

on. Although she experienced intense pain, still she managed to hear mass and to receive Holy Communion. She could not, however, recite her rosary as usual. On her return home, the pain forced her to speak of the accident.

"But, dear grandma", said a curly-headed grandchild, "why didn't you come home at once? We would have taken care of you. Why did you stay in the cold church for three quarters of an hour, suffering like that?" The question was asked in pity not to blame.

"It might have been better for my arm, laddie, but I could not omit mass. I received our Divine Lord and His visit has paid me well for the trouble I had in reaching Him." The arm continued to swell and the pain increased so rapidly that medical aid was necessary.

"Well, doctor, said the brave old soul, in reply to his questioning look, "I fell on the ice and I suppose I must have sprained my arm." "Indeed, my good woman," exclaimed the doctor, "You have done worse than that—You have broken it!"

"Broken it? Oh, then, thank God it is my arm and not my foot. It will be an easy thing to get to church "arm in sling" She smiled as those only who truly love God can smile. What faith, what piety, what love for Jesus in the Eucharist is expressed in these simple words of a fervent Christian!

She understood the value of the Holy Sacrifice. If we of this progressive twentieth century could only realize and bear in mind that the Sacrifice of the altar is the grandest, the most august and the most divine on earth! It is the most Godlike of all possible acts. In a word, it is the only Sacrifice that can exist. It is a God who sacrifices Himself to a God.

Mass is like a creation; it is the miracle of all miracles. The priest, another Jesus Christ, pronounces over the bread and wine the decisive words and the bread is no longer there—the wine is not wine now—Christ the Word made flesh, the Sacred Victim is there offering Himself to His Heavenly Father for us! Do we realize it?