

THE CANONISATION OF SAINTS

Archdeacon Segrave, preaching on this subject, said:—

low, true practical piety, self-sacrificed devotion to the poor and all works of charity. The tree is known by its fruits and the fruit of her life is the Sisters of Charity, with all their works over the earth in relief of human wants and all the ills the flesh is heir to. The second canonised on Ascension Thursday, is of another type—Blessed Margaret of Alacoque, an obscure peasant in the silence of the cloister. Her God, Who knows how lowly she was, selected her to bring back men to a knowledge they were forgetting, the undying love for them of the Heart that bled to death for them, and to warm the hearts of men with the love of that Heart over the whole world.

time, a young Italian Passionist, who was first caught by the love and show of the world and its pleasures, but who, when he got to the light of the Passion of Christ, turned his eyes to the light and never strayed. He was neither shy nor delayed in the way, but made such strides to God that in a few years he reached the very height of sanctity, and was afterwards canonized. He is now ranked among her Saints as Saint Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, the name he took on his conversion. He was only 21 when he was called to Heaven.

Who will not rejoice to learn of Arch-rivalers of the world's glory of the Church among her Saints? There is nothing like her in history. Yet in very truth is she the child of the Church in every one of the three orders into which she divides: the child and youth, her public and

death. Her childhood is innocence and work and prayer, prayer, daily Mass and weekly Communion, the means by which the Church sanctifies her children still.

... religion 500 years ago as how could there be two? that time that wise men call the dark ages. Joan of Arc, ignorant of learning, knew more than the wisest men. And therefore God called her, therefore the Church honours her. 'She is the saviour of the Church in her extraordinary call as in her village home. She leads us as an angel amongst them. She banishes sin. She will have neither generals nor soldiers who sin against God; and that means she requires them to use in order to be saved. The Church uses still; she leads them to Confession and Communion. She has made in the Camp, and her army becomes the army of God. Her banner has inscribed on it the words of John the Baptist: 'He that conquers she conquers. There is no truce against her.' 'The man that commits a crime against God commits it against his country.' Joan of Arc is greater than any man. She is greater than sin greater than in the hour of her defeat and death. Merciless and brutally cruel was her lot but she is not conquered. Why? God and His Saints and angels are with her. She is the victory which overcometh the world our faith." She is an angel of purity amidst the folds of demons. Her fortune never fails her. She cries, indeed, and shrines her in a pure place, but she is not a human. But at the same time she is made by Divine Faith. Above the crac

her heavenly voices have no desertion; her: the name of Jesus is the last on his dying lips, and in that same she mourns for him, and for all who are lost. She is youth, innocence, virtue and eloquence; she is courage, beauty, sanctity; she is unique: she is Joan of Arc. Yet though as different from him as flowers are from the sun, God's Church flows this deeper sense she is like them: that that her beauty comes from within. That she is all united to God in the one sanctified life. Jesus Christ is the source of their bloom and beauty: "God is wonderful in His Saints," in their oneness arising in their variety, just as in the garden the flowers.

It seems a long stretch: from Joan of Arc to Oliver Plunkett, yet how alike they are in the three phases of their lives: children in their youth in their quiet countenances; young men in their calm, serene smiles and the same daily sacrifice. How alike in the public life to which God called them: for both a life of conflict and war, and suffering, yet sustained by the same faith and courage, and the conviction that both had the same brute power to against them, material force, warriorlike against God's spiritual. "But the weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh," of men. Both the doom of death the same power, but their death was a victory: "This is the victory which over-

The Saints, then, varied as they are, whether young or old, are all at root the same. As the flowers of the garden are all beautiful, like the garden in bloom, all come from within. God is the One Source of all, natural and supernatural, and of all that can be said that "not Solomon in all his wisdom" could have known. God is, indeed, wonderful in His Saints in their variety, and in their unity, ⁴ linked together by the golden thread of Divine Grace and their love for Him. What we may know of Him, and of what still more pity that we don't call to know? The world has made us ashamed to be seen reading their lives. We have been judged the fools of the world. The Last Judgment will be a terrible reversal. "Behold they are numbered with the Saints, and their lot with the elect of God. We fools esteem them fools, and they will have us counted honour." Shall this be our cry? When Joan of Arc referred all her action to "her lord" she was asked, "Who was your lord?" and she answered simply "My lord God." The Saints are the heroes on earth, they are crowned champions in Heaven. They served King who never dies. They knew who

keep for them against that day. He shall be
for all the decorations before them, and
their lot. What shadows shall be upon
as we think of their eternal glory. May
the Saints of God teach us to be wise ar
see to keep the truth:

May the Lord, O Arc, pray for us. Saint
Joan of Arc, the stainless love of h
country because she loved God above a
again save France from her present d
enemies. How strange and wonderf
and that she should be so young, an
again use the stainless maid to save h
country as He did 500 years ago! A
France is gone to her feet, even irreligio
France, and the Government, the King
srove to banish God from the nation,
the home and the schools. May she i
deed save France from her greater
enemies, the greatest enemies of a
people, those who would kill the de
seek to rob man of heaven, and den
him to the beasts.

May Blessed Oliver Plunkett obtain fo
us the grace to prize and love the fair
for which he died. "Think of the de
which overcometh the world, our faith
May his prayers obtain for us no

world can give us, for anything it can do against us. May we, like him, feel crime against God as the greatest of all evils. His dying words were "I have rather die ten thousand deaths than wrongfully to take away one farthing of any man's goods, one day of his liberty, or one minute of his life." That Catholic Faith, and no matter how many times that down his conscience stings with crime, that conscience that conscience will still cry out and give no peace, because it is the voice of God.

May Blessed Oliver Plunkett obtain for us and our country peace and justice.