

Redeemer daily to thousands of hearts and tabernacles throughout the world. Filial love made the Messiah obedient for years in a silent mountain-village, and fraternal love has made the same God-Man obedient for centuries in silent altar-tabernacles. Love kept Our Saviour on earth for three and thirty years, and love keeps Him in the Blessed Sacrament keeps Him with us all days, prolonging His stay of thirty-three years up to the end of time. Well do the saints call Him the Prisoner of love.

The Blessed Sacrament has put a golden girdle round about the Catholic Church, and holds its members together. All men have sorrows and joys. The Divine Solitary of the tabernacle is every moment of the day receiving His sons and daughters, His saints and sinners, and working miracles of grace and consolation in hearts that labor with the pangs of sorrow, and are heavy laden with the load of sin. The Blessed Sacrament is the bridge between the Creator and the creature, between heaven and earth. We have but to put forth our hand, gently push open the church-door, and we are at the gate of heaven, kneeling before Him, who is at once our Judge and our Advocate.

The grandest lives have made their best and most efficacious resolutions, kneeling in the glow of the sanctuary lamp, that tiny star which glimmers before the great Sun. While you and I are prostrate before the little tabernacle door, somewhere in the world a valiant woman is on her knees at the altar-rail pouring forth her soul to God. She has rejected an advantageous offer of marriage, has spurned the joys of home and husband and children and wealth and ease, has broken family ties, for she heard the still, small voice calling her to the convent, and she answered like Mary, "I come." That beautiful woman who might have been a happy wife, a blessed mother, in a few years will be a pale, lone, wandering nun with no claim upon earth.

Or, perhaps, while prayers to the Blessed Sacrament are stealing from your lips and mine, a calm-faced boy, some fond mother's joy and pride, is in a quiet chapel making resolutions which are to effect his future of