

lie the remains of one who loved the Church; who loved her solemn rites and holy mysteries; who at her teaching, believed in God, loved God, hoped in God. Whose heart was wounded with contrition; whose soul was healed by the precious balm of her graces. If sin overtook him, his tears flowed, and he was forgiven; and in his person God's justice met with mercy, and gave to his bruised spirit the kiss of peace. There lies one who loved God's poor, and holy poverty; who out of the abundance of his gifts gave of his substance, and from his giving gained new increase. Fortified with the last Sacrament, his soul, in it and the viaticum, felt that it was indeed an unction—oil cast on the troubled waters that he was about to stem, and a safeguard against the storms that raged in his last hour—when, but for that staying hope, he would have fallen into the depths from which the prayer of faith had called him; for during all his pilgrimage, prayer had been his prop, and now, whether praying or being prayed for, the virtue of imprecation returns on either side redoubled, and whether it be for glory or for grace, the chain of communion of heaven with earth in his or our persons, is one, and in both effectual. For like two lutes tuned together in perfect concord, when one is struck the other answers; or as when two strings by a certain arrangement are struck together, a third and independent note is generated of the two in the air,—so when the prayers of the faithful, militant, or suffering, or triumphant, are in concord, a third harmony is generated, which hath affinity to both, and springs from both; and what is this but the COMMUNION OF SAINTS? Oh blessed be God, who has inspired his Church to reveal so sweet

and consoling a portion of our creed, and would that we would but glow the more, and seek, by being tuned in virtue's chord, to beget too a responsive harmony, that so our works may be done for one only end—THE GREATER GLORY OF GOD!

But yet once more we will recall to mind one other page from the book we love to read. It is of another procession—and of the dead.

Among the olive-trees that wind their old roots and trunks in such fantastic shapes,—amid the orange-trees that shed their sweet perfume in the air,—amid the clustering vines that wed the trees in gay and wild festoons, there is a voice of chaunting, but it is of joy not of sorrow. See it winds forward and draws near. "*Laudate, pueri, Dominum, Laudate nomen Domini.*" Can these be the accents of death: or is it some festival of joy? Headed by the Cross, with lighted tapers in their hands, see an innocent band of children all in white, bearing a white bier and a white pall, and see that venerable priest wearing a white stole. It is a festival of joy, and can those be tears which the mother weeps?—and for whom? Is that fair infant, beautiful as alabaster, who lies with a wreath of flowers on its head, and a cross of roses on its breast, and with that ineffably beautiful smile, which is only to be seen in sleeping infancy,—is she dead? and are those tears tears of sorrow which the mother weeps?*

She is not dead, but sleepeth. Her

* The Burial Service of Children who die in their innocence after Baptism, is appropriately solemnized as a ceremonial of joy in the Catholic Church. The flowers denote the sweet-smelling fragrance of virginal integrity in which they have departed to the spotless King of Virgins.