



The Centurion.

" Domine non sum dignus . "

The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

Vol. XV. No. 10

MONTREAL,

October, 1912.

THE UNFAILING FRIEND

When the world is cold and dreary,
When the soul is sunk in grief,
When life flows sad and weary,
With none to give relief.

Oh! let not thy poor heart falter,
There is One to calm thee still,
Upon the silent Altar,
Dwelling there by His own Will.

Go, when with grief thou'rt laden,
Thy load cast at His feet,
He'll lighten thee, thy burden,
With His yoke so light and sweet.

With His love, that heavenly balm,
He'll heal thy pains and woes,
Thy distress'd spirit, He'll calm
And dry the tear that flows.

S. M. F.

*Holy Angels' Convent,
Trevandrum.*



The Holy Angels

and

The Blessed Sacrament



SOME one has beautifully said that the altar is white with radiant clouds of adoring angels every time the words of consecration are pronounced at the Mass. We may well believe this to be true. For if the angelic hosts hung over and about the manger of Bethlehem, making the still night air throb with the accents of their celestial adoration on the night when first Christ was born, surely each sacramental birth of our Blessed Lord must have its accompaniment of angelic worship. Such worship is more necessary now than then. On Christmas night Mary was there, and her adoring love was worth more than all the angels could do ; but now Christ has only our love for adoration, and we know only too well how wretched and imperfect it is. We cannot, therefore, too often or too fervently ask the angels to make up for our deficiencies, to take our place, and to make the silent language of our hearts constant and eloquent, even though our thoughts be distracting and our lips be dumb ; or at least to make our faith strong where our senses are weak.

There are other angels also to whom we should be devout, the Angels of the Viaticum. Tradition tells us that about our Blessed Lady, as she journeyed through the Holy Land carrying her divine Son, hosts of seraphic spirits followed in silent rapturous adoration of Him who stood in the midst of men, and men knew Him not. Are we not right in thinking that the angels hover round the priest, as he goes to the bed of the dying, pressing close to his heart Him who is Master of life and death ? The Blessed Sacrament is lonely and neglected in the tabernacle ; He is more so on the crowded streets ; and those

who love Him and grieve because He is not loved, are consoled by the thought that even in the midst of those who hate Him, He is adored with an adoration that far surpasses our most fervent moments before the tabernacle. It will be well for us to make friends with the Angels of the Viaticum, that they may watch for our dying moments and guide the Blessed Sacrament's minister to our bedside in our time of supremest need.

Then, too, there is the Angel of the Mass, the Angel of the Holy Sacrifice, the Angel whose office and privilege it is to bear up to the sanctuary of the Most High the pure, the holy, the immaculate Victim, the sacred bread of eternal life and the chalice of eternal salvation. Every morning, at every Mass; every priest, conscious that he is unworthy so much as to lift his eyes to the divine majesty of God, humbles his soul in the presence of the adorable Body and Blood of Christ, and calls on the Angel of the Mass, the most favored of all the angelic hosts, to take from the altar of earth up to the altar of Heaven the saving Victim just immolated to the Glory of God. Theologians have often wondered who this Angel of the Mass may be; we ourselves shall know him with certainty only when faith has been replaced by vision, and we have passed from the land of shadows to the land of reality.

Ah! if we had the eyes of angels seeing our Lord Jesus Christ present on the altar and looking at us, how we should love Him! We should wish never more to be separated from Him; we should wish to remain always at His feet. This would be a foretaste of heaven; all the rest would become insipid to us. But it is faith that is wanting. We are poor, blind creatures; we have a mist over our eyes, which faith alone can clear away. When Jesus sees pure souls coming to Him with eagerness, He smiles on them. He wishes only our happiness; He has His hands full of graces, seeking to whom He may distribute them; alas! no one cares for them. Wretched are we, not to understand these things. One day we shall understand them well, but it will be no longer time. It will be too late, too late! — Blessed Curé of Ars.

GOD WITH US



HE observance by the Jews of the great Commandment of the Law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole strength," (Deut. 6.) a command given amidst thunder and lightning, and fire, and darkness, and the noise of the trumpet, must have been difficult. At least so it seems to us who live under the Law of love. And how imperfectly, as far as we can gather, it was observed. Here and there we find marvellous examples of fidelity to God's commands, zeal for his worship, resignation to His Will. But a personal love that absorbed the whole soul — where shall we look for this? Was it even possible? Even in the tenderest manifestations of His Providence there was nothing for the grateful heart to leap up to and embrace in its thankfulness. Afar off, "inhabiting light inaccessible," (I. Tim. 6.) He dwelt, where fear, indeed, and reverent worship could reach Him, but familiar love, hardly.

The hearts He had made for Himself longed for a God who could be seen and heard and touched, a God to whom they could draw near with their offerings of praise and thanksgiving, and above all, of propitiation. The widespread prevalence of idolatry testifies to the universality of this desire, and among the chosen people we hear such cries as: "Who will give Thee to me for my Brother?" (Cant. 8.) "Drop down dew, ye heavens from above, and let the clouds rain the Just; let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour." (Isaias.) "Oh that Thou wouldst rend the Heavens and come down!" (Isaias 64.)

Four thousand years of that mysterious yearning for Him — and then He came. "Afterwards He was seen upon earth and conversed with men." (Baruch 3.)

He came amongst us as one of ourselves. He placed Himself completely at our disposal, to lead the kind of life, to die the sort of death that should be most helpful to us. Men passed Him in the streets, jostled Him in the crowd, watched Him at prayer, sat by Him at meat, approved or criticised His dealings with the sick, the



lowly, the sorrowful, the sin-stained. So attractive, that thousands, bearing their sick with them, flocked into the desert or toiled up the mountains after Him, unmindful of hunger, shelter, the necessary pursuits of life, if only from daybreak to sundown they might look up on His Face; so mighty, that disease and

death, and the devils themselves obeyed Him; that the minister sent to apprehend Him, paralysed and then fascinated, went away saying: "Never did man speak like this Man"; (S. John 7.) so gentle, that the little children played about Him and nestled on His breast; infinitely refined, yet content in the society of the simple and the uncouth: of exquisite sensibility, yet uncomplaining amid the fiercest tortures of body and mind: faithful to His friends, merciful to His enemies grateful for kindness, easily moved to tears — so He lived amongst us for three and thirty years!

And so he remains amongst us still. This it is that is so hard to realise in a way that makes His Presence a real and constant influence on our lives. His character as revealed to us in the Gospels, attracts us: we envy the multitudes that thronged Him, and long to have come ourselves under His charm. But we do not throng His churches, nor by frequent visits and the daily Communion now brought within our reach, seek familiar intercourse with Him. We say in excuse that the absence of all sensible evidence of His Presence destroys any parallel between ourselves and the eager Jewish crowds.

It would be foolish to deny the force of this objection. Yet the Saints did not argue thus, or allow themselves to be disconcerted because the Providence of God had not thought fit to place their time of trial nineteen centuries back, and their home in Galilee or Judea. By acts of faith, and by living up to their faith, Jesus on the Altar became to them what Jesus of Nazareth was to the Jewish multitudes of His day. They knew Him to be the same "yesterday, to-day and for ever," (Heb. 13.) and hastened to Him with every need. They brought Him their adoration like the shepherds of Bethlehem and the Twelve on the hushed Lake and the five hundred on the Mount of the Ascension. They brought Him their anxious questionings like Nicodemus, their little children like the Jewish mothers, their broken hearts like the sisters of Bethany, their sins like Magdalen.

It was an effort that cost at first, for the imagination and the restless senses crave something on which to fasten. But they persevered, and found, as we may find,

fr
in
ar
at
mc
wa
the
pas

that faith is able to bear the burden put upon it during this life of trial. *Sola fides sufficit*, the Church persists in saying to her children of each generation. And she proves it age after age by the Saints whose heroic faith is continually raising them to her altars.

Why must we have at once and without price what others have toiled for perseveringly and at great cost? Why not rather say: "I earnestly desire the end, therefore I will take the means?" It is the Presence of Jesus in her midst that makes all the difference between the Church of Christ and her counterfeits. It is the fuller realisation of that Presence to which we can all attain, that brings at last the glad acknowledgement that His tabernacles *are* lovely; (Ps. 83.) that the Lord hidden there is indeed sweet; (Ps. 33.) that the vigorous exercise of our faith, and patient prayer, are after all but a small price to pay for that experimental knowledge of God which is the happiness of this life, and a foretaste of the possession of God which makes the beatitude of eternity.

Mother MARY LOYOLA.

"Come to Me, You who suffer"



"I suffer," you say. "I am discouraged. Nothing succeeds. Poverty, sickness, temptations, annoyance from neighbors, failures, — all this renders life hard and insupportable to me. I envy them who amuse themselves and laugh from morning to night."

"No, do not envy them. If they amuse themselves at the expense of their conscience and virtue, they are more to be pitied than you. They ought to envy you."

"I do not understand you."

"This life is short; eternity is long. *There is only one way to get to heaven, and that is by suffering. You are on the right road.* Then, do not complain. If God, if Jesus passed over Calvary, you who have sins to expiate — do

you wish to go to heaven by a way of flowers? . . . No! the disciple is not above the master, and the dry wood cannot expect better treatment than the green. They who amuse themselves thoughtlessly, who are scandalized at suffering and reject life's thorns in order to crown themselves with flowers, Jesus Himself calls fools. Of the unfortunate, on the contrary, He says: "Blessed are they who weep, *Come to Me, you who suffer, come to Mass, come to Communion, come to My Tabernacle! I will console you.*" "

"I have prayed much, but those consolations of which you speak to me I have never tasted. I now understand your language. One must do violence to self and suffer in order to merit heaven. But to suffer alone, without consolation! That is hard, that is impossible! I know not what to do that life may not be a burden."

"Have you communicated often."

"I communicate three or four times a year."

"*And you are astonished at suffering without consolation when you so rarely approach the Source of consolation! Communicate often, often, then you will have consolation, even joy in your trials. He who laughs on Friday will weep on Sunday... Leave fools to indulge in their foolish laughter during this life, which is a time of suffering and trial. They will weep when for you the radiant Sunday of a blessed eternity will dawn. He who weeps on Friday, will laugh on Sunday, and that is what I want to do. Jesus Himself declares: 'The world will give itself up to pastimes while you - you will be sad. But your sadness will be changed to joy. I will wipe away all tears from My elect. Blessed are you who weep, because hereafter you will laugh!'* *The saints sowed in tears, but they will reap in joy and gladness. But in order to have like them the courage to support life's miseries, like them communicate often, yes, every day. Jesus Christ does not say that you shall find consolation, it matters not where nor from whom. No, He says: 'Come to Me, it is I who will console you, because it is I who am the joy and the eternal repose of souls.'*" "



→ A FIRST COMMUNION ← AT THREE YEARS.



THERESINA was three years old. Every morning when her elder sisters went to Mass she clamored to go with them, and they had to satisfy her, else tears would flow. Then, seeing them approach the Holy Table, she wanted to do the same. They told her that she was too little, but that did not appear to her any reason at all.

"I want Jesus," she would say. "Why do you not let me go to Communion? Give me Jesus!"

Her insistence was victorious. Canon Antoni admitted her to First Communion on the 17th of last February. Naturally, there was no question of confession for this angel of innocence. She went to the church with all her family. The priest addressed to her some words on the august act of Communion, and she received her Jesus. She became radiant with joy. All that day passed in gladness. When they asked her: "Where is Jesus?" she would fold her little arms on her breast, saying: "I have Him here!"

The Holy Father being informed of the fact, sent her a special blessing, also one to Canon Antoni.

From that day, she communicated every morning. Four times only was she deprived of her Communion, and that was on account of bad weather, and then she was in tears. They told her that she could not communicate on Good Friday, but she could not believe it. When she saw the ceremonies ended without Holy Communion, she was very sad. On Holy Saturday, she wanted, whether or not, to remain fasting, the only one of the family, in order to communicate, in spite of the late hour of the Mass.

This happened at Vicopelago, near Lucca. Nothing prevents throughout the whole country from giving Holy Communion to the little ones who desire it as did Theresina. Thus three are made happy: the child, the Pope and Our Lord Jesus Christ.

No!
wood
They
alized
crown
ls. Of
blessed
me to
cle! I

ons of
w un-
to self
alone,
ble! I
n."

olation
lation!
onsola-
Friday
in their
ime of
ou the
vn. He
l that is
e world
will be
I will
ou who
e saints
ladness.
rt life's
day. Je-
olation,
e says:
use it is

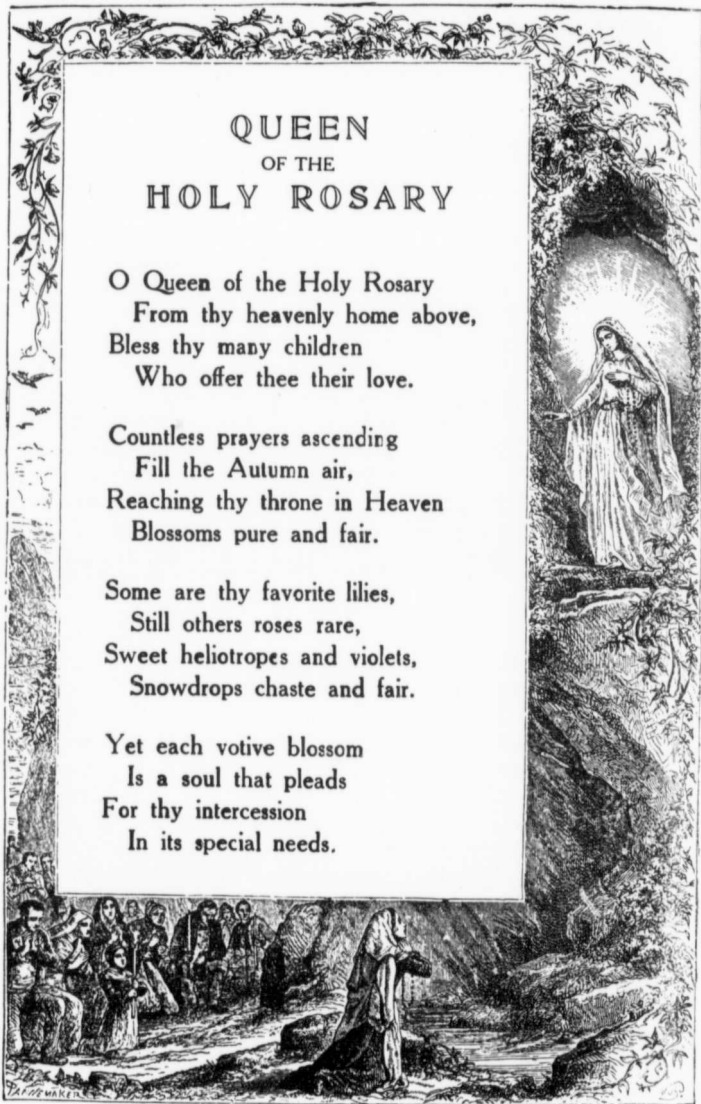
QUEEN
OF THE
HOLY ROSARY

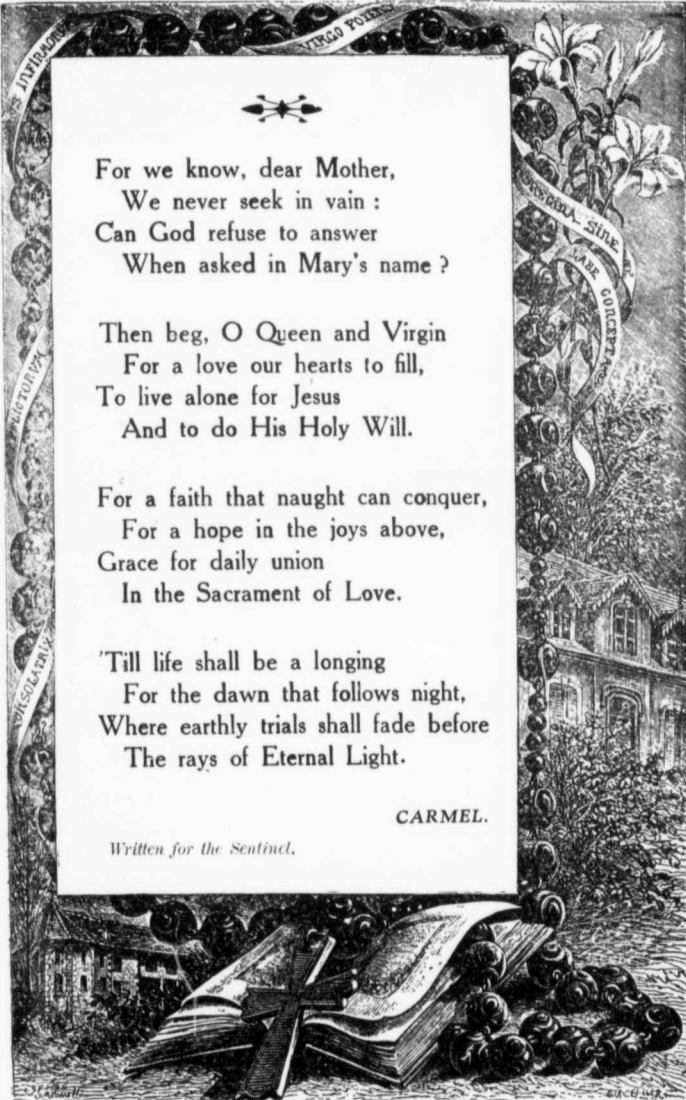
O Queen of the Holy Rosary
From thy heavenly home above,
Bless thy many children
Who offer thee their love.

Countless prayers ascending
Fill the Autumn air,
Reaching thy throne in Heaven
Blossoms pure and fair.

Some are thy favorite lilies,
Still others roses rare,
Sweet heliotropes and violets,
Snowdrops chaste and fair.

Yet each votive blossom
Is a soul that pleads
For thy intercession
In its special needs.





For we know, dear Mother,
We never seek in vain :
Can God refuse to answer
When asked in Mary's name ?

Then beg, O Queen and Virgin
For a love our hearts to fill,
To live alone for Jesus
And to do His Holy Will.

For a faith that naught can conquer,
For a hope in the joys above,
Grace for daily union
In the Sacrament of Love.

'Till life shall be a longing
For the dawn that follows night,
Where earthly trials shall fade before
The rays of Eternal Light.

CARMEL.

Written for the Sentinel.



Reverend Mother Clare of Jesus

Superior General of the Sisters of St Mary of Namur
1811 — 1871

Rosalie Niset was born on the 23d of February, 1811, at Balotre Sainte-Aldegonde, a village in the diocese of Namur. Her childhood was characterized by kindness, gentleness, a most tender affection for her own, and a great love of mortification, which she indulged to such an extent even in her youth as to permanently affect her health. The Blessed Sacrament attracted her so forcibly, that often, even in the most rigorous weather, she was seen on the threshold of the Church long before the door was open. In early girlhood she felt that she was called to intimate union with the Divine Spouse of Virgins, and ardently desired to become a nun; but not being acquainted with any, and not knowing to what Order she was called she consulted her Confessor and calmly awaited his decision. He directed her to a priest of Namur, a friend of his who was then laying the foundation of a new Institute.

This friend, Dom Jerome Minsart, was a Cistercian Monk, in the Abbey of Boneffe, and just ordained when the Revolution broke out. Banished from his cloister he joined the ranks of the Clergy of Namur, first as vicar and later as Pastor. He was a man of lively faith, ardent zeal, and had implicit confidence that God would enable him to carry out for His greater honor and glory, the holy projects he had conceived at the foot of the altar. His life was one long act of self sacrifice and untiring devotion to the sacred ministry and works of charity; moreover he co-operated with Blessed Julie Billiart, whose Confessor he was, in the foundation of the Sisters of Notre-Dame; he took a prominent part in the establishment of

the daughters of Mary of Louvain ; and reorganized the Order of Bernadines, in Belgium ; but his most cherished work was the institution of the Sisters of Saint Mary of Namur, a short account of which we subjoin.

In 1819 Father Minsart desired to open a sewing workshop, for the poor young girls of Namur, and two pious persons accepted the charge. The following year others joined them, shortly afterwards a school asked for by the inhabitants was added to the workshop. Into this small assemblage of fervent noble souls, Rosalie, was admitted on the seventh of February 1831 ; and she it was, humble village seamstress, without much education and none too robust health that God chose to be the real Mother of this new Congregation.

From the very first day Rosalie, was remarked for her gentleness, nor was it long before her angelic piety, sincere humility, perfect obedience and constant mortification edified all her companions. Father Minsart with his spiritual insight soon saw the wonderful treasures of grace stored in her beautiful soul ; the trials he made her undergo showed what a high opinion he had of her rare virtues.

The morning of the Assumption, he entered, just as the girls were going to Church for Communion, and knowing the holy ardor with which Rosalie awaited the coming of the Divine Spouse especially on this glorious festival he said to her sternly : " You are not worthy to go to Communion. Go to the kitchen." What a blow for poor Rosalie ; but she simply turned back and did as she was told ; humility and obedience were too firmly rooted in her heart to permit the slightest murmur.

The most laborious and humiliating tasks were assigned her : washing ironing, sweeping, tilling the garden, yet, in the midst of all, her soul remained so intimately and continually united to God, that this spirit of recollection was reflected in her exterior. She was so engrossed in trying to do as perfectly as possible whatever work she was engaged in that she was unconscious of what was going on around her.

In 1834 the Founder gave to his subjects, then numbering sixteen, a religious costume and the title of

Namur

1811,
 ese of
 dness,
 and a
 such
 affect
 so for-
 er, she
 ore the
 e was
 use of
 ut not
 what
 or and
 priest
 ig the
 ercian
 when
 ter he
 vicar
 ardent
 enable
 y, the
 altar.
 tiring
 arity ;
 whose
 Notre-
 ent of

Sisters of Saint Mary. The Bishop of Namur as an experiment approved for three years, their temporary rule, and eight of their number were allowed to make vows. Rosalie was one of the number and received the name of Sister Clare of Jesus. Shortly afterwards she was appointed Superior of a new house opened at Chatelet, and discharged the duties of her position in the most edifying manner, ever striving to instil in everything the greatest perfection, as well as the most sublime devotedness. During her administration a sister having a painful abscess on her right thumb complained that it prevented her doing her work: "I will give you an easy remedy" she replied; "go before the Blessed Sacrament and ask Our Lord to cure your right thumb by transferring the abscess to the left." The sister obeyed and the next day the right thumb was perfectly cured and the abscess transferred to the left.

The first two Founders of the workshop having died, their successor named Superior in 1834 did not live long and in dying said to the Sisters: Choose Sister Clare of Jesus, to replace me." The unanimous vote of the Community ratified this choice, and on the 14th of July, 1835, Sister Clare of Jesus, at the age of twenty-four became Superior General of this incipient Institute, which she was to govern with such mildness and wisdom for thirty-six years, and to see so happily develop and expand.

The high charge confided to her soon brought to light the rare virtues she possessed in such an eminent degree. All the treasures of love and devotedness her noble heart held were lavished unstintingly upon her children, who surrounded her with unlimited affection, confidence and respect.

Father Minsart's work was now firmly established on a solid foundation. Two years later, in 1837, he passed away peacefully to the eternal reward his noble fruitful life had so justly earned. His last happiness had been to secure a more suitable house for the Community, where the Blessed Sacrament was enthroned, and Jesus the Spouse of Virgins domiciled among His own.

(To be continued.)




HOUR
 of
ADORATION

“Woman
behold
thy Son.”

Rev. Père CHAUVIN, S. S. S.



Adoration.

“*Woman, behold thy son!*” Protected by the darkness, and with the permission of the soldiers, some of Jesus’ friends were enabled to draw near to the Cross. The Gospel records the names of a few. First, Mary, the Mother of the Crucified; then Mary Magdalen; Mary, the wife of Cleophas, sister or half-sister of the Blessed Virgin and mother of James the Less; Salome, mother of James and John. There were many others not named in the Sacred Text.

The gaze of Jesus agonizing fell, first, on the two beings whom He loved most in the world; Mary, His Mother; and John, His disciple. Oh, what grief for the heart of the Son, and of the Mother!...

Jesus understood the sorrow that was crushing Mary’s heart, and He wanted to give her some consolation. Glancing toward John, who was near her, He said: “*Woman, behold thy son!*” Then, turning His eyes on John, He added: “*Behold, thy Mother!*”

“*Woman, behold thy son!*” This word of Jesus is as profound as God Himself. It contains abysses of love, which we shall penetrate only in heaven. It points out Mary to us as the Coredemptrix and the Mother of the human race.

1. *Mary, Coredemptrix of the Human Race.*

“*Woman!*” Jesus does not call Mary “Mother.” He calls her only “Woman.” Is it possible that the Saviour would refuse to recognize Mary as His Mother on this great occasion? Is it merely not to increase the distress of the maternal soul of Mary by the touching word “Mother”? No, that word expresses far more than

a human sentiment. It comprises the revelation of a divine mystery, of the great mystery which God had foretold from the beginning of the world. By calling Mary "Woman" and not "Mother," Jesus gives us to understand that Mary at the foot of the Cross, is that mysterious and prophetic woman of whom God Himself from the beginning of the world, has foretold the grandeur, let us say, has almost sung the triumph. In the presence of Adam and Eve, the Lord had said to the serpent, or rather to the demon, who had seduced our first parents; "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." And that woman, who is not named, and of whom God speaks with so much interest and love, is the Virgin Mary.

As nothing is more profoundly mysterious, nothing greater or more sublime than Pilate's word when speaking of Jesus Christ: "*Behold the Man!*" so nothing is more deeply mysterious, more sublime, or grander than the word of Jesus-Christ to Mary: "Woman." It is as if He had said: Behold the woman whom God formed before all time, behold the woman whom all ages have awaited, whom all the prophets have foretold, whom all holy women have symbolized, whom all the poets have sung! Behold the woman above all women and even above all creatures! the woman whom all generations shall call blessed, whom the angels shall venerate as their queen, whom Christians shall look upon and love as their Mother!

Mary was, in truth, the only one among all human beings who, in her conception, was exempt from the original stain, the only one who triumphed over the snares of Satan and crushed his head.

Then, in calling her "Woman," Jesus solemnly proclaimed her effective coöperation in the Redemption of the world, and hence, her title of Mother of Christians.

Mary is the Coredemptrix of the human race. She was led to the foot of the Cross only to unite with the Eternal Father and, in perfect accord with Him, deliver to punishment their common Son. Mary had already offered Jesus in sacrifices by her *fiat* of the Annunciation. She renewed her offering in the Temple and on every occasion that her thoughts reverted to this terrible drama of Calvary.

Here, Mary, magnanimous Mother *par excellence*, solemnly consents to give up what she holds most dear in this world, her Child, for the salvation of the human race. She offered herself in union with her Son to Divine Justice. She is ready to suffer, not only in her soul, but in her body, all the pains, all the scourging, all the tortures of Jesus.

If Jesus is the only Mediator necessary between God and man, it is not less true that Mary, by her coöperation in the Passion and Death of the Saviour, became by the virtue of the divine will, the Coredemptrix of the human race. "A man and a woman lost the world;" says Saint Bernard, "a Man and a Woman have saved it."

2. *Mary, Mother of all Christians.*

"Woman, *behold thy son!*" said Jesus to Mary, His glance resting full of tenderness and love upon His well-beloved Mother before dying. He desired to leave her the consolation of having near her him whom His own heart loved and who most resembled Him.

But that word of Jesus bore a far higher meaning. It was the whole human race that He showed to Mary in the person of John. In order to be a mother, there must be communication of life between the mother and the child.

The Son of God descended to earth to restore to us the supernatural life lost by sin. By becoming incarnate, the Son of God conceived us to that life; on the Cross He brought us forth to it; and in the Eucharist He nourishes and preserves it.

Mary really coöperated in these three acts so necessary to life. Without her consent, neither the Incarnation, nor the Redemption, nor the Eucharist would have taken place. With Jesus, she engendered us in the Incarnation; with Jesus, brought us forth on the Cross; and it is she, also, who by her *fiat* to the institution of the Eucharistic Mystery, strengthens and develops in us the life of grace. It was not Jesus then, who constituted her the Mother of Christians, for she was already that. But he proclaimed her such solemnly, *officially*, before mankind. Nevertheless, those seemingly severe words, like a sharp sword, opened Mary's heart, pouring therein, even to its very depths, and with excessive sorrow, a mother's love for all the Faithful, . . . "a something from the Heart of Jesus," a spark of His infinite love then fell upon her whom He associated to His own fecundity.

Our spiritual family is constituted. God will be our Father, Mary will be our Mother, John and all of us with him will be their children. Let us adore Jesus, making to us from the height of His Cross the most precious gifts of His Heart after the adorable Eucharist. At this moment in which He appears so impotent, the Saviour creates one of the greatest masterpieces of His power and love, namely, the Heart of Mary, the Heart of the Mother of regenerated humanity. He fills it with love for us. He makes it the Heart of the most tender of mothers. And from that day Mary has not ceased to love the human race as her true child, and to pour out upon it her maternal tenderness.

Thanksgiving.

"Woman, behold thy son!" By His redemption, Jesus became the Father of the human race. The evening before, He had promised His disciples not to leave them orphans: "*Non relinquam vos orphanos.*" To realize His promise, He had instituted the Eucharist. By It He, the Father of regenerated man, will remain on earth in the midst of His children until the end of ages. But His family to be complete, calls not only for the presence of the father and the child, but also of the mother. In the supernatural order, she must have a place analogous to that which nature makes for her, and therein discharge the same functions.

It was for this reason that Jesus before dying, gave to His children a last proof of His love by leaving to them a mother. And that Mother will be the best that the best of sons can think of, for it will be His own, formed to His image, possessing His own virtues.

And it is to that Mother that He commends us all in the person of John: "*Woman, behold thy son!*" behold thy children! Be their Mother. Love them, protect them, defend them, lead them to heaven.

After having given to His children a heavenly Bread to nourish them, could Jesus have left them a more beautiful legacy than that of a Mother to love them? To the angels, He gave her as Queen; to us He bequeathed her as Mother! And that at the cost of so many sorrows! Jesus would have wished to take her with Himself to heaven in the same triumphal chariot. What joy it would have been for His filial Heart to present her to the celestial Court, to crown her, to seat her on the throne prepared for her beside His own! No, for love of us, He sacrificed all that. Mary's throne will remain vacant, her crown will not be given her on that day. The good Mother will still sojourn long years on earth to instruct, to protect, to nourish the little ones of Christ, who gave them birth in His Blood.

Mary shall have the mission of forming the Church. Like a good Mother, she will console the Apostles and disciples in their affliction, confirm them in constancy, counsel them in their perplexities, teach them, direct them, encourage them in the painful beginnings of the Church.

Yes, the greatest gift of the Sacred Heart after that of the Eucharist, is that of His Mother. By it we have become the children of Mary, the brethren of Jesus. Thanks be to Thee, O Jesus! Thanks to thee, O Mary!

The Gospel does not record the answer of the divine Mother. What we know is that Mary's heart dilated almost to infinity, and we may truly say with the Blessed Curé of Ars, that at this moment the hearts of all mothers united were but an icicle compared with hers. She promised Jesus to love us as a mother and to discharge toward us all a mother's duties.

And so, that tender Mother courageously sacrificed her Son according to nature, to obtain the son according to grace. In fact, she knew and loved us all, and every one in particular, with the same love that she bore her well-beloved Son.

Mary has not been recreant to her duty in the lapse of time. She ever has been, and she ever will be the best of mothers.

A mother does not abandon her child when she has given it existence. She never ceases to lavish on it her care, nourishing it, rearing it, protecting it, and making it happy.

Mary *nourishes* us with her own substance. The deified Flesh of Jesus, which is *par excellence* the nourishment of our soul in Holy Communion, — is it not of the substance of Mary? "*Caro Christi, caro Mariae.*" says Saint Augustine. Yes, the Bread that gives life is truly the Bread of Mary!

Mary *rears* us. She devotes herself unremittingly to maintaining and increasing in us the life of grace.

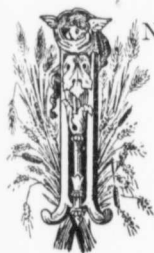
tl
w
th
th
si
bi
ea
vis
ou
It
ou
in
spe
hea

Mary *protects* us against all the enemies of our spiritual life, especially against the snares of the demon whom she has vanquished. Mary *longs for the happiness* of her children. With what solicitude she removes from their path all that she thinks could cause them grief! Doubtless, she allows them many little trials, sufferings, humiliations on this earth; but she teaches them to support them with patience, and to change them into so many sources of joy for heaven.

Mary *appeases the anger of the Father* justly irritated against His children. Yes, that is the part played by our dear Mother in heaven. God is often angry with us on account of our crimes, and frequently His arm is raised to strike us. Mary interposes and, for her sake, God pardons.

Mary *never abandons her children* even when they have wandered on the paths of error or of vice. That good Mother has in the bottom of her heart a secret hope of seeing us return to her well-beloved Son. She never ceases praying fervently to Jesus for the conversion of the guilty.

What security of my own salvation this word of Jesus brings me! What have I now to fear? The cause of my eternal future can not be lost, since the sentence is left to the decision of God my Father, and of Mary my Mother.



IN every need of life we can have recourse to the Tabernacle in our churches, and we find how true is His loving invitation spoken long ago on the hills of Galilee, and now spoken daily to the sad and weary from the hills of the altar: "Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." Men and women often go elsewhere for comfort in their sorrows, and the tears flow faster; they go elsewhere for strength, only to become weaker and die. In the Tabernacle is He Who is the Truth, the Way and the Life. Upon our altar is He Who in the temple gave sight to the darkened eyes of the man blind from his birth. The Tabernacle contains Him Whom Heaven and earth contain and Whose sanctity dazzles even the strong vision of angels and archangels. This is what makes our churches objects of reverence and love in our lives. It is the Guest dwelling within the Sanctuary that makes our gorgeous cathedral, or the mud or log-cabin chapel in the jungles of India, or on the banks of Yukon unspeakably holy to the Catholic mind and the Catholic heart.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

➤ DAILY COMMUNION ◀

(Continued from August Number.)

Unlike the teaching of the intellectual giants, which after creating an aroma of emotion, left but faint impressions on the intellect of the world, the words of Christ promulgating the New Law still fashion man's destiny. Shaped by the tides of time, empires erected on the quicksand of passions have crumbled to ruins, while the Church of Christ built on the rock, stands a glorious and triumphant monument of God's gift to man. Not one "iota" of the law have passed. The same that was, is and shall be, and Pius X decree on daily communion is no innovation.

St. Paul's teaching is clear and emphatic. "When you come, therefore, together into one place," he tells the Corinthians, "is it not now to eat the Lord's Supper." No great strain of the mind is wanted to grasp the Apostle's meaning. For the persevering of the Christians in the breaking of the bread was, he tells us, the partaking of the Body and Blood of Christ. "The bread which we break, is it not the partaking of the Body and Blood of our Lord." He testifies, also, that at Troas the Christians used to meet every Sunday to break the bread.

Though the few glimpses we catch of the river of life, of the Fathers, shining through the many shadows that conceal its course from our view, do not afford us sufficient guarantee to rebuild the whole scheme of Christ, yet the fragments of their writings and teachings handed down to us, are unmistakable tokens of their doctrine. From their silent graves these immortal shades stalk up glorious and unswerving disciples of the Master. Swayed by no wordly ambition, strangers to all that savours of vain glory, they are the unerring interpreters of the mind of Christ. Living at a time when Christianity was deemed the most odious of all things upon earth, they preached nothing but "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," they knew but one guide - the Gospel and its maxims.

Aware that teaching of Christ though unchangeable is susceptible of development, they preached it according

to the wants of their time. The trials, tribulations and difficulties of life brought home to them the need of a closer union with their only one hope and comforter. About the year 120 a Canon in the apostolical constitution censures any one assisting at Mass without communicating.

Tertullion tells us that in Africa the Body of the Lord, besides the communion at domicile, was distributed to the faithful on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday. To refrain his people from sacrificing to idols, he reminds them that their hands daily touch the Body of Christ.

According to St. Cyrien this custom still prevailed in Africa in the third century. St. Augustine speaks of it as prevalent at his time. At Rome and in Spain, St. Jerome notes the same custom in the fourth. Origene in Egypt, St. Basil in Asia Minor tells of four days communion a week, and St. Basil advocated daily communion.

To this the "Golden age" of the Eucharist followed a period of irreligion and indifference which may rightly be termed the "Decadence." The dawn of the nineteenth century marks a new awakening, a movement to the altar, reaching its apogée in the "restoring of all things in Christ," of Pius X, it is the Renaissance.

Less docile to the plea of the Fathers and a great number of theologians for frequent, nay more for daily Communion, devotion to the Eucharistic Lord grew cold. To counteract this baneful influence the Church compelled her children, first to receive three times a year, then in 1215, at the council of Lateran, restricted it to once a year. A minimum imposed by the Church on all the faithful to receive once a year was not her teaching.

Jonsenius, the heretical Bishop, added a new phase to the question. Fired by a false reverence for the Blessed Sacrament, the dispositions he exacted were beyond the reach of ordinary Christians. Faithful then would receive once a year, once a month or at the utmost once a week. Merchants and married people could receive only once a month.

One excess breeds another. Anxious to uproot this pernicious error, some made daily Communion, not ex-

which
mpres-
Christ
estiny.
on the
file the
us and
ot one
, is and
n is no

ien you
ells the
pper."
sp the
ristians
partak-
d which
l Blood
Christ-
id.

r of life,
ws that
us suffi-
Christ,
handed
octrine.
stalk up
Swayed
ours of
mind of
deemed
reached
l," they
s.

geable is
ecording

cluding Good Friday, a divine precept. Never lacking, however, in her duty Holy Mother the Church intervened. Innocent XI, on the 12th of Feb., 1679, solemnly declared that all the faithful regardless of station in life had free and frequent access to the "Bread of life." On the 7th day of Dec., 1690, Alexander VII, by his famous decree "*Sanctissimus Dominus Noster*" condemned Baius' claim for pure love.

Checked, but by no means blotted out, this error went on doing its nefarious work. The poison was in the air and Theologians even of sound repute would permit daily Communion but rarely and under very many conditions.

On the 6th of Dec., 1905, Pius X, put an end to this much agitated question of conditions for daily Communion. His words are clear. "Frequent and daily Communion, which is ardently desired by Christ Our Lord and the Catholic Church, is opened to the faithful of whatever degree or condition, so that no one who is in the state of grace and approaches the altar with right and pious intention should be kept away from it."

Pius X will to bring the faithful "en masse" to the altar is but an emphatic expression of the Divine Master's desire and the teaching of the Church. Never before, however, has so much stress been laid upon this all important fact of the Christian life. At the Eucharistic Congress held at Rome in June 1905, he prompted the priest to promote the devotion to the "Prisoner of the Tabernacle." Soon after Dec. 20, 1905, followed the decree on frequent communion. Again on the 14th day of February, 1906, he granted to all those receiving every day, or at least four or five times a week, the indulgt of Clement whereby he who confesses every week gains all the indulgences for which confession is required. Extraordinary, this privilege is equalled by that of the 10th of August 1906. Our Holy Father gave the priests enrolled in the "Eucharistic League" faculty to grant a plenary indulgence once a week to those receiving daily or quasi daily. A practical man in a practical age, Pius, his thumb on the pulse of the world, has pointed out the long-felt want of humanity.

We are crossing an age of spiritual unrest. Man marshals his energies in a fruitless effort to argue away God. Religion, history, philosophy political economy, sociology, are in the throes of an intellectual revolution.

The material progress of this twentieth century is bringing a great evil in its train. It breeds an indifference in spiritual matters, an excessive self-reliance which rejects the necessity of divine help; a spirit of independence and criticism fast degenerating into license. Blinded by the rapid accumulation of wealth; the idolatry of success; the growth of luxury and extravagance, the man of our day closes his eyes to the existence of a spiritual world, to the very idea that God will punish our misdeeds of this life in the hell of a life to come. Outside of the Catholic Church religion is devoid of its awful sanctity. Man made it a mere social, philanthropic work, placing no restraint upon the fulfilment of his desires; scrutinizing not too closely the means used to attain the end and not hindering him to enjoy the world's pleasures and comfort. St. Paul's phrase, "The God of the world hath blended the minds" is peculiarly relevant to the spirit of our time.

Breathing in by every pore of our being this poisoned atmosphere, the maxims of the world almost unconsciously weave themselves into our life. Against this lack of a true ideal, we must come out strong with a life permeated and penetrated with the spirit and principles of Christ. Anxious, however, to cull the flowers of the Thabor bordering the way in the right, we must not forget that the left is strewn with the thorns of Calvary. In our struggle for existence we must not remain strangers to the fact that to live the material life only is to be dead. "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood you shall not have life in you."

Life is what you make it. To resist the stream threatening to drift us away from our mooring; to develop in us the stature of Christ, surpass mere human attempts. Man naturally inclined to appetite and dull to conscience, is ill-fitted to resist the intoxicating allurements of the world. Analyse your own feelings. You are dissatisfied with your lot; with those about you; with everything,

with everybody, and with your own self. Why? Ah! there is a void in your heart that the mere pursuit of material gain will not fill.

“The antidote by which we are freed from our daily faults and preserved from mortal sin.” The Blessed Eucharist is our only means of resistance to the evil influence of this our present day. Christ is Life, go to Him! Feed upon His flesh you will not hunger; drink His blood and you will not thirst. Daily Communion will foster and intensify in you force of heart and steadiness of purpose the back bone of success.

“Go out into the highways, and hedges,” says Christ, “and compel them to come in that My house may be filled. I am come that they may have life and may have it more abundantly.” “How?” exclaims the Curé of Ars, “could you resist an invitation so full of tenderness and love? You say that you are unworthy — true it is, yet you need it. Had our Lord had in view our worthiness He had never established His beautiful Sacrament of love. For no one, not excepting the saints, the angels, the archangels, the Blessed Virgin Mary, is worthy to receive the Blessed Eucharist. It was our need He had in view. You say that you are too great a sinner, that you are too miserable to approach. I had as soon hear you say that you are too sick to take medicine, or see the doctor.”*

No less divine a gift the heart must not be neglected in the search of God. To reform the heart of man that had become engrossed in sensations, Christ added to it a new passion — charity. This the divine fire brought down from Heaven by Christ is kindled by the Blessed Eucharist.

Overflowing with chaste delights the daily communicant's soul is couched on the fast wings of grace; Jesus leads him by the hand.

The soul of our heart, the Consecrated Host is the heart of our soul. It is our breast plate against the darts of the evil one. Oh! unlike so many who will not be saved, let us not neglect to receive often, yea, every day. We are

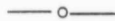
* See Frontispiece.

too weak that a monthly communion should meet our demand. No! a communion less is a degree less of glory. To-morrow we shall die, and death will change nothing in our habits. It behooves us then to partake often of the sacred repast to feast with the lamb.

Keeping before our mind's eye these words of Our Lord "Abide in Me: and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abide in the vine so neither can you, unless you abides in Me." Let us repeat with the author of the "Imitation." "Surely, there is no other nation so great, that hath gods so nigh them as Thou our God art present to all Thy faithful to whom for daily comfort, and for the raising up of their hearts to heaven, Thou givest Thyself to be eaten and enjoyed — For what other nation is there so honored as the Christian people? Or what creature under heaven so beloved as a devout soul, into whom God cometh, that He may feed her with His glorious flesh? O unspeakable grace! O infinite love, singularly bestowed upon man! But what return shall I make to the Lord for this grace, and for so extraordinary a charity? There is nothing that I can give Him that will please Him better than if I give up my heart entirely to God, and unite it closely to Him. Then all that is within me shall rejoice exceedingly when my soul shall be perfectly united to my God: then will He say to me; If thou wilt be with Me, I will be with thee; and I will answer Him: Vouch safe, O Lord, to remain with me, and I will willingly be with Thee. This is my whole desirè, that my heart may be united to Thee.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

Deceased Members.



Westport, Ont. : Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Jordan. —
 Montreal, Que. : Mrs. P. Mahoney. — New York, U. S. A.
 Mr. John Mahoney.



A Little Knight

OF THE

Blessed Sacrament

(Written for the Sentinel)

ANNA T. SADLIER.



That had been a great day at Overton Manor which was the residence of Sir Fabian Forrester. His only son and heir called after him, Fabian, had that morning received, though with the secrecy that those evil times demanded, his First Communion in the secret chapel, where from time to time a cleric, often times from beyond the seas, came to offer the Holy Sacrifice at the peril of his life.

Of the household servants but few had been entrusted with that great secret, and fewer still had been permitted to assist at that ceremony, which brought tears to my eyes, I having been for years the preceptor of the lad, — and to those of his father, while the lady mother was sore put to it, to restrain the tears that flowed down upon the lace of her collar. That ceremony concluded, the priest after a hasty breakfast, hastened upon his way by the secret path to the river, to another part of the country where his services were in demand, and where Master Topcliffe and his myrmidons were just then less active.

Also the better to allay suspicion, Sir Fabian with his lady went out riding through the forest, on a visit to their nearest neighbor, and I sat down with my pupil as

it were to go through our lessons. The room in which we sat with its mullioned window caught the light from the East, pleasant on that spring morning, and its walls were partly panelled and partly covered with quaint tapestry that had been in its place long before Sir Fabian or his father before him had come into his inheritance. There were shelves with books and a settle upon which my pupil, whose mind like my own, was far indeed from his studies, presently sat down beside me.

"Master Roderick," he said, "I would die would you not for what I have this morning received?"

I looked around me uneasily for it was perilous to speak upon such matters, and the words moreover, struck a chill to my heart. For spoken thus by one fair and comely and not more than thirteen years of age, they might seem to contain a prophecy which the fortunes of those times might well bring to fulfilment.

"O Master Fabian," I cried, "I pray you not to speak of dying when the air is so fresh and fragrant with the May, and the sky shines blue, and spring is in the blood and all is fair."

"Fairer yet, he answered, will be the gardens of Paradise and this morning, my good Master Roderick, I bethought me of that tale which once you read me of the Holy Grail, and how blood red it shone upon the snow white armor of the knight who sought it... I should like to be that knight.

Out of an ancient volume of Sir Mallory I had read to him in truth that narrative, though I had not guessed that so deeply would the lesson there taught take root in this childish soul. My eyes again filled with tears as at that moment when the priest who had borne stripes and imprisonment in the service of His Master, and coveted as men said the grace of martyrdom, had turned from the altar in that small and cramped space to give the Holy Sacrament to the boy.

While Fabian thus spoke and I thus pondered, I bethought me that I heard the sound of a foot in the adjoining corridor and hastily I whispered -

"Speak not I beseech you of what hath befallen this morning. The disclosing of that secret might mean ruin

and death." And even while the words were on my tongue there entered on some errand, a fellow whom of all the servants of the household I distrusted. And truly, in almost every dwelling of the Catholic nobility, the presence of the priest and the other holy practices which were deemed treasonable, had been discovered to Master Topcliffe, or some other of the priest hunters by the treachery of a menial.

"But why should I take such care in my speech?" said the lad, "since there are none within hearing save those of our household?"

He spoke with the faith of trusting innocence, and seeing the man who had entered, he smiled upon him and called out as was his way a pleasant word.

The man paused upon the threshold, and gave first at me and then at my pupil a strange glance the meaning of which I might not read. As he closed the door I whispered, though sore it went against me to put the poison of mistrust into that guileless soul:

"Have a care of him yonder."

The boy looked towards the door at which I pointed, and cried out: "Why he is the best of varlets! Only yesterday he mended my fishing-rod and talked so kindly of that priest who hath been here this morning, and whom at one time he had known."

"God's mercy!" I exclaimed in horror, "you did not tell him he was here?"

"Not I" answered the boy "for that was my father's secret which he had bid me keep. But Chris asked me if I had ever seen him and since I dared not speak falsely, I answered, yes. He asked me when and I replied, one time. Then he asked no more and my heart warmed to hear his praises of that holy man, and if I had my father's permission, I would have asked him to the Mass this morning."

"Oh the crafty knave!" I cried, and my heart grew heavy as lead at hearing of this discourse which I liked but ill, and which I feared would have taken place only for a bad purpose. Even the single admission which my young master had made of having once seen the priest, might serve as pretext to bring the hounds upon us.

"Beware of him," I cried; "speak no word to him that might not be said to Topcliffe himself."

Though Fabian laughed at my fears he promised, when, alas, it was too late. Full soon we knew that it was this villain who had been on the watch, and had given Topcliffe news of the probable presence of a priest. While the words of warning were still on my lips, and I had set Fabian to turning over his books, lest his idleness might seem suspicious, I learned that the blow had fallen. Topcliffe was in the hall below and since my master Sir Fabian was absent, it was his pleasure that the son should appear before him! And I descended too, hoping that I might be able in some fashion to shield that innocent lamb from the wolves. Staunchly he stood up before them his head erect, his shoulders thrown back, like the little gentleman he was. But before many seconds had passed I knew that his doom was sealed.

For the priest hunter, that monstrous wretch whose hands were red with the blood of so many of God's ministers broke out into imprecations against the idolatry of the Mass, and the foul practices of the Catholics regarding their Wafer-God, and Fabian flew into white heat of rage. His blue eyes shot out a flame and his fair face flushed so that he was transfigured. He drew his mimic sword from his scabbard and flew out against that great braggart.

"How dare you, in my presence," he cried, "to speak thus of our God who descends upon the altar in His Holy Sacrament."

It was a marvellous scene, that golden haired lad standing up in defence of that sacred mystery and striving with his tiny weapon to chastise that great bully.

Topcliffe was so surprised that though the blood began to trickle from a scratch on his wrist, he stood still an instant, while I strove to pull the boy away and to interpose myself between them. Then he reached out his great fist and struck his assailant a blow which fairly staggered him and had his men bind his hands and prepare to lead him away to "safe lodgings."

"He crows too loud, this young cockatoo!" he said, "and had not feared here in my presence to avow his belief in that treasonable and damnable idolatry."

"No treason and no idolatry are there," interrupted Fabian, his clear boy's voice ringing through the room. "For it is Our Lord Jesus Christ present on the altar in whom I believe, and were I a grown man I would do battle for the same."

Topcliffe gave a coarse laugh in which his followers joined, bidding those latter to take hence at once the stripling and to silence his prating. It was at this moment that a thing most curious happened, for the Judas who had betrayed us came forward with tears upon his cheek.

"I pray you, good master Topcliffe," he begged, "for my reward to let this lad go free, he is but a child; and to seek those who are more worthy of your prowess.

But Topcliffe who was enraged that so far he had been unable to discover any trace of what this informer had led him to suspect, and being further angered that a mere child had dared to flout him to his face, only stared in answer to that prayer and cried:

"So you have turned chicken hearted Chris and shall be no more employed in the Queen's service, and look well to it, my man, that you do not fare worse. For this is in truth a poisonous nest, that casts its venom everywhere and where even the callow fledgelings spout treason. It were a good deed to exterminate the breed.

The fellow in great grief would have struggled with them but was rudely beaten off and bid to mind himself, if he would keep a head upon his shoulders, while Fabian said to him in his gentle voice:

Do not grieve for me, Chris; for even were they to slay me, it would be but a short road to Paradise, and up yonder I will pray for you."

For he did not even yet realize that it was this miscreant, who had brought the priest hunters to Overton.

Then he turned to me: Farewell, my dear good Roderick," he said. "It will be all joyful if I go there. I trow it will be more beautiful than the Holy Grail that shone blood red on the armor of the knight."

"What gibberish is that he speaks?" cried Topcliffe. But Fabian with a smile upon his face as though he saw that glorious vision made no response.

As Topcliffe motioned them to lead him away, I threw myself upon my knees and begged the wretch even to

await the coming of my master. But for only answer he bade his minions take the youth without more parley, while he himself would await the return of Sir Fabian.

"I will remain here," and he swore a great oath, "to make this Sir Fabian speak and to make known to me the hiding place of that Mass-monger, who of late has ministered between these walls."

Then I prayed with sobs to be allowed to accompany my pupil, and young master, but Topcliffe spurned me with his foot.

"It is not with such as you," he said, "that the Queen's Majesty would cumber up her prisons. For the worms will have you soon and save Jack Ketch the trouble."

He waited in truth until Sir Fabian and my lady came riding back to learn what had befallen. But since the priest was many miles away by then, and since the searching of the house had therefore proved of no avail Topcliffe could find no cause for which to lead him into captivity; and perchance began to fear that he had done but a foolish thing, in carrying thence the boy. Nevertheless, and despite the efforts which Sir Fabian put forth and his unceasing appeals to those who were in power, my young master was kept in a loathsome dungeon. For Topcliffe would by no means own that he had made a mistake, and in addition to the words which that blessed youth had said, he suborned witnesses amongst his followers to declare that Fabian had declared himself willing to cut off the Queen's head, she being no queen at all but only a puppet Queen put there by evil men. Alas! these lying words, which had never so much as entered that innocent head, prevented mercy that might have been shown to him in high quarters. He was done to death in that same year, though not publicly for fear lest his youth and comeliness should stir the populace, but privately in that dungeon where as we heard later, he had shown a martyr's courage. And the tidings reached us long after from a fellow captive that he had with his last breath proclaimed faith in the Blessed Sacrament, which he longed with all his soul to receive once more.

His lady mother did not long survive him; that grievous loss weighed upon her soul too heavily and under-

mined her health. Sir Fabian at a later period narrowly escaped with his life and suffered banishment from the kingdom, in that same holy cause for which his son had died. And during the last years he was on English soil, was known only for his zeal in serving and ministering to Priests and other holy Confessors of the faith, in particular those confined in the dungeons.

The wretched Christopher became by the prayers, I doubt, not of his young master whom he had betrayed, a fearless Catholic aiding Sir Fabian in the works he had in hand, and ever an object of suspicion to that Topcliffe, in whose service he had well nigh lost his soul.

As for me, I linger about the environs of Overton Manor now in ruins through the fury of the priest hunters. I am as a weed cast on the shore despised even by Master Topcliffe. But in my heart overshadowing all else is the memory of my little lad and most dear pupil, who died confessing that faith, which I had my share in planting as a good seed in his soul. I am sustained by the hope that soon I shall see him, that Knight of God, his stainless armor, blood red beautiful with the life blood of his martyrdom.



CONTENTS

The Unfailing Friend. (*poem*) — The Holy Angels and the Blessed Sacrament. — God with us. — Come to Me, You who suffer. — A First Communion at three years: — Queen of the Holy Rosary. (*poem*) — Rev'd Mother Clare of Jesus, Superior General of the Sisters of St Mary of Namur. — Subject of Adoration: Woman behold thy Son. — Daily Communion. (*concluded*) — A little Knight of the Blessed sacrament.