

And looking with trust in thy tender eyes,
We shall see where the path to His dear will lies.

17. Sorrow or joy—repose or labor—

We dare not choose, if a choice there be—
Whether to rest with our Lord on Thābor,
Or kneel by His side in Gethsēm'ane;
Whether, with John, on His breast to lean,
Or carry His Cross with the Cyrenean.

18. Speak, little Queen! e'er the present flees us,

And tell us the secret of the King—
The wish of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,
On whom we rely, to whom we cling.
Show but the path of His will, dear Mother,
And the hearts of thy children will seek no other.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

SECTION VIII.

I.

33. LETTER TO AN INVALID.

POOR child! poor mother! how I pitied both you and Valentine during those three days of suffering, anguish, agony! It was a trial that God was submitting you to; He willed that, like the Mother of Jesus, a sword of sorrow should pierce through your soul. But your child is saved; she is given back to you, the dear little one, the precious treasure you so much love; oh happiness, twofold happiness! for you, too, are given back to me. I seemed to see you dead beside that mournful little bed.

2. How I bless God, my friend, for this recovery, when I think of that fearful faculty of suffering that is in you! Alas! this it is that consumes you, that destroys your health—your always having something to suffer;—without speaking of what you add, by your way of thinking, to your moral sufferings. No doubt it is well to look upon our pains as trials, as chās'tise-

ments that God sends; for they can be nothing else. I am comforted to see you thoroughly understand this; but now I fear your going too far, and, instead of submitting with resignation, sinking into despair. I meet with that word in your letter, and do not like it—God does not allow that fearful word despair in the mouth of a Christian. 'Tis the language of hell; never use it again, I pray you, you who ought to have so much hope, whose heart is turning more and more heavenwards, who are so evidently loved and sustained by God.

3. Such as I see you, you appear to me a very miracle of Divine help. Without it, could you have resisted so many assaults of all kinds, falling one after the other, now on the heart, now on the health? Stronger than you have succumbed;¹ something superhuman is keeping you up, enabling you to live. One may, indeed, venture to say this when the faculty give you up, and medical science is wholly at fault. Must we not believe that there is a higher faculty that takes care of you and prolongs your life? But you think that science has been of use to you; very well, then, let her go in peace and leave you now alone; it would be much better, I think, not to afflict yourself with so many different kinds of treatment. Only you suffer, and remedies must needs be sought for. My dear invalid, you will find them in calm, in heart-peace, in the cessation of all that has disturbed, deranged, destroyed your health. In you, as in so many others, it is the soul that kills the body.

4. However, you are better, much better than a short while ago; even the enthusiasm for ugliness is passing away! 'Twas a reaction from another extreme: that is the light in which I view it, however good the mood in which it appears to have visited you. The love of beauty is too natural to us to change thus suddenly into a love of ugliness, unless in the case of a miracle of conversion such as has been seen in the saints. Sublime transformation, unveiling of the Divine beauty which ravishes the soul, makes it forget the beauty of the body, nay, even hate it as an occasion of sin; but what purity, what detachment this! Which of us women have got so far? I, who am not pretty, can not wish to be ugly. You see where I stand

¹ Suc cūmbed', yielded; given way.

with my *sublime contemplations*; they have not been able to raise me above vanity.

5. Oh, dear friend, do not let us talk about contemplation; that is the state of the blessed in heaven; for us poor sinners it is much to know how to humble ourselves before God in order to groan over our wants and sins. It may be beautiful to soar; but looking into one's heart is very useful. One discovers what is going on within, a knowledge indispensable to our spiritual progress—indispensable to salvation. Is not this much better worth than ecstasies and transports, than a piety of the imagination which rises as in a balloon to touch the stars, and then collapsing, falls back to earth! There is an ideal side in devotion which has its dangers, which fills the fancy with heaven, angels, seraphic thoughts, without infusing any solid principle into the heart, or turning it to the love of God and the practice of His law. Without this, even if we spoke with the tongue of angels, we should be nothing better than "*sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.*"

6. This passage from an Apostle has always impressed me, and made me fear to speak about piety without having my soul sufficiently imbued with it; but you keep assuring me that my letters do you good, which encourages me and leads me to think that God wills me to write to you. I will not, therefore, be any longer ungrateful, but happy to believe that I render you happy, all inconceivable as that may be. I should never have suspected it, nor that I had scattered flowers over the arid¹ hours of your life. How can this have happened? Charming mystery, that the heart can at once solve: you love me, I love you; that gives a charm to everything, even to my little *Lady of eleven o'clock*, poor floweret of the field, quite bewildered and overjoyed with all the pretty speeches made to it by you and your friend.

7. But you may praise it without flattery; 'tis a lovely flower. I am very fond of it. If ever I come to your garden, I should be inclined to plant some for you; it would be a something of that Cayla that you so like, where you sometimes dwell, where you take refuge from the world. You saw me quite correctly in my little room, writing, reading, looking out from my win-

¹ Ar'id, dry; parched with heat.

dōw upon a whole valley of verdure, where sings the nightingale. That was quite right for a little while, but afterward see me out of doors, surrounded by hens and chickens, or spinning, sewing, embroidering with Marie in the great hall. We are much occupied with household matters; from one thing to another the day gets filled up; life passes; afterward will come heaven, I hope.

8. Meanwhile I find myself happy where I am; elsewhere I should perhaps be less so. I acknowledge that, as you say, I am born to inhabit the country. God has placed me well; He orders all things lovingly and wisely; He does not bid the violet spring up in the streets. 'Tis in my nature to be happy here, far from the world and its pleasures, with no need of courage to change what you call my misfortunes into happiness. What misfortunes? I can not see that I have any. I have only known family sorrows. Do not go and imagine that I must have suffered much to have arrived at my present state, at the calm condition that you look upon as a victory. It is that of the soldier who is not called out under fire, nothing more. There is no moral in it, or very little, for always there is some little warfare to carry on in one's own heart.

9. My dear Marie, you would have been the same if you had lived far from the world. The double woman would no longer be seen. The one who discerns the emptiness of all pleasures, despises them, sighs after an invisible good unknown here below, who understands that there are no true enjoyments save in the love of God—oh! that one, that woman after God's heart, would prevail over the woman of the world, full of vanities, proud of her triumphs, searching after every sort of enjoyment, and, in short, preferring *pleasure to ennui*.¹ What an expression! how well it tells what the soul craves—failing God, *pleasure!*

10. Well, then, this double nature, whose conflicts you feel so keenly, which we all bring with us into the world, would be changed into a good one, had you nothing wherewith to sustain the bad. It is the world that feeds it. That is why the Gospel says, "Woe to the world, because it destroys souls." Happy

¹ Ennui (ong wē'), weariness; lassitude; languor arising from want of interest.

they who are far from it! Only see how true this is, and consider whether that friend of yours who used to be called the angel of angels would have received that appellation had she lived in the whirlpool of Paris. *She knew nothing of the world*; happy ignorance, which will have taken her into heaven, where nothing enters but what is pure as a little child.

11. But is there no safety except in a desert? Let us beware of affirming this, or limiting heaven. We may save our souls everywhere, serve and love God everywhere; even the throne has had its saints. We need only recall St. Louis¹ to believe in the most difficult of salvations. I read with especial delight the history of his sister, that blessed Isabelle, so humble in the midst of grandeur, so averse to pleasures, so innocent and penitent, confessing so frequently, giving to the poor what she might have spent in decking herself, the delight of her brother and of his court, through the gentleness and gracious qualities which made her wept by all when she retired into her house of Sainte Claire, at Longchamp, to die.

12. Lofly and touching instances these of what grace can effect in willing hearts, of the triumphs of faith over the world. We who see them should despair of nothing, however perilous our position may be. We are never tried above our strength. In the matter of salvation, will is power, according to the motto of Jacotot.² Who was that Jacotot? Some one, no doubt, who thoroughly understood the potency of the will, that mighty lever that can raise men to heaven. DE GUERIN.

EUGENIE DE GUERIN, whom it is hardly an exaggeration to call the most delightful French writer of this century, when one considers the exquisite grace of her style and the delicate, subtle charm of her individuality, as it reveals itself in her letters, journals, and occasional poems, has a reputation entirely independent of any efforts on her own part to bring herself before the reading world. It was not until after her death, in 1848, that her journals and her correspondence with her brother, Maurice de Guerin, and other friends, were brought to light by those who had long known the rare qualities they exhibited, even from a merely literary standpoint. They were edited by G. S. Trebutien, and admirably translated into English by an unknown hand, which has preserved in a marked degree the peculiar aroma of the original. Mdle. de Guerin was born at the chateau of Le Cayla, Languedoc, January 25, 1805, and died there, May 31, 1848.

¹ Louis IX., King of France, born at Poissy, April 25, 1215; died near Tunis, Africa, August 25, 1270; canonized during the pontificate of Boniface VII., in 1305. His feast is celebrated on August 25.
² Jacotot (zhä ko tō').

II.

34. KING'S BRIDGE.

THE dew falls fast, and the night is dark,
And the trees stand silent in the park;
And winter passèth from bough to bough,
With stealthy foot that none may know;
But little the old man thinks he weaves
His frösty kiss on the ivy leaves.

From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppèth down,
And it washèth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
Old trees by night are like men in thought,
By poetry to silence wrought;
They stand so still and they look so wise,
With folded arms and hälf-shut eyes,
Möre shadowy than the shade they càst
When the wan moonlight on the river passèd.
The river is green, and runnèth slow—
We can not tell what it saith;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so döth Death!

2. Oh! the night is dark; but not so dark
As my poor soul in this lonely park:
There are festal lights by the stream, that fall,
Like stars, from the casements of yonder hall.
But harshly the sounds of joyance grate
On one that is crushed and desolate.
From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppèth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
O Mary! Mary! could I but hear
What this river saith in night's still ear,
And cätch the faint whispering voice it brings
From its lowlands green and its reedy springs,

It might tell of the spot where the grāybēard's spade
Turned the cold wet earth in the lime-tree's shade.

The river is green, and runneth slow—
We can not tell what it saith ;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death !

3. For death wās born in thy blood with life—
Too holy a fount for such sad strife :
Like a secret curse from hour to hour,
The canker grew with the growing flower ;
And little we deemed that rosy streak
Was the tyrant's seal on thy virgin cheek.
From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
But fainter and fainter thy bright eyes grew,
And redder and redder that rosy hue ;
And the half-shed tears that never fell,
And the pain within thou wouldst not tell,
And the wild, wan smile—all spoke of death,
That had withered my chosen with his breath.
The river is green, and runneth slow—
We can not tell what it saith ;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death !
4. 'Twas o'er thy harp, one day in June,
I marvelled the strings were out of tune ;
But lighter and quicker the music grew,
And deadly white was thy rosy hue ;
One moment—and back the color came—
Thou calledst me by my Christian name.
From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
Thou bāddest me be silent and bold,
But my brain was hot, and my heart was cold.

I never wept, and I never spake,
But stood like a rock where the salt seas break ;
And to this day I have shed no tear
O'er my blighted love and my chosen's bier.
The river is green, and runneth slow—
We can not tell what it saith ;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death !

5. I stood in the chūrch with burning brow,
The lips of the priest moved solemn and slow.
I noted each pause, and counted each swell,
As a sentry numbers a minute-bell ;
For unto the mourner's heart they call
From the depths of that wondrous ritual.
From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
My spirit was lōst in a mystic scene,
Where the sun and moon in silvery sheen
Were belted with stars on emerald wings,
And fishes and beasts, and all fleshly things,
And the spheres did whirl with laughter and mirth
Round the grave forefather of the earth.
The river is green, and runneth slow—
We can not tell what it saith ;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death !
6. The dew falls fast, and the night is dark ;
The trees stand silent in the park ;
The festal lights have all died out,
And naught is heard but a lone owl's shout ;
The mists keep gathering more and more,
But the stream is silent as before.
From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.

Why should I think of my boyhood's bride
As I walk by this low-voiced river's side?
And why should its heartless waters seem
Like a horrid thought in a feverish dream?
But it will not speak; and it keeps in its bed
The words that are sent us from the dead.

The river is green, and runneth slow—
We can not tell what it saith;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death!

FABER.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, a native of England, was born June 28, 1815, and died September 26, 1863. He was educated at Oxford, and became a clergyman of the Established Church. In 1845 he was converted to the Catholic faith, and after his ordination to the priesthood in 1847, he entered the Oratorian Congregation. Both before and after his conversion, Father Faber was an author held in high esteem among critics of reputation. His poems, which were for the most part written before that event, comprise "The Cherwell Water Lily and Other Poems," 1840; "The Styrian Lake and Other Poems," 1842; "Sir Lancelot, a Poem," 1844; "The Rosary and Other Poems," 1845; and a volume of "Catholic Hymns," some of which, for the most part distorted and modified, have passed into the service of all religious denominations. Father Faber is best known, however, as the writer of a series of devotional works, which have had an unparalleled popularity. They comprise "All for Jesus," 1854; "Growth in Holiness," 1855; "The Blessed Sacrament," 1856; "The Creator and the Creature," 1857; "The Foot of the Cross," 1858; and "Spiritual Conferences," 1859. He was the author also of an "Essay on Beatification and Canonization," 1843. At his death he was the superior of the Oratory at Brompton.

III.

35. THE WORLD.

IF a pagan were to take up a New Testament by chance, he would certainly be puzzled by what is said there about the world. He might even fancy that there was some inconsistency in it. On the one hand, with what yearning love and tenderness is it spoken of! "Göd so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son."—"God sent not His Son into the world to judge the world, but that the world might be saved by Him." Our very hearts leap within us for joy when we hear Jesus call Himself *Salvator mundi*, *Lux mundi*—the Saviour of the world, the Light of the world. O blessed Jesus! why is Thy curse upon that world of Thine deep in proportion to the depth of Thy love for it? Why on the eve of Thy death except it from Thy prayer? Why art Thou so tender and so kind to sinners, so hopeful to the end of their conversion,

while, as for the world, Thou dost treat it as Thy desperate enemy, as though there was a fatality upon it which compelled it to hate Thee and Thine?

2. The Apostles take up the anathemas¹ of Jesus. St. James says to us, "Know you not that the friendship of this world is the enemy of God? Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of this world becometh an enemy of God." The Apostle of Love is the most solemn in his warnings: "Love not the world, nor the things which are in the world. If any man love the world, the charity of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world is the concupiscence² of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life, which is not of the Father, but is of the world." St. Paul is not less energetic. He looks upon the world as under the power of the evil one, for he speaks of "walking according to the course of the world, according to the prince of the power of the air." He considers that the very purpose for which Christ died was "to deliver us from this present wicked world."

3. Can anything be more evident than that it is a first principle of Christianity that the world is thoroughly and utterly bad? Yet how careful is the same Apostle, St. Paul, to remind the Christians that they still have duties in and for this world. He modifies one of his rules³ expressly, because if they followed it literally, it would be tantamount⁴ to quitting the world. He legislates for the behavior of Christians at a banquet given by a heathen, taking it for granted that Christians were to mix with the great world. Evidently he who wished us to be dead and crucified to the world did not intend us to cease to be gentlemen, or to set the laws of society at defiance.

4. Christian dogma⁵ presents the same twofold view of the world and our relations to it. The history of the Church has been a life-long struggle with Manicheism⁶ in every possible

¹ A *nāth'e ma*, a formal curse.

² *Cōn cū' pis cence*, unlawful desire.

³ 1 Cor., ch. 5, v. 27.

⁴ *Tān'ta mount*, equal.

⁵ *Dōg'ma*, positive settled rule in matters of religion.

⁶ *Man i che'ism*, the heretical

doctrines of Manes, a Persian philosopher, who taught that there are two supreme principles, one of which is the author of all good, and the other the author of all evil. He pretended that all material things proceeded from the latter source, and that even the legitimate