

THE POPE'S HEALTH.

We have frequently called attention to the false reports, which are from time to time sent, especially from the capitals of Europe, concerning the Catholic Church in various countries, and we have usually been able to discover within a very short time the truth of these matters, which was almost always something very different from the reality.

It is a strange fact in connection with this matter that the Toronto Mail and Empire has most frequently the contemptible false stories to which we refer, and they are to a very great extent to be found under the heading "Over our own leashed wires." "Over our own leashed wires" often means "made up in our own sanatorium."

We are told that the reports of the Holy Father's illness are officially denied, and yet that he is no longer what he was when he was elected to the Pontificate. Pius X. was elected four years ago to the Supreme Pontificate, that is to say, in July, 1902. His age was then sixty-eight years. He is now seventy-two years old, and it is not an extraordinary thing if he is weaker than he was four years ago, for his advanced age is enough to make him more feeble from year to year. Still, according to the official announcements made from time to time, of his health, he appeared to bear his age remarkably well. But the last report of the Mail and Empire is to the effect that he is becoming corpulent, gouty and inert, and that he drinks wine to excess, contrary to the orders of his physicians. In fact he is described to be incomprehensibly inert, which evidently means that he is idle, and is becoming a wine bibber.

This story is incredible. The Holy Father's activity was previously always described as very great for so aged a man. He receives pilgrims, preaches to the people, patronizes science and the arts, besides encouraging athletics among the young men. The Holy Father has passed through all the gradations of the hierarchy most ably, and no one can know better than he all the needs of the Church in every department.

He has been an assistant, a parish priest, a canon, a Bishop, an Archbishop, a patriarch, a Cardinal, and now he rules benignly the whole Church of God. We have no hesitation to say that the whole story of the Mail and Empire is a makeup without a word of truth in it.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S VISIT TO CANADA.

Having had a very enthusiastic reception in some of the large cities of the United States, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., paid a visit to the Dominion of Canada. His reception by the Irish men of Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto was enthusiastic. He was accompanied by the Hon. Daniel O'Connor of Australia. The reputation of the distinguished Parliamentarian and litterateur had gone before him, and it was expected that his countrymen in this part of Her Majesty's dominions would extend to him that warm welcome which he, who has ever been true to Ireland, so richly deserves. Of course the principal topic of discussion by Mr. O'Connor in his public utterances was the prospect for Home Rule. As to this he took a most hopeful view: "There were two methods," he said, "of governing a people against their will. One was by force, and the other by the creation of a debauched governing class, and both systems had been tried in Ireland; but the latter had turned, and now many of the official class were finding that self-government was not only not disagreeable, but fashionable, and they were getting ready to turn their coats." Mr. O'Connor went on to say that the Government will next year introduce a measure dealing with the question of self government. There is some fear, however, in the minds of many of the best friends of Ireland that this concession will be of such a meagre character that it will not be accepted even as an installment of self-government. We sincerely hope this will not be the outcome of what the present ministry calls "administrative Home Rule." Mr. O'Connor said he wished it understood that the Irish Party have assumed no responsibility whatever for the proposal of any such makeshift. No doubt the House of Lords will figure conspicuously in this legislation. Only too many of them will be guided by reasons other than a desire to promote the peace and glory of the empire. Those who may doubt this statement will, we feel convinced, change their minds if they investigate to what an extent many of the peers hold estates in the Emerald Isle. If the House of Lords stands in the way of a fair measure of Home Rule, we doubt not the powerful influence of good King Edward, and the voice of the people, emphatically expressed from press and platform, will cause them to take a course more in accord

with the spirit of the age, and with that measure of freedom which prevails in every portion of the empire outside of Ireland.

At the meeting in Ottawa the Premier of the Dominion, Sir Wilfred Laurier, contributed \$50 to the Parliamentary fund. He also moved a vote of thanks to the two O'Connors, and proclaimed himself a home ruler. He added that he did not know a true Canadian who was not. Sir Wilfred endorsed the sentiment enunciated by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, that the granting of Home Rule was the best method of paving the way for Imperial unity. A mighty roar was given in response to Hon. Daniel O'Connor's request for "three cheers for one of the greatest men in the British Empire, Sir Wilfred Laurier."

Success to you, T. P. O'Connor! May you return to your native land, buoyed up with the reflection that the Irish in America are one with you and one with your noble companions in the grand fight you are making for long denied justice to Ireland and the Irish.

A WORD FOR THE IRISH.

How few there are who know what a glorious history Ireland has had in the ages gone by. If the maxim "might is right" had not been acted upon by her semi-civilized neighbors who were more powerful, the Ireland of today would most likely be one of the most prosperous as well as one of the most cultured nations in Europe. Would that we had more men of the stamp of Theodore Roosevelt, the President of the United States. Alluding to his forthcoming article on the "Celtic sagas," he declared "that his study of them had made him realize more than ever the high place Ireland occupies in the story of learning and civilization, and that no man, especially with Irish blood in his veins, could fail to have his respect for himself and his race enormously heightened by such studies."

Those who are prone to cast aspersions upon Ireland and the Irish are invariably found to belong to the shadow class whose reading has been confined to the newspapers and the magazines of the inferior sort.

FRENCH AFFAIRS.

A recent despatch from Paris announces that a largely signed open letter has been addressed by the people of Brittany to Interior Minister Clemenceau, informing the Minister that his threats against religion made in a public speech the Sunday before last will not be obeyed by the people of Brittany. The address says: "The Chouans are not dead. If you attempt to unite the Jacobins of 93, to close our churches, prescribe our priests, or prevent the celebration of our sacred religion, we will rise against the infamous tyranny and die with enthusiasm for God and the King of our Fathers."

We cannot say at the present moment whether or not preparations have been made to carry out these threats, but the Bretons of a century ago did not hesitate to take up arms against the persecutors of the Church, and they would probably have succeeded in overcoming the Jacobin enemies of religion, if they had acted in unison with the Vendéens.

We will not venture to predict what may be the outcome of the predictions of confident prophets in regard to these matters, but we would recall the course of the people of over a century ago to preserve religion, which though not immediately successful, was so within a short time after. It is very generally conceded that the enemies of religion are even now but a minority of the people, and when their spirit of true Christianity is evoked, it is not unlikely that the maintainers of religion may triumph over the secret societies which now rule the country.

A FAR FAMED priest, Rev. Father Francis M. Kelly, died a few days ago in St. Louis, Mo. He had been fifty years in the holy priesthood. His people came from the west of Ireland, the same locality from which came the parents of Rev. Father Kelly, the estimable parish priest of Douro, Ont., diocese of Peterborough. The report of the life and death of this notable priest we publish at Father Kelly's request. There is a striking resemblance, we have been told, between the parish priest of Douro and his illustrious namesake of St. Louis who has just passed away, and for whose eternal welfare we supplicate the goodness of Him who is a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech.

With the Hebrew children we devoutly acclaim Thee, O Christ! crying: "Hosanna to the Son of David! Hosanna in the highest!" Hall, King of all the world, Saviour of the House of Israel, Whose coming the prophets had foretold since the beginning of the world, Whom the people of the Jews on this day joyfully greeted with their songs of praise!

FATHER KELTY, FAMED AS WIT, DIES OF OLD AGE.

St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Rev. Father Francis M. Kelly, pastor of the Church of the Holy Angels, La Salle street, and well known as a scholar and a wit, died Saturday at St. Anthony's Hospital.

For more than a half century Father Kelly had been a priest in St. Louis. For thirty four years he had been pastor of the little church at St. Anne's avenue and La Salle street.

But in that time Father Kelly acquired a reputation that spread beyond the confines of his parish—a reputation not only as a devout churchman but as an eloquent speaker.

Until stricken with his illness two years ago, he retained his unflinching sense of humor.

Father Kelly was born in Boyle, County Roscommon, Ireland.

Archbishop Keenrick twice nominated Father Kelly for a bishopric, once of Memphis and once of Peoria, Ill. In the first case Rome gave the honor instead to the late Bishop Patrick A. Feehan, subsequently Archbishop of Chicago and in the latter instance to the distinguished Bishop John Lancaster Spaulding.

When Father Kelly was made pastor of Holy Angels' Parish, the congregation was wealthy and fashionable. In recent years nearly all the wealthy families removed from the parish, which is now practically "downtown." But the parish remained as dear to Father Kelly as in its halcyon days. He never took a vacation, it is said, in the thirty-four years of his pastorate.

"God is at the Holy Angels," he is quoted as frequently remarking, "I'll stay right there."

Father Kelly began his sermon one Sunday morning by announcing in a voice rich with pathos that he had a confession to make.

"I might as well make a clean breast of it. I've been paid for alimony, and you'll have to pay it," he said.

As the audience gasped, he waved in the air a document, signed and sealed, to resemble an order of court.

"Yes, I mean it," he continued, as if to kill any lingering doubts, and then pointing through one of the stained glass windows continued: "That alley out there has been paved, and the city has sued me for alimony."

Father Kelly enjoyed joking with brides who called to arrange to be married.

"I want you to marry me, Father Kelly," the young lady would say.

"Tut, tut," the venerable priest would reply; "that is impossible. You ought to know that I can't marry you."

"Oh, Father Kelly," the blushing bride would protest, "I don't mean it that way."

"Yes, yes, I know," he would reply, "but it is out of the question for two reasons. First, because I am a priest, and second, because I wouldn't marry a girl that looked like you, anyway."

Then, having the young lady properly "flustered," he would consent to tie the nuptial knot.

Not every priest that was mentioned for a bishopric received the approbation of Father Kelly. Once, when two St. Louis priests were named as probable candidates for episcopal honors—one a short man and the other very tall—Father Kelly said:

"They won't do. One's head is too high from the ground, even when he's sitting down, and the other's coat-tail isn't far enough away, even when he's standing up."

Father Kelly once told the story of "A good old Irishman who came to me to take the pledge."

"Will you keep the pledge if you take it?" I asked him.

"I'll try to keep it, yer riverence," he replied. "By the grace o' God I may keep it—and I'll do me best."

"Look," said I, pointing to a funeral that was waiting for me at the church over there. "That's what we must all come to. Think of it, and make up your mind to be a sober man and take good care of your wife and children for the rest of your life, that you'll be what we all must come to at the end of it."

"The old Irishman looked at the waiting carriages and hearse in front of Holy Angels' Church."

"Aye, yer riverence," he said at last. "That's the thrain that none of us can be too late for, thry as we may."

"It was wit," commented Father Kelly, smiling as he told the story. "And it was the truth. The thrain that none of us can be too late for."

Then, after a moment's pause:

"That was the same Irishman, and on the same occasion, that took me down a peg or two when I thought I was doing a mighty charitable thing. He was shaking for need of a drink when he came to me to take the pledge and I knew that a little whiskey would be medicine for him then. So I says to him:

"Now," says I. "You're about to take the pledge, and I want you to keep it when you take it, but you need a drink or two to pull yourself together and here's a quarter for you to buy it with. The only thing I insist on is that you don't get drunk when I give you the money."

"He looked at me gratefully, but with a laugh on his face."

"Ah, yer riverence," he said, "did ye ever know an Irishman that could get drunk on a quarter?"

"This egg nog," he said to a visitor in his sick room, "is made of game eggs. I have some game chickens still, and some of their eggs I use. It's good for me—it gives me some of the courage they have. Oh, you may laugh as you please, but there's a virtue in game eggs when it's pluck you need!"

"In the first serious illness of my life, they told me to travel. 'I have no recollection of raving,' I said to them afterward. 'Of course you haven't,' they replied. 'If you remembered it, you wouldn't have been raving.' And my boys that's so."

"What I do remember is that, when they came and prayed with me, I asked the priest to pray aloud, that I might hear him and answer. And when he

had finished, thinking I was dying, I said to him: 'Thank you kindly, Father, and may it be many years before I do the same for you!'

FERVOR IN DEVOTION.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

The body and the soul of man are so closely and intimately associated together that they each affect the other in their minutest operations, so that if one of them becomes defiled by sin or impaired by excess, the result cannot fail to make its mark in some kind of way upon the other.

The body is the instrument of the soul in its relations with the material world, and may be compared to a machine, and the soul to the power which sets it in motion. If anything goes wrong with the engine of a machine, the latter will either stop working, or else it will work but slowly, torpidly and heavily. If there is anything wrong with the machine itself, it will either stop working, or else it will be out of gear and will perform its operations ineffectually.

Comparing then the human body to an intricate machine, and the soul to the engine which sets it working, let us see what are the causes which so often prevent them both from working in harmony with one another and performing their respective operations in full vigour. The first and greatest cause of obstruction is mortal sin; this cuts off both the body and soul from union with their common source of operation which is God Himself, and until they are re-united, it impedes all progress in virtue. But apart from this, there are other causes, which do not cut off the soul from union with God, but which nevertheless render both body and soul weak and feeble in their operations towards God and towards men. This feeble state is called "lack of fervor," and the results ensuing from it are as follows: Devotions become difficult and heavy, and are speedily and carelessly made, confessions are made without sufficient careful preparation, and the realization of the bidding presence of God, and of sacred truths, becomes dim. There may be mortal sin at the root of it all, and it may sometimes even be that such a state is not always entirely due to the person's own fault, but owing to temporary physical infirmity for which he is in no way responsible; but it is more frequently due to intemperance in the body, or rather to immorality in the use of those things which are in themselves perfectly innocent. One indulgence in food, love of material comfort, and the undue use of narcotics and stimulants are very often the cause of lack of fervor in the soul. The body becomes as it were clogged up by excesses of these things, and a state of spiritual torpor is the result, and the brain, which is a very important and powerful instrument of the soul, becomes clouded, and loses that finely-sung delicate touch upon the body which it should rightly perform, and is unable to sound the chords of the soul in a manner audible to the spiritual ear.

The body, then, gains an ascendancy over the powers of the soul, and the powers of the soul lie dormant; hence we notice the difference between the saints who mortified their bodies, and the ordinary Christians who feed their bodies, often to excess, whilst neglecting to feed their souls.

Many of the saints were frequently in a state of ecstasy and conscious enjoyment of the presence of God in their souls, for the reason that they fed their souls in preference to their bodies, or at least kept up an even balance of the two in such a way that they did not allow the action of the body to dull the powers of the soul. This latter is the most healthy condition for ordinary Christians; for there is sometimes an element of danger in rigorously mortifying the body by fasting, except when our holy mother the Church enforces it, unless it should be practised under the wise counsel of a spiritual director.

But the body and soul may be said to react one upon another, in the sense that whilst acts of immorality in the body are a cause of lack of fervor in the soul, the lack of fervor in the soul may also cause acts of immorality in the body. The reason is as follows: Lack of spiritual fervor is the lack of filial adoration and devotion due to God, the source of all spiritual progress, and where this falls short, so also is there a somewhat corresponding falling short of the fulness of the blessing to be bestowed upon fervent souls? for our Lord expressly states that "unless we abide in the vine, we can of ourselves bear no fruit."

To abide in the Vine, then, means, not only to receive the Blessed Sacrament, which certainly is the most vitally essential and effectual way of all, but it is to love our divine Lord with all heart, with all our minds, with our soul, and with all our strength. In order to love Him with all our strength, it is incumbent upon us to keep the body always in a state of temperance and moderation, so that by such means we may the better be enabled to love Him with all the fervor of our souls.

The state of fervor of soul is greatly enhanced by temperance or moderation in the body, and when produced it lifts the soul into closer and more conscious touch with God Who strengthens it with His life giving spirit, and causes it to react with a ten-fold power upon the body, which latter, refined by temperance or moderation, possesses an increased facility to receive the light produced in the soul, and to respond and act in submission to its superiority.

In conclusion, fervency of spirit must be practised hand in hand with moderation in the body, so that each may reciprocally enlighten and cleanse the other.

Fervency in spirit should be practised in every devotion in which the Christian is called to take part, for it draws the soul each time nearer to its source of strength, each time that the soul worldlyly approaches its divine Lord through the channels of the holy sacraments it abides in Him, and the more fervently it abides in Him, the

greater and deeper becomes its love to Him, and the deeper that its love to Him becomes, the greater also is the strength which it receives from Him to bring the body into subjection, and as the body becomes more and more securely brought into subjection, so also does self-seeking fade away, and man learns more truly to fulfil the royal law of God, "To love his neighbor as himself."

G. F. F.

"LOVER'S OF THE ROSARY."

A TITLED EARNED BY CATHOLICS IN A PAGAN LAND, WHO CHERISH THIS DEVOTION AS A PRECIOUS LEGACY.

Written for The Catholic Standard and Times.

Of all the devotions which color and hue the Catholic faith, the rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary seems to hold the first place. Simple in form but grand in nature, its charm is taking and its beauty fascinating. Its popularity is bounded only by the horizon of the vast surface of the globe, over which the enlightening rays of the Catholic faith are daily shining. In fact, wherever the seed of the Catholic faith has been sown, a d wherever it has borne fruit, the rosary of the Blessed Virgin has followed in its wake as a second crop and has flourished in every land, in every clime under the sun. And it is but fair as the illustrious Leo XIII., of hallowed memory, most truly says: "So will the love of Mary continue to swell and throb in the vast arteries of humanity, the veins of true Christians, shall shall Catholicism cause it to overflow lips and hearts. Fervent invocations and sublime devotion resound in an immense concert, echoing from North to South, from East to West, to accomplish the strange prophecy which fell from the lips of the Lily of Israel ages ago: 'All generations shall call me blessed.'"

The missionaries who preached the Catholic faith were themselves devout clients of the rosary and naturally enough when, with the help of God, they succeeded in making converts to the faith of which they were the heralds, among other valuable practices of piety they bequeathed to their spiritual children the rich legacy of the Holy Rosary. This devotion, passing from father to son in faithful and uninterrupted succession, has always been cherished by every sincere and warm-hearted Catholic as a most precious inheritance left to him by his forefathers. Such at least is the case in this small corner of the globe, this diocese of Mangalore, which counts a Catholic population about eight thousand strong, who are so enamoured of their rosary as to be devoutly styled "Lovers of the Rosary."

It is to the tireless labors of the Prince Apostle of India—St. Francis Xavier—that our ancestors owed their conversion to the true faith—a grace which it is absolutely not in our power to sufficiently value if we cast a sad look on the unfortunate bulk of the pagan population, groping in the darkness of their absurd religious tenets, in the midst of whom we are a small drop in the ocean. The rosary of the Blessed Virgin taught by the early missionaries has been transmitted to us by our ancestors, and of all the devotions current here the rosary is the one most appreciated and best gone through.

As the rosary is as simple as it can be, it goes without saying that neither learning nor skill is required to recite it. True, it is made up of the grandest and most majestic prayers with which our holy faith is nursed, and the constant recitation of them is well calculated to awaken and instill in us the strongest sentiments of piety and devotion. We have to chronicle with pleasure the fact that even the most ordinary people here, literally an unlettered set, living in the remotest crannies and crevices of the villages, practically shut out from the civilized influences of town life, do possess a rosary and recite it. One of the commonest ornaments on the persons of females, either at home or when they get about, is the rosary round their necks. As a rule people in the villages use rosaries, of which the beads are strung together on a strong thread, which answers their purpose better than wire. For if the thread gives way they knot it up and they have their rosary repaired, while they are at a loss to do the same with wire.

In every family an extremely edifying sight is the daily recitation of the rosary by all the members of the family in common before their little unpretentious home altars. In the parish churches the rosary is publicly recited by the congregation which assembles for the Sunday Mass. The poorer set of people who do not know how to read whenever they drop into the church for some function or other can always be seen reciting the rosary, quietly slipping their beads between their fingers while they devoutly lip the "Hail Mary." In fact, one of the commonest and most usual manner of praying, whether at home or abroad, is the rosary.

Whenever a procession is held the rosary is generally recited or sung by those who take part in it. While the people walk in two rows accompanying a funeral to the church a decade of the rosary is recited after each verse of the Miserere till the church is reached.

During the months of May and October—dedicated in a special manner to the honor and glory of Mary—the rosary is daily recited in several churches, and the impulse given to it by the late Pontiff receives a vigorous stress as days go by.

Another fact which reflects credit on the "Lovers of the Rosary" is that the Cathedral of Mangalore is dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary, and its titular feast is celebrated in a grand style preceded by a novena. There is also among the parishioners a confraternity of Our Lady of the Rosary counting many pious Catholics within its beautiful ranks.

Certain feasts of the Blessed Virgin are heralded by "Salve Devotions" for eight days, which open every day at sunset with the singing of the rosary, in which the congregation takes part. On all saints' day all the members of a family join together and recite fifteen decades of the rosary for the souls in

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purgatory, chiefly of relatives, friends and acquaintances. While imploring Divine assistance in time of plague, famine or drought and the thousand and one ills to which flesh is heir, the rosary is the best instrument with which the help of God is imploringly beseeched and effectively obtained by the faithful of this place. The rosary is often seen twined round the hands which are joined on the breast of a dead body decently got up for burial.

These edifying features which characterize the devotional feelings of a community of people living in the midst of a pagan atmosphere plainly show how well the lovely appellation of "Lovers of the Rosary" suits them. That the rosary is a form of prayer, which is singularly pleasing to the Blessed Virgin is too well known to need any proof, and as to the showers of blessings both of soul and body that have been generously lavished by her on those devout clients who honor her by this devotion, the religious march of events and the lives of saints bear ample testimony. The burning words of Leo XIII.—the Pope of the Holy Rosary—while they echo from pole to pole, keep constantly ringing in the ears of a Catholic flock, the very breath of whose nostrils and the very chords of whose prayerful supplications is the "rosary" and "the charming rosary." As the rosary has proved itself a priceless treasure and a wealthy boon wherever it is faithfully recited, it is needless to say that it is and that it will be no less so in this faraway corner of the world, dark though it is with the thick clouds of pagan practices and superstitions, and therefore the Blessed Mother of the Rosary is sure to cherish with a motherly affection the lovers of her rosary in a pagan land.

O Maria sis Mihi propitia.

(Rev.) S. Valore, St. Joseph's Seminary, Mangalore, South Canara, British India.

CATHOLIC HOSPITALS.

A sermon preached at the First Baptist Church, this city, recently, by the Rev. Francis H. Rowley, D. D., in aid of the New England Baptist Hospital, says the Sacred Heart Review, recognizes that hospitals are not the outcome of Protestantism, but that they existed in Christendom before Protestantism was thought of. The preacher said:—

Our modern hospitals, however, are the developments of those monastic arrangements whereby the various monasteries of earlier Christendom sought to provide for the sick and poor. Each monastery had its infirmary where not only the sick and convalescent were cared for, but the aged and the blind and the incurable. In the course of time separate buildings were erected for this purpose, and special revenues set apart for their maintenance.

A Beautiful Memorial

Miss Margaret Gardner, a wealthy Baltimore woman who died about three years ago, left \$100,000 to the Catholic University, and jewels valued at \$1,200 to Rev. W. E. Russell of the Baltimore Cathedral to be disposed of as he should see fit. Father Russell sold the jewels and then made a contract with a silver manufacturing firm to furnish him twenty silver chalices. They will be ready in a few weeks and it is Father Russell's intention to present one to each of the twenty churches with the provision that in each of these churches prayers will be said for the repose of Miss Gardner's soul. The chalices will be about fourteen inches high and each will bear an individual inscription of the name of the church, Miss Gardner's name, and the purpose for which the gift is made.

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not ask for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle; but you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.