

idiosyncracies will in no way impede the calm of our friendship. It is up to myself to choose concord or conflict.

Finally, it may be from one's own self that the greatest impediments to peace seem to come. Temptations shake the soul from foundation to topmost peak, doubts and anxieties trouble and harass it, failure or ennui overwhelm it. Loneliness and pain in their mute but terrible way apparently corrode the very rock on which the soul stands. Yet, if peace is gone after any onslaught that proceeded from the inner self, it is not that the siege has been successful, but that the soul has shown ignorance and impotence by yielding impregnable towers to powerless pygmies.<sup>11</sup>

Christian men and women then who are puzzled because they enjoy no peace in this vale of tears, will do well to meditate profoundly on the supposed reply of Marie Antoinette to her minister when he told her of the starvation of her people. "They have no bread? Then let them eat cake." The lovers of God must fast forever from the false bread of quiet and content munched so greedily by the sinners of this world; yet if they will, they can banquet perennially in the plenteous pantries of the Prince of Peace.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, I-II., q. 10.

## CONTEMPLATION

CAMILLUS LILLIE, O.P.

Intent upon the blue and vaulted wall  
 That hems the wooded hill and verdant dale,  
 The friar contemplates that star-pierced veil  
 In silent wonderment. Thoughts rise and fall.  
 Beyond, he sees the rugged mountain tall  
 Push through, dividing clouds that trail  
 The jagged, silvered spears that still prevail,  
 And all but pierce the floor of Heaven's Hall.

But farther still his thoughts are wont to rise  
 To things sublime; they, stripped of ragged dress,  
 Transcend defining clouds of time and space.  
 At last, he dwells with Saints in mystic guise;  
 The world forgot, he finds it sweet to press  
 His lips to Wisdom's Fount, and drink of grace.