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How many hearts, after having discharged their load of sin and sorrow in the tribulation of Penance, will be glad in the comfort of peace, and that rainbow of hope, and on the glories come around with eyes full of affection and gratitude, welling up from infinite love, to thank him who is the Father, the merciful God, who, notwithstanding his many cruelties, has placed him into the robe of innocence, and on his finger the ring that should cement him to a Father's love and a son's gratitude and fidelity. — O, our hope will once be youth! — In this holy retreat of Niagara Falls, that will hold the calm and content, the true pleasure of serving God, and the real joy of having escaped the terrors of the world to come.

In winter time, also, the pilgrim will be taught sublime lessons. The trees and shrubs around are covered with ice, and myriads of glassy pendants hang from the branches, reflecting in dazzling brightness the rays of the sun, and by night those of the moon. May he not consider a soul ennobled by the beauty of God's graces, purchased for Him through the blood of Christ. He will hear a crash. It is a branch of a tree that breaks down under its weight of riches. Alas! how many souls break away from God, though highly favored with His special graces, and are never again engrafted on the vine that is Christ. Again may it not remind him of the death of the young, the beautiful, and the high-born, snatched away from the caresses of friends, the splendors of fortune, and laid low in the grave. The lunar bow