

raised his right hand, it is the absolution which descends upon his mother.

My poor child, a sob has escaped him : he takes the holy ciborium, he has come to me : my son, he brings me my God. What a moment ! What a union ! God, His priest, and I ! Was I praying ? In truth I cannot tell. My being was wrapt in a peace that has no name. I was bathed in tears, tears of love and gratitude. I was saying in a low, subdued voice : " My God ! my son ! " Yes for one who is a mother I believe this was a prayer.

Oh ! I am too happy. I shall never again complain. In my life there have been beautiful days: this was the most beautiful of all, because unmingled with thoughts of earth. Adieu, I cannot write more, my tears flood this paper, they are the tears of my happiness

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" Let us learn to master the idea that Jesus is living in the Blessed Sacrament. In the whole range of that marvelous Kingdom of life, from the life of the smallest thing in the depths of the sea, up through the glorious existence of Mary to the ever living God, there is none more wonderful than that which is lived in the narrow circle of the Host. There is the everlasting life of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. There is the life of Jesus, of the Eternal Word, in His assumed human nature. Every breath of our prayer, every aspiration of our love, every sigh of our agony stirs the mighty ocean of the love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. O wondrous life of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament ! O wondrous life of Jesus ! However profoundly He may be hidden from our sight, yet He is open to all that passes around Him, so that He catches the slightest wish of any one of us who visits Him, and His heart is trembling alive to the whispered accents of our love. Though His disguise is so perfect that the frail species are like a wall of adamant sheltering Him from all creation, it is so pervious to our prayers that the slightest whisper reaches Him behind the veil."