

passion according to the Gospel of St. John read to him, and then repeated in a feeble voice the one hundred and forty-first Psalm. Having said the final verse. "Bring my soul out of prison," he breathed his last.

St. Thomas Aquinas died lying on ashes sprinkled on the floor. When he saw the Holy Viaticum in the priest's hands, he said, "I firmly believe that Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, is present in this august sacrament. I adore thee, my God and my Redeemer. I receive thee, the price of my redemption, the viaticum of my pilgrimage, for whose honor I have studied, labored, preached and taught. I hope I have never advanced any tenet as Thy word which I had not learned from Thee. If through ignorance I have done otherwise, I revoke it all and submit my writings to the judgment of the holy Roman Church." Thus lying in peace and joy, he received the last sacraments, and was heard to murmur, "Soon, soon, will the God of all consolation crown His mercy to me and satisfy all my desires. I shall shortly be satiated in Him and drink of the torrent of my delights; be inebriated from the abundance of His house; and in Him the source of life, I shall behold the true light."

There is a touching account of a young man—a renowned and pious knight, who in the ages of faith, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Following lovingly the traces of our Saviour's steps, his heart became so broken with sorrow and love that his life flowed out through the wound. He visited with tender devotion Nazareth, whose hills leaped for joy when the Divine Word became incarnate in the womb of a virgin; Mount Tabor, whose summit was lit up by God glorifying His Only Son; the River Jordan, consecrated by the baptism of our Lord, received at the hands of St. John the Baptist; Bethlehem, where in a poor manger were heard the first cries of the Infant Word; the Garden of Gethsemane, which Jesus bedewed with a bloody sweat; Golgotha, where by His Blood the Redeemer reconciled earth with heaven; and the glorious tomb where the God-man issued triumphant over death. Finally he came to the Mount of Olives. Here, contemplating the sacred footprints left on the rock by the ascending Saviour, he pressed his lips upon them with loving gratitude; then, gathering together