

himself, shall finally receive the crown like the young warrior, who, having scaled the walls of the besieged city through a path of fire and blood, seizes the banner and shouts Victory !

“With peace on her brow, serenity in her glance, a smile on her lips, Hope, that beautiful daughter of Heaven, comes and sits by the poor afflicted one, and like that heroic mother who, raising to Heaven her streaming eyes, encouraged her youngest born to die, she exhorts poor mortals by reminding them of the promised reward, and says:—‘Courage ! thy brothers are already arrived in glory. They see you, they call you, they are waiting for you. Very soon you shall go to join them, and to reign with them. It is true you have to pass through the thorns of this vale of tears, but the end will be soon, and the end is Heaven ! It is true you will have to struggle against cruel enemies, but the fruit will be sweet and the glory eternal in Heaven. It is true you will have to pass your life in the midst of sufferings, with the sword of death hanging over you, but Heaven will be the reward, and death will open to you the gates of Paradise.’

“And with such words she reanimates our courage, re-awakens in us the sense of our destinies, excites our desires, fires our souls, and becomes to us the fiery chariot which transported Elijah and holds us suspended between earth and Heaven, time and eternity.

“There is an outcry in our days against the tendencies which Religion awakes in us through its hopes. They would that man should only think of earth and of the things of the earth. It is folly they say—it is a folly they write—to raise men’s thoughts from earth to Heaven, to remove them from the present life to the future. Such mysticism should be left to monks and nuns. Selfish and narrow-minded language, we reply—language worthy of those who only believe what they can see and touch,