeable. It covered two hours. During the first half hour papers on past, present, and future topics were read. Of course anyone especially favored by the Muses could also obtain a hearing. Next followed remarks on the paper or poem read the preceeding week. This also lasted a half hour, if Father Carroll, who acted as chairman, saw that the discussion was profitable and interesting. Music, story telling, sleight of hand tricks etc. helped pass the second hour. The sign that it was getting late, was the appearance of a waiter from a neighboring restaurant, who served tea and sandwiches in winter, and ice cream and cake in summer. The gathering then broke up with everyone in the best of moods, and no one more so than Father Carroll.

The Society had now been in regular and successful operation for several months; and a variety of talent way already discovered. Mr. Smith had revealed himself as a sleight of hand artist. Mr. Gallagher and Miss O'Malles were struggling for Laureate honors. The wise ones shook their heads and said that this race would end at the altar, but this does not concern us just now. Among the papers most appreciated were Dr. Brown's on how a man of his profession might become the priests right hand in a parish, Lawyer Burke's on the ideal Catholic layman, and Father Carrolls on the philosophy of St. Thomas. There was, besides, an abundance of brilliant musical talent, both instrumental and vocal.

It was in the discussion of a paper on Modern education by one Mrs. Reilly, till lately a schoolteacher, that Professor Jones of W—University made his debut in the Literary and Scientific Society. The paper read touched only on elementary education, but discussion was soon brought to bear on higher education, and then, inevitably to the question of the place of the Classics. Though Prof. Jones' branch was mathematics, he could not be silent while the teller of a local bank put the classics on the shelf as out of date. He took the young man to task, and was getting the best of the argument when a journalist who had lately been attending some pseudo-scientific lectures on evolution in which the lecturer applied the theory of evolution to everything under the sun, came out with the following proposition. He said he had nothing to complain about the classics in themselves, but he did not think we had anything to learn from Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero or any of the other authors of the distant past. He claimed that we "the heirs of all ages in the foremost files of time" had the advantage of the development which has taken place in the intellectual order since the days of Homer and that consequently the history of the siege of Port Arthur may be read with more profit than that of the siege of Troy. The professor turned on this new adversary, and made the Literary and Scientific Society titter, by asking him if he thought his story of a divorce case would stand comparison with one of Cicero's pleadings, adding that naturally and according to the evolutionary theory, the 20th century brain should turn out something very superior. Father Carroll, ever kind and tactful, came to the rescue. Stifling a laugh, he conciliated the belligerents by offering them each a paper to read at some future meeting. The professor was to treat the subject of evolution.

Professor Jones prided himself on his up to date information on present day topics, and considered himself highly honored at being asked to read a paper before the Literary and Scientific Society, especially on such a subject as evolution. He set to work at once to prepare it, and for several weeks, besides using the leisure hours after his duties at W—, he burned the midnight oil. He invested in several works on evolution, slipped into the lecture hall now and then to hear a fellow professor speak on comparative anatomy and kindred topics, and was a frequent visitor to the university library, where he consulted the different encyclopedias especially the "Catholic."

At length, about a week before the time appointed for its reading, the paper was completed, except for the closing sentences, to which Prof. Jones intended to give particular attention. He wanted to give the gist of his ideas in a few words, and wind up by a quotation from, or an allusion to Scripture. It was handling the Scripture that was the delicate task. One break and he would hear of it from Father Carroll. Finally, after much hesitation, he decided that his closing words would be the following: "Would that the God made man, while He trod this earth, had given us some definite knowledge of the genesis of the human body, to support our opposition, on purely scientific grounds, to those who assign an animal origin to temples of the Holy Ghost."

A heavy rainstorm did not prevent the members of the Literary and Scientific Society from being present on the Tuesday evening assigned for the reading of this paper. The professor, though a trifle nervous at first, performed his part well; and was warmly congratulated, even by the teller and the journalist. He was highly satisfied, but, somehow or another, something told him

he would have to deal with Father Carroll about that scriptural allusion, and, somehow or another, that something was right.

A paper was discussed, the piano was closed, the man from the restaurant had come and gone, and the gathering was breaking up. As it was still raining, the Professor, though he thought he was running a risk, offered Father Carroll the shelter of his umbrella as far as the rectory.

"That was an able paper" said Father Carroll, before they had gone very far.

"Glad to hear you say so, Father."

"But" resumed Father Carroll after they had avoided an unusually big puddle, "But, really, Professor, are the ideas you expressed at the end of your paper your actual convictions?"

"They are, Father. Convictions reached by my recent reading."

Father Carroll smiled.

"Have you reached any convictions after a recent sermon? At least, you remember my last Sunday's sermon on frequent Communion. But enough, Professor, here we are at the rectory. Step in with me, and I will give you something, the reading of which will give you nobler and more profitable convictions."

They went in together, and Father Carroll was not long in producing several small, neat volumes on frequent and daily Communion.

"Here now, Professor. I am sure, that after you have read these attentively, you will care less about what Christ might have told us concerning the genesis of our bodies, and more about what He actually said and repeated about their future state when reunited to our souls, and which he resumed in the declaration 'He who

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eateth my Flesh and drinketh my Blood hath life everlasting and I will raise him up on the last day' ”.

“Thank you, Father. Good night, Father.”

“Good night, Professor. Pray some too, as you read those books.”

So, Professor Jones read, prayed, thought, understood, and as a proof that he was convinced by what he read, you have only to step into Holy Cross Church, any day of the week, just before the six o'clock Mass, and you will see his spruce figure at the Communion rail. Besides, with the assistance of Father Carroll, he is writing a paper on frequent Communion for the instruction and edification (amusement will be relegated to the second hour on that Tuesday evening) of the Literary and Scientific Society.

A. J. V., s. s. s.

— From Rome comes word of a sacrilege committed in the Basilica of St. Paul Outside the Walls. A band of burglars broke into the edifice, pried open the tabernacles and possessing themselves of the ciboriums, threw the sacred particles on the ground. They then proceeded to detach the valuable marbles from the altars, some of which they successfully made away with. They had already begun operations on the sacristy door, knowing evidently the valuable vessels, books, etc., contained inside. Happily, one of the monks on his way to visit the Blessed Sacrament during the night, noticed the dilapidated altar and at once gave the alarm. The monks were soon on the scene and after some time the police put in an appearance, but by this time the burglars had disappeared in the surrounding campagna. Had the sacrilegious wretches been allowed more time they would have done untold damage. When St. Paul's was being built many sovereigns and eminent persons sent columns of marble and rare and precious stones for the altars.

A Visits to Our Blessed Lady

(*After Holy Communion.*)

Mother upon my lips to-day,
Christ's Precious Blood was laid;
That Blood, which centuries ago
Was for my ransom paid.
And half in love and half in fear
I seek for aid from Thee,
Lest what I worship wrapt in awe
Should be profaned by me.

Wilt thou vouchsafe as Portress dear
To guard those lips to-day,
Lessen my words of idle worth
And govern all I say?
Keep back the sharp and quick retorts
That rise so easily;
Soften my words with gentle art
To sweetest charity.

Check thou the laugh or careless jest
That others harsh might find,
Teach me the thoughtful words of love,
That soothe the anxious mind;
Put far from me all proud replies
And each deceitful tone
So that my words at length may be
Faint echoes of thine own.

O Mother! Thou art mine to-day,
By more than double right.
A soul where Christ reposed must be
Most precious in Thy sight;
And Thou canst hardly Think of me,
From Thy dear Son apart;
Then give me from myself and sin
A refuge in Thy heart.

(Taken from the *Little Treasury Leaflets Vol.1*)

An aged lover of the Blessed Sacrament was asked why he spent so much time in church and what he thought of during so many hours. "I just think over and over how good God is to let me stay there and adore Him" was the reply. Only for the aged and the little children our Lord in the Tabernacle would not have many visitors during the day. And yet how easy it is just to drop into the church for a moment on the way to work or when coming home.

(*Catholic Columbian.*)

— The first public outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament ever held in South Africa took place recently in Durban to mark the close of a three weeks' mission conducted by the Very Rev. Father Creagh and the Rev. Father Kirk at the Emmanuel Cathedral, Durban. The procession, in which over 3,000 persons participated, including Indian men and women and South African natives, was shown every mark of respect by spectators of all denominations who lined the route through the principal streets of the city. His Lordship the Bishop of the diocese carried the Sacred Host, which was surrounded by a guard of honor of male representatives of the different parishes in the city.

Subject of Adoration

Jesus is There!

Adoration.

Jesus is there,—in the Sacred Host,—really present and living in the fulness of His human and divine life,—perfect God and perfect man.

He is there with His Godhead, His glorified body,—His soul, His heart.

The sacramental veils alone hide him from our gaze, but faith's strong sight pierces these veils and discovers Jesus in all His beauty and amiableness.

Jesus is there—Our Savior and the faithful friend of our souls.

O Jesus, we believe that thou hast willed to dwell among us solely because of thy love for us,—because we are thy children. O Jesus we adore Thee and we love Thee.

Thanksgiving.

Jesus is there—through love!

Love made Him man, nay more, love made Him our Food.

Wherever there are consecrated Hosts, Jesus is there.

He is there, and He will remain until the end of time. "Behold I am with ye all days even unto the consummation of the world"!

He is there for each of us personally.

He thinks of us, prays for us, busies Himself with our interests. Yes! we owe Him everything: our forgiveness, our joys and our hopes.

Was it not for us that He came down upon this earth ?

Did He not give His life for us upon the Cross ?

Is it not for us that He remains, throughout the ages, a Prisoner in the Tabernacle ?

In the Sacred Host He is still our Mediator our Father and our Friend. What love!

How thankful we should be towards our good Master for all His love for us.

Yes! let us thank Him unceasingly for ourselves and for all those who ignore the great benefit of the Holy Eucharist.

Reparation.

Jesus is there, ever present, ever loving, ever interceding for us, but, sad to say, ever forgotten, ignored, denied, and often alas! shamefully blasphemed.

His divine presence is despised, His goodness misunderstood, His benefits forgotten and His love is not believed.

Ah! we who have faith, let us go to Him, let us offer Him our adorations, our reparations, let our hearts, full of compassion, give voice to this cry of love: "Lord Jesus, I love Thee; I love Thee for those who love Thee not! I wish to console Thee, to make Thee forget the sorrow our sins and ungratefulness cause Thee.

I offer Thee thy own infinite love to make up for our lack of love.

I wish to love Thee, and to make Thee loved!"

Petition.

Jesus is there! It is God Himself! it is our dear Savior who is there!

Through His merits all grace is given to us.

His hands are full of gifts and He wishes to shower them upon us; Hear Him: "Come to Me all you who are burdened and I will refresh you"

"Come to Me." What sweetness in this word!

Let us then go to Jesus.

Let us visit Him frequently in His prison of the Tabernacle; let us unite ourselves to Him in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; let us receive Him in Communion often, daily if possible, with faith, reverence and love.

Jesus dwells forever in our midst to receive our adorations, to immolate Himself for us, and to give Himself to us in Holy Communion.

Let us not leave so many benefits useless, nor so many graces barren.

O Mary, Mother and Model of adorers grant us the grace to understand, and use for the glory of Jesus and our salvation the Gift of God.

D. S. s. s. s.

— The Blessed Sacrament is exposed in Westminster Cathedral every day, from 1 to 2 p. m., to give the faithful greater opportunity to offer up prayers to God, for guidance and help in those days of war and uncertainty. Cardinal Bourne has also granted permission for Exposition in all the churches and chapels of the diocese, one day in every week. He suggested reciting the Litany of the Holy Name, the "Jesus Psalter," the Litany of the Saints and the De Profundis during the Exposition hour.



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Guard of Honor
OF THE
Most Blessed Sacrament.

*Meeting, first Sunday of each month, at 3 P.M., in the
Lower Church of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament,
368 East Mt. Royal Av., Montreal.*

O Saving Host! O Fount of Life!
Bread of angels! Joy of earth!
Endless are the Gifts Thou givest
Through Thy Eucharistic Birth.

At the last meeting of the Guard of Honor, the members were invited further to prove their love and devotedness to Our Eucharistic King by each member's striving to gain another new Adorer before the December meeting, thereby offering to Jesus a most acceptable and beautiful Christmas gift. Let us hope that this appeal will meet with a generous response, for after all to love and serve God is but the duty of each one of us.

God who has ever been a kind and loving Father seeking to fill our every want; deserves more than the little we have done for Him. No matter how we may try we can never repay His wondrous, inexpressible love and goodness. His whole Life was an act of love for us, and after His death He gave Himself to us, to such an extent as to become our very Food and Drink. His Sacred Body and

Most Precious Blood has become the essential nourishment of our souls. His infinite love has prepared a Banquet to which we are bidden there to gain the strength necessary to pass unscathed through the battles of life. Each Communion we receive is a greater glory for our soul, each visit of Jesus brings its graces and blessings, and in the sight of Heaven the soul wherein Jesus reposes is sacred, angels hover round that loving Ciborium adoring their God and Creator.

If we but realized God's love for us in Holy Communion! We value the invitation of a friend to dine with him. The more distinguished our host the more honored we feel. But One greater than the highest in Heaven and upon earth, has extended to us a loving invitation to eat at His Holy Table, where His Sacred Body is the Food, His Precious Blood the Drink.

Shall we refuse this desire of Jesus to be united with us? May it never be so; but may we daily if possible wend our way to the Communion Rail. Jesus Himself will be the reward for the sacrifices we may have made, and in our souls He will kindle a flame which will burn with an ardent longing to love, and serve Him still more and more.

In Holy Communion we shall find a cure for every ill, a balm for every wound. The Eucharist shall sustain us, that refreshed by that Heavenly Food we may not faint by the wayside, but journey without faltering up the steep and narrow path that leads to our Eternal Home.

O Sweet Communion, God of Love!

What happiness is like to this

Heaven itself cannot excel

This wondrous Feast of Bliss.

Marguerite Feldmann,

Cor. Sec'y.

The Host.



HE firmament is His throne, the earth His foot-stool; the Eternal His name, the infinite His essence; His breath is everywhere and His life in the Host.

Above the sun He still reigns; all greatness ascends to Him and rests in Him; but of His power the supreme wonder is that none the less He descends into the Host. He could do it, He had to do it;

Love became His law, Christ is in the Host.

Under nature's transparent veils, God is visible to all; intellect acknowledges Him, the order and beauty betray Him; but He Himself only shows Himself hidden in the Host. Despondent lonely heart, crushed by doubt and neglect, taste and see, solace is in the Host.

Beloved Emmanuel, Friend who with a friend speaketh to him apart; head pillowed on Thy Sacred Heart, I listen to Thee in the Host.

Beauty without form or color, divine reality and truth itself, harmony and silence, you are in the Host.

Balm for every wound, sleep of blissful dreams, fountain sealed yet ever flowing, source of charity, you are in the Host.

Look that touches the sinner, smile that transfigures souls, powerful voice of the Saviour, tears of His sacred humanity you are in the Host.

Flower of Jesse, Child-Redeemer, Youth already Master, Man-God, Christ born to save and to die, you are in the Host, Gold of truth, myrrh of mortification, incense of prayer, new fire of the New Alliance, you are in the Host.

Burning desire of saints, assured reward of the Just, seraphic ardors, hope of sinners, peace beyond price, you are in the Host.

Faith which is pure vision, hope fulfilled, charity without end, you are in the Host.

Only perfect possession, share that enriches, fraternal banquet, hunger's satiety, you are in the Host.

Unique pearl, sole necessity, heavenly dew of the new eden, eternal youth, you are in the Host.

Blood of Calvary, brightness of Thabor, perfect immolation, life lost and found, divine ebb and flow, you are in the Host.

Sweet expectation, coming footsteps, gladness at His approach, happiness and deep peace of His Presence, you are in the Host.

Star of life's morning, shelter of its noon, ray of its decline, bright star of its last hopes, you are in the Host.

Time and space are no more, shadow and substance, sorrow and disappoint no longer exist; for the faithful the holy alleluia is already sung in the host.

Twilight of last darkness, torch that wanes, day about to end—what matters—the immortal morn rises and shines in the Host.

Echo of future joys, breathe of home, ark of the covenant, heavenly amnesty, merciful call, I hear you, I listen to you, I bless you in the Host.

PRAYER.

Pure Host, Holy Host, flower of love, whose fruit is the Cross, perfume our life, this tent built for a day. Under the gentle veils of the mystery you give us our well-Beloved and with Him the joy allowed an exile. Inundate our souls with it, O Holy Host and after having been our daily Bread, give us in His glory, He whom we loved in His abjections.

Mme Swetchine.

→ LAURENCE ←**A little Flower of the Desert.**

In the year 1898, when crossing an extensive desert of Southern Patagonia in a strong southerly wind that froze my face and hands, I came upon a little flower, one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. All around the land was rugged and barren. Among the stones one could see but a few dried-up and thorny bushes, which tore one's clothes and pierced the skin like needles. The little flower, on the other hand, stood erect on a lofty stalk about three feet high, as if defying the wintry blast. The sight of it made such an impression upon me and was so attractive from its perfume, that notwithstanding my fatigue and the inconvenience of dismounting from my horse, I did not hesitate an instant but eagerly gathered the wonderful flower, placing it between the leaves of a book to preserve it.

Pursuing my journey I asked myself:

How is it that so beautiful and delicate a flower comes to life and grows up in this wilderness exposed to all the inclemency of the weather?

The more I thought of it the less I understood it. It seemed a mystery to me!

A short time after I had arrived home from that Mission, which lasted two long months, I found another little flower of quite a different species, but much more beautiful and more fragrant than the first. This one also came to life and grew up in a desert without the care of a skilful gardener and exposed to the inclemency of the weather, but more beautiful and precious than one could imagine. This flower was a child, about eight or nine years old, the son of poor herdsman, in the neighborhood of Puntai Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan.

Nature had endowed him with a precious and rare talent, far beyond his years.

Born and brought up in the country, far from human intercourse, of poor and ignorant parents, he had received absolutely no instruction; he had never left his hut except to lead his flock to pasture in the vicinity, and being an only child, he saw no one except his father and mother and few relatives. The poor child had fallen sick, and the malady, which had lasted twelve months, had covered him with wounds excepting only his face and hands. And yet, notwithstanding the greatness of his sufferings, he never shed tears or made a complaint, so as not to grieve his parents, who were devoted to him and to whom in return he gave an equal love.

One day as I was passing the dwelling, I stopped to inquire to whom it belonged, and hearing of the sick child, I went in to visit him. Scarcely had I set foot in the miserable cabin, when the child sat up on his couch and stared at me with evident curiosity.

"How are you, my boy?" I asked.

"Very well, and you?"

"I am quite well, as you see, but you do not seem very well!"

"No, indeed; but it is really nothing."

"And where do you feel pain?"

Lifting a corner of the coverlet he showed me one by one his horrible wounds, saying:

"Here, and here, and here. But it is nothing—it does not signify," he said with a pleasant smile.

What an extraordinary boy! I thought to myself. So suffering and yet so cheerful, and so attractive! He continued looking at me fixedly, and then said suddenly:

"Do you know, *Black-robe*, that last night I dreamed of you?"

"How is it possible that you should have dreamed of me before to-day, having never seen me before?"

"Yes, yes," he went on, "now that I see you well, it was your black robe I saw in my dream.

"Well, let us hear it!"

"I dreamt that I was playing near the sea, when suddenly I saw coming from a distance two men, very black, with ugly faces. Being frightened I began to run away, but the men followed me. I ran and ran near the sea, and already my legs were failing me, when the wretches were almost upon me. I cried out, for I was frightened, very much frightened, but no one heard me. There was no one near. The men were just stretching out their arms to catch me, when suddenly you met me, and with a stick uplifted threatened them, crying out: 'Stop! do not molest that poor boy, because he is mine.' The dark men stopped at once and, gnashing their teeth with rage, disappeared like smoke. Then, filled with joy and gratitude, I threw myself into your arms. My joy was so great that the beating of my heart awoke me. Tell me, are you not the *black-robe* I saw in my dream? Yes, yes, I recognize you. It was really you. Allow me to thank you as I did last night."

And without waiting for a reply, he threw himself on my breast and, with his arms around my neck, kissed me on the forehead, repeating:

"Thanks, thanks, *Black-robe*! I call you so because I do not know your name. Now I am happy, quite happy!"

I did not know what to say, and he went on eagerly:

"But tell me, *Black-robe*, who were those men? What did they want with me? Why did they follow me? What would they have done if they had caught me? I had never seen them before! I had never done them any harm, nor any one else!"

He began to weep, remembering the painful scene.

"Do not cry, my friend," I said: "those wretches will not come back, and if they did, I should always be ready to protect you, so be comforted!"

These words calmed him, and he began again to ask eagerly:

"Tell me, who were those monsters?"

"Perhaps demons," I suggested.

"Demons? What are demons?"

It was thus I began some religious instruction, speaking to him of God, the creation of the angels, the rebellion of Lucifer and his followers, the creation of the world and of all that exists in the universe, etc., etc. The child, eager to know everything, persisted in his inquiries:

"Why this? Why that?"

I did my best to satisfy him, and the poor boy was delighted to hear of so many beautiful things. I spent more than two hours instructing him in things necessary for salvation, two hours which passed quickly for me and for him.

When I took my leave, the tears were running down his cheeks and, kissing my hand affectionately whilst I clasped his, he implored me to come back soon. This I promised, to complete his instruction and prepare him for First Communion.

(To be continued.)

OUR DAILY BREAD.

Food cannot entertain life where it does not exist; nor cause it to be reborn where it has ceased to exist. According to St. Thomas it must be taken, assimilated, digested by a living organism. To this law the soul is subject as well as the body. Hence the first preparation for eating the supersubstantial Bread of the Eucharist is to live supernaturally, or in other words, to possess God's grace which should increase by the assimilation of the Eucharistic aliment. Without that state of grace, not only is Communion useless, it is an evil, and an evil accompanied by the awful crime of sacrilege. Of all crimes whose object is to profane sacred things, an unworthy Communion is the most abominable; for the sacrilege outrages Christ's humanity and falls on all that is highest and holiest. It outrages with monstrous ingratitude; it outrages with signal cowardice, it outrages without excuse, it outrages perhaps without ceasing. St. Paul hurls this malediction against it: "The sacrilegious eats and drinks his own damnation." Useless to summon him before an earthly tribunal, the Judge of all Judges sits, in person, in his guilty soul and the sentence He pronounces is proportionate to the immense love He has shown in giving Himself to him so unreservedly.

Let us not dwell on this painful reality; but let us try whenever we eat this Sacred Food to amass all there is in us of supernatural life, and purify our soul from vain and useless thoughts, disorderly affections, unworthy desires, too lively preoccupations, unhealthy ferment that disturbs our peace and might render less efficacious the sublime and holy function intended to unite us so closely to our Blessed Lord.

Père Monsabré.

At the End of the Rosary.



Help me to kiss the cross—
 Not lightly— understanding that its pain
 Must still be suffered tho' Christ rose again;
 Knowing the cross is mine if I would be
 His child, beside Him in Gethsemane;
 Knowing the joy and love His coming brings
 Means most to those whose souls deep anguish
 Knowing the radiance of our risen Lord
 Glows brighter if our hearts have felt the sword.

Help me to kiss the cross
 O Christ, Whose heavy burden I may share
 Help me to feel the honor that is there
 That I, all stained with earth's despairing dross,
 Unworthy, poor and blind, and wayward still,
 Knowing Thy love, yet working my weak will,
 May come so close that I may kiss Thy cross.

O Christ, Who gavest all that we might live,
 Who calls us to Thee that Thou still mayst give,
 Grant me Thy grace, my cross to bravely take
 To bear it, patient, humble, for Thy sake.
 Welcome the hurt because the hurt is Thine,
 And glad all lesser treasure to resign,
 To thank Thee for the love, the pain, the loss,
 Help me to kiss the Cross!

Julia C. Fox.



Last Communion of Saint Teresa

DURING the time that St. Teresa dwelt in a Convent at Avila, she usually fell into an ecstasy after receiving Holy Communion, and often on the spot where she had been communicated, so that it was necessary for others to lead her back to her place. At Toledo she was discovered by the portress in this state, standing against the wall like a statue; fixed and apparently lifeless.

At Avila, on the Feast of St. Joseph, when she tarried after Communion in the choir, she was seen by the Sisters uplifted in the air. In the year 1582, on the 18th April, she founded her last convent at Burgos. It was her wish to journey from Burgos to Avila, in order to end her days there, but obedience called her to Alva on her way. Here she was overtaken by her last sickness; and three days before her death she passed a whole night in prayer, during which the Lord foretold to her the near approach of her dissolution. During the whole time of her illness she conversed with her daughters in such a wonderful manner that they forgot their own grief. At five o'clock in the evening of October 3d she begged for the Holy Viaticum. Then she exhorted her daughters with motherly zeal to cultivate peace, sisterly love, poverty, and obedience; after which the Most Holy was brought to her.

As soon as the Blessed Sacrament was carried into her cell the servant of God sprang up out of bed, although before she had been too weak to move without help. Her countenance was overspread with unearthly and majestic beauty, and she appeared to be much younger

than she really was. With folded hands and overflowing with joy, feeling within her that her end approached, she raised her voice in glowing words of love: "O My Lord, my Bridegroom, that the long-desired hour might come, when we shall see each other face to face. Oh, that it were time to go! Lord! bless the journey! Thy will be done! At length shall I leave my banishment, and my soul taste Thy presence which it has so long desired!" After receiving the Blessed Sacrament with the deepest devotion, she remained for some time absorbed in contemplation, during which she often repeated these verses of the fiftieth psalm: "A sacrifice to God is an afflicted spirit; a contrite and humbled heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise. Cast me not away from Thy Face, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. A clean heart create in me, O God!" Until the morning of the 4th October she suffered the severest pains, but to the last moment of her life her face shone with heavenly beauty, her body retained its calm, peaceful appearance, and it was as though her soul were floating in contemplation. Her departure was not the death of an ordinary person. Holy Church has pronounced, during the process of her canonization, that Teresa died rather of an overpowering fire of divine love than of any natural sickness. Her heart was kept at Avila, enclosed in a crystal case, and a wound is clearly visible in it; from this token it was concluded that a seraph had touched her heart in such a manner that it was an overflow of divine love which had separated her soul from her body.



→ THE HOLY ANGELS. ←

"And you are quite satisfied now my child?"

"Yes, Father, I want to be baptized—and I will bring Joyce, too, of course." The priest looked at her thoughtfully. She was such a frail little woman in her clinging black robes and the heavy crepe veil that seemed too weighty for her small head.

"Bring the child at one, to-day," he suggested.

"Oh, Father—well, yes, I will. It is her birthday; she is two years old to-day," she added, and a shadow clouded her blue eyes for a moment—then she smiled resolutely.

"I will go at once, Father," she said, and went away.

It was done that day, on the day of Holy Angels—her child was God's now, and the thought gave the lonely mother a little more courage to face the future. It was but a few months since the child's father had been swept in an instant from the side of his wife and little Joyce. A sudden attack of an unsuspected malady had taken him off—there had been no chance for farewells, no moment in which he might look once more on the faces of his loved ones; he had been brought home—dead. He had been a good man, according to his lights, and his widow felt that in some mysterious way God had provided for his sudden end. In her bereavement she had taken to going into the church of the Holy Angels and sitting there quietly with her sleeping child in her arms. She did not pray—she scarcely knew why she went there day after day, only that she found peace for her aching heart in the silence of the sanctuary and it may be that she fumbled, in some ill-defined way, for the "hem of His garment." The good priest in charge of the little mission had noted her visits, and that she was evidently not a Catholic; yet he had not spoken to her. He had put the matter into

more capable hands, he said to himself, when he recommended the widow and her child to the Holy Angels who guarded them, and to the other blessed spirits who stood about the earthly throne of their King.

Little by little the widow came to love the refuge she had found from the cares and troubles of life and when she began to attend Mass on Sundays, and to hear the simple sermons of the good pastor, she speedily came to realize, for the first time in her life, the claims of the Catholic Church. And so, step by step, she had accepted them and was now prepared and eager for baptism.

The first few months of her life as a Catholic passed peacefully enough with her child to care for and her new faith to study and test. She lingered in the little seaside village, too, for her health was failing, and sometimes she was anxious for the child's sake—for her own she was willing to lay down her life at any moment—but who would care for Joyce if she were left alone? She put the dark thought steadily from her.

"She is God's child," she said once to Father Hall; "if I have to leave her, He will take care of her." And the priest had turned aside hastily, that she might not see the mistiness in his eyes.

The call came suddenly—it was Joyce's third birthday—the first anniversary of her baptism. Father Hall had just time to administer the last rites. The widow looked toward Joyce—the priest understood, and guided her hand to the child's head. She traced the Sign of the Cross on the little forehead and her hand fell back.

"God's child!" she said, but so faintly that no one but the priest heard her—then, with a smile, she passed away.

John Olliver was a Protestant of a most uncompromising type. He had been sent for by Father Hall as the only relative of the child, and he came, attended the

funeral, remaining seated in his carriage outside the church while the ceremonies were being conducted within, then accompanying the remains of his sister-in-law to the grave on the hill beyond the village, where they laid her within sight and sound of the restless waves that broke over the golden sands at the foot of the cliffs. The following day he departed, taking the child with him.

"I don't believe in it, Mr. Hall," he said to the priest. "I can't bring up the child in a religion that I think erroneous.

"But the child's mother was surely the best judge of what is fitting for her own child," represented the priest "and she has already been baptized a Catholic, Mr. Olliver.

"Excuse me, sir, we don't see alike in this. I thank you for your kindness to my deluded sister-in-law—I am sure you meant it well—but I may not peril the child's soul." Father Hall looked deeply into John Olliver's eyes for a moment, and saw there only honesty and steadiness of purpose. With a sigh he held out his hand.

"She's is God's child," he said reverently. "Goodbye, Mr. Olliver; God deal with you as you deal with His child."

"Amen!" he responded. "Goodbye, and thank you once more for all your kindness. He turned to his carriage as he spoke and lifted out Joyce. "Come and say goodbye. niece Joyce," he said, and led her to the priest.

"God give His angels charge over thee, little Joyce," said Father Hall, huskily. He stood looking after the carriage until it turned the corner where the road runs in behind the hill—then he walked slowly into the church and knelt for a space at the altar-rail, while he commended the dead mother and the living child, to the guardianship of the holy angels. It was his pet devotion. Frequently he referred to the angel guardians as the forgotten friends

of men, and in season and out of season he sought to impress the memory of the blessed spirits of his flock committed to his care.

John Olliver's house was a handsome, though somewhat gloomy residence in North London, and faced a chapel noted for its Calvinistic tendencies and ultra-Protestant tone. Joyce was taken there solemnly every Sunday by her uncle, and in due course she was entered at the Sunday-school. She grew up to be a very beautiful girl, with her mother's deep blue eyes and fair white skin, and the dark curly hair of the Ollivers. John Olliver was proud of her as she knelt beside him in the red-cushioned pew of his favorite chapel, or shared his hymn-book with her when it was time for them to sing. There were some wonderful days when he arose and went to the platform to address the congregation, and Joyce sat with puckered brows trying to follow the hard, dry doctrine that he endeavored to instill in his hearers.

(to be continued)

The Holy Eucharist supposes brotherhood. How many Christians approach it with brotherly love in their hearts?

(Gabriel Palau, s. J.)
