

O deplorable custom ! O presumptuous negligence ! It is then in vain the adorable Sacrifice is daily offered on our altars ! In vain we stand at the altar to distribute the " Bread of Life " ! No one approaches to receive. What ! you are among those who could communicate daily, and your culpable negligence causes you no uneasiness. Reflect, I beg of you.... Tell me, what would you think of a guest invited to a banquet and refusing to eat ? Would he not seriously offend his host.

St John Chrysostome.

An Unexpected Retort

THE illustrious Father Lacordaire was dining one day at a hotel in a provincial City. Not far from him sat a commercial traveller, a self-satisfied person who was entirely lacking in the reserve characteristic of culture. It was Friday, a fast day, and the talkative man found the occasion a good one to show the public how superior he was to anything that could be termed old prejudices. After several sarcastic remarks, more or less witty, against fasts, superstitions, and so on, noticing that the priest partook of the scanty fare without a word, he seemed to be annoyed at the slight effect produced by his remarks. Finally he addressed the reverend gentleman as he passed an omelette, the greater part of which he had himself appropriated.

" It is a first principle with me, sir," he said, " to believe nothing I can't understand. Isn't that right."

" Sir," answered Father Lacordaire courteously, helping himself to the remains of the omelette, " do you understand how heat, which melts iron and lead, hardens these eggs ? "

" Upon my word, I don't " said the commercial traveller, quite taken aback by the unexpected question.

" Neither do I," observed the priest pleasantly. " But I am glad, to see that your lack of comprehension does not prevent you from believing in omelettes."