

divine charity for which she offered up her life, illumines our intellects and warms our hearts. Her humility confounds our pride ; her virtue shames our vices ; her fortitude abashes our cowardice. Behold the spectacle and tell me, ye unbelievers, if there is any explanation of it to be found in mere human nature left to its own resources and passions ? See this maiden passing down the aisle of sixteen centuries, carrying in her beautiful hands two standards, one the white flag of virginal purity, the other the crimson banner of martyrdom, the two cherished ensigns of the Catholic Church. As she moves along, powerful and learned pontiffs take off their triple-crowned tiaras, holy bishops lay aside their mitres, mighty emperors and great kings lay down their sceptres and crowns and unite with millions of the most enlightened portion of mankind in bending the knee before her in homage, invoke her intercession, and would deem it a privilege to be allowed to kiss even the hem of her garments. Ah ! my brethren, these facts, which we witness even still, this worship of a simple maiden who was put to death sixteen hundred years ago, has no parallel in history outside of the order of grace. It is a miracle of the