

quarter of an hour, causing ruin and consternation everywhere. About eleven o'clock the inhabitants of Tumaco saw the sea rising to a mountainous height, and threatening to submerge the whole country. Their terror knew no bounds ; they uttered the most heart-rending cries : We are doomed !

They rushed tumultuously toward the shore, where the parish priest was standing, to beg him for a last absolution. At sight of them the courageous priest was seized by a heavenly inspiration. He hurried to the church, and, by an impulse of heroic faith, brought thence the Blessed Sacrament. Accompanied by Father Gerard Larrundo, and followed by the praying multitude he returned to the shore, presenting the thrice Holy Host to the angry element. At that very moment the first mountain of water broke foaming, at the priest's feet. A second arose above the horizon ; the intrepid pastor awaited its approach with unshaken confidence, still holding toward it the Blessed Sacrament. The wave roared ominously appearing furiously agitated, but presently spent itself within a few paces of the priest. The sea in presence of the Sacred Host, gradually grew calm, and the people regained courage. At the very moment when this sublime scene was in progress, the Island of Gorgona, opposite Tumaco, was engulfed with all its inhabitants."

From this prodigy, a very practical conclusion may be drawn. The nations are agitated by more formidable evils than earthquakes. Numberless souls perish, submerged by the waves of impiety and immorality. Let us go to Jesus echoing the old cry of the Apostle : " Lord, save us, we perish."

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Open to the faithful the Sacred Heart in the Tabernacle, and let them look deep into the abysses of its love, and, by contrast, let them see the abyss of their own sinfulness and unworthiness. Draw them nearer to this furnace of love, as St. Ligouri calls it, so that the impurities of their hearts may be consumed, their coldness and indifference give way to fervor and zeal.

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