

severing in prayer with her in the Cenacle and after the coming of the Paraclete the long years she passed at Jerusalem and Ephesus in the Beloved Disciple's keeping were made supportable for the exile by daily Communion. Modern painters love to depict the scene. While envying angels look on, the Maiden-Mother kneels at the altar of a sunlit oratory to receive again from St. John's hand the God who first came to her the night of the Annunciation, years before, but who still comes daily, bringing from Heaven a message ever new.

Like her Divine Son, our Lady is a model for us in all things. What she did she would have her children do. Though she is eager for the salvation and the hallowing of all, she would have that brought about only in accordance with the laws established by her Son. "Whatsoever he shall say to you, do ye," she told the waiters at the marriage feast, and this she says to us likewise. Christ solemnly avers: "Amen, Amen, I say to you, except you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you," so His prescient Mother, as if to remind us from the very first that her Babe was meant to be our food, brought Him forth at Bethlehem "the house of bread," and "laid Him," be it noted, "in a manger," a feeding-place.

Do not the Virgin Mother's images, too, in our churches commonly represent her ever holding out to us her Blessed Son, as if inviting all to receive Him often? Artists, however, are not always successful in making her appear really eager to give us her Lambkin, for her way of holding Him out is frequently so stiff and unnatural that she does not seem to be very desirous to have us take Him.

But in an ancient church at Avignon, in France, travelers tell us an unknown sculptor has left a statue of our Lady and the Divine Child that admirably expresses in stone the mother's eagerness to place her Little One in the arms of every pilgrim coming to her shrine. Genius has given life to the cold marble. Mary, a girl of perhaps eighteen, shows in her face and in every line of her supple figure the vigor, the alertness, and the animation of youth. She has apparently heard the visitor walking up the aisle. She has lifted her head, thrown