

He ceased to speak. His reasoning carried conviction with it for he had learned to understand the value of a Mass.

Shall I recall another incident? It may serve to increase your zeal for assistance at the one great Sacrifice of our Holy Religion.

About twenty years ago, in a small town in France there lived an old lady who, notwithstanding her four-score years had apparently not grown old. Her prie-dieu in the corner of the church was never vacant at the six o'clock mass. The most forbidding circumstances cannot repress the longing for spirituality growth in the hearts of those who love God, yet few who saw the dear old lady realized that her home lay beyond a rocky incline which she had to descend each morning in her way to church. Neither wind nor snow, nor the bitterest blast of mid-winter could keep her from the Holy Sacrifice. There she was to be seen reading through her silver-rimmed spectacles; or, when eyes would grow tired, she would sit with folded hands and converse with God. Almost every morning she approached the Holy Table, ever hungry for the Bread of Life, and when mass was over she would tell her beads until the fifteen decades had slipped through the callous fingers. To her, there was no possibility of beginning the day without mass; so, whether the heavens were smiling or clouded; the land wrapped in leaves or in snow; whether she felt the gentle wind-breath of summer or the crisp, cold blast of winter, daily she wended her way to the House of God.

One January morning, the hoar frost was so thick on the slippery foot-path that the most nimble and courageous did not venture beyond the threshold of their homes. But the dear old lady did not hesitate; off she started at the usual hour and resolutely began to descend the beaten hill-path which led to the church. She had not gone very far when, as might have been foreseen, her feet slipped and she fell heavily to the ground.

With difficulty she got upon her feet again. Her arm was badly injured and, owing to the pain when she tried to move it, she let it hang a limp, lifeless thing at her side. She was much nearer to home than to the church, but instead of retracing her steps she gropingly pushed