

ALL SAINTS.

Sweetest most personal of all Feasts ! Let us not forget that among the countless Saints whom the Church honors on this day, there are some whose blood flows in our veins. . . some O rapturous thought ! whom we have known and loved personally. Perhaps these beatified souls sympathised deeply with us, while they sojourned here below. Perhaps our life's joy and light died with them. It may be that our tears and suffrages have hastened their entrance into heaven. . . . Do they forget us there ? Has their love been changed by the *torrents of delight* which now inebriate them ? Could we harbor that thought ? Can we doubt their indescribable pity and their unceasing prayers for us, unhappy wayfarers still in the valley of trial ?

On this blessed day, this glorious Feast, one day to be ours also, this hope must be firm, let us soar beyond the miseries of earth.

"Why art thou on the earth ?" Anaxagorus was asked ?

"To think of heaven " was the reply.

PURGATORY.

Let us enter that heavenly workshop of infinite love where the final strokes of the Chisel are being given to complete the resemblance to the Divinity. Let us see what is passing there.

These souls are holy. God loves them and they love Him above all things; they are also certain of not being separated from Him for eternity. Hence it is impossible for them not to feel deep and intense joy as well as radiant hope.

On the other hand, they are suddenly arrested in their course towards God; and, at the moment they would attain to Him, they are repulsed and banished from His presence. They feel themselves sin-stained, displeasing