



The Temptation in the Desert.

THE SENTINEL  
OF THE  
BLESSED SACRAMENT

Vol. XVIII No 2

Montreal,

February 1915.

*To My Loving Jesus.*

O Love most wonderful! O Love Divine!  
Thou light of Life for sinners here below,  
The blessed source from which all grace doth flow,  
And countless w<sup>o</sup> sings come. O Sacred Shrine,

O Sacrament, whose form is bread and wine,  
Give me a heart, such love as Thine to know,  
And grace to profit by gifts Thou dost bestow.  
The very Bread of Life! May I be Thine,

For thine I wish to be. In Thee to live.  
Make thou my soul, in Thee my love to store,  
And, but a taste of heavenly sweetness give,

That I may ever love Thee more and more,  
O Sacred Heart of Jesus hear my cry,  
And bless us all, whose souls on Thee rely.

MAE CASSERLY.



## The Blessed Sacrament

Experience shows that the Blessed Sacrament is the food of virgins and the strong meat of valiant, honest men. Meekness and modesty exhale from it as fragrance from the flower, and the fruit of it is godliness and courage, and all good and gentle things. And therefore, the Blessed Sacrament will always be the rallying point of those who still hold to the supernatural ideals of life and conduct and achievement. For the soul that is hopelessly steeped in matter, for the soul that lacks the power of spiritual vision, for the soul that lives but to enjoy nervous sensations and amass wealth, the Blessed Sacrament in the very nature of things, can never have great significance. But fortunately, the world is not made up of such as these. The loyal, patient father who grows old and pinched and bent, in uncomplaining toil; the mother, almost divine, who believes and hopes, and worries and suffers, for the sins and thoughtlessness of her dear ones; the unselfish daughters and the noble sons; these are the people who keep the world wholesome. They are the salt of the earth, and to them the Holy Eucharist is the essence of life itself. "Take ye and eat," said the devil to our first parents. "Take ye and eat and you shall be as gods". The first man and the first woman did indeed take and eat, but they became outcasts from God and exiles from paradise. To-day from the hospitable table of His love Christ says, as He said at the last supper: "Take ye and eat," and as the elements of our food, bread and wine, are changed into Him for our consuming, so, in a different sense, are we in some manner changed into Him, in the consuming; for are we not made like unto gods in the purity, piety, the patience and the charity that flow in undying streams from the Eucharistic Heart of our Lord.



*Let the Children Pray*

The awful war still continues. The efforts of the Holy Father to bring about a cessation of hostilities have failed. The united petitions of all the religious denominations of our own people have not been answered as we hoped. The supplications and the tears of orphans and widows have not been able to stay the carnage. One wonders what we could have done that we have not yet done. Here is a valuable suggestion.

"A recent visit to a Catholic church brought forcibly home to me the power of the prayers of little children. For fifteen minutes or more I knelt and watched them as they came and clasped their hands and prayed and gazed upon the tabernacle. Surely I thought if faith can move mountain the prayers of little children can through God's Providence do much to soften the hearts of warring men and incline their thoughts to peace."

May it not be that God has been waiting for the children? They, at least, have done nothing to make Him turn away His face. There has been no treason in their lives. They have never failed in faith, nor doubted of His goodness, nor been ungrateful for His kindness, nor hardened their hearts against His love. Besides we have the warrant of Holy Writ that with His sinless children He is always well pleased. Is it not possible that He may yield a compliant ear to them, where He has listened but not hearkened to us? Might not the close of the war be hastened, if parents and teachers, and all who have to do with children, would unite in urging a children's crusade of prayer for peace? A mystical emotion shook Europe in 1212, when a young shepherd boy of Vendome and a youth from Cologne gathered together thousands of children for the conquest of Palestine. What might not be accomplished to-day, if from out the hearts of our first communicants, and from the other innocent, youthful Catholic hearts, there rose a great wave of prayer to sweep over the troubled world. In every parish school and institution and home where there are pure, young lips to pray and hearts full of faith and love, this crusade might easily be organized; and then soon, who knows? the Child might give to children the peace He has not granted to their elders.



*Holy Mass on the "Audacious"*

A young man serving on H. M. S. Audacious, writes to his father— A fine old Liverpool Irishman, who has six of his family in the army and navy:

" We had a visit from a priest who is around our way. He came on a Saturday and heard confession, and I don't think there was any of us who never took the opportunity. Sunday morning he came on board and said Mass, and it was about the strangest gathering one ever saw who sat and attended. We were in all rigs, receiving Holy Communion in sea boots, no boots and bare feet, as we had barely finished washing down decks, and just an improvised altar. Anyhow, we had our organ, and we had our hymns, and a young lad with no boots on serving Mass. That's the first Mass since the war, and another ship's company attended from the Liverpool. I don't suppose we shall hear it again for some time. As far as I know there is only the one priest, and he is on the hospital ship, so he has his work cut out to minister to the wants of us all, and of course there are no places in a ship that could accommodate so large a number of Catholics as there are in this Fleet, to hear Mass. So for the present we must wait our turn. "

*La croix* gave an account of the way in which the Tarbes reserve regiment of Hussars prepared themselves for action at Lourdes. All made their confession, received Holy Communion in the crypt, and heard a Solemn Mass in the Church of the Rosary. Then slowly, one by one, they passed on horseback before the Bishop, who blessed their drawn swords and afterward delivered a thrilling address.



### Taube at Church's Service.

The Blessed Sacrament brought by means of an aeroplane to a dying German officer was one of the incidents of the fiercely-fought battle of the Aisne. Mortally wounded, the young officer, Lieut. Carl Gaffler, crawled in great agony to the feet of his colonel, begging piteously for aid.

The colonel's ear caught the feebly whispered words, "A priest, a priest, before I die."

Realizing that death was at hand, Lieut. Gaffler gasped forth his happiness at having given his life for the Fatherland, but begged in return that he be granted the last rites of the Church.

Ordering the dying man to be placed upon a blanket, the colonel sent couriers throughout the camp in search of a Catholic priest. None could be found.

With death but a short time away, the cries of the dying lieutenant became more insistent. The gallantry of Gaffler during the fierce engagement had already won the favour of his superior officer. With the prayers of the young man rising with insistence above the confusion of the camp, the colonel suddenly turned to his aide and ordered an aviator to go at once to the nearest town for a priest.

The aeroplane rose above the battlefield followed by the eyes of the dying man, who prayed that the aid of the Church be not too late. In three hours the Taube had returned carrying as passenger, Father Hauber. The priest had cast aside the fear of aerial travel in his desire to reach the side of the dying man, and for the first time in the history of the dreaded German aeroplanes a flying machine had been used to aid in the sanctified services of the Church.

Carrying the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oils Father Hauber descended from the aeroplane. He arrived just in time to administer the last rites to Lieut. Gaffler, who had been kept alive by almost supernatural strength, awaiting the return of the aeroplane with its priest passenger.

## Source of All Our Blessings

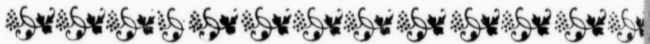
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You should never go to visit Jesus Christ in the Holy Sacrament, without expecting some great grace. He is in this august Sacrament the living source of all graces. He desires that you should draw thence all that are necessary for you. "In those days," the blessed days of the Gospel, says the prophet Zachary, speaking of this mystery, "there shall be a Fountain open to the house of David," — to all the faithful — "to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for the washing of the sinner." Jesus Christ is in the Eucharist as the Sun of Justice which enlightens hearts, rejoices, vivifies and animates to labor. He is there as an omnipotent God to strengthen us; as a good, liberal and all-merciful God to shower benefits upon us; we have only to go to Him.

Our Lord is in His Church to give you temporal things according as He sees expedient for your salvation, and, what is more advantageous for you, to bestow graces which will conduct you to a blessed eternity: strength in your temptations, victory over your passions, light in your doubts, patience in your evils, consolation in your pains, treasures of graces; He awaits you day and night; He desires nothing more than to enrich you and to see you go to Him, to profit by all these effects of His goodness; why, then, are you so remiss? Why will you not go to Him? Why will you deprive yourself of all these goods? The thing is so easy, and the profit so great!

You will say, perhaps, I do visit the Blessed Sacrament, but I reap not these precious advantages. I reply, that these effects need not be sensible; being for the soul and not for the body, they are spiritual, and not cognizable to the senses. I say, further, that these effects will not always be produced immediately, after you shall have visited the Holy Sacrament; but when on that day and the following days you make an act of humility, obedience, patience, or charity; when you quell a motion to anger, when you stifle sentiments of vanity, the grace

necessary for this, and which is given you, is the fruit of the visit you have made. And it is evident that if man is liberal towards God, God who is infinitely richer and better, will be incomparably more liberal to man; consequently, if man visits God with a good will, God will recompense this visit, acknowledge the honor rendered Him, and the trouble taken to visit Him. Your labor then will not be lost; every time you visit Him, you shall receive some benefit which you should not otherwise have received.



### The Hidden Life.

A Child is born in a stable— behold him there, lying on a little straw; poverty, cold, the pain of circumcision have caused Him to shed tears. It is your God. But what astonishing love in this annihilation, in these humiliations. What love in the poverty displayed at His birth. Even in this world He gives to those souls who choose this holy poverty for His sake, that delight and recompense in it which is alluded to in the song of the angels: "Peace to men of good will," that is peace to those who refuse nothing to God. At Nazareth Jesus passed thirty years of solitude. What instruction in His silence, in His profound humility, in His continual daily obedience, His absolute dependence upon Mary, His incessant labours, often crossed by the contemptuous rebuffs of men! What instruction in this hidden life, the mystery of which the Angels alone can comprehend and which shone with such glorious brightness in Heaven. Let us study attentively the foundation of this hidden life: "Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of Heart."



PIUS X

It is as yet too early to judge the importance of the events in the reign of our late Holy Father. We cannot even approximately say, for instance, how much he has accomplished for the Church— but that he did accomplish a great deal is easily apparent to the most casual observer. His reign is too recent to tell just how strong has been his influence in his firm, unyielding stand against Modernism, open or covert, but that it has been strong—productive already of great results— is beyond question. The years of his Papacy have been fruitful in reforms that tend to bring back to ecclesiastical matters the earnest and zealous simplicity of the first centuries of the Church. Simplicity and honesty were the qualities that combined to make the telling forcefulness of his character. And yet had his reign brought forth nothing but its supremely magnificent reform—the vast increase in devotion to Holy Communion—it would be written “glorious” in the pages of history and eternity. To true lovers of Our Eucharistic Lord—the loss of Pius X is the loss of a powerful and zealous ally. He died, his heart wrung by the bitter strife of the nations, leaving his spiritual children fortified with the Bread of Heaven for that other unending struggle with the forces of modernism, and atheism, and the veiled insidious heresies of the day.

All for Jesus.

All for Jesus ! ah how little  
 Is the “all” that we can do ?  
 Do for Him who for us suffered  
 And such burning sorrows knew.

All for Jesus ! yet what power  
 In the blessed words we feel  
 Power to make the burden lighter,  
 And the stricken heart to heal.

All for Jesus! be my pass-word  
 Through the ranks of sin and strife.  
 All for Jesus ! It will bear me.  
 Safe into eternal life

## The Watchword of Benedict XV.

“To renew all things in Christ” was the purpose with which Pope Pius X ascended the pontifical throne. It remained to the end the constant and supreme motive of his actions. It determined all his reforms within the Church, and ever inflamed anew his desire to kindle in the hearts of the faithful that zeal for the cause of Christ which had wrought such wonders in the Church of old.

We remember the enthusiasm with which that watchword was first caught up by the Catholic world: “To renew all things in Christ.” It was a trumpet call which urged men to action and roused in their hearts the highest and noblest aspirations. With that appeal was given likewise the most potent means of carrying it to effect: the renewal of the practice of daily Communion, beginning with the use of reason in the child and its first understanding of the essential doctrines of our Holy Faith, and ending only with life itself. Such was to be the way, more important even than human eloquence and learning, for the spiritual conquest of the world. How much has already been achieved we all know, and the future will see a continuation of the work which has been begun so auspiciously.

What, we may at times have asked ourselves, is to be the watchword of the new pontificate? Certainly we knew that their could be no departure from the purpose set himself by Pope Pius X: to renew the world in Christ. But what definite form was it to take? We were not kept long in expectation. With the first encyclical came likewise the announcement of the special object and unalterable aim of the present pontificate. It is briefly and clearly summed up for us in the words: “That the charity from Christ may prevail among men.” The text which the Pope tells us he will never weary of repeating, is taken from the Apostle of love and expresses the intimate desire of the heart of Christ: “Love one another.” Here, in his own words, is the aim and object of his pontificate:

*You see, venerable brethren, how necessary it is to make every effort so that the charity of Christ may prevail among men. This will certainly be Our aim always as the special object of Our pontificate. Let this also, We exhort you, be your work. We shall not be weary of urging upon men to give effect to the teaching of the apostle St. John, "Love one another."*

What is this purpose but the continuation of the sublime mission of Pope Pius X. Only by the renewal of all things in Christ we can ever hope that the charity itself of Christ shall prevail among men. Only by a return to the fervor of apostolic days can we bring about that reign of love which distinguished the early Christians: "Behold how these love one another." Only by the fervent, frequent and, if possible, the daily reception of the Holy Eucharist can we attain to that highest perfection of love which Christ desires for us. It was notably at the institution itself of the Holy Eucharist that Our Lord gave us those commandments of His love which Pope Benedict XV gathered together in his first encyclical: "This is my commandment that you love one another." By the constant reception of the Sacrament of His Body and Blood was to be made perfect in the early Church that most complete of all bonds of love. "That they may all be one, as thou Father in me, and I in thee."





## Subject of Adoration

### The submission of Jesus.

#### ADORATION.

God submits Himself to His creature!

The Master obeys His servants; the King of Kings is become a subject!

He who is begotten of the Father from all eternity, the full expression of the Divine Intellect, clothes Himself with the outward appearance of weakness and ignorance.

The word from Whom is derived all knowledge and wisdom remains silent for thirty years. His submission and obedience, as well as His silence, are in no wise the result of violent exertion. Jesus always remains calm in His meekness and humility.

What a lesson for us to trample upon our haughtiness and pride!

And in the Holy Eucharist, Jesus holds up unceasingly before our eyes these examples He gave in by-gone days.

I adore Thee, my God, submitting Thyself to everything and everybody in Thy Blessed Sacrament.

None but a God could do what Thou hast done during the hidden years of Thy life upon earth, what Thou art doing for well nigh nineteen hundred years in the still more hidden life of the Blessed Eucharist.

Thou alone knowest how much we need the virtue of humility, how deep-rooted is our pride and how only the example of a God humbly submissive and obedient can succeed in plucking it from our hearts.

#### THANKSGIVING.

Jesus, Doctor of truth, Truth itself, knew well how much more powerful than teaching is example to convince and to persuade to action.

Accordingly, before teaching us to foster the virtues of humility and obedience, He puts them into practice Himself.

The work of the Son of God on earth was the Redemption of mankind. No small task was this; and to us it would seem that He should lose no time before setting about to do it. Yet, during thirty years of His short life He appears not to be giving it a thought. Once, only at the age of twelve years, did He seem to busy Himself with His great work, and that was when, in the Temple, He astonished the Doctors of the Law by His deep questions and sublime answers.

This was but a short-lived revelation, and soon after He went back to His life of silence and obedience, "and He was subject to them."

The veils that shut out from the world the secrets of His Sacramental life are even thicker than those of His life as a carpenter at Nazareth.

The Tabernacle is the royal palace whence the Kingdom of Christ is ruled and administered, still what silence and calm retirement, what absence of haste or agitation; around the Tabernacle there is never anxiety or uneasiness. As at Nazareth, so here Jesus leads an obscure and hidden life which superficial minds find useless, although it saved the world and never ceases to save it.

#### REPARATION.

During the thirty years of silence and lowly submission at Nazareth, Jesus prepares the Redemption of the world.

This divine work, perfected on Calvary, is reproduced in the silence of the Tabernacle, in humblest obedience, no longer to Mary and Joseph, but to all priests and all men. And this subjection and obedience has been going on for nineteen centuries!

In the small prison of the Sacred Host Jesus receives homage and worship from a few, but from the majority of men He received nothing but coldness, contempt and forgetfulness.

Even among Christians who think themselves devout what sad indifference and neglect! The mere thought of it is heart-rending.

In the daily care and interest of men, everything passes ahead of Him; to Him they go simply when they have nothing else to do to while away tedious hours.

How few are they who make the least sacrifice to go and visit Him.

Always too busy to greet Him by stepping into His house for a moment they hasten by the church with a more or less respectful hat-lifting.

If this be true of Christians what shall we say of the wicked and impious men who not only love Him not, but positively hate Him.

Upon reflection it would seem well nigh impossible for men to hate their Divine Saviour Jesus Christ, to insult Him by word and deed, and yet the fact is only too certain.

Every day we meet such heartless men who, laden with gifts by the bounty of Jesus, blaspheme Him and mock at His goodness.

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PRAYER.

O Jesus, we beseech Thee, make our hearts and wills ever docile to thy Divine teaching; may our eyes be opened to behold the example Thou dost set for us in Thy Holy Eucharist, may our minds strive to fathom the abyss of Thy humility, and our courage take renewed strenght and fire from Thy generosity and constancy.

How is it that, having before Thy eyes from age to age the heart-rending sight of our thanklessness, Thou dost continue to love us and undergo for our sakes the humiliations of Thy Sacramental life? Can it be really true, Dearest Lord, that Thou dost find delight in dwelling amongst the children of men?

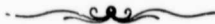
Yet, in spite of the striking example of obedience and submission Thou givest us, and which we cannot but see, we remain as we were with hearts proud and rebellious. We grow hardened in the foolish conviction of our own importance beleving we are really someone to whom honor and respect is due.

We claim the right of imposing our will on others, and<sup>u</sup> exacting obedience from them, meanwhile refusing to obey any one.

Alas, what strange foolishness, what deep-seated pride!

O Lord Jesus, have mercy on us!

D. N. P. s. s. s.




## Consoling Thoughts.

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Dearest Lord! make me remember when the world is cold and dreary and I know not where to turn for comfort, that there is always one spot bright and cheerful — The Sanctuary. When I am in desolation of spirit, when all who are dear to me have passed away like summer flowers and none are left to love me and care for me, whisper to my troubled soul that there is one friend who dies not — one whose love never changes — Jesus on the Altar. When sorrows thicken and crush me with their burden, when I look in vain for comfort, let Thy dear words come from the tabernacle: "Come to me all you who labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you." Thy friendship, dearest Lord, henceforth shall be the dearest treasure I possess. It shall compensate for the treachery and ingratitude of men. It shall be my consolation when the wild flowers are growing over the best loved ones. With Thy friendship the world shall never be dreary and life never without charm. Would that I could realize the pure happiness of possessing Thy sympathy! Would that I could feel — when I am crushed and humbled, when the hope I have lived for has withered, when sorrow and trials that I dare not reveal to any make my soul sink well nigh unto death, when I look in vain for some one to understand me, one who will enter into my miseries, make me then remember that there is One on the Altar who knows every fiber of my heart, every sorrow, every pain special to my peculiar nature, and who deeply sympathises with me. Compassionate Jesus! my heart craves for sympathy and to suffer seems nothing to the bitterness of suffering alone.

Rt. Rev. N.H. Baker.

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## WHAT I SAW

On a recent Saturday afternoon, on my way home, I dropped in for a few moments at the Cathedral, writes a convert, and passing through its bronze portal I quietly and reverently took a seat. What a haven of peace after the turmoil of a busy business day! I was wonderfully impressed with its beauty and solemnity, as never before. How quiet and peaceful was it all. How softly beautiful filtered in the sunlight through its gorgeous stained glass windows. How spotlessly white, suggestive of purity, gleamed the marble. And beyond, glowing in their golden lamps, the sanctuary lights beamed over all; a lighthouse, I thought, for all the world. In the poetry of stained glass windows, in the delicate and exquisite carving of the marbles, in the tragedy of the Stations of the Cross, it wonderfully portrayed the story of the Christ from birth to Ascension and man's redemption. People came and went; some out of curiosity, some to worship; more of the latter. And of those who came to worship, some at the stations, with Jesus traveled the bloody road to Calvary. Some contemplating the great mysteries, lifted up to Mary upon their beads their hearts' devotions. Some prayed before the tabernacle, the earthly dwelling place of the Most High. Others with bowed heads, prayed in deep humility of spirit. And I felt that these prayers, arising as incense, must be sweet indeed to the Heavenly Father. And as the sun draws the moisture of the earth, and condensing, it falls in the form of rain, so Jesus Christ draws our affections, love and prayers; and gathering them up, they fall back upon us as a blessed rain, and God is the Father of that rain. Or, as the snow softly descending covers all with its white robe of purity, so prayer answered covers a multitude of sins and makes our souls white indeed. And I thought, too, of the earthly influence that went out broadcast as the result of these prayers. I saw the sinner forgiven, the sick healed, the wanderer brought back, the weak made strong. I saw bread for the poor and drink for the thirsty. I saw these influences as a mighty army encircling the

world. Company after company, battalion after battalion, regiment after regiment, untill I felt like mounting a swift charger and riding away to review the troops. And I noticed also that those who coming in looked worried, anxious, careworn and weary, after their devotions retired with peaceful features, having thrown their cares and troubles at the feet of Jesus. Some departed with a holy smile, while others seemed on leaving to breathe a deep contentment.



### Christian Youth

The world shines bright for inexperienced eyes,  
And death seems distant to the gay and strong,  
And in the youthful heart proud fancies throng,  
And only present good can nature prize.

How then shall youth o'er these low vapors rise  
And climb the upward path, so steep and long?  
And how, amid earth's sights and sounds of wrong,  
Walk with pure heart and face raised to the skies?

By gazing on the infinitely Good,  
Whose love must quell or hallow ev'ry other  
By living in the shadow of the Rood,  
For He who hangs there is our Elder Brother,  
Who dying gives to us Himself as food,  
And His own Mother as our nursing Mother.



*The Carpenter of Nazareth.*

Jesus lived in the world: He laboured for His daily bread, and of all those who came in contact with Him, how many saw only the carpenter of Nazareth! Jesus the Son of God had no desire for the esteem of the world, which He condemned. He sought only to please God, and the Father looked with infinite joy and tenderness on the all holy soul of Jesus.

Contemplate your Saviour leading a hidden life, content, and desiring to be ignored, if only God might be glorified. We are Christians — that is, imitators of Christ — and as such should lead a life crucified and dead to the world, indifferent to its pains and pleasures, its blame or esteem, and, as strangers and pilgrims here below our conversation should be in heaven.

To woo no secret soft disguise,  
 To which self-love is prone,  
 Unnoticed by all other eyes,  
 Unworthy in your own,  
 To yield with such a happy art,  
 That no one thinks you care,  
 And say to your poor bleeding heart,  
 "How little you can bear!"

Oh, 'tis a pathway hard to choose,  
 A struggle hard to share,  
 For human pride would still refuse  
 The nameless trials there.  
 But since we know the gate is low  
 That leads to heavenly bliss,  
 What higher grace could God bestow  
 Than such a life as this?

Do your good deeds unostentatiously; do not seek to attract attention.

In the same way as a friend doth often visit his friend, so do thou often visit Jesus in the holy sacrament of the





altar; and, as often as thou dost so visit Him, offer again and again His most precious blood to the Eternal Father. If thou wilt do this thou wilt find that the love of God will wonderfully increase in thy heart, and that thou wilt become truly devout and spiritual.

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### At Benediction.

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To us He comes at Benediction when it is late. Dear evening visit of our Lord. How did our forefathers get on without it? How we should miss it now! It is like His coming to the flock in Jerusalem gathered together within closed doors for fear of their enemies? Or like His visits to the sick and sad when He was on earth? Or does it recall John's vision of "One like to the Son of Man in the midst of the golden candlesticks?" Or the eternal Benediction where the blessed with their harps and golden vials full of odors fall down before the Lamb and sing with a loud voice: "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and benediction! To Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, benediction and honor and glory and power forever and ever." Perhaps it is like all these. There is the stealing away at nightfall from those who believe not in the Divine Presence amongst us, the gathering around the empty place where He is wont to stand; the touch... and then the sudden coming and the burst of joy and triumph. "The disciples were glad when they saw the Lord". And so are we. He stands "in the midst." Of whom? Of His servants, little and great, the poor, the outcast, the heavy laden, the little children, as in the days of His life on earth. And now, as then, they bring to Him all manner of troubles, doubts, plans, difficulties, needs of every sort. Some come to Him for the souls confided to them; some for their own. Some to have their sanctified by His blessing; others to lay down their burden a while at His feet. Some few there are who come to Him not for His promised refreshment, but for Himself to pour out their souls before Him in praise, and thanksgiving, in sympathy, in reparation, in love.

### *The Still Small Voice.*

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Robert Thornton was a strong, truthful, courageous boy; and more than all he possessed a firm, lively faith. And loved God with more than ordinary love.

From the day of his first communion he had never failed to approach the holy table every Sunday; and when kneeling with bowed head, after receiving Our Lord into his heart, he would whisper: "O Jesus, I love Thee more than I can tell. If it be pleasing to Thy adorable Majesty, permit me to prove to Thee, how much I love Thee, I would willingly give my life for Thy Honor."

When he reached his twentieth year, his parents, although by no means rich decided to give him the benefit of a college course in order to fit him for the medical profession; as this had been his earnest desire for many years.

Before leaving his native town, Robert called upon his aged confessor, for whom he held the deepest reverence and affection, to receive his counsel and blessing. After pointing out to the young man the many dangers and pitfalls he would meet with on his journey through life, the venerable priest advised him in all his doubts, fears and temptations, to call upon Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament; that never ending source of help and consolation. And finally, he made him promise to remain faithful to his weekly communion.

Robert was possessed of a happy sunny disposition, which, coupled as it was with pleasing manners and a graceful presence, helped to make him very popular, and in a short time he had become a favorite among his college companions.

Between close, hard study on one hand and many social engagements on the other, his spare time was naturally very limited; yet he continued to remain faithful to the promise given to his father confessor before leaving his home; although there were many times when his friends scoffed at him for his piety saying.— "Oh! Bob wouldn't do this or that, he was too pious." — That he was am-

bitious for a halo — That he must have made a mistake in choosing his profession — And many other equally geering remarks. For a while their joking and bantering had no apparent effect upon him, but there is an old saying: "Water falling day by day will wear the hardest rock away," and in time Robert, who had been so anxious to prove his love for his God in the old days, began to hide his religious fervor under a mask of assumed indifference.

One Sunday morning, having overslept his usual hour for rising, he was obliged to attend the nine o'clock Mass, instead of the much earlier service, at which he always made it a point of assisting. On entering the church he saw a group of his college friends standing at the door, and among them one or two of the students who were the most relentless in their attacks upon Robert for his religious principles. He immediately felt the blood rushing into his cheeks, and instead of going towards the front of the church, as he usually did, in order to be closer to the communion table, he remained at the back of the church. When the *Agnus Dei* was reached Robert suddenly became so nervous that he could hardly remain upon his knees. He knew he should go up to the altar railing like a man, regardless of everybody and everything, as he had done every Sunday since he had made his first communion. But he was conscious that his companions, standing behind him, were watching, and smiling and saying, perhaps, — "Look at Bob! My, but he must be a saint to go to communion every week." Then he fancied he heard some one whisper. "Is their opinion of more importance to you Robert, than mine". But the geering faces of the young men arose before him. Again the sweet voice insisted. "Robert, it is Jesus who calls you. Are you ashamed of your friend, Robert? If you forsake me before these men, how can I remember you before my Father? What do you owe to them? What have they done for you? Did they chose you to be their brother and their friend for all time? Did they bear shame and humiliation for you? Did they shed the last drop of their blood for you? You must choose between us, Robert." Still he could not summon courage to go up the aisle and receive his Friend Jesus, because his

earthly acquaintances might ridicule him for his piety. Ashamed of his Friend Jesus — God of infinite love and tenderness — Who had loved him so much; who had blessed him in so many ways; Who had showered His graces upon him; with whose very gifts he had gained the popularity which he enjoyed; and last, but not least, Who had been his first; his best, his only friend; for, who can claim from any man born of humanity, undying friendship.

Raising his eyes, he saw that the last communicants were leaving the railing. He was late, but there was still time as the priest was standing with the ciborium in his hands, waiting lest there might be some who had arrived late. But he did not move, and as the priest closed the door of the Tabernacle, Robert heard that still small voice so low, but with what a wail of sadness. "Robert! O Robert! and you, you said you would die for me!

Now that it was too late to prove his love for Jesus — he had been tried and found wanting — Robert felt as though his heart would break. Bowing his head in his hands, he remained in that position until the Mass was finished.

As soon as the priest had left the altar, he hurried from the church. On the street he was joined by his companions, who greeted him as usual. But it seemed to Robert that their manner was more or less constrained. Perhaps his feelings were sensitive after the moral struggle through which he had passed; nevertheless it was with a feeling of relief that he reached the street where he lodged, and was obliged to separate from his companions.

All day long he could not drive the memory of his weakness from his mind. And no matter how he buried himself in his work (he was reading up for the Christmas examinations) he could not drown that still small voice in his heart.

Late in the afternoon, one of his classmates, Jack Archibald, called around to see him. Rich, handsome, dissipated, yet possessed of a most fascinating personality, Jack Archibald was a general favorite, not only in col-

lege circles, but he also enjoyed an enviable social position among some of the best families in the city.

Throwing himself into a chair, he remained silent for a long time, while Robert seeing that his friend was evidently in an uncommunicative mood, continued his work. Suddenly leaning forward, he laid his hand on Robert's arm saying. "Say Bob, I'd never take you for a quitter — Yes, we thought you were one of the big ones, and stood for you every time. And do you want to know why we stood for you? Well, because you showed us that you were fearless, morally as well as physically. We admired and looked up to you. Unknown to ourselves, perhaps, we felt that you were superior to us. You did not know that because of your presence, many of the jolly times we boys have had together, were jolly and gay,—not mere revels, as they often have been in the past — because of your presence, and the unexpressed respect we had for your principles. We knew why you did not receive communion this morning. You were ashamed before us. Afraid (just think, you afraid) we would laugh at you. Well, if we have scoffed and geered in the past, it was, perhaps, because it gave us a sort of barbarous pleasure to torture you, and glory in your strength. Jove, Bob I often wished I had your faith and your moral courage. My mother died when I was a baby, and my father did not bother very much about religion. So long as I made my first communion, and was confirmed, he considered that was all that was necessary. I used to go to communion once a month or so when I was at school; their some how or other the time between each communion became longer, until now, I barely go to the holy table once a year, and perhaps in time will not go at all."

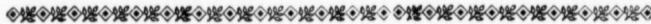
When he had finished speaking he rose and went and stood at the window, looking down upon the street. In a few minutes Robert followed him and placing his hand upon his shoulder said. "Jack, ten days from tomorrow is Christmas day, and I am going down home. I want you to come with me. I want you to see my home, and to meet my parents. Of course we cannot offer you the luxuries to which you are accustomed, but we will

make you comfortable. But more than anything else I want you to meet the man, to whom, above all others, I owe whatever strength of character, or moral courage which I may possess. You will like him, and I am sure you will never regret having made his acquaintance. "Thanks Bob," his friend replied. "I will come, and with pleasure. I had promised to pass Christmas with a party of friends in the White Mountains, but I can easily make an excuse to them."

Several years have passed, and Robert Thornton is now a successful physician, with a flourishing practice. He still remains faithful to his religious duties, but now instead of receiving every week, he approaches the holy table every morning. And never once does he receive the Sacred body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ into his heart in holy communion, that he does not remember with shame and humiliation the one and only time that he denied his Beloved Master.

Jack Archibald, the brilliant high-spirited youth, once so flattered and sought after, now wears the simple garb of the Trappist Monks. He who had won all hearts by his gaiety and dashing charm of manner, now draws them to him by his sweet simplicity and his great love for Jesus and Mary.

F. M.



We say we believe that in the Tabernacle Jesus Christ is bodily present, dwelling quietly and patiently, a Prisoner of Love; but do we believe this? How can we believe this? How can we believe He is there and yet neglect to visit Him, to watch with Him?



*Moments before the Tabernacle.*

O, my God and my Lord, I adore Thee here present on the altar, as really as when, Thy glorified body entered through the closed doors and St. Thomas exclaimed at last, "My Lord and my God?" Thou art here, O my God, and why art Thou here? "What is man that thou art mindful of him or the son of man that Thou shouldst visit him?" And I—ah, what am I that Thou shouldst show such mercy and love towards me from first to last? I am sorry from my heart for all the sins that have ever stained my soul in Thy sight, and above all for the little love I have shown to Thee in the sacrament of Thy love. How many times I have received Thee into my soul since my first communion? And each of these communions might have been the source of so much grace for me, as a single communion (blessed be Thy Name!) has been, and till the end will be, for so many pure souls in every corner of Thy church. But for all the graces which, in spite of my unworthiness, I have received in this sacrament, I thank Thee O Lord, and I beg of Thee grace not to abuse Thy graces. Thy delight, Thy strange delight, is to be with the children of men; and Thou sayest even to me: "Child give me thy heart." Take it! I wish to give Thee my whole heart with all its affections and desires. But first purify it more and more. Nay, "create a clean heart in me, O God" — a heart that may be less unworthy of receiving Thee when next Thou wilt come to me. Have mercy on me, O Lord, have mercy on me. I am sorry for all my sins, and I wish to love Thee with my whole heart.

"Lord, take from me all that keepeth me from Thee. Lord, give me all that helpeth me to Thee. Lord, take me from myself, and make me belong to Thee alone."

O my God, I thank Thee, and I love Thee or at least I desire very humbly and very earnestly to be able to love Thee truly and to prove the truth of my love. Thou knowest my heart, O Lord, and Thou knowest that through Thy grace I wish very much to refrain from everything in thought, or word, or deed that could displease Thee ever so little, O my good God!

Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore  
O make us love Thee more and more.

*The Hidden God.*

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On suppliant knee low bending I adore  
Thy Godhead, Jesus, hidden from mine eyes  
Of mortal weakness, and in spirit soar  
Aloof to find enthroned above the skies  
That very God the circled Host doth hold  
In clouding robes of wheaten grain here veiled.  
My soul enraptured calls Thee, as of old  
"Son of the living God " Thee Peter hailed.

\* \*

O'erbrimming thanks out pours my grateful heart  
For this best gift of Thine unfathomed love.  
Not here the awful thunderer Thou art  
Of trembling Sinai, but a meek-eyed dove,  
A plaintless Lamb, so deathlike made that Thou  
Dost cloak in raiment dull the living light,  
And screen the speechless splendor of Thy brow,  
Lest fear should thwart Thy love in breeding flight

\* \* \*

Methinks, dear Lord, Thy love makes thee neglect  
Thine own defense, Thou but of me hast thought.  
While myriad foes insult Thee, none protest  
Thy life with countless daily horrors fraught.  
Too weak, Thou canst not strike, Love binds Thine arm,  
And pleads their cause, for whom I now repair.  
Convert their guilty hearts, turn every harm  
From them, O Lord, and us Thy people spare!

\* \* \* \*

O Hidden Christ, may all who Thee adore  
In faith united, friendly wax in peace.  
Pluck from their hearts this deadly weed of war  
That they in love of Thee and men increase.  
And grant that this Thy wondrous hidden state  
Teach us weak worms to trample on our pride,  
To crush the demon striving to be great  
Ourselves like Thee, our Hidden God to hide.

D. S. s.s.s.



## HOLY COMMUNION

Theologians truly say that the greatest action of worship which a creature on earth can pay His Creator, is to receive Him as food in this tremendous mystery. When therefore we reflect that Communion is to the whole spiritual world among men what food is to the natural world, we shall perceive the way in which it is at all hours acting with divine force and in innumerable holy manifestations upon the whole race of men. One single Communion contains grace enough of its own self to make us saints, if our fervor would only drink deep enough of its inexhaustible fountain. The mercy of God which called us out of nothing and gifted us with free-will, has thereby caused us to run the risk, and the possible sight of His Blessed Self make it a risk a good man likes to run, of being lost eternally. This risk involves also long perseverance in cares, pains, woes, labours, dissatisfactions, and disappointments. Yet it would have been a huge privilege, a boon worthy of God, to have been allowed to run this risk for the chance of once receiving Holy Communion. Were we to collect into one all the human actions that have ever been done in the world, with all that was noble, generous, heroic, gentle, affectionate about them, and place them by the side of the act which a man performs in receiving Communion, they would seem less than nothing, a shadow of a shadow. It is brighter than all glories, deeper than all sciences, and more royal than all magnificences. But what are all these ways of measuring the dignity of Communion but like the leaves of the forests and the sands of the sea which we play with when we try to make a little child understand eternity, and which in truth we ourselves understand as little as he.



### *Holy zeal from Communion*

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The dealings of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist exhibit to me all those characteristic features of zeal which ought to appear in a soul that is admitted to the privilege of frequent Communion. He labours for our salvation in a way as gentle as it is active and persevering; but, in all His actions, what wonderful forgetfulness of self! His sole object is the glory of God; no thought of personal interest intrudes. He employs all the divine industry of His love to attract souls to the practise of virtue, to lead them on to perfection. He leaves to every soul that receives Him the care of the interests of his glory, expecting only that their devotedness will make them desire to contribute a little to that glory of which He deprives Himself for their sakes.

Is this my spirit? Is zeal the soul of all my actions? Since I have communicated frequently, where are the works which I have done solely from the pure motive of the greater glory of God, despising the opinion of men? How many souls have I brought back to God? Nevertheless, Our Lord often says to me, "Hearken, O Daughter. Regard in everything your ultimate end, eternity. Give up every thought of self in the good works which you undertake. Propose to yourself the intention of My greater glory, and leave to My Sacred Heart the sweet task of rewarding you according to Its good pleasure."

Amongst all the virtues displayed at Nazareth where hidden from every eye, buried in profound humility, Jesus taught me in what manner I could best sanctify my life. I fix my thoughts on His obedience. Obedience is repugnant to my nature, sweetness and humility to the pride of my mind; and yet, notwithstanding this natural repulsion, my soul is strongly inclined to imitate Jesus. Until now, I have been able to bear nothing, to excuse nothing, to forget nothing; and yet, after offending Jesus I have been sure of obtaining forgiveness. O Jesus make me gentle and humble especially in the emotions of my soul; and give me courage and love enough to live, for Thy sake, a hidden unknown life.

## Faith's Revival.

A young priest, with a gentle face and manner, has the rank of corporal in a marching regiment that is now on the frontier. The day before leaving, the company to which he belongs was inspected by the captain in command. Something in the Abbe's face attracted his attention. "Corporal, what is your profession?" "I am a priest, *mon capitaine*." "Well, Corporal, in that case we shall meet again soon." The same evening, the Captain strolled into the barracks and went up to the Abbé. "*Mon ami*," he said. "I want to know whether your Bishop has given you the necessary permissions. What can you do as a priest?" "I can hear confessions, absolve, and give Extreme Unction." "Very well. Now remember, Monsieur l'Abbé, that it is your duty to exercise your ministry in the best way possible, and mine to give you all the facilities in my power, and upon this you may count."

The English Catholic papers have noticed that during the busy days of the mobilization the confessionals in all the parish churches were crowded from morning till night. The penitents who won most sympathy were awkward-looking men, trooped in from the "faubourgs." But during these memorable days, when the real soul of Catholic France stood revealed, confessions were heard, and that not only in the churches and sacristies. In a cavalry regiment whose Colonel is a brilliant soldier and an excellent Catholic, a priest came to the barracks on the day when the regiment left for the Belgian frontier. The men, who are chiefly peasants from the west of France, gladly took advantage of his presence, and the officers set the example. As he was leaving the barracks, a soldier ran after him. In the hurry and confusion resulting from the departure of horses and men, he had been unable to seek the priest before. "Never mind," he said, "I can go to confession here." He pointed to a wheelbarrow that was standing in the court. The priest sat down upon it, and the good fellow on his knees beside

him, made his peace with God then and there. Again, in a "place" situated in the learned quarter of old Paris, two soldiers might be seen in close conversation. It ended by one of them kneeling on the ground before his comrade. Human respect no longer exists in these moments of supreme tension; only the great realities, life and death, heaven and hell, God and the soul whom He has created and redeemed, are of importance.

The religious revival of which these things are a development has been growing up for some years past, as those who see France *from within* are able to testify. The declaration of war called forth the latent forces of self-sacrifice and generosity of the nation, and these happy symptoms are all the more encouraging because are grafted on a revival of religious faith that has been slowly and surely gaining strength, chifly, let us add, in Paris and the large centres.

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A FRENCH officer writes from Berry-sur-Somme, on November 2:

"Truly France is turning to the outstretched arms of that mother whom she has so long despised and persecuted. The dreadful conflict in which we are now engaged has brought to life a faith which was 'not dead, but sleeping.' There are evidences of this on every side, and nowhere is it so marked as in the good understanding existing between the military and ecclesiastical authorities. Yesterday I witnessed a scene now quite common in many regions of the war zone, but to which France has been a stranger for many years. I assisted at a military Mass celebrated in the open air behind the château of the Comte de Villeneuve. An immense congregation of soldiers was present—many alas! assisting at their last Mass—and many officers were in the front ranks. In the bright autumnal sunlight stood the altar, decorated with flowers, the garden and castle in the background, forming an impressive scene. The chaplain, a tall, thin priest, in a patriotic address urged the men to be of good courage in their struggle for right and freedom. In addition to

this Solemn Mass many others were said in the church and in the chapel of the château by priests who were serving in the regiments in the neighborhood, and it is quite common to see the red military trousers under the sacerdotal vestments. There is no doubt that the war will have the result of destroying that fear of public opinion which has had such an influence on Catholic life in France of late years. Between the priest and the soldiers — comrades in arms — there has been established a bond of union which will have untold and far-reaching effects."



It has been truly said that the Kulturkampf proved a blessing in disguise for the Catholic Church in Germany, and the present great war is likely to prove even a stronger force for good, in that it is bringing not only the Catholics but the Protestants as well to a deeper realization of the claims of religion. The war, it must be understood, is universally considered by the Germans a just war, since the very existence and permanence of the Fatherland are believed to be at stake. It was open with a day of prayer and penance; the churches were filled to overflowing on that day; and the same scene is repeated day by day in the Protestant as well as in the Catholic churches. It may be safely stated, that not one Catholic soldier went to the front without, having received the Sacraments. During the first days of mobilization, priests were kept busy for whole days and nights hearing confessions and distributing Holy Communion. And the letters from the front are almost daily reporting scenes of Catholic piety enacted in the trenches and the blood-soaked battlefield.

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*Published with the approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal.*