On Brushing the Teeth. II.

Did you write that editorial yesterday on brushing the teeth and polishing the soul? If you did you might try your luck today on another scouring - the mouth. A frenzied zeal for clean teeth in a foul mouth is another one of those strange inconsistencies that pop up among the practical materialists, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Gleaming teeth do not guarantee a pure heart.

"Athleta Christi Lobilis."

Tomorrow is the feast of St. Venantius, who suffered martyrdom when he was but a boy of fifteen. From Dr. Littledale's translation of his hymn in the Divine Office we quote the following stanzas:

A boy, yet tried in dungeon fast
By cruel stripes and fetters rude,
And lengthening hunger, he is cast
To raging lions as their food.

Yet the fierce lions injure not
The guiltless victim whom they meet,
Their hunger and their rage forgot,
They crouch to lick the martyr's feet.

Men hang him downwards from a height,
And make him breathe smoke's stifling fumes,
While that a kindled cresset's light
His scorching sides and breast consumes.

Christ's noble athlete scouts as fraud
Those idols by the heathen wrought,
And, wounded with the love of God,
Of life impurified rookod not.

They bind him with harsh thongs in hate,
And headlong from a cliff they send,
Till thorns his visage lacernle,
And stones his mangled body rend.

While the Saint's limbs they rack and toss,
The torturers grow faint with thirst,
Venantius signs the Holy Cross
And from the rock forth waters burst.

And as that warrior most brave
Drink to his foes gave from the stone,
So pour, 0 Lord, Thy graces wave
In dews refreshing on Thine own.

How, where the Angels' bliss he shares,
That we may from all sin be freed,
Let him unite with us in prayers,
As we for grace enlightening plead.

Prayers.

Deceased - the mother of Father Ed. Finnegan, C.S.C.; a cousin of Joe Ratigan. Ill - Two friends of students. Two special intentions.