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## GRAPES AND THORNS.

M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGEL WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.-CONTINUED.

Mr. Schoninger was meantime walk-ing leisurely behind her quickening s, intending to overtake her sently, but wishing first to watch her a little, and to think of some things. One was that he did not approve of her wearing black any She was beautiful in anything, but too sad in this; and, beide, it interfered with certain plans of his. He made a slight reckoning, as nearly correct as the masculine mind could make it on such a subject. She might put on gray, or black and white, immediately. That would white, immediately. That would enable her to wear a rich purple in the winter. He liked to see her in purple Some day, when she would be she must have a trailing robe of purple velvet with diamonds. Well, in the spring, then, she could change her deeper color for one of those delicate lavenders or lilacs that women know how to look pretty in; and then the way would be quite open for white, and rose, and blue, and all the fresh, gay

colors a bride might wish to wear "We should be married by the first of May, at latest," thought the gentleman very decidedly.

Miss Pemboke was quite right in fancying that there was something triumphant in Mr. Schoninger's air but she did not believe, and it was not true, her pettish charge that he was being spoiled by adulation. All was going well with him. Hosts of friends surrounded him - friends as sincere as any one can claim; he did not be lieve they would stand any great test, but, also, he did not believe that they were hypocrites. In his profession he was winning gold and reputation; and, what no one but himself knew as yet, the fortune for which he had vainly struggled so long was approaching him of itse \*f. Two of those who had stood between it and him had died, and there remained now but a feeble old man. With his death all other claims would

die. And not least in his cause of con gratulation was his conviction tha this fair woman, who walked before him with the black drapery fluttering back from her light foot, the braid of hair just showing its glossy bronze peneath the mourning veil, and, as she turned the corner of the street, the curve of her smooth check glowing like

peach, was his own.

What made her cheek so red

now? "Honora!" he said, quickening his

She stopped with a start. "Mr. Schoninger !"

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, ecollecting that he had never called her by her Christian name before. was thinking, and I forgot.

She walked soberly by his side with-out asking what the subject of his thoughts had been. His exclamation may have revealed to her something of their nature; but she was far from suspecting that she was engaged, still less that her marriage day was fixed. She had, indeed, no reason to suppose that Mr. Schoninger had any intention of renewing the suit that she had once

rejected. "You are willing to take a walk?" he asked, and, when she nodded assent, added:

"Let us go up the Cocheco. Last night's frost has added the finishing touch to the trees, and everybody is admiring them."

A beautiful road, almost as wild as a country lane, led between the river-bank and the flowery cliffs beside it, and here at evening all the youths and maidens, and many of their elders in whom age had not chilled the love of nature, used to walk soberly in the soundless path, or climb the cliffs, or sit on the mossy rocks, or venture out on the rocks that studded the stream. Not a pleasant evening but found people strolling through this romantic avenue.
"Nowhere but in New England

does nature dazzle, I think," Mr. Schoninger said. "See this mapleleaf! It is a fine scarlet, and as glossy as a gem, even when examined closely. And the elm-leaf is as fine a gold. Everywhere else the autumn foliage is dingy when looked at so gold. closely. The sky, too. Look at those long lines of fire that are beginning to stretch overhead, and at the gathering crimsons! In half an hour the heavens will be as brilliant as the In Italy the colors are solt, earth. ike the colors in an old painting they have great depth and richness, but they lack the fresh brilliancy of the skies in the New World. must go to Italy soon, Honora.'

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HOW MY SIDE ACHES! g Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, erine Pains, and Rheumatism re-in one minute by the Cuticura ain Plaster. The first and only

This time the name was used with-

out an apology.
"I have been thinking of it," replied quietly, and began to feel as a stranded seaweed may when, after having lain awhile painfully on the dry sands, it finds the bright sea slipped under it and lifting it from its hard resting-place. Without a word of explanation she found herself claimed and cared for.

"I wish to go there again as a Cath

olic," he continued, "and see with the eyes of faith what I saw before with the eyes of an artist. I shall always admire most the Catholicism of America, or what the Catholicism of America is going to be. It is more intelligent, noble and reverent. isn't a sort of devotion that expresses itself in tawdry paper flowers. deed, I believe that America destined to show the world a Catholi cism morally more grand than any it has yet seen—a worship of the heart and the intellect, where children shall be delighted, and yet common sense find nothing to regret. Still, Rome is the sacred city of the martyrs, the Popes and the temples. I think we should go there in two years at

He had spoken earnestly, and had absolutely forgotten how much remained unsaid, so sure was he of

Honora's glance of astonishment and incredulity reminded him. He bent little nearer, smiling, and said softly : But we shall be married long before that time, dear, shall we not?

"It is the first I have heard of it. Miss Pembroke managed to say with a certain degree of composure, after a noment.

'You surely are not vexed!" he said quickly, beginning to fear that he had assumed too much. "I asked you once in the proper, lover-like fashion, and you refused me, not because you were indifferent to me-you never said that - but because would not marry and would not love one who denied your Saviour. obstacle no longer exists. You did not imagine that I had become indif That is out of the ferent to you? Have I made a mistake?

"No : it is I who have made a mis take," she answered frankly. "I was afraid that you had given me up." She hesitated a little, then, since he still listened, added: "I am very glad that you have not.

"Thank you!" he said. They walked slowly up the roa between the foaming river and the glowing cliffs, praising the skies and the trees as they went, finding everything beautiful, finding each the other more beautiful than all

else. And when the evening began to fade a little, they turned their steps, and went down again with the river filled with that deep and quiet happi ness which leaves nothing to wish fo

and nothing to tell. The very next morning a little note was sped from Miss Pembroke to Sister Cecilia with the following mysterious announcement:

"My Novena has succeeded perfectly! I will come very soon and tell you all about it."

Since the matter is settled, we ma as well own at once that when Mr Schoninger first announced himself a Catholic, Honora had said to her friend and confidant at the convent, "If I do not marry him, I shall never marry any one;" and that the result of this confession was a Novena, in which the young woman had asked that she might find favor in his sight.

"I told him about the Novena, Miss Pembroke said when she made Sisters joined with me; and he bade me thank you for his part, and say that he hoped you would never be sorry for having done so." But Honora did not tell how aston-

shed and touched her lover had been at this confession of what seemed to her the most simple thing in the world. "I never thought of asking God for you," he said : "and yet there is noth-

ing in the world so well worth praying for. I am a very ignorant Catholic. Honora, in all except doctrine. You will have much to teach me. But then," he added, smiling, "we have all our lives for that.

"The only blot on my happiness," Honora said to her friends, "is the thought of Annette. A letter came from her last night which seems to shut us all out from giving her either society or comfort. She evidently society or comfort. She evidently does not wish to see any one she has ever known. She says that her time and thoughts are entirely occupied."

Annette Gerald was fully occupied. She was like one who stands at the head of a long flight of winding stairs, watching another descend, and, begin ning to lose sight of the object of her attention, begins to follow slowly, intent, at the same time, not to be too

near or too far away.

It was necessary that she should keep Lawrence Gerald in sight with out attracting attention either to him or to herself. As a rich lady, driving in her own carriage, she could not do this. She therefore gave up her carriage, and moved to an humbler apartment, where she lived with one serv ant. Still, the dainty elegance of the widow's attire she had assumed, fastidant. ious in her choice, not consciously, but from habit, pointed her out as of a dif ferent class from the people she went most among. To remedy this, it was necessary only to be passive; and in a few months Roman dust and mud and few months Roman dust and mud and brambles had reduced her to a dinginess almost Roman, and she could go unremarked, could see Lawrence about his work, digging in the excavations, carrying stone and mortar for the masons, doing any rough labor that contadini!"

offered. She could see him in the church, where he spent an hour every norning; she knew that every Sun and, as she could well guess, told the same tale to the priest, who, when his penitent left him, leaned forward and looked after him with a sad and earnest gaze. More than once, late in the evening, she had looked up from the street where her close carriage stood waiting, and seen, out on the corner of the open roof, to which no one but he had access, his form drawn clearly against the transparant purple of the sky, and, after waiting as long as prudence would allow, had gone away t her lonely apartment, there in company of the marble angels that clustered about the church front, and the blessed bells, and whatever invisible spirits God should will and his own soul invoke. Never did she see a light in that lofty window; and

ceiving money from the lady.
"He will never have a candle,"the
woman said. "I think he is very poor. And he never drinks wine of ats meat. And, signora, he is grow

after a while, it occurred to her to ask

the reason of the padrona, who often

came to the church in the hope of re

ing very pale. That night night Annette Gerald extin guished the candies in her own apart nent, and never lighted them again. She could weep and pray without light The next day she dismissed her one ervant, and thenceforward waited on herself. No ease or elegance must her life know while his was passed in such poverty. He ate the dry, sour of the poor ; she ate it too. He discarded every luxury of the table; she also became an ascetic. If she put wing or fruit to her lips, tears choked her, and she set them aside. As he went down, so she followed him, unseen, weeping pitifully, watching con

stantly, loving utterly Without suspecting it, both became after a while objects of interest to those about them. No dinginess or apparent poverty could hide their refine and the extraordinary piety of both invested them with a certain sacred ness in the eyes of these people, who had walked and talked with saints The rude workmen ceased, not only to est with, but to jest in the presence of this man who never smiled, or spoke without necessity, whose pale face was forever downcast, and who, in the midst of Italian indelicacy, carried himself with the refinement of ar In the long noon rest of the angel. hot summer days they withdrew from the place where he threw himself down, faint with fatigue and heat, and left him to that solitude he unmistakably desired. Only little children ventured near the "penitent," as he began to be called, and smiled wistfully in his face, and kissed the hand that now and then

gave them a soldo. Once, as he lay asleep on the grass, in the shadow of a ruined arch, ar artist, who was just returning home from a morning's sketching in th Campagna, paused to look at him. The other workmen lounged about at a distance, some asleep, some eating their noon luncheon of dry bread, others smoking and talking. seemed laid there apart for a picture. Thrown carelessly on his back, with his hand under the cheek turned aside, and little dropped off, his form and face were fully seen. It was not the form and face of plebeian. The elegant shape

was not disguised by its faded gar ments; the beauty of the face, cately flushed with heat, and beaded with perspiration, and even enhanced by the unshorn and untended beard and the confused mass of clustering hair; her explanatory visit to the convent.
And I told him that you and all the which was not obliterated even by the which was not obliterated even by the unconsciousness of sleep, did not belong to a common nature. The artist drew softly nearer, and

opened his portfolio, too much engaged to give more than a passing glance to a woman who stood by the arch. a rapid pencil he sketched his subject, trying to catch that hovering sadnes and the weary bend of the head. Drawing back presently to see if he

could add anything to his sketch, he perceived that the woman who had peen standing by the arch was at his side, watching his progress.
"Don't let the shadow run off so,

she said, looking at the sketch, not at "Show how the sunshine comes, him. close to his feet, so that he has only a step to take to reach it. And do you see how those yellow flowers lean against his hair in the form of a crown? Put them in too; and the group of workmen yonder, and a corner of the excavation, with that beautiful pedestal half uncovered. As you have it, it s only a pretty poem without mean-

a coin, the man's profile showing in a faint. beyond the woman's

I will have you paint it. Don't forget the red poppies at his feet. And can you see, can you show, that there is a blister on his hand?"

Wondering much at this strange sort of poor people whom he found himself among, the artist obeyed. with difficulty that Lawrence Gerald's "But I want to keep the sketch," he

"I will make a copy for you, if

have no right to keep it, for you took

The artist rose and bowed. "Madam, allow me to present my sketch to you," he said with equal

pride. "Some day you will know, and then ou will no longer be offended," said calmly, and took the sketch from his hand just as the sleeper stirred and began to awake. "And now, I beg you never to notice him again, or mention him to any one till I come to

you for the picture. And so three years passed away, and there came an Easter morning such as Easters used to be in the days when the Pope was King of Rome, and there was one city in the world where the business was religion

Who can forget the scene, having once beheld it—the sky built up of sapphires, glitter on glitter of such blue as the queen of heaven might make her mantle of; the full, warm gold of the sunshine looking the sad ruins in the face till they smile, and revealing its hidden rainbows now and then, as the foamy columns of foun-tains sway in the light breeze, and catch it unawares; the birds, with long, pointed wings, that cut the air, and seem inebriated with the delight of flying. Then the crowd in the piazza of S. Peter's, the millennia the millennial mingling of rich and poor, royal and plebeian, making in all a scene to be

"How familiar, yet how new!" said a lady who stepped from her carriage at the barrier. "It is all I could wish! at the barrier. I am glad, Max, that we did not come sooner to Rome. I would rather my first sight of it should be a festal one." This lady was richly dressed, and the black lace of her large Spanish veil was drawn back from a face like a

fresh lily.

She was instantly addressed as principessa by all the beggars about. "I am sorry I cannot give you the title, Honora," her husband said and smilingly dropped a coin into each outstretched hand. "So nothing disappoints you? I thought it would be

Now, we must not linger outside.' "Let us go slowly up; and please do not speak to me," Mrs. Schoninger said. "No, I do not want your arm now. I must enter S Peter's the first time praying."

went slowly up the ascent Honora with her hands clasped, and her eyes dilating as they entered the grand vestibule. Then Mr. Schoninger lifted the heavy curtain, and she rossed the threshold. At that first step into S. Peter's a

the beating heart of Mother Church. The crowd pressed in; but still another crowd remained outside, keep ing their places for the Papal benedic tion, and listening for the silvery burst of trumpets inside which should tell that the risen God stood on the

Catholic feels as though he had touche

central altar of Christendom. Among this crowd was a group, for which they made way, as it crossed the piazza and approached the steps. it was only two poor laborers

ported a sick man between them. The thin and transparent face of this invalid, bathed now in the perspiration of weakness, showed that he was worn by consumption or by a long and exhausting fever. He was so weak, indeed, that his two assistants supported him in their arms; and when ey reached the stone posts at the foot of the steps, he knelt there, and leaned against one of them, almost insensible

A lady, following closely behind, wet her handkerchief in colog ne-water and handed it over his shoulder to one of the men, but did not herself speak to them. He revived a little at that, to them. and, still leaning against the central post, remained fixed in prayer. A whisper began to creep among the poor people about. Some of them had

seen this man, and knew what they conceived to be his story, and they told it in intervals of listening to the strains of heavenly music faintly heard now and then from the church. "He is a penitent," one whispered,

'and has been doing penance here as

a laborer, though he is so rich-so rich! Some say that he killed his own mother ; but who knows? The beautiful signore! Look at his face! must have provoked him; and perhaps she was a very wicked woman.
I could tell stories of mothers. are not all like the blessed Madonna. -There are the trumpets! Alleluia! alleluia! Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord !-And so this poor signore has been living a hard life, and is about to die; and he has come at last to get the Holy Father's blessing. He would not ask for it before. But, indeed, he might, for he before. But, indeed, he might, for he is as holy as the blessed Labre, though he sleeps in a bed and works for his living, instead of begging it. The ing; give the whole, and it will be a pale signora who stands behind him is tragical story." tragical story."

The artist looked intently at the these years, watching over him, without the true bis knowing it. See! she stands out his knowing it. See! she stands lady while she spoke. Surely she out his knowing it. See! she stands must be the sister of the sleeper! out of his sight now. He worked up Their two faces would do to stamp on to a week ago, and then he fell one day She was near by, and called a carriage to take him home. And since then she has had a room in he wakes," she said. "I will pay you whatever you want for it. Some day I will have you want for it. Some day I will have you reason it. I will have you reason it. thing into every hand that is held out See the way she looks at him! to her. -Ah! there they come. Mass was over, and the crowd in the

protectors could keep his place in that pressure. But that he had revived, they could not have done so. With the first intimation that the moment for which he had so long waited was with a clear and haughty gaze. "You at hand, he had roused himself, and exerted his whole strength. it without permission. It would be on his knees, with his arms clinging to dishonorable and instrusive of you to the post against which he leaned, he dishonorable and instrusive of you to show that to any person. We are not contadini!"

the post against which he leaned, he show that to any person. We are not contadini!"

even two familiar forms and faces directly in front of him, which he could carcely have seen even then with in

difference. "My God!" exclaimed Honora Schoninger, and clung to her husband's arm. "Look, Max! It is

Lawrence, and he is dying !" Mr. Schoninger drew his wife aside. "It is no time to recognize him now, he said. "And there is Annette be hind him. Poor fellow! poor fellow

Annette pressed close to her hus

band, ready to catch him if he should She knew that he had had ar exhausting day. He had risen at early dawn to hear Mass and receive Communion, though not really able to leave his bed, and had afterwards spent his remaining strength in the first careful toilet he had made for years. After having so long heaped every indignity on his own body, today he had seemed desirous of treating it with respect as the temple of God He still wore the dress of the laborer, but his face was shorn of its ill-tended beard, his hair brushed once more into silken waves, and his linen snowy white. And more exhausting than these efforts had been the excitement of mind under which he labored, and his fear lest in some way he should

miss the benediction he so longed for "I want to be placed directly in front of the balcony," he had said. where I can see the Pope's face shall recognize his face at once. Who knows but he may look at me? If he should, then I shall think that at last God looks at me.

The crowd hushed itself, as the golden cross came in sight, and after it the crowned and mitred heads, all in white save one. And that one, under its glittering tiara, wore a crown o snowy hair dearer to Catholic hearts than gold or jewels. On this centra face the eyes of the sick man fixed themselves with a wide and imploring gaze, and his hands stretched them selves out, as if to beg that he might not be forgotten.

"Do not fear!" Annette whispered in his ear. "The Holy Father knows all your story, and pities you; and there is one standing beside him who will remind him that you are here

He will know just where you are."

To the waiting and trembling peni tent this was like a whisper from his good angel. He associated no other thought with the voice.

The silence deepened till nothing could be heard but the swift wings of a bird flying over the piazza, and the soft "zitti! zitti!" of the fountains, and the heart that each one in that vast crowd felt beat in his bosom. Surely that mild and blessed face

was turned his way! the penitent thought. Surely, surely, the Holy Father had looked at him, searching the crowd one instant with his eyes, and finding him! Then a single voice was heard-the

only voice in the universe, it seemed "May the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, in whose power and authority we confide, intercede for us with the Lord."

"Amen!" chanted the choir, as though the world had found voice Again the single voice:

'Through the prayers and merits of blessed Mary ever Virgin, of blessed Michael the archangel, of blessed John the Baptist, of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints, may the omnipotent God have mercy upon you, may all your sins be remitted, and Jesus Christ lead you to eternal life. Amen!

"Indulgence, absolution and re mission of all your sins, space for true and faithful repentance, hearts ever contrite, and amendment of life, may the omnipotent and merciful God afford you. · Amen !"

"And may the blessing of the omnipotent God, Father, Son and Holy Shost, descend upon you, and remain with you for ever.

Every stain was washed away Full and strong the blessing flowed, divine river from the throne of God Himself! On its tide were borne away, not only guilt, but the memory of guilt not only fear, but the remembrance that fear had been. Supported in the arms of his wife and attendants, and of the old friends of whose present he was unconscious, Lawrence Gerald lay back with his eyes half closed, and smile of such peace and ecstasy on his face as could only come from God. His soul was gliding sweetly away on the echoes of that last amen.

The military bands began to play, the guns boomed from Sant' Angelo, the bells of St. Peter's rang out with joyful clash on the air, and all Rome broke into music over the resurrec And there was joy before the angels

of God over one sinful soul redeen THE END.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruse

MAY 6, 1893.

THE REASONABLE NE CEREMONIES OF T LIC CHURCH.

By REV. J. J. B (CONTINUED FROM LA

The Mass is the great New Law. It was for all the sacrifices ordain the Old Law. They we is the substance. We learn from Genesi man. Universal tradit

Scripture, informs us the formerly became guilty the Creator. All natio endeavored to appease Heaven and believed the necessary for this pur sacrifices have been off beginning of the human Cain and Abel offere one the first fruits of other the firstlings of th ham, Isaac, Jacob and worshipped this way, a ship was acceptable to ere, even among th find the altar, the pries

fice. As we learn from other portions of the C God Himself carefully quality, manner, num of the various sacrifices pleased to accept from chosen people. From sacrifice has ever form feature in the worshi we conclude that it essentials of religion, a tians to-day should h of which, as St. Paul s not eat who serve the t The sacrifices of the provisional and prefix sacrifice of the New I the prophet Malachy.

prophecy of Malachy, ing of the sun even to My name is great amo in every place there is offered to m offering ; for My nam the Gentiles, saith the This glorious proph by the great soci Church. We also olic Church. St. Paul, "Habemus have an altar" and Jesus Christ to His C none better, none gre than the holy sacrifice is the sacrifice of Hi ood offered to the under the appearance at the Last Supper bread and wine in I and blessed them, say

of Me." Do this fo He instituted the E to represent and co tice of Calvary. St. first epistle to the Con that it was instituted of the Lord until His After the consecra priest effects by sayi and wine the same Christ said at the L is no longer bread a true and living Jesu man, hidden under of bread and wine, jus He was hidden under of an infant. The name of the Catholic He offers Himself up dently hope that we through prayers at through our own una order to have part i of the Mass a person actions and praye espcially at the offer

> the intention of the The sacrifice of sacrifice, because it victim to God to r struction or change l ion over life and de to satisfy our fou wants in adoration of His omnipotence for His benefits, in sins, and to obtait difficulties and tem Mass obtains for blessings, tempora Since the Mass i

and Communion:

passion of Christ;

the prayers in the r

same time uniting

public worship, i should be celebrate ceremonies. Eve the Church prese significance. All our minds the mys The altar, wh means of steps, Calvary, upon wh

His arms extende

men as brothers. Jesus dying on the candles are symb devotion which o learts of the fait Mass. The sacr broidered with th indicate that the and visible rep Christ, the invisi of the cross mad priest over the minds us that v Divine Victim of ought to unite loving the cros Christian penar because Our Lo If we know He altar we bow in where He some

must be pure if v