

Well! Bernadette exited from the grotto will still behold Mary, and this eighteenth, this final apparition of Our Lady, will be the protestation of heaven against the vain powers of earth and—of hell. It was the feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, the evening of July 16. The child yields to the mysterious attraction which calls her. She goes, followed by three companions. She descends the shore opposite the cave, kneels before the grotto, and the ecstasy begins. The grotto, the torrent, the shores, all have vanished. Bernadette sees Mary, nothing but Mary—Mary with her white robe, her veil, her blue girdle, the halo, her benign look, and her smiles, whose sweetness whispered of heaven. Her companions saw that she was in an ecstasy, and rejoiced. Her pale face was illumined with celestial light, whilst the bliss with which her soul was replenished shone forth in her eyes, and her half opened lips. Never had the Blessed Virgin appeared in such splendor, never before had the witnesses so clearly perceived the reflection of her glory. She, who for five months had manifested herself to Bernadette with the assurance: "*I am the Immaculate Conception,*" now desired to appear for the last time in all the glory of Carmel, all the more beautiful, the more radiant, the more consoling that the powers of this world had forbidden her to appear, and prohibited Bernadette from seeing her again. Raise up barriers against heaven, children of men, your vain efforts fall to the ground. You can do nothing against the sun which gives you light, nor the atmosphere which surrounds you. All is over. You are conquered.

Yes, they must needs resign themselves. The grotto is again opened, the miracles continue. The "water of Lourdes" taken to two worlds restores health to the sick, opens the eyes of the incredulous, converts sinners, and causes all to bless the name of our "Lady of Lourdes." For twenty-five years has this prodigy lasted, and the prodigy is ever the same. What do I say? It has matured and developed, and has produced an utter transformation in the place. The little hamlet has merged itself into a populous town. Shrines are counted by thousands, and pilgrims by millions. Each pilgrimage has its history, and that history is almost always that of a miracle. Count those who bear witness to our Lady of

Lourdes—the blind who see, the lame who walk, the deaf who hear, the dying who are called back, even from death's opening portals, the sinners who are drawn back from the very gates of hell. Health, life, joy, families blessed, souls saved, behold the cortege of the Divine Mother. All the flowers, all the fruits of which to-day's epistle sings, you may gather at Lourdes.

1. "My flowers are the fruit of humor and riches." Eccl. xxiv, 23. Noble fear, fair love, divine science, holy hope—all elevated sentiments. They are conceived here, and may they become acclimated in the soul.

2. "I am the Mother of fair love, and of fear, of knowledge and of holy hope." Those have come here who have wandered away—they have retraced their steps. The despairing have sought this sanctuary, their fainting hearts have been consoled. And to those who believed neither in virtue, nor in truth, nor in a supernatural life, our Lady in her own favored shrine has obtained for them all those graces again. "*In me is all grace of the way and of the truth, in me is all hope of life and of vision.*"

3. O! ye incredulous! O! ye sinners, O! ye just! Come pass by the way, and you will taste here of grace sweeter far than honey. "*For my spirit is sweet above honey.*"

4. To listen to our Lady of Lourdes is to place one's self in a sure refuge, to secure a haven where confusion cannot enter, to repose where noisy tumult dare not come. To hope in her! There is the best assurance that you will be preserved from falling into sin. "*He who trusts me shall not be confounded, and they who walk with me shall not sin.*"

All those who have tasted of this fountain return to the blessed waters, so great is their thirst for the hope and consolation they impart. "*Those who drink of me shall still thirst.*" Doctors and learned men, preachers of the divine word, directors of souls! penetrate, explore, taste, explain the mystery of these waters. After twenty-five years when all has been said, everything still remains to be told. Speak, preach, add hour by hour to the praises of Mary, and sermon to sermon on her glory! Awaken the censure of the impious, and the admiration of the good. You are in the place where nature and grace, amazed at their proximity, discover something mysterious that unites them.

TO BE CONTINUED.