"In this way many years passed; the young girl became a grayhaired woman, and the some so long worked for was almost completed, when some rich ladies accidentally discovered the secret kept so well and so long. Filled with admiration for the patient toiler, and with shame at their own indifference, they gave out of their share of plenty the amount still required for the purchase of my beautiful chalice."

"And the servant girl? What became of her?"

The curé shook his head.

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"It was before my time," he said. "Her grave lies close by in the churchyard, and the old villagers always refer to her as "the saint."

"Be on your guard against the notion that Our Lord lies dormant or inanimate in the Sacred Host. No, He is a living Victim.

"Above all 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 living 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."

## Let us pray for our beloved deceased.

Duluth, Minn. : Ven. Sr M. Clementine Kammermeier.