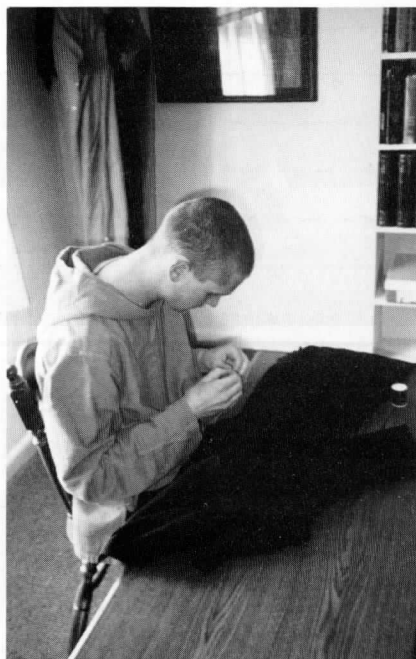




... when we contemplate
the majesty of God



... when we sew on buttons

Saint Benedict found the world, physical and social, in ruins, and his mission was to restore it in the way, not of science but of nature, not as if setting about to do it, not professing to do it by any set time or by any rare specific or any series of strokes, but so quietly, patiently, gradually, that often, till the work was done, it was not known to be doing. It was a restoration, rather than a visitation, correction, or conversion. The new world which he helped to create was a growth rather than a structure. Silent men were observed about the country, or discovered in the forest, digging, clearing, and building; and other silent men, not seen, were sitting in the cold cloister, tiring their eyes, and keeping their attention on the stretch, while they painfully deciphered and copied and recopied the manuscripts which they had saved. There was no one that 'contended, or cried out,' or drew attention to what was going on; but by degrees the woody swamp became a hermitage, a religious house, a farm, an abbey, a village, a seminary, a school of learning, and a city of God.

Cardinal Newman



*We have not come to
test the speed of our
progress towards God.
It is not speed that
counts -*

it is DIRECTION.

*If the soul is set
toward God, wanting
nothing but God, this
is progress.*