

Every day, because you desire it, and that, *willing* it, you can accomplish it. You smile at what they call material impossibilities, insurmountable difficulties, old customs, the regulations that must not be infringed, the "What will people say?," "They will think it queer!," or "How can I manage that?" and because you are not afraid to work your way through a crowd in order bodily to live the beautiful practical heroism of those that give the example.

Every day, because, though it may seem extraordinary you have no desire to freeze in the vulgarity of ordinary thinés. Later on, you will not wish to be one of those ordinary beings that weary us to death, but you will now enter the ranks (so much the worse for your humility!) of the generous elite and of the *extraordinary*!

You communicate every day. . . or you are going to do so.

Try a few days at a time. . . fifteen days. . . eight days. . .

Our Lord is looking at you, and asking Himself whether He can count on you, and how far.

A Miracle of the Holy Eucharist



LETTER from a Redemptorist missionary to one of his brethren dated from Buga, in Colombia, March 21 of the present year, contains an account of a miraculous occurrence during the earthquakes which, as he declares, were felt north of the equator, south of Colombia, and along the Pacific coast. No doubt this seismic agitation bore some relation to the recent disaster at Valparaiso. However that may be, the account offers an inspiring example of heroic faith, and a sublime instance of the power of the Blessed Eucharist.

"The parish of Tumaes," writes the missionary "comprises a group of islands; it is a miniature archipelago. The principal island amongst them, at which vessels are laden is called Tumaco. On the 31st January, about ten o'clock in the morning, an earthquake was felt there. The shock was violent and prolonged; in some districts, it lasted seven minutes; in others, a