

was on the land, he threw himself at his feet and embraced his knees with the deepest love and reverence. The saint raised and embraced him; but as if he felt uneasy under the honour conferred on him, he passed to every one of the crew and embraced and welcomed them. "Holy Father and most dear brother," said he, as soon as he had welcomed each, "let me assist you in bringing the most necessary articles in the vessel to my cavern, which, thank God, is pretty comfortable, and large enough for all. For seven years I have not seen form or face of a brother, nor enjoyed the happiness of being present at Mass. I praise Thee, O my Saviour, with all my powers for that great benefit which I shall, with Thy divine permission, obtain on this festival of Thy Nativity."

They collected whatever was most needful, and followed their guide and host to his cavern, which, though unpromising enough in outward appearance, was tolerably commodious within, and now rendered cheerful by the presence of a good fire. The hermit's provisions consisted of some dried fish and pure spring water. The ship's stock of hard cakes was not yet all consumed, and a piece of the hard bread was as acceptable to the recluse as the pure water was to his guests. So, after a couple of hours occupied in the appropriate devotions of the festival-eve, they all sat down, and for the first time that day tasted food.

The vigil was appropriately kept; but few of those who assist once a week at the Holy Sacrifice, with minds and hearts only slightly affected, could conceive the heavenly joy and rapture which took possession of the soul of the recluse as he assisted at the midnight Mass celebrated by St. Brendain. The saint himself was more rapt than usual; and the rest seemed after the sacrifice was ended as if awaking from a blissful dream, in which they had been enjoying Paradise.

So they kept up, as well as they could the twelve days' festivities, being as happy as brotherly love, a lively sense of the immediate protection of Providence, and an all-absorbing love of God could make them.

To be Continued.

SOLEMN WORDS ON CURSING.

THERE is nothing in heaven, nothing on earth, for which the Almighty God has so great a regard as for His own Name. When he speaks of the people of Israel, he says: "I will be their God; I will be in the midst of them. I will give them every grace and every gift," and He tells us that He will crown His graces by putting His name upon them—"and my Name shall be among them." When the inspired Evangelist wants to describe to us the glory of heaven and the brightness of God's saints, he tells upon our foreheads. "For I beheld an hundred and forty-four thousand, and they followed the Lamb, for they were the first fruits of the Lamb and they had His Name and His Father's Name written upon their foreheads." And this is the Name that the Hebrews of old were not permitted to mention, even in prayer; yet this is the name that the half drunken wretch, the man who is neither drunk nor sober—the man whose flushed face and blood-shot eye and shaking hand easily show him to be a drunkard, though he is not drunk—will take upon every occasion. It is nothing but "God" here and "God" there; and perhaps that awful habit of cursing, in which the Almighty God is called upon to execute vengeance, as, for instance, when a man says, "Damn you!" "Blast you!" or when a man tells another in anger to "go to hell!" or any of those things. Consider the insult that man offers to Almighty God. Listen: I will put it before you in three words as clearly as possible. The greatest insult that a man can offer to God is to pass sentence upon his fellow man and then call upon God to execute it. According to the laws of the land, if a man is found guilty—if he is tried for any crime and brought before a judge and jury—when his trial is over, and the jury find him guilty, the judge sentences him. For instance, after a trial for murder, the judge passes sentence upon him, and it is that "on such a day, at such an hour, you are to be put to death." Who executes the sentence? Will the Judge do it? Ah, no; he is too high and dignified a personage. Will the sheriff do it? No. Will the humblest peasant do it? No;