

his long watching, but of the fulness of his contentment, of the satisfaction of his desires, of the very new youth of soul which the touch of the Eternal Child had infused into his age, and, breaking forth into music which heaven itself might envy and could not surpass, he died with his world-soothing song upon his lips—a song so sunsetlike that one might believe that all the beauty of earth's beautiful evenings since creation had gone into it to fill it full of peaceful spells. Age after age shall take up the strain. All the poetry of Christian weariness is in it. It gives a voice to the heavenly detachment and unworldliness of countless saints. It is the heart's evening light after the working hours of the day to millions of believers. The very last compline the Church shall sing, before the midnight when the doom begins and the Lord breaks out upon the darkness of the refulgent East, shall overflow with the melodious sweetness of Simeon's pathetic song."

It is an edifying study to turn to "Butler's Lives of the Saints" and contemplate the death scenes of some of the great servants of God. St. Oswald, Archbishop of York, and the Venerable Bede died after repeating the *Gloria Patri*. St. Ignatius Loyola died with the holy name of Jesus on his lips, that watchword of his glorious society so full of sweetness to the human heart. So died that angelic youth, St. Aloysius. St. Hubert died while repeating the Lord's Prayer; St. Stephen, of Grandmont, while saying "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." So did St. John of the Cross, St. Catherine of Genoa and hundreds of others.

I always love to read the account of the death of the poet-monk Cædmon. Butler describes it in the following impressive words: "That tongue which had composed so many holy words in praise of the Creator, uttered its last words while he was in the act of signing himself with the cross, and thus he fell into a slumber to awaken in Paradise and join the hymns of the holy angels whom he had imitated in this world, both in his life and in his songs."

St. Dunstan had Mass celebrated in his room on the day of his death, and after communicating, he broke forth into the following prayer to the Blessed Sacrament: