

opposed to priests and preachers, but that beautiful feature in the Catholic Church, the Sisters of Charity, God bless them, has changed me. I have witnessed so much goodness in their devotion to the sick in our hospitals, that I shall always love and respect them. I had the honour of serving them with their meals and mingled with them in their good work, and necessarily became acquainted with them. It is but a few days since I followed Sister Laurentia, the sixth one to the grave, and scattered flowers over all. In strolling through the hospital, my attention was called to some writing on the wall. It was the tribute of a noble man R. M. Dr. Swearingham of Austin, Texas, then in charge to Sister Corinthia, who died on Oct. 2, 1878. I will give it to you. It speaks for itself. . . . "Within this room, October 2, 1878. Sister Corinthia sank into the sleep eternal. Among the first of the Sisters to enter this holy realm of death, she was the last, save one, to leave. The writer of this humble notice saw her in health, gentle but strong, as she moved with noiseless step and serene smiles, through the crowded wards. He saw her when the yellow-plumed angel threw his golden shadows over the last sad scene, and eyes unused to weeping gave the tribute of tears to the brave and beautiful Spirit 'of Mercy.'"—The Riverside visitor writing in *Good Words*, at the end of 1879, tells us that "Many a good priest has been fatally stricken while doing duty in a 'Little Ireland,' that is an Irish settlement in some English town.—The Rev. author of 'Untrodden Spain,' an Anglican clergyman.—In writing of the lunatic asylum at Cadiz says, 'I could but thank God that I had not to look upon such a sight every day. Yet one more thought arose. How noble, how devoted, how Christian-like, is the life of these Sisters, some of them of tender age and gentle birth, who spend their whole lives among these, the unhappiest, the most afflicted, the most hopeless of all the human race, and that without reward!'"—"What struck me most in the whole of our excursion, he writes again, "was the uniform gentleness of the different Sisters of Mercy we met in the course of our visit, without exception, one and all brought a smile with them into the wards of the hospital, where sickness and death were struggling for the mastery—all had kind words for their self-imposed charges; and every little child in the foundling, every poor creature in the mad-house, and every suffering patient in the hospital, wore a smile on their faces when one of the Sisters approached. Thank God that there are such women, who, to help their suffering brethren, will leave all behind, and suffer themselves, as we know they must suffer! May God reward them and bless them and their work." (Vol. II., chap. IV.)—The *Moniteur Orléanais* in the autumn of 1880, recounts the boldness of the Parish priest at Lunay, who confronted a raging maniac in a cabaret where he was doing all sorts of damage, no one daring to interfere with him.—The priest coming up entered the house fearlessly and calmed the unfortunate man.—Another priest named Voisin, at Méreville plunged into the canal and saved a young man who was drowning.—The newspaper states that he is noted for his indefatigable labours during visitations of the cholera, typhus fever, smallpox, or any other disease.—A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June 15, 1881, speaks thus of the Franciscans in Palestine:—"Nothing wearied them. They died by the hundred; some of misery, some by the sword of the Turks there where Jesus died; but, according as those in advance fell, new ones arrived, and the ranks of this peaceful army, which continually received wounds without ever inflicting them, always remained compact. . . . God only was the witness of their noble actions: they had neither the consolation of glory, nor that of brilliant success; but if to devote himself to a generous illusion, and sacrifice his life to a sublime madness . . . constitutes the true dignity of man, the last of the crusades, the unarmed crusade of the Franciscans, is the finest of all, and that which deserves to be celebrated with the most emotion. In the winter of 1879-80 the Roman correspondent of the *Daily News* reported the rescue of a party of travellers in a snowstorm at night on the Alps by the monks of St Bernard, Fathers Ange'o and Eugenio Carron, Rausis and Fellay. "Nothing," said the correspondent, "but the heroism of the poor monks of the hospice could have saved them."—A writer in a Protestant paper published at Bolton in 1881, refers as follows to the lepers in Trinidad:—"They are attended in the most devoted and loving manner by French Catholic Sisters of Mercy, who have given up all friends, home, pleasures, everything, and have come out to an almost deadly climate to attend these poor creatures affected with the most horrible disease that it is possible to conceive. I cannot speak too highly of the devotion of these truly saintly women. I feel it a duty and a pleasure to testify to the earnest, loving labour of the Roman Catholic Church in the island of Trinidad, and especially would wish to say that more complete self-sacrifice, more total self-forgetfulness, more noble surrender to a painfully arduous duty cannot possibly be conceived than that shown by the Sisters of Mercy in the leper hospital of Trinidad."—Among the professors at Saint-Sulpice, of whom M. de Renan speaks in his reminiscences of his youth, is to be found M. Gottofrey who, he says, had all the qualities to make him an accomplished man of the world, but who had devoted his life with all the spirit of a martyr to religion. "For want of martyrdom," says M. de Renan, "he

courted death so well that this cold bride, the only one he loved, finished by taking possession of him. He went to Canada. The cholera which raged at Montreal in 1846 offered him a fine opportunity to satisfy his thirst. He nursed the cholera patients with phrensy and died."—On March 1, 1880, the French Minister for the Navy stated in the Senate that Mgr. Duboin, Vicar-Apostolic of Senegal, who had been in Paris on sick leave, had left for Africa on learning that pestilence had broken out there.—Six missionary Fathers and fourteen nuns died in attending on the plague-stricken people.—In May, 1880, the *Otago Daily Times* published the following from its special correspondent:—"Another plague with which these (the Sandwich) islands are cursed is that of leprosy. To such an extent are its ravages felt that it has been found necessary to isolate the lepers in a small island. There are about 300 of these victims there now. No person affected is ever allowed to leave this quarantine until death releases him. . . . One noble Catholic priest lives in the island to minister to the spiritual needs of the sufferers. He volunteered to go knowing that once there he would never be allowed to leave."—M. Victorien Sardou, the well-known dramatist, in reporting in 1880 on the distribution of the Montyon prizes for virtue speaks as follows:—"M. L'Abbé Lambert has devoted himself to the moral instruction of deaf mutes. . . . Without letting himself be repulsed by the difficulties before which his predecessors had drawn back for more than fifty years, he composed and had printed a whole method of language by gesture. . . . He has besides published an entire special course for the complete instruction of adult and illiterate deaf mutes who could no longer be admitted into the schools. . . . This giant's work. . . . is not only the fruit of many years of reflection and work, but also of great pecuniary sacrifices. . . . In a word it may be said, that since the time of the holy Abbé de l' Epée, nobody has done more for the moral elevation of deaf mutes than M. L'Abbé Lambert, who during twenty-five years has applied himself, with a self-denial beyond all praise, to complete the great work of his immortal predecessor. The Academy has decreed to the Abbé Lambert the Souriau prize of a thousand francs."—In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for January 1, 1880, M. Albert Duruy contrasts the usher of the Government Lyceum with the prefect of a Jesuit seminary. "In the Government colleges," he says, "there is no play, or only the lower classes take part in it. With the Jesuits play is obligatory. . . . The master is there to give the example, and for the time being to place himself on an equality with his pupils. He does not consider it derogatory to him. He is not an official as in the Government establishments. He is a friend advanced in age, and both loved and respected. And how should he not be loved? He has entered the Company not by force or constraint, but by taste and vocation. Very often he is of good family, and had he remained in the world would have made his mark there. He bore a distinguished name, he had fortune, connections, a career before him. He could have advanced himself and grown rich in business. He preferred to don the *soutane* and devote himself to education."—M. d'Haussonville writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June 12, 1879, says:—"Who does not know with what self-denial the members of certain religious communities devote themselves to the rudest tasks. If the Minister of Public Instruction were somewhat more accustomed to his place he would know that it is not always possible to find male and female lay teachers who will go and take up their abode 1500 metres above the level of the sea; in our Alpine and Pyrenean departments, for instance, the administration is never short of congregationists. They go there under the snow, as they went under fire at the time of the siege to carry in the wounded. Self-devotion is their calling."—When in 1884 the cholera was raging in France, the *Newcastle Chronicle* published the following paragraph:—"I have seen aged Mussulmans, stern and hard of heart, shed great tears when they saw the coffins containing the corpses of the plague-stricken Sisters of Mercy pass by." Thus wrote Ahmet Vefiek Pasha in one of his despatches referring to the spring of 1878, when the typhus fever epidemic struck down two-and-twenty thousand of the wretched Mahomedans who had fled along the Valley of the Adrianople before Gourko and Skobeloff. The regular attendants fled in terror from the hospitals of Stamboul, thronged with sufferers; but the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul remained in the halls of death, comforting the afflicted and smoothing the pillow of the dying. Of the three and twenty Sisters then attacked by the malady eleven died. This was by no means the first time that this order of heroic and devoted women put strong men to the blush by facing death in its most awful forms in the service of their Divine Master. Nor was it the last. It is computed that 15,000 inhabitants have fled before the scourge in Toulon. Strong men have run away; but the Sister of Mercy remains in the chamber of sickness until death overtakes her patient, or she herself is overpowered. We had to report on Saturday that the Superioress of the Sisters of St. Maur has died of cholera. The *London Evening Standard*, referring to the same event, speaks thus:—"Those admirable women, the Sisters of Mercy, who have been driven from the words of Paris hospitals, who are continually attacked and insulted by the atheistical press, are to be met with now that an epidemic is raging beside the sick beds of the