

awful sanctuary where God resides? Have they not broken open the tabernacles where dwells Jesus the "Holy of Holies?" And there have they not laid sacrilegious hands on the Babe of Bethlehem. Jesus in the Host. Have they not there, as far as in them lay scourged and crucified the Redeemer? Dear Jesus! Sweet Jesus, we believe in Thee, we love Thee, for these heretics and infidels. O patience and love of God.

We have said how supreme the last moment of Jesus expiring on the cross; but the consecration at the adorable sacrifice of the mass, in the eyes of faith, is not less solemn and supreme; for there the same victim is mystically slain; the same Jesus bowing down this head, gives up the Ghost. The mysteries of the altar exceed, if we be allowed thus to speak, those of Calvary; for on the altar no angels are sent as to the shepherds, to announce His birth. No miraculous star points to the sanctuary; no earthquake, no eclipse, no convulsion of nature, proclaim His death. On the altar, faith alone tells "the word is made Flesh," and, "it is consummated" Jesus is born, Jesus dies, all nature is silent. Calvary and the altar! What holy thoughts they inspire! Before the cross and altar the saints have ever wept and prayed. There they have learned love and sacrifice for Jesus sake. There, with hearts full to overflowing with the holy emotions of gratitude and sorrow, love and zeal, they have made the generous resolve to consecrate their lives to the service of their maker—to prayer and penance, labor and love, thirsting for the opportunity to give their lives, and shed their blood, for their Divine Saviour. May Jesus inspire our hearts with such holy thoughts.

REV. I. J. KINANE, C. C.

AH! yes, dear friend, 'tis hard for one who knew
 No crown but roses, to be crowned with rue;
 To weep, who always smiled; to bear a cross,
 Who never felt a burden or a loss.
 'Tis hard—but when then the bitter sprays oppress,
 And when the cross smites down with heaviness,
 O think of Him who erst this valley trod,
 And blest the narrow path which leads to God!

JAMES BUCKHAM.