

their buildings hide—so apt to forget the very existence of the great mass of misery which sits in the dust in our midst—that it will almost seem incredible to many to be told of its extent and the intensity of the sufferings it includes. What shall we say of the fact that the missionaries have found some who through the present severe winter have had no house whatever, but have wandered about from place to place, seeking by night the miserable protection of tavern sheds, or the woods in the neighbourhood of the city. Yet, while we have been enjoying our comfortable homes, this has been the lot of some around us.

Extracts might be multiplied, but we believe we have quoted enough to interest all who hear them now, or may hereafter read them. We have only to ask—is it your will that such spiritual want and physical wretchedness should exist, so far as you are concerned, unalleviated, and undiminished? Many do nobly but there is work for all. We have only two Missionaries, while there should at least be four. Those we have are not sufficiently remunerated. The almoners of our bounty—we must see that their services be adequately paid. If every one help, all will be done that is needed. Too little interest has been felt in the Mission, hitherto, by many. It claims the support of all. Nothing more Catholic was ever organized—nothing on which all who love God and their fellow-men could more constantly and harmoniously join. It jars with the peculiarities of none. Its only mission is mercy, its only doctrine, the Cross. Most emphatically it is neutral ground. The generous may find in it an illustration of the prayer of Our Blessed Saviour for the unity of His people, and the most exclusive can see nothing amiss.

It is sometimes alleged that the Christianity of our day needs a dark skin and a barbarous tongue before its sympathies are excited to any great extent, and that we send men and money in abundance to cannibals and pagans at a distance, while misery of our own colour, sits on the door steps of our Missionary offices, neglected and passed by. It is sometimes said that the Christian Charities of our day have clipped wings and cannot fly over the walls of our respective ecclesiastical enclosures. Surely neither of these insinuations is just. Let us disprove them by our acts.