

Church. The Monastery over which St. Maur ruled with gentle and paternal sway was frequented by the nobility of every land, who eagerly sought his counsel—attracted thereto, by the fame of his eminent sanctity, attended by the innumerable miracles he wrought. “Thou was filled—as a river—with wisdom.” These words spoken of Solomon, may with marked propriety be applied to our Saint. The river borrows its water from the sea: and it returns whence it departed, after having enriched the soil, and blessed with abundance, the countries through which it flowed. Now, Saint Maur was a lordly river: replenished with the waters of divine wisdom, which he imbibed within the bosom of God, the crystal source of uncreated wisdom. And, after having fructified the spiritual soil of countless souls, he descended into the very heart of the Godhead, and there learned those sublime truths which his life so beautifully exemplified—There is not, in Heaven, a sainted child of God within whose crown more sparklingly glitter the rich but rare gems of obedience and purity, than in that which decks the brow of your patron and model, Saint Maur. Through obedience he walked upon the waters. Would you steer your barque safely over the surging sea of life, and escape spiritual shipwreck? Then, as rational creatures, render the tribute of your obedience to your Creator’s will—be ever guided and directed by the dictates of conscience, and adhere tenaciously to the precepts of your mother the Church; they will serve like so many beacon lights to lead you safely to the harbor of a blissful eternity. An old Pagan Philosopher, actuated by purely human motives, thus addressed his son. “My boy, you can not truly love yourself, unless you hate your body.” My dear students, the grand faculties: will, memory and understanding, which proclaim you the master ornaments of creation, are attributed not of your body but of your soul, for which the very Omnipotence waited, watched, and sighed and for which the Holy Spirit put on the wing of a dove, that he might ever lovingly hover around you. If therefore your soul reign not supreme, but is governed by the body, you must needs be ruled by your animal instincts and