

tions of faith and fervor as that witnessed in London last summer and wherever Eucharistic congresses have been held. It is as if those hidden springs of love, which everywhere and always kept green the piety of the peoples, suddenly burst forth into a torrent, which must eventually sweep before it those fearful evils that obstruct the path of life. For thus is being realized the sublime dream of Father Eymard — "to group society, re-animated by a new fervor, around the Emmanuel." "The worship of the Exposition," cries the apostle himself (and that is the central ideal of all he has banned), "is the crying need of our time. It requires this solemn protestation of the faith of the nations in the divinity of Christ, in the truth of His Sacramental Presence. It is the best possible refutation of the arguments of renegades, of the impious, the indifferent. It is necessary in order to save society."

And Father Eymard left it as a glorious heritage to his sons to promote this public adoration of the Sacred Host by every means in their power, and to exhaust themselves in propagating the Eucharistic cultus from one end of the earth to the other. He exhorted them to press into that service science and literature and art, to preach without ceasing the divine mystery of the Altar, to provide for retreats and novenas and tridiums. And this work, the very epitome of spirituality and holiness, is being proclaimed, as it were, from the housetops by that devoted band of men who, in the splendid churches they have erected, perpetually adore, and cause multitudes of their fellowmen likewise to join in adoration.

It is fitting, in the words of one of the sweetest singers* of religion and its mysteries, that the children of Pierre Julien Eymard, so soon to be raised to the altars of the Church,

Should bear his message, speak his grand design

To all mankind, that every soul might bless,

Adore and thank the Sacrament Divine,

And serve It with love's true devotedness;

Might grave the motto of the great Eymard

On every Christian heart, from shore to shore:

Thy Eucharistic Kingdom come, O Lord,

And triumph everywhere forevermore!

From the *Ave Maria*.

* Eleanor C. Donnelly.