

MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER. NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1868. OUR ROMAN CATHOLIC BROTHERS.

SECOND PAPER.

No magazine article for many years has attracted so much attention as that in the Atlantic Monthly for April, entitled "Our Roman Catholic Brethren." As was to be expected, the opinions were diverse, deriving their impress and coloring from the peculiar views of the critics. But in one thing, so far as we have observed, there has been perfect accord—that of granting the talent and impartiality to the talented author.

In the Atlantic for May, he has a second paper on the same subject, the first part of which we publish this week. The method of treatment is somewhat more discursive, but still characterized by the same evident desire to impress others with views honestly entertained. We do not deem it necessary to dwell on passages which may strike our readers as calling for criticism or comment; in the nature of things they were to be expected, and may be safely left unnoted.

That these articles have made durable and wide-spread impressions, we are in a position to know. The following comments are from a New York journal, claiming to have the largest circulation of any paper in the United States: "Mr. James Parton has contributed two essays to successive numbers of the Atlantic Monthly on the condition, work, and prospects of the Roman Catholic Church in America, which are well worthy of the perusal of all thoughtful persons, irrespective of religious opinion. Paradoxical as it may seem, in view of the slow official appreciation of modern movements by that church, it is undeniable that it is the most democratic institution in history. To its fidelity to popular interest it owes its remarkable vitality—a vitality otherwise inexplicable to those who do not agree with its tenets. And if it improve the field opened to it in America, triumphs are yet in store for it exceeding even its traditional grandeur."

Are we all going to be Roman Catholics, then about the year 1870? So we are assured by some of our more sanguine Roman Catholic brethren. And, really, the ancient church, not in this young country only, but in Europe too, and especially in France, Germany, and England, appears to be renewing its youth, and pressing forward most vigorously to occupy and reconquer. It is re-gaining its ascendancy. It is beginning again to take the initiative. It hits back once more. It even succeeds in turning the laugh against us sometimes, which is a great point gained. It has taken the church eighty years to recover from the mockery of one man, and it is now using his terrible weapon against its own enemies. New better brochures have been written than the one recently published in England, and republished in New York, entitled "The Comedy of Convocation in the English Church," in which the one great excellence of that church is ridiculed in the most delicious manner. The point of superiority of the Church of England over some others is, or was, that it allowed a wide latitude of opinion, and did not set up to be an infallible teacher. This is the point ridiculed; and the novelty of the burlesque is, that it is so exquisitely and good-naturedly done. The new blood in beginning to tell. There is one extractable passage of this master-piece of fun, which may serve to illustrate the new spirit of which I speak. "Archdeacon Jolly," one of the speakers at the imaginary convocation, explains the operation of a new society, which, he said, was called "The Society for considering the best means of keeping alive the corruptions of Popery in the interests of Gospel Truth."

"It was a strictly secret organization; but he had been favored, he knew not why, with a copy of the prospectus, and as he had no intention of becoming a member, he would communicate it to the house. It appeared from this document, and could be confirmed from other sources, that a deputation was sent last year to Rome to obtain a private interview with the Pope, in order to entreat his Holiness not to reform a single Popish corruption. A handsome present was intrusted to the deputation, and a liberal contribution to the Peter's Pence fund. The motives set forth in the preamble of the address presented to his Holiness were, in substance, of the following nature: They urged that a very large body of most respectable clergymen, who had no personal ill-will toward the present occupant of the Holy See, and maintained themselves and their families in comfort for many years, exclusively by the abuse of Popery; and, if Popery were taken away, they could not but contemplate the probable results with uneasiness and alarm. Moreover, many eminent members of the profession had gained a reputation for evangelical wit, learning, and piety, as well as high dignities in the Church of England, by setting forth in their sermons, and in public meetings, with all their harrowing details, the astounding abominations of the Church of Rome. The petitioners implored his Holiness not to be indifferent to the position of those gentlemen. Many of their number had privately requested the deputation to plead their cause, with the amiable and benevolent Pius IX. Thus the great and good Dr. M'Nickel represented respectfully that he had filled his church, and let all his pews, during three-and-twenty years, by elegantly slandering priests and nuns, and powerfully illustrating Romish superstitions. A clergyman of noble birth had attained to the honors of the episcopate by handling alternately the same subjects, and a particularly pleasing doctrine of the millennium, and had thus been enabled to confer a valuable living on his daughter's husband, who otherwise could not have hoped to obtain one. An eminent canon of an old Roman Catholic abbey owed his distinguished position, which he hoped to be allowed to retain, to the fact of his having proved so clearly that the Pope was Antichrist; and earnestly entreated his Holiness to do nothing to forfeit that character. A well-known doctor of Anglican divinity was on the point of quitting the country in despair of gaining a livelihood, when the idea of preaching against Popery was suggested to him, and he had now reason to rejoice that he had abandoned the foolish scheme of emigration. Finally,

a young clergyman, who had not hitherto much distinguished himself, having often but vainly solicited a member of his congregation to favor his evangelical attachment, at length hit upon a new expedient, and preached so ravishing a discourse on the matrimonial prohibitions of the Roman Church, and drew so appalling a picture of the domestic infelicities of the Roman priesthood, that on the following Monday morning the young lady made him an offer of her hand and fortune."

Nothing could be better for its purpose than this, and the whole pamphlet of one hundred and thirty-eight pages is executed quite as well. The surprising feature of the performance is, that the author never lapses for a single instant into ill-temper—such is the strength of his talent, and the entireness of his faith. In conversing with Catholic priests, I have been repeatedly struck with the same imperturbable good humor, the same absolute confidence in the impregnability of their position.

Another fruit of the church's recovered audacity lies before me, in the Abbe Maynard's new "Life of Voltaire," called forth, apparently, by the great stir in France resulting from the proposal to erect a national monument to Voltaire in Paris. "You are a lumbar," said Voltaire to the church, in ninety-seven volumes of diatribes. "You're another," replies Abbe Maynard, in two volumes octavo. This indelible Abbe has gone over the thousand volumes or so which contain the yet unwritten story of Voltaire's life, and has gathered from them every incident and every sentence of the cold relation or quotation of which would make against his subject. The result is, that his work is, at once, the truest and the fairest upon Voltaire ever written; most of the facts which he chooses to give are stated with a certain exactness, but most of that in Voltaire's career which made it worth while to relate those facts at all, is not mentioned. It is evident, nevertheless, that the Abbe is as honest as he is patient; he merely cannot see anything in Voltaire except his poor, human foibles. His work is chiefly interesting as another evidence that our Roman Catholic brethren are becoming militant again, and not mean to be hit without striking out from the shoulder at the assailant.

By a curious chance, it happened that the same steamer which brought these two thick volumes from France, brought also Le Vieil Voltaire, of M. Pomperly, also published in 1867, in which two things are asserted of the great master of mockery: 1. That he was the most extraordinary of men; and, 2. That he was the consummate Christian of all times! Both of these works came to me in the same brown-paper parcel. Both were published in the same Paris, in the same year; both were written by Frenchmen for Frenchmen. Such a creature is man when he shuts up in party that mind of his which was meant to range free over the whole! Of these two works, that of the Abbe is by far the most able and thorough; and he does not fail to urge home to the Paris of his moment that the virtuous people of France are still those who go to mass and confess their sins. Ah! that is the difficult argument to answer! As the authoritative expounder of the universe, the wisdom of the Church may, indeed, be nearly accomplished; but as an organization for the inculcation of virtue, the best part of its career is only just now beginning.

Persons who are so unfortunate as to be obliged to travel much in public vehicles and vessels of the city of New York frequently have religious tracts offered them by a fellow-sufferer, who draws a bundle of them from his pocket, and hands them around. It has, perhaps, occurred to others besides myself, what a powerful means of doing good this might be, if the tracts were written in just the right way, on just the right subjects, by truly enlightened and sympathetic men; and perhaps others have wondered, besides myself, that such an obvious and easy way of spreading abroad good knowledge, good principles, and good feeling should be so long neglected, by persons capable of using it with effect. I have yet to see our omnibuses filled with tracts written by such persons as Mr. Emerson, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Norton, Mr. Curtis, Dr. Bellows, Horace Greeley, Dr. Chapin, Mr. Mayo, Mr. Higginson, Mrs. Stowe, Gail Hamilton, Mr. Beecher, Goldwin Smith, Charles Dickens, and all the other good fellows of either sex who love their species, and have a wise or friendly word to say to them. It will only be necessary for them to write a great deal better than they ever did before.

Our Roman Catholic brethren have at length awoke to the power of the four-page tract, and they are using it with increasing frequency and skill. This movement mitigates the horrors of city travel; for the Catholic tracts, besides containing much information little known to us Protestants, are written in a lively strain, often in the form of dialogue. It is not a bad thing, about half-way down town, to have politely put into your hands a sprightly little piece, upon "What my Uncle said about the Pope."

"One day, in the Central Park, we sat down on a nice shady seat, and Uncle George took out a newspaper to read. As his eye glanced down the columns he suddenly gave a grunt, and hit the ground very sharply with his cane. "Got the gout, uncle?" said I. "No, my dear, it's nothing but the old Pope again."

"Who is he, uncle?" I inquired. "I am sorry to say he's a bad man, my dear," replied Uncle George, looking at me over his spectacles, "and always was."

"Why don't the police take him up, then, and try him?" I asked. "Because there are so many people who believe him to be a good man," answered my uncle; and as for trying him, Fred, there's been plenty of that, if you only understood it; but the oftener he is brought into court, the fewer witnesses you can get to appear against him, and he always manages to come off "not guilty."

"How many people believe he is a good man, uncle?" I inquired. "A dozen now, I shouldn't wonder!" "A dozen!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "see here;" and he commenced drawing figures on the graveled walk with his cane. "There," said he, pointing to the sum he had marked on the ground, "what do you make of that?" "There's a 2," said I, "and a naught, and an 8, and six more naughts. Why, uncle, that's two hundred and eight millions!" "That's about it, my dear."

citizenship needs not inquire how he shall become a citizen. But if he turns away from God by sin, then—the short practical answer to his question is, Prepare yourself, and come and make an humble and contrite confession of your sins."

Most of the thirty tracts already issued are evidently designed to be read by Protestants, and aim to give correct statements of certain Catholic doctrines which Catholics claim are publicly misstated by Protestants. In the publication of these and other cheap works a Catholic Publication Society has been formed, precisely similar in design to the "Methodist Book Concern." In short, our Roman Catholic brethren are adopting, one after another, all our Protestant plans and expedients; they are turning our own artillery against us. As usual with them, it is one man who is working this new and most effective idea; but, as usual with them also, this one man is working by, with, and through an organization which multiplies his force one hundred times, and constitutes him a person of national importance. Readers who take note of the really important things transpiring around them will know at once that the individual referred to is Father Hecker, Superior of the Community of the Paulists, and director of the Catholic Publication Society, into the ancient park, and getting ready to run hither by steam. Here, for once, is a happy man—happy in his faith, and happy in his work—spread abroad a knowledge of the true Catholic doctrine he is doing the best thing possible for his native land. A tall, healthy-looking, robust, handsome, cheerful gentleman of forty-five, endowed with a particular talent for winning confidence and regard, which talent has been improved by many years of active exercise. It is a particular pleasure to meet with any one, at such a time as this, whose work perfectly satisfies his conscience, his benevolence, and his pride, and who is doing that work in the most favorable circumstances, and with the best co-operation. Imagine a benevolent physician in a populous hospital, who has in his office the medicine which he perfectly certifies will cure or mitigate every case, provided only he can get it taken, and who is surrounded with a corps of able and zealous assistants to aid him in persuading the patients to take it!

This excellent and gifted man is a native of the city of New York, where his two brothers are well-known as controlling the business of supplying the city with every description of flour and meal; their establishment being among the most extensive of the kind in the world. The father of these three boys was a Presbyterian, and the mother a Methodist; but neither of them was a severe or exacting sectarian, and the boys were allowed the usual free range among all the churches of the town. It was an affectionate, entirely virtuous, and estimable family, of German origin, with a decided bias among the younger members toward spiritual inquiries and subjects. The three boys, in particular, had the true German fondness for one another, and, in due time, went into business together—that very business which has since grown to such wonderful proportions. They began, however, as bakers and dealers in flour in a small way; all three, I believe, working at the kneading-trough and at the oven's fire monthly. Their business prospered; it soon became evident that a great success was within their reach to attain in which they had nothing to do but go on in the way they were going. But this assurance of success having been reached, one of the brothers ceased to find the business interesting. He was young, vigorous, athletic, full of life and cheerfulness, and he said to himself: "A man requires but a few cents a day (this was nearly thirty years ago) for his sustenance; why take all this trouble to get those few cents? Is there anything better or other for a man to do in his short life than earn his living? Must I expend my whole revenue of strength in merely getting the bodily machine going?—must I really? Revolving such thoughts in his anxious mind, he continued faithfully to knead the dough, and draw the loaves. Always an eager reader, he now became a student. He used to be up at four in the morning studying Kant and the other metaphysicians; and, as kneading does not engross the mind, he nailed his algebra to the wall before his trough, that he might use the unemployed portion of his intellect while at work. But, whatever he studied, the questions ever present with him were, What is man? whence came he? why is he here? whither is he going? what does it become him to do?—questions which no creature worthy of the name of man ever escaped, or ceased to ask, until he had either found answers, or ascertained them to be unanswerable.

In a quest of light upon these problems, he was the reader of the sects, attending the services, reading the books, and conversing with the leaders of each. What he longed for was a life of self-renunciation—a life wholly devoted to worthy objects external to himself. He bated to ask Protestants how he, I. T. Hecker, baker of the city of New York, could fulfil such injunctions as, "Sell all and follow me," and, "Forsake father and mother for my sake." They answered that these were figurative expressions, or, if not figurative, yet not applicable to the case of a young gentleman of good business prospects, residing on the populous island of Manhattan in the nineteenth century. "It was going too far; it was mere youthful enthusiasm; it was not suited to the nineteenth century; there was no occasion for anything of that kind in modern times." These remarks silenced him for a while, but did not satisfy him; he was still seeking his religion, and with a deeper longing than before. He resolved to make it his business to do what he could, if necessary, to find the solution of his difficulty. "It is a necessity," he said to himself, "to find a religion coinciding with the dictates of reason, and commensurate with the wants of our whole nature, or else to wait for its revelation. If I find no such religion, and God deigns not to reveal it, then on my tomb shall be written: 'Here lies one who asked with sincerity for truth, and it was not given. He knocked earnestly at the door of truth, and it was not opened. He sought faithfully after truth, and he found nothing.'" He now avoided female society, because he was determined, until the great question was settled, to keep his destiny in his own hands, and not complicate the difficulty by blending with his own fate of another. He withdrew from business, and gave up those brilliant prospects opening before the lungs of Hecker, brother, and set out on a journey in search of wisdom. The world has but one way of judging a case of this nature: "Poor Hecker is crazy;" and perhaps the world is not wholly in the wrong.

Every reader of the Atlantic Monthly has heard of Brook Farm in Massachusetts, where Hawthorne, Ripley, C. A. Dana, G. W. Curtis, and many other young philosophers, took up their abode twenty-five or thirty years ago, and sought to realize in their daily life all that this young New Yorker was meditating. They, too, had indulged the fond delusion of increasing the happiness by lessening the difficulties of life, and of arranging their lives upon a better system than the natural order. To Brook Farm the youthful seeker after wisdom directed his steps, and cast in his lot with the noble band. It may be well to share to make the bread for the household, which he did on the true Hecker principle. No one found at Brook Farm

what he sought there. After nine months' residence Mr. Hecker left that unpeaceful abode no wiser than he came, and went off with Thoreau to one of that philosopher's extremely inexpensive places of residence. They experimented together upon the necessary cost of maintaining human life, and upon this point they actually arrived at a result. They discovered that they could live well enough upon nine cents a day, each—an island of certainty in a sea of doubt, but not large enough for a dwelling-place for two souls. Thoreau found it sufficient for himself for a while, and wrote a highly entertaining book relating to his residence thereon.

Meanwhile, the brothers and friends of Mr. Hecker were pressing him to return and resume his place in the ever-expanding business. After much reflection, it occurred to him that a man having many other men in his employment might perhaps find a sphere for all his nobler aims in promoting their welfare. He may have been reading Carlyle's fantastical Toryism in Past and Present, where this particular kind of impertinence is highly extolled. However that may be, he consented, about the time of his coming of age, to return to the ordinary life of men, and to take his proper place in the business, on two conditions: 1. That the three brothers should possess all things in common, have no separate possessions; and, 2. That he should have control of all the men employed. His brothers gladly consenting, he returned. He now tried in all ways known to him to benefit the workmen. He fitted up a nice room, and stored it well with books, periodicals, and games, in which he invited them to pass their leisure hours. He endeavored to give them good advice, as well as to comfort and encourage them. But it would not do. The attempt to teach others only brought home the more painfully to his mind how sorely he needed instruction himself. He was trying to feed other men, while himself was starving. Gropping in the dark, blind, blind, he was presuming to guide the steps of his fellows. If he asserted something respecting their duty, and they questioned it, he knew of no infallible standard to which he could appeal. He could not tell them what man's duty really was, for he knew not why man was placed here, nor what placed him, nor whether he was bound, nor whether he was bound anywhere. He did not like to confess this to the men he was trying to help; but if they pressed him close, he stammered and hesitated, and if they pressed him closer, he was dumb. He persevered, however, for a year. Then he gave it up, and resumed his studies and wanderings. He was fully determined not to expend the whole of his energies, and most of his time, in earning that ridiculous sum of nine cents a day needed for keeping the bodily apparatus going. And as for guiding the men engaged in helping him to get those nine cents, it would be time for him to teach them when he himself had found out something.

Fourierism came up about this time. Mr. Brisbane, a young man of fortune, returned from Europe full of the dreams and theories of Fourier; which he proceeded to expound to the public in the young Tribune; and highly creditable it was, both to the man and to the newspaper, to do and risk so much in the discussion of such a subject. To err in the service of man is nobler than to be wise for one's self. Mr. Hecker became acquainted with Mr. Brisbane, discussed Fourierism with him, and, without being able yet to point out the fatal defect in the system, felt that it would not work.

Up to this period—about the twenty-second year of his age—he had never so much as thought of looking into the Roman Catholic doctrine or practice. It had not crossed his mind that there could be anything worth considering in a creed only known to him as the one held by Irish laborers and servants, whom he had seen kneeling before the church doors on Sunday mornings. He was led to think of the Catholic Church through one of its fiercest enemies. About twenty-five years ago there was a preacher in New York named Brownlow or Brownlee, who conceived the brilliant and original scheme of gaining distinction in his profession by calling his Roman Catholic brethren hard names, and holding them up to the execration of mankind. New York was a very provincial place then, and there were still a considerable number of persons living there who could be taken in by charity of that nature. So Brownlow, D.D., flourished for a while. He denounced the Catholic Church most fluently in the old Chatham street chapel, and by and by set up a weekly paper called the Downfall of Babylon, in which he continued the work. In this amusing periodical he inserted a good many extracts from Catholic works, from the decisions of councils held in the Middle Ages, and, especially, from those of the more recent Council of Trent. I can myself remember an interesting list of "anathemas" in the Downfall of Babylon, which led me to expend a small sum at a book-stall, in the days of my youth, in the purchase of the volume containing the complete catalogue of the same, as pronounced by the council just named. It is really remarkable how uniformly denunciation and persecution help each other. Almost any Catholic priest you can name converts; who were made such by people of the Philadelphia riots of 1844, in which one or two Catholic churches were burned. Such things excite inquiry, and when once a person has reached the point of suspecting that Catholic priests are not the designing and insidious monsters which the Brownlows say they are, a reaction is apt to set in, which is often strong enough to carry him into the ancient fold.

No one will be made a Catholic by reading such discourses as that which now has the honor to engage the reader's attention, although it is written in a spirit of sincere respect for the most venerable and the most indispensable of existing institutions. If you wish to make converts, you must adopt the Scarlet Woman style, and set on a mob to burn churches. Mr. Hecker was an occasional hearer of the infuriate Brownlow, and an occasional reader of his Downfall. He read with particular interest, and with nascent approval, some of the decisions of the Council of Trent, especially the one that repudiates Luther's doctrine called "Justification by faith alone," which had long appeared to him questionable, if not absurd and injurious. It seemed to him, or began to do so, that it was more congenial to human nature, and more reasonable, for man to work out his salvation, and to be able to merit something of his Creator. Even so recently as twenty-five years ago, many people still attached importance to these theological niceties, which now few unprofessional persons regard or know anything about. So long as all are agreed that good works are to be done—as many of them as possible—and bad works are to be left undone—the moralized mind cares little for the precise theological process by which these duties are established. It was also pleasing to this young Protestant to know that the Catholic Church, as a church, had uniformly opposed the doctrines named after Calvin, who burned his brother at the stake because that brother indulged in some vagaries of opinion upon subjects about which no man's opinion has any value, since it cannot be founded upon knowledge.

But it was not these things that made this young inquirer after truth a Roman Catholic. The great conversions are not effected through the understanding. What he wanted was, to devote himself to something high and good; and he soon discovered that the strength of the Catholic Church lies in the very fact that it furnishes opportunities for every kind and every degree of self-sacrifice. Those dreams of "selling all he had," of "forsaking father and mother, brother and sister," of dedicating his entire existence to noble labors, which his Protestant friend had pitied, derided, and disapproved, he found that the Catholic Church recognized, understood, welcomed, blessed, and employed. If a compassionate girl had a genius for nursing the sick; if a gifted woman felt herself impelled to instruct the ignorant; if a man had within him an undeveloped power to rouse the torpid consciences of vicious men; if another thought he could serve his fellows best by a life of contemplation; if another would go to the ends of the earth to civilize the savage; if a seaman aspired to a nobler fate than such a marriage as an heiress usually incurs; if a man of fortune desired to employ himself and his wealth in noble uses; yes, and if a poor, desecrated woman, placed in relation to the world inextricably false, longed to atone for the error of an hour by a lifetime of devotion, and to consecrate her very contribution to the service of her kind, the Catholic Church, he was assured, opened her bosom to all and each of these, and gave them the opportunity they craved. It was this that was the heart of the anxious wanderer, tired by his six years of perplexity and unrest. He was living with Thoreau in Massachusetts, in their usual abstemious manner, when the grand decision was made, and to Thoreau it was first communicated. The convert was then twenty-three years of age; and, now that he is forty-seven, he still looks back to that moment as the most fortunate of his life; for he has found in the service of the Church the complete realization of his early dreams.

He soon felt what our Roman Catholic brethren call "vocation" to the priesthood, which was recognized genuine, and he went to a convent in Germany to complete his preparation for the office. After his education he returned to his native land, and joined one of the numerous orders which play into and cooperate with the general work of the Church. [To be Continued.]

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.—On Easter Sunday in the Church of the Holy Redeemer, New York the services were very impressive and beautiful, and renewed the old Catholic feelings and devotion which were generally prevalent in the ages of faith. The Te Deum was sung, in union with the choir, by nearly three thousand members of the congregation. When will we, Anglo or Franco-American Catholics imitate or revive the devotional habits of old Catholic times when the congregation and the choir united enthusiastically in the Gregorian style, in chanting the praises of God? How much more appropriate, and in unison with ecclesiastical tradition, to sing the simple and harmonious chants of the ancient church, than the ornamental, elaborate, and but too often wretchedly executed pieces of modern composers, many of whom think more of their own fame, than of the subject matter of the hymn, or the glory of God. In a church where so much importance is very justly attached to the rubrics, impressive ceremonies, with solemn and appropriate music, is a duty.

PROTESTANT METHOD OF SETTLING CHURCH DIFFERENCES.—The disgraceful scenes attending Dr. Potter's sentence on Mr. Tyng are bearing their legitimate fruits. Courtesy and the decencies of life are fast giving place to brutal demonstrations, in which muscular arguments are found more potent than spiritual admonitions. The New York Evening Post referring to a late case, says:

Children, be devout and respectful to our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and heed not what others say or do to the contrary. St. Casimir, King of Poland, was so devout to the Blessed Sacrament that he went barefooted to pay his homage and adoration, and remained prostrate before it many hours. St. Francis Borgia, when Duke of Candia, interrupted his hunting pleasures to accompany the Holy Viaticum; and Ferdinand II of Austria; Sebastian, King of Portugal, Theodosius II, Duke of Braganza, were also accustomed to show it particular regard; Saint Aloysius, the patron and model of youth, had to force himself, as it were, from the church where it was kept; and the celebrated Leopold, Archduke of Austria, paid so little regard to human respect, that on meeting the Blessed Sacrament in his road, he instantly dismounted from his carriage or his horse, and bowed himself on his knees to the ground in adoration; he then demanded a taper from the bystanders, and reverentially accompanied it on its way. —Acc Maria.

It is when we are sorrowful that we feel the need of heaven; accordingly, God promises it to those that mourn, and calls them blessed, because they shall be comforted.

When God wills that we should love, it is eternally. Holy friendship is nothing but an overflow of that charity that never fail-eth.

People may be instructed by those who may have less sense than themselves—as a man be guided by a finger-board that has no sense at all.