

As to poor Kingsburgh, he, too, was arrested and sent to Fort Augustus, thrown in a dungeon and loaded with irons, and whilst being examined was reminded of the "fine opportunity he had lost of making his own fortune, and that of his family, for ever."

"Had I silver and gold," replied the noble old man, "piled heap upon heap to the bulk of yonder mountains, it would not afford me half the pleasure I feel from doing what I have done."

"Should you know the Pretender's head if you saw it?" was the brutal rejoinder.

"I should know the head very well if it were on the shoulders."

"But what if the head be not on the shoulders, do you think you should know it in that case?"

"In that I will not pretend to know anything about it."

Poor Kingsburgh was kept in close confinement till released by the act of grace a year later.

Hoping to find a French vessel on the lookout, Charles stayed but two days in Raasay. Moreover, he judged it wise never to prolong his stay in one place, for even this secluded island in the Atlantic had felt the fury of the Duke's soldiers, almost every cottage having been burnt to the ground. At the sight of the ruins he was sensibly affected.

"This is a hard and bitter life," said he to his host, young Raasay, and his cousin Macleod; "but I would rather live ten years in this way; than be taken by my enemies; but I am surprised myself that I am able to bear such constant hardships and fatigue. Since the battle of Culloden I have endured more than sufficient to kill a hundred men. Surely, Providence does not design this for nothing; I am certainly reserved for some good end."

"And what does your Highness think your enemies would do with you if you fell into their hands?" asked Macleod.

"I think they would not dare to take my life publicly, but I do dread being privately destroyed by poison or assassination."

Fifteen miles further on, after a perilous voyage, the fugitive Prince effected a landing and passed the night in a wretched cow-house, and the next morning he proceeded on the way, accompanied by Norman Macleod; and proposing that the latter should act the master and he the man, he divested himself of his tartan waistcoat, which he made Malcolm put on, wearing in exchange his companion's shirt.

He then took off his periwig, put it in his pocket, and tied a dirty white napkin under his chin; the buckles he stripped from his shoes, the ruffles from his shirt, and taking a small bundle in his hand, he personated a servant walking at a respectful distance behind his master.

Long and weary was the journey, but early on the following morning they arrived at the country of the Mackinnons, and the first two persons whom they met the Prince knew as having been involved in the insurrection; and in spite of the disguise of Charles, they too, recognised his well remembered features, and burst into tears.

"Your display of the grief you feel may prove fatal to the Prince," exclaimed Malcolm; "for God's sake restrain it."

No description could by any possibility exaggerate the wretched appearance and condition of Charles Edward at this time, and well might those poor Highlanders have been so affected. It is a fact, for I do not draw upon fiction as to these details of the unfortunate grandson of James the Second, that he was reduced to the very lowest ebb of misery and distress, and that he bore up with almost unparalleled cheerfulness under the wretchedness that it was so frequently his hard lot to endure.

"I wish you would at once take me to the home of your own brother-in-law, Malcolm," observed Charles, after having parted with the Highlanders.

"I shall introduce your Royal Highness, then, as the son of a surgeon residing at Griffl, who is supposed to be hiding somewhere about Skye," and Charles Edward gladly giving assent, a short walk brought them thither.

It was not long before an excellent Highland breakfast was set before them, Charles continuing to act the part of servant to Macleod; and when their meal was ended they thankfully laid down to snatch a few hours rest, whilst Macleod's sister, who was mistress of the house, kept watch at the top of a hill hard by. They were soon fast asleep, but the Prince was the first to wake, and when Malcolm awoke he was much amused to see him dandling the baby to whom he was singing.

Macleod expressed his surprise, and Charles for a moment forgot he was personating a servant.

"Who knows," said he, "this little fellow may become a captain in my service yet."

Quickly, however, was he reminded of his want of caution, for looking at him with an expression of supreme contempt on her hard features, an old woman who was standing by, exclaimed:

"Hout, na; it is muckle mair likely herrell may be an auld serjeant in the bairn's company."

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE.

Lecture on "Christian Charity."

(From the New York Irish American.)

The following lecture was delivered in Newark, by the Rev. Father Burke, for the benefit of the public hospital erected by the Catholics of that city, and placed under the care and management of the "Sisters of the Poor." Father Burke said:—

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Dear Friends.—Amongst the many proofs that the Catholic Church offers to the world of her truth and of her divine mission, one of the strongest—though an indirect proof still one of the strongest—is the spirit of charity and mercy that is organized within her. It had been prophesied of the Spouse of old, that the Lord God had organized charity in her (Dominus et rex meus ordinavit in me caritatem). It had been foretold by Christ our Lord, and emphatically, that the attribute of charity—of mercy—was to be the countersign of his elect. It was therefore fitting that the Church, which is the Spouse of Jesus Christ, should have an organized charity and mercy within her, and that they should shine forth on her hands, as the countersign of her election, who was destined to be the mother of all the elect of God. Therefore it is, that at all times, charity, taking the form of mercy, has been found vivid and true in the Catholic Church; and that charity which beams forth in her comes before us, when we contemplate her, with all the attributes of Divine beauty which we find in the charity of Jesus Christ Himself. You know that I am come before you this evening to speak, but as of the attributes of

charity. I need not speak to you of the necessity of being charitable and merciful. Your presence here this evening attests sufficiently to me that you recognize the necessity of charity. But that you may know what that Divine charity is which is in the Church, and which takes the form of mercy, I will endeavor to describe to you some of its attributes; and I will begin by asking you, in the language of scripture, to consider and to recognize what form of charity it is that the Father in Heaven bestowed upon us whereby we also were to be called.—and were to be,—the sons of God. That form of the Father's love is Christ Jesus our Lord; for as Christ Himself says, "God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son to save it." Behold the Father's gift! If you would know therefore, what are the true attributes and what the real beauties of charity, you must consider charity as it exists in our Divine Lord Himself. Then shall you see what are the attributes of Christian charity. Therefore the Evangelist said, "Brethren, consider well the nature and the form of love the Father in Heaven bestowed upon us, whereby we are to be called the sons of God."

Well, first of all, my dear friends, certain it is that although faith be absolutely necessary to salvation, and although we are saved by hope; yet neither faith nor hope will bear us into our everlasting happiness and joy hereafter, unless we possess charity which manifests itself in mercy to the poor. "By this," says our Divine Lord "shall all men know that ye are my disciples: if you are charitable and love one another;" and "if any man says he loveth God and loveth not his neighbor he is not a true believer." But, elsewhere, the same Evangelist tells us that "He who has the substance of this world and seeth his brother have need and closeth his heart against him, the love of God cannot dwell in such a one." Therefore the sign by which we shall know the essential charity in us, is the manifestation of this Divine principle in works of mercy. The prophet said "I will expose thee, to me in faith, in justice, in judgment and commiseration." So much for the necessity of charity. No man can be saved without it. No man can say he is the son of God unless the countersign of mercy be upon him. No man can pass into Heaven unless he opens the golden gates of that Heaven to himself with the key of mercy. It will be the crucial test whereby you shall be found deserving of eternal glory that the countersign of mercy is on your forehead and the works of charity are in your path.

What manner of charity do we find in our Lord Jesus Christ? What are the attributes of His charity? I answer, principally four. First of all, the charity in Christ was a constant and abiding charity; Secondly, it was compassionate and tender—a most loving charity; thirdly, it was active and efficacious—a working charity; fourthly, it was universal, embracing all and touching all with the same loving hand—a Catholic charity. Consider these four in Christ before we come to look upon them in the charity organized in His holy Church. First, my friends, the charity of our Divine Lord was constant. It was love that brought Him down from Heaven; it was mercy that kept Him upon the earth for thirty-three years; it was mercy that nailed Him to the Cross. He came down from Heaven to redeem the fallen race of man. He devoted Himself wholly to that work of redemption. No other thought ever entered into the mind of our Lord; no other motive pressed Him to action—save the one thought the one motive of mercy. It was His daily action. When He spoke it was the mercy of light given to man; when He healed their sick, it was still the mercy His all-powerful touch brought upon them. Thirty-three years He remained upon earth. Was that necessary for man's salvation? No! But it was necessary that Christ should have a time to pour forth His infinite mercy in His daily actions on the people. They came to Him at all times. When He was at meat they rushed into Him, just as Mary Magdalen rushed to His feet as He sat at table. They came to Him at the time when He was supposed to take His rest, just as Nicodemus came "at the midnight hour." They pressed upon Him, so that St. Mark says they did not even give Him time to eat bread—to eat His meals. And did He ever refuse Himself to them? Did He ever turn away from them and say "this is not the time or the place for you to seek Me?" Did He ever show the slightest inconsistency or uncertainty in His mercy? No! No matter who came to Him, or at what time or place, or under what circumstances He was always equal to Himself. That charity, that mercy with which He met them was the business of His life, until the people came to count with absolute certainty upon the abiding constancy of His love, and came to Him with their sick and their blind and their palsied and their dead, perfectly certain that His charity and mercy would go forth from Him, because, in truth, that was the very life of God; this love which was not an exceptional or occasional work with Him—not merely the recreation of an hour—it was the business of His life; it was His very life itself. He brought to the work of mercy the infinite constancy of God.

Not only, however, was the charity of Christ constant; but it was also a most tender and compassionate form of love. Dearly beloved brethren, here it is that we get a glimpse into the inner heart of our Lord. Here it is that we contemplate the virtue of charity of mercy in Him. Here it is that we see the infinite compassion and tenderness of His most loving heart. He invariably surrounds each act of His mercy with every sweetest attribute of tenderness and love. For instance, when upon the mountain, He had five thousand people around Him, and He resolved to feed them; but, before He multiplied the bread, He turned to his disciples and said: "I have compassion upon this multitude, and I will not send them away fasting lest they might faint by the way; for lo! they have remained with Me three days." Not content with feeding them He prefaces the action of mercy with the expression of compassion, giving vent, as it were, to the strong feeling of a loving heart. Then, when He was entering the city of Naim a funeral procession came forth; a young man,—the only son of a widow,—who had lost him in her old age, and now, with dishevelled hair and streaming eyes and with the loud outcry of despair, she mourned that the staff of her life was gone—and the hope and joy of her life taken from her, as she followed her only child to the grave. But the moment her voice fell upon the Saviour's ear—when He saw her, He was touched with pity. The fountains of His great, glorious, loving heart were moved within Him; and He goes to the woman and lays His hand upon her shoulder and says to her in accents of thrilling love: "Woman weep no more." He dries the mother's tears, and then turning to the man on the bier, He says, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" And the Evangelist tells us, that when the young man awoke, our Lord took him in His hands and gave him to his mother—placed him upon her bosom, and then stood by and feasted His great compassion and the tenderness of His love on the happiness of that meeting. Such was the heart of Jesus Christ.

On another occasion, He comes to Bethany.—Lazarus was dead four days, and in his grave, when the Master appeared. And they went into the house and told Mary the Magdalen that the Master was come, and she rushed out and flung herself heart-broken at His feet—exclaiming "Oh, my Lord! if thou hadst been here, my brother never would have died." When He looked down and saw this woman weeping—the great sobs bursting from her breast in the agony of grief, Jesus also wept. Tears came from His eyes and fell upon the head of Mary from the fountain of that Divine love and compassion. There is nothing more touching in all Scripture than those words "Jesus wept." The very Jews who stood around, were amazed to see the compassion of

the Man. They were not used to such grief, and they said to one another, "Behold! He weeps—see how much He loved him." Such was the heart of Jesus Christ. He used to heal the wounded feelings of the afflicted, as well as to relieve them; and entered into all their wants and ministered to them, whilst He ministered with so much love that the manner in which He relieved was almost greater than the relief itself. Thirdly, the charity of our Lord was a magnificent, real, active and efficacious charity. He did not love in word and thought merely; He loved in deed and truth. He does not content Himself with saying, "I have compassion on the multitude," but He puts His hand into the basket and takes the bread and breaks it, and multiplies it, and gives it unto them until every one is filled. He does not content Himself with saying to the widowed mother, "Weep no more;" but He gives her a reason to cease her weeping, for He raises her son from the dead and puts him upon her bosom. He does not content Himself with weeping over the Magdalen and saying to her, "I am the Resurrection and the Life;" but the next moment sees Him at the tomb of Lazarus, and the darkness of the grave, hears a voice—"Lazarus, come forth!"—and Lazarus did come forth out of his grave; and He gave him unto his sisters. His was a mercy that never tired; a mercy that met every form of misery, for it was not only constant, and gentle and compassionate, or efficacious and active; but it was also Catholic and universal. Every form of misery which came before Him was met by Him. Now, we find Him opening the eyes of the blind; again, we find Him lifting up the helpless and the lame; again, He is cleansing the leper or raising the dead; at another time confounding the pride of the Pharisees, by the example of His humility; at another time—the greatest work of all—when He received the sinner with all her sins upon her, and in these words, "Thy sins are forgiven." He sent her forth pure as an angel before the Throne of God.

These are the four principal attributes of that charity which existed in the heart of Jesus Christ, when Christ our Lord established His Church. He expressly declares to us that he founded her in all strength, in all beauty, in all holiness and truth. He expressly declares to us that whatever He had He gave to His Church; that whatever He was His Church was to be. It has been written of that Church, "Thou wast made exceedingly beautiful because of My beauty that was upon thee;" by the Prophet Isaiah. Christ we find fulfilling this when He said to His disciples, "All Heaven and Earth is given to Me; and now I say to you, as the Father sent Me so do I send you; as I am the true light that enlighteneth all that come into the world, so are ye sent to spread that light; and the gates of hell shall never prevail against that Church; as I am the Omnipotent of God having power to forgive sins, so I say to you whose sins you shall forgive shall be forgiven them."

But amongst the many gifts He bestowed upon His Church He gave her that charity and mercy which we have just seen so perfect in the heart of our Lord. Therefore, as St. Paul tells us, Christ loved His Church, and gave His life that He might present her to Himself perfect, beautiful, glorious, not having spot, wrinkle, stain nor any such thing but all perfect in her supernatural beauty; and so wholly to be the spouse of Jesus Christ the Son of God. Amongst these beauties was the beauty of charity, like His own—because it is written, "I will espouse thee in faith, in justice, in judgment, and in mercy and commiseration." How, therefore, can mercy and charity not be a distinctive of that Church which was to be the Bride of Christ. So, therefore, when we go back to her history, we must find upon her records, that attribute of charity like to His. Do we find it? Oh, my dear friends, mercy and charity were unknown to the world until Jesus Christ founded His Church—mercy and charity were unknown to the world. The world had benevolence; the record of the world's benevolence; the record of the world's history tells us of many acts of grand benevolence performed, now and then, by the Pagans of old; we are told of many instances in which they showed tenderness of heart and commiseration and of many in which they were generous and self-sacrificing in their efforts to benefit their fellow-men. Remember all these are fair and beautiful adornments of the natural character of man. But they are not supernatural; they are not Divine nor are they the mercy which Jesus Christ shall require of the soul which enters into the kingdom of His bliss. Why? Because, my beloved, the charity of which Jesus Christ our Lord speaks, is a charity which must spring from faith and be animated by hope; which must spring from faith because, as the Apostle says, "And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Unless faith be there pointing out the way of all our charity, it may be gentleness, it may be kindness of heart, it may be what you will; but it is not Christian charity. What does faith tell us to guide our charity? Our faith tells us that we are bound to minister to Jesus Christ, our Lord;—to do homage to Him no matter in what disguise or form we find Him. Our faith teaches us that blessed are they that minister to Him, for they shall be ministered to by Him.

Now where shall we find Him so that our ministrations will reach Him? In Heaven He commands our adoration; but we cannot minister to Him in our mercy. In the blessed Eucharist He commands purity of soul, a fervent approach, adoration; but we cannot minister to Him in our mercy. There is one form—one and only one—in which Christ our Lord presents Himself so that He becomes an object of mercy, and that is when He disguises Himself in the form of the poor and needy; and then I say unto you inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones ye have done it unto Him. And in the day of judgment He shall say to the souls of the just, "I was hungry and ye broke your bread and gave Me to eat; I was naked and ye clothed Me; I was sick and ye lifted up My head and visited Me." And when the just shall say "Where oh Lord! did we see Thee hungry and feed Thee, or poor and relieve Thee?" Then the Lord shall say to the soul of the just one: "Dost thou recognize these?" "Oh, yes, Lord! I know them. I saw them on earth famishing, dying, sick and in their misery." Then He will say: "I swear to you that whatsoever you did to these, you did it to Me."

Behold then what faith teaches us. Faith establishes this principle,—that in serving the poor we minister unto Jesus Christ;—that in ministering to the poor we are working out our own salvation, for our salvation depends on working out Jesus Christ within us. What does our hope tell us concerning this work of mercy? Our hope tells us that every promise that Almighty God has made of future glory and bliss to man, is all bound up with the condition of mercy. What do you hope for? Pardon for your sins; the highest mercy of God. God tells us in the scripture, "Redeem your sins by alms and cover your iniquity by mercy to the poor." Do you look forward to eternal light and glory? Isaiah says, "Deal thy bread to the hungry and bring the harlotless into thy house. When thou seest one naked, cover him; and despite not thine own flesh. Then shall thy justice go before thy face and the Lord shall fill thy soul with brightness and give thee everlasting rest." What wonder, then, that when the very point to which every Christian man is tending—namely the moment of judgment—when every Christian man is asking himself, "Shall I pass through that golden gate, into the inner glory of God, or shall I be cast away into the flames of hell forever?" Oh awful moment! Oh fearful question! Yet, in the moment when our fate shall hang in that balance which lies before us all; which no man can escape, in that terrible ordeal which every man amongst us must pass through, our Lord will say, "Show Me your mercy. You wish to pass into My

glory; show Me how you have purchased it by works of mercy to the poor. I was hungry and you gave Me not to eat; thirsty and you gave Me not to drink; sick and you would not visit Me nor comfort Me; for as often as you have refused this unto the poor you have refused it unto Me. Depart now thou accursed into everlasting flames." Oh! how sacred is the exercise of that charity and mercy the moment we see it through the eyes of faith and hope; and unless it is thus seen through the eyes of faith and hope, it may be a human virtue, but it is not the divine virtue of charity.

Now this virtue, exalted and divine, do we find in the very first days of the Church. She alone could create this charity of which I speak. And why? Because she alone has the knowledge of Jesus Christ,—she alone can recognize Him,—she alone has the commission to preach His word and to evangelize His name unto the nations, she alone has the treasure surpassing all others, of His own divine presence in her bosom. Therefore, she alone can create the virtue which acknowledges the claims of Him in the poor, and strains to serve Him through them. From the first days of the Church's existence do we find that mercy shining upon her. During the first 300 years of the Church's existence when to be a Catholic meant to be sentenced to death; when Christians were obliged to hide in the catacombs and tombs,—for to show themselves was to accept instant destruction; even then, the record of the Church tells us, whenever some great Roman was converted or whenever some great family of Rome received the light, the very first thing they did—the first impulse of their new religion—was to call an auction and dispose of everything they had; and then, when the money was lying before them in great heaps of gold and silver, to call in the poor and distribute it all to them. When St. Laurence was in his dungeon awaiting death, they told the Roman Governor that he was a deacon of the Christian Church, and held all the immense riches which it was whispered that they had hidden. They lied in that day about the priests of the Church just as we hear their lies now, and say that we priests are always trying to get the people's money. When the governor heard this, he called his prisoner and said to him, "Tell me. Is it true that this Christian Church to which you belong, possesses such great treasures?" "Perfectly true," "Then," he said, "I will give you your life on one condition: that you bring all the treasures of that Church and hand them to me." St. Laurence went out and gathered all the lame and the wretched and the poor and the sick, and brought them all, hundreds of them, before the palace gate, so that when the governor came down, anxious to gloat over the stores of gold and silver and precious stones which he looked for, he saw only this multitude. And when he asked St. Laurence where was this treasure, the deacon answered, "Behold! These, O Pretor, are the treasures of the Church of Jesus Christ." In her alone we find charity organized in a constant form.

You have seen that mercy was the life of Christ—not an occasional thing with him but the duty and business of every day of His life—the only thing for which he lived. Where, except in the Catholic Church, do you find lives consecrated, from youth to age consecrated, to the one work of mercy? Outside of the Catholic Church you find a great deal of benevolence, kindness of heart, good nature, a great deal of compassion and gentleness for the poor.—But there is this difference. No one, except in the Catholic Church, has this mercy and charity—the sign and seal of her union with Jesus Christ. The Protestant lady who wishes to visit the sick takes her basket upon her arm, puts a bottle of wine in it, and goes on her errand. She does a good thing, a holy thing; yet, remember, she will do it to-day;—but to-morrow? To-morrow it may rain, and the delicate lady will stay at home. She will do it to-day,—she is in a good humor,—in the vein of piety; but, to-morrow, she may have a sick headache and not feel like it; or, perhaps, yesterday, some whom she visited seemed to her ungrateful; or, perhaps, they were dirty; and so she has given it up; or she may have household duties, or visits to pay, and of course she cannot be expected to give her whole time to the poor. But, cross the threshold of the Catholic Church. The moment you have passed it, the very first figure you see is that of the Sister of Charity, or the Sister of Mercy, or the Sister of the Poor. You ask the priest who these are, and he answers: "These are ladies—many of them ladies of birth—ladies of the most refined mind—of the most cultivated and highly educated intelligence;—ladies, as you perceive by their demeanor, by their walk,—ladies, who had all the pleasures and joys of life before them; but, at fifteen or sixteen years of age, consecrated themselves to the Church. They brought to that Church their purity, their virtue, their nobility of intellect, their refinement of manner, brought everything to the Church and said, 'I want to consecrate all these to the service of the Church.' The Church of God says: 'Are you willing to devote your whole life, for I won't accept it for a day, or a year?' And they answered, 'Yes.' Then the Church says, 'Go into a Convent, fast and pray; satisfy me of your heroic virtue; and, when I am satisfied that you are one of God's elect,—most holy ones,—then, and then only, you may go into the hospital, or the orphanage, or the work-house, there to sit down for the rest of your lives.' To the Sisters of Mercy and the Sisters of Charity she says, 'Take the sick, nurse them, perform for them every most menial office, be their servants, be their slaves, their attendants, their nurses, every day until the end of your life; but I will not give you the mission of honor until you have first consecrated yourselves to God.' And in that consecration the Church warns them: 'remember, no matter how hideous the disease,—no matter how revolting the form of infirmity, no matter how certain the contagion and death you bring upon yourself, you must swear to me, at the foot of my altar, that no form of disease, danger, or contagion,—no sacrifice of your feelings, or tastes,—shall ever keep you for one instant from your post of labor.' This is charity as it is in the Church. We can rely upon it, we can lean upon it, as they leaned upon the Divine mercy and charity of Jesus Christ, for it is constant. Consider the thousands that are growing into the maturity of their age under these vows, in these ministrations. Consider the thousands of consecrated ones in the Church who are opening into that old age which brings reverence and silver hair. For all these there is no thought but mercy. All their hopes for life and eternity are bound up in the sick and the poor. Moreover, the charity which manifests itself in the Church is like to that of our Divine Lord in its tenderness and gentleness. How could the Church be other than gentle, tender, loving and compassionate in her mercy, seeing what the motive is: she recognizes the Lord in the poor, and therefore, in ministering to them, ministers as if it were to Jesus Christ.

My dear friends, when the world deals out its wealth to the poor, it deals it with a grudging and imperious hand. When the political congress or the statesmen make up their minds to build a county house, or place of refuge for the poor, they make it as like a jail as possible. The poor man is brought in and made to feel that he is a pauper. He is made almost to forget his name; if he takes his number; he is known only by that. He receives his subsistence, and, under the poor-law system in England and Ireland, the same class of clothing as the convicts—the same pattern. If he be a married man, he is separated from his wife; if he be a father he is separated from his children;—yes, even the mother is separated from her children who are taken from her and put into the children's ward, numbered and ticketed as a man would ticket cattle. So, whilst their life is prolonged, they have the pauper's right to care them, and the pauper's morsel to keep life in them; but their feelings are crushed,

and they are made to feel that they are dependent on the charity of a world which longs for the time when all will be over. Oh! the suffering, the feeling of utter degradation that must come over the man or woman who is obliged to have recourse to its assistance, knowing that those who minister to them are waiting with impatience for the time to come when the parish will be relieved of a pauper, when a pauper's coffin shall enshrine him, and he shall be borne to a pauper's grave! No hope, no solace, no tenderness, no sympathy: the heart is broken while the life is prolonged. Well do I remember many such instances of the state of feeling of our people with regard to this system; but I remember once being called to assist in Dublin a woman who was dying. I climbed up to the wretched garret, and found her lying upon the bare floor, with not even a little straw under her head, and no covering save the rags she was accustomed to wear and walk about in. The woman was past seventy years of age, and, in her youth, had been well educated, of respectable parents, and in comfortable—almost wealthy—circumstances. Her children had dropped off, or emigrated, one by one, until, at last, this old woman was left alone; and I found her lying there, with fever in her veins, dying of starvation and hunger. She was not able to speak to me when I entered, and I had to lie down on the floor to receive her confession. So utter was her destitution, that I protest I had to go out and look amongst the neighbors to get a cup of water to wet her lips. Seeing her in such suffering, and finding myself unable to relieve her, I ventured to suggest to her, "You have no one to take charge of you, and you are dying; would it not be better to let me have you taken to the workhouse hospital?" She looked at me, nor will I ever forget that look. "I sent for a priest, and, great God!" she said, "has he no consolation to offer me but this! No, father; take back that word!" I was obliged to take it back, and to beg her pardon for having used it. "No; I can die here of hunger, without being degraded."

Now pass again into the Catholic Church. She selects the best, the tenderest, the purest, the holiest of her children, and gives them the mission to minister to the poor. The gentlest hand; the heart filled with the tenderness of virgin love for Jesus Christ; the heart that has never been contracted by one voluntary emotion of self-love; those who are of all others most calculated to condole whilst relieving; to bind up the wounds of the heart whilst they raise the languid head. If you or I tomorrow were stricken down and afflicted, from what lips should we wish to hear the words of consolation and of hope, but from the lips of the consecrated ones of Jesus Christ? Where could we find a hand more fitted to wipe away the tear upon our faces than the hand locked in the spiritual nuptials of Jesus Christ? If we wanted to lean upon the sympathy and love of a fellow-creature, where will we find a heart more capable of relieving that want than the heart that is empty of all love, save the one love of Jesus Christ? Oh! my dear friends, you have only to go into any House of Mercy or of Charity, or any hospital, or to the Sisters of the Poor, to find this true Christian mercy. Never will I forget, some years ago, when I was on the mission in Manchester, I went out to see the public buildings, and found amongst them a house of the Little Sisters of the Poor. They took in aged people, who suffered from incurable diseases;—those who were stricken down and unable to labor, or even to beg for themselves. These,—abandoned by all,—these, the Little Sisters of the Poor lifted out from their wretched hovels and brought into their house and hospital; and there they kept them, surrounding them so far as they could, with all the comforts of home, and making them as happy as possible. Then they went out in the morning through the crowded streets of that great city, and begged a morsel of bread for themselves and the aged; and they broke their bread and divided it with the poor. There was one of these nuns—an English lady—who had been a grand lady of the world,—whom I had known as such; splendid in her beauty and her accomplishments; grand in her family; surrounded with the worship of the society in which she moved and over which she reigned as a queen; but in the day that she became a Catholic she gave herself to God and became a Little Sister of the Poor; and I found her here ministering around them and nursing them, an Irishman, over 80 years old—his head, with its silver hair, bowed down with age, and his mind returning to the memories of his youth, and those he loved, long since departed. I spoke to him; and he said to me: "Ah, friar, when I was young and had a family of my own, I had once a daughter,—my collection! God took her from me, and she died in her youth. I buried her in the grave. I was dying and starving when she"—(he pointed to the young lady)—"my collection, came out of her grave. She took me in her arms and brought me here." The Little Sister heard him, and she spoke to me and said, "What does he say? He is always repeating those words." And I was obliged to tell her. "He says that you are his darling—his joy—the light of his eyes—his own collection, come back into the grave."

You will see, accordingly, that it is the Catholic Church which invests its mercy with the infinite tenderness that can only exist in the heart consecrated to God. With the gentleness that is born of true nobility—with all holy, pure and refining influences, does she surround her sick.

Again, charity in the Church of God, like charity in Jesus Christ, is efficacious. It is a hard working ever-toiling charity. It has gone on for nearly two thousand years, and it has not outgrown itself yet, nor is it tired. Charity, like that of Him who said "My Father worketh even now, and I work." The Church labors with a charity that never knows old age; and she will be just the same until the last day, as she has been at any time for the past two thousand years. The world complains of her impatience. These sisters come among you, every day; bringing home the sick, and appealing to you to give them the means of supporting those sick and healing them. You may say, "They are always troubling us;—always bothering; always coming to us in business hours, for money." Oh, yes!—it is so; and so they will come. But, consider, if you please, that which is to you but the paying of a single visit, is to them the business of their lives. Consider if it be troublesome for you to put your hand into your pocket, or your till, and give a dollar once or twice, perhaps, in a year, how much more troublesome it is for these poor creatures, who must go out every day of their lives; for until the last day of the world's existence, the energy of the Church,—the hand of the Church which they are,—will be as fervent and strong and as energetic as it was in the days of the Church, when the hand of God was fresh upon her; because she comes from God.

Finally, the work of mercy with God is universal, and so it is with the Church. Every form of human misery, every form of human suffering finds its remedy prepared in the Catholic Church, and in her alone. The father and the mother die, and the poor orphan child is left alone, the most helpless of all God's creatures. The orphan sends forth its wail of misery, and upon that voice of the child not yet able to speak, the Almighty God hears the complaint; as the prophet of old said,—"Father and mother have abandoned me, but Thou alone, Oh, Lord, art with me." There is no organization ready to receive it. There is no system of organized charity to take the place of father and mother. The world makes no contribution for their support. But the Sister of Charity or the Sister of Mercy comes and takes that little infant upon her virgin bosom, to her home, most like to the Virgin Mother as she bore the infant from Bethlehem. What will be the fate of this child; having no mother, or father, or a drunken, dissolute father who neglects