

city. I am paying her a debt of justice in exalting the virtues she so modestly kept hidden from sight. Yea! truly was her life humble and perfect.

When the Apostle, St. Peter, was raised to the Pontifical Throne, a pious widow, named Tabitha, placed her worldly goods at his disposal in behalf of the christians; for she possessed great wealth and loved the poor. When she died, St. Peter being informed, went to the place where she was. In the great room he found large numbers of the poor whom she had assisted, gathered about mourning and weeping. They showed him the coats and garments their lamented benefactress had made and given them. Touched at the sight of their intense grief, St. Peter took one of the garments, spread it out upon the body of the deceased and said in a loud voice: «Tabitha, arise!» She that was dead immediately arose full of life, and was restored to the people who blessed the Lord with great joy.

Doth it not seem to you, beloved Brethren that there is a similarity in this Gospel fact and in the scene before our eyes today? She, whom we mourn, like the devout Tabitha, was held in universal esteem. How many the poor whom she hath assisted! How many the