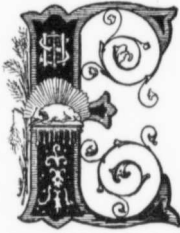


Particular Practice for the Month of November.

Holy Communion for the Dead.



VERY returning November, when the autumnal wind plays havoc with the golden-brown and ruby-red leaves, scattering, whirling, tossing them at its will, casting them on the earth in quaint, fantastic shapes ; when nature, yesterday luxuriant and beautiful, to-day presents to our view but barrenness and decay, the soul in face of this death of earthly things naturally turns to the thought of its own beloved dead. Remembrance of them re-awakens. They emerge from the moss-covered tomb of oblivion, retaking their old familiar place at the family fireside, recalling the sweetness of their companionship, reopening the wound of separation, filling us with yearning, sadder than tears, for their dear living presence. They appear sad yet, at the same time, calm and serene while they tell us of their mysterious world where peace embraces sorrow, where expiation is fraught with love, where punishment is enveloped in hope, where temporal justice purifies, sheltered from all attacks of evil, and daily rises towards eternal justice. In their world, no more pride to combat, no more passions to repress, no more intellectual errors, no more sensuality, no more pitfalls for unwary feet, no more betrayals, no more cowardice, no more falls. Satan is eternally banished from this kingdom acquired by the blood of Jesus and filled with His inamissible life.

The God to whom they belong does not manifest Himself to them ; their King exiles them until such time as their festal garment is whitened, until their crown is polished, until their immaculate girdle is set with faultless and spotless gems. As long as the diamond lacks a facet, or the crown a link, so long must the chisel and the crucible continue their purifying work. Though suffering intensely, yet they bless the Eternal Beauty to whose image they are made and this causes their sweet and