

doubt as to whether they are mortal sins or not ; or, in fine, that you desire to confess a multitude of evil thoughts to which you always fear having given consent.

I Understand, and I pity you, Christian soul. You will find my reply in the following section.

THE ASCENSION



HERE is sadness and longing painted on the upturned faces of the apostles as they watch their beloved Master drifting from sight in the folding of the heavenward bound cloud. It would seem that for mankind the triumphant return of Jesus to this heavenly kingdom sounds a note of mingled meaning. Joy there certainly is that their Saviour should return to the angelic courts where worthy love and adoration would surround Him whose purest ministration earth had treated ill indeed. The triumph of it all gives them pleasurable pride when they think how, over human puny opposition He so well has done God's own good work. *Opus peregristi tuum.* But then we are so selfish. He is leaving them. How shall they not be in spite of the promised Consoler, 'left orphan's.' How narrow we grow when self impells us ! Our Easter Alleluias are half—forgot.

But for Jesus himself, for heaven and the heavenly court what an unclouded feast ! Our mistaken sorrow cannot impress them. For His going is the opening of heaven's gates to us and He will be with us all days. The victory now is hymned to its fullest in Christ's heart, for with Him to day our human nature enters heaven, and lo.

See thousand thousand angels sing
To welcome their returning King.
And hence the martyrs sing their psalms
And joyous wave triumphant palms.