



Mother of Holy Hope

My dear Lord in one of the ancient prophecies that foreshadowed from afar the privileges of Thy Blessed Mother, she calls herself the Mother of Holy Hope. And such she is, because she is Thy Mother; and such she is for us personally, because she is our Mother also. She is Queen of Heaven, for Thou my Lord and my God, hast given to her in Heaven the place and dignity and power that befit Thy Mother. But amidst all her glory she keeps a true Mother's Heart for us all, and, like Thee, her Divine Son, her wish and prayer are that, where she is, we also, her children, may be. The motive of hope that is contained for us, "poor banished children of Eve," in the position which Mary holds in Thy heavenly kingdom, could hardly be put forward more simply or more strongly than in these lines of one of Thy priests whom Thou hast drawn out of the chilling darkness of heresy.

When'er I doubt if one so base as I
 Shall share with heavenly choirs their joys serene,
 This thought brings sweetest solace to my soul,
 That Thou, my Mother, art the Angel's Queen.

No seraph form, to human weakness strange,
 The regal sceptre holds that high place,
 But at the right hand of the King of Kings
 Thou sittest throned, a daughter of our race.

Mother of God! Creation's star-crowned Queen!
 Heaven's mightiest spirits worship at thy feet,
 Yet mid the splendors of thy pomp divine
 Our Mother and our Sister, too, we greet.

Shall I then, fear to face the glittering ranks
 That guard from step profane Heaven's dazzling scene?
 Their flame-tipped swords would lower at the cry:
 "Angels of God, my Mother is your Queen."



Mother of the Holy Hope.

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But can we ever doubt whether creatures, even so base as we, shall be admitted amongst the blessed in Heaven? We must never doubt so far as to exclude or weaken hope; but hope does not exclude fear. We may well be afraid. And yet we must dare to hope. We must by God's grace rise to that height of faith in His almighty mercy which will enable us to cherish the daring hope that, after this time of trial is over, after whatever labor and penance life may have further in store for us, after the purifying pang and wrench of death, after the searching and sanctifying gaze of our Divine Judge, after the Purgatory—long and severe, perhaps, but only Purgatory—which, please God, will follow judgment: then at last even we, poor sinners, cleansed from the stain of forgiven sin and now, O marvelous mercy! made pure enough for the eye of God, shall be admitted to the marriage supper of the Lamb; and there, the veils of sacraments being removed, faith giving way to sight, and hope to fruition, we shall see, possess, adore, and love for ever the Divine Tenant of our Tabernacles, face to face, and heart to heart.

M. RUSSELL, S. J.

THE TABERNACLE

"O God be merciful to me a sinner! I am full of sin and thou art full of mercy. But my fullness is as nothing to Thy fullness—ininitely less than the corolla of the tiniest flower, which one drop of dew can fill to overflowing, compared with all the unfathomable caverns of the deep filled with all the oceans. The one muddy drop of my sinfulness will be lost in the infinite ocean of Thy purity. May the ocean of Thy mercy wash away all the stains of my soul in Thy Precious Blood, "one drop of which can save the whole world from all its guilt," as Thy glorious servant, Thomas Aquinas, often said when kneeling, as I am kneeling now, before Thy Tabernacle."

THE LORD'S DAY

HOLY MASS

Amongst all the pious works a good Christian should accomplish on Sunday one is prescribed under pain of mortal sin and that is being present at the holy sacrifice of the mass. Blessed be the Church that has given us this commandment. Never has she shown herself more vigilant, more tender, more motherly on our behalf. In fact the mass is the most excellent act of religion and also the best means of honoring, of thanking God and of calling down His blessings on us by sanctifying ourselves.

What can we say of this august sacrifice? Even if one could speak the language of the angels, it would be impossible to express the excellence of the sublime act that is accomplished on our altars. Mass in the continuation of the sacrifice of the cross with the same priest and the same victim. This contains all. Mass is thus the holiest, the most divine work and that which is dearest to God, the work that can most effectively turn away His wrath; the work, says a Father of the Church, to which is attached the salvation of the world.

A simple mass is as effective for the glory of God and the salvation of mankind as the sacrifice of the cross. So teaches St. Thomas Aquinas, the prince of theologians.

The better to hear it and to satisfy the precepts of the Church, several conditions are necessary: respect, attention, devotion, integrity. *Respect.* The angels who surround the altar during the dread sacrifice remain prostrate, their faces veiled with their wings. The least we can do is to maintain, during the holy mysteries, a modest demeanor and entire recollectedness. We are lacking in the respect due to holy mass when we assume attitudes that would not be tolerated in polite society; when we wear things that are hardly decent; when we gaze around on all sides; when we indulge in smiles and conversations; when we do not kneel at the proper moment; in a word when we enter

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the church, remain there and come out of it as if God were not there. How blameworthy are those Christians whose outward demeanor and deportment during the august sacrifice lead one to doubt whether they have faith and whether they have come to adore or to insult God! If Our Lord indignantly drove away the profaners of the temple of Jerusalem, how must He not look upon those who profane a shrine a thousand times more august.

Attention. It is not sufficient to be present at mass in the body; one must also be present with the intention of hearing it and of hearing it attentively. The precept is not accomplished by him who assists at mass solely with the view of seeing the church, of meeting a friend or some other person there or because one is compelled by violence to do so. We say *by violence* because a child who would hear mass through the sole fear of his father, mother or his superior, if he heard it with attention, would satisfy the precept even if he sinned by wishing to evade such precept if he could. It is not necessary to have the intention in order to accomplish the precept.

In addition to the intention of hearing holy mass, it is necessary to pay at least virtual attention to what is being done during the holy sacrifice. To allow one's mind to dwell on other things, on business, pleasure, frivolities; to fall asleep, to speak, to turn one's head so as not to see what is going on at the altar, to notice this without making an effort to return to prayer is a voluntary distraction that prevents attention. If it last during a considerable portion of the holy sacrifice, it is impossible that the precept be fulfilled. He who is guilty of this is obliged to hear another mass if he can.

Involuntary distractions are those that assail us in spite of ourselves and which we repel as soon as we think of it. As the latter are not culpable they do not prevent virtual attention nor do they prevent one from hearing holy mass. One way to avoid distractions is to follow the priest's prayers in one's book or to unite to him in intention or to say the rosary if one cannot read. Another way to avoid distractions during the holy

offices is to come with more recollectedness, to take holy water with faith and, as one enters the church, to say to all mundane affairs what St Bernard used to say: "Irrelevant thoughts, thoughts of business and of pleasure, remain outside the door."

Devotion. To hear mass with the desire to come out better than when one goes in, with the intention to honor God, with love for Our Lord, with confidence in Him, with the desire to immolate oneself on the altar with Him, to live in future solely in accordance with His spirit and with His maxims, in a word to hear mass in the *spirit of a victim*, is to hear mass with devotion. How rare is such a disposition and how earnestly should we ask it of God and strive to frame it within ourselves! How many go to mass without an object, without pious attention, through routine and through habit! Is it strange that they should come out as little Christian as they went in?

The way to inspire ourselves with the devotion is to consider, on the one hand, the number of our spiritual and temporal wants and, on the other hand, the infinite goodness of Our Lord who, in immolating Himself, addresses these touching words to us: *What will ye that I do unto you?* He who loves us enough to shed His blood for us, can refuse us nothing, Nothing can better incite us to devotion than to fill our minds and hearts with the four aims of the holy sacrifice. At holy mass, I render unto God, through Jesus Christ, perfect adoration such as is rendered to Him by the saints in heaven. By offering to the eternal Father His divine Son immolated on the altar, I pay to His dread justice the ransom of all my iniquities. There is no grace that I cannot obtain through the all-powerful mediation of Jesus Christ on the altar: graces for myself, graces for my benefactors, relatives, holy Church, sinners and the dear departed. Finally, at holy mass, Jesus undertakes to pay my debt of gratitude to my sovereign Benefactor by the most perfect thanksgiving.

Integrity. Mass must be heard throughout. One is always guilty when one arrives, through one's fault, after it has begun. "But the mass is too long," a

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person said one day before Monseigneur de la Motte, bishop of Amiens. "You should rather say," replied the holy prelate, that "your devotion is too short." Shame to the child who grows weary in his father's company; shame to the man who grows weary in the presence of His God! One day out of seven and, out of the twenty-four hours of that seventh day, God asks you to assist at the holy mysteries for two hours at the most and you find that too much!

If one omits, without hearing, a considerable portion of the mass he is guilty of a grievous sin; if the portion omitted be but slight, the sin is only venial. It would be a grievous sin to miss all that precedes the Gospel with what follows the priest's communion, or to miss the consecration or the communion under both elements, or again to be absent from the end of the consecration to the *Patet* exclusively.

It seems probable that one is guilty of a grievous fault by missing from the beginning of the mass to the Gospel inclusively. St. Alphonsus is of opinion that it is a mortal sin to arrive only after the Epistle. Nevertheless he admits as probable the opinion that the sin is mortal only when one is not in time for the Gospel.

To hear mass one must be in the church or place where the holy mysteries are celebrated. A person might also hear it who would be behind a wall or column of the church and even outside of the church if he formed part of a crowd a portion whereof was inside. This may happen on the occasion of great solemnities when the church is too small to contain all the people.

One is dispensed from hearing mass only in the case of physical or moral impossibility. *Physical impossibility* when one is sick, infirm or convalescent. If there be any doubt, the advice of a physician or prudent person must be obtained. *Moral impossibility*: if the attendance of a person at mass were to cause serious damage or some great spiritual or temporal inconvenience to oneself or to others.

Thus, those persons are excused who have to attend the sick, to keep house or mind children who cannot be taken to church. When there are two masses such

persons can generally hear one of them. Those persons also are excused who can get to church only with great difficulty on account of distance. In all these cases the age and position of the persons, the weather and the roads must be considered. The following persons also are excused: servants, women and children, when their employers, husbands and parents insist upon their working during mass, if they cannot refuse to obey without serious trouble such as fear of fits of anger, of blasphemies and imprecations. With regard to workmen and servants they also have a lawful excuse when they run the risk of losing their places without being able to find at once and easily another employer who will allow them to perform their religious duties. But, great God! how guilty are they who thus compel their inferiors to profane the holy days!

What mass must one hear? To assist at any mass in a church or public oratory suffices for the accomplishment of the precept. Nevertheless holy Church desires and urges the faithful to assist as far as possible at the *parochial mass*. At the parochial mass one prays with a better hope that prayers will be granted. Then the holy sacrifice is offered up solely and exclusively for the parishioner's intention; they have a strict right to the *special fruit* attached to it; the pastor is bound, by his office, to apply it to them. At the parochial mass prayer seems more to bear the character of prayer said in common. To pray together, says Tertullian, is, as it were, to do violence unto God and he adds that such violence is most agreeable to Him. St. John Chrysostom goes still further. He says: "To pray together, is to lift up to God a cry so powerful and at the same time so persuasive that it would seem like a shame not to listen to it." And St. Thomas says: "It is impossible that prayers said in common should not be granted when, mingled together, they rise to heaven like a single prayer."

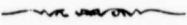
Finally, at the parochial mass is said, on certain Sundays, the collective prayer for the Church and all its hierarchic orders, for the State and all in authority; for the perseverance of the just, the conversion of sinners, etc.; then, before the sermon every Sunday the

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banns of marriages are published, the feasts and fasts to be observed are announced; the pastor gives the congregation an instruction suited to their present needs and speaks to his flock. Thus, the pastor's voice possesses a special virtue for his flock; he speaks to them with the authority and tenderness of a father. The most simple truths uttered by his lips derive a very special blessing through the grace of his ministry. Who can assert that it is a matter of indifference whether one goes or does not go to hear the pastor's words? Every Catholic who does not possess sufficient religious instruction and who neglects to acquire it when he can easily do so by listening to his pastor's sermons cannot consider himself free from grievous sin.

The most violent persecutions did not always prevent our forefathers in the faith from attending religious meetings on Sunday. A Christian virgin called Anysia was going there when one of the emperor Diocletian's guards was struck by her modest demeanor. He went to her and said: "Stand there; whither goest thou?" Her only answer was to make the sign of the cross. The soldier was offended because she replied to his question solely by that sign. He laid hands on her and said angrily: "Answer. Whither goest thou? She replied: "I am a servant of Jesus-Christ and am going to the Lord's meeting." "I will prevent thy going there and take thee to sacrifice to the gods; to-day we adore the sun." At the same time he tore away the veil that covered her face. Anysia tried to prevent him and said to him: "Go, wretch, Jesus Christ will punish thee." The furious soldier drew his sword and stabbed her to the heart. The young virgin fell bathed in her blood, a martyr to the observance of Sunday but, while her body lay lifeless on the ground, her soul crowned with glory, went to adore on heaven's altar the Lamb of God whom the priest was immolating on an earthly altar.



Forty-eight Miles to Mass.

The story told of the two little Colorado girls who drove twenty-seven miles to receive Communion is only one example of the many self-sacrifices made by the faithful in the sparsely settled districts of the country. It recalls a story told in the Kansas City Catholic Register by the good Father Domann of Burlington, Kansas.

Several years ago one of his parishioners, Frank Haight, was offered the use of a cottage in the woods of Minnesota. With Mrs. Haight and their family and also the two sisters of Mrs. Haight, the Misses Maud and Wilhelmina Hoffman, they arrived at their destination. As the three girls were daily Communicants they immediately inquired for the nearest Catholic church. What was their surprise to find that the nearest church was forty-eight miles away. Not a bit daunted, they started to make preparations to attend and receive Communion.

One-thirty Sunday morning found them tramping, with the dim light of a lantern, through the dense timberland to the railroad station, more than a mile away. As there was no station agent in sight, they flagged the on-coming train and arrived at Bemidji, their destination, at 4.15 oc'lock.

At 11.15 o'clock that evening they started to make the return journey. They arrived in Hackensack at 1.45 in the morning and again tramped through the dense woods to their cottage. They had gone a total distance of over twelve hours before receiving the Holy Eucharist.

After Communion Jesus Christ remains in the soul as on the throne of grace, and appears to say to her what He said when on earth to the man who was born blind, "What wilt thou that I should do to thee."

ST. THERESA

"THE IDEAL TO ATTAIN."

"Monthly Communion is indeed praiseworthy but frequent Communion is very much more so. Frequent Communion is the ideal to attain; the ordinary means to live a truly Christian life. Then cease to consider this ideal reached in monthly Communion, look upon it more as a help to arrive more quickly and easily to the practice of daily Communion.

"There are certain pusillanimous souls who do not believe in the possibility of introducing, even in thoroughly Christian families, the practice of daily Communion, for little children as well as for their elders; who cannot sum up courage enough to start a work which according to their idea must inevitably result in disappointment and failure.

"But nothing is impossible to zeal seconded by God's grace. Moreover facts demonstrate the possibility of success, and strikingly so too in certain parishes even under none too favorable conditions.

"Besides since daily Communion is the ordinary means to lead us to a truly Christian life, true charity imposes the duty of procuring this incomparable benefit to as many souls as possible, to keep in the faith and in the practice of Christian duties the greater number possible of children and young people.

"EVERY breath of our prayer, every aspiration of our love every sigh of our agony, stirs the mighty ocean of our love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. O wondrous life of Jesus! However profoundly He may be hidden from our sight, yet, He is open to all that passes around Him, so that He catches the slightest wish of any one of us who visit Him, and His heart is tremblingly alive to the whispered accents of our love. Though His disguise is so perfect that the frail species are like a wall of adamant sheltering Him from all creation, it is so pervious to our prayers that the slightest whisper reaches Him behind the veil."

And He longs more for Communions than for vocal prayers.

FABER.

“Give Me a Flower”

It was a lovely day in the month of June, 1556. The sun shone brightly, gilding with its rays the leaves of the orange and citron trees in the garden of a quaint old house belonging to the Count de Buendia. Flower beds of varied shapes, gorgeous with plants of brilliant hue, of every shade and color, dotted the place; winding paths intersecting each other were lost in the intricacies of dark foliage, and long and shady alleys formed a refreshing shade from the heat and glare of the sun. In the centre was a large fountain sending up its jet of water high in the air and falling back again in a shower of sparkling drops, which gleamed in the light like diamonds. Birds flying from tree to tree warbled their sweetest melody, and bright and gaudy butterflies flitted from flower to flower. Magdalen Peroz de Arguello was walking in one of the alleys, leading little Anna, her only daughter, by the hand. She was the wife of John de Pedruja, Steward of the Count de Buendia, one of the richest and most powerful noblemen of Spain. She was a tall and stately lady robed in stiff brocaded silk, with ruff round the neck and fan in hand. The little girl was arrayed somewhat like her mother, according to the custom of the times. Anna was a grave and earnest child, with large dark eyes, and features denoting strength of character. Suddenly she broke the silence and said, “Mother, I should like to pick one of those lovely roses yonder and give it to little Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. You would take me to the chapel, and lift me up, while I place it on the altar close to the Tabernacle door.”

“But, my child,” her mother answered, “what has made thee think of this?”

“Well, mother dear, you told me yesterday, when I began to cry because I had no little brother to play with, that the Child Jesus is my brother, and that He loves me and watches all I do the day long, and that if I was very good I should one day see Him in heaven. So

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last night I lay awake a long time, and thought and thought whether I might not perhaps see Him here. Oh, if I only knew how to make Him come!"

"Truly thou art a strange child, Anna," her mother answered gently; "and what hast thou decided on?"

"Oh! dear mother, do not laugh; you know I love flowers, and roses most of all, so I thought I would just put one at His door, and say, "See, dear Jesus, this is what I love the most. Please come to see me."

Her mother smiled, and fondly smoothing the curly hair of her little daughter said, "Since thou desirest it, thou mayest pick the finest rose, but remember, my little Anna, that He loves most what costs us most, and thus we call a sacrifice."

"A sacrifice! well I have the ducat uncle Pedro gave me yesterday and I will buy Him 'a sacrifice'."

Her mother laughed and said, "It is not to be had for money, my little one. A sacrifice is to give up little pleasures to Jesus, by giving up our desires and wishes. For instance, if old Alphonso were to meet thee, and ask for the rose thou art going to gather, and for the love of the child Jesus thou gavest it to him, that would be a sacrifice."

The little child laughed merrily, and said, "Well, I am glad he is not working in the garden to-day, for I want my rose," and she tripped lightly down the path, singing as she ran along, "Old Alphonso shall not have my rose to-day." Her mother watched her for a few moments, then turning down one of the many paths re-entered the house. But the little Anna was not easily pleased; she went from one rose bush to another, and carefully scanned them with inquiring eyes. One was too small, another too pale, a third not fragrant enough; at last she espied one with all the desired qualities, and stretching out her tiny hand, she had hardly picked it, when a child's sweet voice sounded in her ear, saying, "Anna, give me a flower." Anna started back, and there before her stood a lovely child, clothed in a garment of dazzling whiteness. Half frightened, she answered timidly with down-cast eye, "I pray thee pick one for thyself, and haste away, lest

old Alphonso find thee here, for he likes not children, and will show thee scant courtesy."

"Nay," replied the child, "I will have none, save from thine own hand."

Anna hesitated. Was she really to sacrifice her rose? After a moment's pause, she answered, "This flower was for my Jesus, but, for His sake, thou shalt have it," and raising her eyes, she placed the rose in his hand. The child received it with a divine smile, and Anna perceiving his face grow more and more beautiful, and he himself surrounded with light, cried out in a transport of joy, "Art Thou then my Jesus? my God?" He smiled assent while brighter and brighter grew the rays of glory, and sweet music filled the air, "like to the voice of harpers, harping on their harps," and suddenly He vanished from her sight.

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Seventy years had flown by; it was a bright frosty morning in the month of December, 1624. Crowds were seen hurrying along the streets of Villanova de la Xara, towards the Church of the Carmelite Convent. Rich and poor, noble and plebejan were hastening to gaze for the last time on the mortal remains of a poor Carmelite nun, whom they had learned to love and call "the saint." The bells of all the churches tolled mournfully, sorrow and grief were depicted on every face, the entire city wept the loss of the venerable mother Anna of St. Augustin, revered and esteemed by all for her sanctity. Behind the iron grille of the choir lay the body exposed to the view of the faithful, clothed in the coarse brown habit and white mantle of the daughters of St. Teresa, feet bare, and the hands holding a small crucifix clasped on the breast. A heavenly splendor shone on her features, and the ecstatic smile on her lips showed she had passed from exile to the clear vision of Him whom in her childhood she had longed to see. The apparition of the Child Jesus in the garden of her old home was but the first of a long series of miraculous favors, which lasted throughout her life; at an early age she understood that the most beautiful

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flowers she could offer her Divine Spouse were those of virtue. The Venerable Mother Anna of St. Augustin was distinguished in Carmel by her love of prayer, zeal for souls, and charity to her neighbor. The fame of her sanctity soon spread far and wide, and the inhabitants of the city considered her presence amongst them as their greatest safeguard, and they still watch over her mortal remains with jealous care as their most precious treasure.

Between two communions

My whole life is really comprised between two Communions—between my Communion of today, the happiness of which still fills my heart and the next Communion, to which I look forward with joyful hope. The Holy Eucharist is the consolation of my life; and yet how often have I received it without making the preparation which Its sanctity requires.

It is in Communion that we learn to know Jesus, and by Communion we advance with humility in the path of virtue, and find grace and strength to overcome the perils surrounding us on all sides. The true means of advancement towards God is in the heart. We ascend to God by loving Him more perfectly, by detaching ourselves ever more and more from all created things. "I love Thee with my whole heart, O my Jesus, but I can only raise myself up to Thee by detaching myself from creatures; and much secret suffering is implied in this detachment. Even our love for Thee in this world is a suffering love which is fed with tears, and takes shelter at the foot of the Cross."

As all blessings have been restored to the guilty world by the Incarnation, all these blessings are maintained in all times and everywhere by the Eucharist

SUBJECT OF ADORATION
THE GLORIFICATION OF GOD

—
ADORATION

Behold upon the altar, with an ardent faith, our Lord Jesus Christ, hidden, annihilated under the veils of the Sacrament, there adoring the majesty of His Father, and performing toward Him the duties of the most perfect religion. It was with this purpose in view, that He proposed above all others, to glorify His Father, by performing toward Him in perfection all the duties the creature was unable to perform that the Word became man: and it is to that end, above all others, that He took upon Himself the Sacramental State. Doubtless the Word became incarnate, died and lived anew in the Eucharist for our salvation and eternal happiness, but beyond that motive there is another that determined it: It is to honor the majesty of His Father, to pay Him all homage, all obedience, to give Him all the love that God deserved to receive from reasonable creatures. He can, from the altar as well as during His life, say to those who ask Him to give an account of His mission: "I honor my Father, I glorify my Father". See with what perfection Jesus performs toward God the duty of adoration. To adore is to acknowledge in mind, heart, deed and will the excellence of God; that is to say, His sovereign majesty, His independant being, His incomparable exaltation above all things, in a word His infinite perfection of greatness, power and majesty.

Now, no one, as Jesus, knows, sees, understands all these perfections: they are plain to His eyes, "neither doth any one know the Father, but the Son", said He. What praise flows, in consequence, from His soul to the glory of the Father! He sees all things; gives praise; reveres, honors, extols all that is comprised in the divinity of His Father. He tends towards Him as towards His principal and supreme end, with all the might of His love, recognizing that God is the perfect happiness, the absolute perfection of all creatures. And with all the power of His will Jesus yields to Him, gives Himself up to Him, acknowledges and accepts all God's rights over Himself. O perfect adorer in spirit and truth! God sees prostrated at His feet, immolated before Him, to render Him more honor and more glory, His own Son who is equal to Him in all

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things! What glory He receives from voluntary dependance of that King of Kings, of that God of God, true God of true God, annihilated before Him for His love to please and satisfy Him—O ye who surround the altar, see clearly with the eyes of faith Jesus Christ in His office of adoration, which He accomplishes in all its perfection, without faltering, without ceasing; He offers His adoration, His praises, His love to God in order to make up for your deficiencies in adoring God in spirit and truth as you should and as He deserves.

THANKSGIVING

The second duty of religion consists in recognizing through Thanksgiving the goodness, the liberality of God and all the favors incessantly bestowed on the creature from this inexhaustible source of all blessings.

In order to fulfil this duty properly it is necessary to understand how God, who owes nothing to any one, and who so generously bestows His gifts on all creatures, is good, beneficent, liberal and merciful.

It is moreover necessary to know His gifts, their excellence, their worth, their magnitude and their number: gifts of the natural order, gifts of the supernatural order, gifts of peace here below, gifts of glory above.

One should at least not have any selfishness nor attribute anything as coming to self, and one should faithfully use the gifts of God for His glory and in conformity to His will. It follows that Jesus alone is capable of paying to God all the debt of gratitude He deserves, He alone knows all His goodness, He alone has fathomed the depths of God's mercy, the richness of His treasures. He sees all His gifts in all creatures; He sees them in Himself also, incomparably more precious and more abounding in Himself alone than in all creatures together. And He neither keeps nor attributes anything to Himself: "I seek not my own glory, but the glory of Him who sent." "Who is good but God only?" From all our tabernacles therefore there rises an unceasing hymn of thanksgiving to God, and it is Jesus who sings it in the name of all creatures of whom He is the Head and whose graces are all the fruits of His Blood.

Thank God and consider with Jesus Christ the gifts you have received; realize their worth; and above all look at the Gift of gifts, the Holy Eucharist, which is the summary of all the magnificent

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and generous gifts of God, Thanks God for it in union with Jesus, endeavoring to imitate His humility, His faithfulness, His disinterestedness: for gratitude is humble, faithful and disinterested.

PROPIATION.

Since sin has entered into the world, there cannot be any religion toward God that does not contain an expression of reparation and expiation of sin. But in order to offer to the infinite majesty of God a reparation equal to the infinite offence of sin there must be a victim of infinite price and a priest whose holiness is also infinite. That priest and Victim is our Lord Jesus Christ. He has offered Himself upon the cross, He offers and immolates Himself at the Holy altar as the victim of expiation destined to calm the wrath of God, to satisfy His justice, to obtain from His mercy the forgiveness of the guilty. O holy Priest: O pure and innocent and spotless Priest! consumed with the zeal of the glory of God; hallowing His name, devoting thyself to establishing His kingdom, and to the conversion, and sanctification of souls; perfect and gentle Victim, offering Thy holiest of lives to immolation, Thy royalty to humiliation, Thy glory to abjection, Thy sovereign rights to obedience. Annihilating Thyself and burying Thyself alive in death enclosed in the shroud of the sacramental species! And there, like a dead body, accepting everything, silently submitting to everything and until the end of time!

Penetrate into that tomb in which lies the Living, the glorious King of angels and men. See Him adoring, appeasing, satisfying, the justice of His Father; offering His past sufferings, His actual humiliations, His poverty, His obedience, His life, to make up for wrongs, offences, rebellions, crimes and ingratitude. O if God is cruelly offended by men, how magnificently is He honored by the heroic Priest, by the silent but indefatigable Victim of propitiation Jesus in the Eucharist!

PRAYER

Prayer, the highest and most indispensable duty of religion the creature owes to the Creator, to recognize our absolute dependance upon Him, and the necessity in which we are expecting everything and receiving all from His gracious bounty: Prayer, and supplication is the expression of that duty and yet man refuses to fulfil it, depending rather upon himself, his own strength and natural gifts. But the Word has become incarnate to pray in order to perform

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God the duty of prayer, to offer Him the homage of that dependence, to send up to Him that incense of humble and persevering prayer, so agreeable to Him. He has prayed on His knees, prostrated, humiliated, with sighs, with tears, day and night, and now our tabernacles are the sanctuaries of His prayer which knows not weariness, nor interruption. He prays in all perfection because He knows the intentions of God on all things, because He seeks only His glory, His will, His reign; because He is pure, devoted, loved by God His Father, who cannot refuse Him anything. Pray with this adorable Pontiff of prayer, unite with Him in His intentions, be impregnated with His dispositions and pray with Him, in Him and in His name. Acquire the habit of considering Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament exercising the holy office of prayer toward His Father.

How they greet Him

It may be interesting to know the pious customs of various nations, at the solemn moment of the benediction of the sacred Host.

In Bosnia the peasant have a most touching habit. When the Blessed Host is raised, men, women and children stretch forth, longingly, their arms towards the altar, as if to call to their embrace the dear Lord present.

In Germany, the people strike their breast thrice at the benediction, saying fervently: "Jesus, I live for Thee; Jesus, I die for Thee; Jesus, I belong to Thee, living and dead."

The Irish salute the apparition of the divine Host with the wellknown words: "*Cead mille failth*" etc., which mean: "*A hundred thousand welcomes to you, Lord and Saviour of the world!*"

It is said a protestant Englishman, entering a Catholic church in Ireland during mass, heard a poor peasant devoutly murmuring the gaelic words. He enquired into their meaning, and was so touched by their signification that he began studying the Catholic Faith and entered the true Fold.

“Mother, whence is this to me?”

O Mother Mary, come and visit me,
 And bring to visit me thy Blessed Son;
 As once unto the house of Zachary,
 Come very swiftly with thy precious One:—
 To meet you my whole eager soul doth run,
 Singing Elizabeth's true word to thee,
 “O Mother, Mother, whence is this to me?”

The Blessed Mother of my Lord art thou,
 And He my Lord, is still more ever blest;
 Yet Him thou bearest to thy servant now,
 To take with me a little while His rest.
 I know not how to welcome such dear Guest,
 Save but to whisper in humility,
 “My Lord, my God, ah! whence is this to me?”

He is the joy of the Eternal Hills,
 He is the gladness of the earth and skies,
 The bliss of holding Him it is which fills
 With such a radiant light thy happy eyes;
 My true self knows He only satisfies;
 Make then my soul leap high with ecstasy
 When He shall enter in to visit me.

Pure Mother, where thy pure Son enters in,
 All stains dissolve away, all shadows fly;
 Let this His visit cleanse each spot of sin,
 And soul and body wholly sanctify,
 That Christ henceforth may live in me, not I:—
 So in great whiteness and deep purity
 Shall I go forth when He has been to me.

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O Visitor Divine, my Brother dear!
Weak and unworthy, this at least I do,
Believe with untouched faith that Thou art here,
And all which Thou hast spoken hold most true,
Knowing, with glad hope ever old and new,
All Thou hast promised shall be wrought in me,
And I, not visit, but abide with Thee.

Jesus! my welcome shall be only this
The Canticle of Thy Maid-Mother's bliss.

Hear her sweet voice, then, in unworthy mine,
So shall I cheat and charm Thine Ear Divine.

My soul doth magnify thee, dear my Lord,
By angel-hosts unceasingly adored;

My spirit danceth high with exultation
To hold her God, her one, her own Salvation.

Thou hast regarded so my lowliness
That jealous Angels bless my happiness.

Thou mighty God, in me dost mighty things;
All-hallowed be Thy name, dear King of Kings!

For I was hungry, hungry, wanting Thee;—
With what good things dost Thou come feeding me!

And me, so poor, Thou wouldst not bid depart
Till loaded with the riches of Thy Heart.

Thy servant Thou hast raised to be Thy friend;—
Hold me, in mindful mercy, to the end.

A SISTER OF NOTRE DAME



God's Greatest Gift to Man

If we are asked to point out the most marvellous, the most magnificent, and the most priceless gift of God to mortal man, living in this world, we would at once point to the altar and the tabernacle. The Most Blessed Sacrament is indeed a gift, but a gift surpassing every gift; a gift, in fact, so great and so transcendent and unique, that a greater cannot be thought of or conceived. It is no exaggeration to say that though God is infinitely wise, He knows of nothing more sublime; though He is infinitely rich, He possess nothing of greater value; and though He is infinitely powerful and can do all things, yet even He is unable to give us anything more precious. For in the Blessed Sacrament He gives us Himself, with all He is and with all He has. Hidden beneath the wheaten veils, and invisible to human eyes, we possess the Sacred Body and Blood of the Eternal Son of God, His human soul with all its powers, and His divinity with all its perfections. And not only God the Son, but by concomitance, God the Father and God the Holy Ghost also, who are inseparably united together in the unity of one substance. In short, we may truly say we have there, within our tabernacles, all that the blessed have in Heaven, only in a different manner. The essential difference between us and them lies not in the object itself, which is the very same, but in the manner in which it is received. We truly have the infinite and increated God present on our altars. We have the selfsame infinite Being whose presence constitutes the happiness of the saints in Heaven, Who is the source and unailing fount of their supreme delight, the mere sight of Whom dries up all tears and banishes all sorrow, and fills every heart with gladness till it overflows; Who inundates every soul with celestial joys, lets loose the exhaustless torrents of delights, satisfies every desire, causes every virtue to flower, and; at the same time, utterly banishes not only every sin, but every inclination to sin.

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All that and much more besides, results from the unveiled presence of God; that is to say, from God actually contemplated face to face and securely possessed, as the blessed possess Him in Heaven. And if these effects are not produced in us, it is because His nearness is not perceived in the same way.

Could we stretch forth our hands and draw aside the veils that hide Him from us in the Blessed Sacrament, and behold Him as the angels do, the same results would follow. In short we would be already in Heaven.

✻ VISIT ✻

As in hearing Mass, and in thanksgiving after holy communion, so also in visits to the Blessed Sacrament, each person does best to follow the inspirations of grace, and to adopt the method best suited to his capacity, and which best excites his piety and devotion. The acts we are about to suggest will be useful to all, and ought to occupy more or less of the time of our visit. We kneel reverentially and modestly before the altar; we excite our faith; we make an act of firm faith in the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Most Holy Sacrament; my Jesus, my God, I believe Thou art really present in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. Our first act is divine firm faith. We then make acts of Adoration, love, thanksgiving to Jesus. What thoughts crowd upon the mind! God, so great, so infinite; we so little, so worthless. God, so pure, so holy; we, so sinful, so cold. What shall we do? We invite heaven and earth to join us; we offer to Jesus the adoration, love, and thanksgiving of the saints on earth and blessed in heaven. Thus united with holy souls so dear to Jesus we take courage, we look with more confidence but deeper humility to the tabernacle; we say in the very depth of our souls: My Jesus, I adore Thee in the Most Holy Sacrament as My God, my Creator, my Redeemer, my all. We love Jesus; we offer to Him our hearts,

with their affections now and forever; we never get tired repeating: "I love Thee, Jesus, with my whole heart and soul and strength and mind."

What shall we say of thanksgiving? Thanksgiving to Jesus ought to end only with our lives: we owe Him everything. Before the altar, in the silence of the sanctuary is the place to remember the benefits of God and to thank Him. We first thank Him for giving us Himself in the Mass for our sacrifice, for giving us His body and blood in holy communion as our food, for remaining day and night in the tabernacle, for permitting, nay, inviting, us to visit Him. We thank Him for all the graces we have received from all the Masses we have heard, from all the holy communions we have ever made, from all the visits we have ever paid Him. We thank His patience, that spared us when we deserved hell a thousand times; we thank His mercy, that gave us life when we were dead in sin; we thank Jesus for His secret hidden graces, of which we know nothing, but on which, on the day of Judgment, we shall find depended our eternal salvation; we thank Him for the faith, the true faith of Jesus Christ: in a word we will desire to thank Him as He deserves. No prayer, says St. Augustine, is more beautiful than "Deo gratias."

A spirit of reparation is an essential part of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. We cannot love God without being pained by sin even in others. We cannot love Jesus without being wounded by the insults offered to His sacred heart in the Sacrament of His love. Of this our blessed Lord bitterly complained to His chosen servant, Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. "Behold," said He, "this heart which has loved men so much, that it has spared nothing, even to the exhausting and consuming itself to testify its love; and yet in return I receive from the greater number but contempt, coldness, ingratitude, irreverence, sacrilege, in the sacrament of my love." To encourage every one to a spirit of reparation, our blessed Lord added, "Upon those who will render Me this honour (that is reparation), or cause it to be rendered to Me, I promise Thee that My heart will expand to diffuse upon them the influence of its

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divine love." This promise of Jesus Christ, what a strong motive to induce us to the practice of reparation!

We all even the very best among us, have sufficient reason to make reparation for our own sins and ingratitude to Jesus Christ. Kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, the soul in peace, alone with God, the noise of the world hushed in silence, we shall see our sins in the light of the sanctuary. Our countless sins — the sins of our youth; the sins of our maturer age; the sins of old age; the sins of thought, word, and deed; the sins of omission, the sins occasioned in others; what a multitude rises up before the soul, and each sin a direct insult to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. ' Again our coldness, our irreverence at Mass and holy communion, our neglect of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament — shall we say our sacrileges? May Jesus save us and all Christians from the greatest of sins — sacrilege. Here we find sufficient matter for reparation. The true reparation is to weep before Jesus over our sins, to beg of Him tears of sorrow, that He Himself may wash away our sins in His precious Blood. "I will recount to Thee all," says the prophet, "all my years in the bitterness of my soul."

An Officer's Respect for the Sacred Host rewarded.

During the Spanish war of Napoleon, one of his officers entering a church whilst it was being pillaged, saw on the floor, near the vestry room, the host of the Ostensorium. Though not over pious, he yet had faith and was much afflicted at the sight. He took up the host carefully, wrapt it up in a piece of paper and put it in his pocket-book, with the intention of giving it to a priest as soon as he could find one.

This he was about to do, after the campaign, when at Bayonne, on his way home. Still he did not do so for, said he to himself: "Since I carry the Lord, although I have been exposed to many dangers, no harm has happened to me. I had better carry Him some time yet." However having reached Besançon, his own home,

and meeting in the street a clergyman, an old fellow-student, he stopped him and said to him; "I stand in great need of confession. I am considerably behind hand. But I must tell you first that I bring you the Lord (le bon Dieu) from Spain."

He then told his story and taking out of his pocket-book the paper containing the Sacred Host, he gave it to the priest and made his confession on the spot, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and from that time out, his life was that of a saint and of an apostle.

Jesus Love for Us.

Is there not in the humiliation of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist a secret but powerful voice, which says, 'I love you'? By His patient suffering of all those outrages where with His cup filled to overflowing, does He not say again, 'my Child, my love for you must have been very great to enable me to support without weariness so many sufferings'. Has not the hidden presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist a voice to represent to God that Jesus loves you, and desires your salvation? and does not His silence speak more eloquently than the Divine voice which resounded from the mountain, and is not its language that of the most tender love.

In considering the incessant labour of Jesus to attract our souls, — the repose He takes in that mysterious abode in which He is enchained by the indefatigable solicitude of His Heart, — we may well say, in receiving the Sacred Host, Yes, my God is here; an incomprehensible mystery is accomplished; Jesus Christ is in me, my heart, which is His sanctuary, is overwhelmed by the Sacred Presence which it contains. After Communion I may cry, more justly than David, 'why art thou sad, O my soul, and why dost thou disquiet me'. It is when we are near Jesus that fear departs, sadness is charmed away, and peace, the peace that passeth human understanding rests like a blessing upon our weariness.

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A conquest of the Blessed Sacrament

From His throne in the Tabernacle where love for us constrains Him to abide, Jesus incessantly works marvels of grace in those who approach Him with faith and love. Generally speaking those graces and inspirations come noiselessly, quietly sinking into and transforming the soul, unnoticed, unseen save by the divine In-dweller and His angels. But in the conversion of George Rothwell whose gift of Faith was the direct triumph of the Blessed Sacrament the divine operation manifested itself openly in an unusual and wonderful manner.

Gifted with rare musical talent his ambition was to rank among the most distinguished musicians of his native land, England. His expressive, clear, flexible voice combined with an attractive personality had rendered him famous as a vocalist, whose artistic interpretations and universal popularity augured a brilliant career, but God in his inscrutable design had marked out another career, in which this pure, upright, noble soul was to distinguish himself. We quote his own version thereof.

"My family belonged to the Low Church, of which, I also was a loyal and devoted member. At the age of seventeen I was pursuing my studies in the Temple, formerly a Catholic Church and monastery, but since the reformation modernized into a Protestant College, where it was customary for the choir whose ranks I had joined, to go at stated times to St. Paul, also to Westminster to blend our voices with the united choirs of these famous churches. On one of these occasion it happened that the Fathers of the Oratory were preaching a mission in the Church adjoining the Catholic college of St. Edmond, in London, and in order to enhance the splendour of the ceremonies, the director of that institute, requested the aid of six of our best singers. I was fortunate enough to be one of the chosen six. The beautiful touching Catholic ceremonies which I

witnessed for the first time impressed me deeply; the hymns so soul-inspiring and elevating seemed to draw me upwards with a hitherto unknown longing. The last day of the mission was signalized by a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Our choral duties being over we stationed ourselves at the back of the church to watch the procession passing by. It was a magnificent and affecting spectacle, as it slowly advanced, a familiar hymn was intoned, grand in its simplicity, and a hundred male voices with inexpressible enthusiasm joined in the chorus. I think the hymn must have been the *Pange Lingua*. Added to this the lights, the incense, the reverential bearing impossible to describe, the richness of the sacerdotal vestments, and finally the Blessed Sacrament borne under a beautiful white canopy, the scene savoured more of heaven than earth. I was brought back to reality by hearing my companions consulting among themselves whether we should kneel or not as the Blessed Sacrament passed us; they decided we should not. As the procession neared us, the sacristan whispered gently: "Gentlemen, please kneel, Our Lord is going to pass by." My companions answered: "We are Protestants, consequently we shall not kneel." Saddened by the refusal he retired, his sorrow touched me and I said: "Do let us kneel down, if only to please him." "Dont dream of such a thing" they answered. But, as if compelled by a superior power, and without questioning, I prostrated myself. As Our Lord passed so close to me a clear light filled my intelligence, grace touched my heart, the priceless gift of faith was bestowed on me. Impulsively I cried out: My God, I believe that Thou art here present, I adore Thee. When I arose I was a Catholic. Facing my companions, I asked, "Did you experience no emotion as the Blessed Sacrament passed?" "Yes, they replied, we experienced deep disgust to see you kneeling like a papist." "Well", I rejoined, "your incredulity brought you no blessing, whereas my submission brought me a grace I shall never forget". We returned to the college.

At diner time some one asked, "Where is George?" One of his class-mates answered: "I saw him some hours ago going in the direction of the Catholic Church; and

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there he was found crying and praying at the feet of Our Blessed Lord. Thanking Him for the great grace he had received, imploring strength and courage necessary to meet the opposition he foresaw on the part of his family. "I shall never forget," he says, "the angry look my father turned on me when he first heard of my conversion, and for a year afterwards he never spoke to me. On the other hand my mother whose favorite child I was wrung my heart with her pleadings, entreaties and tears, upbraiding me saying: Your heart must be hard, indeed, to allow you to forsake your poor Mother, your family, your friends, your religion." "Dear mother," I replied, "I cannot do otherwise, I must obey God and my conscience first, I would be eternally lost were I to return to Protestantism". Not convinced, she still endeavoured with tender maternal love to win me back to her, but though I suffered inexpressible anguish and often wept, God's grace sustained me during those heart-rending scenes which were of daily occurrence, and continued until after my baptism, which took place on the anniversary of the day when I had been so miraculously converted." Thanks to the strength and courage gained at the foot of the altar the young neophyte triumphed bravely over all obstacles, especially over his own heart.

His brilliant career was still open to him after his conversion, but a more powerful attraction drew this favoured soul to consecrate himself to the service of the Eucharistic King. After seven years of angelic piety and constant fervour spent in the Society of Jesus, he departed this life on the 19 of May 1882, at the age of twenty seven.

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#### THE ODOUR OF JESUS.

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After Communion, so long as the Sacred Species abide, Jesus in the magnificence of His glory is in our flesh and blood and bone and living soul! He is working there as God: He is working there as man; strange works, and like no other works. He, busy, as it were, is engrossed; we, are often heedless and distracted. Whether

His efficacy be physical, or moral, or both combined, it is equally wonderful, equally gracious, equally transcendental. O, of what wonders are we not the theatre by the love of Jesus! We are lost in God! We are heaven on earth already, we, even we, who miserably know ourselves to be what we really are. Let us collect ourselves within our own souls, and hushing every noise of earthly care and wordly wish, let us refresh ourselves with the odour of Jesus haply still within us, and worship Him in the silent interior temple from which he has but just withdrawn and where the fragrance of His incense is still clinging to the flesh-built walls. Would that He might hasten the hour when He will dwell within us with an eternal dwelling, the hour when we shall possess Him so as never more to lose Him.

FABER.

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❁ To Morrow ❁

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“Lord, what am I that with unceasing care,  
Thou should’st seek after me—that Thou should’st wait,  
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,  
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?”

“Oh strange delusion! that I did not greet  
Thy blest approach, and oh, to heaven how lost,  
If my ingratitude’s unkindly frost  
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet.

“How oft my guardian angel gently cried—  
‘Soul, from thy casement, look, and thou shalt see  
How He persists to knock and wait for thee’.

And oh, how often, to that voice of sorrow,  
‘To-morrow we will open’, I replied—  
And when to-morrow came, I answered still—

‘To-morrow!’ ”

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## EXPERIENCE IN THE WAR

A SEMINARIST Soldier gives some of his experience in the War:—"Nearly all our men have been to confession and Communion. It is wonderful. I had to come to war to see for the first time in my life so wonderful a sight—a whole congregation of men going to Communion together. I rejoiced as I saw the God in the Host giving Himself to these warriors with unkempt beards, in uniforms all covered with the mud of the trenches, but with hearts full of submission, and tender love."

Another, writing to a priest friend on Good Friday, says: "To-day owing to some oversight on the part of the administration, our comrades had meat as on other days, and I have just witnessed a little scene which will show you the general feeling. When the men of my section got to know that they had meat instead of the cod most of them had counted on having, a discussion arose, and calling the cooks, they decided to manage a meagre meal. A party went off in search of herrings and vegetables, and the meal was quickly prepared. The meat ration was untouched. No one wanted it. Some who boasted that they believed in nothing, did like the others, saying they never had meat on this day, and that being in war service was no reason for their now doing otherwise".

A FRENCH priest, engaged in hospital work, gives a harrowing description of the scene he witnessed one morning in the village church after a short bombardment by the enemy:

"It was a sight I shall never forget. At the foot of the altar lay the priest in his Mass vestments, holding a handkerchief to his head. He was covered with blood, and his head lay in a pool of it. By him were the curé in a cotta and four or five priests *infirmiers*. All were terror-stricken, and so I asked the soldiers present for their dressings, with which I bound up the wound, and we carried him just as he was, on a stretcher to the ambulance. I found from the clothes under his vestments that he was a stretcher-bearer, and I learned

from him later that he had just got to the Consecration of the Chalice when he was struck down by a piece of shell. Another priest went up to the altar and finished the Mass."

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## The Sign of the Saviour.

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Some beautiful ideas are expressed in the following extract from St. Aelred, or Ethelred, Abbot of the Cistercian monastery at Rievaulx, who flourished in the fourteenth century:

"What was the sign that the Shepherds received? 'You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.' And this was to be the sign that He was the Saviour, the Christ, the Lord. But what great thing is to be wrapped in swaddling clothes and to be in a stable?

"It is a great thing, if we only understand it. And we shall understand it, if we not only hear the message, but also have in our heart that light which shone around the Shepherds when the angel spoke.

"He appeared in the midst of splendor, when first he told of the birth of Christ, that we may know that none may hear aright but those whose souls are illuminated by God.

"I could say many things about this sign, but one must suffice. Bethlehem means 'The House of Bread'. It represents the Church, in which the true Bread, the Body of Christ, is ministered. The manger in Bethlehem is the altar. . . . . In this manger is Jesus, wrapped in swaddling clothes—the sacramental veils.

"In this manger, under the appearances of bread and wine, are the true Body and Blood of Christ. There Christ Himself is believed to be, but wrapped in swaddling clothes,—that is to say, invisible in the sacrament."