

*One I hold up to Him, and pleading pray,  
 " This, Lord, just this, in pity take away ! "  
 And ever comes His word with cheering smile :  
 " A little longer, trust Me yet awhile,  
 Each pang of keen distress,  
 Each prayer, I mark and bless,  
 Each in its hour shall show forth fruitfulness."*

*That, my life's woe, against a bleeding Side  
 Is pressed, and lo ! transfigured, glorified,  
 It glows as crystal flushed with rosy ray.  
 " O gem unprized ! Restore it, Lord, I pray ;  
 As costly gift from Thee  
 Dear shall it be to me ; "  
 And in my heart I hide it lovingly.*

*A lightened load He lays on me, all sweet  
 With words of love—and thus I leave His Feet,  
 With steadier step to plod on day by day,  
 With stouter heart to climb the upward way  
 And when anew life's strain  
 Frets me with weary pain  
 I take my load and go to Him again.*

MOTHER MARY LOYOLA.

## Power of Blessed Sacrament

(By Rev. Richard W. Alexander.)



have had many experiences in my long life, Father, but I never think of this one without sudden tears."

The speaker was a venerable Sister of Mercy, and we had been talking of the non-Catholic missions and of the wonderful ways by which God brought souls to a knowledge of His faith and love, I need not say I pressed the good Sister to continue.

" It was many years ago, Father, in the young days of the second St. Paul's cathedral, in Pittsburg, Pa.