The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

ten wise virgins, their lamps well trimmed, sing songs of joy to the music of the flute. Within the house are arranged long tables decked with flowers and lights and laden with the richest viands the means of the groom's parents can provide. The seats of honor are taken by the newly wedded couple, Jesus we must look for in the lowest place, for He "began to do" before He taught. Beside Him sits His Mother, and not far off His six disciples.

As the night wears on, the supper-room resounds with gayety and laughter, which our Saviour's presence sanctifies and sanctions. Far from dampening in any way the harmless merriment, He whose conversation knows no bitterness, and His company no tediousnous, increases by His singular charm of manner and His unaffected interest in others the enjoyment of His fellowguests. But when the mirth of all is at its height, the watchful Virgin observes the waiters first whispering together and then serving out the wine more sparingly. What she feared had happened-the wine is failing. Then this gracious Lady turns unasked to her all-powerful Son and, with a mother's confidence, says simply; "They have no wine."

There are but few of Mary's words recorded in the Scriptures. In all, we have but seven of her utterances quoted, and two of these precious sayings were first heard at the marriage-feast of Cana. Now, if the world makes much of even the most trifling observations of its great ones, what deep consideration should not the children of light give the rare words of God's own Mother.

"They have no wine." Mary's words are few, but they are full of power and meaning, for they are those of a mother pleading for her children. According to the Eucharistic interpretation of this text, it is as if our Lady asked: "Give them now, my beloved Son, that wine of the Blessed Sacrament that you long ago promised me that you would one day leave us as the means of uniting in a mystic marriage the soul with her Creator. Make this your first miracle."

Now, mark well our Lord's answer: "Lady, my hour is not yet come," or, by implication, "Mother, I re-

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