

of him who gave it commission. To-day the land of Washington sends its fairest wreath to the realm of Cartier, and presses it with loving ardor, on the forehead of one whose name is the inheritance of many tribes and tongues. Why come we from far and near to this, the city of Mary ? What has called the toiling « Alter Christus » from the vast prairies, the crowded cities of the great Republic ? Sentiment, sympathy, natural affection ? All these, yet far more than these.

The priesthood that cleansed Magdalen, that made of the Supper Room and altar and a heaven, has come to testify its gratitude to the Pontiff, who generated it, from loins replete with divinest fecundity. The priesthood of measure is here to offer its reverence, its thanksgiving, to the priesthood of maturity, and endowed with the power of reproduction. Through you, Venerable Archbishop, all our prerogatives came ; to you they naturally converge. The power to generate a single priest is stupendous in its consequences, but on him, who has begotten and armed more than a thousand such, the hosts of Heaven may well look with wonder and admiration.

In virtue of your word, your touch, your authority, we and ours are blessed in the possession of an Adorable Sacrifice, a Real Presence, a Food of the strong, and the tabernacle is tenanted by a Divine and Infinite Petitioner.

Through you, we are privileged to personate Him, the great High Priest ; through you, we and ours have Pools of Bethesda, Places of Weepers without number, and waters have indeed « broken forth in the desert and streams in the wilderness. »

Patriarchal, and yet more than patriarchal, you stand to-day, the central figure in a function as unique as it is tender and sublime. The unthinking, the materialistic, will fail to grasp the significance of this ceremony, this assemblage, but those of the fold and faith will thank God that age and holiness have here received a fitting crown, a deserved recognition, from faithful and affectionate children.

And nay, what shall we say of ourselves, well beloved Father and Friend ? Return we victorious and unscathed from our multitudinous combats, in behalf of the scattered sheep of the one fold, the one Shepherd ? Nay, our armor may be dimmed, our steps may have faltered, but we are still thy children, still remember our Alma Maters, whether eyried on the mountain's side, or nestling, like a jewel of price, in the bosom of some sequestered valley. Loyal to