

evidently wishes that they should shine forth like "light in the dark place"* of our pilgrimage, for the guidance, encouragement, and hope of the world. They have their allotted place and appointed work in their time or epoch; but, beyond local limits and temporary results, their mission is to the future preaching of the gospel of perfect love, and revealing the embodiment of perfect religious devotion.

And in the life of Catherine McAuley will be found the most striking proofs of heroism of almost every description, united to a prudence which never allowed enthusiasm to control common sense. There will be found a passiveness that looks almost like insensibility, and a firmness unshaken in every trial; a recollection that never slept, and a sweet joy which was never clouded by pain or apprehension. Perhaps no one could be more sensitive, and none more patient. No one could labor more intensely, and no one could, with more equanimity, see the fruits of pain and sacrifice utterly destroyed. She had a soul of the softest feeling, and at the same time a most resolute will. Indulgent and rigorous, exacting and liberal, prodigal when God's glory was concerned, and sparing to a degree, where charity would permit the lessening of individual comfort; tried by every ordeal, physical and moral, and changeless in every vicissitude; overwhelmed with cares and labors, yet never hurried or excited; utilizing not only hours but moments, yet wondering how one so imperfect could accomplish any thing; ever the most diffident, and always the most confident; receiving gifts of Divine bounty with fear and crosses with joy; praising God with gratitude for the one, and looking upon the other as harbingers of coming benediction; the certain calm of one who "knew in whom she trusted" reigned over her whole career, and diffused itself in such serene tranquillity around her death-bed, that, as St. Bernard says of St. Malachy's departure, no one could know which was the repose that stole over God's servant, that of sweet sleep or that of the grave.

Such will the following pages reveal Catherine McAuley to have been; and such she will appear to have become by an instinct, rather than by reasoning or gradual formation—a real child of His covenant who was to establish the offspring of Israel as "universally taught of the Lord." And yet the events of her life may seem common enough. And her moral greatness—what we would in all humility call her heroic sanctity—partook of the nature of these events, as in some manner they should, because ordinary facts will generally be treated

* 11 Pet. i. 19.