

stormy trials and unceasing labors. He is a Francis Xavier of the twentieth century whose hand will baptize the uncared-for heathen, and who will die a martyr at the heathen's hand. Like the Prodigal Son, he has receive the portion of his father's substance which falleth to him, but unlike the spendthrift of the Gospel narrative, he is spending his money, not on himself, but on the poor.

It is inspiring for you and me to pray before the same Blessed Sacrament as those great, noble souls making their great, noble resolves. Many a poor heart gone far astray, like a tempest-beaten seabird, with flakes of angry foam on its weary wings, is seeking in vain a place whereon to rest, because that sad heart turned away from the Blessed Sacrament.

The old Druids thought no church was worthy of God, so they worshipped in the open, in the depths of oak forests, in temples not made with hands. True, no edifice constructed by the art of man is quite good enough for God; but Our Saviour dwelling on the altar consecrates even the lowliest chapel, so that God, the omnipotent Father, is well pleased with it, and angels love to tarry therein.

That little old church in the forest, with its cracked windows and leaky roof, its cheap gilded statues, its frayed carpets and wheezy melodeon, — thither are bright angels trooping, for it is the hour of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the glorious spirits are panting to mingle their sighs of adoration with the spiral wreaths of the sweet incense smoke ascending to the Sacred Host in the monstrance. Out there in the woods, where the timid hares are so free and bold, on that humble wooden altar, to-morrow morning there will be a great Sacrifice, a clean Oblation offered to God, and the words of the consecrating priest will be a sword to shed again in a mystic way the Blood of the redeeming Christ. Swiftly the sacred action will pass, the Mass be completed, and the worshipping Faithful will depart, leaving the church quite alone; but Our Saviour, who promised not to leave us orphans, will remain on the altar, helpless in the Host, trusting to our love and rev-