

are women who do not calculate, who do not hesitate for a moment. In other matters I see the sacrifices which political ambition inspires; I behold what surrenders of conscience, what compromising alliances, what humiliations, what basenesses, some honorable men are capable of undergoing in order to arrive at power! And again, if these be not the questions at issue, calculate, if you can, the daily sacrifices to sin, to degradation, to corruption, from the frightful daily tribute which liquor levies upon the wages of the laboring classes, to the enormous amounts which support gambling, or the gilded and aristocratic debauchery of the *demi-monde*! Is there any calculation made in such things? Is there any disposition shown to avoid these open whirlpools with repugnance? Is there any indifference manifested to those insatiable voices, of which the book of Proverbs speaks, and which cry aloud every day? Are the appeals of sinful passion simply listened to? Does one never go further than this? Is there not every day repeated the declaration of Herod to Salome: "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give to thee"; yes, everything, even my conscience, even the dignity of my name? Behold, this is what is happening about us, and we Christians—what are we doing for the truth, for holiness, for justice; what are we doing for our Master? Ah! do you recall our hesitancy, our calculation, our irritability; the repugnance which these frequent appeals to our devotion excite within us? Do you remember our cruel refusals, the miserable arguments which we have often had the sad courage to employ to reassure our disturbed consciences? If God should again demand extraordinary sacrifices, it seems probable to me that the less He demanded of us the more we would hesitate to give unto Him. Do you know what we would refuse Him? It would be the sacrifice of that which annoys us, of that which tempts us, of that which corrupts our souls—the sacrifice of sin. Yes, our favorite idols; yes, these strongholds

which sin builds in our souls; behold, this it is that we would not yield unto Him. God comes to us as a liberator; that which He offers us is reconquered liberty; it is the dignity of conscience; it is peace and purity of heart; it is eternal salvation; and these are the benefactions which we hate! And when the tempter—he who comes only to destroy—obtains all those who serve him, we resist, at every step, possession of our heart by the legitimate King who wishes to free and to save us.

And here I wish we might direct our attention for a moment to the brethren with whom, in sorrow and in duty, we have often contended, that we might sincerely ask whether they have nothing to teach us upon the subject which engages us at this time. Behold, I say unto you, the Catholic Church: Are you among those who admire nothing outside of their own associations and systems; of those who believe that in human affairs it is necessary either to love or to hate, without taking into account the good which is mixed with the evil, the light which is mingled with the darkness? Or are you, on the other hand, ready to recognize, to love, and to imitate that which is grand under any system that shelters it—whether in the life of the sectary whom you condemn, of the unbeliever who mocks your faith; of the institution which hurls at you its solemn anathema? Well, then, I appeal to your conscience, and I ask you, "When you behold this young girl, to whom the world promised all its flatteries and all its enchantments, and who was raised in the lap of luxury and refinement, renouncing everything, forgetting even her own name, covering herself with a drugget and shutting herself up in some ragged school of the suburbs, or daily coming in contact with misery and sickness in hospitals, does this not speak unto you? Does it make no impression upon you? Does it not disturb your egotistical pleasures? And this young man, who, in the vigor of youth, forever renounces everything that could make his name illustrious, going to die with joy upon