

sons of St. Ignatius from the wandering children of the forest. It was no feeling of earthly glory or of human pride that swelled within their hearts as they raised them up towards heaven, throbbing high with exultation. It was not the triumph which lightens up the eye of the worldly conqueror and curls his lip that made their step more stately and their pale features glow with an unwonted flush. They were spiritual soldiers; and they felt in their hearts the glory of their calling, and the martial joy of victory over the infernal enemy against whom they battled. Many a full, deep voice trembled as it chanted the solemn service; age prayed with its chastened calmness; youth vowed to make itself more worthy of the glorious founder under whose banners they were enlisted in the service of God. Deep was the feeling that pervaded all hearts on that memorable festival.

Among the priests who knelt at the altar was one remarkable for his worn and sun-burnt aspect. A little beyond the full prime and strength of manhood, with the nobility of nature stamped upon his brow, he was a