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a fresh respite from death; the body will fatten and batten at the expense of the mind, thus asserting in its own gross way its desperate love of life. How much more beautifully is this strange tenacious love exemplified in the survival of mind over matter ! Look at that poor shrivelled frame. It can hardly crawl. Speech has become a whisper. Ninety winters have frozen the very blood in the once throbbing veins. But mark the eye, bright with an unearthly brightness whenever a chord is struck that speaks to the intellect. Though the voice may be but as the zephyr's echo, the words which the still active brain distinctly formulates are words of wisdom deep as the experience of a century. What is left of the great man, the leader of his fellows, energizes in the undying splendor of his intellect, and exhibits the highest kind of natural life exulting in the very jaws of death. And well may it triumph, for the mind will never die. Blessed is that mind if it is clothed with the still higher, because supernatural, life of grace. Without this supernatural gift, intellect will but feel all the more keenly the agony of eternal loss. With it the weakest mind overtops immensely the strongest grace-bereft intelligence.

Yon old woman, crippled with pain, clouded in mind, but loving God's Holy Will, cleaving with her whole pure heart to the behests of the Heart whose love surpasses the love of mother, father and earthly lover, has a firmer grasp on life, true unending life, than the proud genius whom all the vain world belauds in acknowledg-