






THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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The Lord's Sunrise.

The carmine blaze of sunrise on the heights
Drifts down the purple vales in paler lights,
And pleading voices seek, where'er they be,
Glory and grace, and help and strength from
I feel that glow of Eucharistic grace, [Thee.
Nay, almost see a smile illumine Thy Face,
As on Thy loving Heart falls our one plea,
The sinner's cry: "Be merciful to me!"
Pour out Thy power of uplift, Lord of all!
T'is thine to answer every piteous call.
Hear and forgive! This shining, golden day
Falls like a Hand benign on us who pray
Show us Thy tenderness, Thy deathless love:
Comfort us with sweet sendings from above!
Give us to feel Thy sunrise flame within,
And rise triumphant over conquered sin.
And as Thy roseate glory floods the earth
Bid us, exulting, hail the soul's new birth,
Hastening, in new-found might, to spread abroad
The morning splendors of Thy grace, O Lord.



THE EUCHARIST

The Divine Eucharist should be loved, worshipped, and partaken of, more and more, among the Christian people. It is indeed from the Eucharist, as from its source, that the spirit of the supernatural life is diffused over the whole body of the Church. Here we have a bond whereby the members of the same body are closely brought together. In this august sacrament our sweet Saviour is really present; and truly living, although mystically hidden from us, will dwell in our midst until the end of time. Here then, especially, is the flame of divine charity enkindled within us; here lies the foundation of our hope. And whereas we regard this sacrament as the centre of our faith, one and the same for all, so likewise the order of its consecration, one and the same for the whole Catholic priesthood through so many different rites, denotes our unity of discipline and of government.

Again, we venerate the Eucharist, not only as the greatest of sacraments, but as that which is truly the chief act of divine worship and essential to religion: namely, a sacrifice. For it is indeed the sacrifice of the New Testament, proper to the Church of Christ, foreshadowed by offerings of the Fathers of the old Law, notably by that of the High Priest Melchisedech, and clearly promised in the prophecy of Malachias. In the Eucharist that selfsame sacrifice offered once upon the Cross is renewed, in a bloodless manner and uninterruptedly, throughout the world. Wherever members of the fold of Christ stand before the altar, and, after the manner of their forefathers in the new dispensation as in the old, render to God Almighty the homage which is His due, there this sacrifice is offered: a tribute of thanksgiving and praise, of atonement and propitiation. We cannot imagine anything better calculated than this to inflame devout souls with the desire that it may be held in ever greater honour throughout Christendom.

PIUS X.

The efficacy of Holy Mass.

The Holy Mass is the greatest act of propitiation that fallen man can offer his offended but loving and merciful Father in Heaven. No one can ever tell what the Mass here on earth has meant for the world, how much of mercy it has drawn from God, how many afflictions of earthquake and tempest and flood it has averted, yea how many of these same afflictions it has guided so as to be instruments of invisible but tenderest mercy.

Above all the Mass has won grace for struggling souls. It has won grace even for souls that have forfeited all claims on assistance, that have outraged mercy and by their persistence in sin have drawn the wrath of God and His sentence of damnation on themselves. But the sweet intercession of Christ, the Mediator, in the Mass has drawn down pardon, mercy and grace on them.

Therefore should we assist at Mass with contrite hearts, for in the Mass Christ is interceding for us with His heavenly Father. With Him we should join in praise and propitiation. The greater the guilt of sin we have incurred, the greater our need to assist at Mass as often as we can. For Christ is our own brother according to the flesh. It is our very nature which in Him is offering consummate praise to our God. And so we should at this time in a special way unite our homage to His. We should join in the great act itself and offer Christ to His Father. He is our offering, the supreme tribute which our nature can make. There with the Divine Victim we should offer ourselves our minds and our wills, and all that we are. Ask our Lord to make our homage more perfect, to purge our gift of the stains of selfishness and worldly love. Ask Him to receive our hearts and offer them to His Father, and their littleness and poorness will be glorified by the brightness of the dear Hands that hold them up.

We must assist at Mass with a vivid faith in the presence of God. We must look into the face of our judge at the elevation and, forgetting the sounds of the world's

turmoil, tell Him we know He is God and that it is His glory and the glory of His Father that alone matter, however much men may strive and clamor and forget Him. The Mass will keep men's faith strong and vivid, and so in the name of the lifted Christ we appeal for a greater appreciation of this invention of Christ's love. That the faithful may awaken more and more to a realization of the privilege, the glorious privilege of having Mass in their midst, that they may come more frequently and assist with more devotion, that they may use the Mass as the inspiration of their lives, their support in all their troubles is the object of our prayers and Masses.

CATHOLIC UNITY.

It is not altogether an uncommon thing to come across people, presumably in full possession of their mental faculties, who state that the age of miracles is past. The one outstanding miracle which would last until the end of time is that of Catholic unity. This unity had been apparent in the first days of Christianity and through the centuries which had passed. In spite of persecution and hostility, there are now some 2,000,000 Catholics in England alone. Still, even now, there are people who maintain that the age of miracles is past. Catholic unity is what Our Lord promised when He said the gates of hell should never prevail against His Church. Universality cannot be without unity, and those outside the Catholic Church wonder what it is that makes its members so united in one common brotherhood. It is the power of the Blessed Sacrament, and this power has been ever present from the days when the early Christians celebrated Mass in the catacombs of Rome until now, and it is this power that spread the Faith all over the world. The Blessed Sacrament with its shrines destroyed false worship, put down superstition, and bound Catholics together.

THE TEACHER'S EXPERIENCE

When I read in "L'Action Eucharistique" the objection of so many priests, as well as seculars, against precocious Communion, or frequent Communion of Children, I can't help wondering: Have they ever tried the practical working of the Pontifical Decree? I think not; for whoever whole-heartedly and earnestly sets about the work not only wins blessed results, but much more than he ever expected. For more than 20 years I have been teaching young boys, my greatest care has always been the religious and moral formation of their little souls; while their preparation for Confession and remote preparation for Communion was the object of my constant solicitude. And, sad that I should be obliged to acknowledge it, this childish edifice raised and adorned with such loving care and strenuous efforts during three or four successive years was completely destroyed and for ever too. After a few months of family or college life. Thanks be to God things are different today. Children now make their First Communion as soon as possible; at Christmas the youngest in my class, four years and a half made his, and among the others, those of seven receive nearly every day, the younger ones once or twice, a week (and that because their parents won't allow them to get up early any oftener). Now there is really no comparison possible between this new generation of Communicants and that of their elders who followed the olden way. To day when a child has committed a fault he considers grave he hurries off to confession without even consulting his parents or teachers. A child accustomed to fall into faults against modesty, stole out every morning to run to Confession; his parents seeing a grave want of reverence in this daily frequentation of the Confessional followed by Holy Communion wanted me to use my authority to stop it, fortunately I made them see things from my point of view; after three months the child cured and transformed received every day, but was no longer obliged to purify himself in the sacrament of penance beforehand.

It is not unusual for those little Communicants to become real Apostles. A mother said to me: "I hope you won't suggest frequent Communion to my little son, he is very delicate and never passes a winter without suffering from severe bronchial trouble and even pneumonia, besides the fast and facing all kinds of weather (he lived half a mile from the school) would certainly be too much for him." I answered evasively leaving to the little lad himself the task of overcoming his mother's fears. And well I did, for he came, and he did not miss a single day no matter what the weather was to be on hand in good time for the eight o'clock mass and to receive Communion, bronchitis or pneumonia never touched him. That was three years ago, the little lad is now well and strong, pious as an angel, and declares he'll be a priest and a missionary when he is big. I asked him how he overcame his mother's fears and he answered "I said, Mamma mine, are you a real Catholic? Do you believe Jesus is God and all powerful? Well, then, if Jesus wants me to come to Communion, He will protect me from taking cold, but if you prevent me going to receive Him, He might let sickness take me and you would be punished. Now, Mamma Mine, please let me try at least..." Remark that this boy before his First Communion was far, very far from being pious; he even had the sad habit of swearing, at every turn, his parents had vainly used every means to correct him, I myself had been on the verge of expelling him on account of the bad example he gave.

Another child whose persuasive powers were not so successful in overcoming maternal opposition finally astonished his mother by blurting out: "Anyway you are not a good mother.... The mothers of Judea led and carried their children to Jesus and you — you won't even let me go to Him by myself. See if our Lord does not scold and punish you." The mother a bit startled retorted: "Well, go, but be very careful your father does not find it out..." And since then, when this mother wants to obtain a favor from our Lord, she is the first to ask her little son to present her request to Jesus after Communion, experience has shown her many a time how well placed her confidence is.

Two little fellows, whose Grand-Father died, a dignitary in the Masonic Order, and whose parents were not practical Catholics have already brought back their Mamma to our Lord, and will certainly do the same for their father some day. I would not be surprised if the elder were to become a priest, at least, that is what he decided the day of his First Communion. Unknown to their parents, quietly without disturbing any one they get up, go to the nearest church, hear mass, receive Communion and are home again before their parents are up. You may judge what sturdy little lads they are when for weeks they saved up all their pennies and bought an alarm clock. Moreover the amount of persevering good-will they require not to let their exercises of piety clash with the requirements of their careless and hostile entourage is really wonderful, but our dear Lord often helps them in a remarkable way. They succeeded in getting a little sister baptized and replacing an impious God-Father by a good one. Verily to daily Communion alone can we attribute the courage they display, for naturally they are shy timid children, much more inclined to yield than to resist.

From those few facts the deduction is easy.

1. Children who receive Communion young and frequently easily keep themselves pure, or if they fall, they quickly wash away their stain, and begin anew, whereas formerly under the same circumstances, children remained three months — from one term to another — without even thinking of going to Confession before the fixed time.

2. — Children of seven years are also more fit to receive instruction and the necessary preparation for First Communion, than formerly those of 10, 11, or 12, for apart from the fact that sanctifying grace, received in Baptism and preserved in the heart admirably disposes to understand and relish religious truths; we must admit that the little brains of seven years are not encumbered with of whole lot of superfluous knowledge like those of 9, 10, 11 years.

3.— Little children are much more docile also, and by that very fact embrace the pious habits we suggest,

which soon become fixed in their lives and as it were second nature.

So, Father, if I might offer a suggestion I would say: preach in season and out of season, precocious Communion, frequent Communion for the good of souls, the peace and well being of families, and the uplift of society.

**Texts of the Bible in which our teaching
about the Blessed Sacrament is upheld.**

(a) John VI—48 to 69. These words give Christ's solemn promise of the Real Presence. If we had but this text without any Biblical record of its fulfillment, it would suffice. What Christ promised must of necessity be fulfilled. Christ promised not once, but several times, that He would give us "His flesh to eat and His Blood to drink." He allowed some of the people to forsake Him because they would not hear His Word and He would not retract or change His statements. He permitted some of His intimate disciples to walk away because they would not submit to His teaching. Christ even signified His willingness to send His very apostles away rather than change His promise. A promise so solemnly given and so often reiterated must perforce have been kept.

(b) The Last Supper: Matt XXVI-26, 28, Mark XIV-22, 28, Luke XXII-19, 20, I Cor., XI-23-25. These texts give us the words: "This is My Body; This is My Blood." Christ had at least thirty ways of saying "This represents—This is a symbol, a figure, a memorial." He employed none of these more than thirty ways, and used the one, "This is My Body, This is My Blood."

(c) I Cor. X-16, XI-26-30. These texts point to the practice of the first Christians. St. Paul speaks of the "Blood of Christ." "The Body of Christ," he calls the Blessed Sacrament "The Lord's Body."

These are the principal texts of Holy Writ in support of the Catholic doctrine of Christ's Real Presence. It is not in support of every Christian doctrine that we have this abundance of Scriptural evidence.

Guard of Honor

OF THE

The Blessed Sacrament

(Sermon delivered at the June meeting by the Rev. Director.)

My dear Adorers,

When I see pious Christian women united at the foot of the Altar, I believe they are destined to do the work of God and to become saints, a very trifling obstacle sometimes prevents their becoming closely intimate with Our Blessed Saviour, but an energetic resolution is sufficient to overcome it. You are devoted to the Tabernacle wherein Jesus resides. Well, ladies, it seems to me that the Christian woman finds in the Eucharist the model of her existence, the example of the virtues she has herself to practise in daily life.

Three characteristics are pointed out by Our Saviour in the Tabernacle; His hidden life, His life of sacrifice and His life of power. These are also the three characteristics of the life of woman; a life hidden and obscure, a life of immolation and of sacrifice, a life of power, radiance and of exterior influence.

Hidden Life.

Our Saviour is veiled in the Eucharist. We look for Him, we call Him, and He steals away from our gaze. Truly we can say to Him when regarding the Tabernacle which conceals Him, or in the little Host which brings Him into our hearts, nay even in contemplating Him in the splendour of the Exposition, in the centre of the gold Ostensorium where He is presented to our adoration: "Tu es Deus absconditus—Thou art a hidden God."

There is your life, dear adorers. I do not speak only to those souls who have trampled under foot the pleasures of the world by the vow of chastity, who have cast

away earthly goods by the vow of poverty, or who have renounced, by the vow of obedience, all acts of self will. No, even the christian woman whom the call of divine Providence keeps in the world, should there lead a hidden life, in union with and for the love of the Eucharistic Jesus, her Master and her model.

To man has befallen the lot of being a resplendent orator, a brilliant writer, or talents with which to carry on business and the administration of public affairs. Woman, correctly speaking, is not devoid of these gifts; but except in rare cases, the word dies on her lips, the pen trembles in her fingers which have been created rather to ply the needle, and she is unnerved when she wishes to emerge from her sphere and mingle in public life. She is made by nature for a hidden life; she is a flower like the violet which exhales its perfumes only in secluded nooks.

But God has given her qualities which man does not possess; to him superiority of intelligence, but to her more refinement, more purity, more depth, more tenderness. Ladies, profundity loves silence; we see the souls that are most profound, the most eager for truth, withdrawing into what we might call an anticipated heaven; in the cloister, the cell; and in the world, solitude. All that is delicate fears to be thrown around, becoming tarnished or losing its lustre; likewise see how the flower enfolds itself on its corolla to preserve it from the dust of the highway, it closes after sunset to protect itself against the coldness of the night. Profundity and retirement—these are the characteristics of the heart of a woman.

See the life of grace added to the natural life in Her who was the greatest and the most refined among women, in Mary the fairest and the purest of virgins and of mothers. Did not this incomparable creature live secluded? This Masterpiece which God created so grand, so elevated, so sublime, in order that Jesus had a lesser degree to descend, was known not only on this earth but to God and to His angels. Oh; how grand it is to salute this interior of Nazareth, this earthly Paradise, and to contemplate Mary during these hours, silent and obscure when

she had Jesus to care, the church to found, souls to save! I see her surrounded by angels like a halo, being the object of admiration of the Most Blessed Trinity, but to the eyes of men she remains hidden in her obscure life. There is the woman as the grace of God has made her.

But there are obstacles to this hidden life, obstacles which come from the soul overrun with pride—obstacles which come from a heart seduced by vanity—obstacles which come from senses fascinated by trinkets. Woman wants to hide herself but she also has in her being an innate inclination to show herself; she is eager to make a showing, to sparkle, to dazzle others.

Examine yourselves during these times of war and of anguish, which have so grievously saddened the existence of many among you and you will acknowledge, if you wish to be sincere, that all your perils, all your disappointments, all your failures, had for motive the desire to shine, to display your talents, to appear amidst the splendour your artistic loving nature revels in. Ah! if you could question the women who have seen their imagination kindled to torture them, their hearts bruised, almost to despair, their souls lacerated, women who have lost their candour and even their virtue you would learn where these misfortunes come from. They come from their inordinate vanity, from their foolish unruled passions for popularity.

But the life of a pious woman recalls the Tabernacle; her purity render her similar to the gold ciborium; her voluntary solitude like the lamp which burns in the silence of the temple and which indicates the presence of God; her virtues, the flowers which adorn the Sanctuary, her charity the candles which are consumed on the Altar. On the contrary, the life of a worldly woman is like the fashionable circles which she frequents; we find also there the brilliancy, the fragrance, the flowers on the days of fantastic feasting, when all is intoxication and seduction. But return the next day; the lights are extinguished, the fragrance dispelled, the furniture in disorder and covered with dust, and the atmosphere laden with noxious exhalation capable of bringing on sickness and causing death. It is just the same in a

worldly woman. For an hour of brilliancy see how many lights of faith are extinguished in her heart, what disorder in her thoughts, how the fragrance of solitude is dispelled! What dust on the soul, previously so beautiful, perhaps even sin! She was afraid of silence, of the hidden life, and alas she will have the sorrows of a public life with its train of aching nights and bitter disappointments.

But for her who knows and loves the hidden life, she is really this blessed Tabernacle wherein God resides, this glorious sanctuary which the angels inhabit. Ah! the priest who must serve the church by preaching the Gospel and by writings, knows well and appreciates the joys of the hidden life, morning and night he takes his poor heart and brings it to the foot of the Tabernacle to enable him to acquire, in meditation and in prayer, a little strength and consolation. Women, rightly called the priests of the domestic fireside, require, also, silence and prayer to renew their courage.

The hidden life! There you have the first characteristic of the Eucharistic Jesus; there also the keynote of a woman; whose heart is profound, pure and delicate; the more profound, the greater love for obscurity; the more refined, the less it wants to flit around.

Life of Sacrifice.

Our Saviour, when on earth could only die once, but in His love He found a means to die every day. That is why He said: "Take and eat, this is my body; take and drink, this is my blood." You have there, my friends, all the tenderness of sacrifice in all the beauty of immolation. When we priests mount the altar steps and move the vault of heaven to there take the Lamb of God, we envelope Him in the Eucharistic veil as Mary clothed Him in her virginal flesh, so that He could continue in our midst the sacrifice of Calvary. Ah! is He not there in the silent Tabernacle, isolated, poor;—silent as no others are silent, isolated as no other is isolated, poorer than the poorest amongst mortals? He will receive—it is not a reproach that I make to you, it is a commendation—yes, He will receive for His apparel

the garments which you will no longer wear to worldly feasts. He will receive the charity of hearts lighter and more crumpled than the remains of your gowns. He will accept the rags of human hearts if I may thus explain myself; Not only will he accept them, but He will sometimes place them, like Magdalen, between the purity of Mary and the holiness of John.

The second characteristic of the Eucharistic Jesus is therefore in immolation so should your life be, ladies. Since the unfortunate colloquy which took place between the woman and the serpent, wherein the former was seduced, since that day, I say, woman has become a being of suffering. It is God Himself who assigned her to a lot of suffering: "You will bring forth your children in pain; I will multiply your sufferings." And He constituted her physically to suffer; her nerves more delicate and more slender than man, her imagination more active, her heart more anxious, her senses, her soul, all her being is regulated to make of woman a being of suffering. There is no exception to this law; she meets its application in the bosom of wealth as well as in poverty, in the cloister as well as in the world. Thus Saint Chantal wrote to St. Francois de Sales: "There is in my being a yearning which is never satisfied."

Perhaps you dread suffering, my friends. Do not forget, Ladies, that we must suffer more to obtain earthly success than to obtain heavenly success; more suffering to wear a fleeting and artificial crown than to obtain an immortal one. God made of his own Mother a being of sorrow. Wishing to make her noble and beautiful, He preserved her from sin and its consequences, all except suffering, for He chose for her poverty, isolation, sadness, grief and tortures of heart as well as the bitterness of life; so that this prodigy of purity, this masterpiece of wonder and of perfections was at the same time a mother of sorrow and the Queen of Martyrs; she is the most perfect copy of her Divine Son Whom the prophets had saluted as "The Man of Sorrows". And you, Christian women, you would be afraid of suffering? Look at Mary, your Mother, See Christ on Calvary; Look at the Tabernacle and offer

yourself in silence, or rather offer yourself in sacrifice at the altar of daily duty, in the silence of a hidden life; this immolation is for you a duty and will procure for you an incomparable happiness in this life and an immense weight of glory in Heaven.

The third life of Jesus in the Eucharist is a life of power; there He is hidden, there He is immolated, but He is powerful.

Ladies, in Christian society there are men who excel in their words, by their writings or by their various works of benevolence; they speak brilliantly in the midst of astonished multitudes, they defend with an indefatigable courage and they would be ready to shed their blood for the noble cause which they serve, and yet it is not the strength of the Church. The strength of the Holy Church is in the Eucharist and it is there again, women, that you will find your model and your title of Apostle, of co-operatrix of the priest. I add that it is there you will find your strength and your support to do really apostolic work.

For us who are obliged to devote ourselves to the oppressive and often ungrateful work of the direction of souls and it sometimes happens that we have "worked all night" and even all day "without having taken anything" up to the point where, towards dawn the Master draws near to us to give us strength! Yes, if we do not go each morning to acquire renewed strength near the Tabernacle and nourish our souls with the Eucharistic bread, can our courage continue on without becoming weak? The same fact is noticeable with the religious; unflinching devotedness is laborious and difficult; one must have energy and self-denial to continue day after day a life of renunciation without recompense and human consolation. But in each institution consecrated to immolation, and to self-sacrifice, there is a little Oratory where all go not only to pray but to fortify themselves in contact with the God of the Tabernacle, in fervent and frequent Communion. Yes, the Tabernacle, there is the life of the Church. Even though there were only one priest in the world holding in his hands a Consecrated

Host, he would still be powerful enough to submit the Universe to Jesus-Christ.

Well, my dear ladies, you should participate in this power of the Eucharist, for you have a glorious apostleship to discharge. Men are the masters of our thoughts, women are the mistresses of our sentiments. Who could fully narrate what a woman, a sister, a wife, a mother, a holy daughter could inspire in the line of devotedness and sacrifice?

Some devoted women aided the apostles in their divine mission. Some valiant daughters of the Roman Senators protected the disciples of Jesus and assisted them in spreading the doctrine of their Master. In the time of St. Augustine, of St. Bernard, and still later, of St. Vincent de Paul and St. Francois de Sales, we see women continuing the mission of the early noble Christian women and becoming the helpers of these great saints. And in our country have we not only to recall the names of Miss Mance, of Mary of the Incarnation, of Marguerite Bourgeois, of Mother Gamelin, of Mother Seton, to have before us models of strong women, of whom the Gospel speaks, who have done much for God and for their country because they were saints; whose lives could be summed up in three words: the hidden life, the life of immolation, and the life of devotion.

What power, what apostolic force you can therefore have each and every one of you, each in your respective sphere. But big or little, brilliant or obscure, the apostleship of woman should resemble that of a Guardian Angel, always present but never visible; her apostleship should shine, but like a tender fragrance which perfumes everything but is not discernable. A woman should make her devotedness consistent, above all, with the duties of her state in life. If she is a mother, her family circle is the little world where she should bestow her tenderness, lavish her devotedness and sacrifice herself in silence. The mother of a family, faithful to all the duties of her state, is not only a beautiful soul but a great saint before God and the Church, as also an object of admiration before heaven and God Himself.

But in order to live this triple life of holiness; in order to love seclusion, obscurity, and live there day after day; to sacrifice herself to her husband, to her children, to her daily duties, to her God; to have a soul sensible to the call of grace and to do well all that God expects from each one of you, you must have strength, power, a stimulant, encouragement, consolation. Now, Ladies, I would point out the Tabernacle where you will find all this in superabundance. Only do not lose sight of this, do not neglect this. Come frequently to refresh yourselves, to strengthen yourselves, near Jesus; come and visit Him in your joys as well as in your sorrows. When life weighs heavily and the sacrifice seems to demand something beyond your strength, make a good visit to the most Holy Sacrament, and I promise you that you will leave with more energy and refreshed. Above all, communicate frequently, women, every day if possible, at least as often as you can and in keeping with the duties of your state. Do not forget these three words: obscurity, immolation and devotedness. This is a summary of the virtues a woman should possess; it is a summary, almost the alphabet of sanctity; it is the direct voice which will conduct her to heaven; these will be the highest of the three brightest jewels in her crown and the cause of incomparable recompense which she will enjoy eternally.

Amen.



The Sanctuary Lamp

In honor of Jesus Christ a lamp burns perpetually before the altar. The Christian soul longs to remain in constant adoration at the feet of Our Lord, there to be consumed by gratitude and love. In heaven alone will this happiness be given to us, but here below, as an expression of our devout desires, we place a lamp in the sanctuary to take our place. In this little light St. Augustine shows us an image of the three Christian virtues. Its clearness is faith, which enlightens our mind; its warmth is love, which fills our heart; its flame, which, trembling and agitated, mounts upward till it finds rest in its centre, is hope, with its aspirations toward heaven and its troubles outside of God.

The Lamp of the sanctuary represents Jesus Christ risen and glorious, source of all light and all charity in the Church. Nothing is commoner in Holy Writ than the comparison of oil to mercy and in the sanctuary lamp, He Who is infinite mercy presents Himself to us under the same emblem. The Church herself is also symbolized by the oil which is being perpetually consumed before the Eucharistic God. That oil is extracted from olives, and in the Bible the olive tree is a figure of the Church.

The evergreen of the tree may indeed well suggest the perennial vigor of the Church militant, and the shade it provides for the traveler corresponds to the Church's care for her children. In very truth the Church, the Spouse of Christ, really present in the tabernacle before which the sanctuary lamp is ever glowing, is, "as a fair olive tree in the plains," bringing to us her children the precious oil of mercy.

Little flame of fire bright!
How I envy you,
Standing there a sentinel
The night watch through!

Charms of sleep your eyes despise
While aloft in air
You are lost in ecstasy
Of silent prayer.

MINISTRATIONS AT FRONT

Sometimes it is in the hospital that the priest is discovered. There is a sudden agitation among the long line of sick beds; a wounded soldier after a serious operation has taken a turn for the worse and the doctors are consulting as to getting a priest who shall administer the last rites of the Church. A faint voice attracts attention and a nurse hurries to see what is the matter. "Sister," says the voice from the pillows, "I am a priest; I can give him absolution if you will hold my hand." And as the whole ward lapses into silence the wounded hand is helped to make the mystic sign and the saving words that bring peace to the dying man are uttered, "Ego te absolvo."

Nor are they less prominent on the field of battle. They are among the bravest and, what is more, often serve as a stimulus to bravery in others. The other day in France, for example, among four promoted from the ranks upon the battlefield, three were priests in orders. A Jesuit priest, Revel by name, joined the Garibaldian volunteers and eventually became a captain. Yet another story is told of an abbe, who was a lieutenant, upon being asked would he accept the leading of a company, an honor which entailed certain death, replied: "My captain, I am a Frenchman and a priest." With that he turned to his men, gave them absolution and led them on to death but to victory.

The deeds of personal heroism on the part of these priests both of the fighting and non-fighting character have burned themselves into the memories of the French

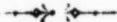
and English armies. The death of Father Finn, chaplain of the First Dublins, for example, is typical of the heroism of them all. During one of the landings at the Dardanelles under heavy machine gun fire Father Finn saw some Tommies fall on the beach and asked permission to go down to them, getting hit on the shoulder as he ran down the gangway of the liner River Clyde. Bleeding profusely, he managed to crawl to the men, to whom, though in agony himself, he managed to administer Extreme Unction. Hardly had he finished when a bullet caught him in the head. Before help could be got he expired, his last words being: "Are we winning, boys? Are we winning?"

FAVOR.— I feel it my duty to make a public expression of my gratitude for a favor, received through the intercession of the Ven. Peter Julian Eymard, devotior to whom I learned from the pages of your Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament. This favor was: my brother had not approached the Sacraments for twenty years, and after making a novena to Fr. Eymard, he made a retreat and received Holy Communion on Palm Sunday.

J. L. M. FITCHBURG.



In truth we can say, the key to the tabernacle is also the key to the lost paradise. The knowledge and love of the adorable, Holy Eucharist is for us the earthly paradise, a paradise more beautiful than the first one, where the Lord dwells with infinite love and affability, and where we are bidden to eat the fruit from the tree of life, that gives us life everlasting. May this paradise be open to us all here in this vale of tears.



A First Communicant's Resolution.

Many years ago in a town in the sunny South of France a young lad made his First Communion with excellent dispositions. As he knelt before the altar in fervent thanksgiving to the Divine Guest within his bosom he made a resolution. It was the only resolution he offered up to God, but it was all the stronger on that account, and he prayed most earnestly for grace to keep it. Here is the resolution that young lad made on the great day of his First Communion:—"If ever I should have the misfortune to commit a mortal sin, I will not lie down to sleep that night till I have made my peace with God."

Months melted into years and passed away. Young Paul had grown into a tall, bright, handsome fellow, full of life and fun, very popular among his school companions, and foremost in the field in every sport. Yet he was not physically strong; his thin and somewhat worn frame and hectic cheek told something to the contrary. Ere long a shadow dimmed the luster of his early piety. The fatal shadow of a bad companion's evil influence was upon him. Poor Paul! the brightness was beginning slowly to vanish from his eyes, the quick, elastic step, the merry, ringing voice, were becoming less and less perceptible. The poison of an evil tongue had done its works, and Paul grew gloomy, dark and sullen. An evil day arrived at last, and Paul succumbed before the storm and fell. It was a saturday, and while his conscience smote him sorely something seemed to keep on whispering in his ear:—"If ever I should have the misfortune to commit a mortal sin., I will not lie down to sleep that night till I have made my peace with God."

The day was cold and gloomy, and the rain was falling ever since the morning in a heavy continuous downpour. Would he face the rain and cold. The promptings of his conscience bade him keep his resolution, and go to confession, whilst the devil whispered: "No; just wait a little, you can go on monday."

At length grace and the inspirations of his Guardian Angel won the day. In spite of every obstacle, young Paul set out, and made his way straight to the parish church, where at the feet of his Confessor, in sorrow and humility, he revealed the hidden wound inflicted by the devil's malice on his soul.

The absolution was pronounced, and with it came sweet peace; and joy and gladness shone upon his face, the joy and gladness of a soul released from sin, and clad once more in all the radiant beauty of God's sanctifying grace.

The Sunday morning dawned beautiful and bright in all the splendor of the azure skies of sunny Southern France. Paul's mother was about, for the morning was already far advanced, and she wondered much her son had not as yet appeared. The time for Mass was drawing nigh. She hurried to his room and knocked, and as there was no answer she supposed he was asleep, and so she pushed the door a little open, and called to him aloud that it was late, and that he had better hurry down or else he would not be in time for Mass. No answer.

"Paul get up. Are you awake?" she cried. No answer. "What a sleepy boy you are! Get up," and as she spoke she caught the hand that lay extended on the coverlet, and shook the sleeper gently to awaken him. Good God! the hand was cold and stiff, and fell like something senseless from her grasp. Hastily she placed her hand upon his forehead, it was cold and white as marble. The poor boy was dead!

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* *

A day or two later, in the cold grey mist of early morning, a funeral procession, followed by a weeping mother, slowly passed through the quiet little French town of Naulx. At the grave, a young man, remarkably handsome, and modest in demeanour, suddenly made his appearance, no one knew from whence, and laying a slip of paper on the coffin, disappeared as suddenly as he had come. Some one took the paper, and placed

it in the poor mother's hand. Amid the blinding tears that filled her eyes she recognized the handwriting of her dear son. A thrill of heavenly joy seemed suddenly to seize upon her desolate heart as she read the following words:—"If ever I should have the misfortune to commit a mortal sin, I will not lie down to sleep that night till I have made my peace with God."

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* *

Thrice happy boy! destined for all eternity to enjoy the ravishing vision of God's uncreated beauty, because he had been faithful to the resolution of his First Communion.

Should a misfortune similar to this befall you, hasten to confession. It is an awful thing to fall asleep at night an enemy to God, suspended by a thread above the pit of hell, with the cruel demon in possession of the fortress of your soul, not knowing but that your next awaking may be to find yourself before God's dread tribunal listening to the fearful sentence of damnation. If you cannot see a confessor, you can at least with heartfelt sorrow throw yourself upon your knees, and ask God's pardon for your sin. It is not at all so hard as some imagine to make an act of perfect contrition, to be sorry for your sins, because they are so intensely displeasing to Almighty God, who is so infinitely good and perfect in Himself, and to whose infinite perfection sin is such a fearful outrage. Sorrow such as this, combined with the determination to confess your sins, suffices to restore the soul to sanctifying grace.

There is a love that grows even to prize life's painful crosses, because God sends them; a love that the very naming of God's holy name wakes into singing; a love that runs and is not weary, that walks and does not faint; a love that sees ever the wound in the Sacred Heart and the thorns that encompass it, and so understands that each cross is a spiritual communion; and the prize will far outweigh the pain.

The good Shepherd.

Jesus in the Holy Eucharist is the Good Shepherd. "The good shepherd giveth His life for His sheep." The title of shepherd which Jesus here assumes, presents Him to us under an image most peculiarly fitted to excite our confidence, because it depicts His love for us so admirably. It is especially at the altar and at holy Communion, that Jesus shows Himself our Shepherd and acts as such towards us. But He does more than any shepherd has ever done. Instead of feeding upon the flesh of His flock, He feeds His flock with His flesh and gives them to drink of His precious Blood. Without the Holy Eucharist, something would have been wanting to the reality of that title of shepherd which Jesus has assumed. The sacred Host endows Him with a character so touching, that, in meditating upon all that Jesus does for us, the pious heart is melted into tears of love and devotion before the altar. The divine Shepherd abides with us always; the Tabernacle is His tent. During the long hours of the day and night He watches and guards us; He protects and defends His sheep. From the quiet sanctuary He extends His vigilant protection over each one of us. His look of love follows us, and when, our prayers ended, we return to our various occupations, He blesses us, He accompanies us and soon His gentle grace brings us back again to His feet. O Jesus, give me grace to remain near Thee, and, like a sickly, feeble sheep needing Thy constant care, take me close to Thy Sacred Heart. "Let us endeavor," says St Teresa, "not to wander far from our dear Shepherd, for the sheep that keep near the shepherd are always the most caressed, the best fed, and they often receive some chosen dainty from the shepherd's own repast." Let our fidelity entitle us to receive some tender caress from Jesus. The world intervenes to entice us away from our shepherd but the faithful sheep know not the voice of strangers.

"The good shepherd giveth His life for His sheep." Jesus did not flee from the face of death. His love led Him even to the cross, from whence His blood has flowed upon His sheepfold; that is, His Church. He embraces with joy upon the altar the daily sacrifice of His whole being. He does not hide Himself from the humiliation, insult and raillery which have too often been His portion in the tabernacle. Even now, were it necessary, He would give his life again for the conversion of every sinful soul. But He can die no more; for His one perfect sacrifice abideth forever, and we can apply it to ourselves, by means of the sacrament, especially by means of holy Communion.

"The good shepherd walketh before His sheep." Instead of driving His flock before Him, Our Lord draws them gently after Him. But where does He lead His sheep? He leads them to heaven, by the "upper chamber" and by Calvary. He is with them — leads them in sufferings so that they are joyfully endured. He pays frequent visits to the sick among His flock. He walks before us on the path of perfection, for He is Himself the perfect Example and Pattern of every virtue.

O good Shepherd! Do Thou calm all my sorrows; do Thou heal all my wounds; do Thou feed me often with the "food of angels," that nourishes my soul and gives it life eternal.

From sinful wanderings I return:

No more, no more, from Thee to roam;

Thy contrite child, ah! do not spurn —

Sweet Jesus, take the wanderer home.

Pure, meek, and humble let me be,

And guileless as the simple dove;

Thy self in others let me see,

For Thee both friends and foes I'll love.

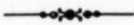


MARY'S COMFORT.

In what consisted Mary's comfort during the remainder of her mortal career, after the Ascension of her divine Son to heaven? In daily participating in the adorable body of her Son in the Sacrament of the Eucharist, in her daily Communion. How ardent was her desire to receive Him! How profound her peace after the enjoyment of that happiness! How cold and fruitless are our communions compared with hers! Oh! let us ask her to obtain for us a slight share in the purity and fervor of her love! She went to Jesus for His own sake, never seeking to satiate her soul with the sweetness of love, but totally unmindful of personal comfort. Is this our case? Do we approach Jesus for His own sake? Do we believe that we possess all things in possessing Him under the veil of obscure faith? Are we not in anguish, on the contrary when we experience no sweetness, when we shed no tears of devotion?

Before Communion.

Jesus, as the sun-burnt flowers
Long to feel the cooling showers,
As the young bird loves to rest
Safely in its mother's nest,
As the torrent runs to go
To the waiting plain below,
As the flickering tongues of fire
Strive to climb up always higher,
So I long today to be
Made a harbourage for Thee.



THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

ADORATION

I believe that the whole of Thy blood O Jesus, is contained in the Most Holy Sacrament — present in Thy body hidden beneath the species, as in Thy body seated upon the heavenly throne; I believe that it is real blood, human and divine together, human through its nature, divine through its union with the person of the Word.

I adore it as the blood of My God; I believe that each drop of it is united to the Word and really deified by means of this marvellous contact. It is a most pure blood, most radiant, luminous, incorruptible, penetrated with the immutable and glorious life of the resurrection.

I adore it with the joy of my heart, for it is really human blood and of the same nature as mine; it is the blood taken from Mary, which flowed from her heart, and which by means of a marvellous privilege always preserves the original perfume of its immaculate source.

I adore it with holy fear, for it is the blood of the immaculate Lamb, slain for my sins; it escaped from the veins of the Christ with immense suffering during His Passion. The Sacrament contains the whole blood shed for the love of man and for the expiation of his crimes. Everywhere it is the veritable blood, most holy, most precious, most divine, of the Son of Mary and of the Son of God.

To it be given adoration, praise, honor, and benediction!

THANKSGIVING.

Thanks, be filled with admiring gratitude in presence of the bounties and the beneficent efficacies of the Precious Blood: all the effusions of these prodigalities are for us; for us also and for our salvation all the marvellous effects of these all-powerful efficacies. It flowed at the very cradle beneath the knife of the circumcision. It did overflow during the Passion. Blood from His face and from His whole body at Gethsemani; Blood from His forehead under the thorns of the crown; Blood from His shoulders beneath the leaded lashes of His flagellation; blood from His hands and His feet beneath the point of the nails which fastened Him to the cross; Blood from His

heart, exhausted to its last drop under the sword of the lance. And all this blood sheds itself entirely, mystically, in each one of the consecrated Hosts, in all the chalices, every morning, in all the portion of the globe; it delivers itself, it offers itself to the Father for me. And of this blood, each atom is worth more than a world, and each smallest drop is capable of saving all mankind, of emptying purgatory, and of forming the happiness of heaven throughout all eternity. Ah! how can we sufficiently bless the royal, the divine bounties of the Precious Blood?

And its marvellous efficacies. How can describe them? It purifies; it is it which has washed the world from its crimes, and which purifies souls through flowing in them by all the sacraments, above all, by that of the Eucharist. It fortifies; it brightens the faculties of the soul, and fills them with enthusiasm, ardor, generosity. It gives joy; it dilates the heart, chases away sorrow, relieves despair. It cures the wounds of sin; it is an all-powerful balm for all the wounds of the soul; It charms, it consoles, it is full of suavity and delights; it appeases the fever of the blood, tempers the force of the passions; the soul drinks of it, bathes in it, and in it renews its life.

Jesus, who hast deposited in Thy precious blood all virtues, all savors, all balms, be Thou blessed, thanked, glorified forever for this priceless gift! To Thy blood I owe all the graces which forestall me, excite me, sustain me, strengthen me; all come from Thy adorable blood shed once upon Calvary, shed every day mystically on the altar. Ah! what shall I render to Thy blood for so many benefits? I will drink it all the days of my life from the eucharistic chalice until I drink it at the eternal banquet!

REPARATION

The effusions of Thy blood, O Jesus, My Saviour, so salutary and beneficent for me, have always been for Thee, sweet Lamb, full of suffering and of humiliation — suffering during Thy life and Thy Passion, humiliation in Thy Eucharist. The circumcision; Gethsemani. In the praetorium, the blows of the leaded lashes; the searching thorns of the crown. The weight of the cross; the nails in the hands and in the feet; what an assemblage of all kinds of suffering, of all kinds of torments! And yet it was far less the cruelty of Thy executioners which made Thy adorable blood flow than love!

And now Thou dost still shed it mystically in the Eucharist. It is without suffering but not without humiliation. It is humiliated by

the annihilations of the eucharistic state, while in Thy glorious body in heaven it appears full of heat, of movement, and life, here it is veiled reduced, destitute of life. Still more, on account of this annihilated state humiliation joins itself to humiliation to make it disowned and totally forgotten. How many are distinctly aware of its presence, of its action, and of its glorious qualities? And yet this precious blood is present in the sacred Host, and gives to it its salutary efficacy. It is a fresh humiliation for this generous blood to be shed so often in our souls without succeeding in shaking off their apathy, in warming their coldness, without being able to make them live a supernatural life, it is the humiliation of sterility for the most active principle of life.

Alas, I have greatly abused Thy blood, O Jesus I have neglected it, and have nullified its powers; each one of my sins was an outrage committed against Thy adorable blood, a stain which I imprinted upon it, an ignominy which I imposed on it; and if I have communicated unworthily one single time, I have rendered myself "guilty of the blood of the Lord!" I desire henceforth to make reparation by fleeing from sin, by the faithful and frequent reception of communion, I desire to know and to honor Thy blood, to lend myself by means of a generous co-operation to the sanctifying work which it comes to perform in me.

PRAYER.

"We pray Thee, O Lord, come to the help of Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed by Thy precious blood: *Te ergo quæsumus....*" Let us pray, therefore, by the precious blood of Jesus — the blood of Jesus is a voice of mercy and pardon—*melius loquentis quam Abel* it is the voice of the supreme Mediator; a powerful voice, since it is the blood of the very Son of God; a voice which is not silent, for its wounds represent it always before the eyes of the Father; a voice which every day, at every moment of the day, utters aloud, when immolating itself at the Holy Sacrifice, a most solemn prayer, the prayer of the Christian people; a voice which comes from the heart of each man who receives communion, and who can then present to God the blood of Jesus as being his own blood.

Ah, what a concert of prayer issues from all the consecrated Hosts in each one of which the blood of Jesus prays, supplicates, intercedes!

Let us pray through the blood of Jesus; it is the price of all the virtues which we have to obtain. It has paid everything in advance and

superabundantly; graces of conversion, of light, graces to persevere graces for life and graces for death; heaven itself and eternal glory, the precious blood of Jesus acquired and paid for us. Let us, then offer and pay with this blood, for it is ours; its purity, its generosity, its infinite value; its sufferings and humiliations, it places all in our hands; let us make use of it for the salvation of our soul, for the deliverance of the souls of purgatory, for all the needs of the Holy Church, for all sinners. Let us pray, then; let us intercede, let us pay through the blood of Jesus; it is the blood of victory, of redemption, resurrection, and of eternal life.

“My Heart watcheth”

The Sacred Heart, now glorified, not only dwells enshrined in our Lord's glorified Body in Heaven, but It is with us on earth. It is offered in sacrifice in every Mass. It is received in every Holy Communion, and It is in the Blessed Sacrament in our churches. How consoling to us this should be, and what an incentive to piety it should prove! Christians, the Sacred Heart is with you, living and working in your midst. How silently, in our Lord's own beneficent way, are our souls enriched from out of this treasury of Divine grace, while they are drawn to a more perfect love of God! The very presence of the Sacred Heart in our midst brings down countless blessings upon us; but richer and more abundant favors fall to those who pray for them, and who seek them through the Holy Eucharist. The silent presence of Jesus in our midst is not less real because it is hidden under the veils of the Eucharist. He is there as the Spouse waiting to hear the voice of the beloved one, and He says to us: “I sleep and My Heart watcheth”. While awaiting our prayers and the voice of our love, what are the sentiments of the Sacred Heart towards the Eternal Father? What are its pleadings for men who forget God? What are its satisfactions for sinners? What immeasurable honor it renders to God, and what mercies it showers upon men?

SWEETHEART

He was the youngest child of one of those ideal families distinguished alike for piety, learning and that most beautiful, but most rare trait charity, or, in other words the blessed art of shedding sunshine and peace all around. Brought up under the eye of God and of their virtuous parents the eight children of Baron C... formed a lovely garden in which this little blue-eyed, curly headed cherub of three years and a half was the sweetest and most exquisite blossom.

He was such a charming little lad, so loveable and cute, that his brothers and sisters, who fairly idolized him, christened him Sweetheart and never called him by any other name.

Far from being spoiled by all this petting and adulation, he seemed to revel in it, his love, his obedience and especially his great affection for the little Jesus were a constant edification to the others.

But young as he was, Sweetheart had a sorrow of his own, a problem that puzzled his little brain: why could he not receive into his heart, this Jesus already the delight of his brothers and sisters. Every time the family went to Communion, Sweetheart, all alone in his pretty white coat sighed so hard, I almost think little Jesus must have heard him and whispered to his little sister Kathleen, only two years his senior how to console him, for one morning after a loving hug she said to him:

Listen Sweetheart, don't cry any more. The very next time I go to receive little Jesus, you wait in your room, and when I return, I'll rush up and you'll put your head on my heart and feel little Jesus and kiss Him.

Like a ray of sunshine Sweetheart brightened, tears and sighs overshadowed by joy, for he knew Kathleen was truth itself and would keep her promise.

A few days afterwards Kathleen having received Holy Communion started home with the rest of the family. But why does she go ahead? Why does she run

up stairs and rush into Sweetheart's room. The Baron, her father wondering why followed her at a safe distance. Meanwhile Kathleen whispers as she presses the curly head close to her heart:

There Sweetheart! Listen to Him well.... Tell Him you love Him... I have brought you little Jesus, good Jesus."

And so the happy Father surprised them.

After respecting their silence a few moments he asked:

What are you doing Sweetheart?

Oh Papa, and the little face was radiant, I am feeling little Jesus... I speak to Him... I love Him, oh! how I love Him!

This touching scene so affected Mr C... that he went to the Bishop and requested that his Benjamin be allowed to make his First Communion: The child loved Jesus so much, longed for Him so much — why should Jesus not be given to him.

The Bishop readily consented but thought that on account of the child's age it were better he should receive in private, so Sweetheart made his First Communion in his infirm grand-father's room, surrounded by his Father and Mother, brothers and Sisters.

What a love-feast for his little heart, full of mortifications, as he quaintly remarked. He was so absorbed, he never stirred, never even uttered his joy and at breakfast his silence and bent head again puzzled his elders and made his Father question: What are you doing Sweetheart?

Lifting up his head, his eyes like stars, he lisped, well Papa, you are too big, you can't do it any more, but I'm so little, I can, so I just bend my head to my heart and give little Jesus a kiss.

Imagine the parents joy at this loving idea of their child, their happiness in possessing such a treasure, their gratitude to God, whose gift to them he was, but also their solicitude regarding the likely mission our Lord might reserve for such a child.

Speaking of Sweetheart recalls Sr. Teresa of Jesus, also a great lover of little Jesus and the joy and consolation of her family. Once when she had hidden behind the

curtains of her tiny cot she was asked: What are you doing? and quaintly replied— Thinking.

Yes, like Teresa, the little flower of Jesus, Sweetheart thinks, he thinks of little Jesus and loves Him, oh! so dearly.

Why could not all the other little sweethearts do the same! And why would not all their Sisters little or big help them?

RELIGION AT THE FRONT

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Religious services are difficult to conduct at the front— and take place under the strangest conditions. One priest writing home told of celebrating Mass in a granary, through the open door of which came the sound of distant rifle fire, with shells shrieking overhead and the building rocking with the vibration of the heavy guns. The automobile has proved a blessing to the priests, and one writes telling of saying three Masses every Sunday in three different places forty miles apart.

The question naturally rose about Christianity at the front and this priest told that he had been surprised beyond words how widespread and sincere is the religious spirit among the men. "At first thought," he said, "it struck me that in this horrible war of daily killing the men's religious sense would be blunted, that constant familiarity with death would not only rob them of its terrors, but also eliminate their religiosity. I was gratified to find the true condition different. Their religious fiber has broadened. Men who for years have been Catholics only in name take every opportunity of hearing Mass and going to confession and Communion. If it is God's will that they should be called they want to go with a clean slate."

This priest was one of those who in the words of the grizzled Tommy "ought to have a V. C." but not a word of his exploits could be extracted from him.

Thousands of priests and monks who some ten years ago left France in consequence of the anti-clerical legislation flocked back to their country at the call of danger. The recognized chaplains or aumoniers, except for the kepi and a large cavalry cloak bearing the galons of their rank, look very much like other priests. The chaplains in the English army wear the regulation khaki officer's uniform, even to the khaki shirts and soft collars, the only distinguishing feature being that their rank is denoted by black galons.

The Curés in the French army wear the ordinary uniforms of the French army and are only distinguished when occasion brings out their sacerdotal character. For instance, nothing is more touching than to see some young Breton giant private suddenly singled out from the ranks and, given a temporary precedence among officers and general to read a funeral service, all his superior officers kneeling down humbly beside his standing figure and then, the service once over, the soldier priest going back to the ranks.

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An Anglican chaplain pays this tribute to the well-instructed piety of England's Catholic troops:

"A Roman Catholic soldier knows at once what to do: he asks you to get him a priest; he wants his Communion or to make his confession. He knows the Gospel of Christ; he understands about repentance, about grace, about the presence of the unseen army of saints and angels. Our poor Tommy, not from any fault of his own, but from our neglect, is quite unconscious of most of this as a reality. . . . Here we have churches crammed day by day with Roman Catholics doing just the same work as we are doing. They find time to pray, to make their confessions and communions. Why do not we? Why do we not want these things?"



## THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

*In purple rill outwelling from the side  
Spear-cleft of God,  
They trickle down—a slowly ebbing tide  
And soak the sod.*

*From livid hands and feet, from thorn-crowned head  
The red drops fall.  
A Mother's quivering heart with each has bled,  
And counts them all.*

*Like heralds of a heavy harvest storm,  
With muffled thud  
They strike the sacred soil now reeking warm  
With generous Blood.*

*Upon the ground they clot as common gore  
'Neath spurning feet,  
While wondering angel hosts, earth-bent, adore  
With dread replete.*

*Ten thousand sin-lost worlds one drop could save,  
And snow-white cleanse;  
What waste divine! What lavish love to lave  
One world's offense!*

*One soul's offense! For me, for wretched me  
Christ bled and died!  
No lifeless steel, but my disloyalty  
Transfixed His Side.*

*O ransomed soul, then praise with thankful tongue  
That saving Flood,  
And rapturous sing, what myriad saints have sung,  
The Precious Blood!*

D. S., S. S. S.

## The Eucharistic Education of Children

### THE REMOTE PREPARATION

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The first lesson on the Eucharist should be simple, and the process of initiation of the child into the wonders of the mystery should have nothing abstract or complicated about it. It can be given to the simplest of children and by the humblest of parents. It will be best effected by simple industries. The Divine life which in the language of St. Paul is engrafted on the natural life must grow and develop apace with the latter by a similar process and yet of a different order. Thus the development in one case and the other will be carried on by repeated acts and by formed habits.

These at first will be somewhat instinctive and will need to be directed by the action of the mother, but with the unfolding of the child's mind will become more conscious and finally fully reflex when the child's age permits. Quite a while before the child can learn a methodical summary of the Christian doctrine, it will learn to speak to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and will learn to love Him tenderly and with all that simplicity and spontaneity with which it turns to its mother and seeks her embraces. How can we better illustrate this point than in the words of Mgr de la Bouillerie, who has written so charmingly on this subject: "Christian parents, teach your little ones to lisp the sweet name of Jesus even before they have learned to speak your name, let their little feet learn the path to the church when they are just learning to walk to you, and let their little hands be joined in prayer when they are beginning to reach out to you." It incumbs upon you, Christian mothers, who are the guardians of the home, to train our little ones in their tenderest years to know and love the Eucharist. When you bend over that frail little being to cull the first smile of its awakening, remember that there is One who loves the child with even more than a mother's love,

One who awaits more lovingly than you the first awakening of a love which, however unconscious at first, is destined to bloom into the fullest supernatural union one day. This lover of the child is Jesus, who wishes to possess that little son as if there were no one else in all the world for him to love.

We must, therefore never cease to urge upon Christian mothers to build up in their little ones strong and holy characters, and we must unceasingly remind them that the means to this end is an early Eucharistic education. To complete the remote preparation of children for their First Communion we would recommend to have them say a Hail Mary every day from the time they learn to speak, and when possible to have them say it before the Blessed Sacrament, adding the invocation: "Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, pray for us that we may make a good first Communion;" or simply, "Our Lady of the First Communion, pray for us."

To the child preparing for its First holy, Communion the Church offers a long and charming list of heavenly models. From the little Roman martyr, St. Cyr, a child of three years, confessing Christ with childish voice before the pagan judge, to our fair Theresa of the Infant Jesus and the tender Irish maiden, little Nellie of Holy God, what a series of charming saints, all enamored of the Divine Eucharist; and all beautiful models, of the little first communicant in his early preparation for the Divine Banquet. Let us name a few. There is St Tharcisius, the boy martyr of the Blessed Sacrament, St Placidus and St Naunes, St Elizabeth of Hungary, St Catherine and St Bernadine, both of Sienna, the B. Frances of Amboise, St Stanislas of Kostka, St Ida, St Imelda, St Paschal Baylon, Ven. Peter Julian Eymard and how many others we cannot name. It is with mingled feelings of wonder and joy that we hail that great host of saints of all ages and conditions all down the vista of the ages, who from their entrance into life seemed to reach out to the Eucharist and through the Eucharist attained the heights of Divine love and self sacrifice. Oh! if Christian Mothers but knew how to sanctify the joys of Christian motherhood with such visions and such lessons to their young and they would anxiously follow their children from the

cradle to adolescence, and form them day by day to a tender love and reverent worship of the Eucharist. They would not content themselves with the pious lessons of the nursery, but would go on with unabated zeal to complete the moral and religious training of their children with at least the same care as they give to their physical development.

Jesus, our Fellow Traveler, Our Viaticum, the Strength and food of our journey, will a thousand times more fully fulfil all of these offices in the Blessed Sacrament and deserve all these titles.

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### HOSTIA PRO HOSTIA

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In the vaulted depths of pagan Rome  
The hunted Christians, watching—prayed;  
Tarcisius with the Eucharist,  
By crimsoned hands had been delayed.

No savage threats or blows could force  
The martyr with his God to part—  
He clasps the Burden to his breast,  
When lo! It dwells within his heart.

The childish eyes have closed—he dies,  
His spirit wings its flight above,  
To join the white-robed army there—  
The victim for a Victim's Love.

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### GRACE, THE LITTLE GIRL.

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Here is a true story, which may be of edification to some. The first part did not come under my personal experience, but was told me by a priest, when I was an ecclesiastical student at Rome.

About the year 1890, a little girl near eight years of age, whose name was Grace, lived near the town of Hastings, England. She was a confirmed invalid, and unable to leave her bed from sickness. Her parents and the members of her family were Protestants.

In the Catholic Church, St. Mary Star of the Sea, at Hastings, it is customary to have exposition of the Blessed Sacrament every first Sunday of the month, closing in the evening with a procession inside the church. It chanced that a Protestant woman friend of this family entered the church during the procession, and being impressed with its beauty, on going to visit Grace, entertained her with a detailed description of the white dresses, the veils, and the wreaths of the little girls and members of the Children of Mary Sodality, together with a mention of the flower blossoms that were scattered, and the neatness of the altar-boys; and lastly she told of priests in beautiful vestments, under a canopy, and of one priest carrying a peculiar something in his hands, towards which two were swinging incense, and all the rest of the congregation were bowing, whilst the organ played and the choir sang soft music.

At the end of this description great was the surprise and consternation of the woman and the family, when Grace exclaimed, "That is the true religion, and I must belong to it!" It was considered a mere passing fancy, soon to be forgotten; but instead, the desire became fixed and often expressed. Persuasions and coaxings were of no avail. At last alarmed at the ill effects and the sorrow of their daughter the parents visited Father Francis for advice. He decided to visit

the child, and noting her fervor and decision, he declared it was the evident will of God, that she be baptized a Catholic, for nothing else would bring her peace. In sorrow, though submitting, they saw her become a Catholic. Her eagerness and enlightenment were so great that Holy Communion was given her, and not a long time passed before she passed from this life to the eternal one.

After her death the parents asked what ought they to do, as they were ignorant of Catholic practices. The answer of the priest was that "Catholics pray for their dead," but in this case "they ought to pray to her." Within a short time the whole family, about seven, were received into the Catholic Church.

Some years passed and about 1903 a priest was after Mass kneeling in the same Church, St. Mary Star of the Sea. I, myself (writer of this story), was the priest kneeling there. To him an elderly man approached in company of a young priest. The gentleman asked, if the young priest, his son, might say Mass at the high altar and he himself serve, as there was a special reason.

The thought came to me of Grace and I was delighted on asking, to hear from the lips of the gentleman the story verified and of the care Grace had for them even after death.—The elderly man was Grace's father, and the newly ordained young priest was her brother, who wished to say his first holy Mass at the altar, from where the Blessed Sacrament was carried in the procession. I assisted at the Mass, and when I saw the tears of joy in the eyes of her parent, and heard him say, "Now my joy is complete, and I look forward only to join Grace in heaven," I marvelled at the mysteries of God, and thanked Him, that He had let me know something of His power in the Sacrament of Love..





### The Mass of Deliverance.

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"Oh! sister what horrible preparations!" whispered a young girl tightly bound to a strong branch, of a still stronger tree, in a dense forest of North America, addressing another young girl bound in the same way.

"Horrible indeed! Like yours my heart is paralyzed with fear; I suffer agony on your account as well as my own," came back the low-voiced reply.

The speakers were two young Indians, daughters of the great chief of the Sioux tribe, prisoners in the hands of their bitter enemies the Faucons.

"Poor parents who love us so dearly" continued the first. "what they must suffer! They know what fate awaits us, but how much worse it would have been had they heard the shouts of joy, the terrible threats, that greeted us last night. Oh! sister let us implore the powerful merciful God, the Black-robcs have told us about, for grace and courage to meet bravely the cruel death that awaits us tomorrow."

The tears of the poor captives flowed, they trembled at the least noise, their anxious eyes continually scanned the East in fear of the first glimpse of dawn that would usher in their day of torture.

After having staid up late getting things ready for the abominable feast, in which the two Indian Maidens, were to be devoured, the women in charge retired, leaving near the victims the vessels destined to receive their blood, the odoriferous herbs, minced, and the fire ready to light. The guarding of the prisoners was left to two warriors, who sure their prey were too securely bound to escape, made themselves comfortable and fell asleep near the tree.

That same night the great Sioux Chief, whose daughters had been taken prisoners, went to the encampment of a neighbouring tribe evangelized by a missionary named Father De Smet and demanded to see him.

"Well my children! what can I do for you" asked the missionary, not without some misgiving.

"Father, my two daughters you baptized have been captured by our cruel enemies, the Faucons; and I shudder at their fate. The Great Spirit you adore is allpowerful, if you would speak to Him, He would give me back my daughters."

"Yes! He is allpowerful. But neither you nor your braves would consent to receive Him for your God, though your wife and daughter were baptized. The God I adore, the only true God condemns hatred, murder, theft and it was through hatred and desire of pillage that you attacked the Faucons. You wanted to kill their warriors and they have captured your daughters. Your punishment is deserved. You can blame yourself for the fate of the unfortunate victims of your evil passions."

"Father, I acknowledge my sin. I humbly beg pardon of the Great Spirit of the Black-robcs. Ask Him to give me back my daughters, and I promise you, we will receive Baptism, me and all my tribe."

"Chief, I believe you are sincere. In a moment I will offer the Holy Mass, and invoke my God for your daughters' deliverance, but on condition that you on your side, promise Him to govern your nation justly and prepare it to receive Baptism. Promise Him also not to again attack any of the Indian tribes that live near you."

"We swear, it," answered the Sioux warriors with one voice. "Let the Great Spirit of the Black-robcs deliver and bring back the Chief's daughters and we and all our tribe will acknowledge the power of your God."

While the Missionary offered the Mass imploring our Lord Jesus Christ to restore to their tribe the two captives, those poor creatures were a prey to fear almost as bad as the tortures they anticipated.

Suddenly, though they had heard no sound, before them stood, a lovely child, dressed as one of their tribe. His countenance was so kind and sympathetic they felt irresistably drawn to Him. "I come for you," he whispered, so low they alone heard, at the same time

untying their fetters with wonderful agility and skill. "Now, Follow Me," He added. The guards were sound asleep: The young girls crossed the encampment without being seen. The lovely child that acted as guide seemed to fly rather than walk, and the maidens followed so quickly, that soon, the end of the forest occupied by the Faucons was safely reached. There, a vast prairie separated the forest of their enemies from that of their tribe. This the fugitives traversed with the same speed led on by their kind guide who only left them when they stood on their own tribes soil. Then pointing out the way they should go He disappeared as mysteriously as He had come.

"Perhaps it's an angel the Great Spirit has sent to our help" they thought, as they thanked God with all their heart.

At this very hour Father De Smet had finished the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. "Now, rise, and return to your tribe he said to the Sioux Chief, but beware how you impose on God, for all the danger run by your daughters are not over yet, and they will only be saved according to the sincerity of your promises."

While the Chief returned to his encampment, his daughters continued their flight in the direction pointed out by their guide. Day was waning when at last they saw, to their unspeakable joy, they were nearing home. Their terror fled and they could at last fearlessly speak of the awful peril they had escaped through God's evident protection. Shortly afterwards they stood upon an eminence where they could see the smoke of their camp rising to heaven. Kneeling they thanked God, then threw their arms round each other and wept for very joy; the elder happening to look back, trembled like a leaf and throwing herself prone on the ground whispered: "Quick, follow my example! Two Faucon warriors are climbing the hill on the very path we took."

It was their guards who furious at having been outwitted by two Indian Maidens had desperately sought their recapture all day. After striding over the prairie that separated their forest from the Sioux tribe they hailed with war-whoops foot-prints they thought might

be those of the fugitives and though they were at a loss to explain how the prisoners could have walked that far in such a short time, they desperately followed the trail and were almost upon the girls when the latter saw them. Providentially there was a hollow tree trunk at their feet and into it they crept hastily concealing the entrance with branches and leaves.

Barely were they hidden when crackling branches near by increased their terror, and they heard their pursuers halt and say: "Those woods are so full of recent foot prints of women and children it's impossible to follow our clue. We are now so near the Sioux tribe's camp it would not be safe to go any further; besides our prisoners could not possibly have got this far, we will likely come across them on our way back."

The girls did not stir for a long time, or venture out of their hiding-place till they were sure their pursuers were far away, then fervently recommending themselves to the good God who had so wonderfully protected them thus far they resumed their journey.

The Sioux-Chief had just got back and was telling about his visit to the Missionary when joyous cries and loud chapping interrupted him and his dear daughters stood before him—Saved—and their deliverance coincided with the offering of the Holy sacrifice celebrated for that intention.

The miraculous way those prisoners had been delivered from a terrible death deeply impressed the Sioux tribe and convinced them of the power of the God of the Christians.

"Let us kneel and adore and thank Him" said the delighted Sioux Chief, going down on his knees a hand clasped in that of each of his daughters, doubly dear on account of the cruel fate they had escaped. The whole tribe followed his example.

A few days afterwards the Sioux Chief, his Warriors, and all the tribe were baptized by the zealous Missionary who had offered the Mass that delivered the two prisoners and now had the joy of receiving their tribe's conversion

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“Verily, Thou art a hidden God.”



Jesus would be more loved by us, if we knew Him better. Every mystery of His divine life in the flesh, or in the Blessed Sacrament, contains new motives of love. Jesus is God made man, and every moment of His sacred life gives infinite glory to His Eternal Father, and advances the salvation of souls. What holy thoughts, what pious meditations, what strong motives to serve God, this article suggests—the hidden life of Jesus in the flesh and in the Blessed Sacrament!

The Son of God took flesh in Mary's chaste womb. Mary alone on earth knew of His presence. She alone adored Him. All heaven, the adorable Trinity, the choirs of angels, smiled on earth; earth returned no thanks. “He was in the world, and the world knew Him not.” The sighs and tear of the prophets are heard; “the heavens have rained down the Just.” “The Lord,” “the Lamb,” “the Ruler,” “the Messiah,” expected for four thousand years, is come.

St. Joseph at length hears the secret from an angel. He, next after Mary, adores “the Lord,” “the Lamb.” St. John “leaped for joy in his mother's womb” at the presence of the Savior. St. Elizabeth pronounced Mary and the fruit of her womb “blessed.” The shepherds paid homage to the Babe in the manger, and the three wise men bowed down and adored Him. Of the many millions that then peopled the world, how few knew of the birth of the Redeemer of mankind! “Verily in Thy birth Thou art a hidden God.”

The greater part of the life of Jesus, as well as His birth, was hidden and concealed. Whilst yet an infant, Herod, far from adoring Him, sought “to destroy Him.” An angel whispered to St. Joseph, “who arose and took the Child and His Mother by night, and retired into Egypt, and was there until the death of Herod.” How long they remained in Egypt we know not for certain, as the Gospel is silent. One thing is certain—His life there was hidden and unknown.

After the death of Herod, God's holy angel again whispered to Joseph, “to arise and take the Child and

His Mother, and go into the land of Israel." "He retired into the quarters of Galilee, and coming, He dwelt in a city called Nazareth." Here He dwelt; here "the Child grew and waxed strong, full of wisdom: and the grace of God was in Him."

We next hear of our Divine Lord at the age of twelve. He remained in Jerusalem after His parents, who after three days' sorrow and search, at length "found Him in the temple in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions" And the Gospel adds: "He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them." Now, from the age of twelve to thirty, there is not so much as one word about our Divine Lord: so during those eighteen years His life was hidden and unknown to the world. "He was in the world, and the world knew Him not."

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Let us return to the Blessed Sacrament. Here we can say with truth, "Verily Thou art a hidden God." "The Divinity," says St. Bernard, "is hidden, the Humanity is hidden, the bowels of charity only appears." If we adore with amazement the thirty years of the hidden years of Jesus in the flesh, how can we count the hidden years of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament?

Begin with the Last Supper. Travel in spirit over Christendom. Count, if you can, the churches, the tabernacles, the ciboriums, the pyxis of the first century; double the number for the second century; and so on down to the twentieth. Conceive, if you can, all together, the countless churches, altars, tabernacles, ciboriums, pyxis, etc., of nineteen centuries past, and of centuries yet to come, in every clime and every land, from the rising to the setting sun, where the "clean oblation" has been, is, and will be offered to the "Lord of hosts," and you begin to form some faint idea of the hidden life of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament! During the day not many adore and keep, so to speak, company with their Divine Lord; during the night only a few chosen ones, The church is closed; silence reigns round the tabernacle. There is no human voice, no accent of love, no look of praise, no sigh of reparation; the angels' song alone ascends before the Lord.

During the thirty years at Nazareth, Jesus had at least Mary and Joseph to adore Him; but in countless tabernacles, day and night during long ages, the Lamb has no adorers. "How lovely (we may add, how lonely) are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" "The sparrow hath found herself a house, and the turtle a nest for herself." But if in these our days the love of God is chilled in many breasts; and if ingratitude, indifference, heresy, and infidelity, stalk abroad to insult Jesus in the Sacrament of His love, in these our days, too, thanks to God, the Almighty has raised up in His Church, religious orders, who spend the day and the night before the tabernacle of their Savior.

These are the consecrated spouses of the Lord; these the incarnate angels of God, who not only during the day but during the night, when fatigued nature is reposing in silence, watch before the monstrance, offering their hearts' love as holocausts of reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Holy doves of the tabernacle! singing with the spirits above, singing with virginal lips the chaste hymn round the Lamb, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts; the earth is full of Thy glory!" "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and glory, and benediction." "Thou hast redeemed us to God in Thy blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation."

If, then, in the Blessed Sacrament, Jesus has some faithful souls, like Mary and Joseph, to love Him, still, all over the world, His love is slighted, His churches neglected, His altars lonely. With good reason did our Divine Lord make the following touching complaint to His servant, Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, as she was kneeling before the tabernacle. Our Lord, disclosing to her His Heart, said: "Behold this Heart, which has loved men so much that it has spared nothing, even to the exhausting and consuming itself, to testify its love; and yet in return, I receive from the greater number but contempt, coldness, ingratitude, irreverence, and sacrilege, in the Sacrament of My Love."

D. T.

## "HUMILITY"

In a fair garden, one sunny morning in early June, the flowers were conversing among themselves as flowers oft times do, and the vibrations of their sweet voices filled the air with most delicious harmony.

Said the glorious rose! "How lovely the world is to-day, on this beautiful feast of Corpus Christi! how pure and sweet the air! Oh! how delightful it is to be alive, and to feel that nothing — nothing is impossible, not even the great ambition and longing, which this glorious sunrise seems to inspire!"

In a general chorus all the flowers exclaimed: "And pray tell us, fair sister rose, what might be this great ambition which so fires your heart, for we too have our ambitions and our hopes.

The lovely rose swayed gently in the morning breeze, as she expressed the ambition that had possessed her heart from the time she was a tiny little bud leaning against her mother-rose's heart: "I could spend my life with the mighty, the brave, the famous. To what is high and exalted would I bring the homage of my beauty, sweetness and glory."

As the last words of the rose faded away, — a perfumed zephyr — the lily, slender, graceful, ethereal, breathed in a voice of silvery sweetness, — "Oh! that I might be the bearer of some pure uplifting thought to but one poor soul, a suggestion of that celestial garden of which all earthly gardens, are but a crude figure. Oh! if this marvelous loveliness which I possess would serve to remind sinful humanity of spotless purity and heavenly charity."

As the lily, ceased speaking, a gentle sigh fell upon the morning air, and all the flowers leaning forward, craned their necks to see whence had come this sad plaint: And behold! with the drops of morning dew still glistening upon her true heart stood the frail violet peeping timidly up at her brilliant companions of the garden from the depth of her flower of green foliage — "Ah! poor lowly me!



if I could only perform some mighty deed of some service that would help all the world: — But no, such is not for me, my origin is too humble, to aspire to what is great or noble. I can only love, and could I bring a message of pure love and tender sympathy to but one weary heart; I would know that I had lived my life, and not in vain.”

Long before the rays of the setting sun had glided through that beautiful garden, imprinting his parting caress upon the sweet flowers, before he disappeared behind the purple hills, fate had walked its paths before him.

The lovely rose had been carried away, to be cast at the feet of a famous artist, — famous not alone for the beauty of his paintings, but for the nobility of his career.

The lily had been placed at the bedside of a poor youth who stricken down in his health and vigor was now a helpless invalid, to assist with her heavenly message of purity and hope, drive grim despair from the throne he had built up in that poor tortured, despondent heart.

Tender childish hands had gathered the gentle violet to be cast before Jesus of the most Blessed Sacrament; as he passed through the city streets, and to be crushed beneath the careless feet of the swaying throng.

The humble little violet had realized her one desire, she carried her sweet message of love and sympathy to One Heart. — She had lived for love, and for love Immortal she had died.

F. M.

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The love of the Blessed Sacrament is the grand and royal devotion of faith. Out of it there come three especial graces which are the very life and soul of an interior life — an overflowing charity to all around us, a thirst to sacrifice ourselves for God, and a generous, filial love of Holy Church. Happy ourselves, and with a happiness so exquisite and abounding, we are anxious to make others happy also. Charity is the choicest as well as the most exuberant emanation from the Adorable Host.

### THE GENUFLECTION

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When they bend the knee on entering the Church do all Catholics realise what the act means? Evidently no, if we may judge by the quick jerk that they give by way of genuflection. We are taught to bow the head with respect to the House of God even if the Blessed Sacrament is not there; but in the Divine Presence we must give a greater mark of reverence. For this reason we are instructed to bend the knee to the ground. The lighted lamp glowing in front of the altar proclaims that the Blessed Sacrament is in the Tabernacle. Surely no plainer warning should be needed to draw from us every outward mark of love and respect. When, therefore, on entering the Church, you see the sanctuary lamp burning before the Tabernacle, bend your right knee down to the ground. That is the rightful and prescribed manner to adore the Divine Dweller on our altars. It is an act of supreme homage and worship, and we should perform it with the greatest reverence. If we do not thus call to mind and notice that we are in the sacramental Presence of Our Lord Himself, we will not experience that feeling of humility which is necessary in every efficacious prayer, nor show that deep respect and honor which we owe Him, our Creator, Redeemer, and truest Friend. Our visit to His House in those conditions will have been made without fruit for our souls.

When the Three Kings came from their far-off eastern territories to the poor dilapidated stable in Bethlehem their first act, Holy Scripture informs us, was one of immediate and profound adoration: "Falling down they adored Him."

Such is also our first duty when we come into the Presence of the Master who has shrouded His glories in the mystery of His Love. When we enter a Catholic church, therefore, however humble and poor it may be, let us never forget this act of adoration due to the great God, and reverently make our genuflection. He who reposes there in the Tabernacle watches with a Father's love for the little signs of true Catholic devotion that prove how He is held in the hearts of His children.

## LITTLE JIM

OR THE FIRST COMMUNION IN BLOUSE AND SAROTS.

Would you like me to tell you about little Jim of Montaign? Besides being a true story it is singularly appropriate to our present day conditions of irreligion and intemperance.

Jim was just seven years old when his mother died; she was a good hard-working woman, virtuous, thrifty and upright despite the fact that she was obliged to live in surroundings not at all conducive to either.

Unfortunately her husband was just the opposite; he belonged to that numerous class of heartless drunkards a curse not only to themselves but to God and society. A drunkard's house is not entitled to the sweet name of home, he destroys all the tender affections of family life, and the wife of this one counted her days by the abuse he showered upon her after periods of drunken carousals.

To be strictly accurate, Albert, the husband was not at heart really wicked, but bad example, evil companions and strong drink often turned him into a ferocious animal.

When at such times he came staggering home he invariably found his wife, waiting for him, busy at some household task, but with red-tell-tale eyes.

Try as she would the sorely afflicted wife could not keep back her tears, or hide their traces, though she had firmly made up her mind never to answer back, never to scold or reproach him while he was in that state. Wiser heads than hers had advised: never try to reason with an intoxicated man, wait till he is sober. But in waiting she wept bitter tears.

Those red eyes, this very silence seemed to exasperate her husband all the more: "And so we have been blubbering again eh?" he would shout and the very tone of

his voice was enough to cause a fresh outburst. "I won't stand any of that nonsense. I want my home cheerful; if it isn't I'll take measures to make it so."

If she kept her resolve and did not reply: "So you won't answer. You treat me with disdain. You play the scornful. Well, I'll put you outdoors and let you carry on your tantrums there."

Or, if to pacify him, she did attempt to speak no matter how gently or kindly, he raged and swore by the thunders of heaven, the demons in hell, gave way to shocking blasphemies, sometimes even going so far as to vent his fury on her.

Kindly neighbors who heard the scenes whispered sympathetically: "You know your husband is not really bad. It's the whisky that does it. If you could only get him to take the pledge, he would be a very different man and you a much happier woman."

And this was true for, when sober, Albert was thoroughly ashamed of himself and the miserable consequences of his drunken acts. Then was his patient long-suffering wife's hour and gently but firmly she remonstrated and pleaded till with tears in his eyes he would murmur: Leave me alone! I know I am only a miserable wretch, but the demon drink is stronger than I am and bad companions drag me down in spite of myself.

At the time their little son was born Albert was a good sober industrious man not yet influenced by bar-room associates. When the sad change did come little Jim was his mother's consolation especially during the days her husband was more than usually violent. The frightened child would run to her, cling to her for protection against the evil genius, his father seemed to him at such times.

As Jim grew up he became fonder and fonder of his pretty gentle mother, who was always so loving and kind, the only bright star in his childish sky so dark and tempestuous.

One night Albert more intoxicated than usual after having vented his ire on everything within his reach lurched towards his wife in a vain effort to strike her

shouting: "Be gone. Be gone woman! And don't ever show your face here again."

Little Jim who was crouched in a corner sobbing ran to her shrieking; "Mamma take me with you! Take me with you."

Wounded to the heart she stood for a few minutes in the door-way holding little Jim in her arms. This sight, those piercing cries of little Jim, somehow calmed the enraged man, he threw himself on a chair and was soon sleeping off the effects of the alcohol.

His unhappy wife, never overstrong, soon showed the effects of this cruel treatment, she declined visibly, fell into consumption which in her weakened condition did its deadly work in a very short time.

The days that preceded her death little Jim never left her bedside; weak as she was she tried hard to comfort him, and impress on his mind what he should do when she would no longer be with him.

"My darling! When Mamma goes to heaven you will try to be very good, won't you?"

"Yes, Mamma dear."

"You will say your prayers every day, you will pray for me, and I will watch over and protect my brave little son."

"Oh! Mamma don't go away! Don't leave me all alone! What will I do without you! Oh take me, take me with you. And in a paroxysm of grief he threw his arms around her neck and held her tight.

Ah if she could only take him with her. What was to become of her innocent little lad in such surroundings alone with his impious drunken father.

"My God! she moaned in her anguish, I recommend my little child to Thee... O Mary you were a Mother, you know a Mother's feelings, you know how we cling to those little ones, how much we love them. Be a Mother to my little lad. O Blessed Père de Mont'ort, whom I have so often invoked, keep him in his Mother's faith."

A few hours afterwards little Jim was Motherless.

"Of course you'll send your boy to the public school." Albert's friends queried. "He will be well taken care of; given his lunch at noon and anything else he needs. Your bigoted wife would have made him another like herself. No danger we will; to the devil with all such nonsense.

Albert listened not any too well pleased to hear his dead wife so abused and criticised. After her death he became very serious and sober for a time. His friends apparently respecting his grief, knew it would be brief and bided their time whispering among themselves: it's alright, he's the kind one good strong glass starts on the war path any time we choose.

The evenings were long and lonely in the dismal cheerless room, lit up by a solitary candle that only served to emphasize its gloom. The father sat and thought of his wife. When she lived everything had been so different, so clean and cozy and comfortable. And how he had made her suffer, this noble self-sacrificing woman, who too late, he realized was worth her weight in gold. Ah! if she were only here now how he would love her and make amends for the past.

Then he lived again that awful night when he had cursed her, and told her to be gone, told her so brutally he never wanted to see her face again... again he heard little Jim shrill cry: take me with you Mamma.

He had killed her then. What a brute man is when he deprives himself of his reason, when his evil nature is afire with intoxicating drink and he is no longer conscious of what he says or does, when unbridled passions hold away and lead to the most deplorable crimes.

Yes he had given her her death blow that night. Human justice does not sit in verdict on those murders; nevertheless they are murders just the same, we feel it, we know it, our own heart condemns us. Moreover beside him was his worst accuser, his little son, who now and again looked at him as a judge might a culprit, he could not bear to meet those innocent eyes thinking he saw therein contempt, horror, condemnation.

And sincerely he resolved: never will I return to my former evil ways. I don't want my little Jim to despise

me. He will grow up and forget. In fifteen years from now those shameful scenes will seem like a dream. In future I'll be so loving and kind that he'll soon forget all the past.

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Alas for human frailty, those good resolutions lasted two months.

Little Jim is eleven years old. His Father had sent him to the public school where he learned much about many things he'd never need; but about religion or moral principles absolutely nothing.

The father his short morning over no longer controlled by his wife's gentle influence, rejoined his boon-companions and became a socialist as well as a drunkard.

"So your boy is growing up. Too bad you had him baptized that was one of your concessions to your bigoted wife. We would have done different and baptized him with wine and had a fine old time. Still what is done can't be undone, so we'll just make a bear's cub of him now, eh! Albert," so spoke one of his associates.

Albert did not reply, but apparently not noticing his silence, his interrogator coaxed: "Come along Albert! Come and have a drink?"

Yielding to the tempter he drained three glasses before he stopped.

"Would you believe" Albert, continued his friend. "I was told your boy was going to make what they call his First Communion. Surely it's not true? You won't allow it?"

"Me! Never! Who could have circulated such a lie. I swear it's false by all the demons—if there are any."

"The news astonished me. I knew you were a man of character and held those superstitious practices in horror. Waiter another drink."

Those drinks were always at Albert's expense though ordered in such a lordly manner by this man who seemed

to exert some magnetic influence over poor weak-willed Albert; and when his point was gained left him to stagger home as best he could muttering.:

"First Communion!... Companions don't want it!... But bear's cub! bear's cub!...great rejoicing."

The children ran after him mimicking him and shouting bear's cub, bear's cub, without knowing exactly what it meant and ever afterwards always called him, bear's cub.

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"Jim, you know you must never even mention First Communion to me. I can't afford to buy you the necessary paraphernalia. And what is, more, I won't allow you to make it".

Jim could not understand this heartless prohibition, or imagine who had given away his secret.

For it was true; his heart was set on making his First Communion. How he was going to do it, he did not know but he was seriously thinking over ways and means.

From morning till night he was alone. At school he was diligent and docile, first in his class and a general favorite in spite of his shabby clothes. Under those thread-bear garments beat a heart of gold—the heart of his mother. One of his teachers remarked: "strange where worth hides itself." Still, of God or his duties he knew nothing except what the civil code inculcated. Incomplete and false as it was it had nevertheless disclosed horizons that charmed him. Try as we may we cannot destroy all nobility, for good clings to our nature by indestructible links, ineradicable principles.

Jim's chum and rival, Wee Charlie, as some of the bigger boys called him was the son of a laborer like himself and was to make his First Communion that year. Charlie was a mischievous lively lad but thoroughly good and unusually wise for his years.

"Jim why don't you come to Catechism, he asked?"

"To Catechism? What for?"

"Why to prepare for your First Communion like me and the rest of us."



"Father, won't allow me."

"You need not tell him."

"No! but if he found out he'd be very angry and whip me."

"Why! Have we not a right to do as we think right? My Father says we have and calls it liberty of conscience. Come along Jim. Your Father wont know anything about it."

"But they might not want me."

"Leave that to me, only please come."

Wee Charlie was very self-willed and when he had made up his mind, nothing could turn him from his purpose. And now he had firmly made up his mind: Jim will make his First Communion with me, he'll be my partner. Class comparicns, church companions.

True to his promise Charlie went to see the vicar who taught the Catechism class and told him all about Jim. The vicar was greatly pleased and warmly commended the little apostle and told him to bring Jim to Catechism next day and say nothing about it.

When Jim heard the first Christian lessons he was delighted. Still they were not exactly new to him, it seemed as if he had already heard them sometime, somewhere. And the mysteries, little Jesus in the manger, the Virgin Mary's name, even the prayers, were to him like a strain of delicious music whose familiar refrain awoke memories of blissful childhood. And so it was, for he had heard all those things from his mother's lips—as only a mother can tell them—and their influence had kept him good and pure, a child in heart as in years.

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When three months later his father learned by chance that he attended Catechism, he was furious. What would his comrades say? How they would laugh at him and his sworn assurance, that his boy would never fall into the bigot's hands.

He punished Jim severely and strictly forbade him to go near the Vicar again, or to Catechism or mass on Sunday.

He'd see if parental authority was on'y an empty word. And right away he exerted it by keeping poor little Jim a close prisoner between four walls all day Sunday. Besides there would be more needed; new clothes, a badge, a candle. Those kind of folks are never satisfied. Who knows they might even provide them all for Jim, just to spite Jim's father, but he'd be on the alert, they'd not get ahead of him.

Jim was heart-broken and Charlie almost as bad. The plucky little apostle had got his mother to prepare all Jim required for his First Communion. Jim had no mother, but Charlie had such a loving one that she could never refuse him anything especially when his request was as much to her liking as this one.

The retreat began. Jim did not dare attend the exercises. Nevertheless every day, after class, he slipped into the church and there hidden in a corner listened to the hymns, as much of the instruction as he could. On his knees he sobbed: My God! how happy my comrades are—how miserable and unhappy I am. And he invoked his mother and Blessed Montfort, the Apostle of his Country, whom he had been taught to pray too.

Then he dried his eyes and went back to the school he found so lonesome and irksome, and at night to the home he found so desolate and dismal. Still he did not complain, neither did he coax or plead, he knew nothing he could say or do would have any effect on his father's fierce determination.

Friday evening he went to confession. If he could not make his First Communion, at least he would be in a state of grace.

The night before the First Communion, Jim did not sleep at all. In the early morning he heard the glad bells ring out: This is the great day. He drew the bed-clothes over his head and sobbed as if his heart would break. The great day! Yes, for the others but not for me.

His father got up that morning feeling so cross and wretched he hastened to the corner saloon for a drink, then even more cross and wretched came back to watch his son for he had a vague idea the bigots were going to play a trick on him.

Until nine o'clock, Jim sat in a corner near the fire, his head in his hands, a pitiful sight in his old torn blouse and coarse sabots. Again the gay bells pealed out, this time announcing the processional march of the First Communicants around the church to the sanctuary, where they were to take their places close to the altar. Jim heard them singing more with his heart than his ears, and his tears flowed freely.

Drunkard as he was, the father was tortured with remorse. Something told him he was treating his defenceless little son inhumanly, unjustly and a vision rose before him of that son, grown to manhood, upbraiding him and justly saying:

"You were a bad father to me, I'll be a bad son to you." Unable to bear his thought any longer he arose and went out slamming the door after him.

Little Jim left alone gave free vent to his grief.

All at once the hymns grew louder, beautiful, heart-filling. Jim opened the window. The voices were more impressive, he could even understand the words. He seemed to hear Charlie's voice above the others saying:

Come Jim! Come! I've kept your place beside me!

The call was irresistible. Jumping out of the window Jim answered: Yes I come, here I am!

The assistants saw a little lad in blouse and sabots, all out of breath, rush into the sanctuary.

The vicar turned, yes, it was his little Jim, but what a sight in his torn blouse and coarse sabots.

"Here I am he whispered." Father went out and I jumped from the window to come and make my First Communion. I did not take any breakfast, hoping the good God would grant me this grace I've been asking for three months." And the little lad in blouse and sabots, holding a candle, his countenance radiant, took his place beside Charlie in the sanctuary.

All the other children had nice new clothes, white and gold badges, ivory prayer books, gold mounted rosaries; Jim had none of these, nor did he wish for them. He was happy; he gazed upon the altar, the tabernacle, it was

his book, and what he read therein pleased him and lit up his countenance with angelic peace, heavenly beauty.

Jesus who looks at the heart and not the clothes saw all those hearts very pure, very well prepared, but none purer or more full of loving desire for His coming than little Jim's.

When the priest placed the Sacred Host on his tongue, all eyes were fastened on the child, more angelic than human; he had forgotten his grief, his poverty, his old blouse and sabots, faith confidence, love, joy, happiness transfigured his countenance, his whole being that Jesus the found Lover of children had taken possession of and sealed His own forever.

That evening the vicar brought Jim home to his father. The child began to be somewhat afraid of the consequence of his act. He had spent the day with Charlie and put on the First Communion livery his loyal little champion's mother had provided for him.

When his father saw him looking so bright and happy in his nice new suit, patent-leather shoes, pretty white and gold badge he was secretly proud of his boy, but nevertheless only growled: "Oh! Yes, I know, its another trick of those bigots; I suspected as much and did my best to outwit them, but failed."

"Yes" replied the vicar. "the bigots played the trick on you of giving you a well brought up child, a good docile boy. He disobeyed you today for the first time, yet I am almost sure you will admit he did well."

"No I will not say it, I will not admit it!"

"Even so he intends to play just such another trick, that for instance, of making you a good man, a steady sober worker, an irreproachable father. It's your turn now to take care of your little son. He will work with you; will you take him to the saloon?"

The deeply affected father gazed long and earnestly at his wife's picture suspended just above his head then lowering his eyes in confusion before those that seemed to reproach and plead, he murmured:

"It is true, I am not a man."

And, snatching up little Jim, he held him in a warm embrace that spoke volumes for the future.

## IN THE SUN'S RAYS.

What priceless graces would not be ours, if our souls were more frequently exposed to the beneficent rays of the Eucharistic Sun! This is their true center; there alone can they expand and be dilated with those heavenly joys for which they were created. Now, the dazzling lights of the world's gaudy pomps and shows have "hid these things from our eyes." but, oh! bitterly shall we not one day regret this blindness during the hours of patient expectation in the cleansing fires of Purgatory? Why not be wise in time? Graces are unceasingly flowing from the glorious wounds of Jesus; graces of pardon, graces of joy and comfort, of peace and consolation, graces of closest union with Him, graces of highest sanctity. Let us go, then, "to draw with joy from the fountains of the Saviour;" there shall we quell the unsatiable desires of our immortal souls, always hungering and thirsting for more pleasures, more joys, more love. "Come, make haste and eat, buy (bread) without money, and wine and milk without payment. Why do you give your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which is good for nothing."

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**VISITING ONE'S BEST FRIEND**

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It is no hardship to seek the presence of those we love. It is a joy rather to see and converse with them, to confide in them; 'tis a sensible pleasure even to breathe the sympathetic atmosphere that surrounds them. The friend of our heart is welcome to us at all times, and we rejoice in the conviction that our presence is also ever welcome to him. And no one is so poor that he may not, if he will, be intimate with the best of all possible friends. When Lord Kames wrote, "The difficulty is not so great to die for a friend as to find a

friend worth dying for," he was leaving out of consideration the One Supreme Friend who is not only worth dying for but who has actually died for us.

In the tabernacle of each of the thousands of Catholic churches, chapels, and oratories throughout the land, there dwells perennially, really present with His divinity and His humanity, the Friend of all friends—our Blessed Lord Himself. His presence there is incontestable evidence of our Saviour's love for us, is convincing proof that His delight is to be with the children of men. Do we give Him any love in return? Do we sometimes show that our delight is to be with the Eucharistic God? How often from Sunday to Sunday do we visit our best Friend? Of the thousands of Catholics who in city or large town daily pass by from two or three to half a dozen churches, how many turn in to the entrance to spend fifteen or even five minutes in adoration of the Lord whom they unquestionably believe to be really there? And yet should not our urgent need, if not our gratitude and love, bring us frequently to His feet? Who among us is not burdened from day to day with crosses and cares, with trials and troubles in the spiritual or temporal order, or in both? Business anxieties, financial difficulties, unsuccessful projects, accumulating debts, household vexations, family worries, exhausting physical or mental labor, coldness and indifference and neglect from those we love most fondly,—does not some such burden often leave us ailing in body, heavy at heart, depressed in spirit? Why not, then, accept the invitation lovingly proffered to us from every tabernacle around us, "Come to Me all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you?"

Are we weak and fainting from interior struggles with our spiritual enemies, with the world, the flesh, or the devil, or, haply, with the combined forces of all three? Is the strength with which we have been keeping our latest good resolutions palpably waning? Have the stormwinds of passion lashed us until the waves of temptation threaten to engulf our souls? Why not seek the actual presence of that Divine Master who, now as of old, is ever ready at the cry of His disciples to calm the tempest and bid the waves be still?

Nor can the advice frequently to visit the Blessed Sacrament be justly styled the advocacy of a standard of piety too exalted for the ordinary, everyday Catholic, and suitable only for priest and monks and nuns. The practice, on the part of any Catholic, is only a natural, consistent outcome of a living faith, a genuine belief that the divine Occupant of the tabernacle is none other than He who, nineteen hundred years ago, wrought the redemption of mankind, — the identical Man-God, Jesus Christ, who healed the sick, gave sight to the blind and speech to the dumb.

To seek in our need this most loving of all friends is simply an exercise of our Catholic common-sense: and that He is thus sought by laity as well as clergy is proved by daily experience in Catholic cities. Thousands of men and women rise superior to human respect and display on this point the moral courage of acting upon their convictions. Do we always act on ours in this matter of frequently visiting our best Friend. ?

### I Cannot Pass Thee

I cannot pass Thee — my sweet Jesus, no!  
 When, as upon my way I onward go,  
 To Thee a temple points its cross-crown'd towers,  
 I enter in, and spend one of those hours  
 When purest joy fills all my soul — when, oh!  
 Thou givest to this sinner here below  
 A drop of sizeless heaven. Then I feel  
 A peace with all Thy works and out doth steal  
 My happy heart in thankful tears. I see,  
 With understanding true, that far from Thee  
 And steeped in timed pleasures is not rest:  
 Repose is found safe on Thy sacred breast. —  
 To shun all carnal comfort for Thee, Lord,  
 A sacrifice! — indeed, a witless word.  
 Let every ill o'ertake, encompass me,  
 Yet blissful I, in friendship still with Thee!

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