

nal joy with the sorrows of her dear children, and leads them by Hope as well as by Penance, Faith and Love to the glories of their true country.

Many of her children have listened to her maternal voice. The impious man has forsaken his way, and the unjust man his thoughts, and have returned to the LORD their GOD.

The wretched Prodigal who was perishing with hunger in a strange land, has from the lowest depths of his misery, heard her affectionate invitations and contrasting the delicious plenty of his Father's House with the foul husks of swine which Satan flings to his hapless victims, his heart yearns for the paternal abode, his soul is drenched with bitterness, his conscience is torn by remorse, his eyes are filled with tears. In the midst of all his misery a bright ray from the star of grace has fallen upon his darksome spirit.

And his resolution was instantly taken, for he said: *I will arise and I will go to my Father.*

And he has arisen, and come, and cast himself at his Father's feet, and cried out from his heart of hearts:

*Father! I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee!*

*Father! I am no longer worthy to be called thy child: make me as one of thy hired servants!*

And his Father has clasped him to his pardoning bosom, and the ingratitude the past is all forgotten—and the memory of his son's guilt is drowned in

joy because the lost one is found, because the Dead is returned to Life again!

And shall not that lost one's mother exult? Will not her heart expand and rejoice? Who can wonder then that even in the midst of Lent, she has her *Latare* Sunday, on which she is congratulated and the rest of her children summoned to partake her joy?

Let us then sing. Rejoice, O Jerusalem, and meet together all you who love her!

Rejoice, Jerusalem, because your lost and erring children have returned. And meet together all you who love this tender Mother, that you may celebrate with her this feast of gladness, this triumph of repentance, this delightful union of filial sorrow and parental love!

And you who have been in grief for the loss of your brethren, rejoice exceedingly, at their happy return to your Father's House.

And you, poor sinners, too long unhappy, too long wallowing amid the husks of swine, but now returned to your Heavenly Father, now come back to your affectionate Mother for that consolation which you sought for amongst strangers in vain—do you exult exceedingly, aye, and leap for joy and be satiated with comfort from her breasts!

As nought can heal the anguish of the tearful and suffering babe so much as the mother's breast, so none but your mother the Church knows how to console you that were in sorrow, nothing