

turnout, and for this Colonel Fletcher charges "some" people with a desire to "see the force broken up." We advocate Reform; Colonel Fletcher is satisfied to allow "come day, God send Sunday." We want to have a day, God send Sunday. We want to have a perfect, or almost perfect, Volunteer Militia. We want to build up a bulwark that will have the confidence of all the people, but Colonel Fletcher wants nothing of the kind. The Volunteer Militia of this country belongs to no section of the people—it belongs to all. Protestant and Catholic should alike be welcome to its ranks; and until they are, the country never can be at rest.

THE RIOTS IN OTTAWA.

The Orange riots will lead to civil war in Canada unless they are stopped. Of this we have very little doubt; for anyone who reads the signs of the times can see it as plainly as noon-day. The Catholics are ripe for it, and the Orangemen are ready, and all it wants is a spark to alight just where the magazines are to be found. The rows which took place in Ottawa yesterday are another indication of the smouldering elements which are at work. Catholics will never stand Orange ascendancy. It is useless to philosophize, or to preach, or to treat—for Catholics do not discuss the question at all,—they have had the iron in the flesh, and that is their philosophy. It is idle to talk, or write, or reason, we have suffered, and that is our reply. But the danger of civil war appears to be more than probable, unless something is done to put a stop to Orange assumptions. Now, this "Closing the gates of Derry" was never, we believe, publicly celebrated in Canada before. At least the celebration of it was not customary. So this "anniversary" is another attack upon Catholic feelings. It is a new challenge to fight, and we fear, fight it will be. Well, a celebrated statesman has said that there are evils to which war is a blessing, and unless the Catholics of Canada are freed from the offensive aggressions of Orangism, we fear we may soon have an opportunity of judging. At the present moment it is impossible to say who is most to blame, nor indeed does it matter much, for the feeling is so intense upon both sides that the question of blame appears to be regarded as a secondary consideration.

THE INSTALLATION OF MGR. RACINE.—*Le Journal* says that the ceremony of the installation of Mgr. D. Racine, in the cathedral of Chicoutimi on Wednesday last, was very solemn. It is said that over 7,000 people from all parts of the new diocese were present to view this imposing ceremony, the first of the kind ever held at Chicoutimi. Amongst them were 125 priests. Rev. M. A. Gingras, curé of St. Fulgence, delivered an eloquent address.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, OTTAWA.

To the Editor of the EVENING POST.

DEAR SIR,—With your permission, I would like to say a few words concerning St. Patrick's Church here. It is in debt \$4,000, or thereabouts, and the difficulty is how to liquidate it. I may say, en passant, that a piece of ground adjoining and belonging to the church was a few days ago sold for taxes, which is a sad state of affairs. The principal source of revenue is the amount realized from the sale of pews. This sale came off last Sunday, and although I was happy to observe new purchasers, still there might have been more. We have a great many French Canadians in this parish who go to the cathedral and to St. Joseph's Church very naturally, but this deprives St. Patrick's of its proper revenue. I think St. Patrick's should become the Irish parish par excellence of Ottawa and I am sure our beloved bishop would not object. It is only by some such method our enormous debt can be paid off. We have now a gentleman as parish priest who is capable of almost achieving impossibilities, but even Father John will find it hard to get along with all the good management and economy at his command, and although he makes every dollar to the church and none to the pastor.

I think, Mr. Editor, it would not be out of place if your paper advocated the interests of St. Patrick's Church.

Yours respectfully,
E. CORRIDAN.

THE CANADIAN PAPAL ZOUAVES.

To the Editor of the EVENING POST.

DEAR SIR,—A friend sent me a few days ago the following paragraph, taken from the *Witness* (of July 18th, I believe):
"The Canadian Papal Zouaves this year went to Rome for their annual excursion. The *Sorel Gazette* contained a long account of the procession and banquet. They drank toasts to Leo XIII., and to the Canadian Episcopate, but none to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Why should they, since no one can serve two masters? The procession is said to have been a grand affair. And, by the way, it is a question whether Mr. Tallon's Party Processions Bill, if it should become law and were enforced, will not prevent all processions of the Papal Zouaves in future in this Province. Mr. Wurtelle, who was so solicitous about the friends and nuns' schools, seems to have completely forgotten the Union of Allot of Montreal; but there will be time enough to amend the bill in their favor at the next session of the Legislature, and before the ex-Zouaves will want to make another excursion. This is a Catholic Province, and men who have down the British flag and assault British steamboat captains must, by all means, be allowed to parade the streets in procession. But loyal Protestant Orangemen—never!"

A few words in answer—
1. We do not drink the toast of Her Majesty's health, with the usual honors. The *Witness* therefore publishes a lie—not the first as everybody knows—and attacks our loyalty, which we allow nobody to suspect.
2. As to serving two masters, this is an absurd and exploded aphorism; for we Catholics have always, according to the Gospel, been taught to obey the words of Christ: *Reddite quæ sunt Cæsari, Cæsari, quæ sunt Deo.* We can obey and serve under civil and religious authorities, when the former does not transgress over the latter, and we cheerfully obey the laws and rulers of this world when a higher authority in heaven and proper sphere does not forbid us to do so. It may not be the *Witness's* mode of obedience—it is not to obey civil authorities willing or not; as to any religious authority it may have to look up to, where can it find it? It is its own

religious censor and judge. This may be the reason why truthfulness is so often worried and disfigured in the columns of the *Witness*.
3. The question whether we will be allowed our processions hereafter is easily solved. If our Society resembles in the least the *Loyal Protestant Orangemen's Association*, the officers of the Union Allot will call on Mayor Beaudry to arrest us without calling out the Sherbrooke, Richmond, Hemmingford, or city battalions to protect us.

4. In this Catholic Province we find *British Orange Captains* hauling down Catholic emblems, and insulting Catholics; but the *Witness* lies again when it says that the *Canadian Papal Zouaves* have hauled down the British ensign. The *Witness* must know the facts of the case, and we cannot characterize otherwise this paragraph but by giving it its proper qualification.

I avail myself of this, the first occasion I have had to write to your esteemed paper, and congratulate the *Post* on the fair and unswerving stand it has taken on Catholic rights. I hope the Catholic population (both French and English-speaking) will give you a hearty support.

Desirous of strengthening the bond of religious and civil fellowship between French and Irish Catholics in this city, I most particularly and sincerely send the best wishes of a descendant of old France to an Irish "adventurer," who, with a couple of hundred of brave Irishmen, fought and bled in 1870 for our ancient mother country.

Thanking you for the kind insertion of this correspondence,

I remain, dear sir, yours truly,
ALFRED LA ROCQUE, JR.,
P. Z. Knight Pio Nono,
Secretary Union Allot.

Villa Montana, Waterville, P. Q., Aug. 4th, 1878.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

Pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre

EDIFYING SPECTACLE

ARRIVAL AT ST. ANNE'S

MIRACLES.

Magnificent Reception at Quebec.

FRIENDLY GREETINGS—HOME

The Annual Pilgrimage of the Catholic Young Men's Society to St. Anne de Beaupre, has come and gone, and once again a brilliant success has crowned the undertaking. In Irish Catholic circles "the Pilgrimage" had been the topic of the day for some time past, and age and youth were alike elevated at the prospect of kneeling before the sacred relics of she who was the Mother of Mary. And so the "Canada" was hired, and on Saturday about 4 p.m. 600 pilgrims paced the deck, the flag of the Society floated at the mast head, the moorings were cast loose, and we were away for St. Ann's. And there that beautiful and touching hymn, "*Ave Maria Stella*" was sung as the boat swung into the stream, and thus the pilgrims left Montreal with a becoming prayer to herald the good work they had bent themselves to perform. Scarcely any sneer, enemies may frown, while the Atheist's smile "is but a poor exchange for a Deity offended;" but yet there it was Christian belief and Christian piety, in face of all. Open, frank and manly piety was visible in the clustering throngs that raised their voices in that beautiful hymn; and if the same exhibition of piety was made by Mussulmen or Hindoos by Bosjomen or by Cherokees, it would be lauded to the skies. But the "Canada" sped on, and the *voyageurs* passed the time with becoming occupation—not, indeed, with wry faces and sober sides, but with mirth and pleasantry, and with prayer. The moon, sole arbitress of night, lit up a liquid pathway athwart the St. Lawrence; the band occasionally made merry the listening throng, and song and repeated, jest and music, passed away the first evening until prayers, and then to rest. But rest was not for all, for the state-rooms were all full and the cabins were converted into what had the appearance of hospital wards, by the number of mattresses strewn around, and the weary forms of sleepy passengers were scattered all over the place. The night was beautifully calm, and the weather was neither oppressively hot nor unpleasantly chill, and fit morning came finding all hands as merry as larks, as we pushed under the frowning heights of the Rock City, and passed the tragic spot which records the heroic death of chivalrous Montgomery. But we had all to remark, at Quebec, for the channel on the north side of the Island of Orleans is shallow, and so for twenty miles we sped past scenery which may be well called beautiful.

Montmorency, backed by ranges of lofty mountains, which break into irregular beauty, came boiling over its precipitous steps, and even at our distance from the spot, the noise of the furious plunge of water sounded clear upon the air. The mountain streams that feed it, swelled by the late rains, had given volume to the falls, and they were not often seen to greater advantage than they were by the pilgrims of yesterday. But we had about twenty miles to make from Quebec before we reached our destination, and arriving we found that the wharf had been improved, and that landing accommodations had been made much better than they were last year. The landing over, the pilgrims crowded into the village, and then into the church, where they heard Mass and venerated the relics. Those relics consist of a part of a finger-bone of the Saint, which was sent to Mgr. de Laval in 1663, and it was solemnly exposed for the first time at the Church of St. Anne de Beaupre, on the 12th of March, 1670. Thus the devotion for St. Anne dates from the cradle of the colony, and the fervor with which the kneeling multitude kissed the precious casket in which the relics were preserved, proclaimed that the fidelity of the early settler has not been weakened by the wreck of ages of "free thought" and of many a decade of demoralizing literature. The new church is plain and spacious, and I found that the beautiful old church had been demolished, and the ruins acted as grim reminders that all shall "pass away and leave but a wreck behind." The Bishop gave a short sermon, reminding the people that miracles may be worked on the mind as well as on the body, and that men may have had mental deformity cured as well as others may have had physical ailments relieved. During our stay, I heard of a case that may demand enquiry, but at present we do not care to more

than mention it. But as we looked at the pyramids of crutches and sticks that are piled inside the railings of the altar I could not help thinking that man is either astonishingly incredulous or that he is astonishingly a cheat. Perhaps some people may think that he is something of both, but why should he, or how could he, cheat men who know as much, any more, of the world than he does himself. If men say the age of miracles is past, then they say that God has altered. If they imply that there are no miracles now, then they imply that what all Christians admit have been are no more—that God is not what he used to be. Does not the inspired writer tell us, "and signs shall follow them that believe," said the Lord, "in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they shall drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay their hands on the sick and they shall recover." Now, did Christ speak for a day or for eternity? No Christian doubts that miracles were performed and no Catholic doubts that miracles may be performed any day. The centurions of Mayenburg, John Calvin, Osiander and Whitaker ascribed miracles to the agency of the devil, just as the Scribes and Pharisees ascribed the miracles performed by our Lord to the same agency. The facts are not denied, but the agency by which they were accomplished was questioned. If it be true that faith can move mountains, we see no reason why it cannot move an infirmity. But this will not get me from St. Anne's, the charms of which yesterday attracted about 3,000 pilgrims from different parts of Quebec. A little after twelve we took the boat again, and were soon rolling back to Quebec, where Father Burke, with the clergy of St. Patrick's and the Irish Catholics of the city, met us on the wharf, and gave us a similar "hundred thousand welcomes" to what we received at his hands last year. The Irish Catholics of Quebec are magnificent fellows. We saw it in every act of theirs on Sunday. We saw it in the order and magnificence of their procession, in the decorum of their ranks, and in the bursting enthusiasm of their feeling. Yes, for good men and true give me the Irish Catholics of Quebec, as inferior to no class of their co-religionists in any place wherever it has been my fortune to be. The pilgrims, escorted by the Irish Catholic societies with bands playing and banners fluttering, made straight for St. Patrick's, where Father Burke repeated his welcome, and in the name of the Irish Catholics of the City opened "hearts and doors" in granting hospitality. Benediction followed, and after spending two hours in Quebec, we once more crowded to the wharf to board the "Canada" and leave for Montreal. Father Callaghan gave a short address and his blessing to the assembled multitude, who knelt to receive it. The quay, the passages leading to all the wharfs, the house-tops, the windows for a mile along the river, the boats were crowded with friendly faces; and when the signal for departure was given, cheer after cheer rent the air, and, passing like a rumbling echo along the base of the rock, those cheers sounded again and again, and peal after peal told how firmly the "sea-divided gulf" of Quebec and Montreal are united in feeling. Thousands of handkerchiefs were waved, and about three-quarters of a mile up the river we were pleased and startled to hear the booming of cannon, as some enterprising friend had fired four guns as a parting salute. Then we took "one long last, lingering look" at our register many a promise and expressing many a hope that if the Irish Catholics of Montreal are ever called upon to receive the Irish Catholics of Quebec, that they will make an attempt to return the sterling hospitality which yesterday marked the conduct of the day. The weather held fine, and nothing occurred to mar the serenity and pleasantness of the journey home. We left Quebec at 5:30, and went through the same routine as the evening before—winding up with prayers, which were said by Father Callaghan. On the return trip a lady took sick, but fortunately Doctor Sheridan was on board. We arrived in Montreal this morning at 7:30. The second pilgrimage undertaken by the Catholic Young Men's Society, and edited by all the circumstances and surrounding events must have a perfect upon all who were fortunate enough to be among those who participated in them.

FATHER BURKE.

HIS SERMON IN CHARLEVILLE.

"THE CHURCH, THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST."

The following sermon was delivered by Very Rev. T. N. Burke at the reception of Miss Slattery and Miss Kelly, in the Convent of Mercy, Charleville, on Thursday, July 18, in presence of Archbishop Croke and a large assembly of the clergy and laity.

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

"Oh how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory; for the memory thereof is immortal; because it is known both with God and with men."

Words taken from the fourth chapter of the Book of Wisdom.

May I please your Grace, dearly beloved—In the days when King Assuerus reigned over the land, Mardochai, the Jew, had a vision from God in his sleep. It seemed to him that he beheld a little stream going forth from a fountain on the hill side, an insignificant little stream, not of much use or much good. And whilst yet in his sleeping thoughts he despaired it, behold, suddenly it became a mighty river, enlarging its channel it flowed down from the mountain side, irrigating the whole land, spreading itself around on every side, bringing vegetation and life everywhere, and the people drank of its waters, and blessed the Lord God for this mighty river that flowed into the midst of them. Now, a change came over the spirit of the sleeper's dream. The Angel of God explained this vision to him, and he saw that that little streamlet and that mighty river meant, for he beheld in the next part of the vision his own niece, Esther, the simple, humble maid; he beheld her no more as he was accustomed to see her in his own humble house, but he saw her radiant with a royal crown upon her brows, and robes of samite and of gold falling from her queenly shoulders, and everything speaking of royalty upon her. The little fountain that grew into a mighty river was Esther, whom the king wedded and made his queen. To-day we, with waiting eyes, behold something like the vision that presented itself to Mardochai of old. The King of Heaven, the Lord of all Majesty and glory, has chosen two maidens for Himself, and to-day he is about to robe them in the garments of their royalty, and to set the sign of their queenship upon them, so that before God and His angels in Heaven, and before men upon earth, they shall be known as the spouses and the queens of the Great King. Why did Mardochai rejoice? Was it for the mere honor and glory of seeing his niece clad

in the glory of royalty? Oh, no; it was because he knew that Esther, now a queen, would have power to save her people, to destroy her enemies, and to be a mother to Israel. And even so, dearly beloved, the change that is about to take place in the external raiment is but symbolical of the still greater change that is about to take place in the soul, wrought by the hand of the Almighty God, by whom alone those chosen ones shall be led into the glories of that "chaste generation" spoken of in my text. "Oh, how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory; for the memory thereof is immortal." It is imperishable; it must remain forever, acceptable before God and the eyes of men! Let us consider in what that royalty and beauty consist, into which they are about to be admitted, and with which their Spouse is about to clothe them to-day.

Dearly beloved, when we consider the constitution and the idea of the Church, the Spouse of Jesus Christ,—when we behold her as she comes forth in that immaculate conception in which she was conceived in the mind of our Lord,—when we behold her robed in all that beauty that captivated the eye of the Apostle when she cried out, "She is all beautiful, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, because Christ our Lord has loved her, and has laid down His life for her that she might be laid and beautiful," we see that the highest beauty of the Spouse of God is the religious life—the life which—not content with mere observance of the commandments which form the staple elements of ordinary Christian holiness—goes far beyond these landmarks of duty, goes into the pure realm of spontaneous devotion, and effects a perfect union with God. This life is the highest perfection of the Church of God; it consists in the entire renunciation and surrender of all that the eye can rest upon with pleasure upon earth,—of all that the heart and mind desire and crave,—of all that men spend their lives in efforts to attain; the brilliancy of riches and all such things. This higher and holier life renounces them all, and clothes itself first of all with evangelical poverty, possesses nothing, renounces everything, and that the heart may be freer and more devoted to God, casts off those ties that bind ordinary souls to earth. There remains the other strong bond of the earth, the bond of the heart of human love, of domestic and family ties and affections, that strong love which, without at all degenerating into passion or sinfulness, still ties down souls to this earth with so firm a bond—that love that makes home and the narrow circle of domestic ties and affections a very heaven to the truly Christian mother, the love that makes one spot of earth so dear that it is heart-rending to leave it. This is another great sacrifice that, in the plan of life, has to be laid down at the feet of Jesus Christ. As the vow of poverty keeps the heart from all contact with worldly riches, so the vow of chastity takes the heart away from all earthly affections and binds it to Jesus Christ—a vow which gathers up all the elements, all the faculties of life, all that is in the imagination, yea, in the very sense and body of the consecrated one, binds them all and offers them to Jesus Christ. So that no shadow or thought to earthly love allied is ever again to sully the heart of the being consecrated to God. No earthly love is to enter into that heart, which is filled to overflowing with the love of the Spouse of the Lamb.

But though the hand be cleansed by the vow of poverty, and the heart be cleansed by the vow of chastity, there still remains to be subdued the higher and nobler function of the will. There remains the will—the will, with its noble, though fatal, attributes of freedom; the will, with its power of decision, and acting upon that decision; the will, master of itself, which mastership often turns out to be a heritage of woe. It may be easy to renounce all the external things of the world, and by poverty to despise them—it may be easy when one catches a glimpse, in prayer, of the infinite beauty of Jesus Christ to cast out every other affection of the heart, and fill it with that one love; but it is no easy task to lay hold of that proud, imperious, free, independent will, and to bind it and enslave it, and bring it to the altar, and lay it there at the feet of the Lamb of God. And yet this is the third and final sacrifice to be made, and it is effected by the vow of obedience. And so the whole being is consecrated to God—every thought of the mind, every affection of the heart, every wish, every scheme of the imagination—all that is in the consecrated being belongs entirely and solely, and in the highest form, to God. And this life is the highest that the Church recognises or knows.

Now this life, dearly beloved, forms the grand, perfect outcome of the Church's sanctity; and it must remain until the end of all time, this life of consecration. And why? Because the Church,—gifted as she is, and endowed with immortality, with her imperishable existence, with the life that no enemy can ever rob or deprive her of,—the Church must remain, as Christ Our Divine Lord made her, unto the end of time,—until everything around her shall have faded and passed away; and hence, when the wise man celebrated the beauty of the chaste generation, he immediately added that it is immortal, that it can never fade away; that it must remain for ever.

When, therefore, we consider what is this royal state, this queenship, into which these children are about to be admitted, and the robes they are about to clothe themselves in to-day, we find that this royalty consists in the inherent and intrinsic perfection of the life they are about to enter upon. It is the most perfect life, because it approaches most nearly to the life of Jesus Christ, who is perfection itself. Esther was robed in her royal garments, for the king loved her and wedded her, and even if she had done nothing more than sit upon that royal throne for the rest of her days, yet would she command the estimation and regard of all the people, from the intrinsic excellence of the state she had passed into from her pure, humble maidenhood. But she did more. She destroyed the enemies of her people; she saved all the Jewish people; her sceptre spread over the whole land; her influence was no longer confined to the narrow circle which domestic and social ties had thrown around her as a simple maid in Israel. Now, her voice was heard from end to end of the land, and her edicts went forth through the world. And so, my dearly beloved, the life so perfect in its intrinsic excellence is this life; and it is also most excellent when we consider the purposes for which it was instituted in the Church of God, and to which it lends its laborious existence from day to day. For, remember it is no idle dignity that is conferred in the Church of God; every degree in the order of Christ; every degree in the order of destination in the Church of God has its corresponding obligation and labor; and therefore, when we behold this religious life as the choicest gem in the crown of the Church's glory, we must also look for some high and noble purpose for which this life is consecrated. It is for no idle or self-indulgent purpose that those children cross the threshold of the cloister to-day. They leave it, it is true, many of the cares of this earth, behind them. Sorrows they have never known, but they would infallibly have come upon them, they

never shall know. Tears from out the bleeding and broken heart they shall never shed. He whom they love shall never disappear—no hand of death will ever take him away—they will never have to feel the bitter memory of a happy past. No day will ever find them weeping for hopes destroyed, for joys for ever gone.

But the life they enter upon is not a self-indulgent or an unlaborious life. Consider the life—the work to which they pledge themselves to-day. First of all, it is a work that regards Almighty God Himself, directly and personally; secondly, it is a work that regards Almighty God universally on this earth. So far as regards Almighty God personally these consecrated nuns give themselves up to life of laborious prayer. Among the beauties of the Church of God which we see, there is this, that our Divine Lord set upon her lips the voice of perpetual praise. The Church is triumphant in Heaven; the Church is militant on earth; the Church is suffering in Purgatory. Triumphant in Heaven, her life is to behold, to comprehend,—that is, as far as the finite can comprehend the Infinite—to enjoy and to praise the Almighty God. The voice of praise is ever upon the lips of the Church triumphant; it never can cease for one instant the rapturous expression of joy, that never comes from our lips except at some unexpected, sudden delight. That rapture of praise shall ever remain in the Church triumphant, and expressions of the voluntary, free and almost unconscious expressions of delight will ever go forth from their lips. Prayer and praise there are natural. The Church on earth must also praise; but the difference between the praise of the two is this, that praise in Heaven comes naturally, freely, joyously—and why?—because in Heaven there is no veil of sense to separate the Church from her God; while here on earth the Church militant is living under a cloud; she realizes her God only by laborious effort to overcome the evidence of the senses, and consequently prayer and praise on earth is somewhat tinged with labor. That praise is taken up by the religious orders in the Church. The sun never rises, but his first beams are saluted by the voice of prayer. As he rises and leads the hours up to high noon, still the voices of that tuneful choir mark his progress and follow him through the heavens; in every land, in every clime the voice of praise is ever on the lips of the Church militant, so that as far as she can she makes this earth a heaven, by filling the whole world with praise of her God.

This is the first great labor on which they enter—A life of prayer. "Seven times a day I will praise Thee," says the Psalmist. Elsewhere he says—"In the morn and at midday, and in the evening, I will sing and recite my psalm." And so, dearly beloved, the moment they clothe themselves in the habit of the Sisters of Mercy, the first thing they do is to take up that song of praise, to begin the recital of this office, that shall never for a single day be silent on their lips, until in their old age they go down in their graves. More than this—God is not only to be praised by them, and they are not only to be as the angels of God, offering direct praise, but they are also to find Him, to realize Him, to see Him, and to honor Him wherever He is upon the earth. And here it is that we see the grandeur of this life of the Sisters of Mercy. Here it is that we see the magnificent triumph over the whole world of this life—namely, that it is pre-eminently a life of faith—the triumph of faith. Faith is declared in the Scriptures to be the victor of the conqueror of the world. Elsewhere we are told that the friends of God live by faith. We are told that this faith is the root of justification, and that joined with divine charity it becomes the grandest of all virtues. Now, what is this faith of which the Holy Ghost speaks? Faith is, in reality, a form of divine grace that brings to us the faculty of realizing the Almighty God where he is not seen. Our own Irish people, no matter how many faults they may have, have pre-eminently the gift—the mental and intellectual faculty of realizing the unseen. This may sometimes grow even into superstition; there may be a meaning attached to the signing of the night-wind as it passes by the cabin-door; they may fancy sight and sounds, invisible to the eye, audible to the ear; but this excess after all only proves that the glorious faculty of faith is there. When the Almighty God takes the place of the unseen, realizing the sound of His voice in the teaching of His Church, realizing Him in the Eucharist, in spite of shape and form disguising Him, there is real faith, and that united with divine charity, prompted by that faith; there you have the most glorious life a man could live. This is the life these nuns, these young maidens have before them. From this day on which they clothe themselves in the habit of the Order of Mercy, they are to lead a life pre-eminently of this faith and charity united. They are to realize Christ Our Lord where others see Him not; and the moment their eyes of faith realize His presence, they are to go and sit down at His feet and minister to Him in the fullness of love. Where is He to be found? Christ, Our Lord, my dearly beloved, is to be found, first of all, in little children. In virtue of holy Baptism, His impress, His likeness, His image is there. Nay, more, the theological virtues are there, graces are there, Christ is there, but He lies hidden, and He is yet unborn in that young life. But He is there. And what is necessary? That some one should recognize Christ in them, should minister to Him, and form that Divine image in them to mark out the lineaments, the features and the beauties of our Divine Lord in the young soul, and make it grow with its growth. And how is this done? By the work of education, the work of Christian, Catholic, pious training—the glorious work by which that which was begun in Baptism is made perfect in the school; in which the young soul, receiving the first graces at the baptismal font, and through the representative and ministrations of the Church, comes prepared to receive higher graces in the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist and the strengthening graces of the Holy Ghost in Confirmation. This is secured by the preventing graces which hedge round the young soul with purity, like the purity of the angels of God. Thus by the Sisters of Mercy Christ is seen in little children. What wonder then is it that they labor here in their schools? What wonder that in the Winter's cold and in the Summer's heat they are to be found, day after day, forming the image of Christ in the young souls? What wonder if such glorious results should be the crown of such glorious efforts? God who so loves this ancient race, who so richly dowered this ancient Celtic race of ours,—God who defended our race so that all the powers of earth and of hell were not able to tear the precious gem of our faith from us,—gave, as the guardians of that faith, the strength of Ireland's womanhood; and the preservation of that womanhood is the office of the Sisters of Mercy.

Where else is Christ to be realized by the eyes of faith? Oh! my dearly beloved brethren, He tells us Himself that He lies hidden in His poor. He tells us that they represent Him, the Man of Sorrows, the Man who tasted none of the joys, but all the bitterness of this life. Christ also lies hidden among the poor

and the sick. When poverty is aggravated by sickness, when fever is in the blood and faintness in the heart, when the drooping head requires some strong and tender hand to uphold it, when the dying lips falter on the threshold of death that is upon them—then, dearly beloved, is Christ lying hidden in the afflicted, in the sick, and in the poor. The eye of the world, because it is not the eye of faith, refuses to recognize Him there. If these poor are relieved, it is upon some principle of political economy, but not at all for God; or even if it be from a higher motive, from human benevolence and pity if you will, there appears to be something like a stooping down from the higher level to the poor. But the Sister of Mercy recognizes God in the poor man; goes to him as from a lower level to a higher, ready to spend her life in his service, because she recognizes Christ in him! But what wonder is it that we find the Sister of Mercy, after her hard day's work in the schools, out among the poor, undismayed even though the breath of pestilence may come as if on the outspread wings of death, upon her? No hideous deformity, no dreadful form of human disease or misery can frighten her or make her for one instant turn away her head. Oh, no. There, at the feet of the leper, if such there were—at the feet of the plague-stricken she sits down almost in the same spirit as Magdalen sat down at the feet of the Lord; she takes upon her immaculate bosom the throbbing head, and she is willing to let her hands be wet with the death sweat of the dying!

And is not this one of the standing, living glories of the Church of God? It is this work of mercy which has extorted from the unwilling lips of the Church's bitterest enemies their admiring tribute of wonder and of praise. Go where you will, wherever the Angel of Death is abroad, wherever sickness and sorrow are to be found, wherever there is a grieving heart and a languid spirit, there is to be seen the form of the Sister of Mercy, strong in her purity, her love, and her charity. Strangest of all, my dearly beloved, she has a glance so keen, by the power of her faith, that the Sister of Mercy is able even to recognize the presence of Jesus Christ under a veil of sin and degradation. Oh! but she can help the most fallen of all sinners, the most helpless of all the stricken, the woman who has forgotten herself and lost her virtue—who goes out accused of Heaven and branded as a degradation on earth? Who would believe that Christ is there? But yet, the moment that the pure, reckless, heart-broken, desperate sinner turns one glance toward the altar of God, the moment those eyes, hardened by their infamy, are softened by some recollection of early grace, some passing of the Spirit of God,—that moment the Sister of Mercy recognizes the lineaments of her Spouse in that fallen soul. Oh, if she can only bring forth the precious tears of repentance—if she can only touch that hardened heart, if she can only draw to her own sinless bosom that miserable sinner, then Christ will come out in all the beauty of His restored purity and loveliness. There will Christ be, as the poor creature lies prostrate in the agony of her first grief, and as the stones of the sanctuary are wet with her tears, like the woman of old who knelt down a sinner and rose up like an archangel of God in the grandeur of her purity. The triumph of faith and of love is that the eyes of the Sister of Mercy can detect Christ, even though disguised, and bring Him forth.

Is not this a glorious life? Who can measure its glory—who can tell what its actions are before God? Compare them with the acts of the glorious woman of old. The strong woman of the Gospel is the greatest of all. It is true that Esther saved the lives of her people; but it was only for a short time, for that brief spell of indulgence and mercy was soon forgotten by a succeeding tyrant. But here the lives of the people's souls—the immortal, imperishable, and eternal life—are preserved, not for a day, not for a time, but for all eternity. It is true that Esther, robed in her beauty, dazzled the eyes of all who beheld her; but what was her beauty compared with the beauty of the King's daughter and of the Spouse of the Lamb, which is from within; the beauty of the soul, the beauty of "a chaste generation." It is true that Judith came down from her upper chamber, where, dedicated to God, she had fasted all the days of her life; and going forth in all the terrible power of her beauty, she smote the tyrant with a glance of her eyes, and then with a terrific hand she cut off the head of Holofernes, who came to invade her people. But does not the Mercy nun go forth, in all the majesty and strength of her spiritual beauty, to meet the Holofernes of heresy and proselytism, and all such enemies as invade the citadel of our people's faith, and with hands as strong as that of Judith of old she cuts off our enemies. She is the instructress and protectress of those nearest and dearest to our national life. Compare her with the very angels of God, and you will find St. Bernard saying, "They are somewhat more than the angels, those consecrated ones." Let us, therefore, rejoice that the Church of God to-day asserts her sanctity in all the grandeur of her consummate sanctity in the face of a sneering and unbelieving world. Let us rejoice and be glad, for the heart of One in heaven rejoices with great joy to-day. If there be joy in heaven among the angels when one sinner sheds a tear, what shall we say of the joy among those angelic spirits to-day when the robe of prayer and sanctity is put upon those children? Let no grief, therefore, come in to impair the joy of consecration. There is no shadow looming in the distance; all is bright and clear, and that choir where they are is but the ante-chamber of heaven.

And you, my dear children, one parting word, and I have done. One of the last apostles that Christ, our Lord, gave His Apostles was this—"Into whatsoever house you shall enter, abide there, and depart not thence." How much more strongly does not this apply when it is the house of God? Truly, those who enter there should abide there, and depart not thence. This place is holy; it is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven. Abide here and depart not thence. You need never depart from it if you are only faithful to the graces with which God will deliver your souls to-day; and if ever the sad day comes when you put off the sacred weeds of your profession to put on once more the raiment of this world, and part from the Sisters in sorrow, it would only come through your own infidelity to the grace of God. Be faithful to that which God has given you; abide in His house and depart not thence, until some future day, when, after many years, you are, perhaps, broken with the labors of the school and the hospital, and the labors of attending on the sick, that you have borne heroically for a long time, you shall, with virgin hearts, still humble as children in mind, although old women—you shall hear the voice say, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," when you shall depart with Him into the bridal chambers of the Lamb, there to be crowned as Assuerus placed the crown on the brows of Esther.

At the conclusion of Father Burke's beautiful discourse, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by his Grace the Archbishop, and the proceedings then terminated.