

A Eucharistic Triumph.

In the year 1894, a Rev. Father, one of the most illustrious converts from the Synagogue to that of the church of the humble Nazarene—our Lord and our God—arrived in Bilbas, Spain,—his dear land of faith. Whilst he was paying this Viscayan city a visit, his sister, her husband and their only and dearly loved child came thither to unite themselves with him. They were, as he had been, members of a wealthy Jewish family, followers of the teachings and ceremonial of the old Law and of the Prophets. They most carefully instilled into their child's mind, not only a knowledge of the solemn and startling lessons of the Old Testament, but with it a profound hatred of Christianity.

But, oh! a miracle of Divine love proceeds from Jesus, veiled in His own great mystery of love. At the time of their visit, the revered Community of Our Lady of Mount Carmel,—the Carmelites' "Discalzed," to which the Revd. Father now belonged, were celebrating in their monastery, situate by the mountain road that leads from Bilbas to one of our dear Mother's celebrated sanctuaries of "Begona," with unusual splendour the annual feast of Corpus Christi—and during its crowded Novena our Divine Lord, who is the living love Himself, from His hermit home in the Tabernacle, deigned to attract the little son George's infantile heart with an irresistible, pleasing violence, so that the child gradually began to believe firmly in the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of His Love. During this visit to his revered uncle, by the force of childish entreaties and in response to his youthful petitions, he succeeded in obtaining the favor from the Community of being allowed to dress as an Acolyte, and then the happiness and the privilege of scattering nature's aromatic gifts along the flower strewn path of the procession. Deluged with joy, on going out from the performance of this angelic function, which the magnificent ritual of Rome provides for Christendom to-day, he ran to his father and said to

him: "Oh, papa, what happiness. I have thrown flowers before our Divine Lord, as he passed along the grounds of the monastery." In the mouth of this little Jew, these words were a profession of Christian faith, revealing an interior world of deep Catholic truth, proceeding from the supernatural operation of the Holy Ghost, and the exuberant activity and inexhaustible energy of the Precious Blood. His father fearing that his only child, in whom all his hopes were centred, would be converted, he at once took his departure from the soil of "Maria Sanctissima," and returned to Paris, where he was living. But before his departure, he little suspected that another most miraculous event had proceeded from the Blessed Sacrament, that its hollowing influence had made another conquest,—that another heart had been drawn within the bosom and inner circle of its gracious influence, and this was no less than the conversion of his wife. During one of her daily visits to the monastery, to see and converse with her dear and Rev. brother, she solicited of him to receive her within the pale of the Catholic Church—to add another soul to Peter's fold—a wish which he quite joyfully acceded to. So that the next evening that she came to visit him—she having made one preparation for it—he administered to her the Sacrament of Baptism, whilst the next morning at the Community Mass, when God was with the victim and the priest, and the majesty to whom it is offered, she partook for the first time of the Bread of Life—the Sacred Heart of the Incarnate Word, and now she strove truly to comprehend those lessons she had learned day by day from the lips of her Rev. brother, when he taught her His beauty, His sweetness, His mercy and His love, whilst the next day to complete her happiness, to prepare her to carry peace to the domestic hearth, and there calm the angry ten per which her conversion is sure to see exhibited, the illustrious Dr. Ramon Fernandez de Pierola, one of the most popular of the Spanish Episcopacy, Bishop of

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