APOTHEOSIS OF LEO XIII

Description of a Grand Event in St. Peter's Church.

The Espal Coremony Beautifully Deseribed by an Roclesiastic The Rosen blance of Mis-Moliness to the Saints of the Middle Age.

The Papal ceremony at St. Peter's reponded to the general expectation. It vas almost a photographic repetition of the jubilee mass of the lat of January, 1882. The only difference that I can note is that the weather was finer, the assembly more electrified, and the Pope younger. What an eternal young man the Pope is! How self-possessed and how energetic! With what overflowing moral and physical youthfulness he blessed the crowd! I shed tears of emotion and admiration when on the 1st of January I bowed my head under the hand of Lee XIII., when his penetrating and sonorous voice filled the dome of St. Peter's, while a thousand enthusiastic echoes gave wings to his pathetic accents. To-day on coming out of the Temple of Light my soul was more radiant: it soared in a higher at mosphere, as if the feast had assumed a more immaterial character. Christ ascended Tabor once only. If the apostles had witnessed a repetition of that vision would not their enthusiasm have an mingled with a seronity which the shock of the unexpected could not produce at first?

Nine o'clock sounds. St. Peter's resembles a garden of nations waiting to applaud the coming king. The basilica, that masterpiece of Renaissance art appears like a living ocean. Through the windows in the rear the rays of the sun lend an almost supernatural magnificence to the spectacle. In "Mary Stuart" Schiller has beauti-

described the spiendors of this festival. The unique harmony of St. Peter's lends itself to the grandeurs of the manifestation. One would imagine that it was living, and that its life palpitated with the soul of the assembly. From the portico to the sanctuary the naves seem to move with the human flood. All the universe is represented in this space. Around the altar, that manument both fantastic and simple, which displays its elegance under the in mitable dome, the tiers of seats form a couronne d'elite for the Pope. On the right are the ambassadors in their gay and many colored costumes bespangled withwoold. In the front rank is M. de Behaine the representative of France. Gen. von Loe, the envoy of William II., is introduced to him by M. de Revertera, the man of the Sovereign of Austria and Huggary. The ceremonial smile and the firese of the French diplomat animate this discreet side talk. But we, the spectators of this kind of salon, forming the circle in the sanctuary of St. Peter's notice that M. de Behaine seems at case, and that his mind is absorbed by the splendors of the decorations and of the scene. An American prelate placed near me murmured in my ear, "The Ambassador of France takes it ersy. It is not difficult to see that in the lay world he is the first power in Rome. If Mr. Harrison had a representative here to-day he would share this sentiment and this security." General von Loe and the Austrian ambassador are absorbed in their conversation, which is carried on in a very low tone during the festival. Behind them I saw only one physiognomy in relief. It was that of M. Iswolsky. He was placed behind the ladies. In his Asistic costume, highly colored, he observed the expressions of the faces of his neighbors. Opposite was the Roman aristocracy, exhibiting its faded grace and the elegance of the old race; but it displayed nothing remarkable; while all around were the tiers of seats, with someonolitan faces, and in the center, behind the altar, figured thirty-seven cardinals and 130 bishops who enlightened the center of the feast with their bright and highly colored costumes.

Hefore and after the mass, at the time when the reflecting soul gives freedom to the spirit of observation. I notice how the curious study these senators. There is Cardinal Rampolla, with his emsciated and ascetic face, in which the image of his Master is renected. If it were possible to look into that soul one might read its prayer for the blessing of the Lord, who has visibly bleesed the instructions sent from Rome to the world of the humble upon the French republic and the American

A little closer to the altar was Cardinal Parochi, the Vicar of His Holiness. He watched the Pope with eyes of ardent admiration. Cardinal Mertel, the oldest man in the Sacred college, loaded with years, chapts delightfully the litingle verses of the Te Deum, with a plentitude of voice which reflects his Simeonic enthusiasm. It is the old men's day decidedly. Their strength inspires one with a holy envy. Close by are the indiscreet and the initiated. Behind the Pope the strangers point out to each other the Count de Munthe Italians pronounce his name "Moun" who seems delighted with the admiration of which he is the object "Don't you think," said a French prelate to me, "that the immediate, proximity of the French deputy constitutes quite a symbol? A deputy and a foreign layman at that, so close to the Popel. That looks like a sign of the times. Who will say now that the Charles lamer ble, and that it feets the target on the modern world? who are close to us smile. water waters, a little further pa

the Agence Have and of the American correspondents, it seemed to me that my indiscreet interlocutor raised a corner of the veil of the future.

At a quarter to 10 a burst of applause. starting at the rear of the basilica, announced the arrival of the King of the day. The White Man appears, borne upon his triumphal chair, as if transfigured by the waving of the Orienta plumes. The entire assembly respond to the announcement. The enthusiasu the applause, the unison of voices from all the representatives of the universe the emotion of the electrifical souls

that mysterious impression which transports the imagination, that diaphanous apparition, almost supernatural and dematerialized, that face framed by those columns and that assembly, which a sunboam transfigures, that inspired pure forehead, that inimitable nobility of expression which reflects the visions of the heart, that delicate hand of ample benedictions, from which escapes a sort of protecting spirit, and all those 50,000 men, standing upright in line facing the Pontiff, no pen can describe. Neither art nor eloquence oould depict such as scene, in which everything is simple, grand, extrahuman and unexpected.

Leo XIII. resembles those saints with ideal faces whom the middle age has placed in its mystic windows; or, in other words, the face has a soul peculiar to itself, far beyond all our modern types, and presents a vision so new that the mind involuntarily dreams of those white physiognomies of the other world. And the thing which electrifies the indifferent and the skeptic, the enthusiasts and the believers, is the vitality which is displayed like moving waves upon that translucent skin. Looking at him we fancy that we are in the presence of a naked soul, presenting itself to the contemplation of the indis-

creet and almost profane eye. The mass begins. The sacred music the basilies is mute. From the summit, illumined by the light of the dome. trumpets, whose sweet harmony seems to form an escort for the God who conceals Himself in the white bread placed in the trembling hands of the Pontiff. Immediately afterward the voices of conceives to be "widely received." as to children ring out in the center of the the extension which he has given to edifice. Their harmony gives wings to the desires and the flight of human his critics might with some show of souls. The imperceptible religious impression made upon the assistante it. There are only two views which

At the close of the mass the Te Deum. that sonorous song of delight, is chanted. All this human sea raises its impression was not so serene, the soul the first, it would be at best a mere when the Pope, placed upon the throne, unbaptized to the baptized, in full view of the great nave, chants the personally innocent to the the melody of universal pandon; when personally guilty, and here the benediction descends with palpitating emotion from his white lips upon the entire world; when all the cardinals, all the bishops, and all the assistants fix l their eyes upon that head surrounded by a nimbus of glory and light; when the bells of St. Peter send forth their joyous sounds to the echoes of Rome. and when all kneel down under the last movement of the lips and the hand of the Pope, an almost supernatural influence runs through the crowd and transforms it into one persons, one living and grateful unity. Immediately the cortege is reformed. Carried above the human heads, the Pope glides through the church, and disappears as if by nagic, accompanied by an outburst of

I give up the idea of adding any comments to the scene. Lee XIII. has enjoyed one of those apotheosis of which the greatest men in history might well be jealous. The philosopher, the statesmen, the artist, the believer—all bowed down before these splendors. But that which the admirer would perhaps like best to underline is the peculiar lesson which can be drawn from these feasts. No doubt the Christian will bow down forever under the benediction of the Vicar of Christ. Nevertheless, the sentiment, so generous and so sympathetic, which inspires the policy of Leo XIII., and his ideas, so modern and at the same time so eternal, his symphonic gentus, is heart, ever open to the aspirations of the century, and that something so pathetic and cordial which animates the serdure of his intellectual and amoral health, mark with a ponetrating accent those joyous gratitudes and expansive dmirations.

If it, be God's will, I would beseech him to permit us to be present again at mother feast, when the great Pope. econciled with Italy; or rather with the power that represents ther, may onse through the streets of Rome and clebrate the wedding of his alliance on times socular with that gifted nation Incomment

The Pope sain Fost

Ever since his assumption of the dirnity which he has so worthily worn for he past fifteen yeers, Leo. XIII., amid il the responsibilities that have rowded upon him, has found time (says writer in the Columbian) to woo the nuse of possy now and then; and his Atout versee are if saything experior in bounds and finish to any off his our lines for the first terms. The court is a few to seat the court is a few to se

tos simonertes of the correspondent of of the Arcadia, of which his florings has been for many years a member, held a special session in honor of the admission to its ranks of the eloquent Dominican, Pere Monsabre, and on that occasion Leo XIII. sent to the assemblage an exquisite epic poem in Latin, dedicated "Ad Sodales Arcadienses," which Mgr. Bartolini had the honour of reading, the entire assemblage, in which were counted cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and other dignitaries, rising and remaining standing while the Papal poem was read. Several other verses penned by the Holy Eather since 1878 attest that his youthful in-

clinations toward the muses still re-

mains with him and occasionally

prompts him to drop into verse. Leo XIII., is not the first occupant of St. Peter's Chair to wear the laurels of a poet. Of Saint Damasus I., who governed the Universal Church towards the close of the fourth century, it is recorded that he wrote many epis and verses, and it is well mown that not a few of the poetical nscriptions that adorned the tombs of the earlier martys in Rome were enned by that Pontiff, who also wrote erses in praise of the virtue of virginty. St. Gregory also composed verses.

"HAPPINESS IN HELL."

Mr. Mivare's Second Article en the Nov Much Discussed Subject.

Professor Mivart has written once more upon the subject of "Happiness in Hell" in The Nineteenth Century. This second article is primarily a rejoinder to the criticisms of the Rev. Father Clarke, S. J., and is mainly a re-affirmation of the views which were stated in the first. Its object is to explain and to amplify, but not to retract or to qualify—save perhaps that it offers correction of the title, which had been written "The Happiness in Hell," but thus giving to Mr. Mivart's contribution is maintained, while silent and ardent a new theological discovery. No doubt prayers accompany the murmuring some will have felt that there was in words of the priest ... At the elevation the composition itself a much larger element of novelty than could be easily accounted for by the omission come down the silvery notes of mystic of the definite article. Nor is Mr. Mivart himself at all concerned to deny this, although he implies that the novelty attaches not so much to the views which he has expressed, and which he them. Here, one cannot but feel that reason object to his manner of putting proves that the thing is unique, like all can at all deserve to be called "widely this atmosphere that they breathe. No received." The first is that the unbapall. The second is that the baptized sinners suffer an immeasurably great deal From neither of these can Mr. Mivart's Hell of comparative happiness voice. The musical wave rolls from one for the baptized and lost be fairly end to the other of the basilica. If the called an "extension." In regard to would shed tears of emotion. And transference of the conditions of the theological basis of an extension is altogether wanting. In regard of the second, it is obviously not an extension, but a plain substitution of a distinctly happy Hell for an emphatically wretched one. It is precisely this lack of the quality of legitimate "extension" —in the sense of being the logical out come of "widely received views"-that seems to us to mark out Mr. Mivart's conclusions as belonging to a class totally different from those beliefs with expectations, which lie within the lawful sphere of doctrinal develop-

> We note with satisfaction that in this, its second stage, the controversy has become narrowed down to a question of single solution. The whole case of the unbaptized children has been removed from consideration. The issue thus cleared from what was from the first a complication, deals simply and solely with the condition of the Damned properly so-called-namely, the baptized who have died in mortals in - b; derived from, and in some degree London Tablet.

TO COMPLETE THE DELEGATION. The Auditor and Secretary to the Apos

tolic Delegation on Their Way Here. A press despatch from Rome announced that Mgr. Donatus Sbarretti should we call a man unhappy in life and the Rev. Hector Papi started on the 15 inst. for America. They will sail from Liverpool on the Cunard line on troubles which we call ordinary and to March 35.

The former has been appointed the auditor and the latter the secretary to the Apostolic Delegation, and not: to the person of the Apostolic Delegate. They have their own duties, their own rights; and make their ewn reports, direct to Rome, their tenure of reflice in no wise depending on a change of titular of the delegation, but continuing, unrevoked, until determined otherwise by the Holy See.

Mgr. Donatus Sbarrottijis a naphey of the late Cardinal Aeneas Sbarrretti former Vicar-General to Pope Plus IX

When we are called upon to suffer. let us recall to mind the torments Our Lord endured, and immediately everything will become light and awest to ns.—St. Francis de Salva.

Who in all this world has never han- some who cannot be happy unless they zered? And since we need must hunger. better for man's love than God's truth: better for companions sweet than great convictions. Let us bear our weights, prefering dreaty bearing to desert souls.--E. B. Browning.

MISERY IN HEAVEN.

[BY A - MRATTEROPE.]

Bining out lately I met the famous biologist Bugg. He said: "I should become a member of you church were it not for one thing."

"What is your difficulty?" I asked. "It is," he said, "your dogma of everlasting happiness." "What!" I oxclaimed, "Heaven?"

"Yes," he replied, "it is impossible. sould never join a church which taught such a thing in this age. It is all very well for barbarous times, but I really wonder how your church can teach a doctrine unsuited and unacceptable to educated men."

I said, "You astonish me. Hell is difficulty perhaps, but what can there be repulsive about Heaven?"

"I did not say repulsive," he answered. It is too good to be true. As for Hell, that is plainly written on the face of the world. You find unhappiness everyno sign of it coming togan end. But where is pure happiness? If here and there a gleam, it soon vanishes. No sign of its being everleating. And what corrupts man so much as happiness? The dogma of Heaven is an assumption, a dream out of harmony with evident fact. It has no basis in what we see, it is impossible to conceive, and rests on no analogy to our present life." "Your objection is revolutionary," I

gasped, amazed. "Yes," he replied, "likely enough;

this is an an age of revolution. Many, however, think as I do. But come now, let your mind entertain the idea, and tell me your answer."

I promised to consider it. As I went home, my mind revolved this dialogue, and I began to see how fair was his objection to the popular heaven, and how necessary to explain the truth in its gulf between religion and science. invites all to prayer. A religious silence a somewhat misleading air of signalling Strange that no one had ever seen this before. I resolved to write to some friends of mine, priests; but when I remembered that in their sermons they were deeply committed to the view of heaven which Bugg had justly assailed, I thought that they would be quite unequal even to grasp what was meant. Therefore I resolved myself to clear the way, as I had done before in my book, "Revelation under the Microscope. Bugg's talk had been a light to me. I clearly saw that he wanted a dose of my book, that was all. Her took a telescopic view of relevation, like so many preachers and theologians do. What is wanted is a microscopic view. My principles were the only ones to help him ever the stile. I at once called into acdescription can ever-give the image of tized children in Hell do not suffer at tion the microscopic eye of my mind, and with the popular dogma of heaven placed beneath it I had an answer soon ready. In a few hours I sat down and wrote to Bugg the following letter: "My dear sir:—Your objection is the

legitimate fruit of your acute mind, but pardon me if I ask you are you acquainted with the definitions of the church on the subject? I can find no definition that Heaven is a place of everlasting happiness. The term used is everlasting life; as you perceive quite a different thing. You may, perhaps, quote the popular preaching and belief. But are we obliged to listen to preachers? If we are not obliged even to go to hear them, may we not for a just cause despise them? We can, when so few of them are biologists, an indispensable qualification in modern teachers. As for the popular belief, I have in my works exploded the eld notion as to the infallibility of the ecclesia discens. You will agree with me that the pious but ignorant crowd merits but contempt in these high problems. When, therefore, as I have myself felt there is so much to pain a thinker in the sermons of most priests about Heaven, we can take refuge in the idea that they oun cite no formal definition to sanction such doctrines. But granting that we must believe in happiness, we may enq ire what it means? There is no definition on the point. Happiness, to be an idea of use and comfort to man, must founded on, his experience in this world. Now, happiness we know is a state or an act. As a state, it does not exclude scute trial and even misery. No one would say that a state of happiness here below is a state without trial. Nor because he lost his parents and friends by death, etc., and went through be expected. As an act, happiness compatible with trial, and even requires it. as gold requires alloy. Pure unalloved happiness is too great for man, and often destroys people. A doctor has recently told us of cases under his notice when the nervous system has been shattered by untempered bliss. some philosophers say, it is the hidden sting which really creates happiness. No rose is without a thorn. Consider how much happiness is due to contrast. As Mr. Peckspiff so truly said: would become of our sense of gratitude if we did not know that some people are not so well off as ourselves.' In the same way the happiness of riches is larguly derived from a sense of contrast and of contempt for the poor. How many find happiness in the pursuit of revenge svarice, etc., depending on the ruin of ethers. Look at that large class of per-

are miserable. All these points lead to

the conclusion that a reasonable happi-

ness is one which man can bear, and

he can only bear it when it is mixed

up with sorrow; and even to a great

degree when it is identified with miserv.

The word happiness then when we speak of Henven can only mean an endurable happiness, a human happiness such as we see before us. Complete happiness is beyond man, and is innuman-may even be called unjust. It is something infinite. No doctrine of the Church stands in the way of what I lay down. Heaven is the society of the redeemed. Very well; who are the redeemed? Those who are baptised. Now we know that many baptised persons are not happy in the next world. There is nothing to forbid our classing them with those who are in Heaven. Again, Heaven is the state of the just made perfect. We must place a right mean-

ing on the word perfect. The perfect are these who can receive a properly propertiened human happiness, as I have already described. A perfect man must remain a man, and cannot be the recipient of a perfection out of proportion to his nature. Thus, my dear friend, I hope that you are convinced of the breadth of view which the Church that the apostolic succession was a where—keen, hopeless, bitter. There is loves. Heaven is always Heaven. It dogma that would make the Episcopal is, as you know, an article of faith. Nevertheless in its elucidation science sect." must have a voice, and scientific men may fairly elaim a decisive voice as to the meaning of those terms in the doctrine which enters into the region and the absurdity of the Episcopalian of biology. The word happiness is a torm of that kind. We sav: Is life worth living? That is a biological question. Science must speak, and it does, and it says: If there is health and strength. Yes: but is not this happiness? Surely it is. Therefore, as man will always be man, so happiness will always be happiness, the same hereafter as here. I sum up, therefore, that Heaven means a place dwelt in by those after death who find their satisfaction in doing their own will. Some find it by having no sorrow of any great moment; others love danger, others cherish vice, others are never happy unless are happy; therefore they are all in Heaven. These things, my dear friend, will satisfy you as to the real meaning of Heaven. You will be saved from unreasoning confidence in our preachers on the one hand, and from a rationalistic spirit on the other. Nothing is more necessary in these days than a sober path of scientific analysis which you will own that I have marked out for you. Your sincere friend, Foozle." I read my letter over and over again,

and each time with fresh delight. My discovery would make a track right through the tangled thickets of bigotry, behind which the gates of unscientific abstraction would not be closed at all for ever. My mind seemed to dance with a brilliant and meteoric jubilation.

Heaven would now be placed on a sound basis and many would go into its bright halls and shadowed bowers. At length I closed and sealed the letter and sent it to Bugg, confidently expecting a grateful reply. Next morning he wired to me the staggering message: "What is the difference between Heaven and hell?"

Mixed Marriages.

The Bishop of Salford, England, deals very extensively with the subject of mix-marriages in his Lenten pastoral. "Why do the sacred Scriptures," he asks. "why does the Church of Godspeaking to us through her Popes, her councils, her canonists, her theologians, her saints—with united voice condemn a practice which is judged with so much leniency, and is so common at the present day? Is it not because these decisive authorities do not admit—as we admit ourselves—that such marriages are sometimes happy—happy not only in their domestic life and in the pleages given being religiously fulfilled, but also happy in the conversion of the non-Catholic. But these are the exceptions; an in an overwhelming majority ef cases the results have been so calamitous that we doubt not only the indifferent but even the well-disposed Catholic will, if he impartially weighs the evidence, conclude that the Church's discipline, although severely prohibitory, is in fact, wise, merciful, and charitable, 'converting souls, giving wisdom to little ones, enlightening eyes, true and justified in itself and more to be desired than gold and many precious stones, and in keeping it there is a great reward. Many and fatal are the dangers of these marriages in addition to those already mentioned. To fervent Catholic, religion is the first consideration—the balm and staff of his life. The home of a Catholic should be. in its fullest sense, a Catholic home, governed by Catholic principles and perraded by a Catholic spirit and example. It will be the home of peace and of charity; the nursery where the priceless but delicate plant of the Catholic faith will grow in luxurience, the leaves, the flowers, and the fruit of every good work. "The first thing therefore, to be sought in marriage,' says St. Ambrose, "is religion." But where can religion produce its fruit when starved and blighted by a mixed marriage? How can there be the harmony of charity," asks St. Ambrose, "where there is discord in the faith." How can there be the union of hearts when there is diversity of religion? Again, the spiritual life of a Catholic is nonrished by prayer, the Sacrament, and the other duties of religion? But those who are united in a mixed marriage can join together with sincerity in none of these holy exercises. His Lordship proceeds to show the other evils of mixed marriages, and eloquently urges the faithful to discourage them on every occasion, realizing, as they do, the great danger to the Church of such

BISHOP BROOKS WAS CONSISTENT He Understood the Logic of His Creed and Accepted or Rejected as Me Saw Tit.

The sudden death of Bishop Phillips Brooks, the genial, able, elegaent, broard-minded and always fair and outspoken representative of Episoopalianism, recalls one of the most exciting events in the history of that denomination-his election as Bishop of Massachusetts, notwithstanding his rejection of the tenets of his creed, or at least parts of it considered vitals

When the matter, of confirming the election of Bishop Brooks came to the Standing Committees, of the various dioceses, fifteen of them voted against him. The upshot of the matter was, however, that the election was confirmed by a large majority of the dioceses, and Phillips Brooks was consecrated Bishop of Massachusetts in Trinity Church, Boston, Oct. 14, 1891. This was in spite of the fact that he had said Church the "Church of a fantastic little

We recall no event of our time that made more clear the hollowness of the Protestant pretention to consistency claim to apostolic succession. It was a staggering blow, and so badly did some feel that they tumbled bodily over into the Catholic Church, but the mass went on, perplexed and shaken, but still perverse in their inconsistencies.

The question of the consistency of Phillips Brooks will ever be a subject of discussion in the Episcopal body, but to Catholics, who look out upon the tergiversations of Protestantism from the rock of Peter and with the chain of the papacy binding them to Christ through all the ages, "Bishop". Brooks was the most consistent in the whole inconsistency. Protestantism being founded upon a negation, and enthroning private judgment much the same as the extremists of the 18th century deified reason—for the distinction is only that of method, not principle—gave Brooks and men like him grounds upon which to stand. He understood: the logic of his creed better than his opponents. He accepted or rejected as he deemed

Those opposed to his exercise of his private judgment had nothing to fall back upon except the acceptance of the doctrines of the mother of Christian churches and some that were not prepared. Rather would they wallow in the quagmire of uncertainty and lose themselves in the mental fog that environs them than take the back course that the only course-by way of Rome-that could lead them aright. Preferring to persevere in the assertion of the doctrine of private judgment the mujority voted 'ave" to the resolution which forever destroyed all claim to the recognition of any particular, body of truths by the members of the Episcopal denomination. To-day, in consequence, they stand substantially just where their brother dissenters stand Freeman's

Private Judgment.

The right of private judgment, says writer in the Catholic Columbian, is but an arrogant pretence to exalt the numan understanding above the authority which Christ left in His Church. It makes each man's understanding the judge and censor of the divine counsels. The same mental degradation which rendered a revelation mecessary must have incapacitated man from measuring and criticising the revelation itself. The sagacity of the highest human genius, and the uprightness of the sincerest human heart are but finite and limited. That must be a strange scheme of revelation which, leaves the blinded human intellect and the perverse human will at liberty to examine. to criticise, to adopt or to reject the dogmas or teachings coming to us from where Christ placed them as a depositum. Let us recollect that we are to "observe all things whatever He has commanded us."

A Curious Prayer for the Dead.

The following is a form of prever for the dead recommended by a Lendon Anglican clergyman to his parishieners. says the Liverpool Catholic Times: That it may please Thee to grant growth in grace to the blessed dead at rest in Paradise, especially to --- " Doubtless the prayer if used will be heard according to the pions intentions of those who use it; but it is a pity that zeal should be so sadly divorced from the clergy of the Church of England are entirely at a loss to know what to believe concerning Pargatory. Many of them shold that there is such a place, in spite of the flat denial of their own article; but they refuse to believe that the souls detained there suffer anything—that idea would be too painful—and many of them have therefore identified Pargutory with Paradise. Others, refusing to accept the doctrine of eternal punishment, identify Hell with Purgatory. Thus a member of the Church of England chooses that doctrine which he prefers and adopts it as his own, without cousidering whether it has any better authority than his own private judgment, or private judgment of his rector. True Deteckment.

Perfection does not comeist solely in cutting ourselves off from too freement converse with those we love, but principally in sincerely seeking Jesus Christ. When the soul has found Him shounds all things in Him and this summe her to easily forget herealf in everything.