

The Cricket.
 Oh, to be a cricket,
 That's the thing,
 To scurry in the grass
 And to have one's ding!
 And it's Oh, to be a cricket
 In the warm thistle-thicket,
 In the warm thistle-thicket,
 Where the sun-winds pass,
 And the honey-drops hang humming,
 Hum and swing,
 And the honey-drops are coming!
 It's to be a summer rover,
 That can see a sweet, and pick it
 With the sting,
 Never mind the sting!
 And it's Oh, to be a cricket
 In the clover,
 A gay summer rover
 In the warm thistle-thicket,
 Where the honey-drops are coming,
 Where the humble-bees hang humming—
 That's the thing!
 —Chas. G. D. Roberts in the Arena.

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Miss Mackenzie and Sir Ralph's mother were sisters. Sir Ralph was not the eldest son; nor was it until several years after his marriage that he unexpectedly came into possession of his father's baronetcy and the estate of Elvanlee. But his elder brother died childless, and he found himself master of one of the finest properties in the north of England, and no longer under the necessity of pursuing his profession at the Bar, in which he had already acquired some reputation.

Owing perhaps to his mother's Scotch connections, his education had been carried on, by her wish, entirely in Edinburgh. As a boy he had attended the High School, and in later years he completed his studies at the University. Hence it came about that his Scotch relations had a stronger hold upon his affections than those on his father's side.

For his young aunt Helen Mackenzie he had conceived a special devotion. She was younger than his own mother by ten years, and had always taken him under her protection from the day when, as a small boy in the day-sinet, told her that a boot had gone away with the past, therefore she loved all which could help in any way to lift his mysterious veil.

Miss Rawlins would often shake her head, remarking sagely that there were "the makings of a Papist in that child." Greatly did Mabel's reverence for crosses, holy pictures, and relics disturb the peace of mind of her excellent governess.

"I should like to know, my dear!" she would remonstrate, "what you can see to start at in those queer, outlandish figures in the stained windows. If the saints were like them, God help them, poor things! they must have been very unsightly, and had no need to be tempted to vanity!"

Mabel only laughed in response, nor did she seek to make herself understood. He only who knows how to make use of the most simple creatures of His creation to draw the human heart to Himself, can tell how much of real, deep, religious feeling had found its way into the child's poetical soul with the golden and purple streams of light from the old oriel window.

I am well aware that this, to a great many, will read like nonsense. There are, however, a few who will understand. I think the authoress of that poem called "The Lost Chord," if she were yet alive, would catch my meaning. As a general rule, matter-of-fact people go through life with greater ease than those whose natures are full of poetry, but I shall always think the former are not to be envied. If a poetical mind has its deep sorrows, such as the many cannot fathom, it has its joys too, with the which a stranger intermeddled not. "a stranger enjoyment goes, than far as earthly enjoyment goes, than the heart's corresponding chords in the external beauties of creation; than the mysterious communication which exists between the human soul and the myriad phases of life which compass it. Thus it is that a single sunbeam shooting across the still surface of a quiet lake, a ray of silver moonlight quivering on the breaking wave, a few bars of simple melody—nay, the very scent of some fragrant flower,—each and all have power to strike and wake up chords in the human heart that may set it thrilling here on earth, but which will also vibrate in ceaseless echoes till they burst at last, some day, into harmony perpetual—harmony perfected—for the pure enjoyment of which the heart of man was created.

To Mabel, from her earliest infancy, the saints in the colored windows had spoken lessons of unearthly wisdom—lessons of which those in her narrow home-circle knew nothing. Once, indeed—but once only—had Mabel uplifted the veil which shrouded her inner life from observation. It was to ask, with some hesitation, an explanation of the words in the Apostles' Creed—"I believe in the Communion of Saints." Miss Mackenzie's reply had been so vague—so distressingly below Mabel's own conception of the beautiful mystery—that the child never again sought for a solution of her religious difficulties, but trusted to the dictates of her own earnest heart. It was therefore natural that her religion should be of a fanciful nature: her ideal was very beautiful, but it was nothing more than an ideal—a dim, faint foreshadowing of a glorious reality.

On the morning which followed her adventure with little Katie, Mabel was roused, not without difficulty, from her slumbers by Linton, who, with her bonnet on, was standing over her, shaking her, and calling—
 "Miss Mabel!—Miss Mabel! get up directly! How you do sleep, miss!"

Whereupon Mabel started, remembering suddenly that her plan for an early pilgrimage in quest of Geordie must necessarily collapse, as it was already late, and she should have no opportunity of evading her aunt's vigilant eye, now that she was up and dressed.

After a hurried toilet, followed by a still more hurried breakfast, Mabel found herself, almost before she had time to look round her, in the fly with Miss Mackenzie, rattling off to the station.

Just as the carriage drove away from the door Mabel suddenly thrust her head out of the window and waved her handkerchief.

"There they are, both of them, Auntie! Oh! do look!—standing on the steps!—They must have seen us coming out, and they wanted to say good-bye to me. Oh! good-bye!—good-bye!"

"Mabel, child, you really must not behave like this! Whom in all the world are you nodding to?" asked Miss Mackenzie, looking utterly bewildered, as she drew Mabel forcibly back into her seat.

"You know nobody in Glasgow, and you must not pick up strange acquaintances where-ever you go."
 "They are not strange acquaintances, Auntie," began Mabel excitedly; but Miss Mackenzie was too busy arranging with Linton about some boxes that had to be sent on by luggage train, to pay heed to her niece's explanations. A few minutes' drive brought them to the station, where, while Miss Mackenzie bustled herself about the tickets, Mabel amused herself by looking at the startling pictures on the back of the yellow railway novels on the bookstall.

Presently an exclamation uttered behind her caused her to turn round. Great was her astonishment when she found herself face to face with no other than the "Geordie" who had so powerfully attracted her interest. He was actually laughing at her too, and just as if he were an old friend; and still more extraordinary, Auntie herself was coming down the platform, side by side with the older gentleman. Geordie's father, to whom she was talking in the most friendly manner possible.

"Does Auntie know him, I wonder?" said Mabel to herself, with a perplexed glance of inquiry at the young man, who had raised his hat, and stood waiting to shake hands with her.

He relieved her of her embarrassment by his first words—
 "We may as well make friends, without waiting for a formal introduction; your aunt, Miss Mackenzie, is a very old one of my father's, and she is my godmother into the bargain."

"Oh, I am so glad! What is your name?" asked Mabel gladly. "Now is not a delightful coincidence? what a pity we did not know last night!"

"Yes, I am awfully sorry! My name is Geordie Graeme."
 "What? And is that your father, Doctor Camell Graeme, about whom Auntie has so often talked?"

"The very same. We both knew her as soon as we caught sight of her, when you drove away from the hotel. I hadn't seen Miss Mackenzie since I was quite a boy, but I knew her by her picture almost as soon as my father did, so we came off at once after you."

"Well, if this is not an adventure!" began Mabel, fetching a deep breath, as she tripped forward to meet her aunt.

"Auntie, did you ever know anything so extraordinary?"
 "Hush! Mabel, hush! I hear," said Miss Mackenzie absently, as she took her niece's hand and drew her closer to her.

"This is Ralph's daughter, Campbell; you have never seen her."
 "Oh, but he has!" broke in Mabel impetuously. "I have seen him; I told you, Auntie, last night."

"Hush! hush! not so loud, child," remonstrated Miss Mackenzie again.
 "Ah, Geordie, my boy, is that you? why you are grown out of my remembrance. Well, this is indeed an unexpected pleasure!"

"I just knew fine it was a face of auld lang syne, last evening," said old Doctor Graeme, as he kindly stroked Mabel's face. "She is a bonnie lassie, her father's ain bairn all over. Ay, and Geordie's no an ill-looking lad, is he ay?"

"He is not like you, Campbell," remarked Miss Mackenzie, in a voice in which there was a slight intonation of disappointment; but, oh! I declare they are closing the doors; we must get into the train, Mabel, or we shall be left behind."

"So you are for coming awa hame to auld Scotland once more; that's right, that's right!" laughed Dr. Graeme, when Miss Mackenzie and Mabel were safely ensconced in the corner seats of a first-class carriage.

"We will be seeing something of you again, Helen; the lad is a student at the University, following in the auld beaten track."
 The "lad," as his father called him, was just then trying to convince Mabel that he had no mind to go on her errand in search of Katie.

"Why, you do not even know her address, Miss Mabel; you can tell me nothing beyond this, that you know her name is Katie, and that she lives somewhere down—where do you say?"

"In the Vennel. I remember that name, for I said it over so often; she has a sister called Maggie, and—oh! do promise you will try to find her!"

"Well"—good humouredly—"I shall only be in Glasgow for a few days longer; but I will see what I can do, I assure you it is very unlikely that I shall come across her—but if I do, I will write to you and tell you all about her."

"Do, do! Thank you so much!"

Good-bye. I will send you my guinea by post!" exclaimed Mabel, as the train moved off.

"Sit down, dearie!" said Miss Mackenzie, for Mabel was preparing to shout some further directions out of the window. "I do wish you could learn to be less excited in public places!"

Mabel drew herself back in her seat, and remained pretty silent for about half an hour; then she sat up suddenly, asking—
 "Auntie, is Doctor Graeme a very great friend of yours?"

"Yes, child. Why?"
 "I thought he must be, Auntie—you looked so happy when you were speaking to him."
 "I thought you were too busy with your own affairs to be looking at me, Mabel," said Miss Mackenzie, laughing. "Did you see anything particular in my face?"

"Oh yes, Auntie," replied Mabel thoughtfully—"something that made me wish to have a great friend too. I think I will make a friend of Geordie. I wish he would not call me Miss Mabel."
 TO BE CONTINUED.

A LAST WORD AS TO THE ATTITUDE OF CATHOLICS.

It remains for me to say a last word as to the attitude which I view Catholics should maintain in view of modern Biblical science. Speaking generally, I would suggest a little more confidence in scientific men. Of science, of accurate knowledge, we cannot have too much; let it prevail, a very sea clipping the rock upon which we of the faith are standing, as closely as it may. We welcome it as a most important element in the interpretation of Scripture, though not the only one, and as a factor in the integration of theological science, the angry, Aeoluses who do so cast the water about, and would fain cover us with the foam of their onset until we are drowned, or pass for drowned, they gauge nothing—neither our position nor their own.

We must possess our souls in patience, and making allowance for the subsidence of the foam-bells, endeavor to ascertain where the line of steady water will ultimately rest. Some of us, oppressed with the sense that the tide is on all sides gaining, may be tempted to remove our position far from the water's edge to some safe platform aloof from the stress of conflict. But surely such a policy argues a lack of faith. If we cordially recognize that no ascertained truth of science can be really antagonistic to our position as believers; if we remembered that the God of reason is also the God of faith, we should not be in such a hurry to escape from a conflict which must ultimately result in harmony and its necessary prelude. "Gentlemen," exclaims Laeclair in one of his famous "Conferences," "God is not afraid of your reason; He made it." "If the literal sense of Scripture seems to contradict reason," says Henry of Ghent, in words I have already quoted, "we must seek for another meaning until one is found in accordance with reason." To conduct this search effectively we must remain at the point of contact without shrinking from the pressure.

A Catholic man of science may be a specialist, but he is bound to be—nay, he can hardly fail to be, something more. He must know something of all the territories of science, their outlines at least, for he has a theology which is more than co-extensive with them all, and which has a word to say of each, though it be only, as is commonly the case, to assure the student that here he is within his right, and that his way is clear. Still, it may well be that from time to time such student is disturbed by the notification that "de fide" impassable, yet that he may not walk therein with safety to himself or to those whom he must refrain from making it, in fact, the statement that he would like to make, or that at most he must ventilate it as a mere hypothesis. In such a case he must remind himself that in the interests of traditional truth the Church is bound to be conservative of ancient forms; that she is entrusted with higher and more imperious interests than those of scientific development. Thus, although in the particular instance the action of authority may possibly be mistaken and productive merely of vexatious delay, the scientist whose Christian name is Catholic will not readily be the loser, inasmuch as the truth in question will get itself the better, because the more circumspectly stated.

Such I conceive to be the proper and natural attitude of the Catholic scientist. He will be too loyal on the one hand to faith, and on the other hand to science, to believe that their last words can be otherwise than in accord.—Rev. H. I. D. Ryden in *Catholic World* for June ("The Proper Attitude of Catholics toward Biblical Criticism").

In view of what Hood's Sarasaparilla has done for others, is it not probable to believe that it will also be of benefit to you?
 How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture.
 Send 5¢ "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner than a Man?" to LITTLE BROS., 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

SCORING THE BIGOTS.

Interesting Letter from a Protestant Clergyman.

The following letter from Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, D. D., a Protestant clergyman of Andover, Mass., appears in our esteemed contemporary, the *Colorado Catholic*. Dr. Starbuck belongs to a class of Protestants who are able to distinguish, with an unerring instinct, between the wheat and the chaff, and who, our esteemed contemporary feels constrained to say, would were it not for so much chaff which is thrown in their way, be much nearer the Church than they are. Dr. Starbuck has, in common with a large number of Catholics, a notion that the divinity of the Church manifests itself in spite of those who seem to feel that God needs their help in sustaining His Church, sometimes by the *suggestio falsi* and sometimes by the *suggestio veri*. His letter at this time will be read with interest:

Editor *Colorado Catholic*—Reverend and Dear Sir: A valued friend, a Methodist clergyman, has in a correspondence, so well expressed in a few words the spirit of one part of our Protestant world, our irreconcilable, that I think you will be pleased to see his remarks.

"First, pound the Catholics because they are subjected to a 'foreign power, because the Pope lives in Rome, an 'Italian Papacy,' non-American, etc. Secondly, now that we have a representative of the Pope on the ground, one who is here to

bring the Church more and more into harmony with the progress of the nation, then raise the cry, 'The Pope in Washington!' 'Rome right in the midst of us!' 'the tyranny brought home, etc. So I fear that if the Pope should defer so far to our Anglo-Saxon feelings as to transfer his See to London itself—since it has never been defined as of faith that he cannot—the anti-Popery cries would be fiercer than ever. That spirit is never satisfied!"

It is so much easier, you see, to blaze away at you, than to follow the Lord for ourselves. It might be called the cheap and easy way of going to heaven. It is humiliating and heart-sickening to see circulating throughout our country a forged eccyclical, of so coarse and clumsy a style of imposture that one would think that even our current Protestant ignorance of Papal Roman Catholic thought would suffice at once to detect it. How many religious papers have exposed it? The *Independent* and the *Christian Union* have, I know, and I hope they are not the only ones. If the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church would issue an eccyclical pledging their official character for its spuriousness, they might shame it out of existence, but I doubt whether the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church could do so. To think that tables as

MALIGNANT AND SENSELESS as any of the stories of Titus Oates should be finding circulation two centuries later among us, whose great-grandfathers several times removed were Oates' dupes! However, there is one comfort, the whole thing rings hollow. No one is afraid, of the strength of it, that Archbishop Satolli will follow Archbishop Plunket to the gallows, or that senator from West Virginia will take the place of Lord Stafford on the scaffold. So that after the manner of the devil and the Freemasons, and the A. P. A. S., the descendants of Titus Oates are gradually approaching the condition of bodyless shades as is attested by your late school election. Indeed, I fancy it is only a disreputable minority of the Freemasons that is art and part in this shame and scandal, notwithstanding the swaggering air with which one of their organs endeavors to bolster up forgery with a lie.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK, Andover, Mass.

THE DRUNKARD.

The following is extracted from a lecture recently delivered by Rev. Robert Tobin, of Pittsburg:

The murderer or blasphemer usually violates but one commandment. In his sinful act the drunkard violates all the ten commandments and precepts of the Church. He violates the first commandment by worshipping the devil of intemperance, instead of God Almighty. He violates the second commandment by his drunken profanity. He violates the third commandment by his making himself unfit to keep the Lord's day. The Church begins the celebration of the Lord's day with the first Vespers on Saturday evening. The drunkard begins his worship of Satan with the first Vespers of Saturday, and usually continues his service through the following day. His drunken orgies have rendered him unfit to assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and by his profanity, scandal and excess, the desecration of the Lord's day is complete. He violates the fourth commandment by dishonoring the parents who have reared him and hoped that he would be the comfort and support of their declining years. He brings sadness to his mother's heart and covers his parent with shame. If he be himself a parent, he sins by neglecting the obligations of giving to his children a father's love and education and support. Whose children are so much neglected as the unhappy children of the drunkard? The drunkard violates the fifth commandment by all the deeds of violence to which drink is au

incentive. Anger, quarrelling, fighting are the fruits of intemperance.

The drunkard is the violator of public and domestic peace. Our prisons tell the tale of drunkenness and its consequences. Two men confined in our county jail stand to-day in presence of the gallows. The only plea which was made in their defence was that they committed the crime of murder while intoxicated. This one crime was made the plea to escape punishment of a greater crime. In the sixth commandment his intemperance is the incentive to impurity, and those dreadful crimes which appal humanity. The drunkard is the greatest of thieves. He violates the seventh commandment. Other thieves steal from individuals; he robs the entire community by imposing on the tax-payers the burden of supporting police, patrol wagons, county jails, criminal courts and work houses, to protect itself from the ravages of his intemperance and punish his crimes. He robs the community by impoverishing himself and family, making his family a public charity, and obliging the community to support almshouses, orphan asylums and charity hospitals to relieve the distress and assist the helplessness of the drunkard and his victims. Even in death he preys upon the community by being often buried at the public expense and by leaving to his family nothing but the inheritance of the most wretched poverty and disgrace.

GIVE LOVE FOR LOVE.

What is Meant by Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus does not consist only in loving and honoring, in a special manner, the human heart, similar to our own, which formed a part of the adorable body of Jesus Christ.

The object and the chief motive of this devotion is that immense love of the Son of God which impelled Him to die upon the cross for us and to give Himself entirely to us in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar—love so great that, notwithstanding all the ingratitude, the contempt, the injuries and outrages that He was to receive in this state of sacrifice, and all of which He vividly foresaw, He is there exposed, and He will there continue to expose Himself, every day, for us.

The end, then, which we ought to propose to ourselves in this devotion is this: First, to recognize and honor, by frequent adorations, by a just return of love, and by all kinds of homage, the ineffable dispositions of this divine Heart, and the infinite love that Jesus Christ has for us in the adorable Eucharist.

Secondly, to repair by every possible means the indignities, the base ingratitude, and all the outrages that men commit against Him in this Sacrament of Love, where He is