



Our Lord saving Peter.



THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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Easter Morn.

A splendid burst of dazzling' light;
A glorious human face
With more than human grace;
A Body wrapt in floating raiment white;

Then, surging seas of wildest song
Awake the slumbering ear,
And guards in paling fear,
Behold exulting wings of angel throng.

Now dies the song, now quenched in gloom
The light hath lost its sheen,
The fair face is unseen,
And sentry angels keep an empty tomb.

D. S. s. s. s.

THE EUCHARISTIC BANQUET

Our Lord in Holy Communion invites us to banquet in His company, calling us with a silent, loving voice, thrilling us with His own affectionateness. And O! the jubilation which precedes this, namely that of divine forgiveness in a good confession. God is indeed ascending and descending continuously by His Holy Spirit in every sacrament, but especially by His incarnate Godhead in Communion. What can be more glorious than this perfect accessibility of Jesus.

The Real Presence is the reality of all divine union. St. Alphonsus says: "What can God refuse me when He makes Himself mine, heart to heart?" Who can be faint-hearted in the work of salvation when his heart is made one with the mighty heart of Jesus Christ? St. John, in writing to a beloved friend postpones his dearer confidences till he can "speak face to face" One glance of love, one little word of friendship, is worth a thousand pen and ink utterances. What then of being heart to heart with the Son of God — love and love placed in a miraculously close exchange of greetings and of vows. Just as we often say that our feelings are too deep for utterance and our thoughts beyond the power of words to express, so may we also affirm that we can win Christ's love adequately only by the naked knowledge of our soul's loyalty, and, best of all, by the mystical revelations of His own heart's deepest affections for us in Holy Communion.

These sentiments of the Catholic soul are sung beautifully by holy Church in one of the hymns of the divine office for Corpus Christi:

"In birth man's fellow-man was He,
His meat while sitting at the board;
He died his ransom to be,
He reings to be his great reward."

God is my fellow-man, God is my food, God is my ransom from Satan's slavery, God is my reward in heaven. And all this, is it not both typified and realized in Holy Communion? For then God the Son is granted to us in personal and most intimate possession.

No wonder, then, that the late Supreme Pontiff, Pius X., urges all Catholics to go frequently to Communion, to go every day if they can, but keep free from mortal sin; to bring their littlest children to Communion as soon as they can be made to understand that it is God who is going to be given them; and bids us make our whole lives worthy of such a divine privilege by the practise of all Christian virtues. Yet many among us are backward; some from timidity, multitudes from base sinfulness. Well may the Pope cry out to us with St. John the Baptist "There hath stood One in the midst of you whom you know not."



The Ray of Sunshine.

I am only a little ray of sunshine, always smiling, always gay, very curious, and at times a little indiscreet, for I glide in everywhere through cracks and key holes.

One day I was sad, very sad, I had entered a church through a stained-glass window, colouring vividly the red robes and the blue mantles of the saints, and I amused myself in gilding the floor of the church and in dotting the walls with diamonds and precious stones, when I heard a voice sighing: "O, I am always alone!"

Where did the voice come from? I hung on to the statues and interviewed them one by one. I wrought a crown of rubies and emeralds and sapphires and amethysts around their brows. But my caresses and flatteries were in vain; they remained sphinx-like, rigid and dumb, refusing to betray their secrets. And again I heard the voice: "O, I am always alone!"

I turned to the Blessed Virgin. I had heard the preachers say that she was the Mother of Sorrows. Perhaps the complaint came from her. But her lips remained closed.

I went to St. Anthony and whispered into his ear: "Tell me who is sighing thus that I may console Him, for I am good at that, and people say, when something makes them rejoice: "It is like a ray of sunshine."

St. Anthony smiled and pointed to the tabernacle. Then I heard the voice again. It was all clear to me now. A world of sorrow, of contempt, of ridicule, of unrequited love revealed itself to me in the sad complaint of the heavenly Prisoner. As my father, the sun, was darkened at His sufferings and death, I was nearly overcome at the pitiful words of Him who said: "O, I am always alone!"

I was on the point of withdrawing out of respect for Jesus when He said: "Little ray of sunshine, dear creature, remain with Me that I may not be alone". Then I tried my best to be very warm and cheerful because the tabernacle was cold and dark, but I felt that my warmth was not that which the Sacred Heart of Jesus longed for.

All at once the church doors opened and in came a noisy crowd — men, women and children — it was an afternoon wedding. Everybody hurried to a seat without a genuflection. The men talked, the women gossiped and the children played, but nobody prayed.

There was a grand display of fashionable robes and hats and the organ played some familiar pieces from an opera during the ceremony. Then Jesus, sadder than before, sighed again: "O, I am so much alone!"

The noisy crowd had left the church, when a little altar boy came up the aisle of the deserted church to put out the candles. He finished his task and then he knelt reverently at the foot of the altar, piously joined his hands and from his heart a ray went up to the tabernacle towards the heart of Jesus. How beautiful was that ray which came from a pure heart! I, the ray of sunshine, felt how cold I was beside the ray of fervent prayer that came from the innocent heart of the boy, and I left the chapel where Jesus was lonesome no more.

Visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

"I shall go over into the place of the wonderful tabernacle, even to the house of God."

We are not surprised that words like these came from the lips of Israel's sweetest singer when we listen later on, to the spontaneous expression of the deep yearning that prompted them: "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! my soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord..."

What would have been the joy of David, how sublime would have been the outpouring of that joy, had the Lord of Host Himself been present in the tabernacles of Israel, as He is present in our tabernacles to-day. David, without the Real Presence, is moved to "go over into the place of the wonderful tabernacle." is filled with the strains of the most exalted psalmody, and inexpressibly yearns for the courts of the Lord. We, with Christ present among us, and of easy access at all times, remain, as a rule, cold and indifferent, experience seldom if ever the raptures of David, and rarely think of visiting that same Lord who dwells in our churches far more truly and really than He did even in the Holy of Holies in the temple on Sion.

The cause of this coldness and indifference is our lack of faith. Our belief in the Real Presence is too formal, too theoretical, too exclusively intellectual. We give our assent to the dogma but remain satisfied with this, and do not allow our other faculties to feel the influence of the great central truth of Christianity. The mind bows before the Mystery, and the *credo* of obedience comes spontaneously from our lips; but we do not present docile wills and plastic hearts to the promptings that spring from the presence of this truth in the intellect? Do we surrender ourselves without reserve to its action? Do we not rather permit a sort of spiritual atrophy to afflict it, deaden its influence, and cause it to become an almost passive deposit of faith, instead of

the most active, most influential agency in our lives, as it should be?

If we had the real spirit of faith our hearts also would be filled with yearning for the "courts of the Lord," and we would share with David, in kind, if not in degree the desire to "go over into the place of the wonderful tabernacle." Our hearts, filled with love, would then lead us to make frequent visits to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. We would begin to realize the great blessings, the immense spiritual and temporal benefits that result from these visits. Our faith would thus be warmed and strengthened and we would heed its promptings to seek frequently the company of the Son of God watching and waiting in the tabernacle.

After the reception of the Sacrament, there is no better method of gaining supernatural help than by asking it in the presence of Jesus. Our divine Saviour dispenses His graces in greatest abundance to those who visit Him in the Blessed Sacrament. If we are in need of help and consolation, what is more reasonable than that we should seek them from Him who is the inexhaustible fountain of strength and comfort? If we had a favor to ask of an earthly monarch, would we not desire to see this ruler face to face, and beg it of him ourselves, especially if he had often told us to come to him and ask him for all we needed?

There are many times when we feel discouraged and disheartened, almost ready to sink beneath the weight of the burdens that oppress us. It is then that we should go to the true Shepherd and implore His help. Prayer in our own homes is very good, but a visit to Jesus is a better, a surer method of gaining His help. If we were to go to the church and do nothing but kneel before the Blessed Sacrament, silently baring our souls to Him who listens lovingly to the prayers that words fail to express, we should soon "taste and see how sweet is the Lord."

The Blessed Sacrament is our greatest treasure. To use the words of Father Faber, it "is no less than heaven on earth"... "God has thrown Himself, His grace, His joy, His presence into it as the last citadel of His love"... its portals are the happy end of all human pilgrimage.

H. C. Schuyler.

What graces do those who miss a Communion through their own fault deprive themselves of ?

Those who miss a Communion through their own fault deprive themselves of a countless number of graces: these graces are of two kinds: certain and possible, and also of certain merits.

The Christian soul in a state to approach worthily the Sacred Banquet and not doing so through her own fault deprives herself of many:

CERTAIN GRACES:

1. Of the visit of our Lord Himself to her soul with all His perfections Divine and Human. It is not only the gift of Jesus Body, but in reality that of God Himself, in the unity of His nature and the Trinity of His adorable Persones, the Father the Son and the Holy Ghost.

The soul closely united to God, the infinitely holy and infinitely perfect being, participates thus to this infinite fulness in a measure known to God alone.

What Gift? What Grace?

The coming in us of the Author, Himself, of every grace and gift. The gift of gift which nothing can surpass.

2. Of an increase of sanctifying grace that renders the soul more living of divine life, more adorned with virtues, more holy and more agreeable in God's sight.

3. Of the remission of venial sins provided we are sorry for them. Thus Communion repairs the soul's weaknesses and daily losses, facilitates the practice of virtue and enhances the heavenly value of its good works.

4. Of a salutary remedy that weakens evil inclinations, curbs inordinate propensities, lessens all causes of supernatural death and strengthens the soul against temptations.

Communion according to the Council of Trent is a divine antidote that not only delivers the soul from its daily faults, but also preserves it from mortal sin.

5. Of the sacramental grace of the Eucharist that gives right to receive actual graces, at the opportune moment, light for the intellect, strength for the will, holy inspirations; graces needed to avoid sin more easily, to more perfectly accomplish our duties of state, and to persevere in God's friendship. Communion is for the soul a power-

ful aid that helps it wonderfully to become more virtuous and holy.

6. Of the total or partial remission of temporal pains due to sin according to our greater fervor, remission that shortens purgatory and hastens our vision of God.

7. Of special spiritual joy that confirms in good and help us to bear sorrows and trials with more patience and resignation.

8. Of a particular glory at the Resurrection, for our body, more glorious, thanks to the more frequent reception of the glorious Christ of the Eucharist.

9. Of an increase of heavenly joy that allows the soul to draw closer to God and to enjoy Him more throughout eternity.

A new degree of glory in heaven, or a more perfect possession of God is something infinite by its excellence and by its duration which is eternal.

10. Of a plenary indulgence or of several partial attached to the recitation of the prayer: "Behold me, O good and most Sweet Jesus etc.."

11. Of the weekly plenary Indulgence, all priests inscribed in the Sacerdotal League have the power to impart.

12. Of the gain of other Indulgences requiring Communion that day as indispensable condition.

This Soul also deprives herself of many:

POSSIBLE GRACES.

Of a Communion missed by negligence depends perhaps.

- a) The victory over a fault,
- b) The triumph over a passion,
- c) The acquisition of some virtue, some grace long prayed for.
- d) The grace to know and correspond to vocation.
- e) The conversion, the salvation of a soul.
- f) The help or even the deliverance of a soul from purgatory.
- g) Spiritual and temporal graces for parents, family, friends, etc..

And many other graces God can attach to that Communion and bestow as reward for that great act according to the dispositions of the recipient. Moreover the soul deprives herself of:

CERTAIN MERITS.

1. Of assistance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, or if assistance at Mass is not possible of the visit to the Blessed Sacrament. A Communion always includes other exercises of piety.

2. Of the merit of consoling.

a) The Heart of Jesus present in the Tabernacle to be the soul's food. Our Lord's desire to be thus consoled by Communion, He, Himself disclosed to Blessed Margaret Mary when He said: "You will receive Me as often as obedience allows you."

b) The Immaculate Mother, the virgin Mary so eager to see us receive her Divine Son.

c) Our Angel Guardian who rejoices to see us feed on this Bread of Angels.

3. Of the merit of fully responding to the desires of the Church and its supreme Chief.

4. Of having edified our neighbor and perhaps won some souls to Jesus through the excellence of frequent Communion.

5. Finally: Of the merit of many little victories over self such as overcoming sloth by rising earlier, supererogatory prayers, journey to church, care to keep our soul pure or to purify it, fight against human respect and the apathy of parents, friends etc...

CONCLUSION.

Be determined never to miss a Communion through your own fault. All is therein! Yes truly, all is therein, since therein is Christ the life of our soul.

In concluding we quote Father Lintelo: "Communion is prayer in its highest power, purity in its essence, Faith in its entirety, perseverance in its completeness. Communion is resistance to sin since the Eucharist is at once for the soul, a food, a remedy, and a defence against the assaults of the devil. Communion is heaven assured. 'He who eats my Flesh and drinks my Blood hath eternal life.'"

Read this often especially when through negligence you feel like not going to Communion. The knowledge of the many graces each Host will bring you, will make you more eager to receive It, more determined never to miss a Communion through your own fault.



Jesus has reserved for us not one Host, but a hundred, a thousand one for every day of our life. Our Host are prepared let us not lose one... Believe and receive this food: in one day the Eucharist will make you do more for the glory of God, than a whole life without It... You want to live without Communion? Well do not say the Our Father any more, since in that prayer, you ask your daily Bread which you do not want... But this neglected Communion, you will be asked an account of, like the talent hidden by the unfaithful servant of the Gospel... Live to Communicate, and Communicate to live holily.

V. P. Eymard.

A Recruit for the King of Kings.

Caesar von Bus was the son of a wealthy nobleman and an officer in the French army. Although he was addicted to gambling and led a fast life, he had not totally given up prayer; yet, from motives of human respect, he was careful to perform his devotions as secretly as possible. One day he entered the parish church of his native town, Cavillon, at an hour when it was generally empty, and knelt in a retired corner, where he thought he should not be seen. Just at that moment the priest went up to the altar to take the Blessed Sacrament to carry it to a dying man. He looked around for the sacristan, or some server who could accompany him, as is usual in Catholic countries, but there was no one to be seen. At last he

caught sight of the officer. Was it chance, or an inspiration from on high that induced him to go up to the stranger, and handing him a lighted taper, say to him, "Walk in front of me; to-day you must serve the King of kings, Who is hidden beneath this Host." Caesar was astounded, aghast, at this proposal. He was in full uniform, his saber at his side, his plumed helmet in his hand. What would be said of him in the guardhouse, which he would have to pass? What would his colonel, what would his messmates think and say, when they saw him serving as an acolyte? How they would deride and mock at him! His pride rose up within him, but grace triumphed.

After one moment's hesitation, he resolved to perform an action which, under the circumstances, would cost him a really heroic effort, in order to honor the King of heaven, and atone for the transgressions of which he had been guilty. The thought flashed across his mind that his eternal destiny might depend upon his decision, and he remembered too, that monarchs formerly, used to deem it an honor to accompany the Blessed Sacrament on occasions such as this. So he took the taper, bowed low, and with downcast eyes, marched along before the priest. What he foresaw happened; he was the talk of the whole town, and his fellow-officers did not scruple to jeer at him. But it was the turning point in the young man's career; from that time forth his devotion was exemplary. No longer a slave to human respect, he made an open profession of religion, and when his military duties permitted, he served the sick in the hospitals. God favored him with many graces pre-eminently with the gift of wisdom, so that princes and prelates frequently sought his counsel. Finally he became a priest.... He died in 1607 in the odor of sanctity.



Communion.

O happy flowers! O happy flowers!
 How quietly for hours and hours,
 In dead of night, in cheerful day,
 Close to my own dear Lord you stay,
 Until you gently fade away.

O happy flowers! what would I give,
 In your sweet place all day to live,
 And then to die, my service o'er,
 Softly as you do, at His door.

O happy lights! O happy lights!
 Watching my Jesus livelong nights,
 How close you cluster round His throne,
 Dying so meekly one by one,
 As each its faithful watch has done.
 Could I with you but take my turn,
 And burn with love of Him, and burn
 Til love had wasted me, like you,
 Sweet lights! what better could I do?

O happy Pyx! O happy Pyx!
 Where Jesus doth His dwelling fix:
 O little palace dear and bright,
 Where He, Who is the world's true light,

Spends all the day, and stays all night.
Ah! if my heart could only be,
A little home for Him like thee,
Such fires my happy soul would move,
I could not help but die of love!

O Pyx, and lights, and flowers! but I
Through envy of you will not die;
Nay, happy things! what will you do,
Since I am better off than you,
The whole day long, the whole night through?
For Jesus gives Himself to me,
So sweetly and so utterly,
By right long since I should have died
For love of Jesus crucified.

My happy soul! My happy soul!
How shall I then my love control?
O sweet Communion, feast of bliss,
When the dear Host my tongue doth kiss,
What happiness is like to this?
Oh! Heaven, I think must be alway
Quite like a First Communion day,
With love so sweet and joy so strange,
Only that heaven will never change.

Faber.



FILIOLUS.

The tender word *Filiolus*, which fell from the lips of our Blessed Lord when, from the abundance of His Sacred Heart, He was bidding farewell to the chosen ones who were gathered together at His board for the Last Supper, seems to have been well remembered by the Beloved Disciple who was leaning on his breast, for in his first Epistle he makes frequent use of it. And we may in turn apply the dear diminutive to Jesus Himself in the Blessed Sacrament, and call Him, not as He has been called so commonly, '*Filius Hominis*' (the Son of man), but by the loving word *Filiolus*.

For love of us He has deigned to make Himself so small indeed, eucharistically, as to give us the great courage to speak to Him very lovingly, and to call Him as Our Lady or St. Joseph may have done, to His unveiled face, during the days of His Sacred Infancy. The wonders of the almost infinitely small in nature are greater than the wonders of the almost infinitely great; and we marvel to see the organization, perfect in every detail, of the atoms of the insect world rather than the evident harmonies of the immense worlds above our heads.

So it is also in the kingdom of the grace of God; and the greatest of all wonders there, is the presence of the Omnipotent in the tiny Host, and the perfection of its heavenly providence for all the wants of man. God's love seems most perfect where it has found, seemingly, such inadequate expression, just as the strongest human love at times chooses in its helplessness to seek to bind heart to heart by the infinitesimal strength of a lock of hair, and in very truth does so grapple heart to heart and soul to soul more lastingly than with hooks of steel.

So, God's love is perfect where He is least, when He is really present with us in His little Host. Man was made by God 'a little less than the Angels'; and God's love was not satisfied until, made Man in the fulness of time, He took upon Himself the sacramental form that makes Him, seemingly, a great deal less than man.

SUBJECT of ADORATION

“Grant Peace O Lord, in our days.”

I. — ADORATION.

Though there are other views of this present disastrous war, it is to be considered as a punishment for the sins of mankind. We may observe God's ways of dealing with the nations, in the history of the Jewish people. Whenever Israel forgetting Jehovah wandered from the path marked out for her, a cruel war brought her back again. Then some prophet would point out the cause of the evil, and when this was removed peace and prosperity returned.

This is just what has happened in our own days. The nations, having long tried, and seemed in fact, to do without God have been brought to their senses by this great war. Pope Benedict XV as God's prophet has pointed out the causes of this scourge. “These are,” he says, “the want of mutual love amongst men, contempt for authority, injustice in the different relations of society, and material welfare made the only object of man's activity.” Peace will follow the removal or attenuation of these causes.

Here present is Jesus, who has by this war shown the hand He takes in the government of this world: on the lower creation, of rational individuals and of nations. Adore Him ruling our destinies. Adore Him as the All-Holy and All-Just who cannot let sin go unpunished. This done, recalling His words and deeds when He walked this earth as one of ourselves, adore Him as most merciful. Dwell long and earnestly on His mercy. He will give us peace when He sees fit.

II. — THANKSGIVING.

What have we to be thankful for with regard to this war? In the first place, cruel as it is, it might have been still worse. Though we feel its effects on this side of the Atlantic, we must thank God for sparing us the sufferings of the war-zone itself.

We should rejoice at the awakening of faith in the hearts of thousands and at the current of thought which tends to abate prejudice against priests, nuns and the Catholic Church in general. Besides,

the Papacy is coming in for a larger share in the world matters. This is not the least significant sign of the times.

It is well also to remember that it is exactly one hundred years since the last war between the United-States and England. A century of peace is something to be thankful for. We appreciate peace during a war like the present one.

Lastly, consider the beneficent effects of the multiplied presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. This world would be the scene of far greater calamities, of more frequent punishments for sin, were its surface not dotted with innumerable churches with Jesus residing in their tabernacles, and were the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass not offered daily "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same,

III.—REPARATION.

One of the first cries to be heard above the din of the early battles was an insult to Jesus in the person of His Vicar. Pius X was laughed to scorn by the Socialists because he did not prevent the war.

Now the cry is that Christianity has failed. The system of the "Carpenter of Nazareth" is to be cast off as out of date. The modern world needs something more vital than the religion of Jesus-Christ. One would suppose that present day evils were the result of too close a following of the maxims of the Gospel.

Nor are Christ's abodes among men respected. Shot and shell are never so effective as when used on churches. While making due allowance for cases of necessity and accident, we may safely say that more than one shell which crashed into a venerable cathedral was directed by a hater of the Catholic Church, and that the enemies of religion in both armies chuckled to themselves when they saw the crumbled ruins.

Besides, though it is all very well to admire the bravery of the soldier-priests, it is easy to be seen that they are ruthlessly and eagerly sacrificed by an anti-Catholic Government.

And, if we turn our gaze towards Mexico, besides the above mentioned calamities, we behold a systematic persecution of the Church. The destruction of churches, convents and schools; the murder, imprisonment, torture or exile of bishops, priests, brothers and nuns—these and other unspeakable abominations are of every day occurrence. Here, also, Jesus is outraged in person in His Sacramental state. Tabernacles are broken open and the contents

of the sacred vessels scattered, trampled under foot and even given to animals.

Console Jesus for the insults offered His Spouse the Church, for the disregard for His doctrine, for the destruction of His temples and His sufferings in the persons of His clergy and religious. Make special reparation for the sacrileges perpetrated in Mexico.

IV. — PRAYER.

"O God, from whom are all holy desires, right counsels, and just works, give to thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be disposed to keep Thy commandments, and the fear of enemies being removed, the times by Thy protection may be peaceable."

This is the Church's prayer for peace. It would be well to learn it by heart and recite it daily till the end of the war.

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



How to receive Holy Communion

IF the Blessed Eucharist is a Sacrament in which we find a heaven upon earth, and God Himself in us, as it is the greatest prodigy of God's love for man; so to profit by It we must approach to it with a lively faith, a firm hope, and an ardent love of Jesus Christ, trusting that He will supply our deficiency in these three virtues, and increase them within us in proportion as we communicate frequently, and as far as we are able, worthily. Hence those who stay away from Holy Communion because they do not sensibly experience the holy impression of these virtues, nor an ardent desire to receive Jesus Christ should not on this account deprive themselves of It; because it is necessary to enable them to practice the virtues of Christianity, and the duties of their state in life; they should therefore, receive their blessed Saviour on account of the need they have of Him,

A. Kempis.

Little Maude.

A great and holy day has dawned on the convent of B. It is first communion day, and the white-robed, radiant-faced girls present the very picture of purest delight. All are beaming with inward happiness, — save one. Little Maude is ruefully contemplating Mary and Lucy, her sisters and first communicants too! She alone, poor little mite, was excluded from the celestial banquet, and her eyes are full of tears. If you ask her why she is sad, she answers with a deep sigh: "because Jesus did not come to me." The other girls are telling her she can communicate spiritually. "I did," she would say; "but Jesus didn't come!" Then she is told that she will make her first communion next year. "O but that's so far-off!" sighs the little maid with a mein so disconsolate as if you had asked her to wait a thousand years.

The kind Sisters were told all about Maude's great distress and from that time they observed her carefully. They soon noticed that the child very often whispered with her sister Mary during mass. Of course, Mary was called to order rather severely and told; she ought to know better than talk in church, thus setting a bad example to her schoolmates in general and her young sister in particular. Mary was silent. At last the teacher asked her what they two could have to tell each other at such moment.

"Please, sister," the girl replied timidly, "Maude wants to make her spiritual communion during mass and I have to help her."

"Well, and how do you help her?"

"Maude first examines her conscience by means of her prayer-book and I have to explain to her the things she can't understand; then she makes her act of contrition and after that she says: 'O dear Jesus, I believe in You; I hope in You; I love You; come into my heart!' And then she moves quite close up to me, so as not to be disturbed, and she adores Jesus."

"And does she do that every day?" the Sister asked.

"No; when she has committed a fault, she does not communicate."

"And do you really think Maude understands what it means to communicate?" questioned the Sister thoughtfully.

"Oh! yes," Mary quickly replied; "she knows perfectly well that it means receiving our Lord, and when she sees us rise and go to the altar rail, she always has tears in her eyes."

So much love and ardent desire could not be withstood, and little Maude was told she should make her first communion, all by herself, on the feast of the Sacred Heart — The child's eyes sparkled with joy, and more than ever she tried to be 'very good,' in order to prepare for her first *real* communion.

And it was a most touching sight to see this tiny girl receiving her dear Jesus, for whom she had sighed so ardently. All day long she was very quiet, and at each following communion showed the same touching fervour. On those days she would beg for permission to go to the chapel during recreation asking to be accompanied by some girl that *would not disturb her*.

—Would we all resembled little Maude, for *of such is the Kingdom of heaven!*

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

D a y s a n d N i g h t s

How long and lonely are the nights for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament! How slowly pass the hours of His abandonment! All is silence in the forsaken church; no human form is prostrate before the Eucharistic God, no loving soul is pouring out its supplications to His Sacred Heart. The light of the sanctuary lamp burns steadily and brightly before the Tabernacle, as if in atonement for the neglect of men. Angels bow down in profoundest worship of the Lamb of God in His veiled majesty and sing their canticles of praise. But the children of men are not there. The Lord of the Tabernacle waits and watches for the dawning of day that they may hasten to Him, after their long absence, to console Him by protestations of love and loyalty.

Yet when morning has come, do these children of men visit Him — these children of predilection for whom the Divine Watcher has longed so patiently, so uncomplainingly? Some few, yes, but, alas! how few! And even of this pitiful number, how many offer Him their love? They are cold, so very cold, whilst their Saviour is all on fire with love which He would gladly enkindle in their souls, were they but to ask Him. "Ask these graces of Me," he pleads, opening the treasure-house of His Sacred Heart, "and I shall lavish upon you all that you need." But the spirit of the world has possession of the visitor's thoughts, and the golden words of invitation fall on unheeding ears. Again and again Jesus pleads in "the still small voice," and again and again is His loving, merciful generosity ignored. His words fall upon deaf ears. The one kneeling so close to the altar rails is indeed there in person, but his thoughts are far away. Business, pleasure, that last conversation, that glaring poster — these things occupy his mind while praying perfunctorily, and the visitor hurries away without, perhaps, so much as one heartfelt, whole-souled ejaculation of love; and then is Jesus once more left alone to watch and wait and long for another visitor, one who will, at least, return Him love for love. Hours may go by, it may be an entire day,

without one fervent soul entering the church in which He dwells to welcome and enrich all who come to Him.

Night again sets in; the church is locked; the only adorers round the Tabernacle are the angels; the sole watcher before the Prisoner of Love is the glowing sanctuary lamp. Lonely indeed are the nights for our Sacramental Guest, but oh! how much more lonely are the days! The days disappoint Him; the nights do not.

Trials in the West.

An interesting incident is related by a missionary Bishop.

One Sunday morning, before Mass, he was standing outside the primitive little chapel, when he saw a woman with four or five children driving up in a stout farm wagon, and going out to help her with the hitching of her team, and to assist her and the children out of the wagon, he asked her if she had come from much of a distance.

"Sixty-four miles, Bishop," was her reply.

"Why, when did you start?" he asked.

"At two o'clock yesterday morning," she said, and then continued: "My children have all been baptized and I have done my best to instruct them in the faith; I believe that they know the Catechism well enough to make their first Communion, and I was in hopes, Bishop, that we might all receive Holy Communion this morning as we still are fasting."

The Bishop assured her that her wish would be granted and then remarked that she must be very tired from her long trip. The tears coursed down her cheeks as she replied.

"I don't mind the weariness, it's the happiest day of my life, for my children will receive their First Communion and I can take them home to their father happy in that knowledge."

Such are some of the trials to which our holy faith is subjected in the West, and it seems superfluous to add that that brave and devoted woman was Irish!

The Necessity of Prayer.

Many men and women nowadays are so taken up with the affairs of this world (business, education, riches, pleasure) that they have scarcely a minute to devote to the great and important question of the salvation of their immortal soul. They go to Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation, it is true, and to Confession and holy Communion two or three times in the year; and then they feel that they have fulfilled their duty as good, practical Catholics. To some of them the question of prayer is of little consequence. They may perhaps bless themselves in the morning when they get up; but they seldom or ever go down on their knees to offer up their hearts to God. Now why is this? Because these very people do not understand what prayer really is, and they have not the faintest idea of how useful and necessary it is for Christian men and women. The catechism tells us that prayer is the lifting up of our minds and hearts to God, to adore Him, to thank Him for His benefits, to ask His forgiveness, and to beg of Him all the graces we stand in need of for soul and body.

On one occasion our Blessed Lord speaking of this necessity of prayer said: "We ought always to pray." Besides, His disciples regarded this subject as a matter of such great consequence that they asked Him one day: "Lord teach us how to pray." And He gave them a form of prayer and held out to them the hope that they should obtain what they asked. The Apostles moreover recommended this duty to all the converts who embraced the religion of Jesus Christ, besides exhorting the Christians to watch and pray lest they enter into temptation.

It can not be denied that we all stand in need of many helps and graces for the wants of our soul and body. How are these to be obtained? There is no better way than by prayer. It stands to reason then that those who neglect this pious and useful exercise deprive themselves of an excellent means of obtaining special gifts and favors which are so necessary for our temporal and spiritua

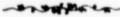
welfare. For St. Jerome says: "It is written: every one that asketh receiveth; if therefore it be not given to you, it is because you do not ask. Ask, then, and you shall receive."

Any one, then, who wishes to lead a really good life, to enjoy health and strength, to obtain an abundance of God's holy grace, and to make progress in the road that leads to our heavenly home, must be a man of prayer. He must at least lift up his heart to Almighty God every morning and night, and whenever dangers and temptations assail him.

Let us remember that the prayers most favorably heard by God are those made in the church, before the sacred altar where Jesus sacrifices Himself and prays day and night long for us; "Always living to makes intercession for us."

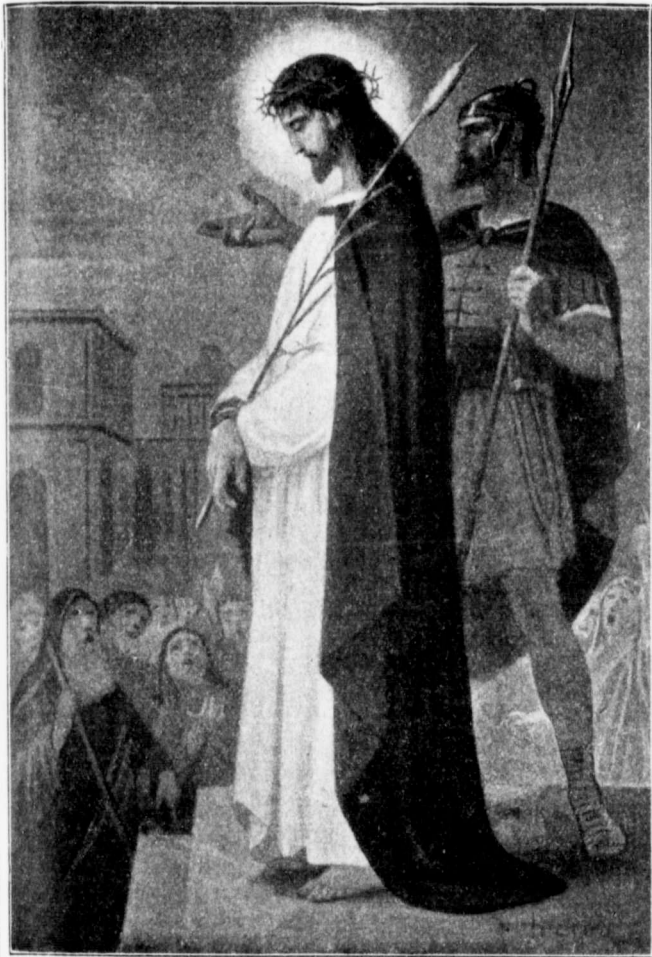
FRANCE AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

Although the French Government carefully keeps aloof from the demonstrations of faith that are taking place all over the country, its influence cannot stem the tide of prayer that the peril of the hour has let loose. The real soul of France is at the Frontier, on the firing line and in the homes where wives and mothers wait and pray — not with the narrow-minded, prejudiced politicians, who, through the weakness or blindness of the people, were called, in April 1914, to exercise public authority. There is an abyss at present between the French Government and the majority of the nation; the apostolic work that has been going on for years past among the poor and the young is bearing fruit and France is being won back to religion. The seeds of her conversion were sown during the last few years; they have bloomed and blossomed rapidly under the stress of danger and pain.



Our Catholic Churches.

A party of sightseers, all of whom were non-Catholics, decided to visit the churches in the town through which they were passing. From church to church they went arriving at last at the only Catholic church in the place. When the group emerged from the sacred edifice one of them said: "How strange! Scarcely a word was spoken by any of us while we were in there, and think how we laughed and chattered while passing through the other churches." The others did not attempt to explain the reason of their silence, but all admitted that there was a mysterious something that checked the flow of conversation and forbade levity of manner before the Catholic altar. A Catholic to whom this incident was related suggested that the hush and decorum was due to the in visible but real Presence in the tabernacle. And who shall say different? Of course natural causes would account for the reverent behavior of the non-Catholics in the Catholic church. There is an impressiveness and solemnity about the interior of even the humblest Catholic chapel that is lacking in the Protestant houses of worship. The latter are not so bare of devotional objects as formerly, but at their best they are cold and unappealing to the religious sense. The stranger stepping inside a Catholic church realizes at once the difference. The stained windows with their pictured glories, the crucifix and holy images, the altar and sanctuary with the ever burning light flashing like a brilliant ruby in the dusk of the sanctuary, all these combine to produce a feeling of awe and solemnity. More than all these material and visible objects, however, is the invisible, abiding Presence in the little tabernacle. Did the visitors feel the influence of Our Blessed Lord's nearness? Cardinal Vaughan in his volume "The Young Priest" asserts that "the Eucharist sometimes becomes sensible to persons entering into Its presence. I know several cases in which Protestants received the grace of conversion in consequence of the sensible and very powerful influence of the Blessed Sacrament during a visit made through mere curiosity".



ECCE HOMO

THE PHILIPINOS' FAITH.

Reverence for the Blessed Sacrament is the unflinching of a vital faith. A story told by Father Berbrugge, a missionary in the Philippines, shows that whatever else they may lack, the Filipinos still possess a strong and earnest faith. The missionary tells of a beautiful practice which exists among the inhabitants:

"One day I was called out to administer the Viaticum, but I had no need to ask the road. 'When the bell rings,' I was told, 'go to the church, prepare yourself for a public Viaticum, and you have only to follow the crowd.' Nearly two hundred children were waiting for me. As soon as I began to walk with the Blessed Sacrament they started the rosary. Wherever we passed through the village, doors flew open and scores of women came out with candles and followed me. There soon was a crowd of at least five hundred people. The house of the sick person lay about a mile and a half outside the village. It was a very poor thatched hut, surely not much better than the stable in Bethlehem, but for a distance of fifty yards bamboo mats were spread, the house was hung with clean white cloth, and next to the sick bed a little altar was made nicely decorated with pictures, statues and flowers. All the neighbors, as is customary here, had come to help and had brought their contribution for the decoration, and when I looked out over the people praying so fervently, the poor little hut changed into a clean, pure, white chapel, I said to myself, 'no, the faith is not dead here. It requires only good and zealous priests to raise this people'. It was all so simple beautifully expressive of faith in the Holy Sacrament of Christ's love."

Christ's Mission unto men is begun by truth, worked out by holiness, and only fulfilled by union with Himself. That union is full, complete as can be upon earth, when Christ's own life lives by His Eucharist, within our own.

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His Sacramental Throne.

How calm and strange all is above the altar around His Sacramental throne! The very air seems filled with some great presence, burdened with some weighty secret, entranced by some unseen power. The garish light of day is excluded from the sanctuary. The pictures of the saints are veiled, as the stars hide themselves down in the blue deeps of ether when the sun shines. Men are silent, or deepen the silence by speaking in whispers. The tapers are wasting away at His Feet, like loving souls. The flowers shed their odours on the warm air, as if to make atmosphere of Eden around their King. And there, behind those veils, is the Soul that holds all those abysses of grace, there is that living union of God and Man, there are Five glorious wounds, whose bright scars are the unspoken eloquence of the Sacred Heart, there is Mary's Son and Adam's Saviour. One who knew me from all eternity and loved me, and made me, and redeemed me, and will one day judge me, more indulgently I believe than even my own mother could do, who saw no evil in the child of her foolish love. What shall I ask of Him? Shall I be so close to the fountain of grace, and not drink of its abundance? Thy kingdom come! O King of grace, Head of the church! let there be no corner in all Thy vast dominions where Thy royal rights are less disputed than in our generous and loving hearts. If they that have sinned much love much, oh what should our love be like? But the wind is chill, and the world is wintry, and our hearts wax cold. Let us nestle closer to the King of Grace, and evermore closer still and warm ourselves at the fires of the Sacred Heart in this Blessed Sacrament.

FABER.



WORD OF LEO XIII.

History bears witness that the virtues of the Christian life have flourished best wherever and whenever the frequent reception of the Eucharist has most prevailed. And on the other hand it is no less certain that in days when men have ceased to care for this heavenly bread, and have lost their appetite for it the practice of Christian religion has gradually lost its force and vigor.

Confidence.

Let us draw near to the tabernacle; let us contemplate Jesus Christ under the Eucharistic veil. What annihilation! What uninterrupted silence! What profound slumber! "Be not deceived He says once more to us. The more I annihilate Myself, the more I love you: the greater my silence, the more I listen to your voice; the more I conceal Myself under these veils, the more I discover Myself to you; the more I seem to sleep, the more I watch. O men! whomssoever you may be, how great soever may be your desolation and your misery, your anxieties or your pains, your infidelities and your faults, before the altar and in presence of the Eucharist be consoled, be calmed, be reassured" In the tabernacle Jesus Christ, the God-man is hidden; He sleeps that His lonely slumber may soothe the terror that His majesty would excite; here the heart of Jesus watches, that this vigil may give you confidence. Weak, unhappy, sinful though you be, fear not; in the Eucharist the heart of your God watches. Here is your strength, your joy, your salvation. Oh! my Jesus! grant that I may never be wanting in that confidence which Thou seekest in Thy faithful followers. O Heart of Jesus! watch over me; give me grace to love thee more and more.

Mgr. de la Bouillerie.

Be Ye As Little Children

The day was bitterly cold, and the cruel march wind that swept across the open space before the great cathedral of a large Canadian city, pierced the ragged clothing of the gaunt, tottering old figure that shambled slowly down the street; and stiffened the aged hands, already blue and benumbed from exposure, though he vainly tried to shield them in the breast of his tattered coat.

Before the church he hesitated for a moment. It was so long since he had entered the House of God; but he was exhausted and could go no further.

As he opened the inner door of the vestibule, what a heavenly sight presented itself to his weary eyes.

The beautiful church was filled with children. This was the First communion day and the little tots were about approach the Holy Table for the first time.

The sanctuary was ethereal in its loveliness. With its masses of white bloom, intermingled with feathery green palms, and myriad soft lights. The organ played softly while these beautiful words sung in a clear childish voice floated through the great church—

“When pierced and wounded on the cross,

Mans' sin and doom were mine;

I loved Thee with undying love.—

Immortal and divine.”

The poor old outcast stood as one transfixed. Gone were the rags; gone were the hunger and cold; gone the crime and desolation. He was a boy once more, going through just such another scene. Innocent, young and happy; with the big wide world before him to be conquered and won for Jesus; He was Jesus friend; had he not promised to live and die for Him?

Unconsciously he had been slowly tottering down the aisle. As the last words of the hymn died away, the full meaning of what he was, and where he was, dawned upon his benumbed senses. Oh! the pity of it! One moment,

and with a smothered cry — "God, O, God— man's sin and doom were Thine."— the old man slipped, in a huddled heap to the floor.

Gentle hands raised the fainting man, and carried him into the sacristy. But it was a long time before he regained consciousness. The feeble spark of life fluttered in the chill breeze from the dark shores of eternity. It grew dimmer and dimmer; then with a sudden shudder blazed into a steady flame once more.

Immediately upon opening his eyes, the man asked to be permitted to go to confession. One of the assistant priests, who had been in the sacristy when he was brought in, heard his confession and gave him absolution. He then told the old man that he might receive Holy Communion, on condition that he was fasting.

The outcast threw back his head with a gesture half proud, half humble, but with a smile so distressingly sweet, that a ray like of sunshine, suddenly illumined the sin-scarred, time-seared countenance, transforming it into startling beauty. The simple fleeting gesture revealed to the kind-hearted priest, much of the life story of the aged derelict that had drifted into this haven of peace.

"I have been fasting for three days" he said simply.

The church was now empty, Mass was over, and the children, accompanied by their parents and teachers, had gone to their homes. But the sanctuary was still ablaze with flowers and lights. — The banquet was spread, and the Host was still waiting his tardy, world-weary, yet beloved guest.

The old man crept up to the communion rail, and as the priest came towards him with the Sacred Host, he closed his eyes, and pressed his hands against his breast, as through fear — The next moment he was in the arms of his Redeemer.

Suddenly everything was transformed. He was a man no longer. No, he was back a child again. Hopeful, pure and good. He could see the white ribbon on his arm, emblem of a purity yet untarnished. His boyhood friends were all about him, receiving, as he had done, Christ into their hearts.

And Jesus—Jesus, so long deserted, and yet, at time, so longed for, was in his heart. Yes! and some where back there; in one of the pews, was mother. Oh! yes, dear tender mother. Mother, with her sweet face and loving eyes. Eyes that craved God's blessing, each time they rested upon her child. Yes, he had them both, Jesus, mother, Oh mother, mother, Jesus! My Jesus... mother... Jesus.

The white head bowed lower and lower, until it rested upon the emaciated hands.... The poor old tramp will never again know hunger or cold. He had renewed his First Communion for the last time.

F. M.

JOIES OF THE WAR CHAPLAIN.

"I at once entered the confessional, and was soon followed by those soldiers whose work the previous day had prevented them attending to their religious duty. This was the greatest joy of Christmas to me. Verily I have heard more confessions here in less than two months than I would hear at home in over a year! It has been like one long mission for the men and me. Though many had already availed themselves of the early Mass and had been to Communion, yet my Mass was packed, and the Curé (model pastor and saintly priest) came to assist me at the Communion time, else it would have taken me as long to administer Holy Communion to the soldiers as it would have done to say the Mass itself."

The Tabernacle is the Christian's store-house, the store-house is opened every day... Put all the good-work in the world against a well-made Communion, it would be like putting a grain of sand against a mountain.

B. Curé d'Ars.

First Communion.

O wonder! the almighty God
Comes down to pay
A visit to your childish heart,
This happy day.
Heaven, earth, and hell in trembling awe
Bow 'neath His sway,
Yet oh! how gentle, meek, and kind
He comes today.
He comes to give you strength to tread
Life's thorny way,
That you may reach His Home above,
Some happy day.
Oh! tell Him that within your heart
He now must stay.
Tell Him you ne'er will let Him go,
After today.
Tell Him that every wish of His
You will obey,
If He will only keep the heart
He takes today
