

n gel beholds the face of her Father in heaven. Those lips that have not lisped on earth, are now singing jubilee of praise in heaven. The mother weeps—but her's are tears of nature, not of sorrow; she knows that though she has lost a sweet bud on earth, she has gained a rose in heaven; and therefore, even in tears she can sing "*Laudate, pueri, Dominum*," for she knows that she is gone to Him "who maketh the barren in her house the joyful mother of children." "*Qui facit sterilem in domo matrem filiorum latantem*."

The taint of sin has been unknown; the waters of reconciliation have made this little one purer than our first parents in Eden. They, had they lived in obedience, might have deserved the continuance of their Paradise of pleasure. This little one, by virtue of the unspeakable merits of Him who gave the baptismal covenant for appliance to the souls of the faithful, has merited heaven. Truly she is not dead, but sleepeth, her angel beholds the face of her Father in heaven!

In Fest. Nativ. B.F.M., 1842.

From a

Sermon on the First Sunday of Lent.

BY PERE BOURDALOUE.

But in what does mortification of the flesh consist; and to what is this exercise confined by the practice of the world. Ah, my dear brethren, allow me to tell you, that according to the practice of the world, this virtue is hardly known—that it is despised, nay, that it is looked upon with horror. But no matter what idea the world may form of it, the oracle of the apostle will always endure—that in order to belong to Jesus Christ, and to preserve an inviolable fidelity to him, it is necessary to crucify our flesh, and die to its in-

ordinate passions and desires. Those who are of Christ, have crucified their flesh with its vices and concupiscences, Galat. v. No matter what the opinion of the world, it must ever, that the more a sinner is subject to temptation, the more vigorous and strict becomes this law of the mortification of the body. If we were Christians as we ought to be, these rules of the gospel, although general, would be more than sufficient to make us comprehend our duties. But, because self-love rules us, and because in the excess of an indulgence for ourselves, we hardly overtake the trouble of imposing the slightest penance on ourselves—what has the church done? She has reduced this general precept to a particular commandment, which is the fast of Lent: justifying herself on the one side by our infirmities, and on the other by our wants—forming her rules after the example of the ancient patriarchs, and much more on that of Jesus Christ—relying on the power which God has given her, to make laws for the guidance of her children, and promising on our fidelity, that if we have a sincere desire of mortifying our flesh as much as it is necessary to overcome temptation, we shall not only experience no rigour in the precept, but shall even do much more than she prescribes; because, in the many temptations which we may experience, even this would not be sufficient to restrain our cupidity, or extinguish the fire of our passions.

This is the design which the Church proposed to herself in the institution of this holy fast. But amongst the small number of the faithful who respect the Church, and who seem obedient to her commands, how many are there who change this precept, and by