

were able to say Mass at the shrine of St. Francis in presence of the body still closed in the beautiful chest, but already lowered, so as to be conveniently taken to the magnificent baldachin prepared for it in the transept of the church. Permit me to refrain from recounting the feelings the heart experiences, and the host of thoughts that cross the mind on an occasion like this. To say little is to say nothing ; to say much is to say too-little. The man, the Christian, the religious, the Bishop, had his say, his emotions, his petitions, not in a defined logical order, but in a throng, like the multitude that moved about the shrine, every one pushing his foreman, and being pushed on by others after him. It was very gracious on the part of the Archbishop to give to us bishops a prominent place, not only in the solemn and gorgeous procession which moved on the festival day at 8 A. M. from the Cathedral to the shrine of the Saint, and thence with his body to the sanctuary of the church of the Bom Jesus, but also during the Pontifical Mass at his right side, and especially at the opening of the chest, after the Mass, sermon and Papal blessing were over ; for it was at his direction, that only we bishops had to assist him in removing the lid. I am told that it was a moving and imposing sight, when we four bishops, in mitre and cope, lifted up the cover that hid the Saint's body, a standing miracle, from the view of the faithful, and thus exhibited it to the eager eyes and hearts of the thousands that thronged the church in the nave below and in the galleries above. I did not observe the multitude ; I stood for a long time gazing at the head, the hand, the feet, for they alone were uncovered, a rich chasuble, embroidered with gold and pearls, covering the rest of the body. I looked at him, as others did three centuries ago, and stood convinced that this was the same body, once the tabernacle of that