

For over a quarter of a century it was truly a labor of love for him to build up and maintain a home for those whom, in conformity with the wise practice of the devoted Nuns of the Good Shepherd, he was wont to call 'the children.' He well understood them and their wants. As their guide and confessor he could not be surpassed. During all these years he refused to accept the least remuneration from the community. His great consolation was to see the work so visibly blessed by God. He saw the undertaking start with four Sisters and two children. At his death there were in the establishment five-and-twenty nuns, 159 children, 62 orphans, and 8 workmen—in all 254 souls. To one and all of us it is a mystery of Divine Providence how, without the least endowment, the heroic Sisters of the Good Shepherd are enabled to provide—well provide—for so large and ever increasing a family. A still greater subject of wonder, of gratitude, and love is the marvellous way in which they heal so many a broken heart and restore to God so many a sin-laden but repentant soul! For my part, I assure you that I hold the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in the highest veneration. They are very angels in human form. I venerate the very ground they walk upon. When they invite me to preach to them, I feel that they themselves are preaching most eloquently by their admirable example and truly heroic lives. Whilst laboring so indefatigably for Mount Magdala, Dean Ginaty never refused to help his fellow-priests or their people. His zeal for the salvation of souls knew no bounds. God alone knows the number of sorrowful or sin-laden souls who sought his assistance or advice. His brother-priests, who held him in the highest veneration, often asked his aid to touch the heart of some dying sinner. Never was he known to refuse, and seldom or never was he known to be unsuccessful at the death-bed. From his earliest years his favorite devotions were the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar, the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, and the Suffering Souls in Purgatory. To these, in after life, he added a singular devotion to St. Mary Magdalen. He had recourse to her in all his difficulties. He relates how being once lost in a dense forest he begged her assistance, when all at once he found himself on the track from whence he had so long strayed.

Though he dearly loved Mount Magdala, and really thought there was no spot in the world like it, there was no narrowness in his charity. When it was resolved to establish the great work of Nazareth Home in our midst, he took the keenest interest in the holy foundation, and lost no opportunity of showing his willingness to help it on by every means in his power. In Dean Ginaty all the consecrated spouses of Christ found a wise counsellor, and true Father and friend. Not only was he known and esteemed by all the Orders in this diocese, but many outside have a grateful recollection of the help they received from him either in the retreats or profession sermons which he preached for them and their companions. A somewhat stern exterior, at times, always severe to himself, he was gentle and kind, even indulgent, to his subordinates and all others.

Three years ago he was appointed Vicar-General of the diocese of Christchurch and parish priest of St. Mary's, Manchester street. The distress of all at Mount Magdala at his departure from their midst is quite indescribable. His loss was felt almost as much by the tiniest child as by the oldest, and the devoted Sisters. But his interest in what may truly be called the great work of his life ceased not with his removal from the beloved spot. Though obliged to dwell about five miles away, once or more often every week he drove to the noble institute whereof he was in truth 'the Father and the Founder, and the life-long friend.' Only with his last breath did he cease to watch over and help it by every means in his power. After the Holy Scriptures there was no book whereof he was fonder, or which he more frequently quoted than that admirable book, the *Imitation of Christ*. Amongst the many golden words which he loved to repeat and apply to himself, were those of iv. book, the v. chapt., and 33 verse: 'When the priest celebrates,' writes the de-

vout Thomas a Kempis, 'he honors God, he gives joy to the angels, he edifies the Church, he succors the living and the dead, and he procures for himself all kind of graces.' Hence the departed Dean was never known to omit the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass every day of his life. Even when returning from a long journey by sea, his first and foremost care was to ascend the sacred altar. He was always fond of the Church's liturgy, and it was his delight to take part therein. Last Holy Week he, of his own accord, came to the Cathedral to assist at all the beautiful offices. When, at the close, I ventured to thank him for his gracious assistance, and expressed my fear lest he were fatigued by staying so many hours in the church—'Oh, no!' he replied; 'the ceremonies of the Church never tire me.' Herein as in all else he was truly a model to all around him. This very day I was told by his young and devoted assistants that they were greatly edified to see how faithfully he joined them in their household prayers whether at night or early morning, and this during the coldest days in winter. Some months ago his Bishop presented him with a rare watch bearing a beautiful engraving of the Good Shepherd and the Madonna, and around the dial plate the Scriptural injunction, '*Nescitis diem neque horam*' ('You know not the hour nor the day') This became his daily, almost his hourly, motto. He said it would serve him for many a practical meditation. The day and the hour were soon, very soon, to dawn for him.

On Saturday, June 3, he paid his last visit while living to the Mount. He seemed to be in the enjoyment of perfect health and spirits, and showed himself, if possible, more than usually kind and solicitous for the welfare of the inmates. He visited the splendid church now in course of construction, examined everything in detail, even mounted the walls, already about 15 feet high. When leaving he said smilingly, 'If the outside is so pleasing to look upon what will be the interior when the whole building is completed?' The next day, Whit Sunday, he celebrated the Mass for the children at 9.30 o'clock in St. Mary's, and preached a most impressive sermon on the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar. He conversed with his assistant priests at the midday meal, and then withdrew to his room for a little rest. A little after 6 one of the Fathers surprised that he did not, as usual, descend for evening devotions, went to his room and found him stretched upon his bed fully clad but lifeless and dead. He died as he would have liked to die, had the choice been his, in harness. I am informed that for several months previous to his departure from amongst us, his instructions to his people nearly always bore upon death and the necessity of being well prepared at all times. Having that constantly before his mind, he was doubtless as prepared as he possibly could be to meet his Judge—his merciful Judge, Who is, I trust already, his everlasting reward. We are celebrating the Month's Mind in this hallowed spot deservedly dear to the late Dean. But his earthly remains have been fittingly laid to rest in the spot which he himself chose a quarter of a century ago as a burial place for Mount Magdala. The approach thereto will often be crossed by the grateful Nuns and their beloved charge. Every step of that approach will be a prayer to the Throne of the Most High for the repose of the soul of their beloved Father and founder. Should they—hardly a likely supposition—ever forget one who always remembered and loved, and prayed for them, then every mound of grass in their fields, every stone of their institute, would turn to a fervent prayer.

Dearly beloved Brethren in the ministry, let me, in conclusion, relate to you an incident in the life of the departed brother which speaks more eloquently of his spirit of abnegation and sacrifice, and his love of labor, than any mere words of praise could. He spent more than 40 years in the constant discharge of his priestly duties. Never once during that long period did he ask for or obtain a holiday or any kind of relaxation. He travelled, he went up and down the country it is true, but always in the fulfilment of his sacred ministry. Three or four years ago it was suggested to him that he might look forward to a trip to Europe to revisit the scenes of his childhood. He was even told that if he could save up some money for that purpose he might use