



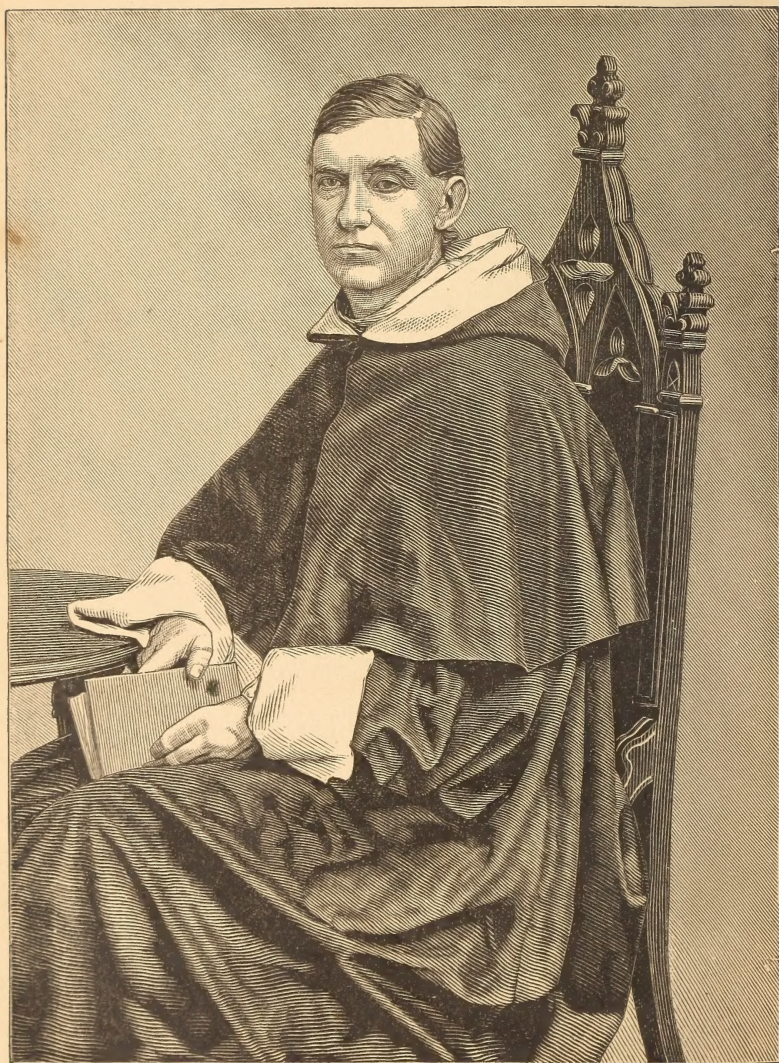
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THE
SERMONS,
LECTURES, AND ADDRESSES

DELIVERED BY
THE VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE,

(THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED DOMINICAN PRIEST,)

IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

INCLUDING HIS
FIVE GREAT LECTURES
IN ANSWER TO
MR. FROUDE, THE ENGLISH HISTORIAN.

TWO VOLS. IN ONE.

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Gift
E. J. Monaghan
ap. 22, 1925

P R E F A C E .

THE Editor has great pleasure in presenting to the American public the following noble specimens of pulpit oratory. For most of these splendid Sermons and Addresses he is indebted to the columns of the New York *Irish American*, the proprietors of that journal having, with laudable energy and liberality, given faithful reports of almost every word that has fallen from the eloquent lips of the great Dominican Preacher since he has landed upon the friendly shores where so many of his countrymen have found prosperous and happy homes.

FATHER BURKE is one of those rare men, gifted with almost superhuman eloquence, whose presence among us is as beneficial as was that of the angel at the Pool of Siloam, stirring up the lethargic waters to fresh life and utility. The REV. THOMAS BURKE is yet in the first flush of manhood, and likely, in the ordinary course of mundane affairs, to be spared to us for very many years. His personal appearance, no less than his vast classical and scientific attainments, admirably adapt him for the great profession to which he has devoted his life. His physical organization is something truly marvellous; the jewels of the mind, in this instance, are worthily encased. No subject comes amiss to this great orator, who, meanwhile, is as modest as he is learned and eloquent. He can discourse with transcendant ability and

power, hour after hour, upon almost every subject. But upon three subjects he never tires of dwelling—his Religion, his Church, and his Country. The following lines of the Great Poet most fittingly apply to FATHER THOMAS BURKE:—

“ Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire *that he* were made a prelate :
Hear him debate of Commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study :
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
a fearful battle rendered you in music :
Turn him to any cause of policy
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter ; that when he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men’s ears,
To steal his sweet and honied sentences.”

H. I. W.

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THE REV. FATHER BURKE'S
FUNERAL ORATION ON O'CONNELL.

A MAGNIFICENT DISCOURSE.

Previous to giving the reader the magnificent Addresses,—Religious and Secular,—delivered by the learned and eloquent FATHER BURKE, on this Continent, we introduce the following heart-moving and instructive address, delivered upon the occasion of the removal of the earthly remains of the Great Liberator to their last resting-place, under the grand Round Tower, at Glasnevin;—a most appropriate monument, raised by a grateful country to one of the ablest and purest champions that ever carried the banner of real Liberty. It is computed that over fifty thousand persons stood around the grave of the matchless O'Connell, on the august occasion.

"Wisdom conducted the just man through the right ways, and showed him the kingdom of God, made him honorable in his labors, and accomplished his works. She kept him safe from his enemies, and gave him a strong conflict, that he might overcome; and in bondage she left him not till she brought him the sceptre of the kingdom, and power against those that oppressed him, and gave him everlasting glory."—*Wisdom* x.

THESE striking words of the inspired writer tell us the glorious history of a great man of old, the father and founder of a great people. They also point out the true source of his greatness, and the secret of his success. He was a just man, and the spirit of wisdom was upon him. He was led by this spirit through the right ways—that is to say, the ways of truth and justice, the straightforward paths of reason and obedience; and the ends of his ways, the object ever before his eyes, was the "kingdom of God," the independence, the glory, the spiritual freedom of the children of his race. A high and holy object

was this, a grand and a noble purpose, which wisdom held out to him as the aim of his life and the crown of his days. And as the end for which a man labors determines all things, either unto shame or unto glory, so he, who labored for so great an end, "the kingdom of God," was made "honorable in his labors;" and the source of this honor was also the secret of success, for he "accomplished his works." But, in the midst of these "honorable labors," the inspired writer tells that the just man's path was beset by enemies, but the spirit of wisdom, which guided him, "kept him safe from his enemies," enabled him to meet their violence and their wiles, their open hatred and their subtle cunning, to overcome them, and to baffle them. The contest was long; it was "a strong conflict," which was given to him only that he might overcome, and so be worthy to be crowned. He was made to taste of sorrow; his enemies seemed to prevail; but in bands the spirit of wisdom, truth and justice forsook him not, "till she brought him the sceptre of the kingdom," the love and veneration of his brethren and of his people, and "power against those that oppressed him," the power of principle and of justice; and so changed his sorrow into joy, "and gave him everlasting glory"—glory on the earth, in the history and traditions of his people, where his name was in honor and benediction, and his memory enshrined in their love, and the higher glory, the everlasting glory "of the kingdom of God," for which he had labored so honorably, so successfully, and so long. Now, all this honor, triumph, and everlasting glory came to the great Israelite through the spirit of wisdom, the same spirit, of which it is written elsewhere, "that it can do all things, * * * that it removeth all things, * * * and, through nations, conveyeth itself into holy souls, and maketh the friends of God and the prophets"—"the friends of God," that is to say, the defenders of His Church and of His faith; and "prophets," that is, the leaders of His people. The destinies of nations are in the hands of God, and when the hour of His mercy comes, and a nation is to regain the first of its rights, the free exercise of its faith and religion, God who is never wanting to his own designs, ever provides for that hour a leader for his people, such a one as my text describes—wise, high-minded, seeking the kingdom of God, honorable in his labors, strong in conflict with his enemies, triumphant in the issue and crowned with glory. Nor was Ireland forgotten in the designs of God. Centuries of patient endurance brought at length the dawn of a better day. God's hour came, and it brought with it Ireland's greatest son,

Danie. O'Connell. We surround his grave to-day to pay him a last tribute of love, to speak words of praise, of suffrage and of prayer. For two and twenty years has he silently slept in the midst of us. His generation is passing away, and the light of history already dawns upon his grave, and she speaks his name with cold, unimpassioned voice. In this age of ours a few years are as a century of times gone by. Great changes and startling events follow each other in such quick succession that the greatest names are forgotten almost as soon as those who bore them disappear, and the world itself is surprised to find how short-lived is the fame which promised to be immortal. He who is inscribed even in the golden book of the world's annals finds that he has but written his name upon water. The Church alone is the true shrine of immortality, the temple of fame which perisheth not: and that man only whose name and memory is preserved in her sanctuaries receives on this earth a reflection of that glory which is eternal in Heaven. But before the Church will crown any one of her children, she carefully examines his claims to the immortality of her gratitude and praise—she asks, "What has he done for God and for man?" This great question am I come here to answer to-day for him whose tongue, once so eloquent, is now stilled in the silence of the grave, and over whose tomb a grateful country has raised a monument of its ancient faith and a record of its past glories; and I claim for him the meed of our gratitude and love, in that he was a man of faith, whom wisdom guided in "the right ways," who loved and sought "the kingdom of God," who was most "honorable in his labors," and who accomplished his "great works;" the liberator of his race, the father of his people, the conqueror in "the undefiled conflict" of principle, truth, and justice. No man of our day denies that Ireland has been a most afflicted country; but seldom was her dark hour darker, or her affliction greater, than towards the close of the last century. The nation's heart seemed broken, and all her hopes extinguished. The Catholics of Ireland were barely allowed to live, and were expected to be grateful even for the boon of existence: but the profession of the Catholic faith was a complete bar and an insurmountable article to all advancement in the path of wordly advantage, honor, dignity, and even wealth. The fetters of conscience hung heavily also upon genius, and every prize to which lawful ambition might aspire was beyond the reach of those who refused to deny the religion of their fathers, and to forget their country. Among the victims of this religious and intellectual slavery was one who

was marked among the youth of his time. Of birth which in other lands would be called noble, gifted with a powerful and comprehensive intelligence, a prodigious memory, a most fertile imagination, pouring forth its images in a vein of richest oratory, a generous spirit, a most tender heart, enriched with stores of varied learning, and genius of the highest kind, graced with every form of manly beauty, strength, and vigor; of powerful frame—nothing seemed wanting to him—

“ A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man ”—

yet all seemed to be lost in him, for he was born a Catholic and an Irishman. Before him now stretched, full and broad, the two ways of life, and he must choose between them; the way which led to all that the world prized—wealth, power, distinction, title, glory, and fame; the way of genius, the noble rivalry of intellect, the association with all that was most refined and refining—the way which led up to the council chambers of the nation, to all places of jurisdiction and of honor, to the temples wherein were enshrined historic names and glorious memories, to share in all blessings of privilege and freedom. The stirrings of genius, the promptings of youthful ambition, the consciousness of vast intellectual power, which placed within his easy grasp the highest prizes to which “the last infirmity of noble minds” could aspire—all this impelled him to enter upon the bright and golden path. But before him opened another way. No gleam of sunshine illumined this way; it was wet with tears—it was overshadowed by misfortune—it *was pointed out to the young traveller of life by the sign of the cross*, and he who entered it was bidden to leave all hope behind him, for it led through the valley of humiliation into the heart of a fallen race and an enslaved and afflicted people. I claim for O'Connell the glory of having chosen the latter path, and this claim no man can gainsay, for it is the argument of the apostle in favor of the great law-giver of old—“By faith Moses denied himself to be the son of Pharaoh's daughter; rather choosing to be afflicted with the people of God than to have the pleasure of sin for a time—esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasure of the Egyptians.” In this way was he led by his love for his religion and for his country. He firmly believed in that religion in which he was born. He had that faith which is common to all Catholics, and which is not merely a

strong opinion, or even a conviction, but an absolute and most certain knowledge that the Catholic Church is the one and only true messenger and witness of God upon the earth; that to belong to her communion and to possess her faith is the first and greatest of all endowments and privileges, before which everything else sinks into absolute nothing. He believed and knew that it was not enough for him to "believe in his heart unto justice," but that he must "confess with his mouth unto salvation," and the strength of his faith left him no alternative but to proclaim loudly his religion, and to cast in his lot with his people. That religion was this people's only inheritance. They had clung to it and preserved it with a love and fidelity altogether superhuman, and which was the wonder of the world. The teaching of the Catholic Church was accepted cheerfully by the Irish people when it was first preached to them. They took it kindly and at once from the lips of their apostle, and Ireland was a grand exception to all the nations, where the seed of Christianity has ever been the martyr's blood. The faith thus delivered to them they so illustrated by their sanctity that for a thousand years Catholic Ireland was the glory of Christendom, and received among the nations the singular title of the "Island of Saints."

Our national history begins with our faith, and is so interwoven with our holy religion, that if you separate these, our country's name disappears from the world's annals; while, on the other hand, Christian and Catholic, which means Ireland holy, Ireland evangelizing, Ireland teaching the nations of Europe, Ireland upholding in every land the Cross and the crown, Ireland suffering for her faith as people never suffered, has her name written in letters of gold upon the proudest page of history. Ireland and her religion were so singularly bound together, that in days of prosperity and peace they shone together; in days of sorrow and shame they sustained one another. When the ancient religion was driven from her sanctuaries, she still found a temple in every cabin in the land, an altar—a home in the heart of every Irishman. When the war of conquest degenerated into a war of extermination, the faith, and the faith alone, became to the Irish race the principle of their vitality, and national existence, the only element of freedom and of hope. To their Church, suffering and proscribed, they remained faithful as in the days of her glory. Their Catholic religion became the strongest passion of their lives, and in their love for their great suffering mother, they say to her:

"Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
 Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay :
 The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd ;
 Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
 And blessed even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee."

All this O'Connell felt and knew. He was Irish of the Irish, and Catholic of the Catholic. His love for religion and country was the breath of his nostrils, the blood of his veins ; and when he brought to the service of both the strength of his faith and the power of his genius, with the instinct of a true Irishman, his first thought was to lift up the nation by striking the chains off the national Church. And here again, my brethren, two ways opened before him. One was a way in which many had trodden in former times, many pure, and high-minded, noble and patriotic men ; it was a way of danger and of blood, and the history of his country told him that it ever ended in defeat, and in greater evil. The sad events which he himself witnessed, and which took place around him, warned him off that way ; for he saw that the effort to walk in it had swept away the last vestige of Ireland's national legislature and independence. But another path was still open to him, and wisdom pointed it out as "the right way." Another battle-field lay before him, on which he could "fight the good fight," and vindicate all the rights of his religion and of his country. The armory was furnished him by the inspired Apostle when he said : "Brethren, our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers * * * * Therefore take unto you the armor of God * * * Having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, in all things taking the shield of faith. * * * And take unto you the sword of the spirit, which is the Word." O'Connell knew well that such weapons in such a hand as his were irresistible—that, girt round with the truth and justice of his cause, he was clad in the armor of the Eternal God ; that, with word of peace and order on his lips, with the strong shield of faith before him, and the sword of eloquent speech in his hand, with the war-cry of obedience, principle, and law, no power on earth could resist him.

"Such a battle once begun
 Tho' baffled oft, is ever won."

For it is the battle of God, and nothing can resist the Most High. Accordingly, he raised the standard of the new war, and unfurled the banner on which was written,—freedom to be achieved by the power of truth, the cry of justice, the assertion of right, and the omnipotence of the law. Religious liberty and perfect equality was his first demand. The new apostle of freedom went through the length and breadth of Ireland. His eloquent words revived the hopes, and stirred up the energies of the nation; the people and their priesthood rallied around him as one man; they became most formidable to their enemies by the might of justice and reason, and they showed themselves worthy of liberty by their respect for the law. Never was Ireland more excited, yet never was Ireland more peaceful. The people were determined on gaining their religious freedom. Irishmen, from 1822 to 1829, were as fiercely determined, on their new battlefield, as they had been in the breaches of Limerick or on the slopes of Fontenoy. They were marshalled by a leader as brave as Sarsfield and as daring as Red Hugh. He led them against the strongest citadel in the world; and even as the walls of the city of old crumbled to the dust at the sound of Israel's trumpets, so, at the sound of his mighty voice, who spoke in the name of a united people, "the lintels of the doors were moved," and the gates were opened which three hundred years of prejudice and pride had closed and barred against our people. The first decree of our liberation went forth on the 13th of April, 1829. Catholic Emancipation was proclaimed, and seven millions of Catholic Irishmen entered the nation's legislature in the person of O'Connell. It was the first and the greatest victory of peaceful principle which our age has witnessed, the grandest triumph of justice and truth, the most glorious victory of the genius of one man, and the first great act of homage which Ireland's rulers paid to the religion of the people; and which Ireland's people paid to the great principles of peaceful agitation.

O'Connell's first and greatest triumph was the result of his strong faith and his ardent zeal for his religion and his Church. The Church was to him, as it is to us, "the kingdom of God;" and in his labors for it, "he was made honorable," and received from a grateful people the grandest title ever given to man. Ireland called him "the Liberator." He was "honorable in his labors," when we consider the end which he proposed to himself. It was no selfish nor even purely human end which he put before him. He devoted him

self, his time, his talents, his energies, his power, to the glory of God, to the liberation of God's Church, to the emancipation of his people. This was the glorious end; nor were the means less honorable. Fair, open, manly self-assertion; high solemn appeal to eternal principles; noble and unceasing proclamation of rights founded in justice and in the constitution; peaceful but most powerful pressure of a people united by his genius, inflamed by his eloquence, and guided by his vast knowledge and wisdom—these were the honorable means by which he accomplished his great work, and this great work was the achievement which gained for him not only the title of Liberator of Ireland, but even the œcumenical title of the Liberator of Christ's Church. "Were it only, to Ireland," says the great Lacordaire, "that Emancipation has been profitable, where is the man in the Church who has freed at once seven millions of souls? Challenge your recollection—search history from that first and famous edict which granted to the Christians liberty of conscience; and see if there are to be found many such acts comparable by the extent of their effects with that of Catholic Emancipation! Seven millions of souls are now free to serve and love God even to the end of time; and each time that this people, advancing in their existence and their liberty, shall recall to memory the aspect of the man who studied the secret of their ways, they will ever find inscribed the name of O'Connell, both on the latest pages of their servitude and on first of their regeneration." His glorious victory did honor even to those whom he vanquished. He honored them by appealing to their sense of justice and of right; and in the act of Catholic Emancipation, England acknowledged the power of a people, not asking for mercy, but clamoring for the liberty of the soul, the blessing which was born with Christ, and which is the inheritance of the nations that embrace the Cross. Catholic Emancipation was but the herald and the beginning of victories. He who was the Church's liberator and most true son, was also the first of Ireland's statesmen and patriots.

Our people remember well, as their future historian will faithfully record, the many trials borne for them, the many victories gained in their cause, the great life devoted to them by O'Connell. Lying, however, at the foot of the altar, as he is to-day, while the Church hallows his grave with prayer and sacrifice, it is more especially as the Catholic Emancipator of his people that we place a garland on his tomb. It is as a child of the Church that we honor him, and recall with tears of sorrow our recollections of the aged man, revered, be-

loved, whom all the glory of the world's admiration and the nation's love had never lifted up in soul out of the holy atmosphere of Christian humility and simplicity. Obedience to the Church's laws, quick zeal for her honor and the dignity of her worship ; a spirit of penance, refining while it expiated, chastening while it ennobled, all that was natural in the man ; constant and frequent use of the Church's holy sacraments, which shed the halo of grace round his venerated head—these were the last grand lessons which he left to his people, and thus did the sun of his life set in the glory of Christian holiness. For Ireland he lived, for Ireland did he die. The people whom he had so faithfully served, whom he loved with a love second only to his love for God, were decimated by a visitation the most terrible that the world ever witnessed ; the nations of the earth trembled, and men grew pale at the sight of Ireland's desolation. Her tale of famine, of misery, of death, was told in every land. Her people fled affrighted from the soil which had forgotten its ancient bounty, or died, their white lips uttering the last faint cry for bread. All this the aged father of his country beheld. Neither his genius, nor his eloquence, nor his love, could now save his people ; and the spirit was crushed which had borne him triumphantly through all dangers and toil ; the heart broke within him, that brave and generous heart which had never known fear, and whose ruling passion was love for Ireland. The martyred spirit, the broken heart of the great Irishman led him to the holiest spot of earth, and with tottering steps he turned to Rome. The man whose terrible voice in life shook the highest tribunals of earth in imperious demand for justice to Ireland now sought the Apostle's tomb, that, from that threshold of heaven he might put up a cry for mercy to his country and his people, and offer up his life for his native land. Like the Prophet King, he would fain stand between the people and the angel who smote them, and offer himself a victim and a holocaust for the land which he loved. But on the shores of the Mediterranean the weary traveller lay down to die. At that last moment, his profound knowledge of his country's history may have given him that prophetic glimpse of the future which is sometimes vouchsafed to great minds. He had led a mighty nation to the opening of "the right way," and directed her first and doubtful steps in the path of conciliation and justice to Ireland. Time, which ever works out the designs of God, has carried that nation forward in the glorious way. With firmer step, with undaunted soul, with high resolve of justice, peace, and conciliation, the work

begun by Ireland's Liberator progresses in our day. Chains are being forged for our country, but they are chains of gold, to bind up all discordant elements in the empire, so that all men shall dwell together as brothers in the land. If we cannot have the blessings of religious unity so as "to be all of one mind," we shall have "the next dearest blessing that heaven can give," the peace that springs from perfect religious liberty and equality.

All this do we owe to the man whose memory we recall to-day, to the principles which he taught us, which illustrate his life, and which, in the triumph of Catholic Emancipation, pointed out to the Irish people the true secret of their strength, the true way of progress, and the sure road to victory. The seed which his hand had sown it was not given to him to reap in its fulness. Catholic Emancipation was the first instalment of liberty. The edifice of religious freedom was to be crowned when the wise architect who had laid its foundations and built up the walls was in his grave. Let us hope that his dying eyes were cheered and the burden of his last hour lightened by the sight of the perfect grandeur of his work—that like the Prophet lawgiver, he beheld "all the land;"—that he saw it with his eyes, though he did not "pass over to it;" and that it was given to him to "salute from afar off" the brightness of the day which he was never to enjoy. The dream of his life is being realized to-day. He had ever sighed to be able to extend to his Protestant fellow-countrymen the hand of perfect friendship, which only exists where there is perfect equality, and to enter with them into the compact of the true peace which is founded in justice. Time, which buries in utter oblivion so many names and so many memories, will exalt him in his work. The day has already dawned and is ripening to its perfect noon, when Irishmen of every creed will remember O'Connell, and celebrate him as the common friend and the greatest benefactor of their country. What man is there, even of those whom our age has called great, whose name, so many years after his death could summon so many loving hearts around his tomb? We, to-day, are the representatives not only of a nation but of a race. "*Quænam regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*" Where is the land that has not seen the face of our people and heard their voice?—and wherever, even to the ends of the earth, an Irishman is found to-day, his spirit and his sympathy are here. The millions of America are with us—the Irish Catholic soldier on India's plains is present among us by the magic of love; the Irish sailor, standing

by the wheel this moment in far-off silent seas, where it is night, and the southern stars are shining, joins his prayer with ours, and recalls the glorious image and the venerated name of O'Connell.

“ He is gone who seemed so great—
Gone : but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own,
Being here ; and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.”

He is gone, but his fame shall live for ever on the earth as a lover of God and of his people. Adversaries, political and religious, he had many, and like a

“ Tower of strength
Which stood full square to all the winds that blew,”

the Hercules of justice and of liberty stood up against them. Time, which touches all things with mellowing hand, has softened the recollections of past contests, and they who once looked upon him as a foe, now only remember the glory of the fight, and the mighty genius of him who stood forth the representative man of his race, and the champion of his people. They acknowledge his greatness, and they join hands with us to weave the garland of his fame. But far other, higher and holier are the feelings of Irish Catholics all the world over to-day. They recognize, in the dust which we are assembled to honor, the powerful arm which promoted them, the eloquent tongue which proclaimed their rights and asserted their freedom, the strong hand which, like that of the Maccabee of old, first struck off their chains, and then built up their holy altars. They, mingling the supplication of prayer and the gratitude of suffrage, with their tears, recall—oh, with how much love !—the memory of him who was a Joseph to Israel—their tower of strength, their buckler, and their shield—who shed around their homes, their altars, and their graves the sacred light of religious liberty, and the glory of unfettered worship. “ His praise is in the Church,” and this is the surest pledge of the immortality of his glory. “ A people’s voice” may be “ the proof and echo of all human fame,” but the voice of the undying Church is the echo of “ everlasting glory,” and when those who surround his grave to-day shall have passed away, all future generations of Irishmen to the end of time will be reminded of his name and of his glory.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered in St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday evening, March 3d, by the Rev FATHER BURKE.]

"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE MOTHER OF LIBERTY."

MY FRIENDS : On last Tuesday evening, when I had the honor of addressing you, I proposed to you a subject for your consideration which perhaps may have struck a good many among you as strange. We are such worshippers of this age of ours, that when the "man of the day," as he is called, is put before us in any other than an amiable light, no matter how true it may be, it seems strange, and it is a hazardous thing for me to attempt. And there are many among you that will consider the thing I have undertaken to do this evening—a still more hazardous attempt—namely, to prove to you that the Catholic Church is the foster-mother of human liberty. Was there ever so strange a proposition heard—the Catholic Church the mother of human liberty! If I undertook to prove that the Catholic Church was the instrument chosen by Almighty God to save Christianity, I might do it on the testimony of Protestant historians. I might quote, for instance, Guizot, the French statesman and historian, who repeatedly and emphatically asserts that only for the organization of bishops, priests, monks, etc.,—what is called "the Church,"—the Christian religion would never have been preserved: never have been able to sustain the shock of the incursions of the barbarians of the North upon the Roman Empire: and never have been preserved through the following ages of confusion, and, some people say, darkness. I could quote the great German historian, Neander, who was not only a Protestant, but bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church, who repeats, again and again, the self-same proposition. "Were it not," said he, "for the Church, the Christian religion must have perished

during the time that elapsed between the fifth and the tenth centuries." I might, I say again, find it easy to prove any one of these propositions, with less fear of cavil. Ah, but this is quite another thing, you will say in your own minds. This man tells us that he is prepared to prove that the Catholic Church is the foster-mother of human liberty. Why, the "man of the day," whom we were considering on a previous evening, is not a very amiable character. He has a great many vices: there are a great many moral deformities about him—this boasted man of the nineteenth century. But there is one thing that he lays claim to: he says—and he says it is something which no man can gainsay at least in this: that he is a free man; that he is not like those men who lived in the ages when the Catholic Church had power: when she was enabled to enforce her laws. "Then, indeed," he says, "men were slaves, but now, whatever our faults may be, we have freedom. Nay, more, we will add, we have freedom in spite of the Catholic Church. We are free because we have succeeded in disarming the Catholic Church; in taking the power out of her hands. We are free because our legislation and the spirit of our age is hostile to the Catholic Church. How then, Monk, do you presume to come here and tell us, the men of the day, that this Church of yours—this Church whose very name we associate with the idea of intellectual slavery—that she is the foster-mother of human liberty?" Well, I need not tell you, my friends, that there is nothing easier than to make assertions; that there is nothing easier than to proclaim such and such things, laid down as if they were the law—tumble it out as if it was Gospel. It may be a lie. Out with it. Assert it strongly. Repeat it. Don't let it be put down. Assert it again and again. Even though it be a lie, yet a great many people will believe it. Nothing is easier than to make assertions without thinking well on what we say. Now, let me ask you, this evening, to do what very few men in this age of ours do at all; and that is, to reflect a little. It is simply astonishing, considering the powers that God has given to man—the power of thought, the power of reflection, the power of analyzing facts and weighing statements, the power of reducing things to their first principles—I say it is astonishing to think of that and to look around us and see how few the men are who reason at all,—who reflect,—who take time for thought; how many there are who use words of which they do not know the meaning. Take, for instance, that word "liberty." I need hardly tell you that I must explain it to you before I

advance the proposition that the Catholic Church is the mother of Liberty.

What is the meaning of the word "Liberty"—so dear to us all? We are always boasting of it; the patriot is always aspiring to it; the revolutionist makes it justify all his wiles and all his conspiracies. It is the word that floats upon the glorious folds of their banners as they are flung out upon the breeze over the soldier's head; and he is cheered in his last moment, by the sacred sound of liberty! It is a word dear to us all—the boast of us. What is the boast of America? That it is the Land of Freedom. Yes; but I ask you, do you know what it means? Liberty? Just reflect upon it a little. Does liberty mean freedom from restraint? Does liberty, in your mind, mean freedom from any power, government restraint of legislation? Is this your meaning of liberty? For instance: Is this your meaning of liberty—that every man can do what he likes? If so, you cannot complain if you are stopped by the robber on the roadside, and he puts his pistol to your head and says: "Your money or your life!" you cannot complain; he is only using his liberty in doing what he likes. Does liberty mean that the murderer may come and put his knife in you? Does liberty mean that the dishonest man is to be allowed to pilfer? Is this liberty? This is freedom from restraint. But is it liberty? Most certainly not. You will not consider that you are slaves because you live under laws that tell you that you must not steal; that you must not murder; that you must not interfere with or violate each other's rights; but that you must respect those of each other; and if you don't do that you must be punished. You don't consider you are slaves because you are under the restraint of law. Whatever liberty means, therefore, it does not, in its true meaning, imply simple and mere freedom from restraint. Yet, how many there are who use this word, and who attach this meaning to it. What is liberty? There are in man—in the soul of man—two great powers,—God-like, angelic, spiritual,—viz.: the intelligence of the mind and the will. The intelligence of the human mind, the soul, and the will are the true fountains and the seat of liberty. What is the freedom of the intelligence? What is the freedom of the will? There are no other powers in man capable of this freedom except these two. If you ask me in what does the freedom of the intelligence and of the will of man consist, I answer the freedom of the intellect consists in being free from error—from intellectual error. The freedom of man's intelligence consists in its being perfectly

free from the dangers and liability of believing that which is false. The slavery of the intelligence in man is submission in mind and in belief to that which is a lie. If, for instance, I came here this evening, and if, by the power of language, by plausibility of words, by persuasiveness, I got any man among you to believe a lie, and take that lie as truth and admit it into his mind as truth, and admit it as a principle that is right, and just, and true, when it is false and unjust and a lie—that man is intellectually a slave. Falsehood is the slavery of the intelligence. Reflect a little upon this. It is well worth reflecting upon. It is a truth that is not grasped or held by the men of this century of ours. There was a time when it was considered a disreputable thing to believe a lie. There was a time when men were ashamed of believing what, even by possibility, could be a lie. Nowadays, men glory in it. It was but a short time ago a popular orator and lecturer in England, speaking of the multitude of religious sects that are there—speaking of those who assert that Christ is God, and of those who assert that He is not God;—of those who assert that there are three persons in the Trinity, and of those who assert that there is no Trinity—the Unitarians;—of those who assert that good works are necessary for salvation, and of those who assert that good works are not necessary at all;—of those who assert that Christ is present on the altar, and of those who say it is damnable heresy to assert that He is there at all;—speaking of all these,—how, we ask, can any one of them be true and all the rest not be false? He said: “The multitude of sects and churches in England is the glory of our age and of our people, for it shows what a religious people we are.” My God! A man believes a lie; a man takes a lie to him as if it were the truth of God; a man takes an intellectual falsehood—a thing that’s false in itself—a thing that has no real existence in fact—a thing that God never said, and never thought of saying; and he lays that religious lie upon the altar of his soul, and he bows down and does homage to it as if it were the truth! And then he comes out and says: “It may be a lie; but you know it is a religious lie; and it is so respectable and religious to have a multitude of sects, and it shows what a good people we are!” This is our age. The very definition of the freedom and intelligence of man which I am about to give you, I take from the highest authority. I will not quote for you, my friends, the words of man, but I will quote to you the Word of God—of God himself—who ought to know best; of God himself, who made man and gave him

his intelligence and his freedom—of God himself, who has declared that the freedom of the human intellect lies in the possession of the truth—the knowledge of the truth—the grasping of the truth—the exclusion, by that very fact, of all error.

Christ, our Lord, said: "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." You shall know the truth, and, in the knowledge of that truth, will lie your freedom. Mind you, He did not say: "I will send you groping after the truth." No! But you shall know it—you shall have it—no doubt about it! He did not say—"Here is a book; here is my word; take it and look for the truth in it: and if you happen to find it, well and good; if not, you are a religious man!" He did not say: "Your duty is to seek for the truth; to look for it"—no; but He said: "You shall have it, and you shall know it; and that shall make your freedom; and the truth shall make you free!" I lay it down, therefore, as a first principle, that the very definition of intellectual freedom lies in the possession of the truth.

Now, my friends, before I go any further, I may as well at once come home to my subject, and that is, that "The Catholic Church alone, is the foster-mother of intellectual freedom." Afterwards we will come to the freedom of the will. We will ask what it is, and apply the same principles in answering it. There is in the Catholic Church a power which she has always exercised; and strange to say, it is the very exercise of that power which forms the world's chief accusation against her. And that is, the power of defining, as articles of faith and dogma—as to what we are to believe beyond all doubt, all cavil, beyond all speculation, what she holds and knows to be true. There is this distinguishing feature between the Catholic Church and all sectaries that call themselves religious—Quakers and Shakers, and ranters and jumpers, and all sorts of religions—there is this difference between the Catholic Church and these off-shoots—all these suckers of Christianity—that she always speaks clearly. Every child that belongs to her, every man that hears her voice, knows precisely what to believe, knows precisely what the Church teaches. Never does she leave a soul in doubt. Sometime ago a deputation of clergymen of the Church of England waited upon the Archbishop of Canterbury, and propounded a very simple question indeed, to him: viz.—Whether the Protestant Church allowed its ministers, or taught them to preach their sermons, with surplices on, or without. Well, there wasn't much in that: about half a

yard of calico was all of it; the most of it was not as much as would make a surplice for a little boy. They came and asked the Archbishop if he would kindly tell them what was the discipline of the Church. The Archbishop knew and remembered very well that there was a party in England that could not bear to see a surplice on a clergyman. The very sight of such a thing is like the shaking of a red rag before a bull; it makes them mad. It is a singular thing. Now, when you come in here to your devotions, you do not mind much whether the alb the priest wears be a long one or a short one; whether the surplice be plain or embroidered; or whether the fringes of the lace are long or short. But in the Protestant Church in England, if a minister goes up before a certain congregation with a surplice on, one half of them stand up and walk out of the house. The Archbishop knew this; he also knew that there is a strong party in the Protestant Church who not only favor surplices, but would like to see all kinds of vestments worn. Mournfully he turns round, and what is the answer that he gives? He answers them as if he had nothing to say: as if there was nothing in it (laughter). What was the answer his Grace of Canterbury gave? What answer do you suppose he gave them? He rubbed his hands—(I don't know whether he took a pinch of snuff or not)—but he rubbed his hands and said: It was—a—really—a—a—a—very—serious question; that we lived in times when the Church uses a caution and prudence that was most admirable and most necessary;—that the fact of it is, that those who wear surplices in performing the functions of the Church,—that, no doubt, they were actuated by the purest of motives and the best of feelings; that he honored them; and that, in fact, he felt that, according to circumstances, the surplice might be worn; and that when a man had it on him—why—he had it on him! There was no mistake about it. Then, that there were others who did not wear surplices—and, of course, as to those who did not wear them—why, they were not in the habit of putting them on; and that, really, he must say that on this question, the discipline of the Church was such that it was very hard precisely to say whether the wearing of a surplice, or the not wearing of a surplice, was precisely the most convenient,—and, to use a vulgar phrase, he bamboozled them—(laughter)—and, under Heaven, they did not know what he meant. One minute he told them it was right; the next minute he told them it might be wrong. And that on the mere question of a surplice! The

Catholic Church comes out on a question affecting the existence of God; Heaven; the Revelation of Scripture; the Divinity of Jesus Christ. It is a question affecting an article of faith. She gives to the Church on this or that article of faith language as clear as a bell—language so clear and decided that every child may know what God has revealed; that this is what God teaches on this, for this is the truth. But the "Man of the Day" says: "What right has the Church to impose this on you? Are you not a slave to believe it?" I answer at once: "If it be a lie, you are a slave to believe it. If it be not a lie, but the truth—in the very belief of it, then,—in the knowledge of it,—lies your freedom, according to the words of Christ: 'You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'"

The whole question hinges upon this: Has the Church the power and the authority to teach you what is the truth? She at once falls back upon the Scriptures and lays her hand upon the words of Jesus Christ, saying—"Go and teach all nations; teach them all truth; I will send the Spirit of Truth upon you to abide with you, and I, Myself, will be with you all days to the end of the world; and the Gates of Hell,—that is to say, the spirit of error,—shall never, never, never prevail against My Church!" If that be true, the whole question is over. If that word be true—if Jesus Christ be the God of Truth, as we know Him to be, then the whole controversy is at an end. He commands us to hear the Church, to accept her teachings, to grasp them, being the truth, with our minds as though we heard them immediately from the lips of our Lord God Himself—who is the very quintessence of truth and of intellectual freedom—for intellectual freedom lies in a knowledge of the truth. And now, let me give you a familiar proof of this. Let me suppose, now, that instead of being what I am—a Catholic priest and a monk—that I was—(God between us and harm!—a Methodist, a Presbyterian, or that I was a Baptist, an Anabaptist, or anything of that kind, or a Quaker, or a Shaker, or anything that you like. And suppose that I came here, a man of a certain amount of intellect and of originality, and that I had taken up, or that I had dreamt, last night, some crooked view of the Scriptures, and that I said in my own mind: "Well, perhaps, after all, Christ did not die on the cross; perhaps that was one of those fictions that we find in history;" and that I then came up, here, on this altar, and put that lie plausibly,—perhaps dogmatically—and tell you how many other lies were thus told—how this thing thus said was proved to be

false, and that that thing thus said was proved to be false;—and that then I said to you, “what evidence have we of the crucifixion of our Lord but historical evidence? Perhaps, after all, it was only a myth? When we look into ourselves, and see how much there is in us of evil and how little of good, and then think of Christ coming to die for us and save us!—indeed, they say, there is a question whether He came at all or not. If I were only to put that question plausibly to you, what is to hinder me from deceiving you? What is to hinder me, if I am able to do it eloquently and forcibly? What is to save some of you from being imposed upon, and some of you from believing me? You are at my mercy, so far as I can raise a doubt in your minds. I can put an intellectual chain upon you. You are at my mercy, and I am at the mercy of my own idle dreams. Well, let us take things as they are. I came here as a Catholic priest to you, who are Catholics. If I were here, this evening, to breathe one breath—one word—against the real presence of our Lord,—or against the infallibility of the Pope,—or against the indefectibility of the Church,—or against the power of the priest to absolve from sin,—or any other doctrine of the Catholic Church;—if I was just to approach it with the faintest touch;—is there a man among you—is there one in this church—who would not rise up and say: “You lie! You are a heretic! You are a false teacher! You are a heathen and a pagan!” If I dared to do it, could I have the slightest influence on any one of you? No. And why? Because you know the truth. Why? Because the Church of God has thrown the shield of dogma between you and every false teacher—between you and every one who would try to make you believe a lie. Isn’t this freedom?

Some time ago, there was a poor man from the county Galway—my own county—came to us. The poor fellow went over to England, to earn the rent by reaping the harvest. He had on a pair of stockings, a pair of brogues in a handkerchief, and he had a reaping-hook, and carried his little bundle on the hook, as he was going along. He went down into the southwest of England—into Gloucestershire. And, now, you must know that the Protestants of that part of England are what they call “Puseyites,”—men who are fond of being, without being, as like Catholics as possible. And so my poor fellow went in one Sunday morning;—to be sure, ’twas in a very strange place he found himself;—but he heard the bells ring; he walked along; he saw a cross; he saw, as he supposed, a church; went in, and, (sure enough) saw a cross, found an altar, and the candles on it; and three

men—young men—attending, if you please, on the altar. There were a priest, and his deacon and sub-deacon, and a congregation—all kneeling down as the service went on; and he thought he was all right. He knelt down, blessed himself, and everything went on smoothly, to all appearance; and the mock Mass went on until the time came for the priest to preach, and the deacons and sub-deacons sat down in their chairs. The priest took off his vestments and laid aside his stole. He then blessed himself. There were many distinguished personages there—all Protestants. In his beautiful sermon he called the Blessed Virgin Mary, the mother of God! All this time the poor Galway man was beating his breast. Everything went off delightfully until the man came to tell the people that were coming in, "Now," says he, some of you, my dear brethren,"—(he was an elegant English Protestant, highly educated)—"Now my dearly beloved brethren," says he, "some among you, no doubt, are going to approach the holy communion;—but, of course, I don't wish to force my opinion upon you,—but you must remember that faith is required, and I humbly hope that as many of you as go to the altar will believe that you are about, really, to receive the Lord. I don't want to say, for an instant, that this is absolutely necessary, or that I put it upon you under the awful penalty of excommunication; but still I hope you will approach it in the right faith." "God bless my soul!" says the poor Galway man. "This is too bad! I have never seen the like of this before!" So he stoops down, takes up his hat, and goes for the door! When he was telling it to me, said he, "Why, your reverence, it was only when he got to the end of the sermon that he let the cat out of the bag!" Now, I ask you who was the free man in that church? Was it not the man whose intelligence, humble as he was, uneducated as he was in worldly learning—but with the knowledge of the Catholic Church in his soul—was it not he whose intelligence instantly rose up and rejected the false doctrine and shook off the slavery off the lie? Need I say any more? Before I end I will come to vindicate the Church, my mother, as is my duty, from any charge of ever fostering slavery, or of ever rivetting one fetter upon the intelligence of man. But I think I have so far sufficiently brought it home to the intellect of every one among you that if the knowledge of the truth, the possession of the truth, the grasping of the truth, making freedom of the intellect according to the definition of it by the word of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ—that

man alone can have that freedom who receives the truth knowing it to be the truth, from the mouth of one whom Christ the Son of God, declares could never teach man a lie!

But, now, we pass to the second great stronghold of freedom or of slavery in the soul of man; and that is, the will. For, you know that, strictly speaking, the will of man, —that free will that God gives us—that that is really and truly the subject-matter either of freedom or of slavery. If a man has the freedom of his will he is free; if a man's will is coerced he is a slave. I grant you that. But when is that will coerced? What is the definition of the word "freedom," so far as it touches human will? I answer at once, and define the freedom of the human will to be, on the one side, obedience to recognized and just law, and, on the other side freedom from over-ruling or coercing action of any authority, or of any power that is not legitimately appointed to govern and rule the will. We are slaves if we are bound to observe laws that are, in themselves, unjust—laws that involve an immoral act; and no man but a slave is bound to obey them. Thus, for instance, if the law of the land tells me that what I have heard from any one of my Catholic children at the confessional, I am to go and make a deposition of it, that is to use it as evidence against him—if the law said that—(and the law has sometimes said it)—the Catholic priest knows, and every Catholic knows, that the observance of that law would make a slave of the priest—it would take away from his over-ruling conscience that dictates to his will—so that if he observed that law he would be a slave; but if he died rather than observe it he would be a martyr and an apostle of freedom! Secondly, the freedom of the will lies in being free from every influence, from every coercing power that has no right or title whatever to command that will, who has a right to command the will of man? Almighty God, who made it. Every human law that tells us, do this or do that has authority only inasmuch as it is the echo of the eternal voice, commanding or prohibiting. I will only obey the law because St. Paul tells us "the law comes from on high"—that all power, all law, comes from Almighty God. Any other power that is opposed to God, any other power that upsets the reasons of God, has nothing whatever to say to the will of man, and if the will of man submits to the persuasion or coercion of that power, by that very fact it becomes a slave.

Now, what are the great powers that assert themselves in this our age upon the will of man? What are the great pow-

ers that make slaves of us? I answer, they are the world around us and its principles—our own passions within us, and our sinful inclinations. Reflect upon it! We live in a world that has certain principles, that lays down certain maxims and acts upon them. The world has its own code of laws; the world has its own sins, greater or lesser. For instance, a man is insulted. The world tells him to go, take a revolver, and wipe out the insult in the blood of the man who dares to insult him. This is the world's law, but it is opposed to God's law, which says: "Love your enemies, and pardon them for my sake!" The world says to a man, "You are in a good position; you have place, power, influence, patronage; you have it in your power to enrich yourself. Ah! don't be so squeamish; don't be so mealy-mouthed; shove a friend in here. Let a man have a chance of taking up his own pickings. Put another man to do the same there. Take something for yourself." The world says this, and I believe you have evidence of it every other day. The world says to the man of pleasure: "You are fond of certain sins of impurity. Ah! but my dear friend, you must keep that thing very quiet. Keep it under the rose as long as you can. There is no great harm in it. It is only the weakness of our nature. You may go on and enjoy yourself as much as you choose; only be circumspect about it. Keep it as quiet as possible, and do not let your secret be found out." The great sin is being found out. This is the way of the world. It thus operates upon men. It thus influences our will and makes us bow down and conform to the manners and customs of those around us. How true this is! Is there anything more common? Here I have heard it over and over again since I came to America: "Oh, father, we are very different in this country from what we were in the old country. In the way of going to Mass in this country on Sunday, you cannot go unless you are well dressed. In the old country they go no matter how they are. In this country people would look on it as queer if you did not go as well dressed as your neighbor. In the old country they were very particular about stations, and about going to confession. They used all to go to their duty at Christmas, or Easter—and often more frequently—but in this country scarcely anybody goes at all." This is the language I have heard. It is not uncommon. Now, what does all this mean? What has this country or that, this portion of the world or that, this maxim of the world or that,—what has it to do with your will? Where, in reason,—where, in faith,—where, in Scripture, can you find me one word from Almighty God to man: "Son of

man, do as those around you do ; conform your life to the usages of the world around you—to the maxims of the world in which you live.” But Christ has said: “Be not conformed to this world, for the friendship of this world is enmity before God.” All the passions within us—oh ! those terrible passions !—the strong, the unreasoning, the lustful desires of youth—the strong, unreasoning revengeful pride and passions of man ;—the strong, unreasoning desire to be enriched before his time by means which are accursed ;—the strong passions within him, whatever they may be, that rise up, like giants, in his path,—ah, these are the most terrible tyrants of them all, when they assume dominion over man—and, above all, when they assume the aggravated and detestable dominion of habit. Let me say a word to you about this. There is not a man among us who hasn’t his own little world of iniquity within. Not one ! There is not a man among us, even of those who are within the sanctuary, that must not work out his salvation with fear and trembling. And why ? Because he has great enemies in his own passions. Now, the Almighty God’s design is that those passions should become completely subject to the dominion of reason by the free will of man. As long as man is able to keep them down, to subdue them—so long as a man is able to keep humble, pure, chaste, temperate, in spite of them, that man is free ; because he controls and keeps down those servants, his passions, that the Almighty God never intended should govern him. Now, the intention of Almighty God is that we should keep down those passions. The second intention of Almighty God is, therefore, that if they rise, as rise they do, in many cases, and, for a time overpower the soul, and induce a man to commit this sin or that,—that he must at once rise up out of that sin, put down that passion, and chain it down under the dominion of reason and will ; because, if he lets it remain and allows it to subdue him, and seduce him into sin again, in an inconceivably short time that passion will become the habit and the tyrant of his life. For instance, if a man gets drunk (I wonder if there is any one among you that was ever drunk ?) —(laughter)—if so, I ask that man and say: “My dear friend, try to recall the first time you got drunk. Do you remember next morning what state your head was in ? A splitting as if it would go asunder. You felt that you would give half of all you were worth for a drink of water. Your tongue was dry and parched, and a coarse fur on it. How you got up in the morning and did not know what to do with yourself for the whole day, going about here and there, and

afraid to eat, your stomach being so sick ; afraid to lie down, and not able to remain up or go to work ; moaning and shaking and not able to get over the headache of the preceding night. That was the first time, and you made vows it should be the last. Next day a friend came along and says —“ Let us go out and take a glass of toddy ? ” He wants you to take medicine. I remember once I heard of a man in this particular state, and when he saw brandy and water before him, he said : “ No, sir ; I would rather take Epsom salts.” And why ? Because the habit is not yet formed ; the habit is not yet confirmed. But go on, my friend. Don’t mind that. When that headache and that first sickness goes away, go on, and after awhile, when you have learned to drink, the headache does not trouble you any more ; you get used to it ; the poison assimilates to the system ;—but the habit is come, the physical weakness is gone, and the habit of sin is come. Now, I would like to see you, if you were drunk yesterday evening, to be able to resist “ taking your morning.” You could not do it ? I have seen a man—I was at his bedside—and the Doctor was there after taking him over six long days of delirium tremens, and the doctor said to him—“ As sure as God created you, if you take brandy or whiskey for the next week you will be a dead man ! it will kill you ! ” I was present, I was trying to see if the poor fellow would go to confession. There was the bottle of brandy ; it stood near him on the table ; for they had had to give him brandy. And while the doctor was yet speaking to him, I saw his eyes fastened on it, and the hand creeping up towards it ; and if ever you saw a hungry horse or mule looking at oats, it was he, when, with his eyes devouring the bottle, he reached out, and put it to his head, after hearing that, as surely as God made him, so surely would he die if he drank of it ! He could not help it. Where, then, was that man’s freedom ? It had perished in the habit of sin. Look at Holofernes, as we read of him in Scripture—the profane, the impure man ! What does the Scripture say of him ? That when Judith came into his tent, the moment he looked upon her, the moment he cast his eyes upon the woman, he loved her. He could not help it. His senses had enslaved him. His will ! He had no will. Speak to me of the freedom of the will of a thirsty animal going to the water to drink, and I believe it. Speak to me of the freedom of will of a raging lion, hungering for days, and seeing food and leaving it, and I will believe in it as soon as I believe in the freedom of the

will of the man who has enslaved himself in the habit of sin ! Therefore, Almighty God intends either that we should be free from sin altogether, keeping down the habit of all those passions, or if they, from time to time, rise up, taking us unawares, taking us off our feet, not to yield to them, but to chain them down again, and not by indulgence to make them grow into habits. Now, the essence of freedom in the will of man lies not in the restraint of legitimate authority but in the freedom from all care, and from those powers and influences that neither God, nor man, nor society intended should influence or govern his will. Here I come home again to the subject of my lecture. Now I invite you again to consider where shall we find the means of emancipating our will from these passions and other bad influences. Where shall we find the means ? Will knowledge do it ? No. Will faith do it ? No. It is a strange thing to say, but knowledge, no matter how extensive, no matter how profound, gives no command over the passions ; no intellectual motives influence them. " Were it for me," says a great orator of the present day, Dr. Wilberforce, in his " Earnest Cry for a Reformation ;" " when you can moor a vessel with a thread of silk then you may hope to elevate this human knowledge, and, by human reason, to tie down and restrain those giants—the passions and the pride of man." I know as much of the law of God as any among you—more probably than many—for we are to teach. Does my knowledge save me from sin ? Will that knowledge keep me in the observance of the sacred vows I took at the altar of God ? Is it to that knowledge that I look for the power and strength within me to keep every sinful passion down in sacerdotal purity—every grovelling desire down in monastic poverty—every sin—every feeling of pride down, in religious obedience ? Is it to my knowledge I look for that power ? No ! I might know as much as St. Augustine and yet be imperfect. I might be a Pilate in atrocity, and yet as proud a man ! There is another question involving the great necessity of keeping down these passions. I would like to know where, in history, you could find a single evidence of knowledge restraining the passions of man, and purifying him ? No ; the grace of God is necessary—the grace of God coming through fixed specific channels to the soul. The actual participation of the holiness and the infinite sanctity of Christ is necessary. Where is that to be found ? Where is that to be found that will save the young from sin, and save the sinner from the slavery of the habit of sin ? Where is that to be

found which will either tie down the passions altogether, or if they occasionally rise up, put them down again and not allow them to grow into the gigantic tyrannical strength of habit? Where, but in the Catholic Church? Take, for example, the Sacrament of Penance. These children are taught, with the opening of reason, their duty to God. You may say the Church is very unreasonable because, to-day, she tells you that she will not allow these children to go to your common schools, or to any other schools where they are not taught of God—where they are not taught the holiness of God, the things of God, the influence of God, mixed up with every addition of knowledge that comes to their minds. You may say the Church is unreasonable in that. No! because she tries to keep them from sin? She tries to give them the strength that will bind these passions down, so as to make moral men, truthful men, pure-minded men of them—and to give them complete victory, if possible, over these passions. But if, as age comes on, as temptations come on, if the Catholic man goes and gets drunk—if the Catholic man falls into any sin, this or that one, at once the Church comes before him, and at the moment he crosses the threshold of the sanctuary, and his eyes fall upon the confessional, that moment he is reminded of the admonition, "Come to me! come to me! and wash your soul in the blood of the Lamb! Come and tell your sin!" The very consciousness of the knowledge of having to confess that sin; the humiliation of being obliged to tell it in all its details—to tell it with so much self-accusation, and sense of self-degradation for having committed it,—is, in itself, a strong check to prevent it, and a strong, powerful influence, even humanly speaking, against again falling into it, or repeating it. As the confessional saves from the tyranny of the passions, and, above all, breaks up the means and does not allow the habit of sin to become a second nature in the life of man, what is the consequence? The Catholic man, if he only observes his religion, if he only exercises himself in its duties, if he only goes to confession, if he only partakes in its sacraments and uses them; the Catholic man is free in his will by Divine grace as he is free in his intelligence by love. Knowledge of the truth is freedom of the intellect—freedom from every agency, from every power that might control the freedom of the will,—and that is effected by Divine grace. So far, we have seen that Almighty God has reproduced in the Church the elements of true freedom. I do not say that the Catholic Church was the "mother" of human freedom. I said she was "the foster mother;" for, to use a familiar phrase, we are lit

erally and truly put out, as it were, by the Church. The freedom which we possess came to us, not from the Church, but from God. He came down from Heaven, after man had been four thousand years in sin—after man had lost his noble inheritance of knowledge, of light, of freedom, and power and self-restraint. He came in the darkness; and He gave the light. He came in slavery; and he gave freedom. Having thus restored in man what he lost in Adam, He then, as He Himself tells us in the parable of the Good Samaritan, gave us to the Church, and said—"Take care of this race; preserve them in this light of knowledge and freedom of truth. Preserve them till I come back again, and I will pay thee well for thy care!" Now, my friends, if there were one here to-night who is not a Catholic, he might smile in his own soul and say: "This friar is a very cunning fellow. He dresses up things plausibly enough so long as he is arguing in the clouds about freedom and the elements of freedom, and the soil of freedom. Oh, he is quite at home there! Ah, but when he comes down from the clouds to find how this Church, this terrible Church, this enslaving Church, has dealt with society, then let him look out! Then let us hear what he has to say for himself!"

Again, what are those charges that are laid against the Catholic Church? The first charge alleged against her is that she does not allow people to read everything that is published. It is quite true. If the Church had her will, there are a great many books, that are considered now by many people very nice reading, that would all be put in the fire. I acknowledge that; I admit it. Tell me, my friends,—and are there not a great many fathers of families among you?—if one of you found with his little boy some blackguard book, some filthy, vile, immoral book, would you let your child read it? Would you consider that you were enslaving his mind by taking that book from him and putting it in the fire before his face? If you found one of your sons reading some very beautiful passage of Voltaire, in which he makes a laughing-stock of faith, and tries to raise a laugh against Christ on the cross, would you consider you were doing badly for your child—would you consider yourself enslaving him—by taking that back from him and putting it in the fire?

Now, this is what the Catholic Church does. She declares that people have no right to read that which is against faith and morals; that which is against the truth of Christ; that which is against the divinity of Christ—that in which the pride of the unregenerated mind of man rises up and says: "I will not believe!" And, not content with this, he writes a book,

and tries to make everybody believe and say the same thing. The Church says: "Don't read it." There are some whom she allows to read it. She lets me read it. She lets my fellow-priests read it. Sometimes she even obliges us to read it. Why? Because she knows we have knowledge enough to see the falsity of it, and she allows us to read it that we may refute it. She does not allow you to read it. And why? I do not care to flatter you, my friends. Nothing is more commonly used to lead people astray than a plausible lie. I declare to you that although I think "the truth is great and must prevail;" that if I had my choice given to me, and I could do it without sin,—if it were given to me to come out and try to enforce the truth or to make you believe a lie—I really believe I would be able sooner to do the second; it is so much easier for us to flatter—especially with a lie to flatter your pride—to tell you you are the finest fellows in the world—to tell you you must not be governed by a certain class—that you must not be paying taxes;—that you have no right to support an army and navy;—that you have no right to pay a class of men to govern you;—and thus they go on, playing into your hands, your love of money and your love of yourself. There is no lie among the whole catalogue of lies that, if I were like them, I would not tell you—(laughter)—and I could make you believe it (laughter). The Church says there is, in a certain book, an immoral lesson or a lie, and I will not allow my children to read it. There are books published, and I have seen them in the hands of Protestant boys and girls, and the very Pope of Rome has not leave to read them. They are books that contain direct appeals to immorality, direct appeals to the passions—books against both faith and morals, that the Church does not allow to be read by any one. But is this slavery? But the argument against Catholicity is that the men who make scientific discoveries—the men who said that the world was round, for instance—men who said that the world was round, when it was generally believed to be a great flat plain, were put in prison. There is one answer to that: There is not a single instance in history of the Church joining issue with any minister on any purely scientific subject, and persecuting him for it. If there was not any question of faith or morals involved, she bid him "God speed!" and told him to go on with his discoveries if there was anything useful in them, and nothing hostile to religion in them. I will give you an instance: In the sixth century there was an Irish saint who was called Virgilius—(in his own country his name was Feargil)—and this man was a great Culdee monk,

and a great scholar. The result of his speculations was that he became satisfied in his own mind that this world was a globe—round—as it is—and that there must, therefore, be antipodes—one on this side and one on the other side, and that there must be seas between one land and another. He announced this, and it came among the scientific men of the day, and fell among them, really and truly, as if a bomb-shell had burst at their feet. The scholars of the day, the universities of the day, appealed to Rome against him for having pronounced so fearful a theory; they said it was heresy. What did the Pope do? Remember you can consult the authorities for yourselves. I can give you chapter and verse, if you want them. What did that Pope do? He summoned this man to Rome. He said, "You are charged with a strange doctrine—with saying that the world is a sphere—a globe. Tell us all about it?" He did so. What answer did Feargil get? The Pope took him by the hand: "My dear friend," he said, "go on with your astronomical discoveries,"—and he made him Archbishop of Salzburg, and sent him home with a mitre on his head. This is how the Catholic Church dealt with intellectual liberty when that intellectual liberty did not claim for itself anything bad, and was void of anything that interfered with or was opposed to Christian faith or morals. Do you wish to make us out slaves because we ought not to get a knowledge of evil? One of the theories of the day is that it is better to let little boys and girls read everything, good and bad; to know everything. Is it better? Do you think you know better than Almighty God? There was one tree in the garden of Eden, and Almighty God gave a commandment to Adam and Eve, that they should neither taste of it nor touch it. What tree was it? It was the "tree of knowledge, of good and evil." Did Almighty God intend to exclude from Adam the knowledge of good? No; but He intended to exclude from him the fatal knowledge of evil. A prohibition against reading a very bad book was the first and only prohibition that Almighty God gave to the first man. "Don't touch that tree," said He, "because if you do you will come to the knowledge of that which is evil." "When ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." So says Pope.

Now, my friends, who are they that make this charge against the Catholic Church, that she enslaves her children? Who are they that tell us that the historical mother of all the great universities in the old world is afraid of knowledge? Who are they who tell us that the Church, whose monks, in her cloisters, preserved art and science for a thousand years—

preserved all the ancient relics that we have of ecclesiastical learning, and of the learning of Greece and Rome? Who are they who tell us that the Church that set her monks, her alchemists, and students experimentalizing in their cloisters in the Middle Ages, until most of what are called the modern discoveries were made or anticipated by them—who are they who tell us that the Church is the enemy of light and knowledge and of freedom? Who are they? They are the Freemasons of the day! Freemasons.

Now, you will allow me, if you please, to retort the assertion on my friends the Masons—Mazzini and Garribaldi and Bismarck—for all these are Freemasons. They all say, "Oh, let us wash our hands clean of this old institution—The Catholic Church. She would make slaves of us all. We must give the people freedom; we must give them liberty." And then they lay on taxation. Then they tell every citizen in the land that he must lay aside his spade and become a soldier. They tell every man eighteen years of age that he is to fight for freedom, and they thrust him into the army. Call you this freedom? Yet this is what they give for the liberty of the Church! Are they free themselves, these Freemasons? I will give you one answer—and one is as good as a thousand. Last December twelvemonth, when I was in the city of Dublin, a man came to me. He had attended a series of sermons I was preaching in our church there. He was an intellectual, a well-educated man. He came to me, and said, "I ought to be a Catholic; but the fact of it is I have been so long away from the sacraments and everything religious that I can scarcely say I am, even in name, a Catholic. But now," he says, "I feel and I know that I must do something to save my soul." Well, I took him, and instructed him in the Holy Sacraments, gave him the Holy Communion, and sent him away. He said that he had never, for years upon years, known such happiness, and he went on his way. That man received confirmation, and was constant in his duty from December until the month of April. Then I waited for him, but, instead of his coming, he wrote a letter to me. "My Rev. friend," he said. "You will, no doubt, be disappointed to find I am not coming to you on Saturday. The fact of it is, I cannot come. I find that I cannot shake off Freemasonry. I have got several notices from my Masonic brethren that I must either adhere to them or give up my religion. My religion has brought me more happiness than I ever experienced in my life, and it is with bitter regret I tell you that my business is falling off; that they are turning

away my customers from me—and they tell me they will bring me to a beggar's grave—a wretched end; and they can and will do it. Therefore I hope you will not forget me, but I must give up the happiness I have had!" Was that man free, I ask you? Who are the men who turn round and tell me, "I am not free?"—who tell me, "I am not free," because, indeed, I am not fettered like a slave, bound by every filthy passion! Who are they that tell me "I am not free," because I do not, of my own free will, incline myself and pollute my mind with every species of evil and impurity? Who are they who tell me I am not free, because in the Church I have to believe that what she teaches is true? But I tell them it is true. Who are the gentlemen who told my friend that, at the peril of his life, he must return to them, and give up his religion? These are the men who turn round, nowadays, and tell us that in the Catholic Church a man is not free! But this is the Church that has brought me from the slavery of sin, into the freedom of God, and the glorious liberty of an heir of Heaven. As long as you pursue any scientific research, as long as you extend your mind in any legitimate, healthy, moral course of literature, or in any intellectual pursuit, you have the blessing and the encouragement of the Church upon you. Don't mind the world if it call you a slave. If you come to a certain point, if you read certain books, the Church says you must become either an impure man or an infidel. Don't read them, in God's name! It is not slavery for the intellect to repudiate a lie. It is not slavery for the will to reject that which, if once accepted, asserts the dominion of the slavery of sin and of habit over the souls of men. This, do I say with truth: that our mother, the Church, in the principles which our Lord established, in her daily sacerdotal exercises, is the foster-mother of human freedom. It is a historical and a remarkable fact, that the kings of Europe—the King of Spain, the Emperor of Germany, the King of England, the King of France—exercised the most absolute and irresponsible power precisely at the time when the Catholic Church was weakened in her influence over them by the heresy of Martin Luther. It is most remarkable that so absolute in England was Henry the Eighth—(and never was there a king whose absolute manner of governing, and whose conduct recalls more the days of the Grand Turk,) that he married a woman to-day, he killed her to-morrow, and who was to call him to account? So absolute a king could not have done this as a Catholic, and he threw aside his allegiance

If a Catholic king had done these things—if Henry's father had done them—if any one of Henry's Catholic predecessors had done it, his excommunication would have come from Rome. He would have been afraid of his life to do it. He would have been afraid of the Pope. What was this but securing the people's liberty? Thus do we see that so long as the Catholic religion had power to exercise, and exercised that power, she exercised that power to coerce kings into justice, into respect for their subjects and for law, for property and for life. This is a historical fact, that the Tudors assumed an absolute sovereignty as soon as they shook off the Pope, and declared to the people that they were the lords and rulers of the consciences, as well as of the civil obedience of men. We also know that Gustavus, the Protestant King of Sweden, assumed absolute power. We also know that that power grew into iron fetters under Charles the Fifth, who, though not a Protestant himself, but a good Catholic, yet governed a people who were divided in their principles of allegiance, and he forsook the world for the Church. We can bring home history to prove that the weakening of the Catholic Church in her temporal power over society has been the cause of the assumption of more power, more absolute dominion, and more tyrannical exercise of that dominion on the part of every ruler in Europe,—and, therefore, I say that, historically, as well as in principle, the Catholic Church is the foster-mother of human liberty. And now, my friends, you will be able, by word of mouth, to answer all those who call you slaves because you are Catholics. You may as well call a man a slave because he obeys his father. You may as well say the child is a slave because there are certain grinding laws and rules that govern him. You may as well say that the citizen is a slave because he acknowledges the power of the State to legislate for him, and he bows to the power of that legislation.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered in the Dominican Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, in Lexington Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street, New York, on Sunday, March 10, by the Rev. FATHER BURKE.]

"THE CHURCH, THE MOTHER AND INSPIRATION OF ART."

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN: This morning I told you the Holy Catholic Church was the spouse of the Lord Jesus Christ, so described to us in Scripture as "dear to the Lord," the interior beauty of which the psalmist says is "Like the beauty of the king's daughter," and of the exterior of which he spoke when he said: "The queen stood at His right hand, and in golden garb, surrounded with variety." We saw, moreover, this morning, that the interior beauty and ineffable loveliness of the Church consists, above all, in this, that she holds enshrined in her tabernacles the Lord, the Redeemer of the world, as the Blessed Virgin Mary, His mother, held Him in her arms in Bethlehem, as the cross supported Him on Mount Calvary; that she possesses His everlasting truth which He left as her inheritance, and which it is her destiny not only to hold but to proclaim and propagate to all the nations; and finally, that she holds in her hands the sacramental power and agencies by which souls are sanctified, purified and saved. In these three features we saw the beauty of the Church of God; in these three we beheld how the mystery of the Incarnation is perpetuated in her, for Christ our Lord did not forever depart from earth, but, according to His own word, came back and remained. "I will not leave you orphans," he said "but I will come to you again, and I will remain with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." We see in these three wonderful features of the Church's interior beauty how she is truly "the city of the Living God," "the abode of grace and holiness;" and, therefore, that all the majesty, all the beauty, all the material grandeur which it is in our power to invest her with, it becomes our duty to give to her, that she may thus appear before the eyes of men a fitting tabernacle for our Divine Lord, Himself. We have seen, moreover, how the Church of God, acting upon the instincts of her divinely infused life and perpetual charity, has always endeavored to attest and to proclaim her faith by surrounding the object of that Faith, her God, with all that earth hold as most pre-

cious and most dear. I then told you (if you remember) this morning, that the subject for our evening's consideration would be the exterior beauty of the Holy Church of God—some other features that belong to her distinct from, though not independent of, the three great singular graces of God's abiding presence, of God's infallible truth, and of the unceasing stream of sacramental grace that, through her, flows onward,—features of divine beauty which we may recognize upon the face of our Holy Mother, the Church. Therefore, dearly beloved, the things that are indicated by the exterior garb with which the prophet invested the spouse of Christ: "The queen stood on the right hand in golden garb surrounded with variety"—every choicest gem, every celestial form of beauty embroidered upon the heavenly clothing of Heaven's Queen, every rarest jewel let into the setting of that golden garment, every brightest color shining forth upon her. What is this exterior beauty of the Church? I answer that it consists in many things—in many influences—in the many ways in which she has acted upon society. Ever faithful to the cause of God and to the cause of humanity; ever faithful to her heavenly trust, after more than eighteen hundred years of busy life, she stands to-day, before the world, and no man can fix upon her virgin brow the shame of deception, the shame of cruelty, the shame of the denial of the food of man's real life, the Word of Truth. No man can put upon her the taint of dishonor, of a compromise with hell or with error, or with any power that is hostile to the sovereignty of God or to the interests of man. Many, indeed, are the ways in which the Church of God has operated upon society. Of these many ways, I have selected as the subject for our evening's illustration, the power reposed in the Catholic Church, and attested by undoubted historical evidences,—the power which she exercised as the Mother and inspirer of the fine arts. And here let me first of all say, that, besides the useful and necessary arts which occupy men in their daily life—the arts that consist in maintaining the essential necessities, and in providing the comforts of life—the arts that result in smoothing away all the difficulties that meet us in our path in life, as far as the hand of man can materially affect this—besides these useful and necessary arts—there are others which are not necessary for our existence, nor, perhaps, even for our comfort—but are necessary to meet the spiritual cravings and aspirations of the human soul—and that fling a grace around our lives. There are arts and sciences which

elevate the mind, soothe the heart, and captivate the understanding and the imagination of man. These are called "the fine arts." For instance: it is not necessary for your life or for mine that our eyes should rest with pleasure upon some beautiful painting. Without that we could live. Without that we could have all that is necessary for our existence—for our daily comfort. Yet, how refining, how invigorating, how pleasing to the eye, and to the soul to which that eye speaks, is the language that speaks to us silently, yet eloquently, as from the lips of a friend, from works of architecture, or sculpture, or painting. It is not necessary for our lives, nor for the comfort of our lives, if you will, that our ears should be charmed with the sweet notes of melodious music; but is there one among us that has not, at some time or other, felt his soul within him soothed, and the burden of his sorrow lightened, the pleasure he enjoyed increased and enhanced, when music, with its magic spell, fell upon his ear. It is not necessary for our lives that our eyes should be charmed with the sight of some grand majestic building; but who, among us, is there who has not felt the emotion of sadness swell within him as he looked upon the green ivy-clad ruin of some ancient church? Who is there among us that has not, at some time or other, felt the softening, refining, though saddening influences that creep over him when entering within some time-honored ruin of an abbey, he beheld the old lance-shaped windows, through which came streams of sunshine like the "light of other days," and beheld the ancient tracery on that which stood behind the high altar, and had once been filled with legends of angels and saints—but now open to every breeze of heaven:—when he looked upon the place as that in which his imagination pictured to him holy bishops and mitred abbots officiating there and offering up the unbloody sacrifice, while the vaulted arches and long drawn aisles resounded with the loud hosannas of the long lost monastic song? Who is there among us who has not felt, at times elevated, impressed, aye filled with strong feelings of delight as his eye roamed steadily and gradually up to the apex of some grand cathedral, resting upon niches of saints and angels, and gliding from beauty to beauty, until, at length straining his vision, he beheld, high among the clouds of heaven, the saving sign of the Cross of Jesus Christ, upheld in triumph, and flinging its sacred shadow over the silent graves. It is thus these arts, called the Liberal or the Fine Arts, fill a great place, and accomplish a great work in the designs of God and in the history of God's Holy Church.

My friends, the theme which I have propounded to you contains two grave truths. The first of these is this : I claim for the Catholic Church that she is the mother of the arts ; secondly, I claim for her the glory that she has been and is their highest inspiration. What is it that forms the peculiar attraction—that creates the peculiar influence of art upon the soul of man, through his senses ? What is it that captivates the eye ? It is the ideal that speaks to him through art. In nature there are many beautiful things, and we contemplate them with joy, with delight. The faint blushes of the morning, as the rising sun, with slanting beams, glides over the hills and through the glades, filling the valleys with rosy light, and revealing the slopes of the hill-side, so luxuriant and so bold, rising up towards the majestic towering mountains, and flinging the shadow of its snow-crowned summit into Heaven—all this is grand, all this is beautiful. But in nature, because it is nature, the perfectly beautiful is rarely or never found. Some one thing or other is wanting that would lend an additional feature of loveliness to the scene which we contemplate, or to the theme, the hearing of which delights us. Now the aim of the Catholic soul of art is to take the beautiful wherever it is found, to abstract it from all that might deform it, or to add all that might be wanting to its perfect beauty—to add to it every feature and every element that can fulfil the human idea of perfect loveliness, and to fling over all the still higher loveliness which was caught from Heaven. This is called “the Ideal” in art. We rarely find it in nature. Do we often find it in art ? We do not find that perfect beauty in the things around us. We look upon a picture, and there we behold portrayed with supreme power all the glory of the light that the sun can lend from Heaven—all the glory of material beauty—but in vain we look for inspiration. It is dead form and color. It has no soul ! Among the ancient nations—the great fountains of the ancient civilization—Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and, finally, Rome—during the four thousand years that went before the coming of the Redeemer, these arts and sciences flourished. We have still the remains of the Coliseum, for instance, in Rome, combining vastness of proportion with perfect symmetry, and the mind is oppressed at the immensity of size, while the eye is charmed with the beauty of proportion.

But in the fourth and fifth centuries—after the foundation of the Church—after the promulgation of the Christian religion—after the Roman Empire had bowed down her imperial head before the glory of the cross of Christ, it was in the de-

signs of God that all that ancient civilization, all these ancient arts and sciences, should be broken up and perish. From Egypt, Syria, and the far East they came, and their glory concentrated itself in Greece—later, and most of all, in Rome. All the wealth of the world was gathered into Rome. All the glory of earth was centralized in Rome. Whatever the world knew of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, of music, was found in Rome, in the highest perfection to which the ancient civilization had brought it. Then came the moment when the Church was to enter upon her second mission—that of creating a new world and a new civilization. Then came the moment when Rome, and its ancient empire, gravitated to a climax by its three hundred years of religious persecution of the Church of God, and her crimes were about to be expiated. Then came the time when God's designs became apparent. Even as the storm cloud bursts forth and sweeps the earth in its resistless force, so, my dear friends, in these centuries of which I speak, from the fastnesses of the North came forth dreadful hordes of barbarians—men without civilization, men without religion—men without mercy—men without a written language—men without a history—men without a single refining element of faith among them—and they came, Goths and Visigoths, Huns and Vandals, onward sweeping in their restless and almost countless thousands of warriors, carrying slavery and destruction in their hands;—and thus they swept over the Western world. Rome went down before them. All her glory departed; and so the civilization of Greece and Rome was completely destroyed. Society was overthrown, and reduced to the first chaotic elements of its being. Every art, every science, every most splendid monument of the ancient world was destroyed; and, at the close of the fifth century, the work of the four thousand preceding years had to be done over again. Mankind was reduced to its primal elements of barbarism. Languages never before heard, barbaric voices were lifted up in the halls of the ancient palaces of Italy and in the forum of Rome. All the splendors of the Roman Empire disappeared, and, with them, almost every vestige of the ancient arts and civilization of the preceding times. No power of earth was able to withstand the hordes of Attila. No army was able to make front against them. All went down before them, save and except one—one organization, one power in the world,—one power founded by Christ and compacted by the very hand of God—founded upon an immovable foundation of knowledge and of truth—one power which, for divine purposes, was allowed a

respite from persecution for a few years in order that she might be able to present to the flood of barbarism that swept away the ancient civilization, a compact and well-formed body, able to react upon them,—and that power was the Holy Church of God. She boldly met the assault; she stemmed the tide; she embraced and absorbed in herself nation after nation, million after million of those rude children of the Northern shores and forests. She took them, rough and barbarous as they were, to her bosom; and at the end of the fifth century, the Church of God began her exterior, heroic mission of civilizing the world, and laying the foundations of modern civilization and of modern society. So it went on until the day when the capital of Rome was shrouded in flames, and the ancient monuments of her pride, of her glory, and of civilization, were ruined and fell, and almost every vestige of the ancient arts disappeared. The Church, on the one hand, addressed herself first and most immediately, to the Christianizing of these Northern nations. Therein lay her divine mission, therein lay the purpose for which she was created—to teach them the truths of God. While she did this she carefully gathered together all that remained of the traditions of ancient Pagan science and art. While all over Europe the greater part of the nations were engaged in the war between Northern barbarism and civilization, and the land was one great battle-field, overflowing with blood, the Church gathered into her arms all that she could lay her hands on, of ancient literature, of ancient science and art, and retired with them into her cloisters. Everywhere over the whole face of Europe and in Africa and Asia—everywhere the monk was the one man of learning—the one man who brought with him, into his cloister, the devotion to God that involved the sacrifice of his life—the devotion to man that considers a neighbor's good, and makes civilization and refinement the purpose and study of his life! Where, to-day, would be the literature of ancient Greece and Rome. If the Church of God, the Catholic Church, had not gathered their remnants into her cloisters? Where, to-day, would be, (humanly speaking) the very Scriptures themselves, if these monks of old had not taken them, and made the transcribing of them, and the multiplying copies of them, the business of their lives? And so all that the world has of science, of art,—all that the world has of tradition—of music, of painting, of architecture—all that the world had of the arts of Greece and Rome, was treasured up for a thousand years in the cloisters of the Catholic Church!

And, now, her two-fold mission began. While her preachers evangelized—while they followed the armies of the Vandal and the Goth, from field to field, and back to their fastnesses of the North; while they converted those rude and terrible sons of the forest into meek, pure-minded Christians, upon the one hand, on the other the Church took and applied all the arts, all the sciences, all the human agencies that she had,—and they were powerful,—to the civilizing and refining of these barbarous men. Then it was that in the cloisters there sprang up, created and fostered by the Church of God, the fair and beautiful arts of painting, music, and architecture. I say “created” in the Church. There are many among you as well informed as I am in the history of our civilization, and I ask you to consider that among the debris of the ruin of ancient Rome and of ancient Greece, although we possess noble monuments of the ancient architecture, have we even the faintest tradition of their music, or their paintings? Scarcely anything. I have visited the ruined cities of Italy. I have stood within the walls of Ostium, at the mouth of the Tiber, when, after hundreds of years, for the first time the earth was removed and the ancient temples were revealed again. The painting is gone, and nothing but the faintest outline remains. Still less of the music of the ancients have we. We do not know what the music of ancient Greece or of ancient Rome was. All we know is that among the ancient Greeks there was a dull monotone or chorus, struck into an alternating strain. What the nature of their music was we know not. Of their sculpture, we have abundant remains; and, indeed, on this it may be said that there has not been any modern art which has equalled, scarcely approached, the perfection of the ancient Grecian model. But the three sciences of architecture, painting, and music, have all sprung from the cloisters of the Church. What is the source of all great modern song? When the voice of the singer was hushed everywhere else, it resounded in the Gregorian chant that pealed in loud hosannas through the long-drawn aisles of the ancient Catholic mediæval churches. It first came from the mind—it came from out the loving heart of the holy Pope, Gregory, himself a religious, and consecrated to God as a monk. Whence came the organ, the prince, the king of all instruments, the faithful type of Christianity—of the Christian congregation—so varied yet so harmonious, made up of a multitude of pipes and stops, each one differing from the other, yet all blending together into one solemn harmony of praise just as

you, who come in here before this altar, each one full of his own motives and desires—the young, the old,—the grave, the gay,—rich and poor—each with his own desire and experience of joy, of sorrow, or of hope,—yet before this altar, and within these walls do they blend into one united and harmonious act of faith, of homage, and of praise before God! Whence came the King of instruments to you—so majestic in form, so grand in its volume—so symbolical of the worship which it bears aloft upon the wings of song! In the cloisters of the benedictine monks do we first hear it for the first time. When the wearied Crusader came home from his Eastern wars, there did he sit down to refresh his soul with sacred song. There, during the solemn Mass of midnight, or at the Church's office at matins, while he heard the solemn, plaintive chant of the Church, while he heard the low-blended notes of the accompanying organ, skilfully touched by the benedictine's hand,—then would his rugged heart be melted into sorrow and the humiliation of Christian forgiveness. And thus it is the most spiritualizing and highest of all the arts and sciences—this heaven-born art of music. Thus did the Church of God make her Divine and civilizing appeal, and thus her holy influence was brought out, during those stormy and terrible times when she undertook the almost impossible task of humbling the proud, of purifying the unchaste, of civilizing the terrible, the fierce and the blood-stained horde of barbarians that swept, in their resistless millions, over the Roman Empire?

The next great art which the Church cultivated in her cloisters, and, which, in truth, was created by her, as it exists to-day, was the art of painting. Recall the circumstances of the time. Printing was not yet invented. Yet the people had to be instructed,—and not only to be instructed but influenced; for mere instruction is not sufficient. The mere appeal to the power of faith, or to the intellect of man, is not sufficient. Therefore did the Church call in the beautiful art of painting; and the holy, consecrated monk in his cloister developed all the originality of his genius and of his mind to reproduce the captivating forms—to reproduce, in silent but eloquent words, the mysteries of the Church,—the mysteries which the Church has taught from her birth. Then did the mystery of the Redemption, the Incarnation of the Son of God, the angels coming down from Heaven to salute Mary,—then did all these greet the eye of the rude, unlettered man, and tell him, in language more eloquent than words, how much Almighty God in Heaven

loved him. But it was necessary for this that this art of painting should be idealized to its very highest form. It was necessary to the painter's hand to fling around Mary's head a halo of virginity and of the light of Heaven. It was necessary that the angelic form that saluted her should have the transparency of Heaven, and of its own spiritual nature, floating, as it were, through him in material color. It was necessary that the atmosphere that surrounded her should be as that cloudless atmosphere which is breathed before the Throne of the Most High. It was necessary that the man who looked upon this should be lifted up from the thoughts of earth and engaged wholly in the contemplation of objects of Heaven. Therefore, glimpses of beauty the most transcendent, aspirations of Heaven, lifting up the soul from all earthliness—from worldliness,—were necessary. In all this the monk was obliged to fast and pray while he painted. The monk was obliged to lift up his own thoughts, his own imagination, his own soul, in contemplation, and view, as it were, the scene which he was about to illustrate, with no earthly eye. The Church alone could do this,—and the Church did it. She created the art of painting. There was no tradition in the Pagan world to aid him; no beauty—the beauty of no fair forms in all the fulness of their majestic symmetry before his eye to inspire him. He must look altogether to Heaven for his inspiration. And so faithfully did he look up to Heaven's glories, and so clear was the vision that the painter monk received of the beauties he depicted on earth, that, in the thirteenth century there arose in Florence a Dominican monk, a member of our Order, beatified by his virtues, and called by the single title of “The Angelic Painter.” He illustrated the Holy Trinity. He put before the eyes of the people all the great mysteries of our faith. And when, after generations of ages—after six hundred years have passed away, whenever a painter, or lover of art, stands before one of those wonderful angels and saints painted by the hand of the ancient monk, now in Heaven, it seems to him as if the very angels of God had descended from on high and stood before the painter while he fixed their glory in colored form, as they appear to the eye of the beholder. It seems as if we gazed upon the blessed angelic hosts, and as if Gabriel, standing before Mary, mingled the joy of the meeting with the solemnity of the message which the painter represents him as announcing. It seems as if Mary is seen receiving the message of man's redemption from the angel, not as a woman of earth, but as if she was the very personifi-

cation of the woman that the inspired Evangelist at Patmos saw, "clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Michael Angelo, the greatest of painters, gazed in wonder at the angels and saints that the Dominican monk had painted. Astonished, he knelt down, gave thanks to God, and said, "The man that could have painted these must have seen them in Heaven!"

The architecture of the ancient world, of Greece and of Rome, remained. It was inspired by a Pagan idea, and it never rose above the idea that inspired it. The temples of Athens and of Rome remained in all their shattered glory, and in all the chaste beauty of their proportions. Very remarkable are they as architectural studies for this; that they spread themselves out, and covered as much of the earth's space as possible; that the pillars were low and the arches low; and everything seemed to cling to and tend towards earth. For this was the idea, and the highest idea of architecture that ever entered into the mind of the greatest of the men of ancient civilization. The monk in his cloister, designing to build a temple and a house for the living God looking upon the models of ancient Greece and Rome saw in them a grovelling and an earthly architecture. His mind was heavenward in aspiration. His thoughts, his affections, were all purified by the life which he led. Out of that upward tendency of mind and heart sprang the creation—the invention—the new creation—of a new style of Christian architecture which is called the Gothic: as little in it of earth as may be—just sufficient to serve the purpose of a super-structure. The idea was to raise it as high towards Heaven as it could be—to raise a monument to Almighty God—a monument revealing in every detail of its architecture the Divine idea, and the upward tendency of the regenerated heart of the Christian man. Now, therefore, let every arch be pointed; now therefore, let every pillar spring up as loftily as a spire; now, therefore, let every niche be filled with angels and saints,—some who were tried in love—others who maintained the faith,—teaching the lesson of their sanctity—now pronouncing judgment, now proclaiming mercy. Now, therefore, let the high tower be uplifted on which swings the bell, consecrated by the blessing of the Church, to fling out upon the air around, which trembles as it receives its message, the notes of Christian joy and of Christian sorrow! And high above that tower let the slender pointed spire seek the clouds, and rear up as near to Heaven as man can go the symbol of the Cross on which Christ redeemed mankind! Such is the

Church's idea; and such is the architecture of which she is the mother! Thus we behold the glorious churches of the middle ages. Thus we behold them in these ancient and quaint towns of Belgium* and of France. We behold on their transepts, for instance, a tracery as fine as if it were wrought and embroidered by a woman's hands, with a strength that has been able to defy the shocks of war and the action of ages. If the traveller seeks the sunny plains of Italy, he climbs the snow crowned, solitary Alps, and there after his steep and rugged ascent, he beholds on one side the valleys of Switzerland, with its cities and lakes, and he turns to the land of the noon-day sun, and sees before him, the fair and wide-spread plains of Lombardy. The great rivers flow through these plains and look as if they were of molten silver. The air is pure, and the sky is the sky of Italy. Majestic cities dot the plains at his feet. But among them all, as the sun flings his Italian light upon the scene,—among them all, he beholds one thing that dazzles his eyes with its splendor. There, far away in the plains, within the gates of the vast city of Milan, he sees a palace of white marble rising up from the earth; ten thousand statues of saints around it; with countless turrets, and a spire with a pinnacle rising towards Heaven, as if in a riot of Christian joy. The sun sparkles upon it as if it were covered with the rime of a hoar frost, or as if it were made of molten silver. Possibly his steps are drawn thither, and it pleases him to enter the city. Never before—never, even with the eye of the mind—had the traveller seen so grand an idea of the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ! Here He reigns! Who can deny the historical facts which I have narrated? Who can deny that if to-day our ear is charmed with the sound of music—our eye delighted with the contemplation of paintings—our hearts within us lifted up at the sight of some noble monument of architecture—who can deny with such facts before him that it was the Church that created these—that she is the mother of these—and that she brought them forth from out the chaos and the ruin that followed the destruction of the pagan civilization. Thus while she was their mother, she was also their highest inspiration. For, remember, that the zeal in art may be taken from earth, or drawn from Heaven. Art may aspire to neither more nor less than “to hold the mirror to nature.” The painter, for instance, may aspire to nothing more than to render faithfully, as it is in nature, a herd of cattle, or a busy scene in the town. The musician may aspire to nothing more than the pleasure

which his music will give to the sense of the voluptuous in man. The architect may aspire to nothing more than the creation, in a certain space, of a certain symmetry of proportion, and a certain usefulness in the work of his hands. They may "hold the mirror up to nature;" but this is not a perfect idealization of art. The true ideal holds the mirror of its representation not only up to nature, to copy that nature faithfully, but—higher still—to God, to catch one ray of divine inspiration, one ray of divine light, one ray of heavenly instruction, and to fling that pure heavenly light over the earthly productions of his art. This pious inspiration is only to be found in the Catholic Church. It is found in her music—those strains of hers which we call the "Gregorian chant,"—which, without producing any very great excitement, or pleasure, yet fall upon the ear, and, through the ear, upon the soul, with a calming, solemn influence, and seem to speak to the affections in the very highest language of worship. Plaintively do they fall—yes, plaintively,—because the Church of God has not yet shone over the earth in the fulness of her glory—plaintively, because the object of her worship is mainly to make reparation to an offended God for the negligence of the sinner,—plaintively, because the words which this music breathes are the words of the penitent, and the contrite of heart,—plaintively—because, perhaps, my brethren, the highest privilege of the Christian here is a holy sadness, according to the words of Him who said: "Blessed are they who mourn and weep, for they shall be comforted."

In the lapse of years, the Church again brought forth another method and gave us another school, which expresses to-day the pious exultation, the riot of joy, with which, on Christmas day, Palestrina sung before Pope Marcellus in Rome. Here, for instance, the "Magnificat," as it resounds within the Catholic Cathedrals at the hour of prayer. Here, for instance, some of the hymns, time-honored and ancient, in which she breaks in on an Easter morning, and which she sets to the words—the triumphant words—of the "Alleluia!" Who can say—who is there with trained, sympathetic ear who hears them, who cannot say—that the inspiration which is in them is altogether of Heaven—heavenly:—and that it lifts up the soul to the contemplation of heavenly themes, and to the triumph of Jesus Christ. The highest inspiration came through faith.

Let us turn to the art of painting. So long as this noble art was in the hands of the Monk—the man of God—so long

had we master pieces of painting, such as have never been equalled by any that since came forth—master-pieces by men who fasted and prayed, and looked upon their task, as painters, to be a heavenly and a holy one. We read of the Blessed Angelico, the Dominican painter, whose works are the glory of the world to-day,—we read of him, that he never laid his brush to a painting of the Mother of God, or of Our Lord, except on the day when he had been at Holy Communion. We read of him that he never painted the infant Jesus, or the Crucifixion, except on his knees. We read of him that while he brought out the divine sorrow in the Virgin Mother, for the Saviour on the cross—while he brought out the God-like tribulation of Him who suffered there—he was obliged to dash the tears from his eyes—the tears of love—the tears of compassion—which produced the high inspiration of his genius. Nay, the history of this art of painting teaches us that all the great masters were eminent as religious men, and that when they separated from the Church, as we see, their inspiration left them. The finest paintings that Raphael ever painted were those which he painted in his youth, while his heart was yet pure, and before the admiration of the world had made him stain the integrity of his soul by sin. The rugged, the almost omnipotent genius of Michael Angelo was that of a man deeply impressed with faith, and most earnestly devoted to the practice of his religion. Whether in the Vatican of Rome, or over the high altar of the Sistine Chapel, he brings out all the terrors of the Divine Judgment, which he puts there, in a manner that makes the beholder tremble to-day—the Lord in the attitude, not of blessing, but of sweeping denunciation over the heads of the wicked,—he took good care, by prayer, by frequenting the sacraments, by frequent confession and communion, and by the purity of his life, to avert the punishments that he painted from falling on his own head. The most glorious epoch in the history of architecture was precisely that in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when there arose the minsters of York, of Westminster, of Notre Dame, in Paris; of Rouen, and all the wonderful old churches that, to-day, are the astonishment of the world, for the grandeur and majesty of their proportions, and the beauty of design they reveal. These churches sprang up at the very time that the Church alone held undisputed sway; when all the arts were in her hands, and when the architects who built them were nearly all consecrated sons of the cloister. It is worthy of remark that we do not know the name of the architect that built St. Patrick's, or

Christ Church, in Dublin. We do not know the name of the architect that built Westminster Abbey, nor any one of these great and mighty mediæval churches throughout Europe. We know, indeed, the name of the architect who built St. Paul's in London, and of him who built St. Peter's, in Rome. They were laymen. The men who laid the foundations (that rarely appear to the eye) were Monks, and are now in the dust ; and, in their humility, they brought the secret of their genius to the grave, and no names of theirs are emblazoned on the annals of the world's fame.

Thus we see the highest civilization, the highest inspiration of the arts—music painting and architecture,—came from the Catholic Church,—and that the most attractive of them all was created in her cloisters. The greatest painters that ever lived had come forth from her bosom, animated by her spirit. The greatest churches that ever were built were built and designed by her consecrated children. The grand strains of ecclesiastical music, expressing the highest ideas resounded in her cathedral churches. The world had grown under her fostering care. Young Republics had sprung up under the Church's hand and guidance. The Italian Republics—the Republics of Florence, of Pisa, of Tuscany, of Genoa,—all granted their municipal rights and rights of citizenship—(rights that were established for protection, and to insure equality of the law,)—at the Church's dictation. Nay, more. The Church was ever willing and ready, both by legislation and by action, to curb the petty tyrants that oppressed the people; to oblige the rugged castellan to emancipate his slaves. The Church was ever ready to send her highest representatives, Archbishops and Cardinals, into the presence of Kings, to demand the people's rights ; and the very man who wrung the first principles of the British Constitution from an unwilling and tyrannical King, was the Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury—the only man who would dare to do it, for (and well the tyrant knew it) he could not touch the Archbishop, because the arm of the Church was outstretched for his protection. Society was formed under her eyes and under her care. Her work now seemed to be completed, when the Almighty God, in His wisdom, let fall a calamity upon the world. And I think you will agree with me—even such among you (if there be any) who are not Catholics,—that a calamity it was. A calamity fell upon the world in the sixteenth century, which not only divided the Church in faith, and separated nations from her, but which introduced new principles, new influences, new and hostile

agencies which were destructive of the most sacred rights. I am not here this evening so much a preacher as a lecturer. I am not speaking to you so much as a priest as a historian, and I ask you to consider this:—We are accustomed to hear on every side that Protestantism was the emancipation of the human intellect from the slavery of the Pope. To that I have only to answer this one word: Protestantism substituted the uncertainty of opinion instead of the certainty of faith which is in the Catholic Church. Protestantism declared that there was no voice on earth authorized or empowered to proclaim the truth of God; that the voice that had proclaimed it for fifteen hundred years had told a lie; that the people were not to accept the teaching of the Catholic Church as an authoritative and time-honored law, but that they were to go out and look for the faith for themselves,—and in the worst way of all. Every man was to find a faith for himself; and when he had found it he had no satisfactory guarantee, no certainty, that he had the true interpretation of the truth. If this be emancipating the intellect—if this changing of certainty into uncertainty, dogma into opinion, faith into a search after faith, be emancipation of the intellect, then Christ must have told a lie when he said: “You shall know the truth: and the truth shall make you free!” The knowledge of the truth He declared to be the highest freedom—and, therefore, I hold, not as a priest, but simply as a philosopher, that the assertion is false which says that the work of Protestantism was the emancipation of the intellect. All the results of modern progress—all the scientific success and researches that have been made—in a word, all the great things that have been done—are all laid down quietly at the feet of Protestantism as the effects of this change of religion. In England nothing is more common than for good Protestants to say that the reason why we are now in so civilized a condition is because Martin Luther set up the Protestant religion. Protestantism claims the electric telegraph. The Atlantic cable does not lie so much in a bed of sand as on a holy bed of Protestantism that stretches from shore to shore! They forget that there is a philosophical axiom which says: “One thing may come after another, and yet it may not be caused by the thing that went before.” If one thing comes after another it does not follow that it is the effect of the other. It is true that all these things have sprung up in the world since Protestantism appeared. It is perfectly true that the many have learned to read since Protestantism gained ground. But why? Is it because the

Catholic Church kept the people in ignorance? No; it was because of a single want. It was about the time Protestantism sprung up—a little after, or a little before it—that the art of printing was invented. Of course the many were not able to read when they had no books. The Catholic Church, as history proved, was even far more zealous than the Protestant new-born sect, in multiplying copies of the Scripture and in multiplying books for the people. Now, one of the reproaches that is made to us to-day is that we are too busy in the cause of education. Surely if the Catholic Church is the mother of ignorance that reproach cannot be truly made. Now Protestants are making a noise and saying that the Church, in every country and on every side, is planning and claiming to educate! But all this is outside of my question. My question deals with the fine arts.

Now, mark the change that took place! Protestantism undoubtedly weakened the Church's influence upon society. Undoubtedly it took out of the Church's hands a great deal of that power which we have seen the Catholic Church exercise, for more than a thousand years, upon the fine arts. They claim—or they set up a rival claim of fostering the arts of music, of architecture, and of painting, so that these may no longer claim to receive their special inspiration from the Church, which was their mother and their creator, and through which they drew their heavenly genius. Well, the arts were thus divided in their allegiance, and thus deprived of their inspiration, by the institution of this new religion. I ask you to consider, historically, whether that inspiration of art, that high and glorious inspiration, that magnificent ideal, was not destroyed the moment it was taken from under the guidance and inspiration of the Catholic Church? I say that it was destroyed: and I can prove it. Since the day that Protestantism was founded, the art of architecture seems to have perished. No great cathedral has been built. No great original has appeared. No new idea has been expressed from the day that Luther declared schism in the Church, and warred against legitimate authority. No Protestant has ever originated a noble model in modern architecture. It has sunk down into a servile imitation of the ancient groveling forms of Greece and Rome. Nay, whenever the ancient Gothic piles—majestic and inspiring Christian churches—fell into their hands, what did they do? They pulled them down, in order to build up some vile Grecian imitation, or else they debased the ancient grandeur and purity of the Gothic cathedral, by mixing in a servile imitation of some ancient heathen or pagan temple.

As to the art of painting ; the painter no longer looked up to Heaven for his subject. The painter no longer considered that his pious idea was to instruct and elevate his fellow-man. The painter no longer selected for his subject the Mother of God, or the sacred humanity of our Lord, or the angels and saints of Heaven. The halo of light that was shed upon the brush of the blessed Angelico—the halo of divine light that surrounded the Virgin's face as it grew under the creative hand of the young Christian painter—the halo of heavenly light that surrounded the Judge upon His throne, in the fresco of Michael Angelo—this is to be found only in Christian art. The highest ambition of the painter now is to sketch a landscape true to nature. The highest excellence of art seems now to be to catch the colors that approach most faithfully to the flesh tints of the human body. And it is a remarkable fact, my friends, that the art of animal painting—painting cows and horses, and all these things—that it began with Protestantism. One of the very first animal painters was Roos, a German Protestant, who came to Rome, and the reproach of his fellow-painters was, "There is the man that paints the cows and horses." Even sacred subjects—even they were dealt with in this debased form—in this low and empty inspiration. How were they dealt with? Look, for instance, at the Magdalens ; look at the Madonnas of Rubens. Rubens, himself, was a pious Catholic ; yet, his paintings displayed the very genius of Protestantism. If he wanted to paint the Blessed Virgin, he selected some corpulent and gross looking woman, in whom he found some ray of mere sensual beauty that struck his eye, and he put her on the canvas, and held her up before men as the Virgin, whose prayer was to save, and whose power was above that of the angels. The artist who would truly represent her on canvas must have his pencils touched with the purity and grandeur of Heaven !

Music: Music lost its inspiration when it fell from under the guidance of the Church. No longer were its strains the echoes of Heaven. No longer is the burden of the hymn the heavenly aspiration of the human soul, tending towards its last and final beatitude. Oh, no ! but every development that this high and heavenly science receives, is a simple degradation into the celebration of human passion ; into the magnifying of human pride: into the illustration of all that is worst and vilest in man: and the highest theme of the musician to-day is not the "Dies Iræ,"—an expression, as it were, of the prayers of the angels in Heaven for the dead.

--it is not the "Stabat Mater," the wailing voice of the Virgin's sorrow; it is not the "Alleluia," to proclaim to the world the glories of the risen God: no, the highest theme of the musician to-day is to take up some story of sensual, and merely human, love; to set that forth with all the charms, and all the meretricious embellishments of art. Thus do we behold in our own experience of to-day how the arts went down, and lost their inspiration, as soon as there were taken from them the genius and the inspiring influence of the Church that created them, and through them civilized the world and brought to us whatever we have of civilization and refinement in this nineteenth century. Thank God the reign of evil cannot last long upon this earth. It is one of the mysterious circumstances that the coming of our Lord developed. Before the Incarnation of the Son of God, an evil idea seemed to be in the nature of man. It propagated itself, it found a home, and an abiding dwelling among the children of men. But since the Incarnation of the Son of God, since the Eternal Word of God vouchsafed to take a human soul, a human body, human sensibilities, and, I will add, human genius,—since that time the base and the vile, and the ephemeral, and the degraded, may come; may debase art and artists, may spoil the spirit of art for a time,—but it cannot last very long. There is a native force, a nobleness in the soul of man that rises in revolt against it. And to-day, even to-day, the hour of revival seems to be coming—almost arrived—is already come. The three arts—of Painting, of Music, and Architecture seem to be rising with their former inspiration, and seem to catch again a little of the departed light that was shed on them, and flowed through them, from religion. Architecture revives, and the glories of the thirteenth century, though certainly they may not be eclipsed, yet they are almost equalled by the glories of the nineteenth. But a short distance from this, you see, in the middle of a great city, and behold rising in its wonderful beauty, that which promises to be and is to be, of all the glories of this city, the most glorious—the great cathedral. Across the water you see in the neighboring city of Brooklyn the fair and magnificent proportions of that which will be in a few years the glory of that adjacent shore, when on this side, and on that, each tower, and spire and pinnacle, upholding an angel or saint, the highest of all will uphold the Cross of Jesus Christ! Music is reviving again,—catching again the pure spirit of the past. A taste for the serene, the pure, the most spiritual songs of the Church, is every day

gaining ground, and taking hold of the imagination. Painting, thank God, is reviving again, and of this you, have here abundant proof. Look around you! No gross, earthly figure stands out in the bare proportions of flesh and blood! No vile exposure of the mere flesh invites the eye of the voluptuous to feast itself upon the sight! The purity of God is here. The purity of the Church of God overhangs it, and the story of these scenes will go home to your hearts and to the hearts of your children, as the story that the blessed Angelico told in Florence six hundred years ago! Thanks be to God it is so! Thanks be to God, that when I lift up my eyes I may see so much of the purity of the face down which flow the last tears of blood! When I lift up mine eyes here it seems to me as if I stood bodily in the holy society of these men. It seems to me that I see in the face of John the expression of the highest manly sympathy that comforted and consoled the dying eyes of the Saviour. It seems to me that I behold the Blessed Virgin whose maternal heart consented in that hour of agony to be broken for the sins of men. It seems to me that I behold the Magdalen as she clings to the Cross, and receives upon that hair with which she wiped His feet, the drops of His blood. It seems to me that I behold that heart, humbled in penance and inflamed with love—the heart of the woman who had loved much, and for whom He had prayed. It seems to me that I travel step by step, to Calvary, and learn, as they unite in Him, every lesson of suffering, of peace, of hope, of joy, and of divine love!

Thank God, it is fitting in a Dominican Church that this should be so! It is fitting in a temple of my order that, when I look upon the image of my Holy Father over that entrance, in imagination, and without an effort, I travel back to the spot where I had the happiness to live my student days, and where, in the very cell in which I dwelt, I beheld from Angelico's own hand one glorious specimen of his art. These are the gladness of our eyes; the joy of our hearts. They give us reason to rejoice with Him who said: "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth!" They give us reason to rejoice because they are not only fair and beautiful in themselves, but they are also the guarantee and the promise that the traditions of ecclesiastical painting, sculpture, architecture and music in this new country, will yet come out and rival all the glories of the nations that for centuries and centuries have upheld the Cross. They are a cause of gladness to us, for, when we shall have passed away, our children, and our children's

children shall come here, and, in reviewing these pictures, will learn to feel the love of Jesus Christ. Among the traditions of the city of Ghent, in Belgium, there is one of a little boy who grew up, visiting every day the Cathedral of the city. One day he stood with wondering and child-like eyes before a beautiful painting of the infant Jesus. According as time went on, and reason grew upon him, his love for the picture became greater and greater; and when he became a man, his love for it was so great that he spent his days in the Cathedral as organist, pealing forth the praises of the Son of God. His manhood went down into the vale of years, but his love for the picture was still the one child-love—the young love and passion of his heart. And so he lived, a child of art, and died in the odor of sanctity, of God. And that art had fulfilled its highest mission, for it had sanctified the soul of a man. O, may these pictures that we look upon with so much pleasure—may they teach to you, and to your children after you, the lesson they are intended to teach, of the love, of the charity, of the mercy of Jesus; that—loving Him and loving the beauty of His house, and catching every gleam that faith reveals of her higher beauty, and everything that speaks of Him forever, you may come to behold Him as He shines in the uncreated light and majesty of His glory!

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A speech delivered at Delmonico's, Fourteenth Street, New York, by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, on the occasion of the Eleventh Annual Dinner of the "Knights of St. Patrick," Monday evening, March 18.]

"BANQUET OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK."

I cannot forget that I have the distinguished honor of addressing the "Knights of St. Patrick!" I am aware that there is another body that claims that glorious title. I am aware that within those aisles, and under that vault in the roof that resounded to the preaching of Ireland's greatest saints, and (though I am a priest, I will add)—resounded to the voice of one of her greatest sons—the immortal Swift—there still hang the banners of the men who call themselves the "Knights of St. Patrick!" But, when I reflect that these men were, nearly all of them, aliens to the nation in

birth, and many aliens in religion; when I reflect that there are among the highest names emblazoned upon those banners those of men who have come down in the recollections of history with the curse of every honest man—of every Irishman—upon them; when I remember that in the front rank of these so-called Knights of Patrick, I find the scutcheon and the names of men who would consider it the greatest insult if any one suspected that they were Irishmen, simply because they have none of the grace of God, and but little of the grace of man around them (cheers); when I reflect upon this, and upon much more, I reject and repudiate their claims to so high and so honored a name as that of Ireland's Apostle. And, I feel, as an Irishman—as a priest, that I am addressing the true Knights of St. Patrick—the “Knights without fear, and without reproach,” the only men who can lay claim to the title of “Knights of St Patrick!” (cheers). You have asked me to speak to you of “The day we celebrate.” Ah, my dear Knights, there are many things that make us singular among the nations of the earth. We are singular in our misfortunes; we are also singular in our glory. And, perhaps, among Ireland's glories, not the least, if not the first, is this: She points to the man who brought to her the light of her Divine faith, and of her holy religion—and she points to him, not only as the Apostle of the supernatural among her children, but also the very father of her history, and the framer of her national destinies (cheers). Every other nation of which we read has two distinct lines of history—viz., the human, the natural, the worldly, the epical,—and side by side with that, running parallel with it, and very often in a small and contracted channel, the stream of its faith. But, when we come to Ireland, what do we find? We find her history enveloped in a cloud of uncertainty and confusion, until the day when Patrick's voice was heard, proclaiming the name of the true Lord and the true God,—until the day when Patrick's light blazed upon the land, and upon all that it had had previously of civilization and of human glory—until the day Ireland put her hand into that of her Apostle, and, with him, emerged from the pre-historic obscurity that surrounded her, into the full light and blaze of the world's admiring observation (cheers). What do we know of that glorious and honored land? What do we know of the history of that sacred soil—the bare recollection of whose green hills overpowers me to-night with emotion?—for the wide ocean rolls between me and that dear Mother Land! (cheers). What do we know of her history save the few

fabulous records—the few uncertain notes that tell us of her most ancient glory, until Patrick came? Fifty years after Patrick's voice had been heard in the land the whole world unites in proclaiming the far green Western Isle the home and mother of saints and doctors. To-day the history of Ireland is all but unknown, shrouded and enveloped in the gloom of fable; to-morrow, at the magic sound of her great apostle's voice, the veil is rent, and forth comes the nation not only into "the wonderful light" of Christianity, but also into the full blaze of historic glory (cheers). Therefore, my friends, it was not unfitting that when I am called on to speak of the day we celebrate, it is not so much St. Patrick's Day as Ireland's day (cheers). Fifteen hundred years have passed over since that day dawned—a long lease of time and of experience—and we—we, children of the soil—we, men of Irish blood, of Irish traditions, of Irish antecedents—(and, I will add—and thanks be to God!)—of Irish brains (great cheering)—we are come here this evening, and,

"Far from the hills of Innisfall,
We meet in love to-night,
Some of the scattered Clan-na-Gael,
With spirits warm and bright.
Why do we meet? 'tis to repeat
Our vows, both night and day.
To dear old Ireland, brave old Ireland,
Ireland, boys! Hurra!"

(Great cheering.) Well, my text tells me that the day we celebrate is "honored and loved by Irishmen all the world over!" I see around me many men distinguished in every walk of life. I will address myself more especially to a man (General McDowell) whose name has filled my mind before I had the honor of addressing him—a man whose profession comes nearest my own; for, although I am a man of extreme peace, yet, in the Church of God, extremes meet; and, General, there is no man who comes so near to you, who are a man of war, as the friar (cheers). General, there was a man of my order, wearing my habit, whose name, spoken in the language of the nineteenth century, will resound upon the trumpet tones of fame, up to the last day of the world's history—the immortal Lacordaire! (loud cheers). Speaking from his pulpit in Notre Dame, he proclaimed in that Church—that Catholic Church!—that the first duty of a nation was to recognize its God: its next duty was to be able to draw the sword (enthusiastic cheering). That sword may be drawn, and disaster may follow its drawing. For a

day, for a month, for a year, for centuries, the cause in which it is drawn may be a losing cause,—the bravest and the best men that ever lived have known the anguish of the evening of defeat:—but if that cause be just and holy—if the hand that draws the sword in that cause be brave and manly—if the heart that nerves that hand be noble and generous,—sooner or later, though the triumph may be put off for centuries—sooner or later, an Angel of the God of Justice will descend from Heaven, and—(the conclusion of the sentence was lost in a storm of cheering). I am told in the words of this toast what my own heart has already told me, that this “day we celebrate” is to be honored and loved by every man, unto the ends of the earth, who has the honor and the glory of calling himself an Irishman (cheers). Why is it to be honored? Why is it to be loved? Does it tell us of triumph? Ah, Knights of St. Patrick! Ah, men who this night would be willing to draw the sword, if the occasion presented itself! Ah, men who may yet, perhaps, have the privilege—or whose children may yet have the privilege of unsheathing Ireland’s sword,—I say to you this day that we celebrate, and that we are called upon to honor and love, tells us very little of triumph. Three hundred years of peace, of sunshine and joy followed Patrick’s day in Ireland. Three hundred years that showed the Irish nation in its scholars, in its schools, in its universities, the admiration of Christendom, the glory of the world, and the land of saints! But the three hundred years closed at the close of the eighth century; and we are now at the close of the nineteenth century,—and from the close of the eighth century, for more than a thousand years—for eleven hundred years and more—Ireland’s history has been a story of constant, and sustained, and unremitting conflict and war! And, therefore have I spoken to the soldier among us. He, more than any man here, can appreciate—(as, indeed, we all can appreciate each in his way)—that strange and chequered, yet glorious, history of eleven hundred years of ceaseless war. At the end of the eighth century Ireland was invaded by the Danes. Army after army poured down upon her from the northern coasts and from the Baltic sea,—from the northern coasts of Scotland—and the German sea, for miles, was covered with their galleys—covered with glittering shields—filled with those fair-haired, blue-eyed Northmen—singing their war-songs to the sweep of their long oars. For three hundred years, every year saw a new army poured into Ireland;—Ireland standing at bay, sword

in hand—that sword that was never sheathed during these 300 years—and, at the end of the eleventh century, uniting as one man, Ireland rose in her strength, shook these barbarians into the sea from off her virgin bosom—and the Danes, that were able to overpower England—that were able to conquer all the northern coast of France—that were able to leave the signs of their empire in Scotland, which remain even up to this very day—were cast from the shores of Ireland by a supreme effort of the then national strength; and that was after three hundred years, the issue of Ireland's invasion by the Northmen (cheers). Now, I love my mother land so dearly that I made the study of her history one of the most engrossing occupations of my youth and of my manhood:—and I say deliberately—and I think the distinguished gentleman (Mr. O'Gorman) at my right, who knows Irish history perhaps as well as any living man—(cheers)—will agree with me in this: that the true secret of Ireland's victory over the Danes was this—that these Northern barbarians swept down upon the Irish coast with the openly avowed and declared determination to sweep away Patrick's faith, Patrick's religion, Patrick's name; and, with it, to sweep away every vestige of Ireland's freedom and her nationality (cheers). But it was the magic sound of Patrick's name—Patrick's faith—Patrick's truth—that nerved the nation and united it as one man—the issue of which union was the glorious victory upon that Good Friday at Clontarf (cheers). I need not tell you—the General will tell you—what is the meaning of three hundred years of war—three hundred years of constant invasion—three hundred years of army after army sweeping down, as some of your Generals swept down, for instance, the Shenandoah Valley (cheers and laughter)—three hundred years at the mercy of the invader,—the people left to the fury of whatever army gained the victory of the day! Where, in the history of the nations is there a people able to stand—a people that would stand—three hundred years of constant invasion, and come forth with all the vigor of their youth—with all the strength of their divine faith intact in them—while for three hundred years they had to bear the brunt of persecution and invasion! (Cheers.) The world furnishes nothing like it. And I say Ireland is singular among the nations in this first great issue of her struggle. Scarcely had the Danes passed away—scarcely had the name of Brian been proclaimed in song as the first and greatest of Ireland's Kings,—scarcely had the voice of the minstrel ceased,—the minstrel who filled with his wailing the halls of Kincora, on the

green hills by the banks of the Shannon when the second period of Ireland's history began. The Anglo-Norman landed in an evil hour, and,—accursed of God, accursed of the Irish nation, accursed of the genius of history,—he set his mailed foot on the sacred soil of St. Patrick's inheritance in Ireland (cheers). And now began another war of invasion. Exhausted after the three hundred years of the Dane—the nation bleeding from every pore—the nation scarcely able to recover somewhat its breath—the nation unfortunately divided in its councils, its sovereignty disputed, its people disunited upon the various petty issues that formed the politics of the time,—the nation exhausted almost to utter atrophy and death,—finds itself suddenly obliged to rise up and face the new and terrible invaders. Ireland arose. Ireland rose—but O God!—it was no longer as one man. Ireland rose to meet Fitzstephen and his hordes upon the plains of Wexford. Ireland rose in the hope that, as she had cast the Danes into the sea, so she would be able to shake from her pure and virginal bosom those new invaders who had come to pollute her soil. While with the one hand she struck the Norman, with the other she was obliged to defend herself against her petty and her traitorous Irish chieftains! Ah, sad, sad is that day in Ireland's history! the day that tells us how, on one battle-field, so many Normans or Saxons were slain by the arms of Ireland's sons, while it tells us that, upon the same day, and upon a neighboring battle-field, two Irish chieftains shed, in domestic feuds, the blood that belonged, not to them, but to their country (cheers)! We fought for four hundred years—from the year 1169 to the year 1549—and it was only after four hundred years that an English King ventured to declare himself "Lord of Ireland!" The four hundred years were over. The chieftains of Ireland were ruined. The great houses were destroyed. The heart of the nation was broken. And, in the year 1549, the Irish Lords and Commons, assembled in Parliament, made up their minds that it was better to sheathe the sword—the sword that for four hundred years had never seen its scabbard—but was still wielded in the glorious fight for Ireland's national existence. I agree it was better for Ireland to sheathe the sword, and let the tired arm of the nation rest. The sword was sheathed. Ireland solemnly, by the voice of her Parliament and her chieftains, handed her sheathed sword into the hand—the polluted hand of Henry the Eighth, and declared upon bended knee, that she gave up the contest for nationality; that she resigned her crown; that her sceptre was broken; and that he might take

the title of her "Lord." Mark! During all these four hundred years the name of Patrick was not mentioned. The Norman invaders were Catholics as we were. They had the same faith that we had. They revered Patrick's name and Patrick's memory as we did. As long as Patrick's name was not mentioned, nor his faith impugned, it seemed as if Ireland did not know the secret of success. But while she was yet presenting the sword of her national existence and of her national defence, while the hand—the blood-stained hand of the adulterous murderer—of the monster in human form—was grasping the sword of Ireland's nationality, suddenly a voice was heard, announcing that England had changed her faith! that her Catholic religion was given up! and now that Henry was Lord of Ireland, he demands of the Irish people the surrender of their faith, and of all that Patrick had taught them! Oh, Mother Erin, take back the sword! take back the sword! Ireland clutches the sword; she girds it to her loins; she girds it on in the name of the Lord and of Gideon:—for three hundred years more (loud cheering)! General (to General McDowell), you have seen gallant men—brave men, exhausted after the fighting of a day! You have seen the soldier upon the battle-field which his valor had won! You have seen him perhaps lie down exhausted after his day's fatigue, when, on a sudden attack, the trumpet is sounded and he is called again to charge the returning foe! But tell me, General, have you ever heard—have you ever witnessed with your experienced eye—have you ever read in the history of the nations of the world anything more glorious than that act of Ireland taking back the sword from the blood-stained hand of Henry the Eighth,—the girding of it again on her loins, and drawing it in the name of God and native land (cheers)? I appeal to you [turning to Mr. O'Gorman]—to you who have known the fervor of hope and the chill of disappointment—to you who have known what it is to suffer for Ireland—to you, whose very name, O'Gorman—[vehement cheering in which the close of the sentence was lost]. I appeal to you who have lent additional lustre to a name that has come down to you illustrious—a name as great as any in our history (a voice—"And Mitchel")! Three hundred years passed away. Ah, the men who had fought, and fought in vain for Ireland's nationality might well rejoice, if it were possible to feel joy in the grave, when they found that a new element was introduced into the contest between Ireland and England, waged at this sad hour. The broken heart of Roderick O'Connor,

sleeping in the cloisters of Clonmacnoise—that heart, if it could only rejoice, would rejoice with Irish joy in an Irish grave, if it could only know that now, into the contest, was infused the element of Patrick's name, and Patrick's faith—the assurance of Ireland's triumph! Intrenched in the citadel of her religion, with the light of Almighty God's divine faith on her path, with the Omnipotence of God in her arm, with the spirit of Patrick hanging like a cloud of fire over her head, she entered the contest from which she came forth victorious! Follow down the story, and again we see her crowned with victory. We have lived to see it, after three hundred years of struggle, that the greatest nation on the face of the earth sought to extinguish the light of the faith of the people, in the blood of the people: and Ireland fought for her freedom, and triumphed for it in the sacred cause of her faith, and saved the almost abandoned cause of her nationality (cheers). We are a nation to-day! A nation free as the bird that flies and wings the balmy air; free in thought, and destined by the blessing of God, and the prayers of Patrick, to be free in every faculty of national existence, and of the national liberty that constitutes a nation's glory! (Cheers.) But to the last part of my text, and I have done, for I am afraid I am keeping you too long (loud cries of "Go on! go on!"). The last part of my text says that each anniversary, as it recurs, is the dearest. Well, gentlemen, you put this into my hands. If you had not put into my hands, I might not say, perhaps, what I am about to say. I might perhaps interpret my own feelings, but I am afraid that, in interpreting them, I might not interpret yours. But, in putting this into my hands you let me see that your feelings and mine are the same, and each recurring anniversary is dearer than the former one. And why? Ah, gentlemen, when we are young and when the world opens before us, and we look upon it with undimmed eyes, we see, everywhere, and on every side, the light of hope, and we go forth rejoicing, thinking in our foolish, selfish hearts, that we have within us sufficient elements of happiness, and we may make a home dear as a home should be. But, according as experience comes, according as the remembrance of the friends from whom we have parted becomes mellowed and sanctified in the halls of memory—according as we come to know and feel the insecurity of these resources on which we have relied—according as we meet the strange, chilling pulse of the stranger, the more lovingly and tenderly does the heart go back to the memory

of the days that are past and the home of our youth ; and therefore it is, that as age and the silver hair come to you here, in the same proportion does Patrick's Day,—its associations, the very mention of it,—bring thoughts that grow dearer and dearer to our somewhat disappointed hearts (cheers). A man may thrive and succeed in this world, as you have, thank God ; the eloquent and distinguished lawyer on my right may yet be Chief Justice of the United States ; the brave and distinguished soldier may yet be Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Great Republic ; the Mayor of New York, whose abilities fit him to assume the leadership of any community in the world, may yet be graced with every civic dignity which the nation can confer, but—even if every wild hope was fulfilled—even if every fond aspiration found its fullest enjoyment,—there is, deep in the heart, within the inner chambers of the soul, one sanctified recess devoted to the fairest image and the fondest representation of our earliest days ; and, so long as that remains, so “each recurring festival of St. Patrick” will grow the more dear to you and to me (cheers). Nothing remains for me, gentlemen, but to thank you for your cheers, as I thank you for your patience, to congratulate you on your indulgence, and to congratulate myself that I did not break down (cheers and laughter). I remember that for the four years I was on the mission while in Italy, I was mistaken for an Italian. When I was in France, they did not think exactly that I was a Parisian, but they thought I was from somewhere in or about Brittany. But I never opened my mouth in England, nor committed myself to one single syllable, that my English friends did not at once find out how the land lay, and say : “I perceive you are Irish !” [The drollery of the speaker's “gesture and intonation were such that the company fairly roared with laughter.] The only answer that I was able to give them from out the light of my intellect, such as it is, and from out the fulness of my heart, was : “Glory be to God ! No merit of mine, but the pure condescension and mercy of the Lord conferred this upon me, that I have the honor and glory of calling an Irishwoman my mother !” (Enthusiastic and prolonged applause, and cheering for the “Soggarth aroon !”)

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A sermon delivered in the Dominican Church, New York, on Sunday, March 24, by the Rev. FATHER BURKE.]

"THE GROUPINGS OF CALVARY."

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

I told you this morning, my brethren, that we should confine our attention, during the next few days, to the groupings that surrounded our Blessed Lord upon the Hill of Calvary. I then intended, this evening, to put before you the various characters and classes of men who were there as the enemies of God. I must, however, alter somewhat this programme. To-morrow will be the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin—one of the greatest festivals of the Christian year—commemorating a mystery from which all the mysteries of our redemption have flown. It will be held, as you are aware, of obligation,—and, therefore, I shall be obliged so far to depart from my original design, as to let in, to-morrow evening, a sermon on the great festival of the day—the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. Thus far I must interfere with the plan I have laid down, and this will oblige me, this evening, simply to notice briefly the different groups and classes by which the enemies of our Divine Lord were represented upon Calvary. We shall pass, at once, to the consideration of the man who stood there as the friend of his dying Lord and Saviour.

There were many classes of men surrounding our Blessed Lord on that fearful and terrible journey, when, starting from the house of the High Priest, Annas, He turned his face towards Calvary, and set out upon the dolorous "Way of the Cross." The men who condemned Him sitting in that tribunal were not satisfied with that sentence; but, in the eagerness of their revenge, they would fain witness his execution—following out the expressed word of the Evangelist, that the Scribes and Pharisees followed our Lord, and fed their revengeful eyes upon the contemplation of His three hours of agony on the Cross. The immediate agents of this terrible act of execution were the Roman soldiers of the cohort who had scourged Him, who had crowned Him with thorns, and who had accompanied Him with stolid indifference to the

place of His execution. They were the pagans. They were the men who had never heard of the name of God. They were the men who, had they heard of it, must have heard of it, if at all, in a language which they scarcely understood, and which was the medium of the common record of what were called "the wonders,"—that is, of the miracles of Christ. But it scarcely stirred up in them even a natural curiosity: and, therefore, they brought Him to execution, as they would have dragged any other criminal, with this one exception, that, by a strange, diabolical possession, they looked upon this man of whom they knew nothing—upon this man who had never injured them in word or in deed,—with intense abhorrence, and hated Him with an inexplicable hatred. They thus typified the nation which, in the old law, knew not the Lord of Truth. In paganism, in the darkness of the wickedness of their infidelity, they knew not the name of God. When that name is pronounced in their presence, it falls upon their ears rather as the name of an enemy than that of a friend. They cannot explain why they hate Him. No more can we explain the hatred of the Roman soldiers. The missionary goes forth to-day in all the power of the priesthood of Christ. He stands in the presence of the people of China, or of Japan. As long as he speaks to them of the civilization, of the immense military power, of the riches and of the glory of the country from which he came, they hear him willingly and with interested ears. As long as he reveals to them any secret of human science, they make use of him, they are glad to receive him. Thus it is we know that some of the Jesuit missionaries held the very highest places at the court of the Emperor of China. But as soon as ever the missionary mentions the name of Christ, they not only refuse to hear him, but they are stirred up on the instant, with diabolical rage; hate and anger flash from their eyes; and they lay hold of the messenger who bringeth them the message of peace, and love, and of eternal life, and they imagine they have not fulfilled their duty until they have shed his heart's blood upon the spot. Oh, how vast the crowd of those who, for centuries, have thus greeted the Son of God and every man who speaks in His name! Think of the outlying millions, to whom, for eighteen hundred years and more, the Church—the messenger of God—has preached and appealed, but in vain! Behold the class that was represented round the Cross, lifting up indifferent, stolid, or, if anything, scowling faces, amid the woes of Him who, in that hour of His agony and of His humiliation, mingled His pray-

ers for forgiveness with the last drop of blood that flowed through His wounds from His dying heart !

There is another class there. It is made up of those who knew Him well, or who ought to have known Him. They had seen His miracles: they had witnessed His sanctity; they had disputed with Him upon the laws until he had convinced them that His was the wisdom that could not belong to man, but to God. He had silenced them. He had answered every argument that fool-hardy and audacious men made to Him. He had reduced them to such shame that no man ever wanted to question Him again. But He interfered with their interests and their pride. That pride revolted against submitting to Him. That self-love and self-interest prompted the thought that if He lived His light would outshine theirs, and their influence with the people would be gone. These were the Scribes and the Pharisees. They were the leaders of the people. They were the magistrates of Jerusalem. They were the men whose loud voice and authoritative tones were heard in the Temple. They were the men who walked into that house as if it was not the house of God, but *their* house. They were the men who walked fearlessly up to the altar, to speak words of blasphemous pride, and call them prayers. They were the men who tried to despise the humble Publican making his act of contrition. They were the men who lifted their virtuous hands and hypocritical eyes to Heaven to lament over the weakness of human nature. They were the men who hated Christ, because they could not argue with Him—because they could not uphold their errors against His truth—because they could not hold their own, but were struck dumb at the sight of His sanctity and the sound of His peaceful voice. What did they do? They began to tell lies to the people. They began to tell the people how He was an impostor and a blasphemer. They began to mislead the people,—to warp the estimate that people might make of Jesus Christ ! They endeavored to find false witnesses to bring them to swear away first His character and then His life. Ah ! need I say whom they represent? Need I tell a people in whose memories is fresh to-day the ever recurring lie that is flung in the face of the Catholic Church,—the ever-recurring false testimony that is brought against her,—the burning of her churches, the defiling of her altars, the outrages on her priests,—the insults heaped upon her holy nuns, the people inflamed against the very name of Catholicity itself so that the word might be fulfilled of Him who said: “They shall cast out your very name as evil for my

sake;"—the men who made the very name of a monk, or a friar, or a Jesuit mean something awfully gross, or sensual, or material! These men were naturally worldly and deceitful. I need not point out to you that, in the midst of you, and every day from their pulpits, from their conventicles, through their daily press—every day we are made familiar with the old lie, shifted and changed, tortured, distorted and twisted, and the false testimony brought out in a thousand forms of falsehood. And there were others there who believed in Christ—who knew Him—who had enjoyed His conversation and His friendship, and who were afraid to be seen in His company in that dark hour, and upon that hill of shame. Where were the Apostles? Where were the Disciples? They had fled from their Master because it was dangerous to be seen with Him. Judas, the representative of the man who sells his religion and his God for this world; who sells his conscience in order to fill his purse; who sells everything that is most sacred when that demand is made upon him for temporal profit and pelf; who seals his iniquity by a bad communion in order to save appearances; and, while with one hand he was taking money from the Pharisees, with the other hand he was taking Christ to his breast;—the man who played a double part—the man who did not wish to break utterly with his Lord, nor to sacrifice the good opinion of his fellow-apostles; and, therefore he received damnation to himself in a bad communion,—he does not dare to climb the rugged steep of Calvary; but he stands afar off: and the vision that he sees, of so much sorrow, so much suffering;—the vision that he sees passing before his eyes; his Lord, his Master in whom he still believes, though he has betrayed Him; his Lord his Master, torn with scourges from head to foot; crowned with thorns; disguised in His own blood; blinded with the blood that was flowing down from every wound in His sacred brow:—his Lord and his Master, who had so often spoken to him words of friendship and of love; passed before the eyes of the renegade and traitor. As he looked, and his eyes caught, for an instant, the countenance of that figure tottering along in weakness and in pain,—the sight brought back remembrance of the days that were gone, with no glimmering of hope, no light of consolation to his soul, but only the feeling that he had betrayed his God, and that he held then, in his infamous purse, the money for which he had sold his soul and his conscience. He stood aghast and pale. He tore his hair and swung his hands. He found that he could not live to see the consummation of his iniquity;

and before the Saviour had sent forth the last cry for a redeemed world, the soul of the suicide Judas had gone down to hell! "It were better for him had he never been born!" Does he represent any class? Are there not in this world men who are almost glad to have something to barter with the world, when they give up their holy faith and religion in order to clutch this world's possessions? Have we not read in the history of the nations—in the history of the land from which most of us sprang—have we never read of men selling their faith for this world's riches and this world's honors? Have we never read, in the history of the world, of men who, in order to save appearances, approached the holy altar and received the holy communion? Of monarchs who, in order to stand well with their Catholic subjects, made a show of going to Holy Communion? And of sycophants and courtiers who, in order to please a king, in a fit of piety or a fit of repentance, went to Holy Communion? But time will not permit me to linger in the contemplation of the many classes of the worldly-minded; the false friend, the bitter, though conscious, enemy; the heartless executioners, the exact representatives of those who crowded round the Cross in that terrible hour.

But there was one there,—and it is to that one that my thoughts and my heart turn this night,—there was one there who was destined to be, through all ages, and unto all nations, a type of what the true Christian man—the friend of Christ, must be; a true representative of the part that he must play, in the sacrifice that from time to time he must make, to test the strength and the tenderness of his love. There was one there, young and beautiful, who did not flinch from his Master and Lord in that hour; who walked by His side; who shared in the reproaches that were showered upon the head of the Son of God, and took his share of the grief and the shame of that terrible morning of Good Friday. There was one there whom the Master permitted to be there, that he might, as it were, lean upon the strength of his manhood and the fearlessness of his love. That one was John the Evangelist. Behold him, as, with the virginal eyes, he looks up as a man to his fellow-man on the Cross! Behold him as he seems to say: "Oh, Master! Oh, Lover of my soul and heart! can I relieve you of a single sorrow by taking it up and making it my own?" This was John. Consider who he was, and what. Three graces surrounded him as he stood at the foot of the Cross. Three divine gifts formed a halo of heavenly light around his head. They were the grace of Christian

purity, the grace of divine love, and the manliness of the bravery that despises the world, when it is a question of giving testimony of love and of fidelity to his God and his Saviour—three noble gifts, with which the world is so ill-supplied to-day! Oh, my brethren, need I tell you that of all the evils in this our day, there is one which has arrived at such enormous proportions that it has received the name of "The Social Evil!"—the evil which finds its way into every rank and every grade of society: the evil which, raising its miscreated head, now and again frightens us, and terrifies the very world by the evidence of its wide-spread pestilence;—the evil that, to-day, pollutes the heart, destroys the soul of the young, and shakes our nature and our manliness to its very foundations, and brings down the indignant and the sweeping curse of God upon whole nations! Need I tell you that that evil is the terrible evil of impurity—the unrestrained passion, the foul imagination, the debased and degraded cravings of this material flesh and blood of ours, rising up in rebellion, and declaring in its inflamed desires that nothing of God's law, nothing of God's redemption shall move it; that all, all may perish but it must be satiated and gorged with that food of lust, of which, says the holy Apostle, "the taste is death." Of this I have already spoken to you, and also of the opposite virtue, the "index" virtue, as it is called—the virtue of virtues; of that I have also spoken to you, that by which lost man is raised up to the very perfection of his spiritual nature; by which the Divine effulgence of the highest resemblance to Christ is impressed upon the soul; by which the brightness of the Virgin, and of the Virgin's Son seems to pass forth, even from His body, and sink into the soul's tissues, until it becomes divine. Such virtue of angelic purity did Christ, our Lord, come to establish upon earth. Such virtue did He lay as the foundation of His Church, in a chaste and a virginal priesthood; in the foundations of society, in a chaste and pure manhood; preserving the integrity of the soul in the purity of the body. Such virtue belonged to John, "the disciple of love;" and it belonged to him in its highest phase; for, as the Holy Fathers,—and the interpreters of the Church's traditions from the very beginning, and notably, St. Peter of Damascus,—tell us,—John the Evangelist, was a virgin from the cradle to the grave. No thought of human love ever flashed through his mind. No angry uprising of human passion ever disturbed the equable nature of his heavenly tempered soul and body. He was the

youngest of all the Apostles; and he was little more than a youth when the virgin-creating eyes of Christ fell upon him. Christ looked upon him and saw a virginal body, fair and beautiful in its translucent purity of innocence. He the Creator and Redeemer, saw a soul pure, and bright, and unstained,—a soul just opened into manhood, and in the full possession of all its powers, and a tender, yet a most pure heart, unfolding itself even as the lily bursts forth and unfolds its white leaves to gather in its calyx the dews of Heaven, like diamond drops in its heart of glorious innocence. So did our Lord behold it unfold in the fair soul of John. In his earliest youth, dropped in that virgin ear the words of invitation; and in that virgin soul those graces of Apostleship, and of love, and of tenderness, and of strength, that lay there among those petals of glory, brought forth in the soul of the young man, all that was radiant with the most Christ-like virtue. A virgin—that is to say, one who never let a thought of his mind, nor an affection of his heart stray from the highest form of Divine love: thus was he before he had beheld the face of his Redeemer. But, when, to that virginal purity, which naturally seeks the love of God in its highest form, when that God made Himself visible to it in the shape of the sacred humanity of our Lord: when the virgin's King, the Prince, and the leader of the Virgin's choir in Heaven, presented Himself to the eyes of the young Apostle, oh, then, with the instinct of purity, his heart seemed to go forth from him and to seek the heart of Christ. And so it was for three years, under the purifying eyes of our Lord. He lived for three years in the most intimate communion of love with his Master; distinguished from all the other Apostles, of whom we do not know that ever one of them was a virgin, but only John; distinguished from them by being admitted, through his privileged virginal purity, into the inner chambers of the heart of Christ. Thus, when our Lord appeared to the Apostles upon the waters, all the others shrank from Him, terrified; and they said to each other, "It is a ghost! It is an appearance!" John looked, and instantly recognized his Master, and said to Peter: "Don't be afraid! It is the Lord!" Whereupon, St. Jerome says:—"What eyes were those of John, that could see that which others could not see? Oh, it was the eye of a virgin recognizing a virgin!" So it was that a certain tacit privilege was granted to John, as is seen in the conduct of the Apostles themselves. Peter, certainly, was honored above all the others by getting prece-

dence and supremacy ; by being appointed the Vicar and representative of his Master ; in other words, "the head of the Apostles." But this was followed up. He was privileged, nay more, the heart of Peter was sounded to the very depths of its capacity, and of its love, before Christ, our Lord appointed him as His representative. Three times did he ask him, "Lovest thou me?" Again in the presence of John, "Lovest thou Me, Peter, more than these?" More than these ; more than the men who are present before me, and of whom I speak to you. And Peter was confirmed in that hour, and rose, by Divine grace, to a height in the sight of his Divine Master, greater than any ever attained by man. It is not the heart of the man loving the Lord, but it is the heart of the Lord loving the man. So Peter was called upon to love his Lord more than the others. The tenderest love of his divine Master was the privilege of John. He was the disciple "whom Jesus loved." And well did his fellow-Apostles know it. Therefore, on the morning of resurrection, when the Magdalen announced to the world, "The Lord is risen," Peter and John ran at once to the tomb where they had laid Him. Peter ran first, but he did not enter. John came and entered. Who can tell what he saw? What a privilege was not that which was given to John at the Last Supper because of his virginal purity? There was the Master and there were the disciples around him. There was the man whom he had destined to be the first Pope,—the representative of His power and head of His followers. Did Peter get the first place? The first place—the place next to the left side—nearest the dear heart side was the privilege of John. And—oh! ineffable dignity vouchsafed by our Saviour to His virgin friend!—the head of the disciple was laid upon the breast of the Master, and the human ear of John heard the pulsations of the virginal heart of Christ, the Lord of earth and Heaven! Between those two, in life, you may easily see in this and others such traits recorded in the Gospel ; between these two—the Master and the disciple whom He loved,—there was a silent intercommunion—an intensity of tender love of which the Apostles seem not to have known. Out of this very purity of John sprang the love of his Divine Lord and Master. It was after His resurrection that our Lord asked Peter, "Dost thou love Me more than these?" Before the suffering and death of the Son of God. Peter did not love Him only as a man loved him. John's love knew no change. Peter's love had first to be humbled, and then purified by tears, and the heart

broken by contrition before he was able to assert : " Lord, Thou knowest all things : Thou knowest that I love Thee ! " But in the love of St. John we find an undoubting, an unchanging love. What his Master was to him in the hour of His glory the same was He in the hour of His shame. He beheld his Lord, shining on the summit of Tabor on the day of His Transfiguration ; yet he loved Him as dearly when He beheld Him covered with shame and confusion on the Cross ! What was the nature of that love ? Oh, my friends, think what was the nature of that love ! Had it taken possession of a mighty but an empty heart ? Mighty in its capacity of love is the heart of man—the heart of the young man—the heart of the ingenuous, talented and enlightened youth. Would you know how much love this heart is capable of ? Behold it in the saints of the Catholic Church, Behold it in every man who gives his heart to God wholly and entirely. Behold it even in the sacrifices that young hearts make, when they are filled with merely human love. Behold it in the sacrifice of life, of health, of everything which a man has, which is made upon the altar of his love, even when that human love has taken the base, revolting form of impurity. Look at it. Measure it, if you can. I address the heart of the young man, and he cannot see it ! The truth of it lies here, that the most licentious and self-indulgent sinner on the face of the earth has never yet known, in the indulgence of his wildest excesses, the full contentment, the complete enjoyment, the mighty faculty of love which is in the heart.

Such was the heart which our Lord called to him. Such was the heart of John. It was a capacious heart. It was the heart of a young man. It was empty. No human love was there. No previous affection came in to cross or counteract the designs of God in the least degree, or to take possession of the remotest corner, even, of that heart. Then, finding it thus empty in its purity, thus capacious in its nature, the Son of God filled the heart of the young Apostle with His love. Oh, it was the rarest, the grandest friendship that ever existed on this earth : the friendship that bound together two virgin hearts—the heart of the beloved disciple, John ; the grand virgin love which absorbed John's affections, filling his young heart and intellect with the beauty and the highest appreciation of his Lord and Master, filling his senses with the charms ineffable produced by the sight of the face of the Holy One. He looked upon the beauty of that sacred and Divine humanity ; and he saw with the penetrating eyes of the intellect the fullness of the Divinity that

flashed upon him. He, at least, had listened to the words of the Divine Master, and sweeter it was than the music which he heard in Heaven, and which he describes in the Apocalypse, where he says : "They heard the sound of many voices, and they heard the harpers harping upon many harps." Far sweeter than the echoes of Heaven that descended into his soul on the Isle of Patmos, was the noble, manly voice of his Lord and Master,—now pouring forth blessings upon the poor,—now telling those who weep that they shall one day be comforted,—now whispering to the widow of Nain, "Weep no more ;" now telling the penitent Magdalen, "Thy sins are forgiven thee because thou hast loved much !"—now, thundering in at the temple of Jerusalem until the very stones resounded to the God-like manifestation of Him who said : "It is written that my house is a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves :"—it was still the loftiest music and melody—the harmonious roll of the voice of God—as it fell upon the charmed ears of the enraptured Evangelist,—the young man who followed his Master and fed his soul upon that Divine love. Out of this love sprang that inseparable fellowship that bound him to Christ. Not for an instant was he voluntarily absent from his Master's side. Not for an instant did he separate himself from the immediate society of his Lord. And herein lay the secret of his love ;—for love, be it human or Divine, craves for union, and lives in the sight and in the conversation of the object of its affection ; consequently, of all the Apostles, John was the one who was always clinging around his Master—always trying to be near Him—always trying to catch the loving eyes of Christ in every glance. This was the light of his brightness,—the Divine wisdom that animated him !

How distinct is the action of John, in the hour of the Passion, from that of Peter ! Our Divine Lord gave warning to Peter. "Peter," He says, "before the cock crows you will deny me thrice." No wonder the master's voice struck terror into the heart of the Apostle ! And yet, strange to say, it did not make him cautious or prudent. When our Lord was taken prisoner, the Evangelist expressly tells us that Peter followed Him. Followed Him ? Indeed, he followed Him ; but he followed Him afar off. He waited on the outskirts of the crowd. He tried to hide himself in the darkness of the night. He tried to conceal his features, lest any man might lay hold of him, and make him a prisoner, as the friend of the Redeemer. He began to be afraid of the danger of acknowledging himself to be the servant of such a mas-

ter. He began to think of himself, when every thought of his mind, and every energy of his heart, should have been concentrated upon his Lord. He followed Him; but at some distance. Ah! at a good distance! John, on the other hand, rushed to the front. John wanted to be seen with his Master. John wanted to take the Master's hand—even when bound by the thongs, that he might receive the vivifying touch of contact with Christ! John wanted to hear every word that might be said, whether it were for or against Him. John wanted to feast his eyes upon every object which engaged the attention of his Lord, and by whose look it was irradiated—a type, indeed, of a class of Christian men seeking the society and the presence of the Master, and strengthened by that seeking and that presence. He is the type of the man who goes frequently to Holy Communion, preparing himself by a good confession, and so laying the basis of a sacramental union with God, that becomes a large element of his life;—the man who goes to the altar every month;—the man who is familiar with Christ, and who enters somewhat into the inner chambers of that sacred heart of Infinite Love;—the man who knows what those few minutes of rapture are which are reserved for the pure,—for those who not only endeavor to serve God, but to serve Him lovingly and well. Those are the men who walk in the footsteps of John; those are his representatives. Peter is represented by the man who goes to holy Communion once or twice in the year—going, perhaps, once at Easter or Christmas, and then returning to the world and the flesh again. God grant that neither the world, nor the flesh, nor the devil will take possession of the days, or weeks, or years of the rest of his life!—he who gives,—twice in the year, perhaps,—an hour or two to earnest communion with God, and for all the rest only a passing consideration, flashing momentarily across the current of his life. And what was the consequence? John went up to Calvary, and took the proudest place that ever was given to man. Peter met, in the outer hall, a little servant-maid, and she said to him “Whom seekest thou?—Jesus of Nazareth?” The moment that the child's voice fell upon his ear, he denied his Master, and he swore an oath that he did not know Him.

Now, we come to the third grand attribute of John; and it is to this, my friends, that I would call your attention especially. Tender as the love of this man was for his Master—his friend—mark how strong and how manly it was at the same time. He does not stand aside. He will allow no

soldier, or guard, or executioner, to thrust him aside or put him away from his Master. He stands by that Master's side, when He stood before His accusers in the Prætorium of Pilate. He comes out. John receives Him into his arms, when, fainting with loss of blood, He returns, surrounded by soldiers, from the terrific scene of His scourging; and, when the Cross is laid upon the shoulders of the Redeemer,—with the crowd of citizens around him—at His right hand, so close that he might lean upon Him—if he could, is the manly form of St. John the Evangelist. Oh, think of the love that was in his heart, and the depth of his sorrow, when he saw his Lord, his Master, his Friend, his only love, reduced to so terrible a state of woe, of misery, and of weakness! This was the condition of our Divine Lord, when they laid the heavy cross upon His shoulder. How the Apostle of Love would have taken that painful and terrible crown, with its thorns, from off the brows to which they adhered, and set the thorns upon his own head, if they had only been satisfied to let him bear the pains and sufferings of his Master and his God! Oh, how anxious must he have been to take the load that was placed upon the unwilling shoulders of Simon of Cyrene! Oh, how he must have envied the man who lifted the cross from off the bleeding shoulders of the Divine Victim, and set it on his own strong shoulders, and bore it along up the steep side of Calvary! How grateful was John to the wicked executioner, when, lifting up his face to gaze, he met the sympathy and sorrow, and consolation of the Lord! With what gratitude must the Apostle have looked upon the face of Veronica, who, with eyes streaming with tears, and on bended knees, upheld the cloth on which the Saviour imprinted the marks of His divine countenance! Yet, who was this man?—who was this man who received the blow as the criminal who was about to be executed? Who is this man who takes the place of shame? Who is this man who is willing to assume all the opprobrium and all the penalty that follows upon it? He is the only one of the Twelve Apostles that is known. We read in the gospels that the Apostles were, all mere men,—poor men, taken out of the crowd by our Lord. The only one among them who had made some mark, who was noted, who was remembered for something or another, was St. John. And by whom was he known? He was known, says the Evangelist—he was known to the high priests. He was so well known to them, and to their guards and to their officers, and to their fellow-priests, that when our Lord was in the house of Annas, John

entered as a matter of course; and when Peter, with the rest, was shut out, all that John had to do was to speak a word to the officers—"because," says the Evangelist, "he was well-known to the high priests"—well-known to the chief magistrates—well-known to the men in power—well-known to the chief senators. "Oh, John! John! be prudent! You may be evidence against your fellows! Remember that you are a noted man, so that you will be set down by the men in power, for shame perhaps, or indignity, or even death: if you are seen with those who, perhaps, will be sent, it will be verified against you! Let Peter go: no one knows him. Let Peter go, or some one whom no one knows. Let John remain;—some one on whom Mary can lean;—some one in whose beautiful countenance she can look with trust:—some one to lean on, and to love her. But consult your own interests. Don't be rash. There is no knowing when we may want your aid or your authority." Oh, this is the language of the world. This is the language which we hear day after day. "Prudence and caution!" No necessity to parade our religion!" "No necessity to be thrusting our Catholicity before the world!" "No necessity to be constantly unfurling the banner on which the Cross of Christ is depicted—the Cross on which He died to save the souls of men." "No necessity for all this. Let us go peacefully with the world! Let us worship in secret. Let us go on Sunday to divine service quietly; and let the world know nothing about this!" This is self-love. This is cowardice. Oh, how noble the answer of him whom all the world knew! How noble the soul of him who stood by Him, when he knew he was a noted man, and that, sooner or later, his fidelity on that Good Friday morning would bring him into trouble! Ah, how glorious the action of the man who knew he was compromising himself!—that he was placing his character, his liberty, his very life in jeopardy!—that he was suffering perhaps in the tenderest intimacy and friendship!—that he was losing himself perhaps in the esteem of those worldly men who thought they were doing a wise, a proper, and a prudent thing when they sent the Lord to be crucified. He stands by his order. He says, in the face of this whole world, "Whoever is His enemy, I am His friend. Whatever is His position to-day I am His creature: and I recognize Him as my God!" And so he trod, step by step, with the fainting Redeemer, up the rugged sides of Calvary. We know not what words of love and of strong manly sympathy he may have poured into the afflicted ears. We know not how much the drooping human-

ity of our Lord may have been strengthened and cheered in that sad hour by the presence of the faithful and loving John! Have you ever been in great affliction, my friends? Has sorrow ever come upon you with a crushing and an overwhelming weight? Have you ever lacked heart and power in great difficulty, and seen no escape from the crushing weight of anxiety that was breaking your heart? Do you not remember that such has been the daily experience of your life? Do you not know what it is to have even one friend—one friend on whom you can rely with perfect and implicit confidence—one friend who you know, believes in you and loves you, and whose love is as strong as his life?—one friend who, you know, will uphold you even though the whole world be against you? Such was the comfort, such the consolation that it was the Evangelist's privilege to pay to our Lord on Calvary. No human prudence of argument dissuaded him. He thought it,—and he thought rightly,—the supreme of wisdom to defy, to despise and to trample upon the world, when that world was crucifying his Lord and Master, highest type of the man, saying from out the depths of his own conscience "I am above the world!" Let every man ask himself this night, and answer the question to his own soul: "Do I imitate the purity, do I imitate the love, do I imitate the courage or the bravery of this man, of whom it is said that he was 'the disciple whom Jesus loved?'" He got this reward exceeding great. Ah, how little did he know—great as his love was—how little did he know the gift that was in store for him—and that should be given him through the blood that flowed from that dying head! Little did he know of the crowning glory that was reserved to him at the foot of the Cross! How his heart must have throbbed with the liveliest emotions of delight, mingled in a stormy confusion with the greatness of his sorrow, when, from the lips of his dying Master, he discovered the command: "Behold thy Mother!"—and with eyes dimmed with the tears of anguish and of love, did he cast his most pure, most loving, and most reverential glance upon the forlorn Mother of the dying Son. What was his ecstasy when he heard the voice of the dying Master say to Mary: "Oh, mother, look to John, my brother, my lover, my friend! Take him for thy son!" To John he says: "Son, I am going away. I am leaving this woman the most desolate of all creatures that ever walked the earth. True, she is to me the dearest object in Heaven or on earth. Friend, I have nothing that I love so much! Friend, there is no one for whom I have so much love as I have for her! And to you

do I leave her! Take her as your mother, Oh, dearly beloved!" John advanced one step—the type and the prototype of the new man redeemed by our Lord—the type whose glory it was to be—that he was to be Mary's Son! He advanced a step, until he comes right in front of his dying and blessed Lord. John advances one step:—the type—the prototype of the new man, redeemed by the Saviour,—and whose glory it was henceforth to be that he was to be Mary's Son. He advances a step until he comes right in front of his dying Lord, and he approaches Mary the Mother, in the midst of her sorrow, and flings himself into her loving arms. And the newly-found son embraces his heavenly mother, while from the crucified Lord the drops of blood fall down upon them and cement the union between our human nature and His, and fulfill the promise He had made to His Heavenly Father in the adoption of our humanity.

The scene at Calvary I will not touch upon, or describe. The slowly passing minutes of pain, of anguish and of agony that stretched out these three terrible hours of incessant suffering;—of these I will not speak. In your estimation and in mine they do not need to be spoken of. But, when the scene was over;—when the Lord of Glory and of Love sent forth His last cry;—when the terrified heart of the Virgin throbbed with alarm as she saw the centurion draw back his terrible lance and thrust it through the side of our Divine Lord;—when all this was over and when our Lord was taken down from the Cross and his body placed in Mary's arms;—after she had washed away the stains with her tears, and purified His face;—after she had taken off the crown of thorns from His brow, and when they had laid Him in the tomb—the desolate mother put her hands into those of her newly-found child, St. John, and with him returned to Jerusalem. The glorious title of "The Child of Mary" was now his; and with this precious gift of the dying Redeemer he rejoiced in Mary's society and in Mary's care. The Virgin was then, according to tradition, in her forty-ninth year. During the twelve years that she survived with John, she was mostly in Jerusalem, while he preached in Ephesus, one of the cities of Asia Minor, and founded there a church, and held the chair as its first Apostle and Bishop. He founded a church at Phillipi, and a church at Thessalonica, and many of the churches in Asia Minor. His whole life, for seventy years after the death of his divine Lord, was spent in the propagation of the Gospel and in the establishing of the

Church. But for twelve years more the Virgin Mother was with him, in his house, tenderly surrounding him with every comfort that her care could supply. Oh, think of the raptures of this household that we read of so much! Every glance of her virginal eyes upon him reminded her of Him who was gone,—for John was like his Divine Master. It was that wonderful resemblance to Christ which the highest form of grace brings out in the soul. Picture to yourselves, if you can, that life at Ephesus, when the Apostle, worn down by his apostolic preaching, fatigued and wearied from his constantly proclaiming the victory and the love of the Redeemer, returned to the house and sat down, while Mary, with her tender hand wiped the sweat from his brow, and these two, sitting together, spoke of the Lord and of the mysteries of the life in Nazareth; and from Mary's lips he heard of the mysteries of the thirty years of love in the humble house of Nazareth, and of how Joseph had died, she holding his head, and the Son of God standing by his side. From Mary's lips he heard the secrets—the mournful secrets of her Divine Son;—until, filled with inspiration, and rising to the highest and most glorious heights of divinely inspired thought, he proclaimed the Gospel that begins with the wonderful words, “In the beginning was the Word,” denoting and pointing back to the eternity of the Son of God. Picture to yourselves, if you can, how Mary poured out to John, years after the death of our Lord, her words of gratitude for the care with which he surrounded her, and of all her gratitude to him for all that he had done in consoling and upholding her Divine Child in the hour of His Sorrow! Oh this surpasses all contemplation. Next to that mystery of Divine Love, the life in Nazareth with her own Child, comes nearest the life she lives in Ephesus with her second, her adopted son, St. John the Evangelist. He passed to Heaven, first among the virgins, says St. Peter Damen,—first in glory as first in love, enshrined to-day in the brightest light that surrounds the virgin choirs of Heaven! Now, now he sings the songs of angelic joy and angelic love;—and he leaves to you and to me,—as he stands, and as we contemplate him upon the Hill of Calvary,—the grand and the instructive lesson of how the Christian man is to behave towards his Lord and his God; living in Christian unity,—in the Christ-given strength of divine love—and in that glorious world-despising assertion of the divinity of the love of Jesus Christ for his Church and His holy religion,—which, trampling under foot all mere human respect, lives and glories in the friendship of God, and

in the possession of His holy faith and the practice of His holy religion,—not blushing for Him before man ; and thus gaining the reward of Him who says : “ And he that confesses me before men, the same will I confess before My Father in Heaven.”

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[Good Friday Sermon of Rev. FATHER BURKE, delivered in the Dominican Church of St. Vincent Ferrers, in Lexington Avenue and Sixty-Sixth Street, New York.]

“CHRIST ON CALVARY.”

“ All you that pass this way, come and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.”

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN—These words are found in the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah. There is a festival ordained by the Almighty God, for the tenth day of the seventh month of the Jewish year; and this festival was called the “Day of Atonement.” Now, among the Commandments that the Almighty God gave concerning the “Day of Atonement,” there was this remarkable one: “Every soul,” said the Lord, “that shall not be afflicted on that day, shall perish from out the land.” The commandment that He gave them was a commandment of sorrow, because it was the day of the atonement. The day of the Christian atonement is come,—the day of the mighty sacrifice by which the world was redeemed. And if, at other seasons we are told to rejoice,—in the words of the Scripture—“rejoice in the Lord; I say to you again, rejoice,”—to-day, with our holy mother, the Church, we must put off the garments of joy, and clothe ourselves in the garments of sorrow. If, at other times, we are told to be glad in the Lord,—according to the words of Scripture, “rejoice in the Lord and be glad,”—to-day the command is that every soul shall be afflicted; and the soul that is not afflicted shall perish. And, now, before we enter upon the consideration of the terrible sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ,—all that He endured for our salvation,—it is necessary, my dearly beloved brethren, that we should turn our thoughts to the

Victim, whom we contemplate this night dying for our sins. That Victim was our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Son of God. When the Almighty God, after the first two thousand years of the world's history, resolved to destroy the whole race of mankind, on account of their sins, He flooded the earth ; and, in that universal ruin, He wiped out the sin by destroying the sinners. Now, in that early hour of God's first terrible visitation, the water that overwhelmed the whole world, and destroyed all mankind, came from three sources. First of all, we are told, that God, with His own hand, drew back the bolts of Heaven, and rained down water from Heaven upon the earth. Secondly, we are told that all the secret springs and fountains that were in the bosom of the earth itself, burst and came forth,—“the fountains of the great abyss burst forth,” says Holy Writ. Thirdly, we are told, that the great ocean itself overflowed its shores and its banks ; and the sea uprose, until the waters covered the mountain tops. Thus, dearly beloved brethren, in this inundation, this flood of suffering and sorrow that came upon the Son of God, made man, we find that His blood burst forth from three distinct sources. First of all, from Heaven, the Eternal Father sending down the merciless hand of justice, to strike His own Divine Son. Secondly, from Christ our Lord Himself. As from the hidden fountains of the earth, sending forth their springs, so from amid the very heart and soul of Jesus Christ,—from the very nature of His being,—do we gather the greatness of His suffering. Thirdly, from the sea rising,—that is to say, from the malice and wickedness of man. Behold, then, the three several sources of all the sufferings that we are about to contemplate. A just and angry God in Heaven ; a most pure and holy and loving Man-God upon earth, having to endure all that hell could produce of most wicked and most demoniac rage against Him. God's justice rose up,—for, remember, God was angry on this Good Friday,—the Eternal Father rose up in heaven, in all His power,—He rose up in all His justice. Before Him was a Victim for all the sins that ever had been committed ; before Him was the Victim of a fallen race, that were never, never to see Him, so long as they remained upon this earth ; before Him, in the very person of Jesus Christ Himself, were represented the accumulated sins of all the race of mankind. Hitherto, we read in the Gospel, that, when the Father from heaven looked down upon His own Divine Child upon the earth, He was accustomed to send forth His voice in such language as this—“ This is my

beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Hitherto, no sin, no deformity, no vileness was there but the beauty of Heaven itself in that fairest form of human body,—in that beautiful soul, and in the fullness of the divinity that dwelt in Jesus Christ. Well might the Father exclaim—"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased!" But, to-day,—oh, to-day!—the sight of the beloved Son excites no pleasure in the Father's eyes,—brings forth no word of consolation or of love from the Father's lips. And why? Because the all-holy and all beloved Son of God, on this Good Friday took upon Him the garment of our sins,—of all that His Father detested upon this earth; all that ever raised the quick anger of the Eternal God; all that ever made Him put forth His arm; strong in judgment and in vengeance;—all this is concentrated upon the sacred person of Him who became the victim for the sins of men. How fair He seems to us, when we look up to that beautiful figure of Jesus,—how fair He seemed to His Virgin Mother, even when no beauty or comeliness was left in Him;—how fair He seemed to the Magdalen, again, who saw Him robed in His own crimson blood. The Father in Heaven saw no beauty, no fairness, in His Divine Son in that hour; He only saw in Him and on Him, all the sins of mankind, which He took upon Himself that He might become for us a Saviour. Picture to yourselves therefore first, this mighty fountain of divine wrath that was poured out upon the Lord. It was the Father's hand—the hand of the Father's justice,—outstretched to assert His rights, to restore to Himself the honor and the glory of which the sins of all men, in all ages, in all climes had deprived Him. Picture to yourselves that terrible hand of God drawing back the bolts of Heaven, and letting out on His own divine Son, the fury of this wrath that was pent up for four thousand years! We stand stricken with fear in the contemplation of the anger of God, in the first great punishment of sin, the Universal Deluge. And all the sins that in every age roused the Father's anger were actually visible to the Father's eyes on the person of His Divine Son. We stand astonished and frightened when we see with the eyes of faith and of revelation, the living fire descending from Heaven upon Sodom and Gomorrah,—the balls of fire floating in the air, thick as the descending flakes in the snow-storm;—the hissing of the flames as they came rushing down from Heaven like the hail that comes down in the hail-storm; the roaring of these flames as they filled the atmosphere:—the terrible, lurid light of them;—the shrieks of the people, who are being burned up

alive ;—the lowing of the tortured beasts in the fields ;—the birds of the air falling, and sending forth their plaintive voices, as they fall to earth, their plumage scorched and burned. All the sins that Almighty God, in heaven, saw in that hour of His wrath, when he rained down fire,—all these did He see, on this Good Friday morning, upon His own divine and adorable Son. All the sins that ever man committed were upon Him ; in the hour of His humiliation and of His agony, because He was truly man ; because He was a voluntary victim for our sins ; because He stepped in between our nature, that was to be destroyed, and the avenging hand of the Father lifted for our destruction ; and these sins upon Him became an argument to make the Almighty God in Heaven forget, in that hour, every attribute of His mercy, and put forth against His son all the omnipotence of His justice. Consider it well ; let it enter into your minds,—the strokes of the Divine vengeance that would have ruined you and me, and sunk us into hell for all eternity were rained by the unsparing hand of Omnipotence, in that hour, upon our Lord Jesus Christ.

The second fountain and source from which came forth the deluge of His sorrow and His suffering was His own divine heart, and His own immaculate nature. For remember He was as truly man as He was God. From the moment Mary received the Eternal Word into her womb from that moment Christ, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, was as truly man as He was God ; and in that hour of His Incarnation, a human body and a human soul were created for Him. Now, first of all, that human soul that he took was the purest and most perfect that God could make,—perfect in every natural perfection,—in the quickness and comprehensiveness of its intelligence,—in the large capacity for love in its human heart—in the great depth of its generosity and exalted human spirit. Nay more the very body in which that blessed soul was enshrined was so formed that it was the most perfect body that was ever given to man. Now, the perfection of the body in man lies in a delicate organization,—in the extreme delicacy of fibre, muscle and nerve ; because they make it a fitting instrument in order that the soul within may inspire it. The more perfect, therefore, the human being is, the more sensitive is he to shame, the more deeply does he feel degradation, the more quickly do dishonor and humiliation, like a two-edged sword, pierce the spirit. Nay, the more sensitive he is to pain, the more does he shrink away naturally from that which causes pain ; and that which would

be pain to a grosser organization is actual agony, is actual torment to the perfect man, formed with such a soul that at the very touch of his body the sensitive soul is made cognizant of pleasure and of pain, of joy and of sorrow. What follows this? St. Bonaventure, in his "Life of Christ," tells us that so delicate was the sacred and most perfect body of Our Lord that even the palm of His head or the sole of His foot, was more sensitive than the inner pupil of the eye of any ordinary man; that even the least touch caused him pain; that every rude air that visited that Divine face brought to Him a sense of exquisite pain that ordinary men could scarcely experience. Add to this that, in Him was the fullness of the God-head, realizing all that was beautiful on earth; realizing with infinite capacity the enormity of sin; realizing every evil that ever fell upon nature in making it accessible to sin; and above all, taking in, to the full extent of its eternal duration, the curse, the reprobation, and damnation that falls upon the wicked,—oh, how many sources of sorrow are here? Here is the heart of the man—Jesus Christ:—here is the fullness of the infinite sanctity of God,—here, the infinite horror that God has for sin. For this man is God! Here, therefore is at once, the indignation, the infinite repugnance, the actual sense of horror and detestation which, amounting to an infinite, passionate repugnance, absorbed the whole nature of Jesus Christ in one act of violence against that which is come upon Him. Now, every single sin committed in this world comes and actually effects, as it were, its lodgment in the soul and spirit of Jesus. At other times He may rest, as He did rest, in the Virgin's arms,—for she was sinless; at other times He may allow sin and the sinner to come to His feet and touch Him; but by that very touch, she was made as pure as an angel of God. But, to-day this infinitely holy heart,—this infinitely tender heart must open itself to receive—no longer simply to purify, but to assume and atone for all the sins of the world.

The third great source of His suffering was the rage and the malice of men. They tore that sacred body; they forgot every instinct of humanity; they forgot every dictate, every ordinance of the old law to lend to their outrages all the fury of hell, when they fell upon him, as the Scripture says, "Like hungry dogs of chase upon their prey." He is now approaching the last sad day of His existence; He is now about to close His life in sufferings which I shall endeavor to put before you. But, remember, that this Good Friday, with all its terrors, is but the end of a life of thirty-

three years of agony and of suffering! From the moment when the Word was made flesh in Mary's womb,—from the moment when the Eternal God became man,—even before He was born,—the cross, the thorny crown, and all the horrors that were accomplished on Calvary were steadily before the eyes of Jesus. The infant in Bethlehem saw them; the Child in Nazareth saw them; the Young Man, toiling to support his mother, saw them; the Preacher on the mountain side beheld them. Never, for a single instant, were the horrors that were fulfilled on Good Friday morning absent from the mind or the contemplation of Jesus Christ. Oh, dearly beloved brethren, well did the Psalmist say of Him, "My grief and my sorrow is always before me;" well the Psalmist said, "I have, during my whole life, walked in sorrow! I was scourged the whole day!" That day was the thirty-three years of His mortal life. Picture to yourselves what that life of grief must have been. There was the Almighty God in the midst of men, hearing their blasphemies, beholding their infamous actions, fixing His all-pure and all-holy eyes on their licentiousness, their ambition, their avarice, their dishonesty, their impurity. And so the very presence of those He came to redeem was a constant source of grief to Jesus Christ. Moreover, He knew well that He came into the world to suffer, and only to suffer. Every other being created into this world was created for some joy or other. There is not, even in hell, a creature whom Almighty God intended, in creating, for a life and eternity of misery; if they are there, they are there by their own act, not by the act of God. Not so with Christ. His sacred body was formed for the express and sole purpose that it might be the victim for the sins of man, and the sacrifice for the world's redemption. "Sacrifice and oblation," He said, "Thou wouldst not, O God; but Thou hast prepared a body for me." "Coming into the world," says St. Paul, "He proclaimed, 'for this I am come, that I may do Thy will, O Father.'" The father's will was that He should suffer; and for this was He created. Therefore, as he was made for suffering,—as that body was given to Him for no purpose of joy, but only of suffering, expiation, and of sorrow,—therefore it was that God made Him capable of a sorrow equal to the remission He was about to grant. That was infinite sorrow.

And now, dearly beloved, having considered these things, we come to contemplate that which was always before the mind of Christ—that from which He knew there was no

escape,—that which was before Him really, not as the future is before us, when we, anticipate it and fear it, but it comes indistinctly and confusedly before the mind. Not, so with Christ : every single detail of His passion, every sorrow that was to fall upon Him, every indignity that was to be put upon His body,—all, in the full clearness of their details, were before the eyes of the Lord Jesus Christ for the thirty-three years of his life.

As the sun was sloping down towards the western horizon on the evening of the vigil of the Pasch, behold our Divine Lord with His Apostles around Him ; and there, seated in the midst of them He fulfilled the last precept of the law, in eating the Paschal lamb ; and, (as we saw last evening), He then changed the bread and wine into His own Body and Blood, and fed His Apostles with that of which the Paschal lamb was but a figure and a promise. Now they are about to separate in this world. Now, the greatest act of the charity of God has been performed. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ is living and palpitating in the heart of each and every one of these twelve. Now,—horror of horrors !—He is gone into the heart of Judas ! Arising from the table our Lord took with him Peter, and James, and John, and He turned calmly, and deliberately to enter the red sea of His Passion, and to wade through His own blood, until He landed upon the opposite shore of pardon and mercy, and grace, and brought with Him, in His own sacred humanity, the whole human race. Calmly, deliberately, taking his three friends with Him, He went out from the supper-hall, as the shades of evening were deepening into night, and He walked outside the walls of Jerusalem, where there was a garden full of olive trees, that was called Gethsemane. The Lord Jesus was accustomed to go there to pray. Many an evening had He knelt within those groves ; many a night had He spent under the shade of these trees, filling the silent place with the voice of His cries and sobbings, before the Lord, His Father, to obtain pardon and mercy for mankind. Now, He goes there for the last time ; and as He is approaching—as soon as ever He catches sight of the garden,—as soon as the familiar olives present themselves to His eyes, He sees—what Peter, and James, and John did not see,—He sees there, in that dark garden, the mighty array—the mighty, tremendous array of all the sins that were ever committed in this world—as if they had taken the bodily form of demons of hell. There they were now—waiting silently, fearfully, with eyes glaring with infernal rage ! And he saw them. And among

them was He, the Lord God, to go? Among them must He go? No wonder that the moment He caught sight of that garden He started back, and turning to the three Apostles, He said: "Stand by Me now, for My soul is sorrowful unto death." And, leaning upon the virgin bosom of John, who was astonished at this divine trial of his Master, He murmured unto him, "John, my soul is sorrowful unto death! Stand by me," He says, "and watch with Me—and pray!" The man!—the man proving His humanity! proving His humanity which belonged to Him as truly as His divinity! The man, turning to, and clinging to his friends,—gathering them around Him at that terrible moment when he was about to face His enemies. He cries again and again,—“Stand by me! stand by me! and support me, and watch, and pray with me!” And then, leaving them, alone He enters the gloomy place. Summoning all the courage of God,—summoning to His aid all the infinite resources of His love,—summoning the great thought that if He was about to be destroyed, mankind was to be saved, He dashes fearlessly into the depths of Gethsemane; and when He was as far from His Apostles as a man could throw a stone—there, in the dark depths of the forest, the Lord Jesus knelt down and prayed. What was His prayer? Oh, that army of sins was closing around him! Oh, the breath of Hell was on His face! There did he see the busy demons marshalling their forces—drawing closer and closer to Him all the iniquities of men. “Oh, Father!” He cries—“Oh, Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass away from me!” But He immediately added—“Not My will but Thine be done?” then turning—for the Father’s will was indicated to Him in the voice from Heaven, with the first tone of anger upon it, the first word of anger that Jesus ever heard from His Father’s lips, saying: “It is my will to strike Thee! Go!” He turned; He bared His innocent bosom; He put out His sinless hands, and, turning to all the powers of Hell allowed the ocean wave of sin to flow in upon Him and overwhelm Him. The lusts and wickedness of men before the Flood, the impurities of Sodom and Gomorrah, the idolatries of the nations, the ingratitude of Israel;—all the sins that ever appeared under the eyes of God’s anger—all—all!—like the waves of the ocean, coming in and falling upon a solitary man, who kneels alone on the shore—all fell upon Jesus Christ. He looks upon Himself, and He scarcely recognizes Himself now. Are these the hands of Jesus Christ scarcely daring to uplift themselves in prayer, for they are red with ten thousand deeds of blood? Is this the

heart of Jesus, frozen up with unbelief, as if He felt what He could not feel—that He was the personal enemy of God? Is this the sacred soul of Jesus Christ, darkened for the moment with the errors and the adulteries of the whole world? In the halls of His memory nothing but the hideous figures of sin!—desolation, broken hearts, weeping eyes, cries of despair, dire blasphemies;—these are the things He sees within Himself; that He hears in His ears! It is a world of sin around Him. It is a raging of demons about Him. It is as if sin entered into His blood. Oh, God! He bears it as long as a suffering man can bear. But at length, from out the depths of His most sacred heart—from out the very divinity that was in Him,—the fountains of the great deep were moved, and forth came a rush of blood from every pore. His eyes can no longer dwell on the terrible vision. He can no longer look upon these red scenes of blood and impurity. A weakness comes mercifully to His relief. He gazes upon the fate that God has put upon Him; and then He falls to the earth, writhing in His agony; and forth from every pore of His sacred frame streams the blood! Behold Him! Behold, the blood as it oozes out through His garments, making them red as those of a man who has trodden in the wine press! Behold Him as His agonizing face lies prone upon the earth. Behold Him as, in the hour of that terrible agony, His blood reddens the soil of Gethsemane!—behold Him as he writhes on the ground,—one mass of streaming blood—sweating blood from head to foot,—crying out in His agony for the sins of the whole world! A mountain of the anger of God is upon Him. Behold Him in Gethsemane, O Christian man! Kneel down by His side! Lie down on that blood-stained earth, and, for the love of Jesus Christ, whisper one word of consolation to Him! For, remember that you and I were there,—were there, and He saw us,—even as He sees us in this hour, gathered under the roof of this church. Oh, did He see us in our quality of sinners, as with every sin that ever we committed—as if, with a stone in our uplifted hand, we flung it down upon His defenceless form? When Acan was convicted of a crime, Joshua gave word that every man of the Jewish nation should take a stone in his hand, and fling it at him; and all the people of Israel came and flung them upon him, and put him to death. So every son of man, from Adam down to the last that was born on this earth,—every son of man—every human being that breathed the breath of God's creation in this world, was there, in that hour, to fling his sins, and let

them fall down upon Jesus Christ. All, all,—save *one*. There was *one* whose hand was not lifted against Him. There was one who, if she had been there, could be only there to help Him and to console Him. But no help! no consolation in that hour! Therefore, Mary, the only sinless one, was absent. He rises after an hour. No scourge has been yet laid upon that sacred body. No executioner's hand has profaned Him as yet. No nail had been driven through His hands. And yet the blood covered His body—for His Passion began from that source to which I have alluded—His own divine spirit: His Passion—His pain began from within. He rises from the earth. What is this which we hear? There is a sound, as of the voices of a rabble. There are hoarse voices filling the night. There are men with clubs in their hands, and lanterns lighted. They come with fire and fury in their eyes, and the universal voice is, "Where is He? Where is He?" Ah there is one at the head of them! You hear his voice. "Come cautiously! I see Him. I will point Him out to you! There are four of them. There He is with three of His friends. When you see me take a man in my arms and kiss him, He is the man! Lay hold of Him at once, and drag Him away with you—and do what you please? Who is he that says this? Who are they that come like hell-hounds, thirsting for the blood of Jesus Christ? that come with the rage of hell in their blood, and in their mouths? They are come to take Him and to tear Him to pieces! Who is this that leads them on? Oh, friends and men! it is Judas, the Apostle! Judas, who spent three years in the society of Jesus Christ! Judas, that was taught by Him every lesson of piety and virtue, by word and by example. Judas, who received the priesthood. Judas, upon whose lips, even now, blushes the sacred blood received in Holy communion! Oh, it is Judas! And he has come to give up his Master, whom he has sold for thirty-pieces of silver. He went after his unworthy communion, to the Pharisees, and he said: "What will you give me and I will sell Him to you?—give Him up?" He put no price upon Jesus. He thought so little of his Master that he was prepared to take anything they would offer. They offered him thirty small pieces of silver; and he clutched at the money. He thought it was a great deal, and more than Jesus Christ was worth! Now he comes to fulfil his portion of the contract; and he points the Lord out by going up to him—putting his traitor lips upon the face of Jesus Christ, and sealing upon that face the kiss of a false-hearted, a wicked and a

traitorous follower. Behold him now. The Son of God sees him approach. He opens his arms to him. Judas flings himself in his Master's arms, and he hears the gentle reproach,—oh, last proof of love!—oh, last opportunity to him to repent—even in this hour!—"Judas, is it with a kiss thou betrayest the Son of Man!"

Now, the multitude rushes in upon Him and seizes Him. We have a supplement to the Gospel narrative in the revelations of many of the Saints and of holy souls who in reward for their extraordinary devotion to the Passion of our Lord were favored with a closer sight of His sufferings. Now we are told by one of these whose revelations though not yet approved are tolerated by the Church, that when our Divine Lord gave Himself into the hands of His enemies, they bound His sacred arms with a rope and rushed towards the city, dragging along with them, forcibly and violently, the exhausted Redeemer. Exhausted, I say, for His soul had just passed through the agony of His prayer, and His body was still dripping with the sweat of blood. Between that spot and Jerusalem flowed the little stream called the Brook of Kedron. When they came to that little stream our Saviour stumbled and fell over a stone. They, without waiting to give Him time to rise, pulled and dragged Him on with all their might. They literally dragged Him through the water, wounding and bruising His body by contact with the rocks that were in its bed. It was night when they brought Him into Jerusalem. that night a cohort of Roman soldiers formed the body-guard of Pilate. They were called archers: men of the most corrupt and terrible vices; men without faith in God or man: men whose every word was either a blasphemy, or an impurity. These men, who were only anxious for amusement, when they found the prisoner dragged into Jerusalem at that hour, took possession of Him for the night and they brought Him to their quarters: and there the Redeemer was put sitting in the midst of them. During the whole of that long night between Holy Thursday and Good Friday morning the soldiers remained sleepless, employed in loud revel in their derision and torture of the Son of God. They struck Him on the head. They spat upon Him. They hustled Him with scorn from one to another. They bruised Him. They wounded Him in every conceivable form. Here,—silent as a lamb before the shearer,—was the Eternal Son of God, looking out with eyes of infinite knowledge and purity upon the very vilest men that all the iniquity of this earth could bring around Him.

He was brought before the High Priest. He was asked to answer. The moment the Son of God opened His lips to speak—the moment he attempted to testify—a brawny soldier came out of the ranks, stepped before his Divine Lord, and saying to Him: “Answerest, thou, the High Priest thus!” drew back his clenched mailed hand, with the full force of a strong man, flinging himself forward, and struck Almighty God in the face! The Saviour reeled, stunned by the blow. The morning came. Now, He is led before Pilate, the Roman Governor, who, alone, has power to sentence Him to death, if He be guilty—and who has the obligation to protect Him and set Him at liberty if He be innocent. The Scribes and the Pharisees and the Publicans were there,—the leaders of the people and the rabble of Jerusalem was with them—and in the midst of them was the silent, innocent Victim who knew that the sad and terrible hour of His crucifixion was upon Him. Brought before Pilate, He is accused of this crime and that. Witnesses are called; and the moment they come—the moment they look upon the face of God,—they are unable to give testimony against Him. They could say nothing that proved Him guilty of any crime; and Pilate, enraged, turned to the Pharisees, turned to the learned men, turned to the people, themselves, and said: “What do you bring this man here for? Why is he bound? Why is he bruised and maltreated? What has he done? I find no crime, or shadow of a crime in him.” He is not only innocent, but the judge declares, before all the people, that the man has done nothing whatever to deserve any punishment, much less death. How is this sentence received? The Pharisees are busy among the people, whispering their calumnies, and prompting them to cry out, and say: “Crucify Him! crucify Him! We want to have Jesus of Nazareth crucified! We want to do it early, because the evening will come and bring the Sabbath with it! We want to have His blood shed! Quick! Quick! Tell Pilate he must condemn Jesus of Nazareth, or else he is no friend to Cæsar!” The people cry out: “Let Him be crucified! If you let Him go, you are no friend of Cæsar!” What says Pilate? “Crucify your King! He calls himself ‘King of the Jews.’ You, yourselves, wished to make Him your King, and you honored Him. Am I to crucify Him whom you would have for King? Am I to crucify your King?” And then—then in an awful moment, Israel declared solemnly that God was no longer her King; for the people cried out: “He is not our King! We have no King but Cæsar!” We have no King

but Cæsar! The old cry of the man who, committing sin, says: "I have no King but my own passions; I have no King but this world; I have no King but the thoughts of money, or of honors, or of indulgence!" So the Jews cried: "He is no King of ours; we have no King but Cæsar!" Pilate, no doubt in a spirit of compromise, said to himself, "I see this man cannot escape. I see murder in these peoples' eyes! They are determined upon the crucifixion of this man, and, therefore, I must try to find out some way or another of appealing to their mercy." Then he thought to himself, "I will make an example of Him. I will tear the flesh off His bones. I will cover Him with blood. I will make Him such a pitiable object that not one in all that crowd will have the heart to demand further punishment, or another blow for Him." So, he called his officers, and said: "Take this man; and scourge Him so as to make Him frightful to behold; let Him be so mangled that when I show Him to the people they may be moved to pity and spare his life, for he is an innocent man." In the cold early morning, the Lord is led forth into the court-yard of the *Praetorium*, and there sixty of the strongest men of the guard are picked out,—chosen for their strength; and they are told off into thirty pairs, and every man of the sixty has a new scourge in his hand. Some have chains of iron: some cords knotted, with steel spurs at the end of them; others, the green, supple twig, plucked from the hedge in the early morning,—long and supple and terrible, armed with thorns. Now, these men come and close around our Lord. They strip Him of His garments; they leave Him perfectly naked, blushing in his infinite modesty and purity, so that He longs for them to begin in order that they may robe Him in His blood. They tie His hands to a pillar; they tie Him so that He cannot move, nor shrink from a blow, nor turn aside. And then the two first advance; they raise their brawny arms in the air; and then, with a hiss, down come the scourges upon the sacred body of the Lord! Quicker again and quicker these arms rise in the air with these terrible scourges. Each stroke leaves its livid mark. The flesh rises into welts. The blood is congealed, and purple beneath the skin. Presently, the scourge comes down again, and it is followed by a quick spurt of blood from the sacred body of our Lord—the blows quickening, and without pause, and without mercy; the blood flowing after every additional blow,—till these two strong men are fatigued and tired out,—until their scourges are soddened

and saturated, and dripping with His blood, do they still strike Him,—and then retire, exhausted, from their terrible labor ;—in comes another pair—fresh, vigorous, fresh arms and new men—come to rain blows upon the defenceless body of the Lord, upon His sacred limbs—upon His sacred shoulders. Every portion of His sacred body is torn : every blow brings the flesh from the bones, and opens a new wound and a new stream of blood. Now He stands ankle deep in His own blood,—hanging out from that pillar, exhausted, with head drooping, almost insensible. He is still beaten,—even when the very men who strike Him think, or suspect, that they may have killed Him. It was written in the Old Law, “If a man be found guilty,” says the Lord in Deuteronomy, “let him be beaten, and let the measure of his sin be the measure of his punishment ; yet so that no criminal receive more than forty stripes, lest thy brother go away shamefully torn from before thy face !” These were the words of the law. Well the Pharisees knew it ! Well the Publicans and Scribes knew it. And there they stood around in the outer circle, with hate in their eyes, fury upon their lips ; and even when the very men who were dealing out their revenge thought they had killed the victim they were scourging, still came forth from these hardened hearts the words of encouragement : “Strike Him still ! Strike Him still !” And there they continued their cruel task until sixty men retired, fatigued and worn out with the work of the scourging of our Lord.

Now, behold Him as senseless He hangs from that pillar, one mass of bruised and torn flesh !—one open wound, from the crown of His head to the soles of His feet !—all bathed in the crimson of His own blood, and terrible to behold ! If you saw Him here, as He stood there ; if you saw Him now, standing upon that altar,—there is not a man or woman among you that could bear to look upon the terrible sight. They cut the cords that bound Him to the pillar ; and the Redeemer fell down, bathed in His own blood, and senseless upon the ground. Behold Him again, as at Gethsemane ; now, no longer the pain from within, but the pain from the terrible hand of man—the instrument of God’s vengeance. Oh, behold Him ! Mary heard those stripes and yet she could not save her Son. Mary’s heart went down with Him to the ground, as He fell from that terrible pillar of His scourging ! Oh, behold Him ! you mothers ! You fathers, behold the Virgin’s Child, your God—Jesus Christ ! The soldiers amused themselves at the sight of His sufferings, and

scuffed at Him as He lay prostrate. Recovering somewhat, after a time He opened His languid eyes and rose from that ground,—rose all torn and bleeding. They throw an old purple rag around His shoulders, and they set Him upon a stone. One of them has been, in the meantime, busily engaged in twisting and twining a crown made of some of those thorns, twisted, which they had prepared for the scourging,—a crown in which seventy-two long thorns were put, so that they entered into the sacred head of our Lord. This crown was set upon his brow. Then a man came with a reed in his hand and struck those thorns deep into the tender forehead. They are fastened deeply in the most sensitive organ, where pain becomes maddening in its agony. He strikes the thorns in till even the sacred humanity of our Lord forces from him the cry of agony! He strikes them in still deeper!—deeper! Oh, my God! Oh, Father of Mercy! And all this opens up new streams of blood!—new fountains of love! The blood streams down, and the face of the Most High is hidden under its crimson veil. Now, now, indeed, O Pilate,—O wise and compromising Pilate,—now, indeed, you have gained your end! You have proved yourself the friend of Caesar. Now, there is no fear but that the Jews, when they see Him, will be moved by compassion! They bring Him back and they put Him standing before the Roman governor. His rugged Pagan heart is moved within him with horror when he sees the fearful example they have made of Him. Frightened when he beheld Him, he turned away his eyes: the spectacle was too terrible. He called for water and washed his hands. “I declare before God,” he says, “I am innocent of this man’s blood!” He leads Him out on the balcony of his house. There was the raging multitude, swaying to and fro. Some are exciting the crowd, urging them to cry out to crucify Him; some are preparing the Cross, others getting ready the hammer and nails, some thinking of the spot where they would crucify Him? There they were arguing with diabolical rage. Pilate came forth in his robes of office. Soldiers stand on either side of him. Two soldiers bring in our Lord. His hands are tied. A reed is put in His hand in derision. Thorns are on His brow. Blood is flowing from every member of His sacred body. An old tattered purple rag is flung over him. Pilate brings him out, and looking round on the multitude says: “*Ecce homo!* Behold the man! You said I was no friend to Caesar. You said I was afraid to punish Him! Behold Him now! Is there a man among you who would have the heart

to demand more punishment?" Oh, Heaven and earth! Oh, Heaven and earth! The cry from out every lip—from out every heart is: "We are not yet satisfied! Give Him to us! Give him to us! We will crucify him!" "But," says Pilate, "I am innocent of His blood!" And then came a word—and this word has brought a curse upon the Jews from that day to this. Then came the word that brought the consequences of a crime on their hard hearts and blinded intellects. They cried out, "His blood be upon us and upon our children! Crucify Him!" "But," says Pilate, "here is a man in prison; he is a robber and a murderer! And here is Jesus of Nazareth whom I declare to be innocent! One of these I must release. Which will you have—Jesus or Barrabas?" And they cried out "Barrabas! give us Barrabas! But let Jesus be crucified!" Here is compared the Son of God to the robber and the murderer! And the robber and murderer is declared fit to live, and Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is declared fit only to die! The vilest man in Jerusalem declared in that hour that he would not associate with our Lord, and that the Son of God was not worthy to breathe the air polluted by this man! So Barrabas came forth rejoicing in His escape: and, as he mingled in the crowd, he too, threw up his hands and cried out, "Oh, let Him be crucified! let Him be crucified!" He is led forth from the tribunal of Pilate. And now just outside of the Prefect's door, there are men holding up a long, weighty, rude cross, that they had made rapidly; for they took two large beams, put one across the other, fastened them with great nails, and made it strong enough to uphold a full-grown man. There is the cross! There is the man with the nails! And there are all the accompaniments of the execution. And He who is scarcely able to stand,—He, bruised and afflicted,—the Man of Sorrows, almost fainting with infirmity, He is told to take that cross upon His bleeding, wounded shoulders, and to go forward to the mountain of Calvary. Taking to him that cross, holding it to His wounded breast, putting to it in tender kisses the lips that were distilling blood, the Son of God, with the cross upon His shoulders, turns His faint and tottering footsteps towards the steep and painful way that led to Calvary. Behold Him as He goes forth! That cross is a weight almost more than a man can carry: and it is upon the shoulders of one from whom all strength and manliness and courage are gone! Behold the Redeemer as He toils painfully along, amid the shouts and shrieks of the enraged people! Behold Him as he toils along the flinty way, the soldiers driving Him on, the

people inciting them, every one rushing and hastening to Calvary, to witness the execution. John, the beloved disciple, follows Him. A few of His faithful disciples toil along. But there is one who traces each of His blood-stained footsteps; there is one who follows Him with a breaking heart : there is one whose very soul within her is crucified and torn with the sword of sorrow. Oh, need I name the Mother, the Queen of Martyrs ! In that hour of His martyrdom, Mary, the mother of Jesus, followed immediately in His footsteps, and her whole soul went forth in prayer for an opportunity to approach Him to wipe the blood from His sacred face. Oh, if they would only let her come to Him, and say, "My child ! I am with you !" If they would only let her take in her womanly arms, from off the shoulders of her dear Son, that heavy cross that He cannot bear ! But no ! She must witness His misery ; she must witness His pain. He toils along : He takes the first few steps up the rugged side of Calvary. Suddenly His heart ceases to beat ; the light leaves His eyes ; He sways, for a moment, to and fro ; the weakness and the sorrow of death are upon Him ; He totters, falls to the earth ; and down, with a heavy crash, comes the weighty cross upon the prostrate form of Jesus Christ ! Oh, behold Him as for the third time He embraces that earth which is sanctified and redeemed by His love ! Mary rushes forward ; Mary thinks her child is dead : she thinks that terrible cross must have crushed Him into the earth. She rushes forward ; but with rude and barbarous words the woman is flung aside. The cross is lifted up and placed on the shoulders of Simon of Cyrene ; and with blows and blasphemies the Saviour of the world is obliged to rise from that earth ; and, worn with the sorrows and afflictions of death, faces the rugged steep on the summit of which is the place destined for His crucifixion. Arrived at the place they tear off His garments ; they take from Him the seamless garment which His mother's loving hands had woven for Him ; they take the humble clothing in which the Son of God had robed Himself,—saturated, steeped as it is in His blood ; and in removing them they open afresh every wound and once again the saving blood of Christ is poured out upon the ground. With rude, blasphemous words the God-man is told to lie down upon that cross. Of His own free will He stretches His tender limbs, puts forth His hands, and stretches out His feet at their order. The executioners take the nails and the hammer, and they kneel upon His sacred bosom ; they press out His hands till they bring the palms to where they made the holes to fit the nails. They stretch

Him out upon that cross, even as the Paschal Lamb was stretched out upon the altar; they kneel upon the cross; they lay the nails upon the palms of His hands. The first blow drives the nail deep into His hands, the next blow sends it into the cross. Blow follows blow. They are inflamed with the rage of hell. Earnestly they work,—and hell delights in the scene,—tearing the muscles and the sinews of His hands and feet. Rude, terrible blows fall on these nails, and re-echo in the heart of the Virgin, until that heart seems to be broken at the foot of the cross. And, now, when they have driven these nails to the heads, fastening Him to the wood, the cross is lifted up from the ground. Slowly, solemnly, the figure of Jesus Christ, all red with blood, all torn and disfigured, rises into the air, until the cross, attaining its full height, is fixed into its socket in the earth. The banner of salvation is flung out over the world; and Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and the Redeemer of mankind, appears in mid-air, and looks out over the crowd and over Jerusalem, over hill and valley, far away towards the sea of Galilee, and all around the horizon; and the dying eyes of the Saviour are turned over the land and the people for whom He is shedding His blood. Uplifted in mid-air,—the eternal sacrifice of the Redeemer for everlasting,—hanging from these three terrible nails on the cross—for three hours He remained. Every man took up his position. Mary, His Mother, approaches, for this is the hour of her agony; she must suffer in soul what He suffers in body. John, the disciple of love, approaches, and takes his stand under his Master's outstretched hands. Mary Magdalen rushes through the guards; there are the feet of her Lord and Master; they are now bathed with other tears—with the tears of blood that save the world; there are the feet which it was her joy to weep over! And now she clasps the cross, and pours out her tears, until they mingle with the blood which flows down His feet. There are the Pharisees and the Scribes, who had gained their point; they come and stand before the cross; they look upon that figure of awful pain and misery; they see those thorns sunk deeply into that drooping head, with no love in their hearts; they see the agony expressed in the eyes of the victim who is dying; and then looking up exultingly, they rejoice and say to Him: "You said you could destroy the Temple, and build it up in three days; now, come down from the cross, and we will believe in and worship you." The Roman soldier stood there, admiring the courage with which the man died. The third hour is

approaching. The penitent thief on His right hand had received his pardon. A sudden gloom gathers round the scene.

Before we come to the last moment, I ask you to consider Jesus Christ as your God. I ask you to consider the sacrifice that He made, and to consider the circumstances under which He approached that last moment of His life. All He had in the world was some little money: it was kept to give to the poor; Judas had that, and he had stolen it. Christ had literally nothing but the simple garments with which He had been clothed; these the soldiers took, and they raffled for them under His dying eyes. What remained for him? The love of His mother; the sympathy of John? But He, uplifted on the cross, said to Mary. "Woman behold thy son!" And to John He said, "Son, behold thy mother!" "Thus I give one to the other; let that love suffice: and leave Me all alone and abandoned to die." What remained to Him? His reputation for sanctity, for wisdom and for power. His reputation for sanctity was so great, that the people said "this man never could do such things if He had not come from God." And as to His wisdom, His reputation for wisdom was such that we read, not one of the Pharisees or Doctors of the Law had the courage to argue with Him. His reputation for power was such that the people all said: "This man speaks and preaches, not as the Pharisees, but as one having power." Christ had sacrificed and given up His reputation for sanctity, for He was crucified as a blasphemer and a teacher of evil. His reputation for wisdom was sacrificed in the course of His Passion, when Herod declared that He was a fool. Clothing Him in a white garment in derision, He was marched through the streets of Jerusalem, from Herod's palace to Pilate's house, dressed as a fool; and men came to their doors to point the finger of scorn and laugh at Him, and reproached each other for having listened to His doctrine. His reputation for power was gone. They came to the foot of the cross and said—"Now, if you have the power, come down from that cross and we will believe you." Now, all the man's earthly possessions are gone; His few garments are gone: Mary's love and her sustaining compassion are gone; His reputation is gone; He is one wound, from head to foot; the anger of man has vented itself upon Him. What remains for Him? The ineffable consolations of His divinity; the infinite peace of the God-head, the Father! Oh, mystery of mysteries! Oh, Man of Sorrow! Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, cling to that!

Whatever else may be taken from you, that cannot be taken away. Oh, Master, lean upon Thy God-head! Oh, crucified, bleeding, dying Lord, do not give up that which is Thy peace and Thy comfort,—Thy joy in the midst of all this suffering! But what do I see? The dying head is lifted up; the drooping eyes are cast heavenwards; an expression of agony absorbing all others comes over the dying face, and a voice breaks forth from the quivering, agonized lips—"My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me!" The all-sufficient comfort of the divinity and the sustaining power of the Father's love are put away from Him in that hour! A cloud came between Jesus Christ upon the Cross, the victim of our sins, and the Father's face in Heaven; and that cloud was the concentrated anger of God which came upon His divine Son, because of our sins and our transgressions. Not that His divinity quitted Him. No; He was still God; but by His own act and free will, He put away the comfort and the sustaining power of the divinity for a time, in order that every element of sorrow, every grief, every misery of which the greatest victim of this earth was capable, should be all concentrated upon Him at the hour of His death. And then, having used these solemn words, He waited the moment when the Father's will should separate the soul from the body.

Now, Mary and John have embraced: Judas is struggling in the last throes of his self-imposed death: Peter has wept his tears. The devil for a moment triumphs: and the man-God upon the cross, awaits the hour and the moment of the world's redemption. The sun in the Heavens is withdrawn behind mysterious clouds: and though it was but three o'clock in the day, a darkness like that of midnight came upon the land. Men looked upon each other in horror and in terror. Presently a rumbling noise was heard: and they looked around and saw the hills and the mountains tremble on their bases: the very ground seemed to rock beneath them; it groans as though the earth were breaking up from its centre; the rocks are splitting up; and round them strange figures are flitting here and there; the graves are opened, and the dead entombed there are walking in the dark ways before them. "What is this? Who is this terrible man that we have put on that cross?" The earth quakes; darkness is still upon it; perfect silence reigns over Calvary, unbroken by the cry of the dying Redeemer,—unbroken by the voice of the scoffers—unbroken by the sobs of the Magdalen. Every heart seems to stand still. Then, over that silence, in the

midst of that darkness, is heard the terrible cry—"Oh, Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit!" The head of the Lord Jesus Christ droops; the man upon the cross is dead! And the world is saved and redeemed! The moment the cry came forth from the dying lips of Jesus Christ, the devil, who stood there, knew that it was the Son of God who was crucified and that his day was gone. Howling in despair he fled from the Redeemer's presence into the lowest depths of hell. The world is saved! The world is redeemed! Man's sin is wiped out! The blood that washed away the iniquity of our race has ceased to flow from the dead and pulseless heart of Jesus. Wrapt in prayer, Mary bowed down her head under the weight of her sorrows! the Magdalen looked up and beheld the dead face of her Redeemer. John stretched out his hands and looked upon that face. The Roman soldier lays hold of his lance, under some strange impulse. Word comes that the body was to be taken down; they did not know whether our Lord was dead; there might yet some remnant of life remain in Him; the question was to prove that he was dead, and this man approaches. As a warrior he puts his lance in rest, rushes forward with all the strength of his arm, and drives the lance right into the heart of the Lord? The heavy cross sways; it seems as if it is about to fall; the lance quivers for an instant in the wound; the man draws it forth again; and forth from the heart of the dead Christ streamed the waters of life and the blood of redemption! The soldier drew back his lance, and the next moment, on his knees, before the crucified, with the lance dripping with the blood of the Lord still in his hand, he cried out: "Truly this man was the Son of God!" Then the earthquake began again; the dead were seen passing in fearful array, turning the eyes of the tomb upon the faces of those Pharisees who had crucified the Lord. And the people, frightened, became conscious that they had committed a terrible crime, when they heard Longinus, the Roman soldier, cry out,—"This Man is truly the Son of God, whom you have crucified." Then came down from Calvary the crowds, exclaiming—"Yes truly, this is the Son of God." And they went down the hill-side, weeping and beating their breasts! Oh, how much we cost! Oh, how great was the price that He paid for us! Oh, how generously He gave all He had—and He was God—for your salvation and mine! It is well to rejoice and be here; it is well to come and contemplate the blessings which that blessed, gracious Lord has conferred on us. It is, also, well to consider what He paid and how much it cost

Him. And if we consider this, then, with Mary the mother, and Mary the Magdalen, and John the Evangelist and friend—then will our hearts be afflicted. For the soul that is not afflicted on this day shall be wiped out from the pages of the Book of Life.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Speech delivered in the rooms of the "Galway Club," by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, on the occasion of his reception by the members of said club, Monday evening, April 1st.]

MR. CHAIRMAN and GENTLEMEN of the Galway Club: I must confess that, though as a priest, during the past I have had my trials, still, thanks be to God, I have also received consolation in my ministry. These kindnesses, although consolations, were administered solely by friendly, very friendly strangers, who were, and are still, dear to me. But to-day the consolation I feel among you is dearer to me, in a worldly sense, than all, because they come to me from my own flesh and blood, from the children of that dear old city and province which I love. Around me here are all the tenderest associations of my early years, when every nook and corner around that grand old city of the far West was thoroughly known to me. Yes. I am proud to be a priest, and proud to be a Catholic; but if I were not a priest, I would be proud and thankful for being not only an Irishman but a Galway man. [Here Father Burke was interrupted for some minutes by a loud and continued cheering.] The only drop of blood circulating in my veins that is not Galway came from the Western side, for, you know, that when Cromwell and his accursed hordes visited the lovely plains of Leinster, and the grand old rugged hills of Ulster, all that was ancient and noble in Ireland was driven into Connaught. Oliver Cromwell gave them their choice to cross the lordly Shannon, and go into Connaught; or cross the river Styx, and go to hell. Grand in every feature, whole in every feeling, in their poverty and distress—in the condition and sufferings of their children and women, they chose Connaught for their portion and left hell to him (laughter and cheers). I have always felt proud of being an Irishman, but for this very reason I feel wonderfully proud of being a Galway man. When once asked by a

stranger what country I was of, I replied, I came from the noblest and the bravest of the Irish, and from the coast of grand old Galway, but while I declared myself a Galway man I only meant to assert that he should be the best type of an Irishman, and I am glad to see that the "Galway Club" throws open its doors not only to Galway men but to Irishmen. I do not advocate provincialism, ah! no; that was once the bane—the curse of Ireland; and thank God it has ceased to exist in these our better days when the rising sun of Ireland tells all Irishmen as well as Galway men to be *united*. Ah! when we were united I defy any man to challenge Ireland's bravery (great cheering). Never was seen such a host of heroes for faith and fatherland; and it was only when the enemy who assailed us knew how to divide us, that we lost the true glory of our nationality, and that the cursed Saxon was enabled to turn his sword upon us to advantage (loud cheers). Far be it from me, therefore, to favor provincialism; hence I am glad to have the privilege of addressing all in this assembly as well as the Galway Club. But we must not forget that Tara was the City of the Kings, where the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell once assembled; and therefore it is quite sufficient if any man can claim the glorious title of being an Irishman (loud cheers). Still I feel a pride in meeting the men of my native town. I don't know how it is, but I suppose it is because the boy perhaps has not yet died out in the man. You all remember the holy old monk of Galway, poor Paul J. O'Connor. Well, when I go back to that good old city, and kneel down to receive his blessing, as Nicholas Burke, and he in turn kneels for mine, I will then take him by the hand and tell him what good hearts the Galway-Americans still have (cheers). Oh! there is nothing more sacred than the recollections of early days. We remember in them our pleasures and our innocence:—every nook and corner,—every pleasant scene at fair or market:—or what could have been more pleasant than swimming on the western waves:—the beautiful hills we so often trod—the flights of Laurence Geoghegan's pigeons (laughter):—and the Galway illuminations, more impressive than all (cheers and laughter):—all these,—nay more, which can seldom be forgotten,—are nothing else than those early impressions enshrined in the chambers of the memory (renewed cheers).

In response to the soul-stirring address read to him by the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Deely, the good priest said—I will not say that this is one of the proudest moments of my life, but it is, at least, one of the happiest. This

address, which you, gentlemen have presented to me, is something I will unveil, at no distant day, before old Watt Burke, and tell him how and from whom I received it.—Here Father Burke encouraged, by a few stirring suggestions, the formation and increase of clubs like the Galway Club. He said—Associations were formed for good or evil; when the aim or object was good, and the means unobjectionable, the association was good—otherwise it was formed for destruction, as I have seen lately in France, Italy, and sometimes in this country, especially disclaiming all civil and ecclesiastical order; and should we not band together clubs like the Galway Club,—not for the purpose of creating discord, but for God, for country, and religion, for our own self-reliance and self-support? Let us extend the hand of friendship and brotherly-love to all, for there is more good in many men than all are inclined to give them credit for. Be united with all, then, for God and the dear old land which you profess to love; and never be ashamed (as, alas! too many are,) to declare yourselves Irishmen (tremendous cheering). Why should we be ashamed of our country, whose career has been a life-long struggle for her religion and her freedom! I appeal to the recording angel of history, if my native land has ever been guilty of baseness or willingly submitted to slavery. Never has she lost her faith—sympathy—honor—patriotism, during 1500 years; never has she ceased to acknowledge herself a nation:—and we shall be a nation yet. (Immense cheering, lasting several minutes.) Yet, it is true, our patriots have been hated by England; but she could never raise heroes and men of genius to equal even some of the great, heroic, living Irishmen of to-day. I appeal to the shades and memories of Grattan, to those of Curran, enshrined in the heart of her heart; to the life and career of O'Connell, and the self-sacrificing spirit of the chieftain by my side (pointing to General Bourke) whose very name and presence you must all revere and love, for he and his associates loved Ireland and showed how they loved her. (Great cheering). England treated all, friend—foe—with the same ingratitude; but who will not confess that Ireland's gratitude has become proverbial, and is most certainly a living moral example to all the nations of the earth? I am a priest; but I am a man: and, as I glory to speak for the glory of the sanctuary as a priest, so also do I speak for the glory of my country as a man. (Cheers.) The priest and the men throughout the homes of Galway were always heart and hand. He was always to them their "*Soggarth*

Aroon," and they, to him, his best beloved children. He was by their side upon the rampart as well as at the sick bed. Hence we should all be as one man. No prejudice should be introduced among us, no aristocratic distance be observed; but the Galway-American millionaire and the poverty-stricken Galway man of New York should imagine themselves, not in New York, but in the fine old city of Galway. (Loud and continued cheers). If every Irishman only loved his poor friends how happy all would be. Oh, if Ireland and Ireland's sons were united in heart and hand throughout the world, what could they not accomplish! They would rule the world, for they would rule America, and America would rule the world (tremendous cheering). Whatever your future be, my dear friends, your past is Ireland's. No matter, then, how bright your prospects, if you forget the green graves of your forefathers you are not men, nor the blood of Irishmen is not in you. No; we must not forget her; for, to use the words of the Scripture, "She is the rock from which we are chipped" (loud cheers). For Ireland then do I ask your prayers. May we all live, not only to see her *struggling* more successfully, but to see her what she ought to be—a nation, with the crown of freedom upon her fair and beautiful brow.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, in the large hall of the Cooper Institute, New York, on Friday evening, April 4.]

"THE HISTORY OF IRELAND, AS TOLD IN HER RUINS."

LADIES and GENTLEMEN—I have to apologize to you, in earnestness, for appearing to you this evening in my habit [the white habit of his Order]. (Applause.) The reason why I put off my black cloth coat and put on this dress—the Dominican habit—is, first of all, because I never feel at home in a black coat (cheers). When God called me, the only son of an Irish father and an Irish mother, from the home of the old people, and told me that it was His will that I should belong to Him in the Sanctuary, the father and mother gave

me up without a sigh, because they were *Irish* parents, and had the Irish faith and love for the Church in their hearts (cheers). And from the day I took this habit—from that day to this—I never felt at home in any other dress, and if I were to come before you this evening in black cloth, like a layman, and not like an Irish Dominican friar, I might, perhaps, break down in my lecture (laughter). But there is another reason why I appear before you in this white habit: because I am come to speak to you of the ruins that cover the face of the old land; I am come to speak to you, and to tell you of the glory and the shame, and the joy and the sorrow, that these ruins so eloquently tell of; and when I look upon them, in spirit now, my mind sweeps over the intervening ocean, and I stand in imagination under the ivied and moss-covered arches of Athenry, or Sligo, or Clare-Galway, or Kilconnell; the view that rises before me of the former inmates of these holy places is a vision of white-robed Dominicans, and of brown Franciscans; and, therefore, in coming to speak to you in this garment, of the glorious history which they tell us, I feel more myself, more in consonance with the subject of which I have to speak in appearing before you as the child and the representative—no matter how unworthy—of the Irish friars—the Irish priests and patriots who sleep in Irish graves to-night (tremendous cheers).

And now, my friends, the most precious—the grandest—inheritance of any people, is that people's history. All that forms the national character of a people, their tone of thought, their devotion, their love, their sympathies their antipathies, their language,—all this is found in their history, as the effect is found in its cause, as the Autumn speaks of the Spring. And the philosopher who wishes to analyze a people's character and to account for it,—to account for the national desires, hopes, aspirations, for the strong sympathies or antipathies that sway a people,—must go back to the deep recesses of their history; and there, in ages long gone by, will he find the seeds that produced the fruit that he attempts to account for. And he will find that the nation of to-day is but the child and the offspring of the nation of by-gone ages; for it is written truly, that "the child is father to the man." When, therefore, we come to consider the desires of nations, we find that every people is most strongly desirous to preserve its history even as every man is anxious to preserve the record of his life; for history is the record of a people's life. Hence it is that, in the libraries

of the more ancient nations we find the earliest histories of the primæval races of mankind, written upon the durable vellum, the imperishable asbestos, or sometimes deeply carved, in mystic and forgotten characters, on the granite stone, or pictured rock, showing the desire of the people to preserve their history, which is to preserve the memory of them,—just as the old man, dying, said “Lord, keep my memory green !”

But, besides these more direct and documentary evidences, the history of every nation is enshrined in the national traditions, in the national music and song ; much more it is written in the public buildings that cover the face of the land. These, silent and in ruins, tell most eloquently their tale. To-day “the stone may be crumbled, the wall decayed ;” the clustering ivy may, perhaps, uphold the tottering ruin to which it clung in the days of its strength ; but,

“The sorrows, the joys of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.”

They are the voices of the past ; they are the voices of ages long gone by. They rear their venerable and beautiful gray heads high over the land they adorn ; and they tell us the tale of the glory or of the shame, of the strength or of the weakness of the prosperity or of the adversity of the nation to which they belong—(cheers). This is the volume which we are about to open ; this is the voice which we are about to call forth from their gray and ivied ruins that cover the green bosom of Ireland : we are about to go back up the highways of history, and, as it were, to breast and to stem the stream of time, to-day, taking our start from the present hour in Ireland. (Loud cheers). What have we here ? It is a stately church—rivalling,—perhaps surpassing,—in its glory the grandeur of by-gone times. We behold the solid buttresses, the massive wall, the high tower, the graceful spire piercing the clouds, and upholding high towards heaven, the symbol of man's redemption, the glorious sign of the Cross. We see in the stone windows the massive tracery, so solid, so strong and so delicate. What does this tell us ? Here is this Church, so grand, yet so fresh and new and clean from the mason's hand. What does it tell us ? It tells us of a race that has never decayed ; it tells us of a people that have never lost their faith nor their love ; it tells us of a nation as strong in its energy for every highest and holiest purpose, to-

day, as it was in the ages that are past and gone for ever (renewed cheering).

We advance just half a century up the highway of time ; and we come upon that which has been familiar, perhaps, to many amongst you, as well as to me,—the plain, unpretending little chapel, in some by-lane of the town or city,—or the plain and humble little chapel in some by-way in the country, with its thatched roof, its low ceiling, its earthen floor, its wooden altar. What does this tell us ? It tells us of a people struggling against adversity ; it tells us of a people making their first effort, after 300 years of blood, to build up a house, however humble, for their God (cheers) ; it tells us of a people who had not yet shaken off the traditions of their slavery, upon whose hands the chains still hang, and the wounds inflicted by those chains are still rankling ; it tells us of a people who scarcely yet know how to engage in the glorious work of church edification, because they scarcely yet realized the privilege that they were to be allowed to live in the land that bore them (loud cheers). Let us reverently bow down our heads and salute these ancient places—these ancient, humble little chapels, in town or country, where we,—we men of middle age,—made our first confession and received our first communion : let us salute these places, hallowed in our memories by the first, and therefore the strongest, the purest, holiest recollections and associations of our lives ; and pilgrims of history, let us turn into the dreary solitary road that lies before us. It is a road of three hundred years of desolation and bloodshed ; it is a road that leads through martyrs' and patriots' graves ; it is a road that is wet with the tears and with the blood of a persecuted and down-trodden people ; it is a road that is pointed out to us by the sign of the Cross, the emblem of the nation's faith, and by the site of the martyr's grave, the emblem of the nation's undying fidelity to God (cheers).

And now what venerable ruin is this which rises before our eyes, moss-crowned, imbedded in clustering ivy ? It is a church, for we see the mullions of the great east window of the sanctuary, through which once flowed, through angel and saints depicted thereon, the mellow sunshine that warmed up the arch above, and made mosaics upon the church and altar. It is a church of the mediæval choral order,—for I see the lancet windows, the choir where the religious were accustomed to chaunt,—yet popular, and much frequented by the people, for I see outside the choir an ample space: the side-aisles are unincumbered, and the side-chapels with altars,—the mind

of the architect clearly intending an ample space for the people; yet it is not too large a church; for it is generally one that the preacher's voice can easily fill. Outside of it runs the square of the ruined cloister, humble enough, yet most beautiful in its architecture. But now, church and cloister alike are filled with the graves—the homes of the silent dead. Do I recall to the loving memory of any one among you scenes that have been familiar to your eyes in the dear and the green old land? Are there not those among you who have looked with eyes softened by love, and by the sadness of the recollections recalled to the mind under the chancel and the choir under the ample space of nave and aisle of the old abbey of Athenry, or in the old Abbey of Kilconnell, or such as these? What tale do these tell? They tell of a nation that, although engaged in a hand-to-hand and desperate struggle for its national life, yet in the midst of its wars was never unmindful of its God;—they tell of Ireland when the clutch of the Saxon was upon her,—when the sword was unsheathed that was never to know its scabbard from that day until this, and that never will, until the diadem of perfect freedom rests upon the virgin brow of Ireland. (Here the audience burst into a prolonged shout of applause, which was again and again repeated.) They tell of the glorious days when Ireland's Church and Ireland's Nationality joined hands; and when the priest and the people rose up to enter upon a glorious combat for freedom. These were the homes of the Franciscan and the Dominican friars,—the men who, during three hundred years of their residence in Ireland, recalled in these cloisters the ancient glories of Lismore, and of Glendalough, and of Armagh; the men who, from the time they first raised these cloisters, never left the land,—never abandoned the old soil, but lingered around their ancient homes of happiness, of sanctity, and of peace, and tried to keep near the old walls, just as Magdalen lingered round the empty tomb, on Easter morning, at Jerusalem (great cheering). They tell of the sanctuaries, where the hunted head of the Irish patriot found refuge and a place of security; they tell the Irish historian of the National Councils formed for State purposes within them. These venerable walls, if they could speak, would tell us how the wavering were encouraged and strengthened, and the brave and gallant fired with the highest and noblest purpose for God and Erin; how the traitor was detected and the false-hearted denounced; and how the Nation's life-blood was kept warm, and her wounds were staunchd by the wise councils of the old Franciscan and Dominican friars (cheers).

All this and more would these walls tell it they could speak; for they have witnessed all this. They witnessed it until the day came—the day of war, the sword, and blood—that drove forth their saintly inmates from their loving shelter and devoted themselves to desolation and decay.

Let us bow down, fellow Irishmen, with reverence and with love, as we pass under the shadow of these ancient walls. And now stepping a few years—scarcely fifty years further on the road of our history,—passing as we go along under the frowning, dark feudal castles of the Fitzgeralds, of the De Lacey, the Decourceys, the Fitzadelms, and, I regret to say, the De Burgs,—the castles that tell us always of the terror of the invaders of the land, hiding themselves in their strongholds, because they could not trust to the love of the people, who hated them; and because they were afraid to meet the people in the open field (renewed cheers);—passing under the frowning shadows of these castles, suddenly we stand amazed—crushed as it were to the earth, by the glories that rise before us, in the ruins of Mellifont, in the ruins of Dunbrodie, in the awful ruins of Holy Cross and of Cashel, that we see yet uplifting, in solemn grandeur, their stately heads in ruined beauty over the land which they once adorned. There do we see the vestiges of the most magnificent architecture, some of the grandest buildings that ever yet were raised upon this earth for God or for man (renewed cheering). There do we see the lofty side walls pierced with huge windows, filled with the most delicate tracery; there, when we enter in we throw our eyes aloft with wonder, and see the groined, massive arches of the ceiling upholding the mighty tower; there do we see the grandeur of the ancient Cistercians, and the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, and the Benedictines. What tale do *they* tell us? Oh, they tell us a glorious tale of our history and of our people. These were the edifices that were built and founded in Ireland during the brief respite that the nation had, from the day that she drove the last Dane out, until the day that the first accursed Norman came (cheers). A short time, a brief period: too brief, alas! too brief; Ireland, exhausted after her three hundred years of Danish invasion, turned her first thoughts and her first energies to build up the ancient places that were ruined,—to restore and to clothe the sanctuaries of her faith, with a splendor such as the nation never had seen before.

We will pass on. And, now, a mountain road lies before us. The land is filled again, for three centuries, with deso

lation and with bloodshed and with sorrow. The hill-sides, on either hand of our path, are strewn with the bodies of the slain; the valleys are filled with desolation and ruin; the air resounds to the ferocious battle-cry of the Dane, and to the brave battle-cry of the Celt, intermingled with the wailing of the widowed mother and the ravished maid; the air is filled with the crash and the shock of battle. In terrible orset, the lithe, active mail-clad, fair-haired, blue-eyed warriors of the North meet the dark, stalwart Celt, and they close in mortal combat. Toiling along, pilgrims of history as we are, we come to the summit of Tara's Hill, and there we look in vain for a vestige of Ireland's ruins. But now, after these three hundred years of our backward journey over the highway of history, we breathe the upper air. The sunshine of the eighth century, and of Ireland's three centuries of Christianity is upon our path. We breathe the purer air; we are among the mountains of God; and a sight the most glorious that nation ever presented opens itself before our eyes—the sight of Ireland's first three centuries of the glorious Faith of St. Patrick. Peace is upon the land. Schools rise upon every hill and in every valley. Every city is an immense school. The air again is filled with the sound of many voices; for students from every clime under the sun—the German, the Pict, the Cimbri, the Frank, the Italian, the Saxon, are all mingled together, conversing together in the universal language of the Church, Rome's old Latin. They have come, and they have covered the land; they have come in thousands and in tens of thousands, to hear from the lips of the world-renowned Irish saints all the lore of ancient Greece and Rome, and to study in the lives of these saints the highest degree and the noblest interpretation of Christian morality and Christian perfection (cheers). Wise rulers governed the land; her heroes were moved to mighty acts; and these men, who came from every clime to the university of the world—to the great masters of the nations—go back to their respective countries and tell the glorious tale of Ireland's strength and Ireland's sanctity,—of the purity of the Irish maidens,—of the learning and saintliness of the Irish priesthood, of the wisdom of her kings and rulers—of the sanctity of her people;—until at length, from out the recesses of history, there comes, floating upon the breezes of time, the voice of an admiring world, that proclaims my native land, in that happy epoch, and gives to her the name of the island of heroes of saints and of sages (loud applause).

Look up. In imagination we stand now upon the highest level of Ireland's first Christianity. Above us, we behold the venerable hill-top of Tara; and, beyond that, again, far away, and high up on the mountain, inaccessible by any known road of history, lies amid the gloom,—the mysterious cloud that hangs around the cradle of every ancient race, looming forth from pre-historic obscurity,—we behold the mighty Round Towers of Ireland. There they stand—

"The Pillar Towers of Ireland! how wondrously they stand
By the rushing streams, in the silent glens and the valleys of the land—
In mystic file throughout the isle, they rear their heads sublime,—
Those gray old pillar temples,—those conquerors of time."

—(Great cheering.)

Now, having gone up to the cradle and fountain-head of our history as told by its monuments and its ruins, we shall pause a little before we begin again our downward course. We shall pause for a few moments under the shadows of Ireland's Round Towers. There they stand, most perfect in their architecture. Stone fitted into stone with the most artistic nicety and regularity; every stone bound to its bed by a cement as hard as the stone itself; a beautiful calculation of the weight which was to be put upon it, and the foundation which was to sustain it, has arrived at this,—that, though thousands of years have passed over their hoary heads, there they stand, as firm to-day as on the day when they were first erected. There they stand, in perfect form, in perfect perpendicular; and the student of art, in the 19th century can find matter for admiration and for wonder in the evidence of Ireland's civilization speaking loudly and eloquently by the voice of her most ancient Round Towers (cheers). Who built them? You have seen them; they are all over the island. The traveller sails up the placid bosom of the lovely Blackwater, and while he admires its varied beauties, and his very heart within him is ravished by its loveliness, he beholds, high above its green banks, amid the ruins of ancient Lismore, a venerable Round Tower lifting its grey head into the air. As he goes on, passing, as in a dream of delight, now by the valleys and the hills of lovely Wicklow, he admires the weeping alders that hang over the stream in sweet Avoca;—he admires the bold heights throwing their outlines so sharp and clear against the sky, and clothed to their very summits with the sweet smelling purple heather;—he admires all this, until, at length, in a deep

valley in the very heart of the hills, he beholds, reflecting itself in the deep waters of still Glendalough, the venerable "Round Tower of other days" (cheers). Or he has taken his departure from the Island of Saints, and when his ship's prow is turned towards the setting sun, he beholds upon the head-lands of the iron-bound coast of Mayo or western Galway the Round Tower of Ireland, the last thing the eye of the lover or traveller beholds (renewed cheers). Who built these towers, or for what purpose were they built? There is no record of reply, although the question has been repeated, age after age, for thousands of years. Who can tell? They go so far back into the mists of history, as to have the lead of all the known events in the history of our native land. Some say that they are of Christian origin; others, again, say, with equal probability, and, perhaps, greater, that these venerable monuments are far more ancient than Ireland's Catholicity; that they were the temples, of a by-gone religion, and perhaps, of a long-forgotten race. They may have been the temples of the ancient Fire Worshipers of Ireland; and the theory has been mooted that, in the time when our remotest forefathers worshipped the rising sun, the priest of the sun was accustomed to climb to the summit of the Round Tower, to turn his face to the east, and watch with anxiety the rising of the morning star, as it came up trembling in its silver beauty, above the eastern hills. Then, when the first rays of the sun illumined the valleys, he hailed its rising, and proclaimed to the people around him their duty of worship to the coming God. This is a theory that would connect Ireland's Round Towers with the most ancient form of religion—the false religion which truth dispelled when, coming with the sun of Heaven, and showing before Irish intellect the glories of the risen Saviour,—the brightness of the Heavenly sun dimmed for ever the glory of the earthly, and dispelled the darkness of the human soul, which had filled the land before with its gloom (loud cheers). This is not the time nor the place to enter into an archaeological argument as to whether the Round Towers are of Pagan or Christian origin, or as to whether they are the offspring of the famous *Goban Saor*, or of any other architect (laughter), or of the men of the fifth or of the sixth centuries; or whether they go back into the times of which no vestige remains upon the pages of history or in the traditions of men;—this, I say, is not the time to do it. I attempted this once, and while I was pursuing my argument, as I imagined, very learnedly and very profoundly, I saw a man sitting

opposite to me open his mouth ; and he gave a yawn (laughter) ; and I said in my own mind, to myself, "My dear friend, if you do not close your dissertation that man will never shut his mouth ;" for I thought the top of his head would come off (tremendous laughter and cheers).

But no matter what may be the truth of this theory or that, concerning the Round Towers, one thing is certain,—and this is the point to which I wish to speak,—that as they stand to-day, in the strength of their material, in the beauty of their form, in the perfection of their architecture, in the scientific principles upon which they were built, and which they revealed, they are the most ancient among the records of the most ancient nations, and distinctly tell the glorious tale of the early civilization of the Irish people (cheers). For my friends, remember that among the evidences of progress of civilization, among the nations, there is no more powerful argument or evidence than that which is given by their public buildings. When you reflect that many centuries afterwards,—ages after ages,—even after Ireland had become Catholic,—there was no such thing in England as a stone building of any kind, much less a stone Church,—when you reflect that outside the pale of the ancient civilization of Greece and Rome there was no such thing known among the Northern and Western nations of Europe as a stone edifice of any kind,—then I say, from this I conclude that these venerable Pillar Temples of Ireland are the strongest argument for the ancient civilization of our race (cheers). But this also explains the fact that St. Patrick, when he preached in Ireland, was not persecuted; that he was not contradicted, that it was not asked of him, as of every other man that ever preached the Gospel for the first time to any people, to shed his blood in proof of his belief. No; he came not to a barbarous people,—not to an uncivilized race; but he came to a wonderfully civilized nation,—a nation which though under the cloud of a false religion, had yet attained to establish laws and a recognized and settled form of government, a high philosophical knowledge, a splendid national melody and poetry; and her bards, and the men who met St. Patrick upon the hill of Tara, when he mounted it on that Easter morning, were able to meet him with solid arguments; were able to meet him with the clash which takes place when mind meets mind; and when he had convinced them, they showed the greatest proof of their civilization by rising up on the instant to declare that Patrick's preaching was the truth, and that Patrick was a messenger of the true God (loud applause). We know for certain that, whatever

was the origin of those Round Towers, the Church—the Catholic Church in Ireland—made use of them for religious purposes; that she built her Cathedrals and her Abbey Churches alongside of them; and we often find the loving group of the “Seven Churches” lying closely beside, if not under the shadow of the Round Towers (renewed applause). We also know that the monks of old set the Cross of Christ on these ancient Round Towers—that is, on the upper part of them and we know, from the evidence of a later day that, when the land was deluged in blood and when the faithful people were persecuted, hunted down—then it was usual, as in the olden time, to light a fire in the upper portion of those Round Towers, in order that the poor and persecuted might know where to find the sanctuary of God’s altar (loud cheers). Thus it was that, no matter for what purpose they were founded, the Church of God made use of them for purposes of charity, of religion and of mercy.

Coming down from these steep heights of history,—coming down like Moses from the mountain,—from out the mysteries that envelope the cradle of our race; but, like the prophet of old, with the evidence of our nation’s ancient civilization and renown beaming upon us,—we now come to the hill of Tara. Alas, the place where Ireland’s monarch sat enthroned, the place where Ireland’s sages and seers met,—where Ireland’s poets and bards filled the air with the rich harmony of our ancient Celtic melody, is now desolate; not a stone upon a stone to attest its ancient glory, “*Perierunt etiam ruine*!”—the very ruins of it have perished. The mounds are there, the old moat is there, showing the circumvalation of the ancient towers of Tara;—the old moat is there, still traced by the unbroken mound whereby the “Banquet Hall,” three hundred and sixty feet long, by forty feet in width, was formed, and in which the kings of Ireland entertained their chieftains, their royal dames and their guests in high festival and glorious revelry. Beyond this no vestige remains. But there within the moat,—in the very midst of the ruins—there, perhaps, on the very spot where Ireland’s ancient throne was raised,—there is a long, grass-grown mound; the earth is raised;—it is covered with a verdant sod; the shiarock blooms upon it; and the old peasants will tell you, this is the “Croppy’s Grave.” (cheers.) In the year 1798, the “year of the troubles,” as we may well call it, some ninety Wexford men, or thereabouts, after the news came that “the cause was lost” fought their way every inch, from Wexford until they came to the hill of Tara, and made

their last stand on the banks of the river Boyne. There, pursued by a great number of the King's Dragoons, they fought their way through these two miles of intervening country, their faces to the foe. These ninety heroes, surrounded, fired upon, still fought, and would not yield until slowly, like the Spartan band at Thermopylæ, they gained the hill of Tara, and stood there like lions at bay (renewed cheers). Surrounded on all sides by the soldiers, the officers in command offered them their lives if they would only lay down their arms. One of these "Shelmaliers" had that morning sent the Colonel of the Dragoons to take a cold bath in the Boyne. In an evil hour the Wexford men, trusting to the plighted faith of this British officer, laid down their arms; and, as soon as their guns were out of their hands, every man of them was fired upon; and to the last one, they perished upon the hill of Tara. And there they were enshrined among the ancient glories of Ireland, and laid in the "Croppy's Grave" (renewed cheers). And they tell how, in 1843, when O'Connell was holding his monster meetings throughout the land,—in the early morning, he stood upon the hill of Tara, with a hundred thousand brave, strong Irishmen around him. There was a tent pitched upon the hill-top; there was an altar erected, and an aged priest went to offer up the Mass for the people. But the old women,—the women with the grey heads, who were blooming maidens in '98—came from every side; and they all knelt round the "Croppy's Grave;" and just as the priest began the Mass, and the one hundred thousand on the hill-sides and in the vales below, were uniting in adoration, a loud cry of wailing pierced the air. It was the Irish mothers and the Irish maidens pouring out their souls in sorrow, and wetting with their tears the shamrocks that grew out of the "Croppy's Grave:"

"Dark falls the tear of him that mourneth
Lost hope or joy that never returneth:
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier"

—(renewed cheers.)

Tara and its glories are things of the past; Tara and its monarchs are gone; but the spirit that crowned them at Tara has not died with them (loud cheers);—the spirit that summoned bard and chief to surround their throne has not expired with them. That spirit was the spirit of Ireland's Nationality; and that spirit lives to-day as strong, as fervid, and as glorious as ever; it burned during the ages of perse-

cution; as it ever lived in the hearts of the Irish race (tremendous cheering, again and again renewed).

And now, my friends, treading, as it were, adown the hill-side, after having heard Patrick's voice, after having beheld, on the threshold of Tara, Patrick's glorious episcopal figure, as with the simplicity that designated his grand heroic character he plucked from the soil the shamrock and upheld it, and appealed to the imagination of Ireland—appealed to that imagination that never yet failed to recognize a thing of truth or a thing of beauty,—we now descend the hill, and wander through the land where we first beheld the group of the "Seven Churches." Everywhere throughout the land do we see the clustering ruins of these small churches. Rarely exceeding fifty feet in length, they rarely attain to any such proportion. There they are, generally speaking, under the shadow of some old Round Tower,—some ancient Celtic name, indicative of past glory, still lingering around and sanctifying them. What were these seven churches?—what is the meaning of them—why were they so numerous? Why, there were churches enough if we believe the ruins of Ireland, in Ireland during the first two centuries of its Christianity, to house the whole nation. Everywhere there were churches,—churches in groups of seven,—as if one were not enough, or two. Nowadays we are struck with the multitude of churches in London, in Dublin, in New York; but we must remember that we are a divided community, and that every sect, no matter how small it is, builds its own church; but in Ireland we were all of one faith; and all of these churches were multiplied. But what is the meaning of it? These churches were built in the early days of Ireland's monasticism—in the days when the world acknowledged the miracle of Ireland's holiness. Never since God created the earth—never since Christ proclaimed the truth among men—never was seen so extraordinary and so miraculous a thing as that a people should become, almost entirely, a nation of monks and nuns, as soon as they became Catholic and Christian (cheers). The highest proof of the Gospel is monasticism. As I stand before you robed in this Dominican dress—most unworthy to wear it—still, as I stand before you, a monk, vowed to God by poverty, chastity and obedience,—I claim for myself, such as I am, this glorious title, that the Church of God regards us as the very best of her children (cheers). And why? Because the cream, as it were, of the Gospel spirit is sacrifice, and the highest sacrifice is the sacrifice that gives a

man entirely, without the slightest reserve, to God in the service of his country and of his fellow-men (loud cheers). This sacrifice is embodied and, as it were, combined in the monk; and, therefore, the monk and the nun are really the highest productions of Christianity (renewed cheers). Now Ireland, in the very first days of her conversion, so quickly caught up the spirit and so thoroughly entered into the genius of the Gospel, that she became a nation of monks and nuns almost on the day when she became a nation of Christians. The consequence was that throughout the land—in the villages, in every little town, on every hill side, in every valley,—these holy monks were to be found; and they were called by the people, who loved them and venerated them so dearly—they were called by the name of *Culdees*, or servants of God.

Then came, almost at the very moment of Ireland's conversion and Ireland's abundant monasticism, embodied, as it were, and sustained by that rule of St. Columba which St. Patrick brought into Ireland,—having got it from St. Martin of Tours,—then came, at that very time, the ruin and desolation of almost all the rest of the world. Rome was in flames; and the ancient Pagan civilization of thousands of years was gone. Hordes of barbarians poured in streams over the world. The whole of that formerly civilized world seemed to be falling back again into the darkness and chaos of the barbarism of the earliest times; but Ireland, sheltered by the encircling waves, converted and sanctified, kept her national freedom. No invader profaned her virgin soil; no sword was drawn, no cry of battle or feud resounded through the land; and the consequence was, that Ireland, developing her schools, entering into every field of learning, produced in almost every monk a man fitted to teach his fellow-men and enlighten the world (cheers). And the whole world came to their monasteries, from every clime, as I have said before; they filled the land; and for three hundred years, without the shadow of a doubt, history declares that Ireland held the intellectual supremacy of the civilized world (renewed applause). Then were built those groups of seven churches, here and there; then did they fill the land; then, when the morning sun arose, every valley in blessed Ireland resounded to the praises and the matin-song of the monk; then the glorious cloisters of Lismore, of Armagh, of Bangor, of Arran arose; and, far out in the Western Ocean, the glorious chorus resounded in praise of God, and the musical genius of the people received its high-

est development in hymns and canticles of praise--the expression of their glorious faith (loud cheers). For three hundred years of peace and joy it lasted; and, during those three hundred years, Ireland sent forth a Columba to Iona; a Virgilius to Italy; a Romauld to Brabant; a Gaul (or Gallus) to France;—in a word, every nation in Europe,—even Rome itself,—all acknowledged that, in those days, the light of learning and of sanctity beamed upon them from the holy progeny of saints that Ireland, the fairest mother of saints, produced, and sent out to sanctify and enlighten the world (renewed cheers). And, mark you, my friends; these Irish monks were fearless men. They were the most learned men in the world. For instance, there was one of them,—at home he was called Fearghal, abroad he was called Virgilius,—this man was a great astronomer; and, as early as the seventh century, he discovered the rotundity of the earth, proclaimed that it was a sphere, and declared the existence of the antipodes. In those days everybody thought that the earth was as flat as a pancake; and the idea was, that a man could walk as far as the land brought him, and he would then drop into the sea; and that if he took ship then, and sailed on to a certain point, why, then he would go into nothing at all (laughter). So, when this Irish monk, skilled in Irish science, wrote a book, and asserted this, which was recognized in after ages and proclaimed as a mighty discovery, the philosophers and learned men of the time were astonished. They thought it was heresy, and they did the most natural thing in the world—they complained to the Pope of him (laughter), and the Pope sent for him, examined him,—examined his theory and examined his astronomical system; and this is the answer, and the best answer, I can give to those who say that the Catholic Church is not the friend of science or of progress. What do you think is the punishment the Pope gave him? The Pope made him Archbishop of Salzburg. He told him to continue his discoveries —“continue your studies,” he said; “mind your prayers, and try and discover all the scientific truth that you can; for you are a learned man” (laughter and cheers). Well, Fearghal continued his studies, and so well did he study that he anticipated, by centuries, some of the most highly practical discoveries of modern ages; and so well did he mind his prayers, that Pope Gregory the Tenth canonized him after his death (cheers).

The Danish invasion came, and I need not tell you that these Northern warriors who landed at the close of the eighth

century, effecting their first landing near where the town of Skerries stands now, between Dublin and Balbriggan, on the eastern coast—that these men thus coming, came as plunderers and enemies of the religion as well as of the nationality of the people. And for 300 years, wherever they came, and wherever they went, the first thing they did was to put to death all the monks, and all the nuns, set fire to the schools, and banish the students; and, inflamed in this way with the blood of the peaceful, they sought to kill all the Irish friars; and a war of extermination,—a war of interminable struggle and duration, was carried on for three hundred years. Ireland fought them; the Irish kings and chieftains fought them. We read that in one battle alone, at Glenamada, in the county of Wicklow, King Malachi, he who wore the “collar of gold,” and the great King Brian, joined their forces, in the cause of Ireland. In that grand day, when the morning sun arose, the battle began; and it was not until the sun set in the evening that the last Dane was swept from the field, and they withdrew to their ships, leaving six thousand dead bodies of their warriors, behind them (cheers). Thus did Ireland, *united*, know how to deal with her Danish invaders; thus would Ireland have dealt with Fitzstephen and his Normans; but on the day when they landed the curse of disunion and discord was among the people. Finally after three hundred years of invasion, Brian on that Good Friday of 1014, cast out the Danes for ever, and from the plains of Clontarf drove them into Dublin Bay. Well, behind them they left the ruins of all the religion they had found. They left a people who had, indeed, not lost their faith, but a people who were terribly shaken and demoralized by three hundred years of bloodshed and of war. One half of it—one sixth of it—would have been sufficient to ruin any other people; but the element that kept Ireland alive,—the element that kept the Irish nationality alive in the hearts of the people—the element that preserved civilization in spite of three centuries of war, was the element of Ireland’s faith and the traditions of the nation’s by-gone glory (cheers).

And now we arrive at the year 1134. Thirty years before, in the year 1103, the last Danish army was conquered and routed on the shores of Strangford Lough, in the North, and the last Danish King took his departure forever from the green shores of Erin. Thirty years have elapsed. Ireland is struggling to restore her shattered temples, her ruined altars, and to build up again, in all its former glory and sanctity, her nationality and monastic priesthood.

Then St. Malachi—great, glorious and venerable name!—St. Malachi, in whom the best blood of Ireland's kings was mingled with the best blood of Ireland's saints,—was Archbishop of Armagh. In the year 1134, he invited into Ireland the Cistercian and the Benedictine Monks. They came with all the traditions of the most exalted sanctity—with a spirit not less mild nor less holy than the spirit of a Dominic or an Augustine, and built up the glories of Lindisfarne, of Iona, of Mellifont, of Monasterboice and of Monasteren, and all these magnificent ruins of which I spoke—the sacred monastic ruins of Ireland. Then the wondering world beheld such grand achievements as it never saw before, outrivalling in the splendor of their magnificence the grandeur of those temples which still attest the mediæval greatness of Belgium, of France and of Italy. Then did the Irish people see, enshrined in these houses, the holy solitaries and monks from Clairveaux, with the light of the great St. Bernard shining upon them from his grave. But only thirty years more passed—thirty years only; and, behold, a trumpet is heard on the eastern coast of Ireland; the shore and the hills of that Wexford coast re-echo to the shouts of the Norman, as he sets his accursed foot upon the soil of Erin. Divided as the nation was—chieftain fighting against chieftain,—for, when the great King Brian was slain at Clontarf, and his son and his grandson were killed, and the three generations of the royal family thus swept away—every strong man in the land stood up and put in his claim for the sovereignty;—by this division the Anglo-Norman was able to fix himself in the land. Battles were fought on every hill in Ireland; the most horrible scenes of the Danish invasion were renewed again. But Ireland is no longer able to shake the Saxon from her bosom; for Ireland is no longer able to strike him as one man. The name of "United Irishmen" has been a name, and nothing but a name, since the day that Brian Boru was slain at Clontarf until this present moment. Would to God that this name of United Irishmen meant something more than an idle word! Would to God that, again, to-day, we were all united for some great and glorious purpose!—would to God that the blessing of our ancient, glorious unity was upon us!—would to God that the blessing even of a common purpose in the love of our country guided us; then, indeed, would the Celtic race and the Celtic nation be as strong as ever it was—as strong as it was upon that evening at Clontarf which beheld Erin weeping over her martyred Brian, but beheld her with the crown still upon her brow.

Sometimes victorious, yet oftener defeated,—defeated not so much by the shock of the Norman onset, as by the treachery and the feuds of her own chieftains,—the heart of the nation was broken; and behold, from the far sunny shores of Italy, there came to Ireland other monks and other missionaries clothed in this very habit which I now wear, or in the sweet brown habit of St. Francis, or the glorious dress of St. Augustine. Unlike the monks who gave themselves up to contemplation, and who had large possessions, large houses—these men came among the people, to make themselves at home among the people, to become the “Soggarths Aroon” of Ireland (cheers). They came with a learning as great as that of the Irish monks of old,—with a sturdy devotion as energetic as that of Columbkille, or of Kevin, of Glendalough;—they came with a message of peace, of consolation, and of hope to this heart-broken people; and they came nearly seven hundred years ago to the Irish shores. The Irish people received them with a kind of supernatural instinct that they had found their champions and their priestly heroes; and for nearly seven hundred years, the Franciscan and his Dominican brother have dwelt together in the land (loud cheers). Instead of building up magnificent, wonderful edifices, like Holy Cross, or Mellifont, or Dunbrodie;—instead of covering acres with the grandeur of their buildings, these Dominicans and Franciscans went out in small companies—ten, or twelve, or twenty;—and they went into remote towns and villages; and there they dwelt, and built quietly a convent for themselves; and they educated the people themselves; and by-and-by, the people in the next generation learned to love the disciples of St. Dominic and St. Francis as they beheld the churches so multiplied. In every townland of Ireland there was either a Dominican or a Franciscan church or convent. The priests of Ireland welcomed them;—the holy Bishops of Ireland sustained them; the ancient religions of Ireland gave them the right hand of friendship; and the Cistercians or Benedictines gave them, very often, indeed, some of their own churches wherein to found their congregation, or to begin their missions. They came to dwell in the land early in the 12th century,—and until the 15th century,—strange to say, it was not yet found out what was the hidden design of Providence in bringing them there, in what was once their own true and ancient missionary Ireland.

During these three hundred years, the combat for Ireland's nationality was still continued. The O'Neil, the O'Brien, the O'Donnell, the McGuire, the O'More, kept the national sword

waving in the air. The Franciscans and the Dominicans cheered them, entered into their feelings; and they could only not be said to be more Irish than the Irish themselves, because they were the heart's blood of Ireland. They were the light of the national councils of the chieftains of Ireland, as their historians were the faithful annalists of the glories of these days of combat (cheers). They saw the trouble; and yet—for three hundred years the Franciscan and the Dominican had not discovered what his real mission to Ireland was. But at the end of the three hundred years came the 15th century. Then came the cloud of religious persecution over the land. All the hatred that divided the Saxon and the Celt, on the principle of nationality, was now heightened by the additional hatred of religious discord and division; and Irishmen, if they hated the Saxon before, as the enemy of Ireland's nationality from the 15th century, hated him with an additional hatred, as the enemy of Ireland's faith and Ireland's religion (cheers). The sword was drawn. My friends, I speak not in indignation but in sorrow; and I know that if there be one amongst you, my fellow-countrymen, here to-night,—if there be a man who differs with me in religion,—to that man I say: "Brother and friend, you feel as deeply as I do a feeling of indignation and of regret for the religious persecution of our native land" (cheers). No man feels it more—no man regrets more bitterly the element of religious discord, the terrible persecution of these three hundred years, through which Ireland—Catholic Ireland—has been obliged to pass,—no man feels this more than the high-minded, honest, kind-hearted Irish Protestant. (Loud cheers and a cry of "True!") And why should he not feel it? If it was Catholic Ireland that had persecuted Protestant Ireland for that time, and with such intensity, I should hang my head for shame (renewed cheers).

Well, that mild, scrupulous, old man, Henry the Eighth,—(loud laughter)—in the middle of the fifteenth century got a scruple of conscience! Perhaps it was while he was saying his prayers—he began to get uneasy and to be afraid that, may be, his wife wasn't his wife at all! (laughter and applause). He wrote a letter to the Pope, and he said: "Holy Father, I am very uneasy in my mind!" The fact was, there was a very nice young lady in the court. Her name was Anna Boleyn. She was a great beauty. Henry got very fond of her; and he wanted to marry her. But he could not marry her because he was already a married man (laughter). So he wrote to the Pope, and he said he was uneasy in his mind—

he had a scruple of conscience;—and he had said, “Holy Father, grant me a favor. Grant me a divorce from Catherine of Arragon. I have been married to her for several years. She has had several children by me. Just grant me this little favor. I want a divorce!” The Pope sent back word to him—“Don’t be uneasy at all in your mind! Stick to your wife like a man; and don’t be troubling me with your scruples” (laughter and cheers). Well, Henry threw the Pope over. He married the young woman while his former wife was living—and he should have been taken that very day and tried before the Lord Chief Justice of England, and transported for life. And why? Because if it had been any other man in England that did it but the King, that man would have been transported for life;—and the King is as much bound by the laws of God, and of Justice and conscience and morality as any other man (cheers). When Henry separated from the Pope, he made himself head of the Church; and he told the people of England that he would manage their consciences for them for the future. But when he called upon Ireland to join him in this strange, and indeed I think my Protestant friends will admit, insane act—for such, indeed, I think my Protestant friends will admit this act to be; for, I think it was nothing short of insanity for any man of sense to say “I will take the law of God as preached from the lips and illustrated in the life of Henry the Eighth,”—Ireland refused. Henry drew the sword, and declared that Ireland should acknowledge him as the head of the Church,—that she should part with her ancient faith and with all the traditions of her history to sustain him in his measures,—or that he would exterminate the Irish race. Another scruple of conscience came to this tender-hearted man! And what do you think it was? “Oh,” he said, “I am greatly afraid the friars and priests are not leading good lives” (laughter). So he set up what we call a “commission;” and he sent it to Ireland to inquire what sort of lives the monks and friars and priests and nuns were leading; and the commissioners sent back word to him that they could not find any great fault with them; but that on the whole, they thought it would be better to turn them out! So they took their convents and their churches, and whatever little property they possessed—and these commissioners sold them and put the money into their pockets. There was a beautiful simplicity about the whole plan (applause and laughter). Well, my friends, then came the hour of the ruin of the dear old convents of the Franciscans and Dominicans. Their inmates were driven out at the point of

the sword; they were scattered like sheep over the land. Five pounds was the price set upon the head of the friar or priest,—the same price that was set upon the head of a wolf. They were hunted throughout the land; and when they fled for their lives from their convent homes, the Irish people opened their hearts, and said, “Come to the Soggarth Aroon” (loud applause). Throughout the length and breadth of the land they were scattered, with no shelter but the canopy of Heaven; with no Sunday sacrifice to remind the people of God; no Mass celebrated in public, and no Gospel preached and yet they succeeded for three hundred years in preserving the glorious Catholic faith that is as strong in Ireland to-day as ever it was (cheers). These venerable ruins tell the tale of the nation’s woe, of the nation’s sorrow. As long as it was merely a question of destroying a Cistercian or a Benedictine Abbey, there were so few of these in the land that the people did not feel it much. But when the persecution came upon the *Bhreachuir*, as the friar was called,—the men whom everybody knew—the men whom everybody came to look up to for consolation in affliction or in sorrow;—when it came upon him—then it brought sorrow and affliction to every village, to every little town,—to every man in Ireland. There were, at this time upwards of eighty convents of religious—Franciscans and Dominicans in Ireland, that numbered very close upon a thousand priests of each order. There were nearly a thousand Irish Franciscan, and nearly a thousand Irish Dominican priests, when Henry began his persecution. He was succeeded, after a brief interval of thirty years, by his daughter Elizabeth. How many Dominicans, do you think, were then left in Ireland? There were a thousand, you say? Oh, God of Heaven! there were only four of them left,—only four! All the rest of these heroic men had stained their white habit with the blood that they shed for God and for their country (sensation). Twenty thousand men it took Elizabeth, for as many years as there was thousands of them, to try to plant the seedling of Protestantism on Irish soil. The ground was dug as for a grave; the seed of Protestantism was cast into that soil; and the blood of the nation was poured in, to warm it and to bring it forth. It never grew,—it never came forth; it never bloomed! Ireland was as Catholic the day that Elizabeth died at Hampton Court, gnawing the flesh off her hands in despair, and blaspheming God,—Ireland was as Catholic that day as she was the day that Henry the Eighth vainly commanded her first to become Protestant (cheers).

Then came a little breathing time,—a very short time,—

and in fifty years there were six hundred Irish Dominican priests in Ireland again. They studied in Spain, in France, in Italy. These were the youth—the children of Irish fathers and mothers, who cheerfully gave them up, though they knew almost to a certainty that they were devoting them to a martyr's death; but they gave them up for God. Smuggled out of the country, they studied in these foreign lands; and they came back again, by night and by stealth, and they landed upon the shores of Ireland; and when Cromwell came, he found six hundred Irish Dominicans upon the Irish land. Ten years after,—only ten years past,—and again the Irish Dominican preachers assembled to count up their numbers, and to tell how many survived and how many had fallen. How many do you think were left out of the six hundred? But one hundred and fifty were left; four hundred and fifty had perished,—had shed their blood for their country, or had been shipped away to Barbadoes as slaves. These are the tales their ruins tell. I need not speak of their noble martyrs. Oh, if these moss-grown stones of the Irish Franciscan and Dominican ruins could speak, they would tell how the people gave up everything they had, for years and years, as wave after wave of successive persecutions and confiscations and robbery rolled over them,—rather than renounce their glorious faith or their glorious priesthood (loud cheers).

When Elizabeth died, the Irish Catholics thought her successor, James I, would give them at least leave to live; and, accordingly, for a short time after he became king, James kept his own counsel, and he did not tell the Irish Catholics whether he would grant them any concessions or not; but he must have given them some encouragement, for they befriended him, as they had always done to the House of Stuart. But what do you think the people did? As soon as the notion that they would be allowed to live in the land took possession of them, and that they would be allowed to take possession of the estates they had been robbed of,—instead of minding themselves, the very first thing they did—to the credit of Irish fidelity be it said—was to set about restoring the Franciscan and Dominican abbeys (cheers). It was thus they restored the Black Abbey in Kilkenny, a Dominican House; they restored the Dominican Convent in Waterford, Multifaramham, in Westmeath, and others; and these in a few months grew up into all their former beauty from ruin, under the loving, faithful, restoring hands of the Irish people. But soon came

a letter from the King; and it began with these notable words:—"It has been told to us, that some of our Irish subjects imagined that we were about to grant them liberty of conscience." No such thing! Liberty of conscience for Irish Catholics! No! Hordes of persecutors were let loose again, and the storms of persecution that burst over Ireland in the days of James I. were quite as bad, and as terrible as any that rained down blood upon the land in the days of Queen Elizabeth. And so, with varying fortunes, now of hope, and now of fear, this self-same game went on. The English determined that they would make one part of Ireland, at least, Protestant, and that the fairest and the best portion of it, as they imagined,—namely, the province of Ulster. Now, mark the simple way they went about it. They made up their minds that they would make one province of Ireland Protestant, to begin with, in order that it might spread out by degrees to the others. And what did they do? They gave notice to every Catholic in Ulster to pack up and be gone,—to leave the land. They confiscated every single acre in the fair province of Ulster; and the Protestant Primate, the Archbishop of Armagh,—a very holy man, who was always preaching to the people not to be too fond of the things of this world,—he got 43,000 acres of the best land of these convents in fee. Trinity College, in Dublin, got 30,000 acres. There were certain guilds of traders in London,—the "Skinners," "tanners," the "dry salvers;" and what do you think these London Trade Associations got? They got a present of two hundred and nine thousand eight hundred acres of the finest land in Ulster. Then all the rest of the province was given in lots of 1,000, 1,500 to 2,000 acres to Scotchmen and Englishmen. But the very deed that gave it obliged them to take their oath that they would accept that land upon this condition—not so much as to give a day's work to a laboring man, unless that laboring man took his oath that he was not a Catholic. And so Ulster was disposed of. That remained until Cromwell came;—and when the second estimate was made of the kingdom it was discovered that there were nearly five millions of acres lying still in the hands of the Catholics. And what did Cromwell do? He quietly made a law, and he published it—and he said on the 1st of May, 1654, every Catholic in Ireland was to cross the Shannon, and to go into Connaught. Now, the river Shannon cuts off five of the Western counties from the rest of Ireland, and these five counties, though very large in extent, have more of waste

land, of bog, and of hard, unproductive, stony soil than all the rest of Ireland. I am at liberty to say this, because I, myself, am the heart's blood of a Connaughtman (great cheering and laughter). If any other man said this of Connaught, I would have to say my prayers, and keep a very sharp eye about me, to try to keep my temper (laughter). But it is quite true; with all our love for our native land, with all my love for my native province,—all that love won't put a blade of grass on an acre of limestone; and that there are acres of such, we all know. It was an acre of this sort that a poor fellow was building a wall around. "What are you building that wall for?" says the landlord. "Are you afraid the cattle will get out?" "No, your honor, indeed I am not," says the poor man; "but I was afraid the poor brutes might get in!" (laughter). Then Cromwell sent the Catholics of Ireland to Connaught;—and remember he gave them their choice; he said, "Now, if you don't like to go to Connaught, I will send you to hell!" (loud laughter). So the Catholic Irish put their heads together, and they said: "It is better for us to go to Connaught! He may want the other place for himself!" (Great laughter and cheering.)

God forbid that I should condemn any man to hell; but I cannot help thinking of what the poor carman said to myself in Dublin once. Going along, he saw a likeness of Cromwell, and he says, "At all events Cromwell has gone to the devil!" I said, "My man, don't be uncharitable. Don't say that; it is uncharitable to say it." "Thunder and turf!" says he, "sure if *he* is not gone to the devil, where is the use of having a devil at all!" (Merriment and cheering). At any rate, my friends, wherever he is gone to, he confiscated at one act five millions of acres of Irish land; with one stroke of his pen, he handed over to his Cromwellian soldiers five million acres of the best land in Ireland, the Golden Vale of Tipperary included. Forty years later, the Catholics began to creep out of Connaught, and to buy little lots here and there, and they got a few lots here and there, given to them by their Protestant friends. But, at any rate, it was discovered by the Government of England that the Catholics in Ireland were beginning to get a little bit of the land again—and they issued another Commission to inquire into the titles to these properties, and they found that there was a million two hundred thousand acres of the land recurred to the Catholics—and they found, also, that that land belonged to the Crown; and the million two hundred thousand acres were again confiscated. So that, as soon as the

people began to take hold of the land at all, down came the sword of persecution and of confiscation upon them. And Cromwell himself avowed with the greatest solemnity, that as Ireland would not become Protestant, Ireland should be destroyed. Now, is it to excite your feelings of hatred against England that I say these things? No, no! I don't want any man to hate his neighbor. I don't want to excite these feelings. Nor I don't believe it is necessary for me to excite them (laughter and loud cheers). I believe sincerely I believe—that an effort to excite an Irishman to a dislike of England, would be something like an effort to encourage a cat to take a mouse (cheers). I mention these facts first because these are the things that Ireland's ruins tell us; because these are at once the history of the weakness and the sadness, yet of the strength and of the glory of which these ruins tell us. I mention these things because they are matter of history; and because, though we are the party that were on the ground, prostrate, there is nothing in the history of our fathers at which the Irishmen of to-day need be ashamed, or hang his head (loud cheers). But if you want to know in what spirit our people dealt with all this persecution—if you want to know how we met those who were thus terrible in their persecution of us, I appeal to the history of my country, and I will state to you three great facts that will show you what was the glorious spirit of the Irish people, even in the midst of their sorrows;—how Christian it was and how patient it was;—how forgiving and how loving even to our persecutors it was;—how grandly they illustrated the spirit of duty at the command of their Lord and Saviour, and how magnificently they returned good for evil. The first of these facts is this: At the time that England invaded Ireland,—towards the close of the twelfth century,—there were a number of Englishmen in slavery in Ireland. They were taken prisoners of war; they had come over with the Danes,—from Wales and from North Britain with their Danish superiors; and when Ireland conquered them, the rude, terrible custom of the times, and the shocks that all peaceful spirit had got by these wars, had bred so much ferocity in the people, that they actually made slaves of these Englishmen! And they were everywhere in the land. When the English landed in Ireland, and when the first Irish blood was shed by them, the nation assembled by its bishops and archbishops in the synod at Armagh, there said, "Perhaps the Almighty God is angry with us because we have these captive Christians and Saxons among us, and

punishes us for having these slaves among us. In the name of God we will set them free." And on that day every soul in Ireland that was in slavery, received his freedom (loud cheers). Oh, what a grand and glorious sight before Heaven!—a nation fit to be free yet enslaved—yet with the very hand on which others try to fasten their chains, striking off the chains from these English slaves! Never was there a more glorious illustration of the Heavenly influence of Christianity since Christianity was preached among the nations. The next incident is rather a ludicrous one, and I am afraid that it will make you laugh. My friends, I know the English people well. Some of the best friends that I have in the world are in England. They have a great many fine qualities. But there is a secret, quiet, passive contempt for Ireland—and I really believe it exists among the very best of them, with very few exceptions. An Englishman will not, as a general rule, hate an Irishman joined to him in faith; but he will quietly despise us. If we rise and become fractious, then, perhaps, he will fear us; but, generally speaking, in the English heart there is, no doubt, a contempt for Ireland and for Irishmen. Now, that showed itself remarkably in 1666. In that year the Catholics of Ireland were ground into the very dust. That year saw one hundred thousand Irishmen—six thousand of them beautiful boys—sent off to be sold as slaves in the sugar plantations of Barbadoes. That year London was burned, just as Chicago was burned the other day. The people were left in misery. The Catholics of Ireland,—hunted persecuted, scarcely able to live,—actually came together, and, out of pure charity they made up for the famishing people of London a present—a grand present. They sent them over fifteen thousand fat bullocks! They knew John Bull's taste for beef (laughter). They knew his liking for a good beef-steak, and they actually sent him the best beef in the world—Irish beef (laughter). The bullocks arrived in London. The people took them, slaughtered them and ate them—and the Irish Catholics said, "Much good may they do you" (laughter)! Now comes the funny part of it. When the bullocks were all killed and eaten, the people of London got up a petition to the Houses of Parliament and they got Parliament to act on that petition; it was to the effect that this importation of Irish oxen was a nuisance; and it should be abated (cheers and laughter). But they had taken good care to eat the meat before they voted it a nuisance (laughter).

The third great instance of Ireland's magnanimous

Christianity, and of the magnanimity with which this brave and grand old people knew how to return good for evil, was in the time of King James. In the year 1689, exactly twenty years after the Irish bullocks had been voted a nuisance in London—in that year there happened to be, for a short time, a Catholic King in England. The tables were turned. The King went to work and he turned out the Irish Lord Chancellor because he was a Protestant, and he put in a Catholic Chancellor in his place. He turned out two Irish judges because they were Protestants, and he put in two Englishmen, Catholics, as judges in their place. He did various actions of this kind, persecuting men because they were Protestants and he was a Catholic. And, now, mark! We have it on the evidence of history that the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh and the Catholic Pope of Rome wrote to James the Second, through the Lord Lieutenant over the Irish Catholics there, that he had no right to do that—and that it was very wrong (loud cheers). Oh, what a contrast! When Charles the First wished to grant some little remission of the persecution in Ireland, because he was in want of money, the Irish Catholics sent him word that they would give him two hundred thousand pounds if he would only give them leave to worship God as their own consciences directed. What encouragement the King gave them we know not; at any rate, they sent him a sum of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, by way of instalment. But the moment it became rumored abroad, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin got up in the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and he declared that a curse would fall upon the land and upon the King, because of these anticipated concessions to the Catholics. What a contrast is here presented between the action of the Catholic people of Ireland and the action of their oppressors! And in these instances have we not presented to us the strongest evidence that the people who can act so by their enemies were incapable of being crushed! Yes; Ireland can never be crushed nor conquered. Ireland can never lose her nationality so long as she retains so high and so glorious a faith, and presents so magnificent an illustration of it in her national life. Never! She has not lost it? She has it to-day. She will have it in the higher and a more perfect form of complete and entire national freedom;—for God does not abandon a race who not only cling to Him with an unchanging faith, but who also know how, in the midst of their sufferings, to illustrate that Faith by so glorious, so liberal, so grand a spirit of Christian charity (loud cheers).

And now, my friends, it is for me simply to draw one conclusion, and to have done. Is there a man among us here to-night who is ashamed of his race or his native land if that man have the high honor to be an Irishman? Is there a man living that can point to a more glorious and a pure source whence he draws the blood in his veins than the man who can point to the bravery of his Irish forefathers or the immaculate purity of his Irish mother (loud cheers)? We glory in them and we glory the faith for which our ancestors have died. We glory in the love of country that never,—never,—for an instant,—admitted that Ireland was a mere province,—that Ireland was merely a “West Britain.” (Renewed cheers.) Never in our darkest hour was that idea adapted to the Irish mind, or adopted by the will of the Irish people (cheers). And therefore, I say if we glory in that faith—if we glory in the history of their national conduct and of their national love, oh, my friends and fellow-countrymen—I say it as well as a priest as an Irishman—let us emulate their example; let us learn to be generous to those who differ from us—and let us learn to be charitable even to those who would fain injure us (cheers). We can thus conquer them. We can thus assure to the future of Ireland the blessings that have been denied to her past,—the blessing of religious equality, the blessing of religious liberty, the blessing of religious unity, which one day or other will spring up in Ireland again (tremendous cheering). I have often heard words of bitterness, aye, and of insult, addressed to myself in the North of Ireland, coming from Orange lips, but I have always said to myself, he is an Irishman; though he is an Orangeman, he is an Irishman. If he lives long enough he will learn to love the priest that represents Ireland’s old faith; but if he die in his Orange dispositions, his son or his grandson will yet shake hands with and bless the priest, when he and I are both in our graves (loud cheers). And why do I say this? Because nothing bad, nothing uncharitable, nothing harsh or venomous ever yet lasted long upon the green soil of Ireland. If you throw a poisonous snake into the grass of Ireland he will be sweetened, so as to lose his poison,—or else he will die (loud cheers). Even the English people when they landed were not two hundred and fifty years in the land until they were part of it: the very Normans who invaded us became “more Irish than the Irish themselves.” They became so fond of the country, that they were thoroughly imbued with its spirit. And so any evil that we have in Ireland is only a temporary and a passing evil, if we are only faithful to our traditions and to the history of our country

To-day there is religious disunion; but, thanks be to God, I have lived to see religious disabilities destroyed. [Cries of "here, here," and cheers.] And if I were now in the position of addressing Irish Orangemen, I would say, "Men of Erin, three cheers for the Church disestablishment!" [Great cheering.] And if they should ask me, "Why?" I would answer: "It was right and proper to disestablish the Church because the 'Established Church' was put in between you and me, and we ought to love each other for we are both Irish!" [Applause.]

Every class in Ireland will be drawn closer to the other by this disestablishment; and the honest Protestant man will begin to know a little more of his Catholic brother, and to admire him; and the Catholic will begin to know a little more of the Orangeman, and, perhaps, to say: "After all he is not half so bad as he appears" (laughter and cheers). And believe me, my friends, that, breathing the air of Ireland, which is Catholic, eating the bread made out of the wheat which grows out on Irish soil,—they get so infused with Catholic blood that, as soon as the Orangeman begins to have the slightest regard or love for his Catholic fellow-countryman he is on the highway to become a Catholic;—for a Catholic he will be sometime or other. As a man said to me very emphatically once, "They will all be Catholics one day, surely, sir, if they only stay long enough in the country!" I say, my friends, that the past is the best guarantee for the future. We have seen the past in some of its glories. What is the future to be? What is the future that is yet to dawn on this dearly loved land of ours? Oh, how glorious will that future be, when all Irishmen shall be united in one common faith and one common love? Oh, how fair will our beloved Erin be when, clothed in religious unity, religious equality, and freedom, she shall rise out of the ocean wave, as fair, as lovely, in the end of time as she was in the glorious days when the world, entranced by her beauty, proclaimed her to be the Mother of Saints and Sages (loud cheers). Yes; I see her rising emancipated; no trace of blood or persecution on her virgin face—the crown so long lost to her, resting again upon her fair brow! I see her in peace and concord with all the nations around her, and with her own children within her. I see her venerated by the nations afar off, and, most of all, by the mighty nation which, in that day, in its strength, and in its youth, and in its vigor, shall sway the destinies of the world (great cheering). I see her as Columbia salutes her across the ocean waves. But the

light of freedom coming from around my mother's face will reflect the light of freedom coming from the face of that nation which has been nursed in freedom, cradled in freedom, and which has never violated the sacred principles of religious freedom and religious equality (vehement cheering). I see her with the light of faith shining upon her face, and I see her revered, beloved and cherished by the nations as an ancient and a most precious thing. I behold her rising in the energy of a second birth, when nations that have held their heads high are humbled in the dust! And so I hail thee, O mother Erin! and I say to thee—

"The nations have fallen, but thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising when others have set,
And though slavery's clouds round thy morning have hung,
The full noon of Freedom shall beam round thee yet!"

(Great cheering, amid which the Rev. lecturer retired.)

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Sermon delivered on Sunday afternoon, April 7th, by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, in the Chapel of the "Xavier Alumni Sodality," attached to the Church and College of St. Francis Xavier, Fifteenth Street, New York]

"THE PEACE OF GOD."

"Now when it was late that same day, being the first day of the week and the doors were shut, where the disciples were gathered together, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came, and stood in the midst, and said to them: Peace be to you. * * * * The disciples, therefore, were glad when they saw the Lord, and He said to them again: Peace be to you.' Now, Thomas, the son of Didymus, was not with them. * * * Jesus came and stood in the midst of them and said: "Peace be to you!"—John 20: 19-31.

This mode of salutation was adopted by our Divine Lord after his resurrection and not before. Invariably, for the forty days that He remained with His own, after He had risen unto His glory, He saluted them with the words "Peace be to

you," as He had said elsewhere, "My peace I leave unto you. My peace I give unto you." After His resurrection, I say He said these words. Before His passion He could scarcely say them with truth; for up to the moment that He sent forth His last cry upon the Cross,—saving us,—there was war between God and man; and how could the Son of God say, "peace be to you?" But now, when He has reconciled all in Himself—*omnia reconcilavit et in semet ipso pacem faciens*,—creating peace—that which He Himself produced, He gave to His Apostles in the words which I have just read for you.

And now, my dear friends, let us consider what is that peace of which our Saviour speaks—what is that peace which He declares to be the inheritance of the elect,—the great legacy that He left to the world,—“the peace of God that surpasseth all understanding.” In what does it consist? Do we know the meaning—the very definition—of it? It is a simple word, and familiar to us, is this word peace; but I venture to say that it is one of those simple words that men do not take the trouble to seek to interpret or to understand. In order, then, that we may understand what is this “peace of God which surpasseth all understanding,” and in order that in our understanding of it, by the light of faith, we may discover our own mission as Christian men, I ask you to consider what the mission of the Divine Son of God was, when He came and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary and was made man. What did He come for? What work did He have to do? I answer in the language of Scripture: “He came to effect many works of peace and reconciliation.” In the day that man sinned and rebelled against God, he declared war against the Almighty; and God took up the challenge, and declared war against sinners. This war involved separation between God and man; and in this state of warfare did Christ our Lord find the world. He found the world separated from God first of all by error and ignorance. “There is no truth and there is no knowledge of God in the land,” was the complaint of the Prophet Isaiah. “Truth is diminished among the children of men,” exclaimed, with sorrow, the royal Psalmist; “nowhere is God known.”

Before the Son of God came upon the earth, the nations had wandered away into a thousand forms of idolatry and of error. Every man called his own form of error by the name of “Religion.” Some were “epicureans;”—sensualists,—beasts—were made gods by them. They canonized the principle of impurity, and they called it by the name of

a goddess ; and they declared that this was their religion. Others there were, brutalized in mind, who worshipped their own passions of strife ; and they canonized the principle of revenge and of bloodshed, and they worshipped it under the name of Mars. This thing went so far that even thieves, robbers, the dishonest, had their own god ;—and the principle of dishonesty and of thievery was canonized, or, rather, deified, and called religion, and embodied under the name of the god Mercury ! It is a trick of the devil,—and it is a trick of the world,—to take up some form of error—some form of unbelief—and to call that “Religion.” When He came that was “the way, the truth, and the life,” there was darkness over the whole earth. The world was “civilized” enough. Arts and sciences flourished. It was the “Augustan Era,” which has given a name to the very highest civilization among the nations, from that day to this. But what was the awful want of their civilization. They ignored God ; they took no account of God in their knowledge. They thought they could be wise without God. God nullified their wisdom, and abandoned them to a reprobate sense ! Thus did mankind declare war against the God of Truth and of Wisdom. What followed from this ? Another kind of war, more terrible, if you will,—the effect—the natural and necessary effect—of that separation of the human intellect from God. What was this ? Every form of sin—nay, the vilest, the filthiest, the most abominable sin—was found among men. Not as an exception ; not as a thing to be hidden, but as a thing to be acknowledged, as a matter of course. The husband was not faithful to the wife, nor the wife to the husband. Juvenal tells us that in that flourishing society of paganism, as a man saw his wife growing old—and, accordingly, as the bloom of her youth passed away from her,—he began to despise her, until, in the words of the satirist, the day came when she saw a fair, blooming maiden come into the house, and herself, the mother of children, summoned to go out ; because her eyes had lost their lustre, and her features the roses and the lilies of beauty ; and a stranger was there to take her place. There was no principle of fidelity. There was no principle of honesty. No man could trust his fellow-man. No man knew who was to be trusted. Even the ancient, rugged virtues that the early Republics of Greece and Rome produced, had passed away. The world was over-civilized for them. They were the rough forms, with some semblance of that virtue upon them that the rugged half-civilized man possessed, and were

ntterly laughed at, and scorned, and scoffed at by the civilized pagan, who was the very embodiment of sensuality and impurity.

Thus did the world declare war against God, and for sensuality. The God of Purity,—they knew Him not,—and, therefore, they could not believe in Him. "There is no truth, and there is no knowledge of God in the land," says the prophet. Then, he immediately adds: "Cursing, lying, theft, and adultery have overthrown and blotted out much love—because my people, saith the Lord, have no grace."

The second kind of war which our Lord found upon the earth was the war between men: for they who had ceased to know God, had ceased to love or respect one another. Split up into a multitude of sects,—nation against nation, province, against province, the very history of our race was nothing but a history of war and strife, and bloodshed. Then came the Son of God Incarnate, with healing hand and powerful touch, to restore the world, and to renew the face of our earth. How did He do this? It could only be done by Him, and by Him could it be only done by His instituting, and leaving, and declaring the truth of God, Himself—and leaving it in the midst of men; the unchangeable truth, the eternal truth, the pure unmixed bright light of truth as it beamed forth from the eternal wisdom of God. It was only thus that He could restore mankind to peace with the God of eternal truth. Then it was necessary that having thus established the truth, He should wipe out the sin, by the shedding of His own blood, as a victim, and that He should leave behind Him, for ever in the world, the running stream of that sanctifying blood unto the cleansing of the sinner and the unclean,—unto the strengthening of the weak, unto the encouraging of the strong, unto the revivifying of the dead. Did Christ do this? Yes, He lifted up His voice and spoke, and the voice of the Saviour was the voice of the eternal God. And mark, that before He saved the world by the shedding of His blood, before He redeemed the sin, for three long years, night and day, in and out of season, He was preaching and teaching; dispelling error, letting in the light; for mankind would not be prepared for redemption except through the light and through the truth of God. Wherefore we find Him, now on the mountain side, now on the lake; now among the Pharisees, now in the desert; now in the temple of Jerusalem, now in the by-ways of Judea; now in the little towns and villages—but everywhere—"quotidie docens," teaching every day; for three years preparing the world for its redemp-

tion; reconciling the human intelligence with the light of God's truth; opening up the minds, and letting the stream of pure light from God into the intellect. Then, when the three years preparation were over, then when men began to understand what the truth was—then when He had formed His disciples, and established His Apostolic College:—then, did the eternal Victim go upon the Cross, and pour out His blood; and the shedding of that blood washed away the sin of the world—and left open those streams from His sacred wounds that were to flow through the sacramental channels, and that were to find every human soul with all its spiritual wants, here, there and everywhere, until the end of time,—according to that promise relating to the Church of the Lord; “You shall draw waters of joy, from the fountains of sorrow!” He purified the world by the shedding of His blood. But, well did he know our nature. “*Et naturam nostram ipse cognovit.*” He made us, and he knew us. Well did He know that the stream that he poured forth from His wounds on Calvary should flow for ever, because the sins which that blood alone could wipe away would be renewed, and renewed again, as long as mankind should be upon that earth. “For,”—and He said it with sorrowing voice—“it needs must be that scandal cometh.”

Thus in the Divine Truth and the sacramental grace which He gave, did He reconcile mankind to His Heavenly Father, and restore peace between God and man. Then, touching the other great warfare, He proclaimed the principle of universal charity—declared that no injuries, no insult, must obstruct it, or break it, or destroy it—declared that we must do good for evil,—declared that we must live for man; take an interest in all men, try to gain the souls of all men; and that this love, this fraternity, this charity, must reign in our hearts at the very same time that we are upholding, with every power of our mind—and, if necessary, of our body the sacred principles of Divine truth, and of Divine grace.

Behold, then, my dear friends, the peace that passeth all understanding; the peace that He came to leave and to give. Peace means union. When nations are at war, they are separated from each other into two hostile camps, and they look upon each other with scowling eyes of hatred and anger;—and when the war is over, they come forth—they meet—and they join hands in peace. So, the meeting of the intellect of man with the truth of God—the admission of that divine truth into the mind—the opening of the heart to the admission of the grace of God, and of our Lord Himself

by the sacraments, establishes the meeting of peace between God and man. The charity of which I have spoken—the nobleness of Christian forgiveness, which is the complement of Christian humility—the grandeur of Christian patience and forbearance—establishes peace among all mankind. It was the design of Christ that that eternal peace of which I speak should also be represented by unity—that all men should be one by the unity of thought in one common faith, by the unity of heart in one common charity. And it is worthy of remark that just as our Lord saluted His Apostles with the words: “My peace be with you”—after His resurrection—so, before His Passion—on the night before He suffered—He put up His prayer to God—and over and over again, to the Father in Heaven—that all men might be one, even as He and the Father were one. “Father,” He says, “Keep them one, even as thou and I are one.” That is to say a union of faith—a recognition of one undivided and unchanging truth,—a bowing down of all before one idea—and then, a union of hearts springing from that union of faith. This was the design of Christ, and for this He labored. And this the Church has labored to effect. For this she has labored two thousand years. She has succeeded, in a great measure, in doing it;—but the work has been upset and destroyed in many lands by the hands of those who were the enemies of God in spoiling and breaking up the fair design of our Lord and Saviour.

Now, in this eternal and immutable truth preached to all men—recognized by all men—gathering in every intelligence—respecting all honest deviations—yet uniting all in faith—in this truth and in this sanctifying peace which is in the Catholic Church, lies the salvation of the world—the salvation of society—the salvation of every principle which forms this highly-commended and often-praised civilization of ours. The moment we step one inch out of the Catholic Church and look around us, what do we find? Is there any agency on earth,—even though it may call itself a religion,—that will answer the purposes of society? Is there any of these sects—or religions, as they call themselves, that can make a man pure? No. They are unable to probe and sound the depths of the human heart. They do not pretend to legislate for purity of thought. Practically, they reduce the idea of purity to a mere saving of appearances before the world,—to a mere external respect and decorum. Are they able to shake a man out of his sins? No; there is no reality about them. They have no tribunal of conscience, even,

to which they oblige a man to come, after careful self-examination. They have no standard of judgment to put before him. They have no agency, divinely appointed, to crush a man,—to humble a man,—to break the pride in him,—to make him confess and avow his sin,—and then, lifting the sacramental hand over him, by reason of his humility, his sorrow, and his confession—to send him forth renewed and converted by the grace of God. There is no such thing. There is nothing so calculated to enable a man to keep his word faithfully. No. The first principle of fidelity—lying at the root of all society—the great fundamental principle of fidelity—is the sacrament which makes the sanctity of marriage,—by which those whom it unites are sealed with the seal of God and sanctified with the truth of God's church. The man is saved from the treachery of his own passions. The woman is saved from the inconstancy of the heart of man. The family is saved in the assertion of the mother's rights,—in the placing on her head a crown that no hand on earth can touch or take away. The future of the world is saved by ennobling the Christian woman and wife, and mother, with something of the purity of the Virgin Mother of God? Do they do this? Oh, feel the heart within me indignant,—the blood almost boiling in my veins when I think of it!—when I see under the shadow of the crucified, nineteen hundred years after He had sanctified the world,—when I see men deliberately rooting up the very foundations of society—loosening the key-stone in the arch, and pulling it down, in the day when they went back to their paganism—in the day when they threatened that the bond that God had tied should be unloosed by the hands of men,—in the day when they gave the lie to the Lord Himself, who declared—"What God hath joined let no man separate,"—in the day when man is so flung out into his own temptations; and the women, no matter who she may be,—crowned queen or lowly peasant; the first or the last in the land,—is waiting in trepidation, not knowing the hour when, upon some infamous accusation, the writ of divorce may be put into her hand, and the mother of children be ordered to go forth, that her place may be given to another!

Is there any agency to make men honest? No; they cannot do it. A man plunders to-day; steals with privy hand; enriches himself unlawfully, unjustly, shamefully—and to-morrow he goes to some revival, or some camp meeting, and there he blesses the Lord in a loud voice, proclaiming to his admiring friends that "he has found the Lord!" But is there

any agency to stop him, and say : "Hold my friend, wait for a moment ! Have you made restitution to the last farthing for what you unjustly acquired ? Have you shaken out that Judas purse of yours, until the last dime—the very last piece of silver for which you sold your soul to hell, has gone back again to those from whom it was taken ? If not, speak not of finding Christ !—speak not of leaning upon the Lord ! Blaspheme not the God of Justice !" Is there any agency outside of the Catholic Church to sift a man like this ? Is there any such agency at all ? No : we live in an age of shams—of pretences ; and the worst shams of all—the vilest—the foulest pretences of all—are those we find in the so-called "religious world." Take up your religious newspapers—take up your religious publications outside of the Catholic Church ! I protest it is more than common sense or human patience can bear ! If the great Church of the living God were not in the midst of you, unchanging in truth—ever faithful in every commission—clothed in the freshness of her first sanctity, and sanctifying all who come within her sacramental influence—if she were not here as the city of God, this so-called "religious world" would bring down the wrath of God,—calculated, as its antics are, to bring the Lord, Himself, into contempt, exciting the pity of angels, the anger of heaven, and the joy of hell.

A recent writer who has devoted some attention to the consideration of the question of religious indifference asks—"Why are the churches empty ? How is that the intellectual men of the day don't like to listen to sermons ? How is it that they take no interest in the things of the Church ? How is it that they have no belief ?" And a wise voice—a pious voice—answers : "Because, my friend, you do not know how to preach to them. If you want to captivate the intellect of the men of our day ;—if you want to warp them,—if you want to convince them—don't be clinging to antiquated traditions ;—don't rest upon these so-called doctrines of a by-gone time. Read scientific books. Find there the problems that are bursting up continually from modern science, and try to reconcile your ideas of religion with those ;—and then preach them ! Then will you show yourself a man of the age—a man of progress !" And so, henceforth, the subject matter of our sermons is to be electric telegraphs, submarine cables, and flying ships. "If you want to learn how most effectively to preach," adds this wise and able voice, "read the latest novels, and try to learn from them all the bye-ways and highways of the human heart." See how deli-

cately they follow all the chit-chat of society,—all the little gossipings, and love-makings and the thousand-and-one influences that act upon the adulterous and depraved heart of man—the wicked passions of man. This is the text from which the preacher of to-day is to preach if he wishes to attract the intellect of the world. And all this in the very sight, and under the shadow of the Cross of Christ, who died for man! Was ever blasphemy so terrible? And this is what is called “religion” by the world. Not a word about Divine truth—not a word about Divine grace! In one of the leading journals of New York—an able paper—a well written paper—in a leading article of that paper this very morning, I read a long dissertation on this very question of preaching and preachers;—and the word “truth” appeared only once in that article—and then it came in under the title of “scientific truth.” The word “grace” did not occur even once. But never, even once, did simple “truth” occur—or even “religious truth,” flash across the mind of the able, temperate-minded judicious man that wrote it! And I don’t blame him,—for he was writing for the age! He was giving a very fair idea of what the world is, and what the world is sure to come to, if the Almighty God, in His mercy, does not touch the hearts of men, and give them enough of sense to turn to the Catholic Church and hear the voice of God—the Divine spouse of Christ in her teachings. Without this voice they cannot hear the voice of God. Without her teaching, this hardened, dried-up heart of man will never grow into purity of love.

Now we come to the mission that you and I have. Grand as is the vision that rises before our eyes when we contemplate the heavenly beauty and graces of our great and mighty Mother, the Church, who has never told a lie nor ever compromised or kept back the least portion of the eternal and saving truth which mankind should know; and who has never tolerated the slightest sin, but to king and peasant has said alike, “be pure, be faithful, or I will cut you off as a rotten branch and cast you into hell,”—grand I say as is the spectacle of this glorious Church,—wonderful and convincing as are her claims to every man’s faith and every man’s obedience,—if the advocacy of their claims were left to me, and to such as I am and to the Fathers, the world would scarcely ever be converted. You have your mission, my dear young friends, children of the Church of God; you have your mission,—not as preachers indeed; yet, far more eloquent than the voice of any preacher, in the silent force of example,—the example

that you must give to those around you, forcing the most unwilling and reluctant to look upon you and to see in you shining forth the glories of your divine religion. "*Sit lux luceat omni mundo.*" He did not say to all, "Go and preach": only to the twelve. But to all of them He said, "let your light shine before men, that they may see your work and that they may give glory to God, who is in Heaven." And so I say to you, let your light shine calmly but brightly: that all men may see you, and thus give glory to your Mother the Church, triumphant in Heaven, and militant for you on earth. It is your mission to avow bravely, manfully,—however temperately, yet firm as the adamant rock,—every sacred principle of Catholicity, and every iota of the teaching of that Church, when she teaches a law; because her destiny is to be the embodiment of truth in this world. "With the heart we believe unto justice." But that is not enough; with the mouth we must make loud confession unto salvation:—loud confession! Why? Because the devil is making a loud act of his faith, filling the world with it, bringing it out everywhere, in books in newspapers, in speeches, in associations, in schools, in the public academies, in the universities, in the halls of medicine, and of law; in the courts, in the senate,—it is the one cry—the harsh, grating cry by which the devil makes his act of detestable faith in himself, and denial of God;—an act of faith,—an act of diabolical faith that meets us at every turn—strikes and offends every sense of ours with its terrible language. We cannot take up a book that, if we do not find a satyr peering out from its pages it is the bald, stark, daub of some fool, who flings his smut or his infidelity into the sight of God. We cannot turn to a public journal that is not a record of plundering, of villany, of robbery, and murders and thefts and defalcations. Why, what would a dictionary of this day of ours look like? It would be filled with modern names,—page after page,—for these modern sins of which our honest forefathers scarcely knew anything:—these sins, the embodiment of the practical immorality of the apostate monk of Wurtemberg. We must oppose this terrible exhibition of evil which the devil makes in our public streets and throughout every organ that comes before us, not only by the strong assertion of our holy faith, but by the silent and eloquent example of our purity of life, our uprightness and cleanliness of heart. And therefore it is that in truth, never perhaps before was the Word of the Lord so well fulfilled in the children of the Catholic Church, as to-day, when he said, "You are the salt of the earth." And so

they are the salt of the earth throughout the world. How much more in this great country, where we are, as it were, in the spring-time only breaking up the ground and throwing in the seed from which one-hundred-fold the fruit will come when we are lying in our cold forgotten graves. The seedings that we sow to-day, of Catholic faith, of Catholic purity, of Catholic truth, will grow up into a fruit and an abundance so grand, so magnificent, that, perhaps it is given to us that the ultimate glory of the Church of God shall be the work of our hands and of our lives to-day. It is a great thing to live in the spring-time of a nation; it is a great thing to find oneself at the fountain head of a stream of mighty national existence that will swell with every age, gaining momentum as it rolls on with the flood of time. It is a great thing to lie at the fountain-head of that stream. It is said, with truth—

“ The pebble on the streamlet’s brink
Has changed the course of many a river ;
The dew-drop on the acorn-leaf
May warp the giant oak forever.”

The river of America’s nationality and the existence is only beginning to flow to-day, and we should endeavor to direct it into the current of Catholicity. The young oak which is planted to-day, and which will, in all probability, over-shadow and overspread the whole earth, was but lately hidden in the acorn-cup. Ah, let us remember, that even a pebble in the hand of the youth, David, hurled against Goliath, struck down the giant. Let us be the pebble in the hand of God that shall strike down this demon—this proud, presumptuous demon of infidelity that has entered into the land and taking, “seizing,” the whole Continent of America, says “this soil must be mine.” Let us be as the pebble in the mountain brook, which turns the stream that will one day be a mighty river, into the great bed of Catholic truth and Catholic purity that alone can save this land. Let us be as the dew-drop on the acorn leaf—the dew-drop of Catholic faith, of Catholic intelligence, and Catholic morality; the tear, as it were, flowing from the pitying eye of the Saviour, upon the young sprouting oak of human existence, training it towards heaven—sending it to heaven in the national aspiration, in the national action, and not permitting it to be dragged and warped, in this way and that, until it lies a stunted and misbegotten plant, clinging to the

earth, into which it will fling its leaves—its trunk stunted and withered, conveying no sap but the sap of religious bigotry and intolerance, and the bitterest juices of foolish sectarianism, of absurd, blind folly, exciting the laughter of all sensible men upon the earth, the indignation of God, and the joy of hell. This is our mission. Say, will you fulfill it? Say, Oh Catholic young men, will you fulfill it? You cannot fulfill it without being thorough-going Catholics; you cannot fulfill it without being joined heart and soul with the Church, through the Church's head—through the immutable rock—the supreme governor—the infallible teacher of God's infallible Church; you cannot fulfill this mission until you join with that rivalry of Christian self-denial—the rivalry of Christian purity, and a holy horror of everything hollow and pretentious—a holy horror of shams. There are no shams in the Catholic Church; there is nothing but shams—religious shams—outside of her. You cannot fulfill this mission unless you seek to sanctify your hearts and your lives, and to sweeten those lives by prayer, by confession, and communion; and I congratulate you, that in facing this mission, which lies before every Catholic man,—you do it, not as individuals, but as a body, as an organization. We live in an age of organizations. There is nothing everywhere but organizations, for this thing, or for that; and Christ our Lord should have His. It is fitting that the Church should have hers. You are banded together in the name of our Lord and Saviour.

You remember that in the Gospel of last Sunday the Evangelist tells us—"These things are written that all men may believe that the Lord Jesus is Christ—the Son of God; and that, believing, they may have life in His name." In His name you are assembled together, bound by common hopes, by a common purpose, which, without interfering at all with your daily duties or your individual liberty, still binds you together in a unity of thought, of opinion, and of purpose, to act on this great mass of society, in which our mission lies—yours and mine,—mine in the Word, mine in labor, mine in undivided thought, for that and nothing but that,—or else I also would be a sham;—yours in the manner of which I have spoken to you. And you are banded together under the guidance of these religious men whom the Church honors by permitting them to take the glorious name of Jesus as their own;—of these men who, for three hundred years, have led the van of the Holy Catholic Church in that mighty warfare that is going on, which makes the Church a militant church;

—of these men whose fathers before them—the Saints—received first every blow that was intended to strike at the heart of the Church;—of these men who are known among the religious Orders of the Church, and represent the Saviour in His risen glory; for they rose again at the command of the Sovereign Pontiff;—of these men whose name is known in every land,—loved with the ardor of Catholic love; hated and detested with the first and most intense hatred of every man that hates the glorious and immaculate Church of Christ;—of these men who, for three hundred years, have trained and led the young intellect of Christendom—have stamped upon every young heart, that ever came under their hands, the sacred name and the sacred love which is their own title and their most glorious crown. And, therefore I congratulate you with hope,—and a high and well-assured hope,—that all that God intends, all that the Church expects at your hands, in this glorious Missionary Society,—that—all—that—you will give to God and to His Church so as to enable Him to repay you ten thousand fold, in glory, in the Kingdom of His everlasting joy!

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered in the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, by the Rev. FATHER BURKE.]

“THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE SALVATION OF SOCIETY.”

MY FRIENDS: The subject which, as you know, has been announced to you, and which I purpose to treat before you this evening, is the proposition that “The Catholic Church is the Salvation of Society.” Perhaps there are some among you who think I am an unwontedly courageous man to make so wild and so rash an assertion. But it must be acknowledged, indeed, that, for the past eighteen hundred years that the Catholic Church has existed, society has always endeavored to get away from her grasp and to live without her. People who admit the action of the Church, who allow it to influence their history, who let it influence their lives—-if they rise to the height of their Christian ele-

vation, if they conform themselves to the teachings of what is true, if they avail themselves of the graces of the Church—they are very often scoffed at and called a priest-ridden and besotted people. Nowadays, it is the fashion to look upon that man as the best of his class who has succeeded the most completely in emancipating himself from every control of religion, or of the Catholic Church. In one sense, it is a great advantage to a man to have no religion,—to shake off the influence of the Church. Such a man remains without a conscience and without much mind. He saves himself from those moments of uneasiness and remorse that come to most men until they completely lose all reverence for God : and the consequence is that, if he is a sinner, and in the way of sin, he enjoys it all the more ; and he can make the more use of his time in every pathway of iniquity, until he has no obstacles of conscience or of religion to fetter him. So far, it is an advantage to be without religion. The robber, for instance, can rob more confidently if he can manage to forget that there is a God above him. The murderer can wash his hands, no matter how deeply he stains them,—if there is no condemning record, no accusing voice, no ear to hear the voice of the blood that cries out against him for satisfaction. He can pursue his misdeeds all the more at his own ease. And, so, for this, among many other reasons, the world is constantly trying to emancipate itself from the dominion of God, and from the control of the Church—the messenger of the Saviour of the world. It would seem, therefore, at first sight, rather a hazardous thing to stand up in the face of the world, and in the face of society to-day—this boasted society—and say to them : “ You cannot live—you cannot get on without the Catholic Church ! She can do without you ! A coterie here ! A tribe there ! A nation elsewhere ! A race beyond ! She can do without you. But you, at your peril, must let her in, because you cannot do without her ! ” Now, this is the pith and substance of all that I intend to say to you here to-night ; but not to say it without proof ; for I do not ask any man here to accept one iota of what I say, on my mere assertion, until I have proved it.

My proposition, as you perceive, is that the Catholic Church is the Salvation of Society—and it involves three distinct propositions, although it may appear to you to be only one : First, it involves the proposition that society requires to be saved,—and then that it requires something for its salvation. Then, it involves the proposition that the Catholic Church, so far, has been the salvation of the world

in times past;—out of which grows the third proposition consequently, she is necessary to the world in all future times; and it is her destiny to be, in time to come, what she has been in time past—the salvation of society. These are three distinct propositions.

The man who admires this century of ours and who serenely glories in it—who calls it “the Age of Progress”—the “Age of Enlightenment;”—who speaks of his own land,—be it Ireland or America, or Italy or France,—as a country of enlightenment, and its people as an enlightened people,—this man stands amazed when I say to him that this boasted society requires salvation. Somebody or other must save it. For, consider what he has done? What has it produced without the saving influence of the Catholic Church? We may analyze society, as I intend to view it, from an intellectual stand-point. Then we shall see the society of learning,—the society of art and of literature. Or we may view it from a moral stand-point,—that is to say, in the government of the world, and how the wheels of society work in this boasted progress of ours,—emancipated from the Catholic Church, as this society has been mainly for the last three hundred years; in some countries more, in some countries less, in some countries entirely. Now, I ask you, what has this society produced, intellectually, morally, politically? Intellectually, it has produced a philosophy that asks us, at this hour of the day, to believe in ghosts. The last climax of the philosophy of this nineteenth century of ours is “Spiritualism,” of which you have all heard. The philosophy of to-day, unlike even the philosopher of the Pagan times of old, does not direct his studies, nor the labors of his mind, to the investigation of the truth and of the development of the hidden secrets of nature—of the harmonies of the soul of man—of the wants of the spirit of man. To none of these does the philosopher of to-day direct his attention. But this man,—this leader of mind in society,—gets a lot of his friends round a table; and there they sit and listen until “the spirits” begin to knock; that is the pith and substance of his philosophy. Another man—(one of another great school, and, indeed, these two schools may be said to have divided the philosophical empire of our age,)—this disciple of another school that sends up its telegrams into our churches and pulpits, says: “Oh, man! man of the children of men,—since thou hast received a commission to sound the Scriptures—to mend the “Word of God,” as it is called,—believe me when I tell you that our

common ancestor was an ape—and that it was by the merest accident,—the accident of progression; eating a certain kind of food; keeping certain hours; endeavoring, by degrees, to walk erect instead of crawling on our hands and feet,—it was by the merest accident,—a congeries of accidental circumstances,—that we have not tails!" This is the philosophy of the nineteenth century. This is the intellectual grandeur and "Progress of the Age" that says: "I don't require salvation!"

The moral progress of this society, which has emancipated itself from the Catholic Church,—what is it? It has produced in this, our society, sins, of which, as a priest and a man, I am ashamed to speak. It has produced in this City of New York the terrible insult to a crucified Lord,—that a woman, pretending to be modest, should have chosen Good Friday night to advocate impurity! Just as the intellectual development of our society, emancipated from the Church, has arrived at the glorious discovery of "Spiritualism," so the immoral development of this age of ours has arrived at the deep depth of "free love."

What is the political spirit of society, and the perfection to which it has attained since it has been emancipated from the Church? Why, it has produced the "politician" of our days. It has produced the ruler who imagines that he is set up, throughout all the nations, only to grasp,—justly, if he can, unjustly, if he has no other means,—every privilege of power and of absolutism. It has produced in the people an unwillingness to obey even just laws. I need not tell you; you have the evidence of your own senses; you have records of the daily actions of the world laid before you every morning. This is the issue of the dominant spirit of society, when society emancipates itself from the Church, and, by so doing, endeavors to shake off God. Now we come to the great question: *quis medicabit?* Who shall touch society with a scientific and healing hand? What virtue can we infuse into it? That must come, I assert, from God, and from Him alone, of whom the Scriptures say that "He makes a healthy people" (*facit populum sanabilem*); that He has made our nature so that, even in its worst infirmity, it is capable of cure. He came and found it in its worst infirmity; society rotten to its heart's core; and the interior rottenness—the obscurity of the intellect—the corruption of the heart—manifesting itself in the actions and sins of which St. Paul, the Apostle, says, "*Nec memorabilia in nobis*,"—that they must not be even mentioned among Christian men. Christ, the Son of God,

because He was God—equal to the Father—girding Himself up to the mighty work of healing this society, came down from Heaven and cured it, when no other hand but His could have touched it with healing; when no other virtue or power save His could, at all, have given life to the dead world, purity to the corrupt world, light to the darkened intellect or man. From Him came life to the dead—and that life was light to the darkened and strength to the weak,—because He was God.

Then the nations of Greece and Rome appeared in the strength of their power,—proud in their mental culture,—proud in the grandeur of their civilization—and contemptuously put away and despised the message of the Divine Faith which was sent to them, and for three hundred long years persecuted the Church of God. This great instructress, who came to talk in a language that they knew not, and to teach them things that they never heard of—both the things of Heaven and the things of earth—this great instructress, for three hundred years, lay hid in the caves and catacombs of the earth, afraid to show her face; for the whole world—all the power of Pagan Greece and Rome—was raised against her. There was blood upon her virgin face. There was blood upon her unspotted hands—the blood of the innocent and of the pure; and all the world knew of Christianity was the strong testimony which, from time to time, was given of it, by youth and maiden, in the arena of Rome, or in the amphitheatres of Antioch or of Corinth. Then, in punishment for their pride,—as an act of vengeance upon them for their rejection of His gospel—the Almighty God resolved to break up their ancient civilization; to sweep away their power; to bring the hordes of barbarous nations from the North of Europe into the very heart of Rome, the centre of the world's empire, and to crush and destroy it with fire and sword, and utterly to break up all that society which was formed, of old, upon the literature and the philosophy of Greece and of Rome. Consequently, we behold, in the fifth century, all the ancient civilization completely destroyed, and the world reduced again almost to the chaos of barbarism from which the Pagans of old had withdrawn it. Arts and sciences perished, when the Goth and Vandal, Visigoth, and Ostrogoth, and Hun swept down, fury in their eyes, swords in their hands;—swept down with naked bodies, barbarous language and fierce determination, like a swarm of locusts, over the old Roman Empire, and all the lands subject to Roman sway. A man who called himself the

"Scourge of God," Alaric, was at the head of his Visigoths. He was swooping over Rome. He was asked to spare the city out of respect to the civilization of the world and the tombs of the Apostles! "I cannot withhold," exclaimed the Visigoth, "I cannot withhold. I hear within me a mysterious voice which says: 'Alaric! Alaric! On! on to Rome!'" And so he came and sacked the city, burned and destroyed its temples, and its palaces, and its libraries, and its glories of painting and sculptures—hurled them all into the dust? And the desolation spread world-wide wherever a vestige of ancient civilization was found, until, at the end of that fatal century, the Church of God found herself standing upon the ruins of a world that had passed away. Before her were the countless hordes of the savage children of the North, out of which rugged material it was her destiny and her office to form the society of modern times. Hard, indeed, was the task which she undertook—not only to evangelize them—to teach them the things of God, but, also to teach them the beauties of human art and human science—to soften them with the genial influences and the tender appliances of learning;—to gain their hearts and soften their souls, and mollify their manners and refine them by every human appliance as well as by every Divine influence. For this task did she gather herself up. She, in that day, collected with a careful and with a venerating hand all that remained out of the ruin of ancient literature, of ancient poetry, of ancient history, in the languages of Greece and of Rome. She gathered them lovingly and carefully to her bosom. She laid them up in her sacred recesses,—in her cloisters. She applied, diligently, to the study of them, and to the diffusion of them, the minds of the holiest and best of her consecrated children; until, in a few years all that the world had of refinement, of learning, of all that was refining and gentle, was all concentrated in the person of the lowly monk, who, full of the lore of Greece and Rome—full of the ancient learning as well as of that of the time,—an artist—a painter—a musician—a man of letters—and covering all with the humility of his profession, and hiding all in the cloister, yet treasured all up for the society that was to come after him, and for the honor and glory of God and of His Church. And so, by degrees, the Church was enabled to found schools—and, then, colleges,—and thence to form, gradually, universities—and to obtain for them and to insure unto them civic and municipal rights, as we shall see farther on.

By degrees she founded the great mediæval universities, gathering together all those who wished to learn, and sending forth from her cloisters, her Benedictines, and Cistercians, her Dominicans, her Franciscans to teach philosophy and theology while they illustrated the very highest art in the beauty of their paintings and the splendor which they threw around the Christian sciences. Universities were founded by her into which she gathered the youth of various nations; and then sending them home, among their rude and rugged fellow-citizens, she spread gradually the flame of human knowledge as well as the fire of divine faith and sanctity; and thus, for many a long century did the Church labor assiduously, lovingly, perseveringly, and so secured unto us whatever blessings of learning we possess to-day. It is worthy of remark that in this way she saved society for the time, by drawing forth its rude chaotic elements, and by her patient action in creating the light of knowledge where the darkness of ignorance was before,—with patient and persevering effort bringing forth, order out of disorder—until her influence over the world was like the word of God, when upon the first day of creation He made all things, and made them to exist where nothing but void and darkness was before. Nor can the history of by-gone times be disputed in this; nor can any man allege that I am claiming too much for the Catholic Church when I say that she alone has presented to us all the splendor of the Pagan literature of the ancient times,—all the arts and sciences; that she alone has founded the great schools and universities of Christendom, and of the civilized world—even in Protestant countries to-day;—nay, more, that nearly all the great scholars who shone as stars in the firmament of learning were her children,—either consecrated to her in the priesthood, or attached to her by the strongest and the tenderest bonds of faith. Lest my word in this matter be considered exaggerated, let me read for you a passage which this very day struck me—the testimony of a Protestant writer—to what I say. He says to us:

“If the Catholic Church had done nothing more than to preserve for us, by painful solicitude and unrewarded toil, the precepts and intellectual treasures of Greece and Rome, she would have been entitled to our everlasting gratitude. But her hierarchy did not merely preserve these treasures. They taught the modern world how to use them. We can never forget that at least nine out of every ten of all the great colleges and universities in Christendom were founded by monks or priests, bishops or arch-bishops. This is true of the most

famous institutions in Protestant as well as in Catholic countries. And equally undeniable is the fact that the greatest discoveries in the sciences and in the arts (with the sole exception of Sir Isaac Newton) have been made either by Catholics or by those who were educated by them. Our readers know that Copernicus, the author of our present system of astronomy, lived and died a poor parish priest, in an obscure village; and Galileo lived and died a Catholic. The great Kepler, although a Protestant himself, always acknowledged that he received the most valuable part of his education from the monks and priests. It were easy to add to these illustrious names many equally renowned in other departments of science, as well as literature and the arts, including those of statesmen, orators, historians, poets and artists."

This is the testimony of a Protestant writer, confirmed by the voice of history, to which I fearlessly appeal, when I lay down the proposition that if intellectual darkness—if the barbarism of ignorance be a disease in society, then history proves that the Catholic Church has been the salvation of society in the cure of that disease. I might go deeper here. I might show you here in the beautiful reasoning of the great St. Thomas Aquinas how, in the Catholic Church alone, is the solid basis of all intellectual knowledge. "For," observes the saint, "every science, no matter how different it may be from others,—every science rests upon certain principles that are taken for granted—certain axioms that are accepted without being proved—taken upon authority—taken upon the light of reasoning—believing in the reasoning itself upon the recognition of that knowledge. Now," he goes on to say, "the principle of acknowledged certainty of some kind or other lies at the base and at the foundation of every science, and of every form of intellectual power." But, in the sciences and in the intellectual world, we find the same order the same exquisite harmony, which, in the works of God, we find in the material and physical creation. The principle, therefore, of all the arts and sciences, each with its respective power, is that all go up in regular order from the lowest form of art to the highest of human sciences,—astronomy,—until they touch divine theology, which teaches of God and of the things of God. Upon the certainty of that First Science depends the very idea of "certainty," upon which every other science is based. And, therefore, the key-note of all knowledge is found in the science of divine theology, which teaches of God. Now, outside of the Catholic Church there is

theology—as a science ; because science involves certain knowledge—and there is no certain knowledge of divine things outside the Catholic Church. There is no certain knowledge of Divine things where truth is said to be in the inquiry after truth, as in Protestantism, where religion is reduced from the principle of immutable faith to the mere result of reasoning, amounting to a strong opinion. There is no certainty, therefore, outside of that Church that speaks of God in the very language of God ; that gives a message sent from the very lips of God ; that puts that message into the God-like form of immutable dogma before the minds of His children, and so starts them in the pursuit of all human knowledge, with the certain light of divinely revealed truth, and with the principle of certain, deeply-seated certitude in their minds.

Now, we pass from the intellectual view of society to the moral view of it. In order to understand the action of the Church here as the sole salvation of society, I must ask you to consider the dangers which threaten society in its moral aspect. These dangers are the following—First of all, the libertinism, the instability, the inconstancy and the impurity of man. Secondly, the absence of the element of holiness and sanctity in the education of childhood. Thirdly the sense of irresponsibility, or a personal liberty which not only passes us over from under the control of law, but cuts off our communication with God, and makes us forget that we are responsible to God for every action of our lives ; and so gradually brings a man to believe that Liberty and Freedom mean licentiousness and impurity. These I hold to be the three great evils that threaten society. The inconstancy of man, for man is fickle in his friendship, is unstable in his love, is inconstant in his affections, subject to a thousand passing sensations,—his soul laid open to appeals from every sense—to the ebb and flow of every pulse and every sense of his for ever palpitating with a quick response, telling the eye to look with pleasure upon this object, as amusing ; to the ear, telling it to drink in with pleasure such and such a sound of melody ;—and so on. Need I tell you, my friends, what your own heart has so often told you ? How inconstant we are ; how the thing that captivates us to-day, we will look coldly upon to-morrow, and the next day, perhaps with eyes of disgust ? Need I tell you how fickle is that love, that friendship of the human heart, against which, and its inconstancy, the Holy Ghost seems to warn us. “Put not thy trust in Princes, nor in the children of men, in whom there is no salvation.” To

guard against this inconstancy it is necessary to call in divine grace and help from Heaven. For it is a question of conforming the heart of man in the steadiness, in the unchangeableness, and in the purity of the love that is to last all his life long. Therefore it is that the Catholic Church sanctifies the solemn contract by which man promises to his fellow-creature that he will love her; that he will never allow that love for her to grow cold in his bosom that he will never allow even a thought of any other love than hers to cross his pure imagination or his pure soul that he will love her in the days of her old age as he loves her, to-day in the freshness of her beauty as she stands by his side before the altar of God, and puts her virgin hand into his. And she swears to him a corresponding love. But ah! who can assure to her that the heart which promises to be hers to day—who can insure to her that the love, ever inconstant in its own nature, and acted upon by a thousand influences—is not calculated, first to deceive, then to alienate, then to destroy? How can she have the courage to believe that the word that passed from that man's lips, at that altar, shall never be regretted—never be repealed? I answer, the Catholic Church comes in and calls down a special sacramental grace from Heaven; lets in the very body of the Saviour, in its sacramental form, to touch these two hearts, and by purifying them, to elevate their affection into something more than gross love of sense, and to shed upon those two hearts, thus united, the rays of divine grace, to tinge their lives somewhat with the light of ineffable love that binds the Lord to His Church. And so, in that sacrament of matrimony the Church provides a divine remedy for the inconstancy of the heart of man; and she also provides a sanctifying influence which, lying at the very fountainhead, and source, and spring of our nature, sanctifies the whole stream of society that flows from the sacramental and sanctifying love of Christian marriage.

Do you not know that this society, in separating itself from the Church, has literally destroyed itself? If Protestantism, or Unitarianism, or any other form of error did nothing else than simply to remove from the sacrament of Matrimony its sacramental character—its sanctifying character,—by that very act, that error of religious unbelief, it destroys society. The man who destroys, in the least degree, the firmness of the bond that can never be broken, because it is bound by the hand of God, and sealed with the sacramental seal,—the man that touches that bond, the man that takes from that sacrament one single iota of its grace, makes

himself thereby the enemy of society, and pollutes the very fountain-head from which the stream of our life comes. When, as the prophet of old, came into the city of Jericho, they showed him the stream that ran by the city walls ; and they told him : " Now, here is a stream of water : whoever drinks of that water dies ; our people are dying either of thirst or of the poisoned waters." He did not attempt to heal the stream as it flowed thereby ; but he took to himself salt, and he blessed that salt, and he said to the people—" bring me to the fountain out of which this river cometh." And they brought him up into the mountain ; and they showed him the fountain-head of the stream. " Here," he says, " here must we heal it." He put the blessed salt into the fountain, the spring from which the stream came, and he said : " Now, I have healed these waters, and there shall be no more death in them." Thus, he purified the fountain-head of the spring of waters of Jericho. Such is the sacrament of marriage to human society. The future of the world, the moral future of mankind—of the rising generations, all depend upon the purity and the sanctity of the matrimonial tie. There does the Church of God throw, as it were, her sacramental salt into the fountain-head of our nature, and so sanctifies the humanity that springs from its source.

The next great moral influence of society which requires the Church's action, is Education. " The child," as you know, " is father to the man ;" and what the child is to day the man will be in twenty or thirty years time. Now, the young soul of the child is like the earth in the growing season. It is the time of sowing, and of planting. Whatever is put into that young heart in the early days of childhood, will bring up, in the summer of manhood, and in the autumn of old age, its crop, either of good or of evil. And, therefore, it is the most important time of life. The future of the world depends upon the sanctity of education. Now, in order that education may be bad, it is not necessary, my friends, to teach the child anything bad. In order to make education bad it is quite enough to neglect the element of sanctity and of religion. It is quite enough to neglect the religious portion of the education. By that very defect the education becomes bad. And why ? Because such is our nature, such the infirmity of our fallen state,—such is the atmosphere of the scenes in which we live in this world—such the power of the infernal agencies that are busily at work for our destruction, that, educate the child as carefully

as you may, surround him with the holiest influences, fill him with the choicest graces, you still run great risks that, some day or other, the serpent of sin will gain an entrance into that young soul, in spite of you. How much more if that young heart be not replenished with divine grace ! How much more if that young soul be not fenced round by a thousand appliances and a thousand defences against its enemies ! And thus do we see that the principle of bad education is established the moment the strong religious element is removed. Hence it is that, out of the sanctity of marriage springs the sanctity of education in the Catholic Church. And why ? Because the Church of God proclaims that the marriage bond no man can dissolve ; that that marriage bond, so long as death does not come in to separate the man and wife—that that marriage bond is the one contract which no power on this earth can dissolve. Consequently, the Catholic woman married to the Catholic man knows that the moment their lips mutually pronounce their marriage vows, her position is defined and established for evermore : that no one can put her down from the holy eminence of wife or of mother, and that the throne which she occupies in the household, she never can live to see occupied by another ; that her children are assured to her, and that she is left in her undisputed empire and control over them. She knows that—no matter how the world may prosper or otherwise with her—that she is sure, at least, of her position as a wife, and of her claims to her husband's love, and of the allegiance of his worship. She knows that even though she may have wedded him in the days of poverty, and that should he rise to some great and successful position,—even if he became an emperor,—she must rise with him, and that he can never discard her ; and consequently she feels that her children are her own, for ever. Now, the element of sanctity in the family, even when the husband is a good man,—even when he is a sacrament-going man, as every Catholic man ought to be,—yet the element of sanctity in the family, and for the family, lies with the woman. It is the duty of the mother. She has the children under her eye and under her care the live-long day. She has the formation of them,—of their character—their first sentiments, thoughts, and works, either for good or evil. The seed to be planted,—the formation of the soul,—is in the mother's hands ; and therefore it is that the character of the child mainly depends on the formation which the mother gives it. The father is engaged in his office, in keeping his business, or at his work all the day long. His example,

whether for good or bad, is not constantly before the eyes—the observant eyes—of the child, as is the example of the mother. And so it is, my friends, that all depends upon the mother; and it is of vital importance that that mother should blend in herself all that is pure, holy, tender and loving, and that she be assured of the sanctity of her position, of which the Church assures her by the indissoluble nature of the marriage tie.

Again the Church of God follows the child into the school, and she puts before the young eye, even before reason has opened—she puts before the young sense the sight of things that will familiarize the mind of the child with Heaven and with heavenly thoughts. She goes before the world, anticipates reason, and tries to get the start of that “mystery of iniquity” which, sooner or later, lying in the world, shall be revealed to the eyes and the soul of this young child. Hence it is that in her system of education she endeavors to mix up sacramental graces, lessons of good, pictures of divine things, holy statues, little prayers, singing of hymns,—all these religious appliances—and endeavors to mingle them all constantly and largely with every element of human education, that the heart may be formed as well as the mind, and that the will may be strengthened as well as the intellect and the soul of man. If, then, the evil of a bad education be one of the evils of society, I hold that the Church of God, in her scheme and plan of education, proves that she is the salvation of society by touching that evil with a healing hand.

The next great evil affecting the morals of society is the sense of irresponsibility. A man outside of the Catholic Church is never expected to call himself to account for his actions. If he speaks evil words, if he thinks evil thoughts, if he does wrong things, the most that he aspires to is a momentary thought of God. Perhaps he forms a kind of resolution not to do these things any more. But there is no excruciating self-examination; there is no humiliating confession; there is no care or thought upon matters of sorrow; there is no painstaking to acquire a firm resolution; there are none of the restraints against a return to sin with which the sacramental agencies of the Catholic Church, especially through the sacrament of penance, have made us all familiar. The Catholic man feels that the eye of God is upon him. He is told that every time the Catholic Church warns him to prepare for a confession. He is told that every time his eyes, wander-

ing through the church, rests upon the confessional. He is told that every time he sees the priest standing there, with his stole on, and the penitent going in with tearful eyes, and coming forth with eyes beaming with joy and with the delight of forgiveness. He is told this in a thousand ways; and it is brought home to him by the precepts and sacraments of the Church at stated times in the year. The consequence is that he is made to believe that he is responsible to Almighty God; and therefore this obligation, creating a sense of responsibility, arises, and excites this watchfulness of his own conscience. The man who feels that the eye of God is upon him will also feel that the eye of his own conscience is upon him. For watchfulness begets watchfulness. If the master is looking on while a servant is doing anything, the servant will endeavor to do it well, and he will keep his eye upon the master while the master is present. So a soldier, when he is ordered to charge, turns his look upon his superior officer, while he dashes into the midst of the foe. And so it is with us. Conscience is created; conscience is fostered and cherished in the soul by a sense of responsibility which Almighty God gives us through the Church and through her sacraments. What follows from this? It follows that the Catholic man, although in conscious freedom, is conscious that he must always exercise that freedom under the eye of God and under the dominion of His law; so that in him, even although he be a sinner for a time, the sense of freedom never degenerates into positive recklessness or license.

Finally,—in the political view of society,—the dangers that threaten the world from his aspect, are, first of all—absolutism, and injustice, and oppression in rulers; and secondly a spirit of rebellion, even against just and established government among the governed. For the well-ordering of society lies in this: That he who governs respects those whom he governs; and that those who are governed by him recognize in him only the authority that comes to him from God. I say *from God*: I do not wish here, or now, to enter into the question as to the source of power, and how far the popular element may or may not be that source; but I do say that where the power exists,—even where the ruler is chosen by the people,—that he exercises that power then as an official of the Almighty God to whom belongs the government of the whole system which he has created. If that ruler abuses his power,—abuses it excessively,—if he despises those whom he governs,—if he has not respect for their rights, their privi-

leges and their consciences,—then the balance of power is lost, and the great evil of political society is inaugurated. If, on the other hand, the people,—fickle and inconstant,—do not recognize any sacredness at all in their ruler; they do not recognize the principle of obedience to law as a divine principle,—as a necessary principle, without which the world cannot live; if they think that among the rights of man—of individual man—is the right to rise in rebellion against authority and law,—the second great evil of political society is developed, and the whole machinery of the world's government is broken to pieces. What is necessary to remedy this? A power—mark my words—a power recognized to be greater than that of the people or than that of the people's government. A power, wielded not only over the subject, but over the monarch. A power, appealing with equal force and equal authority to him who is upon the throne, to him who is at the head of armies and empires, and to the meanest and the poorest and the lowest of his subjects. What power has that been in history? Look back for eighteen hundred years. What power is it that has been exercised over baron and chieftain, king and ruler, no matter how dark the times,—no matter how convulsed society was—no matter how confused every element of government was,—no matter how rude and barbarous the manners of men,—how willing they were to assert themselves in the fullness of their pride and savage power in field and in council? What power was it that came to them, during twelve hundred years, from the close of the Roman persecutions up till the outbreak of Protestantism? What power was it that told the monarchs of the middle ages that, if they imposed an oppressive or unjust tax upon the people, they were excommunicated? What power was it that arose to tell Philip Augustus of France, in all the lust of his greatness and his undisputed sway, that if he did not respect the rights of his one wife, and adhere to her chastely, he would be excommunicated by the Church, and abandoned by his people? What power was it that came to the voluptuous tyrant seated on the Tudor's throne in England, and told him that, unless he were faithful to the poor persecuted woman, Catherine of Arragon, his lawful wife, he would be cut off as a rotten branch, and cast—by the sentence of the Church—into hell-fire? What power was it that made the strongest and most tyrannical of these rude mediæval chieftains, kings, and emperors, tremble before it? Ah, it was the power of the Vatican! It was the voice of the Church, upholding the rights of the people; sheltering them with strong arm,

proclaiming that no injustice should be done to them: that the rights of the poorest man in the community were as sacred as the rights of him who sat upon the throne; and, therefore, that she would not stand by and see the people oppressed. An ungrateful world is this of ours, to-day, that forgets that the Catholic Church was the power that inaugurated, established, and obtained all those civic and municipal rights, all those rights, respecting communities, which have formed the basis of what we call our modern civilization! Ungrateful age! that reflects not, or chooses to forget, that the greatest freedom the people ever enjoyed in this world, they enjoyed so long as they were under the aegis of the Church's protection; that never were the Italians so free as they were in the mediæval Republics of Genoa, Pisa, Lucca, and even Florence; that never were the Spaniards so free as when their Cortes, as the ruling voice of the nation, was heard resounding in the ears of their monarchs, and respected by them; that never were the English so free as when a saint was their ruler; or, when a demon in mortal shape, clutched the sceptre, an Archbishop of Canterbury, with the knights of the realm closed around him, told him they would abandon him and depose him, unless he gave to the people that charter which is the foundation of the most glorious constitution in the world. And thus, I answer, the Church maintained the rights of the people, whenever those rights were unjustly invaded by those who were in power. But, to the people in their turn, this Church has always preached patience, docility, obedience to law, legitimate redress, when redress was required. She has always endeavored to calm their spirits and to keep them back, even under great and sore oppression, from the remedy which the world's history tells us has always been worse than the disease which it has attempted to cure—viz.: the remedy of rebellion and revolution. Such is the history of the Church's past. Have I not said with truth, that the Church is the salvation of society; that she formed society; that she created what we call the society of our day; and that if it had not been for her, a large percentage of all that forms the literature of our time, would not now be in existence? The most powerful restraints, the most purifying influences that have operated upon society for so many centuries, would not have sent down their blessings to us; blessings that have been inherited, even by those who understood them so little that, their very first act in separating from the Church, was to lay the axe at the very root of society, by depriving the sacrament of matrimony of its

sacramental and indispensably necessary force. In like manner have I not proved that, if there be a vestige of freedom, with the proper assertion of right, in the world to-day, it can be traced distinctly to the generating and forming action of the Catholic Church during those ages of faith when the world permitted itself to be moulded and fashioned by her hands. And, as she was in the past, so must she be in the future. Shut your eyes to her truths; every principle of human science will feel the shock; and the science of sciences will feel it first,—the science of the knowledge of God, and of the things which He has given us. What is the truth? Is it not a mere matter of fact, known by personal observation to many among us, that the Protestant idea of sin involves infidelity,—that is to say, a denial of the divinity of Christ, of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and of the existence of God? What is the Protestant idea of the sinner? We have it, for instance, in their own description. There is no edifying death-bed from the belief which proclaims that the man who reads, who believes, with a tame belief, in a certain, rugged form of uncompromising devotion and knowledge, to fulfil some precepts of the Old Law, but not retained in the New,—as, for instance, that strange, barbarous principle borrowed from the times of the Old Testament. His son was a sinner. He comes to the father's bedside. He is broken with grief, seeing that his father is dying before his eyes. The father seizes the opportunity to tell the son: "Remember that Christ died for our sins, and that Christ was the son of God." He begins then to teach what a Catholic would consider the very first elements of the catechism. But to him they were the conclusions of a long life of study, and he has arrived, now, at the end of his days, at the very point at which the little Catholic child starts when he is seven years of age. Now in the Catholic Church, these things, which are the result of careful inquiry, hard study, the conclusions of years, perhaps being admitted as first principles—the time which is lost by the Protestant in arriving at these principles, is employed by the Catholic in applying them to the conduct and the actions of his daily life,—in avoiding this danger or that, repenting of this sin or that, praying against this evil or that—and so on. Shut your eyes to the truths of Catholic teaching and the divine Scriptures themselves, on which you fancy, perhaps, that you are building up your religion, are shaken from their pedestal of a sure definition, and nothing remains but her re-assuring power—even to the inspiration of God's written word. Is not this true? Where, during the

fifteen hundred years that preceded Protestantism,—where do we read of the inspiration of the Scriptures being called in question? Where do we read of any theologian omitting this phrase, leaving out that sentence, because it did not tally with his particular views? He knew that he might as well seek to tie up the hands of God as to change one iota or syllable of God's revealed truth. But what do we see during the last two hundred years? Luther began by rejecting the Epistle of St. James, calling it "An epistle of straw," because there were certain doctrines there that did not suit him. From his time, every Protestant theologian has found fault with this passage or that of Scripture, as if it was a thing that could be changed and turned and forced and shaped to answer this purpose or that;—as if the word of God could be made to veer about, north, east, south and west—according to human wishes;—until at length, in our own day, they have undertaken a new version of the Scriptures altogether; and this is quietly going on in one great section of the Church of England; while another great section of the Church of England disputes its authority altogether, and tells you that the doctrinal part of it is only a rule to guide, and that the historical part of it is nothing more than a myth, like the history of the ancient Paganism of Greece and of Rome! They discard the Church's action upon the morality of society; tell her that they do not believe her when she says: "accursed is the man or woman that puts a divorcee into his or her partner's hand;" tell her that they do not believe her when she says: "No matter what the conduct of either party is, I cannot break the bond that God has made—no matter what may be the difference of disposition—no matter what the weariness that springs from the union, I cannot dissolve it, I cannot alter it." If you dissolve it, I ask you in all earnestness to what you reduce yourselves? To what does the married woman reduce herself? She becomes—(I blush to say it)—she becomes a creature living under the sufferance and under the caprices of her husband. You know how easy it is to trump up an accusation! You have but to defame that which is so delicate and so tender as a woman's name;—a gentle and a tender and a pure woman's good name is tainted and destroyed by every breath. No matter how unfounded the calumny or the slander, how easy it is first to defame and then to destroy it! At the time when the Protestant Church was called upon by the people in England to admit the lawfulness of divorce, the Catholic Church raised up her voice in defence of truth, and warned England that she was going into a

deeper abyss,—warned the people that they were going to destroy whatever sanctity of society remained among them,—warned them that there was an anathema upon the measure—upon those who proposed it—upon those who aided it. I remember at that time a poor woman in Ireland,—indeed she was almost a beggar in her poverty,—asking of me, “Is it true, your Reverence, they are going to make a law in England to let the husband and wife separate from one another and go and marry other people?” “Yes,” I said. “Well, I hope,” she said, “we will not be included in that law?” “Oh, no; not at all,” I said. “You are all right.” “Glory be to God!” she said, “I never knew before the happiness of being a Catholic. I would rather be married to Jimmy, and be sure of him,—no matter how bad he is,—than to the first nobleman in the land—for he might come to me to-morrow and tell me to go out and take the children with me!”

Such is the Church’s action on the *morale* of society. Tell her to shut up her confessionals; tell her that her priests, sitting in those tribunals, are blasphemous usurpers of a power that God has never given to man. What follows from this? Oh my friends, do you think that you, or that any of you would be better men if you were absolved to-morrow from all obligation of ever going to confession again? Do you think we would draw nearer to God? Would we look more sharply after ourselves? Do you not think that even those very human agencies—the humiliation, the painstaking of preparation, the violent effort to get out whatever we must confess,—do you not think all these things are a great restraint upon a man, and that they help, independent altogether of the higher argument of an offended God,—of the crucified Lord bleeding again at the sight of our sins,—independent of this, that even the human pride is not a powerful, prevailing element in confession? Most assuredly it is. Most assuredly that man will endeavor to serve God with greater purity, with greater carefulness,—will endeavor to remember the precept of the Saviour: “You must watch and pray in order to enter into salvation,”—who is called from time to time to sweep the chambers of his own soul, to wash and purify every corner of his own heart, to analyze his motives, call himself to account, even for his thoughts and words,—examine his relations in regard to honesty in regard to charity with his neighbor,—examine himself how he fulfills his duties as a father, or as a husband, as the case may be;—that that man, who is obliged to do this, is more likely to serve God in pur-

ity and watchfulness than the man who never, from the cradle to the grave, is asked even to consider the necessity of taking a few minutes' thought and asking himself, "How do I stand with the God of Peace?—how do I stand with the God who says : ' Walk forth young man, with light for thine eyes ; and in the joy of thy heart remember : for all these things I will call thee to account on the day of Judgment.' " Remove this action of the Church upon the good conduct of society ; and then you will have, indeed, the work which was accomplished, and which is reaping its fulfilment to-day,—the work of the so-called great Reformer, Martin Luther, who has brought it to this pass, that the world itself is groaning under the weight of its own iniquities ; and society rises up and exclaims that its very heart within it is rotten by social evil.

Disturb the action of the Church upon political society, and what guarantee have you for the future ? You may see from the past what is to be in the future ; for, when Luther broached his so-called " Reformation," the principle upon which he went was that the Catholic Church had no business to be a universally Catholic body ; that she should break herself up into national Churches—the Church of Germany, the Church of England, the Church of France, the Church of America, and so on. And, in fact, Protestantism to this day in England is called the Church of England ;—their oath broken—and no essential bond of unity centering in the Pope—centering in the Pope as the infallible guardian of the truth—centering in the Pope as the supreme head and ruler—that that central unity being dissolved, the Church would break up into a congeries of national churches. The necessary consequence that immediately followed was that the King, if it was a Kingdom, or the President, if it was a Republic,—no matter who he may be,—became the head of the Church—if it was a national Church—as well as the head of the nation. The two powers were concentrated in him—one as Governor—head of the State ; by another, he will try to exercise the power of which the Pope was the head. He was to become king over the consciences of the people, as well as ruler of their external public actions. He was to make laws for the soul as well as for the body. He was to tell them what they were to believe and how they were to pray, as well as to tell them their duties as citizens. He was to lead them to Heaven ! Oh, yes, to Heaven ! The man who led his armies in the battle-field was then to persuade his people that the way to Heaven lay through rapine

and through blood ! But so it was. And, strange to say, in every nation in Europe that accepted Protestantism the monarch became a tyrant at once. The greatest tyrant that ever governed England was the man who introduced Protestantism. So long as Henry the Eighth was a Catholic—although he was a man of terrible passions,—still, the Church, reminding him of his soul, bringing him occasionally to the Confessional, trying to shake him out of his iniquities,—had some control over him ; and he conquered his passions, and kept himself honorable and pure. The moment that this man cast off his allegiance to the Church,—the very day he proclaimed that he was emancipated from the Pope, and did not believe in the Pope or acknowledge him any more,—that very day he turns to Anne Boleyn, takes and proclaims her his wife,—Catharine, his rightful wife, still living ; and, in a few days, when his heart grew tired of Anne, and his eyes were attracted by some other beauty, he sent Anne to the block, and had her head cut off—and he took another lady in her place ; and, in a short time he cut off her head, also. And so, Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden, when he became a Protestant, at once assumed and became the head of a most terrible absolute monarchy. The very kings of the Catholic countries imitated their Protestant confreres in this respect, for we find the Catholic monarchs of Spain cutting off the ancient privileges of the people in the Cortes, saying :—“I am the State, and every man must obey !” It is quite natural. The more power you give into a man’s hands the more absolute he becomes. The more you concentrate in him the spiritual as well as the temporal power, the more audaciously will he exercise both temporal and spiritual power, and the more likely is it that you are building up in that man a tyrant—and a merciless tyrant—to oppress you. From the day that society emancipated itself by Protestantism from the action of the Church,—from that day revolution, rebellion, uprising against authority is the order of the day ; until at length Protestantism resolves itself into a society which swears eternal enmity, not only to the altar but to the throne.

And so, my dear friends, we see that we cannot move without the Church of God ; that nations may go on for a time, and may be upheld by material prosperity ; but without a surer basis they will certainly be overthrown. The moments are coming, and coming rapidly, when all the society of this world that wishes to be saved, will have to cry out with a mighty voice to the Catholic Church. Per-

scouted, despised, to-day, she comes to us with her light of truth—she comes to us with her sanctifying influences—she comes with her glorious dominion over king and subject, to save them from the ruin which they have brought upon their own heads.—There will be a day of grace for man. It will be the day of the world's necessity. And when that day comes,—and I behold it now in my mental vision,—this uprising of the whole world in the hands of the Church,—I see thee, Oh glorious spouse of Christ!—Oh, mother Church, I see thee seated once more, in the councils of the nations, guiding them with a divinely infused light—animating them with thy spirit of justice. I see thee, O mother, blending, as, of old, I saw amid the Forum, rise a glorious city out of the ruins of the Goth and Visigoth and Vandal: so out of the men of this day,—relapsing into chaos through neglect of thee,—do I behold thee forming the glorious city that shall be; a society in which men shall be loyal and brave, truthful, pure and holy; a city in which the people shall grow up formed by thee for God; a city in which all men, governors and governed, will admit the supremacy of law, the sanctity of principle, the omnipotence of justice! And, oh, Mother, in the day when that retribution comes—in that day of the world's necessity—the triple crown shall shine again upon the brows of thy chief, Peter's successor, and the Vicar of Christ; upon that honored brow shall shine forth again the triple crown,—the most ancient and the holiest in the world; and the prince of peace will extend his sceptre over the nations; and every man will rejoice in a new life!

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Sermon preached by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, on the occasion of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hendricken, Sunday, April 23 in the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Providence, R. I.]

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP HENDRICKEN.

“You know that how when I preached the Gospel to you heretofore, ye despised me not, nor rejected me, but received me as an angel of God, even as Jesus Christ.”

THESE words, Most Rev. Archbishop, Right Rev. Bishops, and dearly beloved brethren, were spoken by St. Paul to the

Galatians. They were strange and daring words for a man to speak. "You received me," he says, "not only as if I were an angel sent unto you from God; but you received me as if I were Jesus Christ the Lord." Yet the same Apostle distinctly says in the same epistle: "Though an angel from heaven preached a Gospel to you beside that which we have preached, let him be anathema."

All this St. Paul said of himself, because he was an Apostle and a Bishop in the Church of God. To-day, dearly beloved brethren, you are assembled before this altar also to receive one who is sent unto you, and to receive him not even as an angel, but as if it were the Lord Jesus Christ that rose before you in all the fulness of His power, in all His infinite sanctity, and in that unity of person by which He was one with the Father. This which you are called upon to witness here to-day is one of the greatest mysteries of the Church—the consecration of a simple priest into the Episcopacy; the conferring upon a man the fulness of that power which he before, as a priest, exercised over the real and mystical body of Christ. In the consecration of a bishop, as we shall see most wonderfully, most vividly, most terribly if you will, in the man of faith, Jesus Christ descends again and enters into a man, consecrating him with the highest sanctity, endowing him with the greatest power, and binding that man to Him through the Church and the Church's head, with a unity the most wonderful of anything that is seen upon the earth.

Dearly beloved brethren, we are all called upon to be made like to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In this lies the calling, the jurisdiction, the glory of every one among us, for the Apostle says that those whom He foreknew He predestinated to be made like unto the image of His Son, and those whom He called He also justified, and those whom He justified He also glorified. But as there are diversities of gifts in the same spirit, so there are many various ways in which we are, according to our calling, to become like to Jesus Christ. In humility, in purity of heart, in love of God, in hatred of sin, we are all called upon to be made like to the Son of God. But there are in Christ higher and greater gifts, not necessary for all, but only for a few—these gifts that are in the Son of God as the founder and governor, and perpetual head of His Church. Of these all men stand not in need, but only the few who inherit his ministry, and who are called upon to fulfil this office in the Church of God. And now when we come to contemplate Christ our Lord in this high and glorious func-

tion as founder and ruler of the Church, what do we behold? I answer we behold three especial gifts—union with God, the most wonderful; power unlimited, even to omnipotence; and sanctity such as was becoming the perfect Son of God. As founder and ruler of the Church, it was necessary that He should be united with God in the ineffable and hypostatical union, in which out of three one was made, namely, a human body, a human soul, and God! Out of the union of these three comes Jesus Christ the Lord. That ineffable union with God was necessary to Him as founder of the Church. Why? First, because no one but God Himself could found such a Church as that which Jesus Christ founded. Secondly, because it was necessary to stamp upon the Church herself, in unity of doctrine, in unity of obedience, in perfect unity of thought of mind, of will, and of heart, a resemblance of the union that bound her founder, in this sacred humanity, personally to Almighty God. No one but God could found the Catholic Church; for the Catholic Church is a mystery of constant assertion of the same truth, ever ancient yet always new; derived from the Ancient of Days in Heaven, unchanged throughout all the changes of time and thought, yet sufficient, and simply sufficient for all the intellectual and all the spiritual wants of the age. That Church, whose law never changes, because truth is the same throughout all ages, must be of God. She has never changed one word of her doctrine; she has never denied what she once taught; she has never tolerated, much less asserted, an untruth; in the 1900 years of her existence she has never been found wanting as an unfailing guide; it can never be said that in such an age or such a day she told the people a lie. That Church must represent God, because truth is of God. Side by side with her, systems of philosophy, modes of thought, demonstrations, or what may appear to be demonstrations, of science, have all been raised up, and abandoned and disavowed, acknowledged as false in their principles, and defective in their application, in the course of ages. In the wreck of all systems of philosophy, of governments, and of science, the Church alone rises up like a rock in the midst of the tossing, changeful waves, serene, immovable, proclaiming with a living voice the truth of God as it was in Jesus Christ.

Therefore, He that founded the Church must be God, and justly does He call the Kingdom that He was about to establish, and of which He was to be King, the principality of peace. Consequently, He was united to God, because it was necessary that the brand of that by which He was one with

the Father should be set upon the Church—unity of thought, accepting the same doctrine, clinging to the same truth, speaking in the self-same language; unity of will, recognizing one central power, recognizing that power diffused so as to meet the wants of every people and every time, yet all entering in one, Jesus Christ, and bowing down to the Church's spiritual authority as it bowed down to Almighty God.

Therefore it was that, as founder and ruler of the Church, Jesus Christ our Lord stands before us and represents principle of Truth; as God, He is one with the Father by that ineffable union of natures which mind cannot conceive, nor has it entered into the heart of man to understand, much less to describe. And when the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, in the fulness of His mercy became man, He still preserved in the mystery of the Incarnation the principle of unity; for, although He took to Him another nature infinitely inferior to Him, infinitely unworthy of Him but for His mercy, yet when He did become man He so united our nature to the Divine as to make it one. He took the human soul, the human body, the human heart, the human affections, the human relations, everything, in order that from that union of soul and body in Him should arise the personality and originality of a man. He assumed the man into God. As such He suffered, God and man, upon the Cross. As such He arose, God and man, from the tomb. As such He carried that humanity, which he never divested Himself of, to the high places of glory, to be seated at the right hand of the Father. And so Jesus Christ is the image of God because He is God, because He is in Him; and the Church is the image of Jesus Christ, for the Church alone on this earth represents the principle of unity, unity of thought in one Father, of expression in one belief, of obedience of the will. I was almost about to say that such is the unity which Christ the Lord has conferred upon His Church, that had He denied her all other gifts, her unity alone would preserve her, upon the human principle that that which is united can never be destroyed.

The second attribute that Christ possessed as founder of the Church, and that passed from Him to His Church, is *power*. "All power," said Christ, "in Heaven and on earth is given to me." Therefore Jesus Christ, the Man God, was Omnipotent, for all power was given unto Him. His actions were divine and not human. The action of that which is divine must be omnipotent. Well might the people wonder when they saw the dead springing from their graves at the

sound of His voice. Well might they wonder when He preached to them, for He taught them as one who had power, and not as the Scribes. He said to His apostles—"The Father has sent Me from Heaven, and He sent Me with all power; as the Father sent me, I send you." And He gave them power, power for the administration of the spiritual kingdom, power to break the bonds of sin; power to raise the spiritually dead from the sepulchre unto the glory and strength and liberty of the children of God. That power the Church possesses in her priesthood, power to call down and invoke the Eternal from His throne of glory, and substantiating Him and making Him really present upon the altar under the appearances of bread and wine; power over the mystical body of Christ which is the life of the faithful: power over the people, and power to feed them with the word of doctrine and with the imperishable bread of angels; and power to lift from their souls the weight of sin that the hand of God alone can remove. The third and the crowning attribute of Christ as founder and the ruler of the Church is *sanctity*. The fulness of the Divinity dwells in Him; all that God has of perfection is in Jesus Christ. He came down from Heaven so holy that at the very sight of His holiness the Eternal Father forgot the sins and the anger of 4,000 years; so holy that the Heavens were rent and the voice of the Father filled the clouds saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" so holy that one tear shed from those sacred eyes, one aspiration of prayer from those benign lips, one drop of blood from those blessed hands, was more than sufficient to wipe away the sins of ten thousand worlds, because of His infinite holiness and acceptability before the Eternal God.

That holiness even in its perfection, not in any graduated or lesser degree, did Christ our Lord set upon this Church, that it might be a sign of her, and that she should bind to her brows, forever more, the very sanctity of Christ. I prove this, first of all, from the inspired Word. St. Paul declares that Christ loved His Church as He loved Himself; that He gave Himself for His Church because He loved her, and in order that He might present to His Father a glorious Church, perfect in her holiness. Therefore, the word of the prophet is fulfilled in the word of the Apostle. For the 1,800 years of the existence of the Church, she has never for a single moment tolerated even the slightest sin. Examine the moral law which she has enforced for so many centuries; I defy any man to lay his finger on any edict or law of the Church in

which there was the slightest sin against God or man; I defy any man to be able to point to the time when the Catholic Church allowed a single sin to go unrebuked.

Now, dearly beloved brethren, having seen the three great attributes of Jesus Christ, as the founder and ruler of His Church, namely, unity, sanctity, and perfection—now we see the reason of St. Paul speaking these strange words to the Galatians: “You received me not only as an angel of God, but as Christ Jesus.” It was because he came to them as a Bishop of the Church, in the fulness of his sacerdotal power and privilege; in the fulness of that power and sanctity which the Church gives to her priests, and completes in her bishops; and therefore he congratulated the Galatians because they, having true Catholic faith, recognized in him their bishop, the attributes of Jesus Christ, as the founder and ruler of the Church. For such is a bishop in the Church of God, embodying the three great attributes, so far as man can partake of them—the unity, the sanctity of Jesus Christ. The bishop is lifted up among his brethren; he is brought one step nearer to the great representative, Jesus Christ, our Lord; he is admitted to the sacred counsels of the Church of God; he is loaded with responsibility, because of his elevation. The attributes of our Lord are his, but first is sanctity. Oh! my friends, I might quote the words of the greatest doctors of the Church in speaking of the sanctity of the priesthood. St. Augustine extols the order of men bound to virgin purity; and St. John Chrysostom said of the priesthood: “This life is a Godlike life; this profession is an angelic profession.” How can I find words to express the full sanctity of that state? Oh! great God, a man speaks a few words standing at an altar, holding a piece of bread in his hands and all Heaven is in commotion. Every angel prostrates himself in adoration; for the Almighty God rises on His throne, and places Himself, by a wonderful incarnation, in the hands of him whose voice calls forth a response from Heaven. How can I speak of the dignity and sanctity of that state which brings a man into such awful contact with the Almighty—to hold God in his hands, and speak to God as a man speaks to his friend? Such is the brightness of the glory of the priesthood; such was the sight shown to Moses on the mountain, which ever after enraptured his head with glory; and as Moses came from the mountain, having seen God, so the priest comes down from the altar with the awful sanctity of having seen Jesus Christ.

And yet in us priests the Church has, as it were, but the

beginning of the priesthood. It is there in all the integrity of its power over the mystical and real body of the Lord ; but the priesthood is not there in the simple priest in its full perfection. Why? Because nothing is perfect until it is able to produce something like itself. The priesthood in the simple priest cannot generate a priesthood. But the Church comes, the Spouse of Jesus Christ, and she confers upon a man the awful attribute of being able, by the imposition of his hands and the breath of his consecration, to send forth from him into his fellow-man the living Spirit of God ; to endow a man with power to consecrate bread and wine into the body and blood of Jesus Christ. What sanctity, therefore, must be upon those lips that are able not only to speak the words of the Spirit of God, but to send forth that spirit, in the awfulness of its power, to penetrate the soul of another man. Here are those bishops, with the priests around them, to-day : here is this man who entered this church this morning a simple priest. He embraces the archbishop and his fellow bishops, and they breathe the power of Jesus Christ and his sanctity ; and this evening, if that man imposes his hands upon a layman among you, he makes that man a priest of God, and produces in another that priesthood which is made perfect in himself. He becomes a fountain of power and sanctity. Those lips must be holy from which the Spirit of God goes out ; those hands must be holy that are able to convey Christ into the body of a fellow-man.

Behold, my brethren, the power of the episcopacy. Here this Bishop has the power to breathe upon a man the same Spirit which Christ gave to His Apostles when he said to them : " Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven ; whose sins ye shall retain they are retained ; " and suddenly the priest who kneels before him receives the power to forgive sins. And it is not merely the power to declare the sin forgiven, but it is the power of removing utterly the stain of sin from the repentant sinner. It is not the priest that does this, he is only the voice—the word must come from God ; just as my voice speaks the words of my mind, so the priest, conferring the sacraments, speaks the words of Jesus Christ. The principle of unity is preserved in the Church by that wonderful organization that is the admiration of every philosopher. Christ's Divinity was hidden in His humanity ; so in the Church all things stand in Christ. Christ was the image of God ; the Church is the image of Christ. All power and all sanctity come

from this one ineffable head, speaking, acting, governing through the visible head, Christ's representative, the Pope of Rome

The bishops of the Church are its interpreters and guides; and the history of the Church tells us that whenever danger threatened the Church, the bishops have never been wanting in their duty. There is no order in the Church that has given so many martyrs as the Episcopal order. Their very purple seems to be a reminder of the purple of martyrdom. The very martyr of our own day, the Archbishop of Paris, laid down his life, proclaiming that Jesus Christ was the only Lord and Saviour.

When we consider then, dearly beloved brethren, what a Bishop is—bearing jurisdiction to his clergy, preserving his people from every error, and securing to them and to their children eternal salvation, I ask you is it not a source of inexpressible joy to behold a new diocese instituted in this land to-day? There is joy in heaven for this fountain of special power which is opened to the dwellers in the House of David. There is joy in heaven for Him who is consecrated to-day—another in the line of bishops from whom the sacramental power shall flow forever. And if there is joy for one sinner who does repentance, what joy must there be to see a fountain of grace opened up to the faithful.

That joy is enhanced for me, and I know that it is enhanced for many of you, by knowing that the chosen one is a child of our race. The Church is not bound to any race or people. She comes speaking every tongue, under every clime, and every government, only seeking to save the souls of men from hell. But the highest glory of any people has always been the glory of helping the Catholic Church—the glory of giving from out the national womb a priesthood to labor in and to govern this Church. That glory, even in the midst of suffering and sorrow, has been given to the Irish race. This glory, from the first day that the light dawned on St. Patrick in the land has been spreading ever abroad until Ireland's episcopacy has been recognized by the world. This cedar of God, lifting its stately head from the mountain top of desolation, puts forth to-day another fruitful branch, another ruler in the Church of Christ. This tree of Ireland's Christianity has not grown old with years, although the branches have been cut off again and again, and its roots have been watered by blood and tears. The proof of its youth and its strength is that to-day it is able to send forth another bishop in the Church, a long tried priest, full of faith

and devotion to Jesus Christ; to give another among the lights of the world, the salt of the earth. Oh, no, our mother is as young to-day as ever: here is the proof. One of her children has been found worthy of being raised to the episcopacy. The Church of God declaring him worthy, calls him to this high office that he should represent the perfect sanctity of Jesus Christ, that he should hold forth the Church's power unto the brethren of the priesthood, and that he should bear forth the sacred principles of that unity which binds the Church to her head, and binds that head to Jesus Christ, its crown.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered in St. Stephen's Church, Twenty-eighth street, New York, on Tuesday evening, April 30th, by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, for the benefit of the mission to the colored race in this country, which is being established under the special direction and authority of the Supreme Pontiff.]

"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE TRUE EMANCIPATOR."

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I am come before you this evening to assert a proposition which would require no proof, if all men were of one mind regarding the claims of the Catholic Church to be the Church of Christ. I assert for the Catholic Church that she is the true emancipator of the slave; and I say again, that if men were of one mind touching her claims to be the true Christian Church, this proposition would require no proof; for any man who believes in the agency of Christ as perpetuated in his Church, must at once conclude that one of the highest and greatest of the duties of that Church is the duty which her Divine founder, Himself, came to accomplish, viz.: the work of emancipation. He came and found, not this race, or that,—not this class or order of men, or that,—but all mankind, and all races of men, enslaved in the direst form of slavery—a slavery that entered into their very souls;

a slavery that not only destroyed their freedom of will, but also clouded, and thereby destroyed, the clearness of their intelligence; a slavery that bound them helpless at the feet of the most cruel of all masters,—for that master was no other than the devil, the prince and ruler of all mankind, the enslaver of the intellect, of the will, and of the soul of man. The prophet of old had foretold of our Divine Lord and Redeemer, that he came to break the chains of man's slavery, to emancipate him, to take him from out that deep and terrible servitude into which he was fallen, and to endow him once more with "the glory of the freedom of the children of God." Therefore He came. Among all the other titles that belonged to Him is that preëminently of the emancipator of an enslaved and a fallen race. And if His action is to continue in the Church,—if His graces are to flow on through that Church, and His light is to come forth, pure and bright and radiant in the Church which He founded,—all we have to do is to find that Church; and bound to her brows, we shall find the crown of the emancipator of the human race. That Church we, Catholics, know and believe to be the Mother that has begotten us unto God, through the Gospel.

Now, my friends, how did Christ effect the work of His emancipation? I answer that He emancipated or freed the intelligence of man from the slavery of the intellect, which is error; and that He emancipated the will of man from the slavery of the will, which is sin. And He carefully defined what manner of freedom He came to found and confer, when He said to a benighted race, whom He had enlightened: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free!" And to a degraded and corrupt race, He said: "I am come that, where sin hath abounded, grace might abound still more;" and, in the abundance of His grace He called us unto the freedom of the children of God.

Behold, then, the elements, of emancipation, as found in the actions and in the words of the Son of God, the Redeemer, the Saviour, and the Emancipator. Truth! Truth broadly diffused; truth borne upon the wings of knowledge unto every mind. Not speculation, but truth, not opinion but knowledge; not study of the truth, but possession of the truth. "There," says the Son of God, "lies the secret of your intellectual freedom." Therefore He lifted up His voice; He flung abroad the banner of his eternal truth; He called all men to hear the sound of His voice, and to rally round the standard of His truth and of His knowledge. And the word which He spoke was

borne upon the wings of the angels for all future time, unto the farthest ends of the earth, upon the lips of the preaching and infallible Church which He founded; I say the "preaching Church," which he founded, for "Faith comes by hearing;" and the knowledge which emancipates the intelligence must come by a living voice. But, I add,—as no other knowledge save that of the pure truth as it is in the mind of Jesus Christ, thus delivered by a living voice, can emancipate the intelligence of man, therefore the voice which He commanded to teach the world, must bear the unfailling, and infallible, and unmixed message of the truth of the Lord Jesus Christ! For, if that voice can admit the slightest blending of error—if that voice can falter in the delivery of the truth—or mix up the slightest distortion of error with that truth—it ceases to be the voice of Jesus Christ, and it only, in its teachings, substitutes one form of slavery for another. Oh, if the men of our day would only understand this; if the men who boast of their civilization would only understand this—that whatever is not the truth is not the voice nor the message of God;—whatever, by any possibility can be untrue, cannot be the voice of God;—if men would only understand this that there is no greater insult than we can offer to a God of Truth than to take a religious lie—a distorted view—a false idea,—put it into our minds, and say, "This is the truth of God; this is the religious truth!" But, no! We boast to-day of our liberality; we boast to-day of the multitude of our sects and of our religious institutions; we boast to-day of an open Bible from which every man draws—not the word of God; for I deny that it is the Word of God;—it is the Word of God only when it is taken from that page as it lies in the mind of God—we boast to-day that that Bible is open to every man to look in it for the canonization of his own error, lying in his distorted meaning given to that divinely-inspired page;—and then we pretend that all this is a mark of religion: and the man who would indignantly resent a lie, told him in the ordinary avocations and social duties of life—the man who would resent as a deep injury being taken in a matter of business, in the furnishing of an account, or any such transitory thing,—is precisely the man that is most indifferent, and careless, and most easily reconciled, when it is a matter that lies between him and the God of Truth, whether he possesses that truth or not. Yet, I say again, it is a disreputable thing to be taken in by a lie—to believe a lie. It is a mark of intellectual and moral imbecility to cling to a lie and uphold

it as the truth. And remember that, when it is a matter between us and God—the interpretation of the message of God—the tone that the voice of God takes in falling upon our ear,—remember that whatever is not true as to God, is the worst form of untruth—or, a lie ; and that the truth of God is declared to be, by the Saviour of the world, the essential, primary element of that emancipation with which Jesus Christ came down to free us.

But, dear friends, grand and magnificent as is the possession of that truth, luminous as the light which is poured into the soul from Almighty God, through the windows, as it were, of Divine truth, it is not enough to accomplish the freedom of man. The soul of freedom lies not only in the mind, possessing truth, and thus shaking off the chains of intellectual slavery, which is error ; but it also lies in the will, sanctified, strengthened, and purified by the Divine grace of Jesus Christ. Of what avail to you my fellow-men, or to me, that we should know all knowledge?—that we should have all knowledge?—if a man is a slave to his own passions—if every degrading passion and inclination of a base or an inferior nature has only to cry out imperiously to be instantly served and gratified at the expense of the soul's nobility and life, and at the expense of God's friendship and His grace. Of what avail is knowledge to a man if that man be impure ? Of what avail are the soundest principles or examples moral or divine, to that man who, holding them, does not act up to them, but is dishonest ? And therefore, there is another and a more terrible slavery, even than that of the intellect ; and that is, the slavery of the will. Now, to meet this Christ, our Lord, the divine healer, the divine physician of our souls, established certain means by which His grace, His strength, His purity, was to be communicated to us, to our wills, just as by the preaching of the Gospel in the Church her light is communicated to our intelligence. And these means are the sacred morality of the Church's laws ; the sacred barriers that she uprears between the soul and sin ; the sacramental graces that she pours forth to heal the soul, and purify it, and cleanse it again, if it be tainted and sullied by sin ; the agencies that she holds in her hands to preserve that soul from a relapse into sin, strengthening it so that it is able to command all its passions, to repress all undue and corrupting inclinations, to give a triumph to the spirit over matter—to the soul over the body—until the Lord Jesus Christ, who was not only the fountain of all truth but the creator of all holiness, and its representative, here produced again in the

souls of all His children, and a perfect people be reared up in sanctity to God.

Without this grace of the heart and the will, there is no freedom. Without the agency of the Church, I say, as a rule, there can be no grace. Without her sacraments, the will of man—the will of man which may be enslaved—the will of man which is enslaved whenever man is in sin—can never be touched; for the sacramental hand of the Church alone can touch it. And, here, again, as the word of the Church's teaching, must be no other than the word of Jesus Christ himself—not only as it is written in the inspired volumes, but as it lies in the mind of God, and, therefore, the Church is bound to explain it; so, also, the graces of the Church and the agency that she has in her hands to touch the will, must be no other than the very power, the very action, the very grace of Jesus Christ. No other hand but His, no other power but His—no other influence but His—the Lord, the Redeemer, the Saviour—coming home to every individual man, can purify that man's soul, and strengthen him to gain the victory which conquereth the world, the flesh and the devil—the victory of Divine faith! For, of what avail to me, I ask you, of what avail to me is it that a priest should lift up his hand and say, "I absolve thee from thy sin," unless that word, that grace, that power to do it, come to that priest from Jesus Christ? Of what avail to me that a man pour water on my head and say, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," unless that baptism, that water had the Sacramental elements, instituted by the Lord, endured with a peculiar power for this purpose,—the cleansing of the soul,—betinged mystically with the saving blood of the Redeemer? Of what avail to me if I come to this altar, open my mouth, and receive what appears to be a morsel of bread, unless the Redeemer of the world had said: "Without me you can do nothing. And now, I will come to you. Take ye—and eat of this;—for this is my body and my blood." Therefore, it is the action of Jesus Christ that must remain as powerful, as pure, as merciful in the dispensation of the Church's grace,—as her words must be pure from error, and unmixed with error upon the lips of the Church's preaching? Behold the two great elements of man's emancipation. Wherever these are not there is a slavery. He that believes a lie—and, above all, a religious untruth, is a slave. He that commits sin is the slave of sin.

What avails it that you emancipate a man—strike the chains of his hands—send him forth, in name a free man—

send him forth with every constitutional right and civic privilege upon him—send him forth, glorying in his freedom, without understanding it, and, perhaps, prepared to abuse it? If you leave that man's intelligence under the gloom of ignorance—if you leave that man's will under the dominion of sin and of his own passions, have you made him a free man? You call him a free man. But God in Heaven, and, unfortunately, the devil in hell, laughs and scoffs at your idea of freedom.

And, now, my friends, this being the mission, declared and avowed by our Divine Lord,—this, consequently, being the mission handed into the hands of the Church to be fulfilled by her, if we turn to the Church's history and see whether she has been faithful to her duty in thus applying the elements of emancipation to man. It is a historical question, and one that I must deal with, principally, historically. Now, in order to understand it, we are, first of all to consider, what was the state of the world when the Church began her mission? How did she find society? Was it barbarous or civilized? I answer that the Church's mission, when she first opened her lips to preach the Gospel, was to a most civilized and highly intellectual people. Augustus was in his grave, but the Augustan era, the proudest, the highest and most civilized yet shed its influence over Rome. All the wisdom of the ancients, all the dicta of Pagan philosophy—was represented in that august assembly before which, upon the hill of Athens, Paul the Apostle, stood up to preach the "Resurrection and the Life." All the light of ancient philosophy was there. All the glory of art was there in its highest perfection. All the resources then attained to in science were there. Men were glorying in that day, as they are in this, in their material progress and in their ideas. But how? How was this society constituted with regard to slavery? Why, my friends, in that ancient Pagan world, we read, that at the time when there were sixty thousand inhabitants in the city of Athens, the capital of Greece, there were forty thousand slaves and only twenty thousand freemen. We read how, in the society of Sparta, another city of Greece, the slaves had so multiplied that the masters lived in constant fear, lest their servants—their bondsmen—should rise up in their power and destroy them. We read of Rome, that the slaves were in such numbers, that when it was proposed in the Senate that they should wear a distinct dress, it was immediately opposed on the ground that if they wore a distinct dress they would come to recognize their own

numbers and strength, and would rise and sweep the freemen from the soil. So much for the civilized nations. What do we know of the barbarous nations? Why, Herodotus, the historian, tells us, that on one occasion, a nation of Scythians went forth and invaded Medea; and, when they returned after a successful war, flushed with triumph and with victory, such was the number of the slaves that they had enslaved, from the misfortunes of war and other causes, that actually, when they returned in all their might, they found that in their absence, their slaves had revolted, and they were chased by their own servants—their own slaves—from their own country. How were these slaves treated? They were treated thus: We read that when a certain Prefect of Rome, Vitellius Secundus, was murdered by one of his slaves, and as a matter of course, following the law, there were four hundred of that man's bondsmen taken, and they were all put to death without mercy, without pity;—four hundred innocent men for the fault and the crime of one. Had the slave any rights? None whatever. Had the slave any privilege or recognition of any kind? None whatever. His life and his blood were accounted as of no value; and what was still worse, the highest philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome, writing on this subject, laid down as a principle, that these men were created by the gods, as they called them, for the purpose of slavery; that they came into this world for no other purpose; that they had no souls capable of appreciating anything spiritual, no feelings to be respected, no eternal nor even temporal interests to be consulted; so that a man who had the misfortune to fall into slavery, found himself not only enslaved but degraded.

Such was the state of the world when the Catholic Church began her mission. And now, what was the first principle that the Church preached and laid down? The first emancipating principle that the Catholic Church announced was this: She proclaimed that slavery was no degradation; that a man might be enslaved and yet not be degraded. This was the first principle by which the Church of God recognized the nobility of the soul of man,—no matter from what race he sprang; no matter what misfortune may have fallen upon him,—that he might be enslaved, nay, more, that his very slavery might bring its own specific duties upon him; but that slavery, in itself, was no degradation. You may say to me, perhaps, this was a false principle. I answer, No; it is not a false principle. I am a slave; yet I am not a degraded man. I am a slave; for, many years ago, I swore away, at

the foot of the altar, my liberty, my freedom and my will, and gave them up to God. Am I, therefore, degraded? No. We are all slaves in this sense—that the Scriptures tell us that we have been bought at a great price by our Lord Jesus Christ; and, therefore, that we are the servants and bondsmen of Him who bought us. But who will say that such slavery as this is degradation. No, my friends. You may, perhaps, say to me, but we all admit our servitude to God. Well, this is precisely the point; and St. Paul, proclaiming the first elements of the Church's laws and doctrines touching slavery, declared that even a man who was enslaved by his fellow-man was no longer a slave—that is, in the sense of a degraded slave; because Almighty God, through His Church, recognized that man's soul,—recognized his feelings,—and commanded him to be faithful, even as a slave,—not to the master as to a man, but to the master for the sake of Jesus Christ, and as reflecting authority and power over him. These are the express words of the Apostle; and mark how clearly they bring out this grand principle. He says: "Whosoever are servants under the yoke, let them account their masters worthy of all honor, lest the name of the Lord and His doctrines be blasphemed." He goes on to say: "You, slaves, obey those that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling in the simplicity of your hearts, as to Jesus Christ Himself, not serving to the eye, as it were, pleasing men, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart, with a good will, serving as to the Lord not to man."

There was the first grand element of the Church's emancipation. She removed from the slave the degradation of his slavery, by admitting that, slave as he was, he could in obeying his master, obey God;—transfer his allegiance, as it were from the man to the principle of God's authority reflected in that man; and thus serve, not as to the eye of man, but to the eye of Jesus Christ.

Secondly, the Apostle declares that slavery ceased to be a degradation when the master and the owner was as much a slave as his bondsman. And this he declares in this principle: "And you masters," he says, "do the same thing as your slaves, forbearing threatening, knowing that the Lord, both of them and of you, is in Heaven, and that there is no respect of persons with Him." "Masters" He adds, "do to your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that you also, have a Master who is in Heaven." The Pagan idea was that the master was the absolute governor and ruler of his slave,—the

lord of life and death,—and that that slave was created to do his will; and that for his treatment of his servant he was not responsible before God. The Apostle, in the name of the Church, imposes upon the master and slave the common servitude to the one God; and then, he lays down the third great element, by which he relieves slavery of its degradation when he says; “There is, in Christ, neither bondsman nor freeman, neither Jew nor Gentile, neither barbarian nor Scythian, but Christ, the Lord, in all; and ye are all one in Jesus Christ.”

These, my friends, were the first words of consolation, of hope, of manly sympathy with his fellow-men in slavery, that ever came from the lips of a teacher, religious or otherwise, from the world's creation. And these came from the lips of the Catholic Church, speaking through her divinely-inspired Apostle. Therefore, I claim for her, that, in the beginning, she was faithful to her mission, and that she proclaimed that she came to console the afflicted in his slavery, and to lift from him the weight of the degradation which was upon him. Then, the history of the Church began. You all know, my dear friends, how, five centuries after the Church was established, the barbarians—the Goths, the Vandals, the Alans, and all these terrible nations from the north, swept down over the Roman empire, and destroyed everything: broke up society; reduced it to its first chaotic elements; and slavery was the universal institution all the world over. Every nation had it. The captive that was taken in war lost his liberty, not for a day, but for ever. The man who was oppressed with debt was taken for his debt and sold into slavery. The Church of God alone, was able to meet these barbarians, to confront them, and to evangelize to them her gospel of liberation; and to soften, and gradually to diminish, until at length, she all but destroyed the existence of this unjust slavery. The Church of God—the Catholic Church, was the only power that these barbaric nations would respect. The Pope of Rome was the great upholder of the principles of liberty; because liberty means nothing more nor less than the assertion of right for every man, and the omnipotence of the law, which insures him his right, and defines that right. And how did the Pope act; and how did the Church carry out her mission? My friends we find that from the fifth century,—from the very time that the Church began to be known and had commenced to make her influence felt among the nations,—among the very first ordinances that she made, were some for the relief of the slave. She

commanded, for instance, under pain of censure, that no master was to put his slave to death; and you may imagine under what depths of misery society was plunged, and from what a state of things the Catholic Church has saved the world,—when I tell you that one of the ordinances of a council in the sixth century was, that if any lady (now just imagine this to yourselves!)—being offended by any of her slaves, or vexed by them, put the slave to death, that she was to undergo several long years of public penance for the crime that she had committed. What a state of society it was, when a delicate lady, arraying herself, perhaps, for an evening meeting,—a ball, or a party,—with her maiden slaves around her, dressing her, adding ornament to ornament,—that if one of them made a slight mistake, the delicate lady was able to turn round,—as we read in the Pagan historians, and as Roman ladies did,—and thrust her ivory-hilted dagger into the heart of her poor slave, striking her dead at her feet. The only power that was recognized on the earth, to make that lady responsible—the only power that she would listen to,—the only representative of the law that was thus to fling its protection over the unhappy slave, was the power of the mighty Church, that told that lady that if she committed herself to such actions as these, outside the Church's gates she should kneel, in sack-cloth and ashes; that she should kneel far away from the altar and the sacrifice; that she should kneel there until, after long years of weeping and penitence, as a public penitent, she was to be permitted to crawl into the Church, and take the place of the penitent nearest the door.

And so, in like manner, we find the Church, in the progress of ages, making laws, that if any slave offended his master, and, if the master wished to punish him, then and there, by some terrible form of aggravated punishment, and if that slave fled from his master, there was only one place where he could find security, and that was the church. For the Church declared that the moment a slave crossed her door and entered into her sanctuary, that moment the master's hand was stayed, and the slave was out of his power, until the case was fairly tried, and proportionate and just punishment imposed, as would be imposed on any man who committed the same offence.

Again; we find the same Church, in the course of ages imposing a threat of excommunication upon any man who should capture a manumitted or emancipated slave, and reduce him to slavery again. Further on, we find the same

Church making a law that when a bishop, or a cardinal, or a great ecclesiastic died, all those who were in servitude to him should be immediately freed. These were the freedmen of the Church, as they were called.

But you may ask, why didn't she abolish slavery at once? And this is the accusation that is made against the Catholic Church, even by such a man as Guizot, the great French statesman and philosopher; who says—these are his words: 'I admit, that the Catholic Church, in her action in her genus, always tried to preach the subject of emancipation; but why did she not do it at once?' I answer, the Church of God is the only power upon earth which at all times has known how to do good, and to do it wisely and justly. It is not enough to do a good thing because it is good: it must be well done; it must be wisely done; there must be no injury accompanying the doing of it; nor no injustice staining the act. The Church of God could not, from the very beginning, ever have emancipated without doing a grave injustice to the society which she would disturb, to the owners of these slaves against whom she might be accused of robbery; but the greatest injustice of all to the poor slaves themselves, who were not prepared for the gift of freedom. And therefore, taking her own time, proclaiming her principles, acting upon them strongly yet sweetly, and drawing to her every interest; conciliating men's minds; creating public opinion among society; trying to save every man from injustice; and in the meantime, preparing mankind by faith and by sanctity for the gift of freedom,—she labored slowly, patiently, but most efficaciously in the great work of emancipation. For, my friends, there are two injustices, and grave injustices, which may accompany this great act of emancipation. There is the injustice which may affect the whole of society, may break up public order, may ruin interests; and that is the injustice which a sudden and a rash emancipation inflicts upon the society upon which it falls. For instance, as in Europe in the early middle ages, slaves who, according to St. Augustine, were enslaved, not from any inherent right of man over his fellow-man, but in punishment for their own sins, in virtue of the prescription of God,—these slaves formed a great portion of the public property. Nearly one-half of mankind were enslaved to the other. The consequence was that the disposition of property was affected by them, that the tillage and cultivation of the land depended upon them; that in fact the status and condition of the half who owned the slaves would be affected; so that by a sudden

and rash emancipation, the freeman of to-day would become a slave, in the poverty and in the uncalled for privation, and the unexpected misery that would come upon him by the loss of all that he possessed in this world. Was that injustice to be done! No, because it would defeat its own end. The end of all society is peace and happiness. The end of all society is concord and mutual straining to one end—each man helping his fellow-man; and the Church was too wise to throw such an element of universal discord among all the other dissensions that were tearing the heart of the world in those days, to throw in the element of discord, and to set one half the world against the other.

But far greater is the injustice which is done to the poor slave himself by a sudden, an unexpected and a sweeping emancipation. For, my friends, next to Divine grace and faith, the highest gift of God to man is freedom. Freedom! sacred liberty!—sacred liberty! within these consecrated walls,—even as a priest I say, that sacred freedom is a high gift of God; but the history of our race tells us that it is a gift that has at all times been most fatally abused; and the poet says, with bitter truth, that at an early age he was left

“Lord of himself—that heritage of woe.”

Liberty,—lordship over oneself—unfettered freedom is, in most cases, a “heritage of woe,” and especially when a man does not understand what it means, and is not prepared for its legitimate exercise. What is liberty? that sacred word so often used, so frequently abused, so little understood? Ah! my friends, what is liberty? In our days men fall into two most fatal errors: they have a false idea of religious liberty, and they have a false idea of civil liberty. The false idea of religious liberty is, that it consists in unfettered freedom for every man to believe whatever he likes. A nation is said to have religious liberty when every man believes whatever notion of religion comes into his head; and consequently there are as many sects as there are religions. Men say, “Grand! glorious! this is religious liberty!” But yesterday there was only one faith in Italy, for instance; to-day we hear men boasting: “Thirty thousand hearers; ten thousand preachers;” and so on; and in twenty years’ time, if this goes on, we shall have Italy broken up into Quakers, and Shakers, and Baptists, and Anabaptists, and all sorts of religious sects. Is this religious liberty? Men say it is. Well, if this be religious liberty, all I can say is that the definition that Christ

our Lord, gave of religious liberty is wrong, for He said: Truth is one, and only one: it cannot contradict itself. You know the truth, and have it; and in that you shall find your freedom." It will follow that the more any nation or people approach to unity of thought, they approach to liberty, provided that one thought represents the truth of Jesus Christ.

Civil liberty is also misunderstood. Many imagine nowadays that the essence of civil liberty is the power to rise up at any time and create a revolution—rise up against the rulers and governors—against the fixed form of constitutional law,—and upset everything. That is the idea, for instance—the popular idea, unfortunately—now in the minds of many in Europe. In France, for example, nearly every man that knows how to read and write has a copy of a constitution in his pocket, which he has drawn out himself, to be the future constitution of France; and he is prepared to go out and stand on the barricades and fight for his constitution, and kill his neighbor for it. The idea of liberty, too, which has taken possession of the minds of many, seems to lie in this—that every man can do as he likes, and what he likes. Ah! if this were brought home to us; if it were brought home to us that every man could do as he liked; that we could be assaulted and assailed at every hand's turn; that every man should go out with his life in his hand; that there was no protection for a man against his neighbor who was stronger; and any man who, boasting of his power, says: "I want your money,—I want your means,—I am able to take it, and I am at liberty to take it; because liberty consists in every man doing as he likes:" how would you like this liberty, my friends? No; the essence of liberty lies here: the essence of liberty lies in recognizing and defining every man's right, no matter what he is, from the highest to the lowest in the State. Let every man know his own rights, be they great or small, be they limited or otherwise; let every man have the rights that are just and reasonable; let him know his rights; don't keep him in ignorance of them; define them for him by law, no matter what position he holds in society; and when every man's rights are defined and recognized, and incorporated in law, let that law be put up on high: put it, if you will, upon the very altar; and let every man in the State—president, king, emperor, general, soldier, civilian—let every man, high or low, bow down before the omnipotence and the supremacy of that law. Let that law be there to define every man's rights, and to secure

them to him, and let every man know that as long as he keeps himself within the exercise of his own rights, as defined by law, no power can touch him, no man can infringe upon him. Leave him free in the exercise of these rights : that is liberty ; the supremacy of the law, the omnipotence of law, —the law which is the expression of matured reason and of authority, respecting and defining every man's rights. Far more free is the man who is only able to do this thing or that, but knows that he can do them,—that knows that these are his rights and no man can prevent him from exercising them,—than the man who has an undefined freedom, which is not preserved or secured to him by any form of defined law.

This is civil liberty. And so it is as great a mistake to say, "I can do what I like ; therefore I am free ; I have civil liberty," as to say, "I can believe what I like ; therefore I have religious liberty." No, it is not true. Dogma,—the truth of God,—does not leave us at liberty. It appeals to us, and we are bound to open our minds to let into our intelligence the truth of God. Any man who refuses it commits a sin. We are not at liberty to refuse it. The law appeals to us ; we are not at liberty to disobey it. The quintessence of civic freedom lies in obeying the law ; the quintessence of religious freedom lies in acknowledging the truth.

And now, my friends, this being the case, I ask you what greater injustice can you do to a man than to give him that liberty, that unlimited freedom, without first telling him his rights, defining his rights, establishing those rights by law, and without teaching that man that he must respect the law that protects him, that he must move within the sphere or circle of his rights, and content himself in this. What greater injustice can you do to society or to a man himself, than to give him freedom without defining what his rights are? In other words, is not the gift of liberty itself a misnomer? Is it not simply an absurdity to say to a man, "You are free;" and that man does not know what is meant by the word freedom? Look at the history of emancipation, and will you not find this to be the case? The States have emancipated just as the Church has emancipated ; but with this difference--that the Church prepared the slave before she gave him freedom ; taught him his rights, taught him his responsibilities, taught him his duties ; and then taking the chains off his hands, said : "You are a free man. Respect your rights ; move in the sphere of your duties, and bow down before the law that has made you free." The State has not said this.

A few years ago England emancipated the black population of Jamaica;—a sweeping emancipation. The negroes were not prepared for it; they did not understand it. What was the first use they made of their liberty? The first use that they made of their liberty was to fling aside the hoe, the reaping-hook, the sickle, the spade, every implement of labor and sit down idly, to famish and starve in the land.

Now, among the duties of man, defined by every law, the first duty is labor,—work. The only respectable man in this world is the man who works. The idler is not a respectable man. If he were seated upon the great Cæsar's throne, and there he would be an idler, I would have no respect, but only contempt for him. This was the first use that the negro population of Jamaica made of their freedom. What was the consequence? That their state to-day, after many years of emancipation, is one of absolute misery; while, during the time they were slaves they were living in comparative comfort. Because, small as the circle of their rights was, strictly defined as it was, still it had its duties: they knew their duties, they knew the law; they were protected in the exercise of their duties; and the consequence was they were a thriving people. Look to the Southern States of this Union. You have emancipated your negro population, with one sweeping act of emancipation. I need not tell you that by so doing (I do not wish to speak politics; I do not wish to enter upon this question in any way that would be, perhaps, insolent in a stranger—but this I do say)—that in that sweeping emancipation, though you did what the world may call a grand and a glorious thing, you know well, gentlemen, how many you deprived of the very means of subsistence by it, and what misery and poverty you brought upon many families by it, and how completely for a time you shattered the framework of society by it. Have you benefitted the slave population by it?—by this gift of freedom,—a glorious gift, a grand gift, provided that the man who receives it knows what it is; provided the man who receives it is prepared to receive it, and use it as he ought. But, either to the white man or the colored man the gift of freedom is a fatal gift unless he knows how to use it. Did you prepare these men for that freedom before you gave it to them? Did you tell them that they should be as laborious as they were in slavery? that labor was the first duty of every man? Did you tell them that they were to respect the rights of their fellow-men, to whom, slaves yesterday, they are made equals to-day? Did you tell them that they were not to indulge in

vain, idle, dreams of becoming a privileged class in the land, to become gentlemen, and govern and rule their fellow-men to whom the law only made them constitutionally and politically equal? Did you tell them that they were not to attempt instantly, forcibly, to overstep certain barriers that the God of nature set between them; but that they were to respect the race that manumitted and emancipated them. I fear you did not. I have evidence of it. What use have they made of this gift of freedom? Ah! children as they were, though grown into the fulness of material manhood,—children as they were, without education without knowledge,—what use could they make of their freedom! What use do you and I make of our freedom? we who are born free, we whose education and everything surrounding us from our infancy, all tend to make us respect and use well that freedom. Is there that purity, that self-respect, that manly restraint over a man's passions,—is there that assertion of the dominion of the soul over the inferior nature stamped upon the Christian society and the white society of the world to-day, that would lead them to imagine that it is so easy for a poor child of slavery to enter into the fulness of his freedom? I fear not. Well, my friends, still they are there before us. The dreams of the political economist will not teach them to use their freedom. The vain, ambitious, and I will add, impious purposes and theories propounded by those who would insinuate that the colored man was emancipated for the purpose of a commingling of races, will not teach them to use their freedom. The ambitious hopes held out of ascendancy before them will not teach them to use their freedom. The political parties that would make use of them for their own ends will never teach them to use their freedom. You have emancipated them; and I deny that they are free. I say that they are slaves. You have emancipated them. Tell me, what religious freedom have you given them? You have put an open Bible into the hand of a man who only learned to read yesterday, and you have told him with bitter sarcasm to go and find the truth of God in a book that has puzzled the greatest and wisest of the earth's philosophers. You have sent him in search of religion in a book that has been quoted by every false teacher from the day that it was written, by prostituting that sacred inspired word, and twisting it to lend a color to his arguments. You have sent teachers to them, teachers who began their lesson, began their teaching, by declaring that, after they had labored all day, they might have been mistaken all through; and that they had no fixed, immutable

truths to give to the poor emancipated mind. You know it. What religious freedom have you given them? Have you touched their hearts with grace? You have given them, indeed, forms of religion, which you boast are suited to them, because you allow these over-grown, simple children to bel- low and to cry out what seems to be the word of praise and of faith.

Ah, my friends, it is not this corporeal exercise that will purify their hearts, strengthen their souls, subdue their passions, and make them first of all, respect themselves and then respect their fellow-citizens of the land. You have emancipated them, but you have not freed them. They shall be free only in the day when these poor darkened intelligences shall have been led into the full light of God's knowledge, and when the strong animal passions of a race that, from whatever cause it be, seems to have more of the animal than many other races of mankind; when their strong passions are subdued, their hearts purified, their souls cleansed, graces received to be prized and to be retained;—then, and only then, will you have emancipated the negro. You have not done it as yet. But it is the Church's work to do it. It is her mission and her duty. She knows that He who came and died upon the cross, died not only for you but for these children of the mid-day sun: She knows that every soul of these colored people is as dear to the heart of God as the proudest and the best, the most learned and the most refined among you. She knows that if she can only make a truly faithful Catholic Christian out of the humblest of these children of the desert, that she will have made something more noble,—grander and greater—than the best among you, if you be sinners; and she, therefore, sends to them her clergy, her consecrated children—priests and nuns. She says to the noblest and the best in the land: "Arise, go forth from house and home, from father and friends; go seek a strange land and strange people; go in among them; go seek the toil and the burning heat and the burden of the day; go seek the man whom many men despise; kneel down at his feet and offer him Jesus Christ." We have been told by a high authority that this is an act of justice which England offers—an act of reparation which Catholic England offers to America; for, great as has been the crisis of the late war, the slavery which was in America,—the highest ecclesiastical authority in England tells us, sanctioned by the voice of history,—has not been your creation, my American friends: it was England's creation. It was forced

upon you ; and from having begun it became a necessity. And therefore England to-day sends her children ; and they come with humility, but with earnestness and zeal, and they say to you—to you, Catholics,—to you many among you—perhaps a vast majority among you—of Irish parentage or Irish descent,—she says to you, “Children of a faithful nation, children of a race that has always been intellectual enough to recognize the one truth, keen enough to know its value, energetic enough to grasp it with a firm hand,—lovers as you have been of freedom, worshippers at the shrine of your religious and your national liberty,—she asks you, children of a race of doctors, of martyrs, of apostles, to lend a helping hand to the Catholic Church to-day, and to aid her to emancipate truly those who have obtained only freedom in name, and to complete that work which can only be done by a touch of the hand of Jesus Christ.

Your presence here this evening expresses your sympathy with the high and noble purpose that has brought these children, the consecrated ones of the Church of God, to this country ; and they appeal to you, through me:—and they have a right to appeal to you, through me, and I have a right to speak to you in this cause of freedom : for my brother, wearing this same habit, the venerable and holy Bartholomew Las Casas, the first Dominican that ever landed in America, in the very train of Christopher Columbus himself,—was the first man that raised his voice to proclaim to the poor Indian the birthright of that higher freedom that consists in the knowledge and the grace of Jesus Christ. We only ask you to help us to diffuse that knowledge and that grace—that knowledge which is the freedom of the intellect—that grace which is the freedom of the will, and without which double freedom there is no emancipation ; for the chains may fall from the hand, but the chain is still riveted upon the soul. Freedom is a sacred thing ; but like every sacred thing, it must be seated in the soul of man. Bodily freedom is as nothing unless the soul be emancipated by the holy Church of God. Your presence here this evening attests your sympathy with this great work ; and, O my friends, as you have contributed materially, I ask you to contribute also intellectually and spiritually—intellectually by the sympathy of your intelligence with the labor of those holy priests, and spiritually by praying to God, who came to emancipate the world, that He might make perfect the weak and inefficient action of mankind and of the State, by pouring forth His spirit of light and grace among these poor children and strangers who are in the land.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered on Sunday, May 5, by the Rev FATHER BURKE, in St. Joseph's Church, Brooklyn.]

"THE CONFESSIONAL : ITS EFFECT ON SOCIETY."

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN: Among the things that were prophesied concerning our Lord and Saviour, there was this said of Him—that He would be an object of wonder to men: "*Vocabitur admirabilis.*" "He shall be called," says the prophet, "Wonderful." He came; and, in signs and miracles, and many glorious deeds, He excited the wonder of mankind; but never so much as when they heard from His lips such words as these: "Thy sins are forgiven thee,"—spoken to the sinner. They were astonished at His wisdom; they were astonished at His miracles; but it was only when He said to the paralytic man: "Thy sins are forgiven thee," and to the Magdalene: "Arise, go in peace: all is forgiven thee,"—it was only then that the Pharisees absolutely refused to believe. Their wonder carried them even into incredulity; and they said among themselves, and to each other: "How can this be?"

As it was with our Divine Lord, so it is with the action of His Holy Church with regard to sinners. The world beholds her as Christ, our Lord established her—in all her spiritual loveliness and beauty—in majesty, in unity, in truthfulness and in power. Men are obliged to acknowledge all the beautiful things that dwell in the Church. Some reluctantly, others with apparent joy, bear witness to the fair order of mercy and charity in her. And when they see her best and her holiest sitting down in the hospitals and in orphanages, attending the poor, or following the soldier to the battle-field, they fill the world with praise of this wonderful mercy which is so organized in the Catholic Church. When they see eight hundred of her Bishops, meeting in Council, and all hearing the word of one man, and before that one bowing down as before the voice of God,—they bear willing testimony to the wonderful unity of faith which is in the Church. When they contemplate her priesthood, consecrated to God, and devoted to the people, they give loud and cheer-

ful testimony to the devotedness which exists in the Catholic Church. But there is one thing,—just like the Pharisees with our Lord,—there is one thing that they *will not* admit; and they are, perpetually, in regard to that one thing, repeating the old word of the Pharisees: “Who is this that says he can remit sin?” and “How can this be?” “Who is this man that even forgives, or pretends to forgive, sin?”

And so, over and over again, we meet those who say: “We admire the strength of your faith; we admire the piety of your worship; we admire the wonderful energy of your organization; we admire your ancient traditions; but don’t speak to us of confession!” Whenever the confessional is abused, they listen to the abuse of it with greedy ears. No man is more popular than the man who pretends to “unmask confession!” He is “honest!” he is “sincere!” he is “acting up to his convictions!” There must be something fearful, something terrible, in that assumption of power by which the Church pretends to deal with sinners, and to cleanse them from their sin. Yet, my friends, reflect: certain it is, that the mission for which the Eternal Son of God came down from Heaven to earth was to take away sin; “that where sin abounded grace might abound still more.” Certain it is, that it was for sinners He came, and for their sins He died. Now, the action of Christ upon sinners and upon sin, was either to the total and entire destruction of sin, or only to the remedying of sin. Which of these was it? Did His sufferings and His death totally and entirely destroy sin? He might have done it. Did He put an end to sin? Alas, no! It was not the design of His wisdom. With sorrowing voice, He, himself, declared that when He had died and gone to the place of His glory, sin would still remain. “It is necessary,” He said, “that scandal should be.” If, then, this death and suffering of our Lord, and the mission of Christ our Lord, was not to the total destruction of sin, the mechanical and entire expulsion of all evil from this world, nothing remains but to say, still He came to remedy sin, to deal with sin wherever he found it, to deal with it in each successive generation. And this is the truth; for, Christ our Lord, knowing, and foreknowing, that sin should be, provided a lasting remedy for the lasting evil. And, therefore, calling to Him his Apostles, He said: “I am come, that where sin abounded, grace might abound still more.” Therefore did Christ suffer; that the body of sin might be broken and destroyed in each successive generation. “The Father sent me,” He says, “that where sin abounded grace might abound

still more." "Again, I say unto you, that even as the Father sent me, so do I send you." Then breathing upon His Apostles, He said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven them: and whose sins ye shall retain they are retained." That moment,—at the breathing of the Son of God,—the power that was in Him was communicated to His Apostles, that, in His power, and in His strength, and in His grace, and in His action, they might absolve from sin, and cleanse the soul of sin.

Behold, then how Christ, our Lord, clearly and emphatically embodied His action in the Church, and gave to the Church to do unto the end of time, what He came to do upon the earth, viz., to deal with sin and with sinners, and to say to every weeping and contrite one, no matter how great the burden of his sin: "Arise; depart in peace; thy sin is forgiven thee!" Even those who deny to the Church the power of forgiving sin, admit that the Apostles did it. They cannot deny that the Apostles had it, without denying the very words of Christ: "Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven." And yet, while they admit that the Apostles had it, strange to say, they imagine that the mysterious power died with the Apostles. Now, let us take up this theory. Let us reflect for a moment upon this foolish imagination, that the power to forgive sin died with the Apostles. The action of Christ, I repeat again,—the mission of Christ was to deal with sin and with sinners. He gave that power, undoubtedly, to his Apostles: and I assert that if that power died with John, the last of the twelve, the action and the mission of Christ came to an end. It was absolutely necessary to acknowledge either that the power was transmitted to the Apostles from their successors in the priesthood, as they themselves had received it from Christ, or to confess that the action of the Son of God, our Redeemer, not being utterly destructive of sin, but only remedial—that that action must have ceased entirely when the last of the Apostles died, and that there was an end of all hope of pardon for sinners. Can you imagine this? Did He come only to redeem the generation that had crucified him! Did He come only to redeem and to provide a remedy for the few generations that lasted as long as one of the Apostles was upon the earth? Oh, no! But He declared that as the Redeemer from everlasting was his name at the beginning so, until the end, He should be with his Church in the fulness of His power—in the greatness of the outpouring of His grace. "I am with you," He says, "all days, even to the consummation of the world." "And therefore," says St. Paul, "He is

Jesus Christ, the anointed Saviour!"—the same Saviour to-day as eighteen hundred years ago, through His Church;—yesterday, and to-day the same: and for ever. A truth!—fact!—we have it recorded in the Scriptures. That the Apostles had the power of transmitting all that they received from Christ to their successor is evident from one simple fact that is not sufficiently meditated upon by those who deny it. Christ, our Lord, spoke to the original twelve. Judas was among them when He called them to be Apostles. Judas prevaricated; betrayed his Master; fell from his place of glory, even as Lucifer fell from his high throne in Heaven; and then there was only eleven left. What did *they* do? They chose one man from out the seventy-two disciples,—His name was Matthias,—good and holy;—and they took this man,—having laid their hands upon him,—into the number of the Twelve Apostles, and he became even as they were. Everything that they could do he received the power to do. From whom? From Christ? Christ was already ascended into Heaven. From whom then! From the Apostles themselves. Think you, my brethren, that if they had not the power of transmitting all that they had received from Christ, they would have chosen a man and made him an Apostle? But we have this upon the authority of Scripture. What, therefore, they were able to do for Matthias they were able to do for all their successors in the priesthood and in the episcopate. And so the glorious tradition was handed down the stream; for all that began with Jesus Christ,—that flowed from Him through Peter, James, John, and the others,—flows to-day in the sacred channels of the priesthood. And that stream is a two-fold stream, viz, pure undiluted doctrine, as true as the very Word of God, because it is the Word of God—never to be polluted by the least error; and, side by side with that stream of doctrine, the waters of divine grace; the sacramental power to heal by the touch of sanctity; by the application of the grace of Jesus Christ in the sacraments. These remained principally, as far as regards sinners, in the sacrament of Baptism and in the sacrament of the Eucharist.

It is clear, then, dearly beloved, that this was necessary in order that the mission and action of the Son of God, as Redeemer of the world, falling upon sinners, touching them, and cleansing them should continue in the Church. This was prophesied clearly by him who said: "On that day there shall be a sign unto the house of David, and unto the dwellers in Jerusalem; a fountain of waters for cleansing the sinner and the unclean." That sacramental fountain springs forth from the Church in the Sacrament of Penance.

Now, before we pass to consider the action of this sacrament upon society, consider it first viewed by the Almighty God, and in the wonderful manifestation of the heart and the hand of Jesus Christ. When the Son of God came down from Heaven to redeem the world, He came with three glorious attributes, which He was bound to preserve, even in the action of His redemption, because He was God. These were Mercy, Power and Justice. The justice of the Eternal Father demanded that His Own Divine Son, who, alone, could pay man's debt, should come down from Heaven and pay that debt in his blood. The justice of the Son of God in relation to His Heavenly Father, made Him come down from Heaven and pay, in the shedding of that blood, the all-sufficient price for all the souls of mankind. The justice of the Eternal Father demanded that as He had been outraged in every attribute of His power and dignity by the man, Adam,—so by a man—a true man,—that honor, and glory, and dignity should be restored to Him; and the justice of the Eternal Word brought that uncreated God from Heaven, that, becoming true man,—the Son of Man,—He might be able to pay in that sacred humanity, and by the shedding of that blood, for the souls of mankind. Thus we see how the justice of God came forth for the world's redemption. Secondly the Mercy of God is seen,—for, Oh dearly beloved brethren,—when we have abandoned the Almighty God, ungrateful for all that He has conferred upon us, He might have left us fallen, only a God-forsaken race; He might have turned away from the first sinner upon earth as He turned away from the first sinner in Heaven, so as never to look with mercy upon his face again. We see, even in the height of His Majesty, the awfulness of His greatness and His justice. But no! God looked upon the fallen race with eyes of pity, with eyes of infinite compassion and of mercy; and on the first day of His anger, He remembered this pity and this mercy; for, after having cursed Adam for His sin, and having laid His curse upon the earth in the work of Adam, then did He unfold the plan of His redemption; and to the serpent He said: "Therefore, the woman, and the woman's seed shall crush thy head." In this we behold the power of God. "For," says St. Augustine, "the power of God is measured in our regard by the greatest of His works." Now, the greatest work of God is the redemption of mankind; and the greatest work it ever entered into the mind of God to conceive, or into the hand of God to execute, was, God made man in our Saviour,

Christ. This was the greatest of all God's works. Compared with this creature—the Son of Mary: for in his humanity He was a creature—a man; compared with Him in the ineffable union of God and man, of two natures in one person, everything else that God made, every other power that he ever showed or exercised, vanishes as if it was nothing; and Christ our Lord, God and man, looms forth, filling heaven and earth as the greatest of all God's works. So in like manner in the dealings of Christ our Lord with sinners, He was careful to preserve the same three attributes of His Divinity. His power He showed forth in the remission of their sins; His mercy He showed forth in turning to them and spurning them not from Him; His justice He showed forth, for never did He absolve a sinner from his sin without cautioning that sinner, lest he might return to that sin again, and something far more terrible should fall upon him.

And now, when we pass from the action of Christ to His Church, what do we find? We find, dearly beloved brethren, in all the works of God in His Church, in all her sacraments, a union of the same attributes. For, nowhere, in no sacrament, in no action of God, do we find power and mercy so magnificently shown forth, and so wonderfully blended into one act, as in the act by which the sinner is saved and absolved from his sin. First of all, consider the power of God. Almighty God showed His omnipotence, first of all, in the creation. He spoke over the darkness, and the void of space, and He said; "Let there be light," and light was made in an instant. The sun shone forth in the heavens, and the moon caught up her reflected glory from him. The stars sprang forth like clustering gems in the firmament newly created, and the whole world was flooded with the blessed light which sprang into existence at the word of God. Then followed the same imperative omnipotent command—the same *fiat*—and at the sound of the expression of God's will life came out of Death, as light out of darkness; beauty out of chaos; order out of disorder; and all the series of worlds took up their position in their respective places in creation, and began that hymn of harmony and praise which has resounded before Him for six thousand years. How great, how wonderful is the word that God spoke, and by which He could effect such great things! Yet St. Augustine tells us that the words by which the priest says to the sinner, "I absolve thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," and which, at their sound, cleanse that sinner's soul from all his sins, bring him forth

from out the grave—bring him forth from out the darkness of his sin, into the light of God's grace : from defilement into purity ; from death into life ; that that word is simply, infinitely more powerful than the word (the *fiat*), by which Almighty God created the world. Infinitely more powerful, and why? Because when God, in the beginning of creation, stood, as it were, upon the threshold of heaven ; and from heaven's brightness sent forth the word, there was nothing in that void that lay before God, nothing in that chaotic space over which His word was sped that could resist the action of His word. There was nothing there. He made all things out of nothing ; but the original nothingness, therefore could not resist the action of God. Nor is there in heaven, nor upon the earth, nor in hell, anything that can resist the action of God, except one thing ; and that one thing is the obstinate will, and the perverse heart of the sinner. The will of man alone can say to the Almighty God, "Omnipotence, I defy thee!" And why? It is not that God could not, if He so willed it, annihilate that will ; but He does not will it. It is because the Almighty God, by an eternal law, respects that freedom of man's will, so that if that will resist Him freely, Omnipotence itself is powerless before that will. Such being the decree of the law of the will of man, the heart of man alone, the will of man alone, can offer such an obstacle to the Almighty God's action. Even in his Omnipotent power, God must yield, because He cannot gain a victory without destroying that freedom which He has sworn, by an eternal law, to respect.

Now, when a man commits sin,—falls from one sin into another : when he becomes a drunkard, or an impure man, or a blasphemer, or in any other way hands over his soul to the devil, then his will is opposed to God,—his heart turned against God. And how can the Almighty God convert that man, whose will is opposed to Him, and the freedom of whose will He is bound to respect? Here comes in the wonderful action of God's wisdom united to His omnipotence. He will not say to that sinner, "You must be converted ;" He will not say it, because if He said it, that conversation would not be free, would not be worthy in man, nor could it be deserving of the favor and acceptance of Almighty God. The freedom that is in God essentially He has reflected on man, and he that is saved must be saved by a free coöperation with God's grace ; and he that is damned goes down to hell of his own free will. Therefore, the Lord says : "Thy pride is in thyself." Here is the difficulty, then

that the mind of God alone, the wisdom of God alone, united to His omnipotence can solve. Here is a man whose will is opposed to God. As long as that will is opposed to God, Almighty God can never have mercy on that man. And yet God can, in virtue of His own eternal laws, force that will to relinquish its opposition to Him. Therefore, by His graces, by His wonderful attractive powers, He awakens in that sinner's soul the first feelings of love. He puts before the sinner's eyes, first, the hideous yet true lineaments of sin. He excites in the sinner's heart the first feelings of remorse and of loneliness at being separated from God. He puts into the sinner's cup of pleasure the little drop that embitters it somewhat to his own spiritual taste; and he reminds him how sweet it was to have loved the Lord, his God. He thunders in that sinner's ears the announcement of his judgments; He shakes that sinner's soul with the first tremblings of that holy fear which is the beginning of wisdom. With a merciful hand He opens the vision of hell, and shows to that sinner's startled glance the lowest abode of the everlasting dwelling-place of the enemies of God. And thus, by a thousand powerful graces, sweetly, yet strongly, does he bring that sinner's will around, until at length the impediment is removed, and the man comes freely, not forced, but drawn and attracted,—not coerced at all, yet coming in spite of himself—in spite of himself, yet freely—and—(mystery of the omnipotence of divine grace, and of the wonderful respect of God's omnipotence for the freedom of man)—he comes and surrenders himself to God. Then, and only then, can the Almighty God absolve him from his sin. Consider how great is the obstacle that has to be removed from that sinner's soul before the omnipotent God can free him from his sin! There is there a will opposed to God. If all the angels in heaven, if all the powers in heaven and upon earth, strained themselves to change that will, their action would be simply impotence before it; so tremendous is the law that preserves the perfect freedom of man's will for good or for evil.

We can again reflect upon the power of God as shown in His punishment of sin; for this is the second great feature of His omnipotence, when it comes out in all the rigors of His justice. Oh, how terrible is this consideration, that, while we are here, peacefully assembled around this holy altar, there is, somewhere or other, in the creation of God, the vast, the terrible prison of hell, with its millions on millions of unhappy inmates, and its flames, roaring, sweeping, devouring, and yet not consuming;—that, somewhere or other, the air is

filled with the cry,—the spiritual cry,—of the imprisoned souls, and reprobate angels of God, dashing in all their wild and impotent rage against those bars that shall never permit them to go forth; that there is enkindled by the breath of an angry God a fire that shall never be extinguished: and there, for all eternity, the hand of God in all its omnipotence will fall with all the weight of its unsatisfied vengeance of fire! Terrible, terrible it is to think upon the despair that, looking forward to an endless eternity, sees no ray of hope, no moment of mitigation of the terrible punishments of the soul and of the body there! Yet, if you reflect upon it, what is more natural than that the sinner, dying in his sins, should go down to hell! Where can he go? He cannot go to heaven, with all his sins upon him. He died the enemy of God. He died, with his free will turned away from God. He died with the hatred of God in his heart, because of the presence of sin. Is this the man you would introduce into the Divine presence? Is it on those lips, accustomed to blasphemy, that you would place the ringing canticle of praise! He has no idea of the joys of Heaven, for they are spiritual; and this man's only idea or notion of delight was in gross, carnal sensuality. He has no idea, of the Lord of Heaven; for all his lifetime he spake the language of hell,—cursing and blaspheming has no idea of the God of Heaven; for, all his lifetime, he served the demon of his own passions and his own evil inclinations. There is nothing in him attuned with Heaven. It would be violence offered to him to send him to Heaven and to make him enter into the joys of God. No; it is natural that he should go down into the cess-pool of hell; either his sin must leave him, or else that sin, abiding upon his soul must leave him under the brand of God's vengeance.

What is more natural, my friends, than the idea of the water flowing from the little fountain on the mountain's summit,—flowing onward in its little bed, falling now over one rock and then over another, receiving its various tributaries as it flows along, and growing in size, until at length, it becomes a little river in the lower plains. Falling from one cascade into another, it finds the deep valley in the open country, and there sweeps into the mighty river, spanned by great bridges, passing through great towns, supporting upon its bosom mighty ships of war; until at length, turbulent, and with a thousand impurities, it falls rapidly into the deep, wild ocean. This is all natural. That a man should stand upon that river's side and say:

'Flow on, thou shining river!'

is natural. But that a man should be able to stand in the mid-tide of that mighty stream, and with his hands to push it back against its course; to make it flow up through the upper lands, and up to the higher levels; to make it flow upwards against the cataract; to bring it up purifying it as he goes, until, at length, from the turbulent, impure and muddy stream, he brings it back again over the rocks, until pure as crystal it arrives at its source—and empties into that source; this would be achievement; this would be power. And what this would be is just what the omnipotence of God does here in the confessional, as compared with His action in permitting the damned to go down into hell. That God should permit the sinner to go down into hell, and that He should visit him there with His everlasting punishment, is natural and necessary, and shows the power God possesses, and need excite no astonishment. But that the Almighty God should stop the sinner in his mad career of sin; that He should make him stand while he was hurrying on through every channel of impurity, and pride, and avarice, and dishonesty, gathering every element of corruption and defilement as he went along, swelling forth in the tide of his iniquity as he was nearing the great ocean of hell—that God should stop him, send him back again into the halls of memory, and there through the pure stream of His life, cleanse him from his impurity and sin as he went along, until, at length, he brought him back to the pure, limpid fountain-head of his baptismal innocence,—this is the wonder. Here shines the omnipotence of God. And this is precisely the act which He does when He takes the sinner and cleanses him from his sin!

But how wonderfully are his love and mercy blended in this action of Christ. We suppose that the subject—the very subject of His omnipotence—is the sinner,—a man who has violated, perhaps, the most essential and important of God's laws; a man who may have the blood of the innocent on his red-stained hand; a man from whose soul every vestige of divine remembrance and of spiritual aspiration may have departed, because of his impurity; a man who may have committed sins worse even than those that brought the deluge of fire from Heaven on the cities of Pentapolis; a man who may have liked only to devote himself to every most wicked and diabolical purpose, until he has frittered into pieces and broken every one of God's holy laws and commands,—that man comes and stands before this enraged and offended God,—stands before this God who has a hell prepared for him,—stands before this God whose goodness he

has despised, whose grace he has trampled upon,—whose blood he has wasted away, whose every attribute he has outraged;—and he asks that God to deal with him! He comes as a criminal; and, to that God, he says: “Lord! here I am! There is not in nether hell one so bad as I. There is no record, in the annals of Thy dealings with sinners, of any sinner so terrible as I have been. And, now, I wish to enter with Thee into judgment!” Contrast the two! If that man had violated the laws of this world, as he has violated the laws of God; if that man had insulted human society as he has insulted the Lord Jesus Christ; if that man’s iniquities were only taken cognizance of by an earthly tribunal, see how they would deal with him! He would be dragged from his house, perhaps in the noonday, by the rough officers of justice; he would be taken publicly through the streets of the city; every eye looking at him curiously; every hand pointing at him as the great criminal—the man who committed such a murder—the man who did such and such wicked things. He would be flung into a dark dungeon, in a prison, and after days and days of waiting and anxiety, he would be brought again into the open court, and the whole world called on to hear the testimony of his crime, and to behold his shame. Oh, no feeling of his would be spared! He would not be allowed to shrink into a corner of that court there to hide his guilty head. No, but he must stand forth and confront the witnesses who depose against him, and quietly and calmly swear away his life’s blood. He must be exposed to the heartless jeers and inquiring gaze of the world that is so unsympathizing. He may be, perhaps, on his transit from the court-house to the prison, exposed to the groans and the hisses of the multitude. When he is found guilty and his crime is brought upon him, then comes the awful moment. A judge, in solemn dignity, tells him that that his life is forfeit, and that he must die a death of public infamy and ignominy to expiate his crime. Thus does the world deal with its criminals. But if this criminal of whom I speak,—if he appears before the Son of God, and says, “Saviour, Judge; let us enter into judgment,” Christ takes him by the hand, and He warns off the crowd. Christ takes him and brings him into a secret tribunal; calls no witnesses against him; allows no finger of shame to be pointed at him; listens to what he has to say against himself; He says: “Speak, my son, and speak freely!” He speaks his deeds of shame, it is true, in the ears of a man. That man is there as the representative of the Lord Jesus

Christ, whose mercy he is about to administer. He hears the whispered word. It must not be heard by the Angel of Mercy who is there, but only by the sinner and the priest of Jesus Christ. That word falls upon the priest's ear; for a moment it enters into his mind, and in a moment it passes away. Just as a little child, on a calm summer evening, might take a pebble and fling it into the bosom of a deep, still, placid lake; for an instant there is a ripple on the face of the water; there is a little circlet of waves; presently these die away, the waves close, and the pebble is lost for ever. No human eye shall see it again. So, for an instant, the sound of the sinner's voice makes but a ripple upon the ear of the priest, thrills for an instant on the delicate tympanum, and passes from that into the unfathomable ocean of the merciful heart of Jesus Christ. The waters of Christ's mercy close over it; and that sin is gone—"gone for ever." Not eye of angel, not eye of man nor eye of God at the hour of judgment, shall ever look upon it again; for the blood of Jesus Christ has fallen upon it and washed it away. How little it costs the priest to say, "I absolve you in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost"—these three words! How little it costs the sinner! Scarcely a humiliation! If indeed, a man had to proclaim his confession, and make it publicly; if a man had to make it before the assembly of the faithful,—if a man had to make it on a Sunday morning before all the people, as they were crowding into Mass; even then, if such a confession would obtain pardon for me, great God, would it not be a great gift to be able to purchase such a grace, even with such confession, even at the ruin of my character—even with all the ignominy and contumely that I would sustain at my public confession! It would be cheap considering what I got in return. If the law of Almighty God said to the sinner: "I will bring thee to the stake,—and only at the last moment, when the last drop of life's blood is coming from that broken heart,—then, and only then, will I absolve thee!"—would it not be cheaply purchased—this pardon of God, this grace of God, this eternity of God's joy in Heaven—even by the rendering of the last drop of our blood! But no! Full of love, full of commiseration, Christ our Lord came to us with mercy, sparing every feeling of the sinner, making every difficult thing smooth, trying to anticipate, by the sweetness of His mercy, all the humiliation, and all the pain, shrouding all under that wonderful veil of secrecy which has never for an instant been rent since the Church was first founded: and in the end

It is the only tribunal where, when a man is found guilty, the only sentence pronounced on him is one of acquittal. In other tribunals, when a man is found guilty, he receives his punishment. In the tribunal of penitence, all a man has to say is: Oh, of these am I guilty before my God; oh, my God, with sorrow I confess them!" The only sentence is: "You are acquitted! Go, go in peace!" No vestige of sin—no stain of your iniquity is upon you! The sin is gone, and the terrible curse that was upon your soul is changed into a blessing! The angel-guardian that accompanied the sinner to the door of the confessional awaits without, even as the Magdalene waited beside the tomb, while the body of our Lord lay there. For even as the angels, when the midnight hour of the Resurrection came, beheld a glorious figure rise from that tomb, and flung out their hearts and voices in adoration of the risen Saviour, from whom every wound and every deformity had disappeared; so the angel-guardian waiting prayerfully, sorrowfully, outside the confessional, turns, for an instant, nearer when that door opens, and rejoices he beholds the man, who went in covered with sin, come forth as pure as that angel himself. The man who went in loaded with crimes comes forth with the blessing of the Eternal God, shining with the characters of immortal light upon his forehead; the man who went in dead and buried in his sin, has heard, within that secret tribunal, the voice which said: "Lazarus, come forth!" And he has risen and come forth; and the angel-guardian is astonished at the change and the brightness on him. Was it not so? Was there not a sad angel following with reluctant and distant steps, the woman that flaunted through the streets of Jerusalem—the Magdalene, with her flowing robes, and her outstretched neck of pride;—was there not an angel that knew her in the day of her innocence, and was now stricken with misery to behold so much shame? Oh, but when that angel saw her as she rose from the feet of Jesus Christ that she had washed with her tears,—oh, when that angel saw her as she rose, with the words of the Lord upon her head—"Oh, woman go in peace; thou hast loved much and all is forgiven thee!"—then admiring the glory of the Magdalene's zeal, he struck the key-note of that voice that re-echoed in the heavens, until the vaults of heaven were shaken again, when the nine choirs of angels gave glory to God over the one sinner that did penance! So it was with us. We have seen the love, the mercy, the power that is exercised towards us. And now, dearly beloved brethren, let us consider the action of this sacrament upon society.

The Catholic Church received from Christ, our Lord, a two-fold mission. That mission the world is unwilling to recognize; but that mission it is the destiny of the Church of God to fulfil until the end of time. That mission has in it a two-fold character. To sinners; to those who are in darkness it brings the light; to those who are dead in the corruption of sin it brings the life of the purifying influence of Divine grace. That is clear in this two-fold mission; perfectly clear from the words of Christ to His Apostles. "You are the light of the earth," He said, "*Vos estis lux mundi*: You are the light of the world." Then, turning to them, on another occasion, He said, "And you are the salt of the earth." The light to illumine the world's darkness; the salt to heal and purify the world's corruption. The first of these missions the Church of God fulfills in her teaching; for the Psalmist said, with truth, "The declaration of thy word, Oh God, brings light and intelligence to thy little children." And, as it is the Church's destiny to be, until the end of time, the light of the world, so that light which is to come from her must be the very light of God. Therefore; the word of truth that creates that light can never die away from the Church's lips; nor, coming from those lips, can it ever be polluted by the slightest iota or admixture of error. She has the power given to her by our Lord not only to illumine them in their darkness but to heal them in their corruption. What is the corruption of the sinner? What is that corruption, that infirmity, that defilement to which Christ alluded when He said to His Apostles: "Ye are the salt of the earth; ye must be put upon the sore places of the world; ye must be put upon the festering wounds of the world?" What are these sore places—these festering wounds? They are the sores and wounds of sin in the soul. Sin is the sore spot of the soul. Sin is the awful ulcer of society; sin that abounds everywhere. For it abounds in every circle: in the commercial circles, making a man untrustworthy and dishonest; in the domestic circle, making servants pilfer and steal; making masters and mistresses exacting and unjust; making children disobedient; making parents forgetful of their duties to their children; making the young man impure, and the married man unfaithful. All these things—all these evils—that are teeming around us, that meet us wherever we turn—that we cannot avoid seeing and hearing, be we ever so fastidious,—they come under the very touch of our hand and they disgust us with this life of ours. Then, we are fain to cry out with the

Psalmist, "Oh, God, woe is me, because my pilgrimage here is so long perishing!" All these things are the corruptions of mankind; and the power that the Church received when she was called the "salt of the earth," is to purge away all this, to remedy all these evils, heal all these wounds, and sweeten all that bitterness and all that corruption of society. All this she does through the Sacrament of Penance—or, through the Confessional. There is she truly the saviour of society, and the world cannot do without her. How significant it is that, when Germany gave up the faith, three hundred years ago, such was the immorality, such was the impurity that filled the community at once, that actually a German city was obliged to petition to have the Confessional or the Sacrament of Penance, restored. All classes of society said: "The responsibility is gone,—the yoke is removed from us; we need no longer betake ourselves to the task of looking up our sins and weeping over them, and wailing over them, and taking measures of avoiding them, or incurring the pain and humiliation of confessing them. All this is gone," and then, like the Hebrews of old, they rose up, joined hands, and danced round the new-found idol—the golden calf of their own sensuality and wickedness. "You are the salt of the earth," He said to them. Oh, if the Catholic Church was not on this earth!—if she were not here with her sacraments to create purity and to preserve it, to create honesty and to enforce it, to bring home the full and entire responsibility of every man, and to him personally—to bring home to every soul—the deformity of sin, the necessity of repenting individually for each and every sin, to shake every soul, in her Sacrament of Penance, from the lethargy of sin,—Oh, I protest, my friends, I believe, if the Catholic Church were not here, operating upon her millions throughout the world, to do this that long before this time the chariot of human society, rolling down the steep hill of human infirmity, would have precipitated the whole world into destruction and death.

How is it that Protestant employers and masters are so anxious to have Catholic servants, Catholic "help," Catholic apprentices, Catholic people about them? How is it? Because they are shrewd enough to know that the confessional which they despise creates honesty—enforces it. There is no stronger way to enforce honesty than to get a man to believe that he cannot live without Jesus Christ,—and that Jesus Christ is on the altar waiting for him to tell him that between him and the Saviour stands a barrier that he must overcome,

if he becomes dishonest—and that he cannot do without restoring to the last farthing whatever he has unjustly got; to tell him that if he becomes a thief, public or private,—that the accumulation of his thievery will build up an impenetrable wall between him and God; and that until that wall is pulled to pieces by restitution he never can approach the sacraments here nor the glory of God hereafter. An English Protestant clergyman came to me once, when I was on the English mission, and he said to me: "Father, I come to complain of one of my man servants." I said to him, "Well, sir, what on earth have I to do with your servants?" "Oh," he said, "all my servants, both men and women, are Catholics; and I would not think of employing anybody else." "What complaint," I said, "have you to make then of any of them?" "Well," he said, "I insist on their going to confession once a month—and this man has not been there in the last two months. So I came here to insist on his going there." "Well, but you do not believe in it." "Yes," he said, "I know I do not believe in it; but so long as my Catholic people go, they will not steal from me, and so long as they do not go to confession and communion, they will not receive any wages from me!" What is the agency that touches the depravity of the world and creates purity and honesty? I answer it is the confessional. Remember that the idea of purity as a virtue, as it lies in the mind of Christ and in the mind of His Church, is not merely an external decorum, not merely the avoiding of gross, actual sins; but that it begins in the very thoughts, in the inner chambers of the soul of man; that it will not allow any impure or defiling imaginations to rest there for a single instant; that it will not allow as much even as an impure thought to be sanctioned for one second by the way; and out of that interior purity of soul, of thought, of imagination springs the external virtue of chastity; for without that interior purity, rendering the soul itself as candid, as white, as innocent as was the soul of Mary on the day of her assumption—without that all external chastity would be as a dead body without its soul. Now, the only way to create that interior purity—to create the essence of the virtue, to make the soul of the virtue, the life of the virtue—the only way is to establish firmly in the soul, and in the mind of man, the idea of his responsibility to God for every thought of his mind, as well as for every action and word of his life; to bring him face to face with Christ! to make him not only know but feel that He whom he serves, looks with a penetrating and scrutinizing gaze into the very inner

chambers of the soul. How does the Church do this? By bringing that young man to confession; by putting him face to face with Jesus Christ; scrutinizing and examining his thoughts, his words and actions; by making him search by the light of memory, every cranny of his soul, and of his imagination; by making him feel that even although his lips may never have breathed an obscene word, even though this man may never have committed an impure action, he might still be as impure and as bad as the worst of men. This is only done by that action of the Church which not only teaches a man to be pure, but drags him as it were, with holy violence and puts him into the presence of the God of purity; and says: "Come, open your heart, my son, and let the light of Jesus Christ into your soul!"

Thus it is, that from the confessional spring those virtues by which man acts upon his fellow-man. The index of virtue is purity; and the next virtue in relation to our fellow-man, is honesty. The third virtue is charity. And behold how the confessional acts here: If a man speaks badly of his neighbor; if he ruins that neighbor's character, or reputation; if he gets that neighbor thrown out of some lucrative employment, by his whisperings or his tales,—he goes to confession; he says "I am sorry for the sin I have committed; but I have got a difficulty"—and he finds, perhaps, to his astonishment, that the priest will say to him,—"There is another difficulty;" until he makes good that man's character, there is no absolution for him; until he has swallowed the lie he has told, there is no pardon for him; until he has restored to his neighbor the fair name and fame, of which by his whispering, and enmity, and injustice he had robbed him, there is no pardon for him. What greater, what stronger motive could there be to make a man gnaw his words to preserve him from detraction; to make him measure well his words before he inflicts an injury on his neighbor, when he knows if he gives way to this mean jealousy or enmity; if he says these things or publishes them, even though men may forget it, God will not forget it in the interests of his neighbor. "To Communion," this man must say, "I cannot go; nor cross the threshold of the kingdom of Heaven, until I have gone out and swallowed this lie that I have told."

And so, pursue our relations to each other, to society, and to those around us; into every detail of social life, and you there will find the Church following you, guiding your footsteps by her light, preserving your souls from sin, or touch

ing them with a healing hand if you have fallen into sin. It is, therefore, no wonder at all, my friends, that every heresy, almost, that ever sprang up in the Church, assailed the confessional first. Nearly all heresies united in this—at least many of them—offering a bribe to poor human nature. And the bribe was, “You need not go any more to confession.” When Luther started his Protestantism the world was shocked; for as soon as the people heard, “Oh, it is all folly to go to confession! you need not go any more! there is no necessity!”—he abolished the obligation of making restitution; he abolished the form of the confessional that has restrained so many souls and kept them within settled, salutary barriers: he abolished all that, and left men to their own devices; and he left the world, the Protestant world, as if Christ, our Lord, had never come upon earth, never touched our humanity; because he left it without the remedies by which sin could be avoided and evaded; and he left the accumulated sins of man, from his childhood to his old age, like a mountain upon him, to bear them,—and to bear them before the altar of God and of the Church of God. Ah, cruel, and cruel, indeed, was the heart of him who devised this infernal scheme! Oh, cruel Luther! Oh, Luther, when thou did say to Jesus Christ and to His Church, “Let no more pardon and no more grace come from you! Let men live without you!”—terrible was that denial of the greatest of earth’s comforts, as well as most substantial of Heaven’s benefits! For what greater comfort can a man have—if there be any hidden sin weighing upon his spirit, breaking his heart, loading him with a burden which he cannot bear alone—what is the natural instinct of that man? To find a friend to unbosom himself to that friend; to lighten his own burden by sharing it with another. Even if that friend has no power to relieve him, even if he have nothing to him but give a word of sympathy or consolation—merely to tell, merely to open the heart, is such relief,—such relief as can only be felt by those who, in order to gain it, might else speak their sin before the world. But the great drawback is, “Where shall we find this friend?” We must demand of him sympathy. We must demand of him patience; but, above all what we rarely find, we must demand of him to keep whatever we tell him a secret. How rarely do you find a friend with whom you can entrust a secret? Tell a man a thing that you would not wish the world to know, and the old proverb is that you are in that man’s power for the rest of your life. Why? Because if he tells that about you, you are

ruined ! And he may ruin you, because you put yourself in his power. But who ever thought this of a priest in the confessional ? Did it ever come across a Catholic's mind ? I verily believe it never came, even as a temptation from hell for not telling one's sins. Well you know that that man has no power ; well you know that you can meet that man an hour afterwards, and you can put your hand into his, as if you had never bent your knee to him ; that he will never be so infamous a blasphemer as to remember that which the Almighty God in Heaven has forgotten !

And so, my friends, you will find even the heathen enemy of the highest civilization say : Thus it is that the voice in the confessional acts on society. If the whole world were Catholic—and I will conclude with this sentence—if the whole world were Catholic, and that all men consented to go regularly to the sacraments, and to approach worthily to the sacrament of penance, this alone would put an end to all sin. There would be no more sin. There would be no more heart breaking ; no more tears ; no more terrific records of robberies and murders ; no more women hardening their hearts and making them more ferocious than the tigress when she devours and tears her young ; no more of that cautious, cold, calculating dishonesty—men casting their wiles about each other like a spider's web, to entrap each other ; no misery in this world ; all would be happiness, if men would only open their festering souls and let in the salt of the power and of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ !

Thus do we behold the action of the confessional on society. Oh, my friends, let us pray that God may enlighten those who, without the pale of the Catholic Church, go on from day to day, from year to year, adding sin to sin, and bearing the accumulated burden of their sins before the eternal judgment seat of Jesus Christ.

While we pray for them, Oh, let us, like good men and true, enter into those privileges and graces which we enjoy, cleansing our souls from sin, preserve them in their purity by the frequent application of grace which destroys those sins at the beginning, and, by frequent confession and holy communion, build up our souls upon the grace of graces, and strength of strengths, until we are gathered, in the fulness of the years of our manhood, into the joy of our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, on Monday evening May 13 in the Academy of Music, New York.]

"THE LIFE AND TIMES OF O'CONNELL."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The history of this age of ours tells of many men who have used their energies and their powers for the purpose of enslaving their fellow-men, and for the purposes of injustice and persecution. This age of ours, however, has had the grace to produce one man who received from a grateful nation the proudest title that ever was accorded a man,—he was called the "Liberator of his country." (Applause). I need not mention his name—his name is written upon the history of the world, under this grand title of "Liberator;"—his name is enshrined in every Irish heart, and in the memory of every Irishman, under the glorious title of the Liberator. When we hear that word, those among us who are advancing into the vale of years, remember, as he seems to rise before them, at the sound of the name of "Liberator," the colossal, gigantic figure, the brows overladen with mighty thought; the Irish eye beaming with intelligence and with humor; the uplifted arm, emphasizing every glorious maxim of freedom and of religion; and at the sound of the word "Liberator," we behold rising out of his grave and standing before us as he once stood and held sway over millions of Irishmen, the glorious figure of Daniel O'Connell (applause). There is nothing, my friends, that ought to be more grateful or more instructive to every high-minded man than to recall the deeds by which a man attained that well-deserved glory; for such a man not only lends to his own brow the crown of immortal fame, but he also leaves behind him for the consideration of those who come after him, a glorious example of manliness, integrity, and virtue. This should be the study of every man among us; and never can we study them more favorably, than when we see them embodied in the life and the acts of one who dazzled the world by the glory of his genius, and left behind him, in the hearts of his fellow-men, traditions of mighty admiration and tenderest love. Who, therefore, was this man?

For whom did he contend? By whom was he crowned with his glorious title of the Liberator of his country?

Oh! my friends, before we sketch his life, it is well for us to cast our thoughts back some eighty years, and consider what Ireland was at the close of the last, or the 18th century. It seemed, indeed, as if the closing of the century should have been bright and peaceful and happy; it seemed as if the sun of Ireland had risen at last, and the night of the 18th century would have passed into the roll of ages, under the full blaze of noontide prosperity, and happiness for Ireland. In 1782, eighteen years before the final close of the century, there was in Ireland a reunion of the grandest intellects, and the brightest names, that, perhaps, ever adorned the pages of our national history. The walls of the Parliament House, in College Green, resounded to the glorious appeals of a Grattan and a Flood; while the stately and dignified Charlemont upheld the honor of the nation in the Irish House of Lords. They demanded of England a full recognition of Ireland's rights, and of Ireland's independence as a nation (applause). Their voices were heard and were unheeded, until in a happy moment, the necessities of the times obliged England to permit an organization of armed Irishmen, called the "Volunteers of '82." The men of Ireland took arms into their hands, and it is well that, Catholics as we are, we should not forget that this glorious movement originated among our Protestant brethren of the North of Ireland (applause). The men of Ireland took arms in their hands, and then Grattan spoke again, he spoke with a hundred thousand armed and drilled Irishmen at his back; and England was obliged to listen and to pay the greatest attention to his words (applause). He demanded the charter of Ireland's independence, and he obtained it, because he spoke in the name of an organized and an armed nation; he arose in the House of Commons, and he pronounced these words: "I found my country in the dust; I raised her up; she stands to-day in her queenly independence, and nothing remains to me but to bow before the majestic image, and to say *esto perpetua*,—be thou perpetuated in thy freedom, O Ireland."

Fair, indeed, and bright was the vision;—industry developed, trade encouraged, magnificent buildings,—such as the Four Courts and Custom House, of Dublin,—erected, and the people speaking with a nation's voice; fair and bright was the prospect; only it was too bright to last. The Irish Parliament, at last, consented to take some steps for the emancipation of their Catholic countrymen, so that all the

nation might enter into the act of legislation; to have no laws made by class or caste, but by all men who had the name and the privileges of Irishmen. It was too bright to last. The English Government took thought. The following year saw a strange Viceroy sent over; the following year the insidious Army Act was introduced; the pressure and apprehension of war was taken from England; and the moment her hands were free, she turned around to rivet the chains upon Ireland's form. The Army Act was passed; and then the Irish Parliament had only to stop the voice of Grattan and every patriotic man. By that act it was declared illegal for every Irishman to carry arms; and the Volunteers were disarmed. No sooner were the arms, the guns and artillery taken from them, and these strong men deprived of their arms, than England at once began a systematic persecution of the Irish people with the express intention of goading them into rebellion, and thereby fastening the chains which she secured about them (great applause). One act followed another. In 1794, Earl Fitzwilliam was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He arrived in the country in January. He was the friend of Ireland, and of Ireland's son, the immortal Grattan. As soon as ever the English government discovered that this man intended to rule Ireland justly, he was instantly recalled; and the people who greeted him with shouts of joy in January, accompanied him with tearful eyes, as he took his departure on the 25th of March of the same year. Then followed act after act of tyranny and oppression. In vain did Grattan, Curran, and the immortal Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then in the Irish Parliament, protest against these cruel acts. At length finding that government was determined to destroy the people, if possible, in the year '97 Grattan arose in the Irish Parliament and said: "I have offered you measures for the happiness of Ireland, and you have refused them. You propose measures for the misery of Ireland, and you will carry them. I have no more use or business," he said, "to remain in this House;" and the aged patriot departed from the House, followed by Arthur O'Connor, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and a few others, who left with despair in their minds and with aching hearts (applause).

Then came the dawn of 1798, when Kildare and some of the midland counties made a miserable and unsuccessful attempt at revolution. Heroic Wexford arose; the stalwart men of the hill-sides of Wexford arose. Unarmed as they were,—or armed only with the armor of their infinite bravery

—they stood out for dreary months against the united power of England; until at length the rebellion, as it was called was suppressed—after the slaughter of the people. A ferocious foreign soldiery, and the yeomanry, were let loose through the land; tortures were inflicted upon innocent and unoffending men and woman, worse than ever Cromwell inflicted upon the people of Ireland; and '98 closed upon the nation trodden in the blood-stained dust, and with minds and hearts utterly prostrated and broken under the iron heel of the enemy. And this O'Connell saw during the years '98 and '99. He listened day after day, night after night, as John Philpot Curran stood alone between the tyrant upon the bench,—the blood-stained and ferocious Norbury,—and the poor prisoner, so often innocent in the dock,—with loud, heroic, though fruitless voice, vindicating the principles of eternal justice and the majesty and purity of the law (applause). The heart of the nation was broken in '98, and nothing remained but for the infamous English minister to work his will upon the people of Ireland. That man was called Lord Castlereagh. He cut his throat afterwards (hisses)—and it used to be a standing toast in the west of Ireland, even within my recollection, for two or three friends, when they met together, to feel in duty bound to fill their glasses and give: "Here's to the strap that put the keen edge on the razor that cut Castlereagh's throat" (applause and laughter). He bribed the Irish members of Parliament with money; or bribed them with titles; he practiced the vilest arts of corruption that could be suggested by his own wicked mind and corrupted heart; and he carried, just at the beginning of this present 19th century, the measure which has been the ruin of Ireland, namely, the abolition of the Irish Parliament, and the union of the two countries under one Legislature. It was in vain that Grattan thundered against this iniquity with his heroic voice. It was in vain that Fitzgerald, Kendall, Bush, and other great Irishmen of the day, spoke in language that is immortal for its eloquence and for its justice in the cause of their country and their country's national existence. Everything was borne down and flooded with English corruption and bribery. And this act was passed, by which Ireland was deprived of the power to make her own laws; and a nation hostile to her, and determined upon her corruption and ruin, was commissioned to make laws for Ireland. The act was passed. It has been the apology of every cruelty, and every injustice that we have suffered from that day to this; the accursed act of Union, by which Ireland lost her power.

Among the bribes that were held out to the Irish people to let this Act pass, there was one, and it was a promise that was given then, that the Catholics should be emancipated. No sooner was the Union passed, than William Pitt, the Prime Minister of England, betrayed his faith, and broke his word with Ireland; and when he had received the gift of our existence into his hands, he laughed at us in the face, and mocked us as fools, for trusting him; and a fool is every Irishman on the face of the earth that trusts England and England's Parliament, or that imagines for a single moment that the English Government or the English Parliament will ever give justice, or equal laws to Ireland, unless they are obliged and coerced by the fear of arms (great applause). If the Volunteers of '82 had kept their guns, he would have kept his word (renewed applause).

And now, my friends, what was the position of Ireland when O'Connell first appeared in the history of our country? Born in 1775, he was called to the bar, in Dublin, in 1798: it was only five years before—that is to say, in 1793—that the Penal Law was relaxed, so that a highly educated Catholic gentleman was allowed the privilege of earning his bread as a lawyer. We first find him while the question of the Union was being agitated. He attended a meeting in the Corn Exchange of Dublin. It was composed exclusively of Catholics, mostly professional men. They came to discuss the question of Ireland's existence, and to protest against the Union. It will give you some idea of how things were carried on in those days. As I told you, no sooner was the meeting assembled in the Corn Exchange, than the tramp of soldiers was heard outside and in swaggered Major Sirr, the town-major of Dublin, at the head of his troops. He marched around the hall and surrounded the meeting. He then commanded them to ground their arms, and down fell the heavy guns of the Hanoverian and English soldiers. "Now, gentlemen, you may begin your discussions," said he; but every man there knew that his very life was at the mercy of that blood-stained, unmerciful, hard-hearted man. There was no liberty of thought, much less of speech; a man could not call his soul his own in those days; and it was under these circumstances, in the presence of Major Sirr and his soldiery, that O'Connell, for the first time in his life spoke a word for Ireland. He tells us, that what between the intimidation and the threats; what between the effect of this intimidation and his speaking as a young man, he felt that his heart would break with anxiety and fear while he was speaking.

Now the Union is passed. Ireland is annihilated ; and the only hope for Ireland now,—as it was our only hope for three hundred years before,—was the strength and power of Ireland's faith,—Ireland's Catholicity, which was still alive. There it was, still unconquered and unconquerable,—the only element of life, the only element of courage, the seedling of national regeneration which was left to us,—our holy faith, which we clung to in spite of persecution and blood for three hundred years (renewed applause). But this powerful element lay dormant in Ireland. A Catholic Board, as it was called, was formed in Dublin. A body of Irishmen came together to try and agitate for Catholic Emancipation in the British House of Commons, in London, as in the Irish House at home ; and found a glorious advocate in the great Henry Grattan (applause). Year after year he brought forward his motion, praying the Legislature to strike off the chains from the Irish Catholics, and, year after year, he met with overwhelming majorities against him ; and his appeal and his cause were laughed to scorn in the British Parliament. In vain did Plunkett take up that glorious theme ; in vain did Edmund Burke, the immortal Edmund Burke (great applause), England's greatest philosopher and statesman,—Ireland's greatest son, whose name shall live forever in the annals of the world's history for every highest gift of genius and virtue,—in vain did Burke and Fox, with all the English statesmen of mind, advocate the claims of Irish Catholics. They got no hearing ; there was justice for every man ; there was consideration for every man ; there was respect for every man, until it was discovered that he was a Catholic and an Irishman ; and then there was not for him even the courtesy of a hearing, but only the laughter of scorn. They had conquered us ; they thought they could depose us. They imagined, because we were conquered we were degraded. The Catholic Board of which I speak, in Dublin, was afraid to raise its voice, and those who befriended us were liberal Protestants and many glorious liberty-loving patriots there were among them (applause). God forbid that I should forget it (renewed applause).

The great masses of the Irish people—then amounting to nearly eight millions of men,—were crushed into the earth and were afraid to speak. Under the tyranny of a hostile government, under the tyranny of their cruel and unjust landlords, the Catholic party were afraid to speak. Grattan's voice was unheeded ; he was refused a hearing in the House. Now, the Almighty God, in His mercy to Irishmen, lifted up

a man gigantic in form, gigantic in intellect, heroic in courage, strong in faith, tender in heart, immaculate in his purity, who was destined to shake the Irish race into self-assertion and energy; who was destined to rule these people and to lift them from the ground, to put a voice upon their lips and make their hearts throb again with glorious excitement and high hope. O'Connell arose—(great applause, again and again renewed)—alone, to head the Irish people;—with the grasp of an athlete, to strangle every man that arose against these people, alone he rose to lead a prostrate nation high up the rugged road of liberty, until he led them to kneel before a free altar, and burst the bonds that bound them. Alone had he to do it. In 1813 he took the charge of, and a leading place in, the Catholic Association. At that time, mark the difficulties that he had to contend with:—he had a people afraid to speak;—he had an aristocracy opposed to him to a man; he had the great landed interest of England and the English people opposed to him to a man; he had the English Catholics opposed to him; he had a government that was watching him, crossing him, day after day, with persecutions, arresting him, now on this charge, now on that, accusing him now of having said this, and then of having said that. He had men watching for his life. He had to conquer the false friend and the open enemy, defy the Government, defy the Bench and the Bar; he had to take the pistol in his hands, bitterly, though his Catholic heart regretted it; he had actually to commit a tremendous crime in the cause of Ireland (applause). He was prosecuted for some sayings of his with Richard Lalor Shiel; the Grand Jury threw out the bills; there was no case against them. Finding that they could not entrap him into the meshes of the law, which with a superhuman genius and prudence he was able to evade, a murderer was put upon his track. As of old, when they found they were unable to conquer Owen Roe O'Neill with the sword, they put poison in his drink; so, when they found they could not conquer O'Connell by the sword, they set a murderer upon his track. The whip of D'Esterre was lifted to strike the magnificent form of Ireland's best son. What could he do? Insulted over and over again, that life that was so precious to Ireland, he freely risked for Ireland. I do not justify him. No. Nor does he ask me from his grave in Glasnevin to-night, nor from his place in Heaven, to justify him. Even as St. Peter, for his one denial of his Master, wept every day of his life, so O'Connell, for his one moment of forgetfulness of his Catholic duties, wept every day of his

life. Yet, what could he do? Young, brave as a lion, confident in his strength and in his dexterity, he accepted the challenge; and, on a fine morning, Mr. D'Esterre, who threatened to flog O'Connell, and wanted to fight him, took a cab and drove out to Lord Cloncurry's place, about ten miles outside of Dublin, and there, on a field of an estate called Lyons, he met Daniel O'Connell. Now, D'Esterre thought he was sure to win, as he was a small, thin, miserable little man (laughter), like an attenuated herring long out of the sea (great laughter), and it seemed that, to hit him a man should be able to shoot a rat at half a mile (applause and great laughter); while O'Connell was a fine, full, burly, mountain of a man. To fire at him, was something like firing at a haystack (laughter). Then, again, D'Esterre was a dead shot, and O'Connell was considered to be a far more formidable man with the pen than with the pistol. I have my account of this from old men who were on the ground that morning. They said that there was deliberate murder in D'Esterre's eye, as he took his aim. O'Connell simply stood there for Ireland; he could not keep his hold of the people (considering the genius of the time) unless he met that man, and fought him; he lifted his pistol, apparently, carelessly; but he threw the light gray eye after it (laughter and applause). Two reports were heard. The whistling ball passed before O'Connell's eyes; but D'Esterre was on the ground; and he never got up again (laughter and applause). Major McNamara, of Clare, was on the ground,—a Protestant gentleman, who had fought a great many duels in his time. He came up to O'Connell, with tears in his eyes, and said—"I declare to Heaven, Dan, it was the neatest shot that ever was made" (great laughter and applause). "If ever I am to meet my man again," said the Major, "I hope, if he is to strike me at all, he will do it neatly. It is almost an honor to be killed so beautifully" (renewed laughter).

The Catholic Associations, formed under O'Connell, grew under his genius. The Catholic aristocracy of Ireland, the Bellevues, the Trimblestons, the Fingals, were shocked when they heard this man speak; they were frightened; they were afraid to speak to the English people at all; they were afraid to petition Parliament. Even John Keogh and the Democratic portion of the Catholics of Ireland were for maintaining what they called a "dignified silence," what means a silence that proceeds from fear. Out came O'Connell as brave as a lion. He knew no fear. He attacked; he did not petition. He attacked the men at the head of the State; he called them

every vile name he could think of. One man was called a "pig;" another "a perjurer;" another was told to "get out of that!" (laughter): another was called a "bloated buffon;" and so on. And these grand English statesmen,—who thought they could walk or ride rough-shod over all Ireland,—found to their amazement, that there was an Irishman who not only was not afraid of them, but who gave them nick-names that stuck to them for the rest of their lives (applause and laughter). When the Catholic people of Ireland found that, somehow or other, a lion had got in among them—a lion rampant roaring for his prey;—when they found that there was *one* Catholic man in the land, speaking their own language, glorying in identity of race with them,—that made every man, even to the Prince of Wales, at that time (George IV afterwards), afraid of him,—they plucked up courage, they raised their heads; and they asked themselves was the world coming to an end! for what was going to be done with this man? But when they found that this man had a genius and eloquence that nothing could withstand;—when they found that the cause of justice and of truth on this man's lips meant the tremendous cause that would shake the world; when they found the Catholic nations, France, Spain, Austria, Italy, sympathizing with this man, admiring his genius, translating his speeches into their tongues, and proclaiming him one of the greatest men of the age,—Ireland began to feel confidence and pride in O'Connell (applause). Now, I say that Ireland's confidence and pride in O'Connell, from the year 1810 to the year 1829, was her salvation (applause). He roused the clergy, the priests even were afraid to speak; there was not a clerical voice to be heard in the cause; the bishops were afraid of their lives; if they spoke, it was with bated breath, as men who are only permitted to live, who are winked at in order that they might be tolerated in the land. He roused the clergy; he sent them among the people; he commanded them to preach a Gospel, second only in its sacredness to the Gospel of our holy religion—that is the Gospel of Ireland's glorious nationality (tremendous applause).

And thus it came to pass, that in the year 1813, George Canning, the great English statesman, was glad to propose a measure for the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland. And now comes O'Connell again in all his glory before us. Canning prepared his bill. The Catholics of Ireland were to be emancipated; they were to be allowed to enter all the professions; they were to be allowed to enter Parliament; they were to be allowed to mount the Judicial Bench as the

judges of the land; they were to be allowed to legislate for themselves and for their people, all—*all*, upon one condition; and that was, they were to allow the English government what was called “The power of the veto,” which I will explain to you. Whenever a Catholic priest was to be made a bishop, his name was to be sent to Rome; and if the Pope approved of him, then, instead of making him a bishop, out of hand, he was to send back his name with the nomination; and the moment a man got his nomination, instead of going to the Archbishop, and getting him to consecrate him, he was to send the nomination to the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of State was to submit it to the Council of English Lords, and the Lord Chancellor of England, or the Irish Lords, and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and they were to examine this man, and see whether he was worthy to be a bishop (laughter); they were such good judges, they knew all about that (renewed laughter). In all probability, if the bill had passed, Lord Norbury, of whom you have heard, would have been one of these examining Lords, examining a priest in his theology (laughter). And if they disapproved of a man—in other words—if they found him a true Irishman, if they found he had one spark of love for his country in him they were to put their “veto,” upon him, and the Pope was to have no power in the matter. You understand what it meant. They wanted to exclude from the Episcopate of Ireland such men as the immortal Dr. Doyle, or the great John McHale of Tuam (tremendous cheering for Archbishop McHale); they wanted to make Bishops only of men who would lie down at their feet, and be trampled upon, who would tell the people that there was no such word as freedom in the Gospel (applause). Such was the state of affairs at the time when Canning’s Bill was proposed, with “the veto” attached to it. All the English Catholics said, “Oh, yes: that will be very well.” All the Irish “respectable” Catholics, with a few Irish Catholic Lords, and a few Irish Catholic Knights were in favor of the “veto.” “Why not?” they said, “we will all be glad to be emancipated on any condition.” Some of the Irish Catholic Bishops admitted it. And worst of all the Pope was then a prisoner, in France; Napoleon had him a prisoner. Affairs in Rome were managed by a high functionary, whose name was Quarantotti; and this high prelate when he got the draft of Canning’s bill, and read it, such was the state of slavery in which we were, all the world over,—persecuted everywhere—that the Pope’s representative actually wrote to Dr. Poynter, Catholic Bishop of

London, and to the Irish Bishops, telling them to accept the "veto" and emancipation with it. The moment O'Connell heard this,—he who had risen against the Orangeism of Ireland, rose like an angry giant, and told the Irish Bishops and the Irish Priests,—aye, and Rome itself,—that that veto never should be admitted into Ireland (tremendous applause). He came, exulting like a giant in his strength, and thundered at the door of the English Parliament, and said, "Emancipation and freedom without any conditions" (applause). "We are no longer slaves," he said; "we are no longer beggars. We come and demand, and insist upon emancipation, without any condition whatsoever to bind it" (renewed applause).

Now, my friends, what gave O'Connell this power? I answer that, by this time, O'Connell had organized the Irish people in their parishes; he had made them join the Association; he had fixed a tax of a penny a month upon every Catholic man in Ireland. It was not the penny he was looking for, but for the man's name. He got them all enrolled in the Association; he got the priests to know all the men who were associated; he got the people to know one and other; he published their numbers to them; he told them the secret of their strength; he had the priesthood of Ireland,—the parish priests, the curates, the friars with him, to a man. No "veto" for them (laughter and applause). Why? For many reasons. I will not speak now of the effect of that legislation (if it had passed) upon the Church. I will not speak of it as effecting her liberties. But what was more natural than that every honest priest in Ireland should oppose the veto? because he must have said to himself, "What chance have I of ever being made a bishop?" (Laughter and applause.) Canning, though the friend of Ireland, was told to keep his Emancipation Act. Things went on. The Irish people, every day increasing in their numbers, affiliated with the Catholic Association; every day feeling their way, feeling their strength. The thundering voice of the mighty O'Connell went through the land. He went here and there through the country: he sacrificed his profession and all its vast gains, and he devoted himself to marshalling the people, until at length, things were brought to such a pass that when Lord Wellington, the conqueror of Waterloo, and the bitterest Tory enemy that ever Ireland had (hisses), when Wellington came into power, sworn, if he could help it, never to do anything for the Irish Catholics, and having a King, the basest, vilest, the most polluted of men, the infamous George IV, (hisses)—having that King at his back, who swore that

he never would grant anything to Irish Catholics,—O'Connell had so marshalled the Irish nation, that the man who had conquered Napoleon at Waterloo was obliged to acknowledge that O'Connell had beaten him; and he went to the King and said, "If you will not emancipate the Catholics without any condition, and give them freedom, you will have a revolution in Ireland" (loud applause). It was not for love, it was not for justice, that this Act was granted. Never since the day that Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, set foot, with his Normans, upon the soil of Ireland,—never from that hour to this, has England granted us one iota of justice, except under the influence of craven fear (applause).

The year 1828 came. Wellington came into power; and the Catholic Association, like men who had now learned to speak, passed a decree that no man that accepted office under Lord Wellington should be returned to Parliament, for any borough or any county. There was a member, at the time, for the county of Clare, a very good man; a very estimable and agreeable man; and his father was really a great man, a true patriot: this man's name was Vesey Fitzgerald: and he accepted office under the Duke of Wellington's Government. That obliged him to go back to Clare to ask the people to re-elect him. The people, at that time, were altogether in the hands of the landlords; and when the day of the election came they were called together, not even being given their breakfast before they left; and the bailiff, and the land steward, and the landlord drove them, as you would drive a flock of sheep, to give their votes. So, every landlord could say to another, "I have so many votes; how many have you?" The people had no voice at all, except just to register their votes. Vesey Fitzgerald was a popular man; he came back to Clare for re-election; when, like a thunder clap, came the words of O'Connell: "I am going to stand for Clare, and be elected to Parliament from it" (applause). The British Government was silenced with utter amazement and astonishment at the audacity of the man. The whole world stood confounded at the greatness of his courage. He went down to Clare. The priests came around him he raised his standard inscribed "Freedom from landlord intimidation!" "Every man has his own conscience, and his own rights;" and by a sweeping majority of the honest and manly Irishmen of the County Clare, O'Connell was returned (applause). While they were discussing the terms of emancipation; while they were asking each other could they allow Catholics the privilege of returning members to

Parliament, of their own religion; while they were trying to devise how they would neutralize it, how they would keep it out; in spite of all, this big, huge man walks in on the floor of the House of Commons returned as member from Clare. He advances to the table to take the oaths of allegiance and loyalty. The Clerk of the House of Commons rose to put the book in his hands to swear him. "What am I to be sworn to?" "To swear this," he reads: "The sacrifice of the Mass, the veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Saints is damnable idolatry." [Here the lecturer, as if in intense indignation, dashed down the book which, in describing the attitude of O'Connell, he held in his hand.] "In the name of two hundred millions of men; in the name of eight millions of the Irish race; in the name of antiquity; in the name of history; in the name of the God of Heaven, the God of truth, I reject that oath," he says, "for it is a damnable falsehood." (Tremendous cheers, which lasted for some minutes.) He found a "veto," with a vengeance, lying before him; and as he would not have the Act of Emancipation, with a "veto," tacked on to it, so he would not sit down in the House of Parliament with an infernal lie on his lips (cheers).

Three times was the Act of Catholic Emancipation put before the English House of Commons; and, sorely against their will,—because the Prime Minister and his associates in the government told them, with trembling lips, "You must do it. The Irish are prepared for revolution! You must do it! They will sever the connection altogether! They will break up the Empire!"—they passed it. It went before the Lords. For three days they held out against it, vomiting out their bigotry. "No! no! rather die than do it! No!" "But you must do it!" was the answer (cheers and laughter). The Irish people have found a man; and that man has united them as one man; and, now, O'Connell represents Ireland; and O'Connell stands at the door and tells them: "You must do it!" (cheers). The bill passed the Lords and Commons, and Wellington took it, on bended knee, and offered it to George the Fourth. The King refused to read it. "You must read it!" He read it. "Never!" "You must do it? It cannot be helped! He took the pen in his hand,—and he burst into tears! He did not weep when he broke the heart of his wife, and declared her an adulteress. He did not weep at the ruin of every form of innocence that ever came before him,—that was destroyed and polluted by his unholy touch. He did not weep when he left Richard B. Sheridan, his own friend, to die of starvation in a garret in

London. He had no tears to weep. He had no heart to feel. The bloated voluptuary!—he was never known to weep in his life, only when he was signing the bill of Emancipation; and then he wept the devil's tears (cheers). The Act was passed and declared law on the 13th of April, 1839; and, to use the eloquent words of my brother in religion, Lacordaire, "Eight millions of Irishmen sat down in the British House of Commons in the person of Daniel O'Connell." And yet, mark the spite, the deliberate spite of the government. After the Act of Emancipation, they would not let him take his seat, until he had to go back to Clare to be re-elected. After the Act of Emancipation was passed, they made a number of barristers—English barristers—King's counsel—members of the bar; and while the young men—young counsel—received this privilege,—the head of the Irish bar—the head of the Irish people was denied it. They thought to vent their spleen on him, and leave him in the background,—as if he could be left in the background,—whom the Almighty God brought forth (cheers).

And now, my friends, the great crowning act of his life being thus accomplished, he did not rest one moment; but he turned his thoughts to the second great object for which he lived. And, indeed, it was scarcely the second but the first, viz.: the Repeal of the Union. Some people in Ireland—and, elsewhere—think that the Repeal of the Union was an after thought of O'Connell; that he did not intend it in the beginning; that he never thought of it until he had coerced them into emancipating the Catholics. It is not so. Twenty years before Catholic Emancipation was passed, O'Connell declared that he would labor to the last hour of his life for the one purpose of repealing that accursed Union (cheers). Even in Grattan's time—(and Grattan lived until 1820)—even in Grattan's time, the Catholics of Ireland already petitioned for the Repeal of the Union, and Grattan told them: "If ever you Catholics of Ireland, rise up in your united strength, you will get the Repeal of the Union, or anything else England may have it in her power to bestow upon you!" (cheers). From 1839 until 1849—for a period of ten years—O'Connell sat in the British Parliament, opposed to all the rivalry, all the opposition, all the contempt, that the bigotry of English Protestantism could bring to bear upon him. Every man in that House hated him as the devil is said to hate holy water (laughter). But he stuck to his own courage, and his own trick of giving names. Stanley, the late Earl of Derby, rose to oppose him, and he turned upon him in this way: "Sit down

scorpion Stanley!" And until Stanley went to his long home, he was known by the name of "Scorpion Stanley." Disraeli attacked him, and O'Connell turned round and said: "Oh, here is a Jew; a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief that refused to be converted on the cross" (laughter). Mr. Sugden, the Chancellor, deprived him of the magisterial power. O'Connell called him "the man with the ugly name;" and whenever he spoke of him, or replied to him, he never alluded to him by name, but, in his supreme wit, O'Connell would say, he should have said, as "the man with the ugly name has observed" (laughter). And so, by his undaunted courage, by his wit, by his tremendous argumentative power, and by his swelling eloquence, he crushed the opposition of the English House of Commons, and, as he opened the door by the violence of his genius, he held his footing there by the same genius: until, in a few years the fate of the two great parties of England was in the hands of O'Connell (cheers). O'Connell and his "tail"—as it was called, commanded such influence, that, on any great question affecting the existence of the government, the Premier of England always, in his necessity, came to O'Connell to beg him to have pity on the government, and not to turn them out of office (laughter).

And now began to take form and symmetry the great repeal agitation. He who had united Ireland as one man in the sacred cause of religion, united them again, as one man, in the cause of nationality (cheers). From end to end of the land he travelled; and wherever he appeared, the enthusiastic heart and manhood of Ireland gathered round him. Oh, how grandly does he rise before my imagination now? Oh, how magnificent is the figure that now looms up in the halls of my memory, as I look back to that glorious year of 1843—the "repeal year" of Ireland (cheers). He stands within the honored walls of Dundalk, and three hundred thousand Irishmen are around him. Not a voice of discord; not a word of quarrelling; not a single jarring, even of thought; not a drunken man: not a criminal among the three hundred thousand of Ireland's stalwart sons! (cheers). He stands upon the Hill of Tara! He stands by "The Croppy's grave;" and he has there upon the slopes of that hill, two hundred and fifty thousand men,—a quarter of a million of Irishmen before him (cheers). Oh, who was able thus to unite Irishmen? Who was able to inspire them with one soul,—with one high, and lofty and burning aspiration? Who was able to lift up a people whom he had found so fallen, though not degraded, that they could scarcely speak words of freedom—of rights—

the thoughts in their minds? It was the mighty genius—it was the grand, the magnificent mind of Ireland's greatest son—of Daniel O'Connell! (Great cheering.) The Government got afraid; and well they might be. Oh, for the shining arms of the Volunteers! Oh, if on that day of Tara,—if on that day of Mullaghmast—oh, if on that day, when the soldiers barred the road to Clontarf,—if, on that day, Ireland was aroused, where, on the face of the earth, is the race of oppressors that this army of men might not have swept from their path in the might of their concentrated patriotism! (Loud cheers.) But Ireland, though united, was unarmed; and the brave and the heroic man who said, with so much truth, that his highest glory would be to draw the sword for his native isle, was obliged to preach conciliation and peace and submission to the people. The meeting at Clontarf was dispersed, and I may say, with truth, that the dream of the repeal of the Union of Ireland with England was dissolved. Some days after found O'Connell in prison, where, for months he languished; his health and his heart broken for the sake of Ireland; until at length the iniquitous decree, the blasphemous judgment was reversed—even by the English House of Lords;—and O'Connell, in September, 1844, came forth from prison, a free man. But he never recovered from that blow, Never; it was followed by disunion in the councils. Bravo and generous hearts to be sure there were, full of the young and warm blood. They were for drawing the sword, while they had no sword to draw. Ireland unarmed arose in rebellion; while near Clontarf, and in and around Dublin, there were twenty thousand soldiers ready to pour out the people's blood. The glorious dream of emancipation—of emancipation for the people—fled away, for the time. Then came the hand of God upon the people. Oh well I remember the fearful scenes that aged father of his country saw before he died! Then came the day when the news spread from lip to lip: "There is famine in the land; and we must all die." So said eight millions; eight millions in that terrible year of '46,—eight millions in that awful autumn that came upon us, when the people cried for bread and there was no one to break it to them. The strong man lay down and died. The tender maidens, the pure and aged matrons of Ireland, lay down and died. They were found dead by the roadside unburied; they were found in their shallow graves,—scarcely buried. They were found crawling to the chapel door that they might breath out their souls in one last act of faith and love to Christ!

Thus and the Angel of Death spread his wings over the land. The Legislator and the Emancipator—the Father of Ireland—was compelled to see his people perish; and he had not the means to save them. O'Connell's heart broke in his bosom. And a broken-hearted man, in January, 1847, he rose from his bed and crawled to London. With tottering step the aged man—the wreck of all that was once so glorious—appeared before the astonished eyes of Parliament. The voice that used to fill the land with the thunders of its eloquence, was now lowered to the merest whisper,—the language of a broken heart. He rose. He pictured before those men the agony of Ireland. With streaming eyes he implored the mercy of England upon the dying people; and a subsidy to save their lives. That subsidy was denied. Ireland was told that she might die. England closed her hand, and the heart-broken father of his country was told to go and seek some genial clime; and there he might die; but there was no mercy for his Irish people (cheers). O'Connell set out for Rome: the Irish people started for America. O'Connell is in Heaven, to-night, I believe in my heart and soul; and I believe also, in my heart and soul, that if anything on earth could brighten his joys in Heaven, his joys would be brightened to know and see the glory, the increased strength, the manhood of Ireland as it exists to-day in America! (vehement cheering). With the instinct of Catholicity he turned to Rome, journeying by slow stages; and, on the 15th of May, 1847, he breathed his soul to God, having received all the sacraments of the Church; and with the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips, he died in the city of Genoa, in the North of Italy; and his last words were: "When I am dead, take out my heart and send it to Rome; let my body be brought back to mingle with the dust of Ireland!" The Doctors who attended him could not make out what disease was upon him. The first men in Ireland, France, Italy—came and studied his case. They could not make out what sickness or what infirmity was his. They had never, before, been called upon to attend a man who was dying of a broken heart. O'Connell's heart was broken—the heart that was sent to Rome—the heart that is enshrined in Rome, to-day—was broken for love of Ireland!

And, now, what was the genius, what the character of this man? What was the secret of his strength? I answer again:—O'Connell was all that history tells us to-day, and all that history shall tell the nations in a thousand years to come; O'Connell was all that, because of the faith, and

Catholicity that was in him ;—because he was a Catholic of the Catholics ;—he was Irish of the Irish ;—and consequently the instincts of Ireland, and the heart of Catholic Ireland sprang to meet him, and identified themselves with him ; so that he made Catholic Ireland as if it had but one heart, and one thought, and one mind (cheers). Over all his human efforts, over all his tremendous exertions in the cause of freedom—in the sacred cause of liberty—there was ever shining over all, the light of Divine Faith ; and he knew that in doing battle for Ireland, he was battling for God and for God's Church. What made him refuse the "Veto" ? It would not have affected him ; it would only have affected the Church ; it would only affect the priesthood and the episcopacy of Ireland. What made him refuse that bill of Canning ? It was because his Catholic instincts—his Catholic mind and heart told him that the State had no business under Heaven to interfere in the regulation or in the government of the Church (cheers). He gave to the Irish people not only the voice that pleaded for their freedom—the magnificent life that was devoted to their service,—but he gave something far higher, greater than this ; he gave them the bright example of a pious, sincere, Catholic man. He showed Ireland, he showed the world, that the highest genius can be exalted still more when it is consecrated to the sacred cause of the Church, and of holy religion. He taught the youth of Ireland the lesson they had learned so well from him and from their fathers—that the secret of Ireland's strength and of Ireland's ultimate glory and freedom and nationality lies in Ireland's adherence to her glorious old faith (cheers). He taught the youth of Ireland that that man alone is sure to conquer every enemy in this world who has learned to conquer his own passions and himself among other things. He has contributed largely to make a priest of me ; for among the tenderest recollections of my youth,—among the things that made a deep impression on me as a boy, was when I stood in the chapel in Galway, to see the great O'Connell ; the man that shook the world ; that frightened every man that crossed his path,—to see that great man coming to eight o'clock Mass in the morning ; kneeling among us and receiving his Holy Communion ; to watch him absorbed in prayer before his God ; to read almost the grand thoughts that were passing through that pure mind ; to see him renewing again and again, before Heaven, the vows that bound him to his religion and to his country (cheers). This, this was the grand principle of his life ; this was the secret of his genius ;

this was the inspiration that produced his success. And in this devotion well did the Irish correspond with him. Whatever he told them to avoid they avoided; whatever he told them to do they did it. Oh! if God had only left him and left us united councils. And if God, in His infinite wisdom, had only averted the terrible stroke that prostrated Ireland, and broke O'Connell's heart, the glory that we still looked forward to might be ours to-day (cheers). But although he is dead and gone, his genius, his soul, his heart and his hopes, still live in the breast of every true son of Ireland (loud and continued cheering).

You and I will look forward to our brightest human hope, after the happiness of Heaven, to behold Ireland what he so often wished and prayed she might be, "Great, Glorious and Free" (cheers)! Great, as her history tells us in the past she has been; glorious O'Connell made her, in her glorious victory of Emancipation; free! oh, there is a God of justice in Heaven,—there is a God that treasures up the fidelity and sufferings of a nation;—there is a God that accepts the people's sacrifice, and, sooner or later, crowns it. To that God do I look, with the same confidence with which I look for my own salvation,—I look to thee, oh, God! this night, to send down the crown, the reward of freedom, to my glorious country! (loud and prolonged cheering). And when that freedom comes we will know how to use it; we will know how to respect our neighbor's rights, and not trample on them; we will respect our neighbor's property, and not plunder him. We will never raise our hand in the effort to deprive any people on the earth of that sacred boon for which we have sighed so long—the sacred boon of national freedom; because we are Catholics, and the Catholic Church alone teaches man how to preserve and defend so high a gift, and how to use his freedom (great cheering).

The Rev. lecturer concluded by saying:—I have now to announce to you my friends, that on next Thursday evening I shall be here again, to deliver a lecture on the "The Pope's Tiara; its Past, Present, and Future." I may as well tell you at once, and you may believe me when I say that my whole soul is in that lecture, and that I will consider your attendance here on that evening a personal favor to myself which I shall be slow to forget. Remember that our Holy Father is poor. He has been offered money by Victor Emmanuel (hisses), who robbed him; money which he refused. But, fellow-countrymen and fellow-Catholics, we will kiss his hand with greater fervor and devotion, because he has

refused to pollute that sacred hand by touching Victor Emmanuel's money (applause). I would rather beg from a beggar than take from a robber (laughter). He won't take Victor Emmanuel's money; he won't dishonor himself by touching it; but he will honor us by taking ours; and we must give it to him. We know that he wants it, and neither the Pope the head of the Catholic Church, nor the Catholic Church herself ever yet wanted anything that the Irish heart and Irish hand were not ready to give to them (cheers). Then, on the evening of next Wednesday week, 22d of May, I shall come before you again. The subject of the lecture on that evening will be a beautiful and interesting one, "The Exiles of Erin." I am one of them myself, now; so that I hope to be better able and prepared to give it here than if I were at home,—(A voice: "I wish you would stay with us!")—than if I were speaking in Dublin on that subject; speaking of people that were far away from me. I am now in the same category with you; and "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." (Great cheering, amid which Father Burke retired).

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, in Jersey City, on Wednesday evening, May 15, in aid of the Building Fund of the New Church of St. Patrick.]

"THE PROMISES OF CHRIST FULFILLED ONLY IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH."

MY FRIENDS: The existence of the Catholic Church is the most patent fact in the history of the world. When Christ our Lord founded His Church, He emphatically declared that she was not to be as a light hidden under a bushel, but flaming upon the candle-stick, and enlightening every man that comes into the house of this world. He declared that she was to be as a city built upon the mountain summit, that every man, and every wayfarer passing through the ways of this world, should behold her and recognize her existence.

If we ask ourselves what was the meaning of our Divine Lord speaking of His Church as something so palpable, so unmistakable, forcing itself upon the recognition of every man, no matter how reluctant that man may be to behold it,—I answer that our Lord meant to fix upon His holy Church certain signs by which she should infallibly be known and recognized among all reasoning men, as the very Church and the very spouse of Jesus Christ. Nor is there among the many strange mysteries of this world any one thing that more astonishes me every day, than to behold the earnest man, the high-minded man, the believing man, read the Scriptures, and yet fail to recognize the Church of Christ in the holy Catholic Church. To me this is the strangest intellectual phenomenon in the world; for certain it is, if we attach any meaning whatever to the words of the Son of God, that it was in His purpose, and in His fixed, declared intention to establish a Church upon this earth. He alludes to it repeatedly—over and over again,—calling it now “My Church;” calling it again, “My Kingdom”; at another time speaking of it as “the Kingdom of God;” and making certain, fixed specific promises to this Church; in the fulfilment of which promises the world has the convincing proof of the Divine origin of our holy Catholic Church and religion. For, dear friends, Christ our Lord, was not only the Redeemer, the Teacher of mankind, the Atoner of the past; but He was also the Prophet of the future. The Scriptures speak of Him and of His coming as of a prophet. “On that day,” says Moses, “the Lord thy God, the God of Israel, will raise up unto thee a prophet like unto me. Him thou shall hear.” That prophet was Christ. And all that He prophesied of the future concerned this Church of His.

We are come together, this evening, my friends, to consider the prophecies of Christ, the promises that He made to be fulfilled in the future. We are come together to look for their fulfilment; and if we find this fulfilment in the holy Catholic Church then we are assembled, such of us as are Catholics, to glory in thanksgiving to God for the fulfilment of these promises, and such of us as are not Catholics—if there be any here—to meditate profoundly, in the name of God, upon the necessity of submitting our faith and our love to that one and only Church, in whose history in the past, in whose existence in the present, are fulfilled all the promises that Christ made.

Now, what were these promises, my friends? If we search the Scriptures, we shall find that they are, principally, the

following: Christ, our Lord, emphatically promised that His Church should be ONE, and should be, in this world, the very representative of Unity; that no difference of religious thought, or opinion, no warring of ideas, no holding of contradictory doctrines, was ever to be found in her; but that she was to be on earth a representative of intellectual and moral union of the very best kind. And, again, it was destined to represent the ineffable unity which binds together, in one nature, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. This was the first promise that Christ, our Lord, made to His Church. The second promise that we find in Scripture, made to Her was, "that she was to have Him Her Lord, Her God, Her Founder, dwelling in the midst of Her, with an abiding presence; that He was to be with Her in a peculiar manner, as we shall see. The third promise that Christ, our Lord, made, was involved in the command, that His Church, and Her voice, should be heard all the world over, throughout all the nations; that Her faith was to be preached in every tongue, and in every land, and to every people. The last great promise that He made to His Church was, that He was to abide with her, that every other institution might fail and die; that nations might change their governments—might lose their very existence, that races might disappear; but that the Church which He, the Lord founded, should remain, abiding for ever, and for ever; that systems of philosophy might be upheld in one age, and discarded by another; that the physical and scientific truths received to-day, might be disapproved to-morrow; but that His Church, founded by Him, was to remain immutable, unchangeable—ever young, ever vigorous, until the last day of this world's existence.

Behold the four great promises which, as we shall see, are distinctly conveyed in Scripture, and which, as we shall also see, are fulfilled in the the Holy Roman Catholic Church; and which I assert upon the evidence of history, upon the the evidence of our own senses, of our own reason, and of our own experience, are not fulfilled in any one iota of them outside of the Catholic Church. From which I will conclude, that if Christ, our Lord, intended that His word should not pass away—that His promises should be fulfilled—that Church alone represents the Divine origin, or foundation by Christ, in which we find the promises fulfilled to the letter.

First of all then, the first prophetic promise was unity. The son of God came down from Heaven; was incarnate by .

the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary, and was made man. He came down from Heaven. He found this world divided into a thousand different religious sects, each representing not a vestige of truth, but some distinctive form of error. And He found all the philosophers wrangling among themselves, and divided on the great questions of the existence of a God, and of the ultimate destiny of the soul of man. He found all the interests in society split up and divided into a thousand various forms—all at opposition, one with another. But He, coming down from Heaven, brought with Him the essential unity which is the essence and the nature of His God-head, for, the first perfection of the Almighty God, in Himself, is essentially and necessarily unity;—everything that is perfect is one. The very idea of perfection involves the idea of unity; that is to say, the one point, the one centre around and in which everything of perfection that is, is centred; and that perfection, from here and there, concentrates to constitute the Supreme Perfection. Therefore, the Almighty God, who is infinite perfection, is, also, infinite unity; and when He assumed to have this second relation to our humanity, when coming down from heaven, he added our nature to His own,—when He associated God and man, He brought down, in that hour of His Incarnation, not only the infinite perfection of His Divinity, but also the essential unity, by which He is one with the Father. Christ, our Lord, God Incarnate, God and Man, was as much united to the Father by the essential unity of nature as He was, from all eternity, in that Father's bosom upon the Throne of the Most High. The fact of His becoming man did not sever, for an instant, or separate, that eternal and infinite unity by which He was united with God—and by which he was God himself. Nay, more; even as man, He embodied in himself the principle of unity; for He took our nature—a human soul, a human body, a human intelligence, a human will, human affections—and everything that was man, save and except a human personality. That He never took. Why? Because if He took a human personality, Christ would have been two and not one. He would have been two, viz: The Second Person of the Blessed Trinity and the human person whom men beheld upon the earth. But, in order to represent, even in His sacred humanity, the essential principle of unity, He assumed that nature into His Divinity; so that out of the human body, the human soul and God—out of these three was formed the one person, our Saviour, Christ, and that person

was Divine. He was still one and only one—even though He was God and man. He united them in one. Every act of His, even though performed in His humanity, was still the act of God; because the person who assumed that humanity, and who owned it, and who acted in it was God. Why did He do this? Because, dearly beloved, Christ our Lord, being God, and infinitely perfect, was essentially one. Now, the design of Christ was to represent upon the earth, and to create among men the principle of unity of thought, unity of mind, unity of heart, which was so perfect in himself, and which He declared should be represented in His Church. Therefore it is that He laid upon all mankind the obligation of fraternal charity; for in charity is a golden bond; and hearts are united. Therefore also, did he impose the obligation of faith; because in faith is an intellectual bond; all minds are united in the union of one belief, of one thought. And unity—the unity of God—springs up in its representation in that society which is the mystical body of Christ. In consequence of all this, the Son of God, the Saviour, founded His Church, provided for that Church, and promised to her the attribute of unity. For this did He pray, the night before He suffered and died. “Oh, Father,” He said, “I pray for these Thou hast given me that they may be one;—and not only for these,” He adds, “but for all who through their word shall believe in me, that they may be all one as thou, the Father, and I are one; thou in me and I in thee, so that they also may be one.” And again He said, “There shall be one fold and one Shepherd.”

And now if, passing from the words of faith, we come to reflect with the mere light of reason, does it not stand to reason—is it not absolutely necessary—that, if the truth exists, out of that truth must spring unity? If the Word of God be on earth, that word must be eternal truth. And, if truth, it cannot contradict itself. It cannot say yes and no. It cannot to-day preach one thing; to-morrow another. It cannot assert one thing at one time as true, and the opposite at some other time as equally true. This would be a lie. This would be untruth substituted for truth, and error for the unity of thought which Christ left upon earth. Wherever the truth is then there must be unity as a matter of course. The moment division arises, the moment one man contradicts another on any subject, human or divine,—that moment the very fact of this difference of opinion, of this contradiction, involves the presence of error, because one or the other of them must be wrong. They cannot be both right. Dissension and division

therefore, or breaking up into sects, mutual contradiction, is an infallible sign wherever it appears of the existence of religious error. I want to impress this upon you : because in this our age a strange hallucination has taken possession of men's minds. Men recognize the simple fact that in any ordinary dealing of life, if two men disagree upon one question, one of them must be wrong if the other be right. Both may be wrong; either may be wrong; but both cannot be right. But their divergence of opinion, their difference, implies the fact that there is wrong—falsehood—between them. Men who see this in the ordinary dealings of life, men who recognize it so clearly and keenly as a matter of course, will, when it becomes a question of religion in which truth or falsehood involves the eternal salvation or damnation of man—then they seem to consider it as a matter of course that there may be diversity of opinion without the existence of religious untruth. They seem to consider that division here, that contradiction here, is a matter of no importance. Nay, they go so far as to say that it is a good thing, an excellent thing. "The more sects we have," they say, "the more religious we are; the more men's minds are turned to religion. It is a good thing to have so many different forms of belief, each contradicting the other; because, out of that intellectual and religious contest men's minds are brought to study religion, and they are more filled with the thought of their eternal salvation and of the things of God." This is the popular error of the day,—a most deplorable error! Why? I ask you what is the popular idea of religion, at all, in our day? Men say, "Oh, the more disputation goes on, and the more difference of opinion there is and the greater number of sects, the more men's minds are turned to religion." I deny it! I say a man may study the Scriptures for forty years; a man may turn all his attention to the word of God; but if during all that lifetime of disputation, of assertion, and contradiction—if that man has never reached the truth,—if he has never touched the truth—if, all this time, he is disputing about his view, and that view be a distorted and a false one, I deny that that man is approaching to religion. It is an insult to the God of truth to say that a man who, all his life is peddling about a lie, is doing homage to the essential unity and truth of God. No! Wherever the truth is, unity must be. I do not say that unity is truth, because men may be united even in their belief of a falsehood. Mind, I do not say absolutely that unity is truth. But I do say that truth is unity. I do not say that consistency is truth; because persons might be

consistent even in a lie. But I do assert that truth is consistency; that is to say, it cannot contradict itself nor be inconsistent with itself.

Now, I ask you, where is this promise of unity fulfilled, except in the Catholic Church? There are two hundred millions of us, scattered all the world over. There are Catholics in every land, speaking every tongue under heaven. Take any one instructed Catholic, I don't care of what nation; I don't care in what clime you find him; take that one instructed Catholic, question him as to his faith, and in that man you will find the faith of the two hundred millions that are scattered over the world. In the word of that one man you find a unit, the representation of the belief that rests in the mind of every Catholic throughout the world, just as it is spoken by the lips of every other one. I ask you to compare this with the miserable multitude of opinions on the most important subjects that are found outside the Church. Take any one form or denomination of religion—take Protestantism, or any other form of religious belief outside of the Catholic Church; have they any assurance, or are they able to give you any assurance, that their doctrines of to-day will be the doctrines of next year? No. And the proof lies here—that the doctrines of this year were not the doctrines of twenty years ago. Twenty years ago, for instance, every Episcopalian Protestant in the world believed in the necessity of Baptism, and in Baptismal Regeneration. Ten years ago the Protestant Church in England declared that Baptismal Regeneration formed no part whatever of the doctrines of the Church of England. Twenty years ago every Protestant in the world believed that the matrimonial bond was indissoluble; and they bowed down so far to the Word of Christ that they took their idea of marriage from His Word, which said: "Those that God has joined together, let no man attempt to divide." To-day, Protestants all the world over, believe in the validity and the lawfulness of divorce, under certain circumstances. What is this but changing? Nay, more; no sooner was the standard of schism raised, three hundred years ago, in the Church, than every single leader of the Protestant movement broke off from his fellow-man, and established a religious sect for himself. Names that were never before heard: "Zuinglians," "Lutherans," "Calvinists," "Antinomians," "Anabaptists,"—and so on, until, in our own day, the last, and the ultimate, and the logical residue of Protestantism has subsided into a form of religion which is "pure Deism;" acknowledges that there is a God; stops there; and

asserts that there is no other dogma. Nay, a Protestant Bishop of England, a few years ago, made use of these words: "It is the proudest boast of our Church of England that she has no dogma;" that is to say, no fixed form of opinion. I do not say these words, nor any words, nor do I think in my mind any thought—much less express it—which would be painful or disrespectful to any man; but I ask you, my friends, are not these the facts? Are they not there before your eyes? In the Catholic Church, any one instructed Catholic who knows his religion represents the doctrine of the Church. You never hear of those in the Catholic Church contradicting each other in matters of doctrine, of dogma, or belief. You never hear of strange or unheard of propositions propounded from a Catholic pulpit. You may search the history of eighteen hundred and seventy-two years and you will find the Catholic Church always preaching, always speaking, clearly, emphatically, fearlessly on every question; never refusing to give an answer, when she is called upon, on any question of faith or morals. After eighteen hundred and seventy-two years, the student of history turns over page after page of historic record, to all the enunciations of the Church, in her Bishops, in her Popes, in her Councils; and nowhere can he find a single instance, of a single line, in which the Church taught a single contradiction to herself, in which the Church ever denied one tittle or iota of her previous doctrine, or ever changed one single feature of her Divine teaching. We, therefore, are forced to believe that if consistency be a proof of truth, if unity be the soul of truth,—the sign of truth wherever it is found,—that that consistency, and that unity are to be found in the Catholic Church.

And I wish to invite your attention, not so much to past times, nor to other lands,—for I am speaking now to intelligent men,—but in coming to this new country, I have found, not only among my own countrymen, but I have found in every grade of society, and in every religious denomination that I have met with, I have found a bright, sharp, shrewd, and high order of intellectuality, and of intelligence. To that intelligence of America I appeal. I ask you, my friends, if we, Catholics, were to withdraw from among you, if every Catholic in America were to leave the land to-morrow, and leave you to yourselves—would not the idea, the very idea, of religious opinion, have departed from among you? Try to realize to yourselves what it would be, if we were to-morrow to go out from the land, and not leave a single Roman Catholic in America? Would there be a man left in the

land that could proclaim his faith, and point to a society of his fellow-men who hold that same faith, in every detail of doctrine which he holds? Not one. There is no unity of thought, much less intellectual obedience, outside the Catholic Church. But when we enter her glorious halls and cross her golden thresholds, oh, how magnificent is the picture of unity that rises before the eyes of our souls! There do we see two hundred millions of men, rich and poor, gentle and simple, intellectual and uneducated, highest and lowest; and forth from these two hundred millions of lips and hearts comes one and the self-same note—the voice of faith and the praise of God. One sacrifice in every land; one word, in every country; one testimony to the same faith; and this brought down to us without the slightest contradiction for nearly two thousand years, since the day that Christ arose from the dead. Oh, how magnificent is the image—how splendid the picture of unity that I contemplate, when, passing from the millions, I enter the sanctuary of the holy ones in the order of the hierarchy, the fittest, the brightest representation of the harmony of Heaven! There the monk and the nun, consecrated, fill their own station and their own office. There we ascend from monk and nun, and we find the robed priest on the altar, and the preacher in the pulpit. Above them, again, higher in jurisdiction, in authority, approaching to the supreme head, we find the Bishops of the Church of God assembled in council, and eight hundred mitred heads taking thought and expressing and testifying to the Church's faith. Higher still we come to another order representing the clergy of Rome—of the city of Rome—the most ancient in the world, and the most honored: seventy-three Cardinals around the Papal throne,—men who have received from the Church of God the extraordinary power to lay their hands on the anointed, and to designate the successor of Peter. Highest of all, seated upon his Pontifical throne, is the representative, the viceroy of God, holding the keys in one hand, holding the rod of jurisdiction in the other, and with one arm governing the whole flock of the Catholic Church, according to the word: "There shall be one fold and one shepherd." Above him—for we must yet lift up our eyes from earth, for he is but a mere man—above him, but near him, standing close to him, upholding him, confirming him in faith, crowning him with the supremacy of the Church, the great Invisible Head whom the eye of Faith alone can behold in Peter and in Peter's successor—the Lord Jesus Christ—the true head—the one great fountain, pastor and ruler of the

great Catholic Church. How great is that design, how grand is that order, how beautiful that harmony, how splendid that gradation from rank to rank, from order to order, from dignity to dignity, until all are concentrated upon one man on earth,—because that one man represents the Invisible Head, the Lord Jesus Christ. Behold unity! Behold the reflection of the divinity of God in its ineffable unity, shining forth in the beauty and in the harmony of our Holy Church and our Holy religion!

The next promise of Christ was His own abiding presence with this Church. For this He prayed: "Father, let them be one,—even as Thou and I are one." So, also, did He say: "I am with you all days: until the consummation of the world." "Take heed," He says; "although I leave you, it will be only for a little time. A little time and you shall not see me; but after a little time you shall see me again; for I will not leave you orphans; but I will come to you, and I will remain with you, and abide with you all days until the consummation of the world!" What did He mean? The man who is outside the Church and who denies His glorious sacramental and real presence on our altar,—that man says: "He only meant that He would remain on earth by the union of grace in every holy soul; that He would remain upon the earth with His elect, guiding them, preserving them from evil;"—and so on. But I ask you, can this be the meaning of the Word of Christ, when He said: "I am with you!" Was He not always with His elect from the beginning? Every man that loves the Lord—that loves God—has God; for God is love. And from the beginning—from the day that Adam repented of his sin,—all through the four thousand years before the coming of our Lord,—everybody knew that he who loved God was united to God by that charity, so far; and if He meant nothing more than this—than His presence by Divine grace—than His abiding presence with His elect—there was no necessity, under Heaven, for Him to say the words: "I am with you all days: until the consummation of the world." It was well understood that He was with them. He, himself, had said, elsewhere: "If any man love me, the Father will come to him, and I will come to him; and we will take up our dwelling with him." Where, then, was the necessity of reiterating the promise and putting it in such a formal manner: "I am with you all days, even until the consummation of the world?" Did He confer anything by this promise more than was given to the men of the old law? Nothing. In the Protestant sense, He gave nothing; because He was

already under that dispensation with those that loved Him. He either meant nothing when He said those words, or He meant to indicate some peculiar, some special, some wonderful manner in which He was to be with His Church. Did He indicate, elsewhere, what the manner of His remaining was to be? Yes. The night before He suffered He took bread into His holy and venerable hands. He said to His Apostles: "Take and eat ye all of this, for this is my body." And taking wine, He breathed upon it and said: "Drink ye all of this, for this is my blood of the new and Eternal Testament, which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." Then to the Apostles He said: "That which you have seen me do, do ye also in commemoration of me." And He gave them the power of changing bread and wine into the very substance of His body and His blood. He gave them the power to substantiate Him under the appearance of bread and wine—to substantiate God; and nothing remained but what was necessary to conceal the Redeemer from the eyes of flesh, in order that man might have the merit of faith; because "faith is the argument of things that appear not." Thus did He remain. And if He did not remain thus, then I say He meant nothing,—no privilege—no special endowment to His Church—on the day that He promised her that He would remain with her forever unto the consummation of the world. Where do we find this presence? Only upon the altars and within the tabernacles of the Catholic Church.

Here again I appeal to your own sense and reason. A stranger coming to your land,—a stranger from some Pagan country, who never heard of the special doctrines of Christianity,—goes through the length and breadth of this American land; he enters any temple of religion, and he finds four walls. A church, built in a church's form, but he sees no sign of life! There are no adorers there, bowing down to indicate by their adoration the presence of God. There are no lights burning around on the altar: there is no altar; no place of sacrifice! There is no presence there to speak a word to him of God. He may see perhaps verses of Scripture written round on the walls. He may see perhaps the Ten Commandments lifted up over a table. They may indicate to him the Word of God; but the presence of God he sees no sign whatever to show. No life is there; no living thing is there! He enters a Catholic Church in any one of our cities. The moment he crosses the threshold, the twinkling of the lighted lamp, before the altar, catches his eye. There is motion. At least there is some idea of sacrifice. Something is being actually consumed

or offered to some unseen power. Who is that power. Who is it to whom that altar has been built up? Who is it for whom that place of residence has been prepared? Who is it? He turns and he sees some poor old woman, some aged man or perhaps some Catholic youth, bowed down to the earth, making visible and sensible signs, such as men make to God and to Him alone,—as kneeling themselves in adoration, prostrating themselves, and sinking into the nothingness of their own being before the mighty being whom they worship. And the thought must be forced upon that stranger's mind: "Here, at least, I have evidence of the presence of a God—a people's God." If, then, that presence be among the promises that Christ made to His Church, even to the Pagan and the stranger, the fulfilment of this promise is demonstrated only in the Holy Catholic Church.

Here again, as I admire the unity of her faith, the unity of her worship, the unity of her praise, the unity of her sacramental and liturgical language,—here again do I see, rising before me, when I enter into thy walls, O Church of God, the magnificent presence of Jesus Christ! Oh, what an argument of Divine love for man that God should remain among His creatures for ever! Oh, what an argument for the dignity, the value, the grandeur of our human nature, that the Eternal, infinite God, should make it His daily dwelling-place to be in the midst of mankind! Oh, how wonderful the fulfilment here of all those ancient prophecies in which the Lord said: "My delight and my joy is to be among the children of men!"

The third promise that Christ made to His Church was, that Her voice should be heard in every land and that she should grow among the people until the ancient words of the prophet David should be fulfilled: "Unto every land, the sound of their voice has gone forth, and their words are heard, even to the farthest ends of the earth." Where is this promise fulfilled? He called the twelve, and said to them:—"My friends, before you lies the whole world. It is made up of many nations, many tribes and races of men. They are all hostile to you. They will cast you forth. They will put you to shame, and to all ignominy for my sake. They will put you to death, and consider they have done a good thing. Yet, now, I say unto you, go forth among them, and preach, and teach all nations of the earth." *Euntes, docentes omnes gentes.* Their mission was to the whole world. No longer was the truth of the presence of God, or the assistance of the sanctity or strength of Divine Grace, to be confined to one na-

tion or one people. No longer were certain narrow boundaries to restrict the action and the presence of God among men. No longer was one nation or tongue permitted alone to possess the truth! No; but forth were those twelve to go, unto every land, unto every nation, bringing to them the message that He gave to them: "Go forth," He said, "and teach unity!" Behold the message of truth, "Go forth and baptize them!" Behold the message of sacramental grace and sanctity. And, lo, they went forth, and, multiplied by the spiritual generation, they created their own successors by the imposition of hands. Grace was poured abroad from them upon the people, in light and sanctity, within the sanctuary, unto our brethren in power and jurisdiction. And so the Church of God spread herself into every land, and preached the Gospel to every nation. Where is the country that has been able to shut itself out from her? They have built up in their hatred to the truth—they have built up ramparts between them and the Church—ramparts cemented in the blood of martyrs! They have piled up the dead bodies of the slain to defend them from the approach of this great and awful Church of God. Nowhere, among the nations, has the Red Sea of martyrs' blood been able to withhold, or to keep back the holy Jesuit missionary from going into every land, and proclaiming the glory of Jesus Christ. Where has the monk, the majestic, the apostolic man ever been frightened or turned back because he saw the martyr's crown and the martyr's blood appear together? No; but he has followed in the track of every conqueror! No; but he has launched into the most dangerous and unknown seas! No; but he was of those who were the first companions of the great, the mighty intellect, that saw in the far West the glorious vision of the mighty country which he came to discover; and among his first companions were the children of St. Francis and St. Dominic! Among the first sights which the Indians of America beheld was the Dominican habit which you behold upon me here to-night. The message was preached upon this land. A grain of mustard-seed was cast upon every soil. Did it increase? Did it multiply? Yes, everywhere. Where every other sect, where every other religion came, they came to a stand-still, and they dwindled away into nothingness. The Catholic Church, to-day, maintains all the vigor, all the strength, all the energy—and commands all the strength, all the energy, all the devotion which were hers in the days when the martyrs stood within the Coliseum of Rome, to testify by their blood to the faith—just as in the days when Las Casas

crossed the Atlantic, and, while standing before the King's council in Madrid, pleaded for the cause of liberty, the cause of justice, the cause of liberty to the Indian!

This is acknowledged even by Protestant writers themselves. "It is a singular fact," says the great historian, Macaulay, "that for the last three hundred years (since the day when the nations first separated from the Church of God), the Protestant religion has never made one step in advance; has never gained a convert; has never converted a province nor a people. They are to-day (he says) just as they were the day before Luther died." Now, I will add—and, pardon me, if I shall endeavor to prove it to you—it has gone back! The Protestant Archbishop of Westminster, whom I once knew as a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, remarked, some time ago: "It is a singular fact that the only progress (if you will) that Protestantism has made since the day of its establishment, consists in lopping off, on every side, every point of doctrine." For instance; Luther believed in the presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist. He never denied it, as you know. Those who came immediately after him, cut off—in fact, denied it, virtually. Their successors believed, if not in the sacramental nature, at least in the indissoluble nature of matrimony. This they have cut off in our own day. So, too, with Baptismal Regeneration. They have even denied, on the other side, in our own day, the necessity of a fixed form of belief: to-day that is becoming most unpopular. So that, in truth, the Anglican liturgy is so unpopular that the Athanasian Creed is rejected because it makes a fixed, definite confession of the two great doctrines of Christianity, namely, the doctrine of the Trinity and of the divinity of the Son of God. Men say they believe; but there are places in England, to-day, where, if the rector or curate read the Athanasian Creed from the pulpit, the best part of his congregation would stand up and walk out. Whence comes this? It comes from this, that the world will not accept Protestantism, unless it be made to mean Latitudinarianism,—anything, or nothing. The world then, that refuses to accept Protestantism, unless on condition of denying everything, stands before the Catholic Church, as it has stood for eighteen hundred years; and to that world this great Church of God will not, because she cannot, yield or sacrifice one single iota of her doctrine—one single word of that message of truth which the God of Truth has put into her hands,—into her hands, and into her soul. One would imagine, therefore, that this Catholic Church of ours should not be able to stand

at all,—accused of so many things that are true, accused of so many things that are false—accused of so many things that are true; among them that she is exclusive; perfectly true! that she has no mercy upon any one who ventures to disagree with her in any article of faith, but cuts him off,—excises him, says “Anathema;” “let him be cut off; let him be accursed.” Perfectly true;—as true as that the discipline of the Catholic Church is accused of having an iron rule, moulding every intellect in one mould, in matters pertaining to religion. Perfectly true. The Catholic Church is accused of desiring to intermeddle with education, to draw, as much as she can, the education of children into her own hands, and to muster the consciences of her people into her own hands. Perfectly true; perfectly true. “Guilty; guilty, my lords!” It is true: there is no gainsaying it. Why does the Catholic Church do this? Because she happens to have the truth of Christ. Instead of paring down that truth, to bring it to a level—as has happened to the English Church, to-day—she holds men up to her doctrine by the hair of the head, and draws them up to that divine truth which she cannot change; and which you cannot change;—for you must admit it. The Catholic Church is charged with contriving to control education. It is true; because, “the child is father to the man;” and it is her duty to make her men, men of God. She begins with the child, to make them children of God; and she must begin in childhood; if she does not, she never can make a religious man. The Catholic Church is accused of moulding intellects and consciences into one mould, drawing everything, as it were, into one groove. Yes, that one mould, that one groove, is the divine truth of Christ. You don’t wish to fit into it unless you are made conformable to the Son of God in the possession of the truth, which is one in the possession of grace, in admitting the restraints that are necessary to sanctify and sweeten your lives; unless you are made thus conformable to the image of the Son of God, you will not have part or fellowship with Him, in the glory of the kingdom of His father. The Church does this because she cannot help it.

Then the Church is accused of many things that are false; she is accused, for instance, of being the enemy of education; and strange to say, I have heard—more than once—in England this accusation made to myself against the Church. And I have heard the same men, within five minutes, charge the Catholic Church with being too grasping; with having too much to say about education; talking too much about it, mak-

ing too much fuss about it ; and, within the same five minutes charging her with being the enemy of all education. The Catholic Church is accused of favoring ignorance, in order that she may keep her hold upon the people. You know that is false. The Catholic Church knows well that her greatest enemy without her is the ignorance of the world that refuses to look at her ; that the greatest difficulty within her is the ignorance of her own—the uneducated portion of her children. The greatest difficulty without the Church is not the intelligence of the world. No : from the highly educated, from the highly accomplished Protestant, the Catholic Church gets the generous tribute which history bears to her. There is not a Catholic writer that has paid over and over such generous homage to the glory of the Catholic Church as she has received from the highest Protestant writers, that is to say men of the highest cultivation and the highest intelligence. The opposition that she receives,—the hatred she encounters, exists in the enmity, the ignorance of those who are within her sanctuary, within her own pale. Her educated children in proportion as they are educated,—in proportion as they receive knowledge and rise to the fullness of intellectual excellence,—in the same proportion does the Church lean upon them—appeal to them—take a firm hold of them ; in precisely the same proportion are they the grand defenders and missionaries of their holy mother. And the highly educated Catholic is always the best Catholic. The more he knows, the more will he prize and love that Church in which he lives. The more he knows the more is he fitted to enter into the field of intellectual strife, and to do battle for the faith of the Holy Catholic Church, in which he lives.

The Catholic Church is accused of being the enemy of progress. Now I would like to know what this means. I believe that many men, in this day of ours, speak of progress ; and they actually do not know what it means. Does it mean railroads ? Well, certainly, yes ; railroads are a sort of progress. Thirty or forty miles an hour is certainly a more rapid form of advance than travelling along at the rate of seven or eight. Does progress mean electric telegraphs ? Cotton mills ? Steamships ? Why, what has the Catholic Church to say to these things ? I hear men talking of the Catholic Church as the enemy of progress ; and the only thing these men mean by progress is the making of a sewing-machine, or something of that kind. What has the Catholic Church to say to these things ? Why she is very much obliged to the world for them : she is very much

obliged to the men who build railroads, make locomotives,—to the men who will build a line of steamships. Why, these means will bring her Bishops to Rome, to take council with the Pope; and will send them home again. They will take advantage of the electric telegraph. Why, these wires flashed to the very ends of the earth the decisions of the Vatican Council; and every man was brought into communion with that instantaneity of thought which is in the unanimity, and a necessity, of Catholicity. So that to say that the Catholic Church is opposed to progress, is a lie. But there is another kind of progress; and the Catholic Church is opposed to it. God is opposed to it. What is it! It is progress of an intellectual kind. It is progress that involves that diabolical "Spiritualism,"—dealing with spirits, whether good or bad,—the superstition that arises from it; and the progress that results in what is called the doctrine of "free love;"—the progress that unsexes the woman; that sends her into dissecting rooms, or such unwomanly places, and there debauches her mind, while she is said to be in the pursuit of knowledge. The progress that asserts that children are to be brought up from their earliest infancy in such independence, that they are allowed to give the lie to their father or their mother; the progress that would assert that politics is a game that men are to enter into for their own private aggrandizement and wealth; the progress that would assert that, in commercial intercourse, a man may do a "smart thing," although there may be a little tinge of roguery or injury to a neighbor in it; the progress that would assert that every man is free to think as he likes on every subject;—all this the Church is opposed to. For, if the Church were not able to speak to you,—to lay hold of you with bit and bridle,—bind fast the jaws of this society, in this age of ours;—if the Church were not in the midst of you, with the monk and the nun, whose consecration never changes, whose obligation never changes, from age to age, from the cradle to the grave,—where would you be? Where would you be if this strong conservative power of the Church of God were not in the midst of you? Society would, long since, have been broken up,—reduced to its original elements of chaos, of confusion, and of sin.

The fourth promise made to the Church was that she was to last forever. "I have built my Church upon a rock," He said; "and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it." "I am with you until the end of the world. I will send my Spirit to breathe upon you, to lead you unto all

truth, and abide with you forever." Everything else may perish; the Catholic Church must remain as she was from the beginning, as she is now, and as she shall be unto the end. The Catholic Church must remain the same. We Catholics know this; it is an instinct with us. We know that the Catholic Church can never be in danger. We deplore the calamities of this age; for instance, when we see the Pope persecuted; and we grieve when we see him robbed of that which the nations conferred upon him. We grieve when we see poverty, misery, or oppression; we grieve when we hear of a persecution in China or Japan, and that a score of Jesuits or other missionaries have been slaughtered or sent to prison. We grieve for a thousand things like these; but who was ever tempted to think that the Church was in danger, or that anything could happen to her? And we know that everything else may perish; but we know that she must remain; we have the evidence of it in her history. She may perish in this nation or in that; but she springs up, by the inevitable destiny of her being, to new life elsewhere. She perished, many centuries ago, in the very cradle in which she was founded,—in Palestine,—in the Oriental countries; but she took possession of Western Europe. She seems, now, to be persecuted—even, perhaps, unto perishing—in some of the most ancient Catholic nations of Europe. Spain and Italy are in danger. If they fail, the loss will be theirs, not the Church's. And by so much as the Church loses in one land she gains in another. And while we behold the Bishops persecuted, the priests driven out, the Churches tottering into ruins, in the fair cities of Italy, we behold, across the Western wave,—in this new land of America, Catholicity springing up, side by side with the great material development of the mighty land;—Catholicity the only power in the land; the only religion in the country that keeps up, stride by stride, pace by pace, with the mighty material development of young America. Twenty years ago, there was in this Hudson county but one little Catholic chapel; to-day there are nineteen Catholic churches,—of what form—what magnificence—look round and see. What does this mean? It means that where a nation is faithless, Almighty God permits His curse to fall upon that nation; and the curse of God falls upon that nation in the day when she drives out her Catholic faith from her. But, so sure as that pilgrim of God is driven from one society, so sure does Almighty God send down on another people and another race the

grace to open their hearts and their arms to the Church, His spouse, that wanders over the earth with truth upon their lips; that walks upon the earth, a thing of supreme and celestial beauty, destined to go forth and to conquer until the end of time. And so must she remain for ever; ever growing in the faith of her children; ever growing in their devotion; ever renewing, like the eagle from day to day, her divinely infused strength and power; ever testing every system of philosophy; ever denouncing every form of error; ever proclaiming every form of law; and laboriously and patiently,—the *Alma Mater*, bringing out, with skilful and patient hand, in the confessional, and her altar, in all the influence of the sacraments,—bringing out, in every individual soul that she touches, the divine and God-like image of Christ.

Such do we behold thee,—such do I see thee, O royal mother! O royal mother! even as Paul at Tarsus, beheld thee,—thee whom Christ loved, and for whom He laid down His life, that He might present thee to himself, a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but holy and perfect in thy sanctity. Such do I behold thee, as the prophet beheld thee, when he said: “Thou wast made of exceeding beauty, and thou wast made of perfect beauty, because of thy beauty which I behold in thee, saith the Lord.” As such do I recognize thee, O mother, who hast begotten me by the simple act of Christ. As such do I recognize thee, O mighty influence, sanctifying all that thou dost approach. As such do I behold thee, with all the brightest intelligences of the world, in times past and in times present bowing down before thy altars, and accepting thy message of divine truth. As such do I see thee, when, turning from the past, I look into the future, and behold thee, with a crown of supreme and celestial beauty, shining in the unity of thy faith, and resplendent in the glory of thy sanctity; the crowning blessing of this glorious Western land, that in these later days of the world’s existence, will put forth all her strength, and all her intelligence to uphold the glory of Christ and of His Church.

One word before I leave. I came here this evening on behalf of this very cause of which I am speaking to you,—for a Catholic Church which is being built in this city by my respected friend, Father Hennessy. Of course, a priest, alone,—when he faces the task of building a church,—undertakes a tremendous obligation; and, generally speaking, gets himself up to his eyes in debt. But because of the divine

principle that underlies everything in the Church, he knows that no matter how gigantic the undertaking, he is sure to succeed: because the Church, for which he labors, never dies—never fails. To whom does he look for support? He looks to his people; and he looks especially to those among his people who have learned in the Catholic Church, under the influence of her graces, to uphold the sacred cause of Temperance. He appeals to the generous-hearted people who have never been wanting in magnanimity, nor in truthfulness, nor in talent, nor in tenderness of heart,—Irish Catholics, all the world over,—whom the demon of intemperance would fain touch with his hell-born hand, to dry up every highest and most generous thing in them by the breath of his infernal lips. You have risen, Oh, my brothers, out of his power; you have shaken him off, and you have declared, by your association, that, in this land of America, the Irishman will be the intellectual, generous, high-minded temperate man, of whom the Church will be proud, and of whom the State never will be ashamed. You have made yourselves the apostles of this virtue, which, next to your faith, is the grandest of virtues, and without which even faith itself is of no avail. A drunkard is rather a disgrace to the faith which he professes, and a stumbling block in the path of those who would fain uphold that faith. Believe me, therefore, my brethren, for you do I come, and for you I would willingly lay down my life, to strengthen you in this glorious resolution, which, in this larger Ireland of America, will build up the glory of our people, and will bring them up as an influence in the land in everything that is highest and most eminent and most intellectual. And all this united in one word, when I say the sober, temperate Irishman. Persevere, in the name of God: persevere for the sake of home; for the loved ones there—for the family, for the nation. Persevere for the sake of your own souls; persevere for the sake of that Church in which you live and in which you believe; that when she puts the words of her evidence on my lips, she may be able to point to you and say: “If you want to know what sanctity is in the Catholic Church,—if you want to know what powerful influence is in her,—behold her children: she is not ashamed of them; they are the strongest argument of the power of her voice.”

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, on the occasion of his reception by the Catholic Temperance Union of New Jersey at Jersey City, Wednesday evening, May 15.]

"TEMPERANCE."

MEN OF IRELAND, MEN OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH: I have to thank you for the compliment that you have paid me this evening; but if it was presented as a compliment to me, I should be ashamed to receive it, for I am not worthy of so much honor. But it is not to me, personally, that you are paying this tribute of respect. It is the manhood of Ireland that rallies around the representatives of Ireland's priesthood (cheers). It is the manhood of Ireland, far away from our native land, honoring and loving in America what Ireland has honored and loved at home,—her devoted and loving priesthood (renewed cheers). The priesthood of Ireland has always devoted itself to God and to the manhood of Ireland and the manhood of Ireland has always returned their priests' devotion with a nation's love. I could not help feeling and thinking this evening, as you brought me home, how other people are persecuting their priests, as if they were their enemies; while the men of Ireland rally round their priest, because they know he is their friend (loud cheers.) We are not ashamed, men of Ireland, of the land that bore us,—the most glorious land on the face of the earth, and the best race of men on the face of the earth (applause). God forbid that we should be ashamed of our country or of our religion. I have three toasts, if you will, to propose to you this evening. Ireland's religion is the Catholic religion; she has been faithful to her religion in weal and in woe; and I ask you to give one big cheer for our Catholic faith (The Temperance men did give "one big cheer" multiplied by nine).

That Catholic faith that we profess brings us to the grace of God; and the grace of God brings us the virtue of tem-

perance. The temperate man means the man who wishes to preserve the grace of God and to save his soul. The temperate man means the man who wishes to be happy in this world and to secure his happiness in the world to come. The drunkard loses his happiness here, and gains eternal misery hereafter. The temperate man means the man that surrounds himself with all the blessings of home and all the comforts of his family,—that creates for himself a position in this world, saves his health, saves his reputation ; and, while he makes himself happy in this world, in the midst of his friends and his family, he secures by his religion the happiness of eternity. The temperate Irishman means the man that gives fair play to the intellect that the Almighty God, has given to every Irishman and that gives fair play to the generosity of heart with which the Almighty God has endowed every Irishman. The temperate man means the man who is an honor to his country—an honor to his family and an honor to the Church of God that owns him. The temperate Irishman means the man whom Almighty God created to command his fellow-men in this world, by the impress of His grace and of His power (loud cheers). No man ought to be so temperate as the Catholic Irishman ; because the Catholic Irishman, in Confession and Communion, has his God to help him, and to keep him in the right way. Therefore, as you have given a cheer for our Church,—our holy religion, I now ask you to give a cheer for the virtue that that religion creates,—a cheer for Catholic Irish temperance (tremendous cheering). As the Catholic Church creates the virtue of temperance, so Irish temperance will create a return of that long-departed vision of Ireland's greatness. Irish temperance will make Ireland a nation once more (renewed cheering). It was Father Matthew, in '39, that prepared the way for O'Connell in '43. It was O'Connell in '43, that was able to make the blood-stained power of England tremble for its hold on Irish soil (loud cheering). And to achieve this, we, men of Irish blood and of Irish birth,—if we only consent to practice this one great virtue,—this necessary virtue of temperance,—the Irishman in America will make his influence felt upon the government at home. The man who is exiled for his love for his country will aid that country to achieve her independence and her nationality, by the strength, the power, and the influence of his genius and of his virtue (loud cheers).

I associate with this virtue of temperance, which I preach to you,—I associate with that all my hopes, not only for your individual domestic happiness,—all my hopes of your

eternal salvation;—but I associate with this virtue of temperance all my hopes of my native land,—for her future happiness,—for her future glory (great enthusiasm). Before we separate, therefore, I ask you, in the name of God, in the name of the Church of God, to be firm in your professions and in your practice of temperance. God made the Irishman a royal-hearted and a royal-minded man; and the devil comes in to destroy that heart and that mind by the terrible vice of drunkenness and intemperance. Give yourselves fair play. Give your minds and your hearts fair play in this land of America; and my faith upon you that, in ages to come, if not in a few years, the sons of Ireland, the religion of Ireland, the virtue of Ireland, the bravery of Ireland, will not only take possession of this American soil, but it will also achieve the glorious task so long reserved, but in the designs of Providence, no doubt, destined some day or other to be accomplished,—that grand and glorious task of old Ireland's independent nationality (tremendous cheering, again and again renewed). You have cheered the Church because she created temperance: you have cheered the cause of temperance for its own sake; and now I will ask you to give one rousing cheer at least, for that which Irish temperance will one day or another create,—the National independence, the glory, the freedom of the loved and venerated land of Ireland. [Here the temperance men gave a cheer loud enough and strong enough to “rouse” the “sleepers” on the Camden and Amboy railroad.] And now, boys, both you and I feel a little tired: we all want a sleep. I am thankful that we are members of the Temperance Society, for we will get up to-morrow morning without a headache (loud and continued cheering, amid which Father Burke retired).

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the Rev FATHER BURKE, in the Academy of Music, New York, on Thursday evening, May 16, in aid of the “New York Catholic Union Fund,” intended as a gift to his Holiness the Pope.]

“THE POPE’S TIARA—ITS PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.”

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE (Archbishop McCloskey)
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The subject on which I propose to

address you is: "The Pope's Tiara, or Triple Crown; its Past, its Present, and its Future." We read of a celebrated orator of Greece, that the grandest effort he ever made was in a speech which he pronounced upon a crown. I wish I had, to-night, the genius or the eloquence of Demosthenes; for my theme, my crown, is as far beyond the glory of the crown of which he spoke, as my thoughts and my eloquence are inferior to his.

Among the promises and prophetic words that we read in Scripture concerning our Divine Lord and Redeemer, we read that it was prophesized of Him that He should be a King; that He should rule the nations; that He should wear a crown; and that His name was to be called "The Prince of Peace." He came; He fulfilled all that was written concerning Him; and He transmitted His headship and His office in the Holy Church to be visibly exercised and to be embodied before the eyes of men in the Pope of Rome. And, therefore, among the other privileges which He conferred upon His Vicar, He gave him that his brows should wear a crown. Therefore it is that, from the first day of the Church's history, her ruler, her Pope, her head rises before us, a sceptred man among men, and crowned with a glorious crown. Therefore it is that, encircling his honored brows, for ages, the world has beheld the triple crown, or tiara,—of which I am to speak to you this evening. Every other monarch among the nations wears for his crown a single circlet of gold. Ornament it as you will there is but one circle; that would represent the meeting and the centering in the person of the sovereign all the temporal interests and authority of the State. Upon the Pope's brows, however, rests a triple crown, called the tiara. It is made up of three distinct circles of gold. The first of these is symbolical of the universal episcopate of the Pope of Rome—that is to say, of his headship of all the faithful in the Church; for, "there shall be but one fold and one shepherd," was Christ's word. The second of these circles that crowns the papal brows represents the supremacy of jurisdiction, by which the Pope governs not only all the faithful in the world at large,—feeding them as their supreme pastor,—but by which, also, he holds the supremacy of jurisdiction and of power over the anointed ministers, and the episcopacy itself, in the Church of God. The third and last circle of this crown represents the temporal influence, the temporal dominion which the Pope has exercised and enjoyed for more than a thousand years in this world.

Behold then, what this tiara means. Upon those great

festival days when all the Catholic world was accustomed to be represented by its highest, by its best and noblest, by its most intellectual representatives in Rome, the Holy Father was seen enthroned, surrounded by cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, the priesthood, and the faithful. There he sat upon his high, and ancient, and time-honored throne; upon his head did he wear this triple crown, symbolizing his triple power. Now, my friends, in the Church of God everything is organized; everything arranged and disposed of in a wonderful harmony which expresses the mind and the wisdom of God, Himself. And, therefore, it is, that in every detail of the Catholic liturgy and worship, we find the very highest, and the very holiest gifts symbolized and signified to the man of faith. What do those three circles of the Pope's tiara symbolize? They signify, first of all, the unity that God has set upon His Church. Secondly, they signify the power and jurisdiction that God has conferred upon His Church. And thirdly, they signify all these benefits of a human kind, which the Church has conferred upon this world, and upon society.

The first circle of this tiara represents the unity of the Church. For, it tells the faithful, that although they may be diffused all the world over, although they may be counted by hundreds of millions, although they may be found in every clime, and speaking every language, although they may be broken up into various forms of government, thinking in varied forms of thought, having varied and distinguished interests in the things that should never perish, but abide with them for eternity; that moment, out of all these varied elements, out of these multiplied millions, out of these different nations arises one thought, one act of obedience, one aspiration of prayer, one uplifting of the whole man, body and soul in the unity of worship, which distinguishes the Catholic Church, the spouse of Christ (cheers). This was the first mark that Christ, the Son of God, set upon the brows of His Church. He set upon her the glorious seal of unity in doctrine that all men throughout the world who belonged to her were to be as one individual man, in the one soul, and the one belief of their divine faith. He set upon her brows the unity of charity—that all men were to be one, in one heart and in one bond, which was to bind all Christian men to their fellow men, through the one heart of Christ. And in order to effect this unity the son of God put forth, the night before He suffered, the tender, but omnipotent prayer, in which he besought His Father, that the unity of the Church, should be visible to all men, and that it should be so perfect as to represent the

ineffable unity by which He was one with His Father, in that singleness of nature, which is the quintessence of the Almighty God. It was to be a visible unity. It was to be a unity that would force itself upon the notice of the world. It was to be a unity of thought and belief that would convince the world that the one mind, and the one word of the Lord of all truth, was in the heart, and in the intelligence, and upon the lips of His Church. It would be in vain, that Christ, the Son of God, prayed for that unity, if it was to be a hidden thing not seen and known by men; if it was to be a contradictory thing, involving an outrage upon all logic and all reason; as, for instance, the Protestant idea of unity, which is, "Let us agree to differ." "Let us agree to differ!" Why, what does this mean? It means something like what the Irishman meant, when he met his friend, and said, "Oh, my dear fellow, I am so happy and glad to meet you! And I want to give you a proof of it." And he knocked him down! (Laughter.) But you remember this was the sign of love (renewed laughter). And so, the Protestant logic of this world says;—"Let us agree to differ." That is to say;—let us create unity by making disunion!

Now, as the divine, eternal, incarnate wisdom determined that that crown and countersign of unity should be visible upon His Church, it was absolutely necessary for Him to constitute one man—one individual man—as the visible sign and guarantee of that unity in the Church, for ever. It would not have answered to have left the twelve apostles, equal in power, equal in jurisdiction. For, all holy as they were, all inspired as they were, if equal power and jurisdiction had been left to all, if no one man among them had been brought forth and made the head of all, with all their perfection, with all their inspiration, with all their love for Christ, they would not, being twelve, have represented the sacred principle of unity in the Church. Therefore, did Christ, the Son of God, from among the twelve take one; called that man forth, He laid His hands upon him; and said, "Hear him! hear his words!" That, He did not say of any of the others, but took care that all the others should be present to witness these words and to acknowledge their chief. He took that man in the presence of the Twelve, and He said to him—to them: "Hitherto you have been called Simon; now I say your name is Cephas, which means a rock; and upon this rock I will build my Church." Again, in the plainest of language, He said to that man: "Thou—thou! O rock! confirm thy

brethren!" In the presence of all, He demanded of that man the triple, thrice-repeated acknowledgment and confession of his love. "Peter," He said to him, "you know how dearly John, my virgin friend, loves me. Do you love me more? You know how well all these around me love me. Do you love me more than all?" And until Peter three times asserted that he loved His Master with a love surpassing that of all others, Christ delayed His divine commission. But, when the triple acknowledgment was made, He said to Peter: "Feed thou my lambs; feed thou my sheep!" "There shall be one fold," said the Son of God, "and one shepherd." That was the visible unity of the Church; that was to be the countersign of the divine origin of the Church of God, and that was to be represented unto all ages by the one Head and Supreme Pastor of all, the Pope of Rome (cheers).

Mark the splendid harmony that is here. The Adorable Son of God is one with the Father by the ineffable union of nature from all eternity. The Son of God made man, still is man, and only man, in the hypostatical union in which the two natures met in one divine person. The Church that sprung from Christ,—the Lord God and man, united,—is to be one until the end of time. And, therefore, the principle of unity passes, as it were, from Christ to Peter, and from Peter to each succeeding Pontiff; so that the Church of God is recognized by its union with its Head, and by that, the One Head, which governs all. Therefore did St. Ambrose say: "Show me Peter; for, where Peter is, there is the Church of God."

Now, you see at once the significance of that first circle of gold that twines round the papal crown. It speaks of the Hope as the supreme pastor of all the faithful. It speaks of him as the one voice, and the only one, able to fill the world, and before whose utterances the whole Christian and Catholic world bows down as one man (cheers). It speaks of the Pope as the one shepherd of the one fold; and it tells us that as we are bound to hear his voice, and as that voice can never resound through the whole Church, which cannot by possibility, proclaim a lie—that when the Pope of Rome speaks to the faithful as supreme pastor, pronouncing upon and witnessing the faith of the Catholic Church,—that the self-same spirit that preserves that Church from falling into error, preserves her Pastor, so that he can never propound to her anything erroneous or unholy, or at variance with the sacred morality of the Christian law (cheers).

The second circle of gold represents the second great attribute that Christ, our Lord, emphatically laid upon His Church. As clearly as He proved that that Church should be one, so clearly did he pray and prophecy that that Church was to have power and jurisdiction. "All power," He said to His Apostles, "all power in Heaven and upon earth is given unto Me." Behold the Head of the Church speaking to His Church. "Given unto me!" "I am the centre of that power." "As the Father sent me, thus imbued with power, so do I send you." And then he set upon the brows of his Apostles, and, through them, on the Church, the crown of spiritual power. But, as all power is derived from God it follows that, in the Church of God, whoever represents, as viceroy and vicar, supreme Pastor and ruler of the Church,—whoever represents Christ, who is the source of all power, that man has supreme jurisdiction in the Church of God, not only over the Faithful, but over the pastors of the flock and the Episcopacy. James, and John, and Andrew, and Phillip, and the others, were all bishops. St. Ignatius of Antioch, and all the succeeding great names that adorn the episcopal roll in the Church—all had power; all exercised power; and all were recognized as the Church recognizes them and their successors still, as her archbishops and bishops; and all had that power by divine institution, and that their episcopacy in the Church is of divine origin; and yet, that power is so subjugated and subordinated that the Pope, as the supreme bishop of bishops, to whom Christ said, "Feed not only the lambs," my faithful; but, "feed my sheep," the matured ones and holy ones in the sanctuary of the Church (loud cheers).

Finally, the third circle of gold twining around that time-honored crown of the tiara, represents the temporal power that the Pope has wielded for so many centuries, and which has been the cause of so many blessings, and so much liberty and civilization to the world. It was not in the direct mission of the Church of God to civilize mankind, but only to sanctify them. But, inasmuch as no man can be sanctified without being instructed, without the elements of civilization being applied to him, therefore, indirectly, but most powerfully, did Christ, our Lord, confer upon His Church that she should be the great former and creator of society; that she should be the mother of the highest civilization of this world; that she should be the giver of the choicest and the highest of human gifts; and, therefore, that she should have that power, that jurisdiction, that position, in her head, among the rulers of the nations, that would give her a strong

voice and a powerful action in the guidance of human society (cheers). And as to the second circle of this golden crown—viz., the universal pastorate of the Church—and the supremacy, even in the sanctuary,—both of these did Peter receive from Christ; and these two have been twined round the Papal brow by the very hand of the Son of God, Himself! The third circle of temporal power, the Pope received at the hands of the world; at the hands of human society; at the hands of the people. And he received it out of the necessities of the people, that he might be their king, their ruler, and their father upon this earth. Now, such being the tiara, we come to consider it in the past, as history tells us of it; in its present, as we behold it to-day; and in its future.

How old is this tiara? I answer that although the mere material crown and its form dates only from about the year 1340, or '42, and the Pontificate of Benedict the Twelfth, the tiara itself—the reality of it—the thing that it signifies—is as ancient as the Church of God, which was founded by Christ, our Lord. In the past, from the day that the Son of God ascended into Heaven, all history attests to us that Peter, and Peter's successors, were acknowledged to be the supreme pastors of the Church of God. Never, when Peter spoke, never did the Church refuse to accept his word, and to bow down before his final decision. In the very first Council of Jerusalem, grave questions that were brought before the Assembly were argued upon by various of the Apostles, until Peter rose, and the moment that Peter spoke and said: "Let this be done so; let such things be omitted; such things be enforced"—that moment every man in the Assembly held his peace, and took the decision of Peter as the very echo of the Invisible Head of the Church, who spoke in him, by and through him [loud cheers]. In all the succeeding ages, the nations bowed down as they received the words of the Gospel. The nations bowed down and accepted that message on the authority and on the testimony of the Pope of Rome! Where, among the nations, who have embraced the Cross,—where, among the nations who have upheld the Cross,—where is there one that did not receive its mission and its Gospel message, on the message and on the testimony of the Pope of Rome?

From the very first ages, while they yet lay hid in the catacombs, we read of saintly missionaries going forth from under the Pope's hands to spread the message of Divine Truth throughout the lands. Scarcely had the Church emerged from the catacombs, and burst into the glory and

splendor of her renewed existence that we find one of the early Popes of Rome laying his hand upon the head of a holy youth that knelt before him, consecrating that youth into the priesthood, into the episcopacy—and sending him straight from Rome to a mission, the grandest and the most fruitful—the most glorious of any in the Church. That Pope was Celestine, of Rome; and the man whom he sent was Patrick, who, by the Pope's order, wended his way to Ireland (cheers). From the Pope of Rome did he (Patrick) receive his mission and his message. From the Pope of Rome did he receive his authority and his jurisdiction. The diploma that he brought to Ireland was attached to the Gospel itself. It was the testimony of the Church of Christ, countersigned by Celestine, who derived his authority from Peter, who derived his from Christ. And when, in his old age, he had evangelized the whole island; when he had brought Ireland into the full light of the Christian faith, and into the full blaze of her Christian sanctity, the aged apostle, now drooping into years, called the bishops and the priests of Ireland around him; and, among his last words to them were these: "If ever a difficulty arises among you;—If ever a doubt of any passage of the Scripture, or of any doctrine of the Church's law—or of anything touching the Church of God or the salvation of the souls of your people,—if ever any doubt arises among you, go to Rome—to the mother of the nations—and Peter will instruct you thereon!" (cheers.) Well and faithfully did the mind and the heart of Ireland take in the words of its saintly apostle. Never—through good report or evil report—never has Ireland swerved for one instant—never has she turned to look with a favoring or a reverential eye upon this authority, or upon that; but straight to Peter. Never has she, for an instant, lost her instinct, so as to mistake for Peter any pretender, or any other Pope! Never, for an instant, has she allowed her heart or her hand to be snared from Peter! It is a long story. It is a story of fourteen hundred years. But Ireland has preserved her faith through her devotion to Peter, and to the Pope of Rome, Peter's successor; and she has seen every nation during these fourteen hundred years—every nation that ever separated from Peter—she has seen them, one and all, languish and die, until the sap of divine knowledge,—until the sap of divine grace—was dried up in them; and they utterly perished, because they were separated from the Rock of Ages, the Pope of Rome (enthusiastic cheering).

Just as the people, in all ages and in all times, bowed

down before their supreme pastor, so also has the Episcopate in the Church of God, at all times, recognized the supremacy of the Pope of Rome, and at all times bowed before the second crown that encircles his glorious tiara. Never did the Episcopacy of the Catholic Church meet in council except upon the invocation of the Pope of Rome. Never did they promulgate a decree until they first sent it to the Pope of Rome to ask him if it was according to the truth, and to get the seal and the countersign of his name upon it, that it might have the authority of the Church of God before their people. From time to time, in the history of the Episcopate, there have been rebellious men that rose up against the authority, and disputed the power of the Church of Rome. But, just as the nations that separated from Peter, separated themselves thereby from the unity of the truth, and of sanctity and of Christian doctrine, and of Christian morality, so, in like manner, the Bishop who, at any time, in any place, or in any age, disputed Peter's power, Peter's authority, and separated from him, was cut off from Peter and from the Church; the mitre fell, dishonored, from his head; and he became a useless member, lopped off from the Church of God, without power, without jurisdiction, without the veneration, or the respect, or the love of his people. Thus has it ever been in times gone by. The Pope of Rome commands the Church through the Episcopate. The Pope of Rome speaks and testifies to the Church's doctrine through the Episcopate. Whenever any grave, important question, touching doctrine, has to be decided, the Pope of Rome has always called the Episcopate about him;—not that he could not decide, but that he might surround his decision with all that careful and prudent examination, with all that weight of universal authority over the world which would bring that decision, when he pronounced it, more clearly and more directly home to every Catholic mind. And faithful has that Episcopate been,—since the day that eleven Bishops met Peter, the Pope, in Jerusalem, in the first Council,—down to the day when, three years ago, eight hundred Catholic Archbishops and Bishops met Peter's successor in the halls of the Vatican and bowed down before the word of truth upon his lips [cheers].

Such in the past, as history attests—such were the two circles of the supreme pastorate and supreme jurisdiction in the Church.

The Roman empire, as you all know, was utterly destroyed by the incursions of the barbarians, in the fifth century. A king, at the head of his ferocious army, marched

on Rome. The Pope was applied to by the terrified citizens; and Leo the Great went forth to meet Attila, "the Scourge of God." He found him in the midst of his rude barbarian warriors, on the banks of the Mincio. He found him exulting in the strength and power of his irresistible army. He found him surging and sweeping on towards Rome, with the apparent force of inevitable destiny, and with his outspread wings of destruction. He found him, in the pride and in the supreme passion of his lustful and barbaric heart, sworn to destroy the city that was the "Mother of Nations." And, as he was in the very sweep of his conquest and pride, — unfriended and almost alone, having nothing but the majesty of his position and of his glorious virtue around him, the Pope said:—"Hold! Rome is sacred, and your feet shall never tread upon its ancient pavement! Hold! Let Rome be spared!" And, while he was speaking, Attila looked upon the face of the man, and presently he saw over the head of St. Leo, the Pope, two angry figures, the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, with fire and the anger of God beaming from their eyes, and with drawn swords menacing him. And, even as the angel stood in the prophet's path of old, and barred his progress, so did Peter and Paul appear in mid-air and bar the barbarian. "Let us return," said he, "and let us not approach this terrible and God-defended city of Rome!" Attila fled to his northern forests, and Leo returned, having saved the existence and the blood of ancient and imperial Rome! (Cheers.) But army followed army; until, at length, Alaric conquered and sacked the city, burned and destroyed it, broke up all its splendor and all its glory, overran and destroyed all the surrounding provinces; and, so the destruction that he began was completed a few years later by the King Odoacer, who wiped away the last vestige of the ancient Roman empire!

Then, my friends, all Italy was a prey to and was torn with factions; covered with the blood of the people. There was no one to save them. In vain did they appeal to the distant Eastern Emperor, at Constantinople. He laughed at their misery, and abandoned them in the hour of their deepest affliction and sorrow; while wave after wave of barbaric invasion swept over the fair land, until life became a burden too intolerable to bear, and the people cried out, from their breaking hearts, for the Pope of Rome to take them under his protection, to let them declare him King, and so obtain his safeguard and his protection for their lives and their property. For many long years the Pope resisted the pro-

ferred crown. It grew upon his brows insensibly. It came to him in spite of himself. We know that, year after year, each successive Pope was employed sending letters, sending messengers to supplicate, to implore the Christian emperor to send an army for the protection of Italy; and when he did send his army they were worse, in their heretical lawlessness, more tyrannical, more blood-thirsty over the unfortunate people of Italy, than even the savage hordes that came down from the north of Europe. And so it came to pass that, in the dire distress of the people the Pope was obliged to accept the temporal power of Rome, and of some of the adjoining provinces. History tells us that he might, in that day, have obtained, if he wished it, the sovereignty over all Italy. They would have been only too happy to accept him as their King; but no lust of power, no ambition of empire guided him; and the great St. Gregory tells us that he was oppressed with the cares of the temporal dominion, and that it was forced upon him against his will.

However, now the crown is upon his head. Now he is acknowledged a monarch—a reigning king among monarchs. And now let us see what was the purpose of God in thus establishing that temporal power in so early a portion of the history of the world's civilization. At that time there was no law in Europe. The nations had not yet settled down or formed. Every man did as he would. The kings were only half-civilized barbarous men recently converted to Christianity, wielding enormous power, and only too anxious to make that power the instrument for gratifying every most terrible passion of lust, of pride, of ambition, and of revenge. Chieftains, taking to themselves the titles of Baron, Duke, Margrave, and so on gathered around them troops, bands of mercenaries, and preyed on the poor people, until they covered the whole Continent with confusion and with blood. There was no power to restrain them. There was no power to make them spare their people. There was no voice to assert the cause of the poor and the oppressed, save one; and that was the voice of the monarch who was crowned in Rome, the ancient and powerful head of the Catholic Church [cheers]. Whence came his influence or his power over them? Ah, it came from this: with all their crimes, they still had received from God the gift of faith, and they knew—the very worst among them knew—as history tells us, that when the Pope spoke it was the echo of the voice of God. They acknowledged it as a supreme power over their consciences, over their actions—as a power that could be wielded not only for their

salvation, but even for their destruction by the terrible sentence of excommunication, by which the Pope cut them off from the Church. The faith in the hearts of these rude kings was also disseminated among their people; and so strong was it, that the moment the Pope denounced or excommunicated any monarch, that moment, no matter how great he was as a warrior, as a statesman, as a writer—that moment the people shrank from him as they would from the pest-stricken leper, and his voice was no longer heard as an authority either in the battle-field or in the council chamber. Knowing this, the kings were afraid of the Pope. Knowing this, the people looked up to the Pope: and if any king overtaxed his people and ground them to the earth, or if any king violated the law of eternal justice by shedding the blood of any man without just cause, or if any king declared an unjust and unnecessary war, or if any king repudiated his lawful wife, and in the strength and power of his passion sought to scandalize his subjects, and to openly insult and outrage the law of God,—the people, the soldiery, society, the abandoned and injured woman, all alike, looked up to and appealed to the Pope of Rome as the only power that could sway the world, and strike terror into the heart of the greatest, the most powerful, and the most lawless king upon the earth. [Cheers.]

History—from every source from which we can draw it—tells us what manner of men were the kings and dukes and rulers the Pope had to deal with. What manner of men were they? In the eleventh century the Emperor Otho invited all his nobility to a grand banquet, and while they were in the midst of their festivity, in came one of the king's officers with a long list of names of men who were there present; and every man whose name was called out had to rise from the banquet, and walk into a room adjoining, and there submit to an unjust, a cruel, and an instantaneous death. These were the kind of men the Pope had to deal with. Another man that we read of was Lothair. His lustful eye fell upon a beautiful woman; and he instantly puts away and repudiates his virtuous and honored wife, and he takes to himself this concubine, in the face of the world, proclaiming, or suggesting that he could proclaim, that, because he was an emperor, or a king, he was at liberty to violate the law of God, outrage the proprieties of society, scandalize his subjects, and take liberties with their honor and with their integrity, which would not be permitted to any other man. How did the Pope in these instances deal with such men? How did he use the temporal

power, so great and so tremendous, with which God and society had invested him? He made the murderers do public penance, and make restitution to the families of those whose blood they had shed. He called to him that emperor, Lothair; he brought him before him; he made him, in a public church, and before all the people, repudiate that woman whom he had taken to his adulterous embrace; take back his lawful empress and queen, pledge to her again, by solemn oath, before all the people, that he never would love another, and that he would be faithful to her as a husband and a man, until the hour of his death (loud cheers). Lothair broke his oath—his oath taken at that solemn moment, when the Pope, with the ciborium in his hand, held up the body of the Lord, and said, "Until you swear fidelity to your lawful wife, I will not place the Holy Communion upon your lips." He took that oath; he broke it; and that day month—one month after he had received that Communion—he was a dead man; and the whole world—the whole Christian world,—recognized in that death the vengeance of God falling upon a perjured and an excommunicated sinner (cheers). How did the Pope vindicate by his temporal power and authority the influence that it gave him among the kings and the nations? How did he operate upon society? When King Philip, of France, wished to repudiate his lawful wife, and take another in her stead, the Pope excommunicated him, and obliged him, in the face of the world, to take back, and to honor with his love and with his fidelity the woman whom he had sworn before the altar to worship and to protect as long as she lived.

How did the Pope exercise his temporal power when Spain and Portugal, both in the zenith of their power, were about to draw the sword, and to deluge those fair lands with the blood of the people? The Pope stepped in and said, "No war!—there is no necessity for war;—there is no justification for war; and if you shed the blood of your people," he said to both kings, "I will cut you both off, and fling you, excommunicated, out of the Church" (cheers). Thus did he preserve the rights—the sacred rights of marriage; thus did he preserve the honor, the integrity, the position of the Christian woman—the Christian mother who is the source, the fountain-head of all this world's society, and the one centre of all our hopes [cheers]. Thus did he save the people, curb the angry passions of their sovereigns; thus did he tell the king, "So long as you rule justly, so long as you respect the rights of the humblest of your subjects, I will uphold you; I will set a crown upon your head, and I will fling around you all

the authority, and all the jurisdiction, and sacredness of your monarchy. I will preach to your people obedience, loyalty, bravery and love; but, if you trample upon that people's rights, if you abuse your power to scandalize them, to injure them in their integrity, in their conscience,—I will be the first to take the crown from your head, and to declare to the world that you are unworthy to wear it" (loud cheers) Modern historians say, "O, we admit all this : but what right had the Pope to do it? What right had he to do it?" What right? The best of right. Who on this earth had a right to do it, if not the man who represented Christ, the Originator and the Saviour of the world (cheers). What right had he to do it? He had the right that even society itself, and the people, gave him; for they cried out to him, "Save us from our kings; save us from injustice; save us from dishonor, and we will be loyal and true as long as our leaders and our monarchs are worthy of our loyalty and our truth" (loud cheers).

Such, in the past history of the world, was the third circle, that twines round the Papal Crown. Now, passing from the past to the tiara of to-day, what do we find? We find a man in Rome, the most extraordinary, in some things, of all those that ever succeeded to the supremacy of the Church, and in the office of St. Peter;—most extraordinary, particularly in his misfortunes;—most extraordinary in the length of his reign, for he is the only Pope that has outlived "the years of Peter;"—most extraordinary in the ingratitude of the world towards him, and the patience with which he has borne it;—most extraordinary in the heroic firmness of his character, and in the singleness of his devotion to his God and to the spouse of God, the Church (great cheering);—Pius IX. (renewed cheering), the glorious Pontiff, the man whom the bitterest enemies of the Church, whom the most foul-mouthed infidels of the day are obliged to acknowledge as a faithful and true servant of the Lord, his God, a faithful ruler of the Church, and a man from whose aged countenance there beams forth upon all who see him, the sweetness and the purity of Christ (great cheering). I have seen him in the halls of the Vatican; I have seen the most prejudiced Protestant ladies and gentlemen walk into that audience chamber, I have seen them come forth, their eyes streaming with tears; I have seen them come forth entranced with admiration at the vision of sanctity and venerableness that they have beheld in the head of the Catholic Church (cheers). He is extraordinary in that he has outlived the years of Peter. Well do I remem-

ber him, as he stood upon the altar five and twenty years ago, fair and beautiful in his youthful manhood. Well do I remember the heroic voice that pealed like a clarion over the mighty square of St. Peter's, and seemed as if it was an angel of God that was come down from heaven, and in a voice of melodious thunder, was flinging a pentecost of grace and blessing over the people (great cheering). Five and twenty years have passed away, and more. Never during the long roll of Pontiffs—never did man sit upon St. Peter's chair so long; so that it even passed into a proverb, that no Pope was ever to see the years of Peter. That proverb is falsified in Pius. He has passed the mystic Rubicon of the Papal age. He has passed the bounds which closed around all his predecessors. He has passed the years of Peter upon the Papal throne. Oh! may he live, if it be God's will, to guide the Church, until he has doubled the years of Peter (great cheering). He is singular in what the world calls his misfortunes; but what, to me, or any man of faith, must absolutely appear as a startling resemblance to the last week that the Lord, our Saviour, spent before His passion in Jerusalem.

I remember Pius IX., surrounded by the acclamations and the admiration of the whole world. No word of praise was too great to be bestowed upon him. He was the theme of every popular writer. He was the idol of the people. The moment they beheld him the cry came forth:—"Viva, viva, il salvatore de la patria!" Long live the saviour of his people, and of his country! To-day he must not show his face in the very streets of Rome; and in the very halls of the deserted Vatican he hears the echoes of the shouts of those that cry, "Blessed be the hand that shall be embued in thy blood, O Pius" (sensation)! Now, I ask any man on the face of the earth, what has this man done? What can the greatest enemy of the Pope lay his hand upon, and say he has done so and so, and he has deserved this change of popular friendship, and of popular opinion? The greatest enemy that the Pope has on this earth is not able to bring a single charge against him, during these twenty-five years, to account for that change of opinion. What has changed blessings into curses? What has changed homage and veneration into contempt and obloquy? There is no accounting for it. It is like the change that came over the people of Jerusalem, who, on Palm Sunday, cried "Hosanna to the Son of David," and on Good Friday morning cried, "Give Him to us! We will tear Him to pieces and crucify Him?" There is no accounting for it. Has he oppressed the Roman

people? No. I lived many years in Rome, under his Pontificate. There was no taxation worth speaking of; there was no want, no misery. There was plenty of education for the children, plenty of employment, plenty of diversion. There was no forcible conscription of the youth, to send them into some vile cess-pool of corruption, in the shape of a barrack, or to hunt them out to the battle-field, to be mown down and flung into blood-stained graves. No; every man possessed his house and his soul in peace. There was prosperity in the land. And over all this there was the hand ever waving a blessing, and a voice invoking benediction and grace for his people. Whence came the change? No man can tell. Therefore, I say, this man is extraordinary in his misfortunes, inasmuch as they bring out, in the most striking and terrible manner, his resemblance to his crucified Lord and Saviour, the Head of the Church (cheers). He is singular in the magnificence of his character. The student of history may read the lives of all the Popes that have come down from Peter to Pius, and I make this assertion, that there is not a single feature of grandeur or magnificence in the character of any one of these Popes, that does not shine out, concentrated, in the character of Pius IX. [cheers].

We admire the missionary zeal of St. Gregory the Great, of St. Celestine. Pius the Ninth has sent from under his own hand, and from under his own blessing, men who have honored his Pontificate, as well as the Church, their mother, by shedding their blood in martyrdom, for the faith (loud cheers). From under his hand have gone forth those holy ones who have languished in the dungeons of China and of Japan. From under his hands have gone forth those heroic Jesuit sons of St. Ignatius, that have lifted the standard of the Cross, and uplifted the name—the name which forms their crown and their glory, even in the eyes of men, unto the farthest nations of the earth (cheers). If we admire the love of Rome that shines forth in the character of St. Leo the Great, who was the Pope among them all that ever loved Rome and the Romans so tenderly as the heart of Pius IX loved them (cheers)? When he came to the throne there were Romans in exile, and there were Romans in prison. The very first act of the Pontiff was to fling open the prison doors, and to say to these children of misfortune, “Come forth, Italians; breathe the pure air and feast your eyes upon the loveliness of your native land” (cheers). There were Romans who were in exile: he sent them the message of manumission, and of pardon, and of love, in whatever land they were, and

said, "Come back to me ;—come back and sit down in peace and in contentment under my empire ; for O Rome, and children of Rome, I love you." This was the language and these were the emphatic accents of the glorious Pius IX. Where was the Pope who ever embellished Rome as he did ? I lived in Rome during the first year of his Pontificate : I lived there in the last. I might almost say that he found it a city of brick, and that he handed it over to Victor Emanuel, the robber, a city of polished and shining marble (loud cheers). Orphanages, hospitals, public schools, model lodging houses, public baths and lavatories, splendid fountains : everything that the Roman citizen could require, either for his wants or for his luxury, or, if you will, his pleasure, the magnificent hand of Pius IX provided ; for, for the last five-and-twenty years, that hand has never ceased in beautifying and embellishing his loved and imperial Rome.

We admire the glorious firmness, the magnificent rock-like endurance of St. Gregory VII., whom history knows by the name of Hildebrand ; how he stood in the path of the impious German Emperors. Like a rock against which the tide dashes, but dashes in vain—so did he stand to stem the torrent of their tyranny and of their corruption. We admire Gregory VII., when saying Mass before the Emperor, he took the blessed Eucharist into his hands, and turned round with the Holy Communion and said, "Oh ! majesty, I am about to give you the Holy Body of Jesus Christ. I swear before my God," said the Pope, "in whose presence I now stand, that I have never acted save for the Church which He loves, and for the happiness of His people. Now, O King, swear thou the same ; and I will put God upon thy lips !" The Emperor hung his head and said, "I cannot swear it, for it would not be true," and the Holy Communion was denied him (cheers). We admire that magnificent memory in the Church of God which upheld the rights of Peter and of the Church against king and kaiser ; but, I ask you, does not the image of the sainted Gregory VII. rise before our eyes from out the recesses of history, and come forth into the full blaze of the present generation in the magnificent constancy and firmness of Pius IX., the Pope of Rome (cheers) ? It was a question of only giving up a little child that was baptized into the Christian Church, and engrafted, by Baptism, upon Christ, our Lord,—a little child that was engrafted into the Son of God and His Church,—had received the rites, and claimed, in justice, to come to know and love that God on whom he had been engrafted by Baptism. All the powers of the world,—all the dukes

and kings and governments in Europe,—came around the Pope and said, “You must give up that child; he must be taught to blaspheme and to hate that Lord upon whom he has been engrafted by Baptism. He must not belong to Christ, or the Church, even though he is baptized into it.” And they asked the Pope, by the surrender of that child, to proclaim the surrender of that portion of the Church’s faith that tells us, on the authority of the inspired Apostle, that by Baptism, like a wild olive branch let into a good tree, we are let into Jesus Christ. They sent their fleets to Civita Vecchia; they pointed their cannon against the Vatican; and told the Pope that his existence and his life depended upon his giving up that child. And he declared, in the face of the world and pronounced that word which will shine in characters of glory on his brow in Heaven,—he pronounced the immortal *non possumus*,—“I will not do it, because I cannot do it” [cheers]! If he wants an epitaph, the most glorious language that need be written on his tomb would be: “Here lies the man whom the whole world tried to coerce to commit a sin; and who answered the whole world ‘*non possumus*,’—I cannot do it” [renewed cheers]. This is the man that to-day wears, and so gloriously wears, the time-honored tiara that has come down to him through eighteen hundred years of suffering and of glory, of joy, and of sorrow.

The third circlet,—that of the temporal power,—for a time is gone. There is a robber, who calls himself a King, seated now in the Quirinal, in Rome. He had not the decency to tell the Pope that he was coming to plunder him. He had not the decency, when he did come to Rome, to build a house for himself; but he must take one of the old man’s houses [sensation]. It was a question of bringing his women into these, the Pope’s own chambers, which were always like sanctuaries, where ladies generally are not permitted to come in. There was a kind of tradition of holiness about them and exclusiveness, in this way; and he brings his Queen and his “ladies all” to these chambers, where, if they had a particle of womanly decency, and delicacy, and propriety, they would not enter. I do not believe there is a lady here listening to me, who would walk into the Quirinal, to-morrow, even if she was in Rome [cheers]. The third circlet, for a time, is plucked from the Pope’s brows; and, instead of a crown of gold, the aged man has bent down and has received from the hands of ungrateful Italy the present of a crown of thorns. But, as if to compensate him for the temporary absence of the crown of temporal rule; as if to make up to him for that which has

been plucked, for a time only, from the tiara, the Almighty God has brought out, in our age, upon the pontificate of Pius IX., the other two circlets, that of supreme Pastorate and supreme Bishop of the Church, with an additional lustre and glory that they never had before (cheers). Never, in the history of the Catholic Church, have the faithful, all the world over, listened with so much reverence, with so much love, with so much faith and joy, as the Catholics of the world, to day, listen to the voice of Pius IX. in Rome (cheers). Never have the Bishops of the Catholic Church shown such unanimity, such unity of thought, such profound and magnificent obedience. Never has the Episcopate of the Catholic Church so loudly, emphatically, and unitedly upheld the privileges and the glories of its head, as the Episcopacy of this day has upheld the glory of the Papacy of Pius IX. (loud cheers). And it is no small subject of praise and of thankfulness to us, that, when eight hundred men among them, loaded with the responsibility of the Church,—eight hundred men representing all that the Church had, of perfection, of the priesthood, and of jurisdiction and power,—when these eight hundred men were gathered round the throne of the august Pontiff, they presented to the world in its hostility, in its infidelity, in its hatred, so firm a front, that they were all of one mind, of one soul; one voice only was heard from the lips of these eight hundred; and that voice said "*Tues Petrus!*" Oh! Pius, Peter speaks in thee; and Christ, the Lord, speaks in Peter [cheers]. One of the most honored of these eight hundred,—one of the foremost in dignity and in worth,—now sits here in the midst of you, the Bishop and pastor of your souls. [This allusion to Archbishop McCloskey elicited a perfect storm of cheering, in acknowledgment of which the Archbishop rose and bowed]. He can bear living witness to the fact which I have stated. Out of the resources of his learned mind,—out of his Roman experience, as an Archbishop,—will he tell you,—out of historic lore will he tell you,—that never was the Church of God more united, both in the priesthood and episcopacy, and in the people,—more united in ranks cemented by faith and strengthened by love, than the Christian and Catholic world to-day is, around the glorious throne of the uncrowned Pontiff, Pius IX. [great cheering].

And what shall be the future of this tiara? We know that the crown of universal pastorship and the crown of supremacy are his; that no man can take from him that which has grown unto him under the hand of Jesus Christ. We know that he may be in exile to-morrow, that he may be

without a home, persecuted and hunted from one city to another. But we know that God and the Church of God have set their seal upon him, and their sign that no other man upon this earth can wear, namely, that he is the head of the Church, and the infallible guide of the infallible flock of Christ (loud cheers). Will his temporal power be restored? Will the third circle ever again shine upon that tiara? It is a singular fact that the only man who can speak of the future with certainty is the Catholic. Every other man when he comes to discuss any subject of the future must say, "Well, in all probability, perhaps, it may come to pass; it may be so and so" (laughter); but the Catholic man, when he comes to speak of the future, says, "Such and such things are to come;" he knows it as sure as fate. There is not a man among us that does not know that this usurpation of Rome is only a question of a few days (cheers)—only a question of a few days (renewed cheers);—that the knavish king may remain this year, next year; perhaps a few years more; but as sure as Rome is seated upon her seven hills, so surely will the third circle of the tiara be there; so surely must there be a Pope-king there [great cheering and cries of "Bravo."] And why? For the simplest of all reasons: that her empire, or her temporal power is very convenient, and very useful, and very necessary for the Church of God; and that whatever is convenient, or useful or necessary for her, God in Heaven will provide for her [cheers]. That temporal power will return as it returned in the times of old, because it is good for the Church, and because the world cannot get on without it [cheers]. The hand that has held the reins of society for a thousand years and more,—the hand that has held the curb tight upon the passions, and the ambition, and the injustice of Kings,—the hand that has held with a firm grasp, the reins that govern the people, is as necessary in the time to come, as it was in the times past: and, therefore, God will keep that hand that holds the reins of the world, a royal hand [cheers]. Hence it is that we Catholics have not the slightest apprehension, the slightest fear, about this.

We know that, even as our Divine Lord and Master suffered in Jerusalem, and was buried and remained for three days in the grave, and undeniably rose again, all the more glorious because of His previous suffering,—so, in like manner, do we know that out of the grave of his present tribulation—out of the trials of to-day, Pius IX, or Pius the Ninth's successor,—for the Pope lives forever,—will rise more glorious in his empire over the world, and in his influence and

power, all the more glorious for having passed through the tribulations of the present time [loud cheers]. But, my friends, just as the most precious hours in the life of our Lord were the hours of His suffering,—just as that was the particular time when every loving heart came to Him—the time when the highest privileges were conferred upon mankind, namely, to wipe the sweat and blood off His brow; to take the Cross off His shoulders; to lift Him from His falling, and His faintness upon the earth; so, also, the present is the hour of our highest privilege as Catholics, when we can put out our hand to cheer, to console, to help our Holy Father the Pope [cheers]. This hall is crowded; and, from my priestly, Catholic, and Irish heart, I am proud of it [vehement cheers]. It is easy to acclaim a man when he is “on the top of the wheel,” as they say, and everything is going well with him. It is easy to feel proud of the Pope when the Pope shines out, acknowledged by all the kings of the earth. Ah, but it is the triumph of Catholic and of Irish faith, to stand up for him, to uphold him before the world, and, if necessary, to fight for him, when the whole world is against him (great cheering). Therefore, I hope, that when the proceeds of this lecture are sent to the man, who, although poor, and in prison to-day, has kept his honor, has kept his nobility of character; and when millions were put before him by the robber-king, said he would not dirty his hands by touching them (cheers);—but when the honest and the clean money of to-night shall be sent to him, I hope that some one of those officials here will also inform him that that money was sent to him with cheers, and with applause, and from loving and generous Irish Catholic hearts (cheers); that it was given, as Ireland always has given when she gave,—given with a free hand and a loving and a generous heart (cheers). As a great author and writer of our day said, “I would rather get a cold potato from an Irishman, than a guinea in gold and a dinner of beef from an Englishman” [laughter and cheers].

And, now, my friends, I have only to state to you that from my heart, I thank you for your presence here this evening. I know that the sacredness of the cause brought you here as Catholics. I flatter myself, a little, that, perhaps, some of you came, because, when I was last here before you, I told you, in all sincerity, that my heart and soul were in this lecture, and that I would take it as a personal favor if the hall were crowded this evening. The hall is crowded; and I am grateful to you for your attendance, and your

patience in listening to me, and for the encouragement that you gave me by your applause [loud cheering, amid which the eloquent lecturer retired].

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, on Sunday evening May 19, in St. Andrew's Church, City Hall Place, New York.]

"THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION."

"Thou art the glory of Jerusalem ; thou art the joy of Israel ; thou art the honor of our people."

THESE words, dearly beloved brethren, are found in the book of Judith, and they commemorate a great and eventful period of Jewish history. At that time the Assyrian King sent a mighty army, under his General, Holofernes, to subdue all the nations of the earth, and to oblige them not only to forego their national existence, but also to conform to the religion and the rights of the Assyrians. This great army the Scriptures describe to us as invincible. Their horses covered the plains ; their soldiers filled the valleys ; there was no power upon the earth able to resist them ; until at length they came before a city of Judea, called Bethulia. They summoned the fortress and commanded the soldiers to surrender. Now, in that town there was a woman by the name of Judith. The Scripture says of her that she was a holy woman ; that she fasted every day of her life, and that though young and fair and beautiful to behold, she lived altogether a secluded life, absorbed in prayer to God. When she saw the outlying army of the Assyrians—when she heard the proud claims of their general : that the people of her race, of her nation, should resign not only their national life, but also their religion, and forsake the God of Israel—she arose in the might of holiness and in the power of her strength, and she went forth from the city of Bethulia ; she sought the Assyrian camp ; she was brought into the presence of Holofernes himself ; and at the mid hour of night, while he was sunk in his drunken slumbers, she twined her hand around the hair of his head ; she drew his own sword from the scabbard that hung by the bed, and she cut off his head, and brought it back in triumph to her people. The morning

came. The army found themselves without their general. The Jewish soldiers and people rushed down upon them, and there was a mighty slaughter and a scattering of the enemies of God and of Israel. And then the people, returning, met this wonderful woman; and the High Priest said to her these words: "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem; thou art the joy of Israel; thou art the honor of our people."

Now, dearly beloved, this is not the only woman recorded in Scripture who did great things for the people and for the Church of God; and the word of Scripture, as applied to her, was meant in a higher and a greater sense; it was meant directly for Judith; but it was meant in a far higher and nobler sense for her of whom I am come to speak to you this evening,—the Virgin Mother, who brought forth our Lord Jesus Christ into this earth. To Mary does the word apply especially, as every great, heroic woman who appears in Scripture typified her. The sister of Moses, who led the choirs of the daughters of Israel; the daughter of Jephtha, who laid down her virgin life for her people; Deborah, who led the hosts of Israel; the mother of the Maccabees, standing in the blood of her seven sons,—these, and all such women of whom the Scriptures make mention, were all types of the higher, the greater—the real, yet the ideal woman, who was in the designs of God to be "the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, and the honor of her people;" namely: the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary. It is of the first of her graces that I am come to speak to you. The first of her graces was her immaculate conception. Let us consider this, and we shall see how she is "the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel," and the honor of our race and of our people.

Dearly beloved, we know that, before the eyes of God, before the mind of God, before the eternal council of God, there is no such thing as past and future as we behold it in the course of time, and as we consider it. In the past, this world's history is before the Almighty God at this moment as if it were at this moment taking place. All that we can do in the future, even to the uttermost limits of eternity, is before the mind of God now, as if it were actually taking place under his eyes; for the difference between time and eternity is this: that in time—that is to say, in the span of our life and in the span of the world's history—everything comes in succession; event follows event, and each moment of time follows the moment that went before it; but in eternity,—in time as viewed in relation to God, when time

assumes the infinite dimensions of eternity,—there is neither past nor future, but all is present under the eye of God, circumscribed by His infinite vision and His infinite wisdom. Therefore, all that ever was to take place in time, was seen and foreseen by the Almighty God. He foresaw the creation of man, although that creation did not come until after the eternal years that never had a beginning. And so He foresaw the fall of man; how the first of our race was to pollute his own nature by sin, and in that personal pollution was to pollute our whole nature, because our nature came from Him. Just as when a man poisons the fountain-head of a river,—goes up unto the mountains, finds the little spring from which the river comes, that afterwards, passing into the valley, enlarges its bed and swells in its dimensions until it rolls a mighty torrent into the ocean;—if you go up into the mountain;—if you poison the fountain-head of the little stream that comes out from under the rock;—all the waters that flow in the river-bed shall be infected and poisoned; because the spring and the source of the river is tainted.

So also, in Adam, our nature sinned. He lay at the fountain-head of humanity; and the whole stream of nature that flowed from him came down to you and to me with the taint and poison of sin in our blood and in our veins. Therefore does the Apostle say that “we are all born children of the wrath of God;” therefore did the prophet of old say: “For behold I was conceived in iniquity and in sin did my mother bring me forth.” God saw and foresaw all this from eternity; He saw that His creature man, whom He made so pure, so perfect, so holy, was to be spoiled and tainted by sin. In that universal corruption, the Almighty God reserved to himself one, and only one of the race of mankind, and preserved that one specimen of our race unpolluted, untainted, unfallen. That one was the Blessed Virgin Mary. Certainly such a one must have existed: because the Scripture,—the inspired word of God,—speaks of such a one when it says, in the language of the psalmist: “Thou art all fair, O my beloved, and there is no spot nor stain on thee.” Who is she? Is she multiplied? Is she found here and there among the daughters of men? No; she is one and only one. Therefore the Scripture says: “My beloved, my love, my dove is one and only one among the daughters.” “*Una es colomba mea, amata mea, soror mea in tre filius.*” That one was the Blessed Virgin Mary. God took her and preserved her from the stream of corruption that infected our whole nature. God folded His arms of infinite sanctity around her and took her in the very first moments

of her existence,—nay in the eternal decree that went before that existence. He folded her in the arms of His own infinite sanctity; and she is the one to whom shade or thought of sin or evil has never been allowed to approach. Why is this? Because, dearly beloved, she was destined from all eternity to be the Mother of God, incarnate in her own human nature. The language of the Church is: “He was incarnate of the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary, and was made man.” She was destined from all eternity to be the Mother of God,—to give to the Almighty God that humanity, that body, that flesh and blood which He was to assume in His own divine person, and to make one with God by the unity of one divine person, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. Reflect upon this.

The Scriptures expressly tell us that nothing defiled can approach to God—that nothing with the slightest speck or stain of sin upon it can come near God. Therefore, it is that in proportion as men approach to God, in the same proportion are they immaculate. Almighty God tells us in the Scripture, expressly, that, although all men were born in sin, yet there were a few, a very few, who were excepted from that general rule, because they were allowed to approach so near God. The prophet Jeremias was excepted from that rule; and he was sanctified before he came forth from his mother’s womb. “Before thou camest forth from thy mother, I sanctified thee,” said the Lord. And why? Because he was destined to be a prophet, and to propound the word of God to the people. John the Baptist was sanctified in his mother’s womb, and came forth in his birth free from the original sin of Adam, because he was destined to be the one among men to say: “Behold the lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world.” And if these men—one because he was to preach the word of God, another because he was to point out God to man—if they, because of this high function, were born without sin, surely, dearly beloved, we must conclude that the woman who was to give God His sacred humanity, the woman who was to be the mother of God, the woman who was to afford to the Almighty God that blood by which He wiped out the sins of the world, that woman must receive far more than either John the Baptist or Jeremias received; and the grace that she received must have been the grace of her conception without sin. And, in truth, as nothing defiled, nothing tainted, was ever allowed to approach Almighty God, the woman who approached him nearest of all the daughters of the earth, who came nearer to God than

all His angels in Heaven were allowed to approach Him, must be the only one of whom the Scripture speaks when it says : "My beloved is one and only one, and she is all fair, and there is no spot nor stain in her."

What follows from this? It follows that the immaculate woman who was destined to be the mother of Jesus Christ received at the first moment of her being a grace inconceivably greater than all the grace that was given to all the angels in heaven, to all the saints upon the earth, because the dignity in which she was created was inconceivably greater than theirs. The highest angel in heaven was made but to be the servant of God ; Mary was created to be the mother of God. What was that grace? Perfect purity, perfect sinlessness, perfect immaculateness, and consequently perfect love of God and highest union with Him. For, reflect, my dear friends, wheresoever the human soul is found perfectly free from sin, without spot or stain of sin, without the slightest inclination or temptation of sin,—wheresoever such a soul is found, that soul is united to the Almighty God by the Highest, by the most perfect and the most intimate union of divine love. God loves all His creatures ; God loves the soul of man ; so that wherever He finds that there is no impediment of sin, no distortion of inclination, nothing to hinder that union, He gives himself to that soul in the most intimate and highest form of love ; and He gathers that soul to him by a most perfect union. Hence it is that perfect union with God and perfect sinlessness mean one and the same thing.

The Blessed Virgin Mary, conceived without sin, was kept and held aside to let the stream of sin flow by without touching her. The only one in whom our nature was preserved in all its pristine beauty and perfection, the blessed Virgin Mary in that sinlessness of her conception, attained, at the moment of her conception the most perfect and intimate union with God. And this,—for which all the saints and all holy souls strive on the earth,—the very highest climax of saintly perfection,—was the first beginning of her sanctity. The saint who wearies himself during the sixty or seventy years of his life, the Eremite in the desert, the martyr in the arena, all aim at this one thing—to purge their souls most perfectly from sin, from every mortal and venial sin ; to rise above their passions and their lower and sinful nature ; and in proportion as they attain to this do they climb the summit of perfection and attain to closer union with God. That which all the saints tend to,—that which all the virgins and saints in the Church thirst for,—that which they con-

sider as the very summit of their perfection,—that is, the grace that was given to Mary at the first moment of her being—namely, to be perfectly pure, perfectly sinless, perfectly immaculate, consequently perfectly united to God by supreme and most intimate union. And this is the meaning of the word of Scripture: “The foundations of her are laid upon the holy mountains. The Lord loves the threshold of Zion more than all the tabernacles and tents of Judah;” more than all the accumulated perfection of all the angels and saints of God. Where they end is the beginning of Mary’s perfection in His sight.

And now let me apply the text, “Thou art the glory of Jerusalem; thou art the joy of Israel; thou art the honor of our people.” Whenever the Scriptures speak figuratively or spiritually of Jerusalem, they always allude to the Kingdom of Heaven, the kingdom of the just made perfect. The Church of God, dearly beloved, consists of three great elements or portions. There is the Church that purges, in Purgatory, the elect of God, by the slow action of divine justice, cleansing them from every stain and paying the last farthing of their debt. That is the Church suffering. There is the Church on earth, contending against the world, the flesh and the devil; fighting a hard and weary battle, which you and I are obliged to fight every day of our lives. We are obliged to fight against our passions and subdue them. We are obliged to fight against the powers of darkness seeking our destruction and subdue them. We are obliged to fight with the world, surrounding us with evil maxims, with its loose principles, with its false ideas of morality, with its bad example; and, despising all these, to conquer them. We are obliged to fight the battle of our faith. We are obliged to enter upon this and other questions, and upon these questions to take our stand as Catholics, and to fight the good fight of faith. The question of sacraments, the question of education, the question of the Church, the question of the Pope, the question of the injustice of the world in robbing him of all his power and of his dignity; these, and a thousand others, are the burden of the Church’s battle on this earth; and, therefore, she is called the Church Militant. But high above the Suffering Church or the Militant Church is still the Church of God. Having passed through the battle-field of earth, having passed through the purgation of Purgatory, and having attained to the vision of God, there she triumphs; there she rejoices in the undiminished glory and the uncreated brightness of God;—and that is the Church Triumphant.

Now, the Scriptures, speaking of that Kingdom of Heaven, or of the Church Triumphant, mentions it under the name of Jerusalem.

For instance, "I saw," says the inspired evangelist, "the New Jerusalem descending from Heaven, as a bride arrayed for her bridegroom." St. Paul, speaking of the same kingdom, says, "Thou art come to Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, and to Jerusalem, and to the kingdom of the just made perfect." Jerusalem, therefore, as expressed in the words of my text, "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem," means the Church Triumphant. It means the glorious assemblage of all the angels of God; it means the glorious society of all the saints of God; it means that all that Heaven or earth ever held or had of the noble, generous, self-sacrificing and devoted is now crowned with the everlasting glory of the presence of God. And, of that assemblage of the Church Triumphant, Mary is the glory. She is the glory; and why? Because, as the Scripture tells us expressly, the angels of God are interested in the affairs of this world. Our Lord, speaking of little children, says, "Woe to you who scandalize them; because their angels see the face of my Father." Elsewhere he says: "There is more joy in Heaven for one sinner doing penance than for ninety-nine just who need not repentance." If, then, the angels in Heaven rejoice at every new manifestation of the glory and omnipotence of God: if their glory is to contemplate the Almighty God in His works, it follows that whenever we see these works destroyed, whenever they see the purposes of the Almighty God frustrated, whenever they see the work and the mercy of God ruined, they must grieve as far as they are capable of grieving, because they rejoice when that work is restored by repentance. They, therefore, looking down from their high places in Heaven, beheld with great joy the new-born race of men; they beheld the work of God, most perfect in our first parents, Adam and Eve. They saw in the first woman that was created the woman that was destined in her progeny to people Heaven with saints, and to fill the thrones that were left vacant there by the defection of the rebel angels. Their glory was that their choirs before God might be filled, and that the chorus of Heavenly music might be perfect in its harmony by the filling of their places. They saw that one-third of their angelic brethren had fallen into hell, and left the halls of Heaven more or less vacant by their fall. They waited,—they waited for many years,—we know not how long: we know not but that that time of waiting may have

extended for thousands of years ;—until, at length, they beheld the Creator make the new creature, man. They knew the destinies of man ; they knew that this woman who was created upon the earth was to be the mother of the race that was to fill up their choirs, and to fulfil and make perfect their glory in Heaven. Oh, how sad was their disappointment !—oh, how terrible was their grief when they saw Eve fall into sin and become the mother of a race of reprobates, and not of saints, and her destiny change ; that she should people hell with reprobates rather than fulfil her high destiny and people Heaven with saints. Mary arose. The earth beheld her face. Her coming was as the rising of the morning star, which, trembling in its silver beauty over the eastern hills, tells the silent and the darkened world that the bright sun is about to follow it and dispel the darkness of the night by the splendor and the brightness of its shining. Mary arose ; and when the angels of God beheld her, their glory was fulfilled ; for now they knew that the mother of saints was come, and that the woman was created who was to do what had failed in Eve,—to people heaven and fill heaven's choirs with the progeny of saints in everlasting glory. Therefore did they hail her coming with angelic joy. Oh, what joy was theirs when they looked down upon the earth and beheld the fallen race of man restored in all its first integrity in Mary ! Oh, what joy was theirs who rejoiced when Magdalen arose in all the purity of her repentance,—they who rejoice and make the vaults of heaven ring with their joy when you or I make a good confession, and do penance for our sins ! Oh, what must their joy have been, and the riot of their delight and of their glory, when Mary arose, and they beheld, in her, the mother of all those who are ever to be saved, the mother of all true penitents, the mother of all the elect of God ; for becoming the mother of Jesus Christ, she has become the mother of all the race of man. Therefore she is the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem. Therefore did these angels, on the day of her assumption, joyfully come to heaven's gate, and fill the mid-air with the sound of their triumph, when heaven's queen, the mother of God, was raised to the place of her glory. "The morning stars praised the Lord together, and all the suns of God made a joyful noise." The glory of Jerusalem, the angel's glory is concentrated in the glory of God. Whatever gives glory to God glorifies them. Now, in all the works of God he is most glorified in Mary, as we shall see ; and therefore Mary is the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem, and the delight of God's blessed spirits and angels in his everlasting kingdom.

But she is more; she is "the joy of Israel." What is this Israel? Jerusalem was the summit of Israel's triumphs. Israel had to fight for many a weary year before the foundations of the Holy City were laid. Israel, that is to say, the Jewish people passed through the desert, crossing the Red Sea, fighting with their enemies there to wait for many a long and weary year, until the holy city of Jerusalem was raised up in all its beauty, and until the temple of God was founded there. And just as that city, Jerusalem, represents the Church Triumphant, so by the name of Israel the inspired writer meant the Church Militant, the Church in the desert of this earth, the Church passing through the Red Sea of the martyrs' blood; the Church crossing swords with every enemy of God, and fighting and bearing the burden and the heat of the day. Of that Church Militant, of that Israel of God, Mary is the joy. Why? Dearly beloved, Christ our Lord founded His Church for one express purpose, and it was that, where sin had abounded sin might be destroyed and grace abound still more. "For this I am come," He says, "that where sin hath abounded grace might abound still more." Wherever, therefore there is a victory over sin by divine grace, there is the joy of the Church Militant, because there is her work accomplished. Wherever the sinner rises out of his sin and does penance and returns to God, there the Church triumphs, her mission is fulfilled, the purpose for which she was created is accomplished, and her joy is great in proportion. Now, where has grace so abounded as in Mary? Sin abounded in this world. Christ came and shed His blood that grace might take the place of sin and superabound where sin had abounded before. Where has grace so triumphed over sin as in Mary? Great is the triumph of grace when it expels sin from the sinner's soul and makes that which was impure to be purified, and makes that which was unjust to be glorified by sanctity before God. Oh, still greater is the triumph when grace can so anticipate sin as never to allow it to make its appearance. The most perfect triumph of grace is in the utter exclusion of sin. Therefore, it is that Christ our Lord in his sacred humanity was grace itself personified in man, because in Him there was essential holiness, and an utter impossibility of the approach of sin. If, therefore the joy of the Church be in proportion to the triumph of grace over sin, surely she must be "the joy of Israel" and the first fruits of the Church, the only one that this mystical body of Christ can offer to God as perfectly acceptable; the only soul, the only creature that the Church can offer to God and say, "Lord look down from

Heaven upon this child and daughter of thine; she is thy beloved in whom there is no spot nor stain. She is the joy of Israel."

Oh, my dearly beloved, need I tell you—you who were born in the faith like myself; you who come from Catholic stock, who come from Catholic blood; you in whose veins, in whose Irish veins, hundreds of years of Catholic faith and Catholic sanctity are flowing,—need I tell you of the woman whose name, preached by Patrick fourteen hundred years ago, has been, from that hour to this, Ireland's greatest consolation in the midst of her sorrows? In the loss of fortune, in the loss of property, in the loss of liberty, in the loss of national existence, every Irish Catholic has been consoled in the midst of his privations, by the thought that the mother of God loved him, and that he had a claim upon Mary Mother. Well do I remember one whose expression embodied all of Irish faith and Irish love for Mary; an old woman whom I met, weeping over a grave, lying there with a broken heart, waiting only for the kind hand of Death to put her into the dust where all she had loved had gone before her; forgotten by all, abandoned by all, the hand of misery and poverty upon her; and when I would console her and speak to her of heaven and of heaven's glory; when I endeavored to lighten the burden of her sorrow by consolation, she turned to me and said: "Oh, father, you need not speak to me. The cross may be heavy, but the Virgin Mary's cross was heavier than mine." She forgot her sorrows in her great love for Mary. Nay, that love, even in her sorrow, was as a gleam of hope, one ray of joy let in upon the soul that otherwise might have despaired. And thus it is that Mary—the knowledge of her love for us, the knowledge of our claim upon her through her divine Son, and in the knowledge of the divine commission that He gave her upon the Cross, to be the mother of all that were ever to love Him,—is the one ray of joyful and divine consolation that Christ our Lord lets in upon every wounded spirit and every loving, grieving heart.

Finally, she is "the honor of our people." Dear friends, the Almighty God when He created us made man in perfection. "*Deus fecit hominem rectum.*" He gave to man a mighty intelligence, a high and a pure love, and a freedom of will asserting the dominion of the soul over the body, and through that body the dominion of man over all creatures. Everything on this earth obeyed Him. The eagle, flying in the upper air, closed his wings and came to pay homage to the unfallen man. The lion and the tiger, at the sound of

His voice, came forth from their lairs to lick the feet of the imperial master, the unfallen man. As everything without Him was obedient to Him, so everything within Him was obedient to the dictates of His clear reason and to the empire of His unfallen will. In this was the honor of God reflected as it was invested in man. God gave him intelligence. God is wisdom; His wisdom was invested in man. God gave him love. God is love; and the purity of that love was reflected in the affections of unfallen man. God is power, empire, and freedom; and the empire of God, and the freedom of God were reflected in the free will of man, in the imperial sway in which He commanded all creatures. Thus was the honor of God invested in us. Now, sin came and destroyed all this perfection. The serpent came and whispered his temptation in the ears of the vain and foolish woman, who, unmindful of all that she had, risked all and lost all for the gratification of her appetite and of her womanly curiosity. The serpent came and told Eve to rebel against God. Eve rebelled; she induced Adam to rebel; and, in this two-fold rebellion, man lost all that God had given him of grace and of supernatural gifts. All of divine honor that God Almighty had reflected in man, all of divine glory that he had imparted to man, all was lost; the intelligence was darkened; the affections were depraved; the freedom of the soul was enslaved, and man was no longer the high, and pure, and perfect image of his Creator.

Now, as we have seen in that sin of Adam, not only was that man himself destroyed and corrupted, but the whole nature of mankind was destroyed in him. How is Mary the honor of our people? She is the honor of our people in this, that where all was ruined, she alone was preserved; that, but for her and her immaculate conception, neither God in Heaven, nor saints nor angels in Heaven, nor any man upon the earth would ever again look upon the face of unfallen man. The work of God would have been completely destroyed; not a vestige would remain of what man was as he came from his Creator's hand, but that the Almighty preserved one unfallen specimen of our race, to show His angels and His saints in Heaven, and to show all men upon the earth, what a glorious humanity was the untainted nature which God had invested in man. She is the solitary boast of our fallen nature. Take Mary away; deprive her of the grace of her immaculate conception; let the slightest taint of sin come in;—she is spoiled like the rest of us: and the Almighty God has not retained, in the destruction of our

race, one single specimen of unfallen nature. But not so, for God in all His works may allow His enemy to prevail against Him; He may allow the spirit of evil to come in and spoil and taint and destroy His works; but He never allows His work to be utterly destroyed; never. When mankind fell from God and from grace, so that the image of God disappeared, and the spirit of God from among them; and the Almighty found it necessary to destroy the whole race of man in the Deluge,—He preserved Noah, and his sons, and his daughters. Eight souls were preserved, while hundreds of millions were destroyed; but God, in these eight souls, preserved the race and did not allow the spirit of evil to utterly destroy His work. When God drew back again the bolts of heaven, and allowed the living fire of His wrath to fall upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and destroyed the whole nation, yet, even then, He saved Lot and his family; and a few were saved, where all the rest were lost. When the Almighty resolved to destroy, for their impurity, the race of Benjamin, yet He preserved a few, lest the whole tribe might be utterly destroyed.

And thus it is that we find the Almighty God always preserving one or two or three specimens of His work, lest the devil might glory over much, and riot in his joy for having utterly destroyed the work of God. Our nature was destroyed in Eve. One fair specimen of all that would be in us,—of all that was in Adam before his sin,—of all that God intended us to be,—one fair specimen of all this was preserved in Mary, who, in her immaculate conception, enshrined in the infinite holiness of God, was preserved untainted and unfallen, as if Adam had never sinned. It may be asked, if, then, this woman was without sin, if she was conceived without sin, how is it that she calls Christ her Saviour, saying: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour." Oh, my friends, need I tell you that Christ our Lord is as much the Saviour of Mary as He is your Saviour or mine? Need I tell you that, but for His incarnation, but for His suffering and passion and death, Mary could not have received the grace of her immaculate conception, any more than you or I could have received the grace of our baptism? Baptism has done for us, as far as regards the removal of original sin, all that her immaculate conception did for Mary. For the four thousand years that went before the incarnation of the Son of God, every child of Adam that was saved, was saved through the anticipated merits of the blood that was shed upon Calvary

Adam himself was saved, Moses was saved, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Daniel, all the prophets, all the saints were saved by their faith in the Son of God, and by their provision of His merits before His Eternal Father. The merits of the Son of God, as yet unincarnate, yet foreseen and applied, thousands of years before their time, to the souls of the patriarchs and the prophets,—the self-same merits were applied to the soul of Mary in the eternal design of God, in her immaculate conception. He is as much her Saviour as He is ours; only He saved her in a way quite different from that in which we were saved. You may save a man, for instance, by keeping him from going into the way of danger; you may save a child by taking it out of the street, when some dangerous procession is passing, or when some railway engine is passing—something that may endanger its life; or you may save the same child, when in immediate danger, by the touch of your powerful and saving hand, and restore it to life. So, the Almighty God saved Mary by preventing the evil, just as He saves us by cleansing us from the evil which has already fallen on us. Hence it is that she, more than any of us, had reason to call Christ, her son, her Lord and her Saviour. "My soul doth magnify the Lord," she said, "and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." Truly He was her Saviour. Truly He shows His power in the manner in which He saved her. He did not permit her to be immersed in the ocean of sin. He did not take her, as something filthy and defiled, and wash her soul in the laver of baptism; but he applied the graces of baptism to her conception; so that she came into this world all pure, all holy, all immaculate, just as the Christian child comes forth from the baptismal font.

Behold then how she is the glory of the Heavenly Jerusalem, the joy of the earthly Church of Israel and the honor of our people; seeing that if Mary were not as she is in Heaven, immaculate and unstained, that Heaven would be, after all, only a congregation of penitents. Every other soul that enters Heaven enters as a Magdalen—at least, as Magdalen rising from original sin. Mary alone entered Heaven, as Eve would have entered if she had resisted the evil and conquered the temptation of sin. Thus do we behold, the Mother of God as she shines forth before us in the prophecy of Scripture—an honor and a triumph and a symbol of God's complete victory. The victory that God gains over sin is not complete when he has to come to remedy that evil after it has fallen upon the soul. The complete triumph of God is when He is

able to preserve the soul from any approach of that evil, and to keep it in all its original purity and immaculateness and innocence.

Such was the woman whom the prophet beheld: "And a great sign appeared in Heaven—a woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Of what was this woman a sign? She was the sign of the victory of God, for he adds: "And I saw another sign in Heaven, a great dragon coming to devour the woman and to destroy her; but it was cast forth and there was no room for him nor place for him anywhere in Heaven." And Mary shone forth, in the eternal council of God, the very sign and type, promise and symbol of God's victory over sin. God's victory over sin was complete, as every victory of God is; and the completeness of that victory was embodied in the immaculate conception of Mary.

What wonder, then, my dearly beloved, that we should honor one whom God has so loved to honor. What wonder that we should hail her as all pure: hail her from earth, whom God hailed from Heaven, saying: "Thou art all pure, my beloved, and there is no stain in thee." What wonder that we should rejoice in her who is the joy and the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem. What wonder that we should sing praises to her; put her forth as the very type of purity, innocence and virtue, whom the Almighty God so filled with all His highest gifts, that Heaven and earth never beheld such a creature as Mary; that the very angel, coming down from before the throne of God, was astonished when he beheld her greatness; and, bending in his human form before her, said: "All hail to thee, O Mary, for thou art full of grace;" and when she trembled at his words, he assured saying: "Fear not, O Mary, for thou hast found grace before the Lord." Oh, how grand was her finding! Grace was lost by the first woman, Eve: and every daughter of earth sought it for four thousand years and found it not. How could they find it? They came into this world without it. How could they find that grace which Eve had lost? They came tainted by Eve's sin upon this earth. Mary alone found it—the grace of immaculate creation, the grace of primeval purity. Therefore, the angel said to her:—"Fear not, I tell thee thou shalt be the mother of God, and that He that is to be born of thee shall be called the Son of the Most High. Yet, O woman, fear not, for I say to thee, that thou has found grace before the Lord." Therefore do we honor her, my dearly beloved; therefore do we rejoice that she, being

such as she is, is still our mother and regards us with a mother's love; and we can look up to her with the unsuspecting and all-confiding love of childhood. Oh, mother mine!—oh, mother of all the nations!—oh, mother that kept the faith in that land of our mothers, that through temptation and suffering never lost her love for thee—that famished and famine-stricken never lost the faith,—I hail thee! As thou art in heaven, to-night, clothed with the sun of divine justice, with the moon reflecting all earthly virtues beneath thy feet, and upon thy head a crown of twelve stars,—God's brightest gift,—I hail thee, O mother! And in the name of the Catholic Church, and in the name of my Catholic people, and in the name of the far-off and loved land that ever loved thee, I proclaim that “thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, and thou art the honor of our people.”

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Sermon delivered by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, on Sunday, June 3, in St. Michael's Church, Thirty-first Street and Ninth Avenue, New York.]

"THE BLESSED EUCHARIST."

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN: In this wonderful age of ours, there is nothing that creates in the thinking mind so much astonishment and wonder as the fact that the Catholic Church stands before the world in all the grandeur of her truthfulness, and that the intellect of this age of ours seems incapable of apprehending her claims, or of acknowledging her grandeur. Men in every walk of life are in pursuit of the true and the beautiful. The poet seeks it in his verse, the philosopher in his speculations, the statesman in his legislation, the artist in the exhibition of his art. And, while all men profess thus to pursue the true and the beautiful, they wilfully shut their eyes against that which is the truest and most beautiful of all things upon the earth—the Holy Catholic Church of Jesus Christ. I don't know whether there be any Protestants among you here to-day; I believe there are not. But whether they be here, or whether they be absent, I weep, in my heart and soul over their blindness and their folly,—that they cannot recognize the only religion which is

logical, because it is true;—the only Church which can afford to stand before the whole world, and bear the shock of every mind, and the criticism of every intellect, because she comes from God. Now amid the many features of Divine beauty and grandeur and harmony that the Almighty God has set upon the face of the Catholic Church, the first and the greatest of her mysteries,—the greatest of her beauties, both intellectual and spiritual,—is the awful presence of Jesus Christ who makes himself, really and truly, here, an abiding and present God in the Blessed Eucharist. I have chosen this presence as the subject and theme of my observations to you to-day, because we are yet celebrating—(within the octave)—the festival of Corpus Christi. We are yet in spirit with our holy mother, the Church, at the foot of the altar, adoring, in an especial manner, Him who is here present at all times; and rejoicing, with a peculiar joy, upon that grace, surpassing all graces, which the Almighty God has given to His Church, in the abiding presence of Jesus Christ among us.

Most of you, I dare say, know that what I propose to you to-day is to consider that presence as the fulfilment of the designs of God, and the fulfilment of all the wants of man. If I can show you what these designs are, and what these wants are, and if I can sufficiently indicate to you that they are fulfilled only in the Blessed Eucharist—then, my brethren, I conclude without the slightest hesitation, that in no form of religion,—in no Church,—can the designs of God and the wants of man meet their fulfilment, save in that one Church,—in that one holy religion, in which Christ is substantiated, under the form of bread and wine in the Blessed Eucharist. In order to do this I have to ask you to reflect with me what are the designs of God upon man.

There are three remarkable and magnificent epochs that mark the action of Almighty God upon his creature man. The first of these was the moment of creation, when God made man. The second was the time of redemption, when God, becoming incarnate, offered Himself as the victim for man. The third epoch was the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, when God left Himself to be the food of His children, and to be made one with them by the highest and the most intimate communion of a present God, through all ages. To each of these three epochs I shall invite your attention when I attempt to explain to you the designs of God.

In the first of these,—that is to say in the act of creation,—we find God stamping His image on man, in order that in

God is the highest and most intimate love ; there is no freedom there, but only the necessity of God,—nature's law and instinct : the whole world,—in all its beauty, in all its harmony,—still wants its soul ; for that soul, wherever it is to be, must be something like to God. Finally, when all things were prepared, God took of the slime of the earth, and made and fashioned with His hands a new creature,—a creature that was to rise and to uplift his eyes and behold the sun ; a creature whose every form of material existence was to remain perfectly distinct from all other forms of creation. Into this creature's face the Almighty God breathed His own image and likeness, in an imperishable spirit,—an immortal soul. Before He made this soul the mirror of Himself,—He took thought with Himself, and said no longer "let it be !" but—counselling with His own Divine wisdom, he said : "Let us make man unto our own image and likeness." And unto His own image and likeness, therefore, He made him, for He breathed upon him the inspiration of spiritual life,—a living soul into the inanimate clay ;—and upon that soul He stamped His own Divine image. He gave to that soul the light of an intelligence capable of comprehending the power of His love, capable of serving Him and loving Him. He gave to that soul the faculty of freedom, that by no necessary law,—by no iron instinct, was this new creature to act ; but with judgment, and with thought, and with intellectual inquiry. He was to act freely, and every action of his life was to flow from the fountain of unfettered freedom, like the actions of the Almighty God Himself, whose very essence is eternal freedom.

Thus was man created. Behold the image of God stamped upon him ! Oh, how, grand how magnificent was this creature ! The theory has been mooted in our day,—“Was it worth God's while to create the sun, moon and stars, and untold firmaments which no eye of man has yet discovered ; those stars far away exceeding our earth in their magnitude ; in their splendor ; in their attractive power and beauty ;—was it worth God's while,—the astronomer asks,—for the sake of giving light to the smallest of the planets, to create so many others to revolve around her in space !” Yes,—I answer,—it was worth God's while, for one man if He created but one ;—it was worth his while to create all these material beauties ; because man alone,—that one man,—would reflect in his soul the image of God—the uncreated and spiritual loveliness of his maker. How grand was this first man when he arose from the green mound out of which the Lord created him ! when

he opened his eyes and beheld before him, shrouded in some dazzling form of material beauty, the presence of God ! He opened his eyes ; and seeing this figure of light and transparency before him, hearing from His lips the harmony of his Creator's voice, he knelt in adoration. He alone, of all the creatures in the world, was able to appreciate the infinite beauty of the Maker ; and springing to that Maker, with all the energy of his spirit, he bowed down before Him and offered the sacrifice of intellectual praise. He alone, of all the creatures of God, was able to appreciate the infinite eternity of His existence ; His omnipotence ; His infinite goodness, grandeur and beauty. He alone, of all God's creatures, was capable of appreciating this soul,—that, out of the appreciation of his mind, his heart was moved to love. And he strained towards his God with every higher aspiration and affection of his spirit. He alone, of all the creatures of God was able to say out of the resources of a free and unshackled will : “ I will love thee ! I will serve thee, O God ! for thou alone art worthy of all love and all service for all time ! So, freely and deliberately weighing the excellencies of God against all created beauty ; calculating with the power of his intelligence the claims of God upon him,—he acknowledged these claims—he acknowledged in his intellect the potency of that power in life ; because of his intellectual appreciation, he decided freely to serve God in his life. That free decision from the intellect was a Godlike act, of which no other creature upon this earth was capable. Therefore, the Almighty God appealed to that act as the only test and proof of man.

Thus we see in the beginning that Almighty God stamped His image upon his people. And in this He showed the design of His creation :—the greatness of His mercy and of His love. He had prepared all things for man. He had made all things for him. All things pointed to him ; all nature, newly created in all its beauty, still cried out for that crowning beauty, the beauty of intelligence, the beauty of the power of love, the grandeur of freedom. And man was created as the very apex, the very climax of God's creation, the crown and the perfection of all. Behold the mercy of God ! God might have made this world in all its material yet un intellectual beauty. He might have left all his creatures to enjoy the life that He gave them, and to fulfill the limited and necessary sphere of their duties,—and yet never have sent intelligence and infinite love and freedom upon them. But no ; God wished to behold Himself in his creation. He wished

to be able to look down from Heaven and see His image in His creation. God wished that all nature should hold up the mirror of their resemblance to Him in man. God's design was that wherever the child of man existed, there He, looking down, should behold His own image in the depths of that pure intelligence; in the depths of those pure affections; in that unshackled, magnificent, imperial freedom of man's will.

This was the first design. Far greater was the second design of God's mercy. God knew and foreknew, from all eternity, that man, by the abuse of his free will, would turn against his God. The Almighty God knew and foreknew, as if it were present before his eyes,—for there is no past, no future to the eyes of God; all things are present to Him;—He knew and foreknew that, in the day when He placed Himself and His own divine perfection and His own claims on one side, and the Devil made the appeal to the passions and pride of man on the other side,—He knew that His free creature would decide against Him,—would abandon Him,—tell Him to begone, and take all His gifts with Him, and would clutch the animal and base gratifications of a sensual pride. God knew this. He knew that, in that act of man, man was destined to cloud his clear intelligence so that it would no longer reflect the image of God;—that man was destined, in that act, to pollute his pure affections, so that they no longer reflected the image of God in love. God foresaw and foreknew that man was destined, in that act of rebellion, to fetter and enslave his free will, and to make it no longer a servant and minister of his intelligence, but of his passions and of his desires. In a word, God saw His own image broken and spoiled in man by the sin of Adam.

Then, my dearly beloved, in these eternal designs of love, God said in His own decrees from all eternity, "My image is gone; my likeness is shattered; my spirit is no longer among them; and I must provide a remedy greater than the evil. I will send—in the second plan of my mercy and the design of my love,—I will send no longer a renewed image in man; I will not restore what they have broken and destroyed; but I will send my Eternal Son. He, the reality, whom no evil can touch, whom no temptation can conquer,—I will put him into man; and I shall behold, no longer the fallen man, but I shall behold, in the redeemed man, myself restored in the person of Jesus Christ." Oh, my beloved brethren! does not the infinite mercy,—the all-extending, all-grasping love of God,—come in here? He might in His

designs of mercy, have restored His broken image in man; He might have given man the power of repentance. He might, in the largeness of His mercy, wipe away sin, undo that most fatal work, and give back to man, in the unclouded intelligence, and in the pure heart and in the free will, all that man had lost of the divine image by sin. He might have done this without at all descending Himself; without at all coming down from the throne of His greatness and uncreated majesty and glory. No! God resolves to do more for the reparation of man than he had ever done in the ruin of himself by sin. God resolves to send His only begotten Son, who, incarnate by the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary, was made man. The Lord Jesus Christ is born of the Virgin Mary; an infant wails upon His mother's bosom; an Infinite God, looking down from heaven, beholds not only His own image in man, but beholds Himself in Him, His only begotten, coequal and consubstantial Son. Therefore, He is no longer the image, but the Man-God. He is no longer the likeness of God, but Man—the reality, of God,—according to the Scriptures of old: "I have said ye are gods, and all of you the sons of the Most High."

God made us to be His servants. When man refused to be a servant, God, in His mercy, lifted him up, and made him a son. Instead of taking the children of men and binding us together, as a bundle of faggots, and flinging us into hell, and in His greatness and glory forgetting us all;—instead of doing this, when God saw that we were fallen, and that not even His image remained in man, in the destruction of grace, and in the partial destruction of the perfection of his nature,—He sent His only begotten Son: so that the creature, instead of being punished by eternal ruin and banishment, is raised, by redemption, and made a son of God. "To those who received Him, He gave the power to become the sons of God." Can you comprehend this mercy? Do you ever reflect upon it? I sinned in Adam. Sinning thus in Adam, I deserved to be cast away from God, and never see His face again. I sinned in Adam. Sinning thus, I lost all that God gave me of grace, and a great deal that He gave me of good. Instead of flinging me aside, Almighty God comes down from Heaven, becomes my brother; and says:—"Brother; all that I am in Heaven,—the Son of God,—I am willing to make you by adoption. My Father is willing to take you in as my younger brother. My Father is willing to acknowledge that all I am by nature you are by the grace of adoption." So, in the work of redemption,—in the second

design of God,—we rise to the grandeur and dignity of a more sublime position than in Adam. We become the younger brethren of God Himself. We become members of the household and of the family of Jesus Christ.

But, you will say to me, what connection has this with the Blessed Eucharist? You engage to show us that the designs of God were fulfilled in the Real Presence. You speak of the design of creation,—of the design of redemption.—but what have these two designs to do with the institution of the Blessed Sacrament? the transubstantiation of Christ upon the altar? It has this: The first design of creation was intended by the Almighty God to be, that man, preserving the graces in which he was created,—preserving the image in which he was made,—should remain faithful to God, free from sin, the conqueror of his own passions, and of every temptation that could come upon him; and so, living in the light of purity, in the fervor of love, in the strength of freedom, that he might journey on through happiness and peace upon the earth, until he attained to the fulfilment of his perfection, and laid hold of the eternal crown of glory. This was the design of God. This was marred by sin. Man sinned; and the design of God could no longer be fulfilled; he let evil into his soul; he destroyed the integrity of his nature; he violated the virginity of his existence; he came to the knowledge of evil; and, with the knowledge, he came to the love of evil. Understand this well; it is a deep thought; it enters into the designs of God. Every individual man born into this world was born a sinner. Defilement was upon him: the seeds of future evil were in him. All that was necessary for him was to let that infant grow into a youth; and by necessity, he became an individual sinner, because the root of evil was in him. The seeds of corruption were implanted in him; his blood was impure and defiled. All that was necessary was the dawn of reason and the awakening of passion. The former made him an infidel; the latter made him a debauched, licentious and impure sinner. This was the consequence of Adam's sin. Therefore, my dearly beloved, it was not only our nature that sinned in Adam, but every individual of our nature sinned in him; save and except the Blessed Virgin Mary. Put her aside, and at once the whole race of human beings are individual sinners in Adam:—not personal sinners, but individual sinners. This, to be sure, is one of those things that people overlook. They do not understand that the curse of Adam came down to each and every one of us,—this sin of Adam, which was written upon

our foreheads in characters of defilement. When it was a question of remedying that evil, it was necessary that the Almighty God should exercise His mercy individually upon each and every one of us.

Two things, therefore, were tainted by the sin of Adam,—the nature and the individual. The nature, common to all, was tainted; man's nature was broken; man's nature was corrupted; that which was common to us all,—the universal nature,—was defiled and injured by Adam's sin; and in that defilement and injury every single individual child of Adam participated; so that every one, personally and individually, was defiled in our first parent. Now, it follows from this, that when the Almighty God, in His second design of mercy,—namely the Redemption,—when he resolved to undo all the evil that Adam had done,—when He resolved to bind up and heal the wound that Adam had made,—it was necessary that God should take thought for the nature that was corrupted, and for the individuals that had fallen in Adam. If He had taken thought only for the nature, it would not be sufficient for us; for our nature may be restored, and, unless that restoring power came home to us, we, ourselves, may remain in our misery. God provided a remedy for the nature,—the universal nature. In the Incarnation He sent His own Divine son, who took our nature—our human nature:—who took a human body, a human soul, human feelings, a human heart, a human mind, human intellect, human will;—everything that belonged to the nature of man, Christ, our Lord took; but he did not take the individual. Mark it well! You Catholics ought to know the theology of your Divine religion—mark it well. Christ, our Lord, took everything that was in man except the individuality,—personality. That He did not touch. He took our nature, and absorbed it into His own person; but He never took a human person. No man could say of our Lord, pointing to Him: "He is an individual man." No! He was a divine man. When He spoke His words were those not of man, but of God; because the person who spoke was Divine. If He suffered it was the suffering not of man but of God; because the person was Divine. This was necessary; because, unless the Divine Person,—that is to say God,—consented to suffer and to die, the sin of man's nature could never have been wiped out. When, therefore, the Eternal Father, in His love for mankind, sent His co-Eternal Son upon the earth, He, in that act of Incarnation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, provided a remedy for the evil of Adam's nature; for the human

nature that was spoiled. Again I assert that Christ, our Lord, never took the human personality; that He left the individuality of every man to himself; that He did not take the individuality or personality of the man but only the nature. In order to remedy the nature it was necessary, in the designs of God, that God should unite Himself with that nature. Mark this,—that God should unite Himself with man's nature was necessary in the designs of God, in order that man's nature might be purified and restored. Was this necessary to the designs of God? Absolutely necessary. The Virgin Mary,—on that day in Nazareth, when Gabriel stood before her,—represented the human race. She represented human nature, in her alone unfallen; and to that all-pure, and unfallen one, the Angel said: "Mary, a child shall be born to you, and he shall be called the Son of the Most High God." Mary paused; and until Mary, of her own free will answered: "Behold the handmaid of God; be this thing done unto me according to Thy word:" until Mary said that word, the mystery of the Incarnation was suspended, and man's redemption was left hanging upon the will of one woman. But when Mary said the word, human nature, distinct from man's personality, was assumed by God. If Almighty God had not consented to unite Himself with our nature, that nature never could have been redeemed. But, thus we see that one great portion of Adam's evil was remedied in the Incarnation,—namely, that our nature was purified.

But what about the individual? It is not so much the purification of my nature—our common nature; that does not so much concern me, I am an individual man,—the son of my mother; I am a human person; Christ, our Lord, had nothing to say to the human person in the Incarnation. How then am I,—a human person,—to enter into the graces and purity of God? Oh, behold, my brethren, how the two previous designs culminate! Christ, our Lord, multiplied Himself. Christ, our Lord, changed bread and wine into His own divine body and blood. Christ, our Lord, made Himself present in the form of man's food. That food is broken. Every child that cries for that divine bread shall have it. That human individual, that personal creature is united to God, and the individual is sanctified as the nature was sanctified. The nature could not be redeemed or sanctified except by union with God; the individual is sanctified by the same means—union with God in the blessed Eucharist. Thus, then, we see how the design of creation—spoiled in Adam,

—spoiled not only in the nature, but in the individual,—is made perfect in Jesus Christ, as far as regards the mystery of the Incarnation. Well, therefore, He says: “Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you cannot have life in you.” He was speaking to the individual. He did not say, “you cannot have life in your nature.” He put life into human nature by taking that nature upon Himself. There was life there already,—life eternal,—in the person of Jesus Christ. But He was speaking to individuals; and He said to them: “Unless you bring me home unto yourselves, individually, you cannot have life in you; for I am the life;—life indeed;—life eternal, that came down from heaven; and unless you eat of My flesh and drink of My blood you cannot have life in you. For if you do this,—if you eat of this flesh and drink of this blood, then you shall abide in Me and I in you.”

Behold, therefore, dearly beloved, how the mystery of the Incarnation, affecting, as it did, our nature, is brought home in its wonderful expansion to each human person in the Holy Communion. Oh, how sad and terrible—how dreadful is the thought that the devil has succeeded the second time in destroying our nature! First he destroyed our nature in Adam; so he succeeds in destroying the person in heresy, in Protestantism. He came and whispered,—“Christ is not in the Blessed Eucharist! He is not there!” He cut off—by that denial of Protestantism of the Real Presence—the last great design of God, in which the creation and the redemption were to be made perfect in their remedy and brought home to every individual man. Suppose, my children, that some dreadful epidemic came in among you,—some fearful eruption of Asiatic cholera:—that a sailor landed from a ship in New York, with the cholera, and from him it spread through the city;—we would look upon that man as the origin of the evil, because he brought it, as Adam brought evil and sin and misery into this world. Then suppose some great physician arose,—some mighty sage,—and said he held in his hand the great remedy: said to the whole city of New York—“Behold, I am come from a foreign land, where we have never known disease or complaint, with this sovereign remedy in my hand: no one that partakes of this shall ever suffer from this hideous disease.” Would we not take the remedy out of his hands? Would we not eat of that medicine, which is life out of death to us? So Christ, our Lord, represents that great physician, coming with a sovereign remedy in His hand, and with that remedy we will remedy our nature in His

Incarnation. Then he says : "I am come from a foreign land that has never known disease or death. I came from Heaven. I bring the remedy against Adam's corruption and Adam's sin. I am the head of your nature, for I am one with you. So I say to you all : whoever wishes to escape this dire disease, must partake of this miraculous food. It is the self-same food brought down to elevate your nature, that is my own self." What would you think of a man that said : "Don't go near Him ! don't take that food from His hand ! don't believe in Him ?"—thus clinging to disease and death. Why, you see clearly, my brethren, as we, Catholics, believe and know that the Almighty God has sufficiently revealed in His designs that it is absolutely necessary for every man who wishes to be saved and sanctified, to come into present contact with our Lord Jesus Christ, by opening his mouth and receiving the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of the Lord in the Holy Communion.

Such is the design of God. Now it remains for us to say whether that, which so completely fulfills the designs of God, fulfills also the wants of man. Oh ! my brethren, before we leave these designs, let us consider how magnificent they are. The Father loved man. First, in the beginning, when as God He loved His own image. What great love have you for the likeness of your own face in the looking-glass ? Every feature is there, every expression is there, but it is only an image. What love would a man have for his own portrait, even though designed by a master-hand ? Every tint and beauty of color may be there, every delicate trait most true to nature, and to the person represented. But, after all, it is only a piece of canvas, over-laid with a little paint skillfully arranged ; only an image. God, in the second design, beholds in man His own adorable and beloved Son : the Eternal Word, that from all eternity rested in the Father's bosom ; the very figure of His substance, and the splendor of His glory, equal to Him in all things, knowing and loving Him, and loved by Him with a substantial love, which is the third person of the Blessed Trinity—the Holy Ghost. He came down from Heaven, became man ; and the Eternal Father no longer looks upon man as a man would look upon his own picture, as an image. He looks down as a loving father of a family looks down on the face of his eldest son. How different the love of a man is for his own image, reflected in the mirror, or perpetuated by the painter's hand, cold, lifeless, inanimate, and his own image seen in every feature in every lineament of his child ; the child of his own manly love : the child grow-

ing and displaying every perfection, and returning the love of the father ; the child surrounding all the graces of ordinary infancy with a peculiar grace and shining beauty in his father's eyes, until he draws every chord of that father's heart, entwining around him so closely, that if the child should die, or disappear, the father would seem to have lost every purpose of life, and be ready to lie down and die upon the grave of his first-born ! So the Almighty and Eternal God, looking down in the second design of His redemption, beheld one who was not a human person, but His own Divine person ; not merely human, though truly human ; but man and God united. And that union consummated, not in man only, not in the human person, but in God the Divine person, and just as that image of Jesus Christ so captivated the Father's love, that twice He rent the Heavens miraculously, and sent down His voice,—once when Christ was standing in the Jordan ; and another time when He was transfigured on Mount Tabor. On both occasions, the miraculous voice—as if God could no longer contain His love,—saying, “This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Let all hear Him !” That image so captivated the Father's love that he wished to reproduce it in all the children of men,—that He wished to multiply it. It was so fair, so beautiful, that the Eternal Father, whenever He cast His eyes upon the earth, wished to see it multiplied in every man personally. He wished to see every man another Jesus Christ, His Son. He wished to be able to say to you, and to me,—“he is also my beloved child, in whom I am well pleased !” In order to do this, His Divine Son multiplied Himself, and remained upon earth,—broke, as it were, His existence, His perfect existence, His inseparable existence,—broke it ; separated it into a thousand forms ; became upon your lips and mine, and on those of the little child that comes up to this altar—the mere image of God, and receives the Holy Communion, goes down from this altar, and the Father of Heaven looks down and says:—“Behold My beloved Son Jesus Christ, is there !” The Angel guardian that conducts the child to the Altar, prostrates himself before the figure of that child as he returns from the Altar again. For now he is a human person ; but God is in him.

And this is the supreme want of man. That which is the fulfilment of the Divine design is the supreme want. What is that we want Christian believers as you are ?—tell me your great want in this world ? Every man has his own wants and hopes and desires and purposes of life. What is it that you want ? What do we aspire to ? Tell me ? One man

says :—"Weil, I hope to become a wealthy man ; to be the founder of a grand family in the land." Will your hopes stop here, my friend ? The grand family you found will follow you to the grave. Have you brought no hopes with you ? Another says :—"I hope to obtain some distinguished position, the first position in the land." I suppose you will be President of the United States. But the day will come when they will carry the President, and consign him also, to his grave. What is your hope and mine ? Oh, friends and brethren, is it not my hope to bring out in my soul here by grace, and hereafter by glory, the image of the Eternal God, which is stamped upon it ? My hope is to live in the light of Divine Grace, to walk in the beaming of Divine purity. My hope is to keep my will unfettered, that freely I may devote it to the service of my God. My hope is to rise by Divine help into all the majesty of Christian being. And the majesty and the glory of the Christian man lies here,—that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, may be brought out in him. No great one in Heaven, but the greatest of all—the Eternal God and man Jesus Christ, He stamped the God upon our humanity in the Incarnation. He stamped the God upon our nature ; and that stamp He left on our nature ; and we must stamp it upon our person. And the true want of every Christian man, and the true purpose of his existence, is to bring out the Christ that is in him, and to become a son of God. Nothing short of this. If we fail in this, then all our hopes perish from us. If we fail in this, it is in vain that we have achieved every other purpose of life ; it is in vain that we have written our names, even in letters of gold, upon the foremost page of our country's history ; it is in vain that we have left a name to other times, built up upon the solid foundation of every higher quality that is enshrined in the temple of man's immortality. It is in vain that we have accumulated all the world's riches. If we fail to bring out the Christ that is in us, then we are, of all men, the most miserable ; because we have failed in realizing the only true hope, the only true want of the Christian man. What follows ? Says the Saviour—"If a man gain the whole world,"—the world's places, the world's honors—"and lose his own soul, what profiteth it him ?" And the loss of our souls is effected in man by neglecting to bring Christ out in us. For it is written—our vocation, our calling, our justification—that is to say, our sanctification—our alternate glory,—all depend upon one thing,—making ourselves, by Divine grace, conformable to Jesus Christ. For God foreknew and predestina-

ted that we might be made like to the image of Jesus Christ : and "those whom He called He justified, and those whom He justified He loved."

This being the want of man, how is it to be supplied ? Can man alone supply the want ? No ! There are three enemies that stand before us. Powerful and dreadful are each and every one of these enemies, saying to us—"I am come to destroy the Christ in you !" The first of these is the world—the world with its evil maxims ; the world with its pride ; with its avarice, with all its false ideas ; the world with its newspapers and periodicals, with all its theories not stopping short of theorising upon God ;—the world that tells us this influence is elevating, although the Almighty God tells us it is not ; and that mocking buffoonery of religion, dissolving the matrimonial tie, the most sacred of all bonds ; the world, flooded with impurity, evil examples, and its evil maxims and principles, comes before the Christian man hoping to be made like unto Jesus Christ, and says : "I tell you you must not be a Christian. I will surround you by my influence ; I will beset you with evil examples ; I will pollute the moral atmosphere you live in with my false principles, and work the Christ out of you !" Will any man be able, of his own power, to resist this influence and conquer it ? Ah ! it has captivated and enslaved the best intellects of our age ; the grandest minds of our age have been utterly debauched by worldly principles ; for we know the very best intelligences of our age, at this moment, are writing the sheerest nonsense ;—these men who write articles in the newspapers upon commercial subjects ;—these men whose wits are keen as a razor in philosophical speculation ;—quick to perceive a flaw in an argument ;—when these men come to write about religion,—as you will see in looking at any of the leading newspapers of New York to-morrow morning,—what this man and that man said in the various conventicles and churches to-day ;—you will find a Quaker standing up,—a holy man,—humming, hawing, and rocking himself ; lifting up his languid eyes to Heaven ; and then, after a long pause you will find him denying the Divinity of Jesus Christ and declaring that He was not the Son of God at all ! This happened last Sunday in New York. You will find another man coming out with the theory and the belief that man never fell ; and, therefore does not need any remedy. This—in the face of the moral and social corruption and guiltiness of our age, that is revolting to the eyes of God and man ! Thus it is the world surrounds the very best intellects, and the shrewdest and strongest minds. And do you

expect to resist this? No! You cannot do it. You must say with St. Paul: "Of myself I can do nothing; but I can do all things in Him." In Him we can do all things. He is here for you and me.

The next great enemy is the flesh;—the domestic enemy. The blood in our veins, the passions and the senses of our bodies rise up against us, to enslave us, and say: "You must not become like to the Son of God! The Son of God was infinite purity. I will not allow you to possess your soul in purity! I will not allow you to develop the spiritual existence that is within you; you must follow the dictates of your passions; you must become a drunkard, a licentious and impure man! I will fill that eye with the flaming, lustful glances of desire; I will make the absorbing desire for everything base throb in your veins, till it becomes a necessity of your nature." Thus says the flesh. Can we conquer it? The greatest and the grandest of earth's sons are the meanest slaves to their own passions. The grandest names upon the rolls of history,—the greatest heroes,—the greatest beings and the greatest philosophers—have all attached to them—when we turn the leaves of history and look at their lives—the foul stain of their impurity, running through their lives and covering all their existence with the vilest of all earthly passions. No! We cannot conquer this flesh of ours, but in Him,—the Lord our God,—who of old bound up the demon and cast him forth into the desert of Ethiopia. So can we bind, with Him, these unruly passions, and stem the flood of desire in our corrupt and polluted natures, and deny ourselves for Him, who will enable, while He commands us to do it; and to cast forth the demon into the outer world that is so fitted for him.

Finally comes the pride of life, the third enemy. Ambition, the self-reliance, the pride of man, the pride that refuses to be dictated to. "Why"—that pride says—"why should I submit to the commands of religion. Why it tells me I should go like a little child and prepare myself and go to confession! Why it tells me I should go through these devotions that are only fit for women and nuns! Why should I fast and suffer hunger? I have all things around me. Don't I find such and such texts in Scripture that tell me 'All things are good?' Why shall I abstain from anything? Why should I not have my own way, and reject all authority, human and Divine? and, first of all, the law that man must bear the obedience, humility and mortification of Jesus Christ in him if he would be

saved?" Will you be able to contend against this pride? this pride that carries away the best and highest of earth's children? No! You will never be able to contend against it, to keep the humility of your intellect, the fidelity of your faith, unless you feed upon Him who is the source of all virtue and all life. And thus, it is only by the same means that Christ has brought forth in man in the Incarnation,—by God uniting Himself in our nature with Christ,—that he is united with us in the Holy Communion. Therefore, it accomplishes at once all the designs of God.

I have done my duty. I have finished my theme. Nothing remains for me but to remind the Catholics who are here,—the Catholics of this city,—the Catholic men who were nourished in the Catholic faith and derived that faith from Catholic—and many among them from Irish—mothers,—to remind you that, for three hundred years of persecution and death, it was the Holy Communion, and Ireland's devotion to it, that kept the faith alive in our fathers. They resisted that pride of life. The world came and declared to them that they should give up their faith. They said no, against the whole world. They kept their faith through Jesus Christ, in the Holy Communion. They resisted their passions and restrained them; so that Ireland's purity, in the purity of her daughters and the manliness of her sons—(a virtue that always accompanies personal purity and purity of race), was unexcelled. They resisted even when titles and honors were ready to be showered upon them. And when high intellect was challenged to disprove the faith in which they believed, they bowed down before their time-honored altars; and Ireland's faith in her religion was never stronger than in the days when she suffered most for it. I say to you, Catholics of New York, that no man can be saved from the flesh within and the Devil that is beneath him unless Jesus Christ lead him. I tell you, Catholics of New York,—men of New York, who only go once a year to Holy Communion—that it would be almost better for you if you did not know the truth. If you want to know the explanation of your sins,—of the drunkenness around you,—of the impurity and savage assaults committed; of all the other quick, hasty crimes of which our Irish nature is more capable than of the meaner and more corrupt crimes,—the reason of it all is this,—that you are not frequent and fervent communicants. If you ask me for a rule, I find, although I go to Communion every day of my life, I have enough to do still to conquer my spiritual enemies. And, if I, a priest, have enough to contend with to

be saved after receiving the Holy Communion every morning,—how can you be saved? If you ask me for a rule I will give it in a few words. I believe every man who wishes to have the peace of Christ, and join in His Christian holiness, and have Christ brought forth in him,—that man should be, at least, a monthly communicant.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the Rev. Father Burke, on Friday evening, May 31, in the Academy of Music, New York,—proceeds to be devoted to the benefit of the Dominican Order.]

“THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF IRELAND.”

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The subject on which I propose to address you this evening is already, I am sure, sufficiently suggested to you by the beautiful Harp that stands before me (applause). The subject of the lecture is the National music of Ireland and the Bards of Ireland, as recorded in the history of the nation. I have chosen this subject, my dear friends, whereon to address you, and if you ask me why—knowing that it was to be my privilege to address an audience mostly of my fellow-countrymen, I thought I could find no theme on which, as an Irishman, to address my fellow-countrymen more fitting than that of music (applause). I remember that among the grandest and most ancient titles that history gives to Ireland there was the singular title of “The Island of Song.” I remember that Ireland alone, among all the nations of the earth, has, for her national emblem, a musical instrument. When other nations stand in the battle-field, in the hour of national effort and national triumph;—when other nations celebrate their victories;—when they unfold the national banner, we behold there the lion, or some emblem of power; the Cross, or some emblem of faith; the stars,—as in the “Star Spangled Banner” of America—an emblem of rising hope (loud cheers); but it is only in the bygone days, when Ireland had a national standard, and upheld it gloriously on the battle-field—it was only then that Ireland unfolded that national standard, which, floating out upon the breezes of Heaven, displayed, embodied in that “banner of green,” the golden Harp of Erin. What

Wonder then that, when I would choose a subject, pleasing to you and to me,—something calculated to stir all those secret emotions of national life and historical glory which are still our inheritance though we are a conquered people,—that I should have chosen the subject of our national music (cheers). But, first of all, my friends, when we analyze the nature of man, we find that he is a being made up of a body and a soul ; that is to say there are two distinct elements of nature which unite in man. There is the body—perishable—material—gross : there is the soul—spiritual—angelic, and coming to us from Heaven. For, when the Creator made man, He formed, indeed, his body from out of the slime of the earth ; but He breathed, from His own divine lips, the vital spark, and set upon his soul the sign of divine resemblance to Himself. The soul of man is the seat of thought ;—it is the seat of affection ;—it is the seat of all the higher spiritual and pure emotions. But, grand as this soul is—magnificent in its nature, in its origin, in its ultimate destiny,—it is so united to the body of man, that, without the evidence of the senses of the body, the soul can receive no idea, nor the spirit throb to any high or spiritual emotion. The soul, therefore, dwelling within us, is ever waiting as it were to receive the sensations that the five bodily senses convey to it. All its pleasure or its pain, its sorrow or its joy,—all must come through the evidence of these senses. The eye looks upon something pleasant—upon these beautiful flowers of nature's loveliness ;—and the pleasure that the eye receives passes to the soul, and creates the emotion of the feeling of pleasure in the body, for a thing of beauty, and, in the soul, of gratitude to the Lord God who gave it.

Among all these senses of the body—although the eye be the master, as St. Augustine tells us, still the sensations which the soul receives through the ear—the sense of hearing—are the highest, most innocent and spiritual of all. The evidence of the eye seems to appeal more directly to the intelligence of the mind ; it stirs us up to think ; it seldom calls up the strong, passionate, instantaneous emotion ; but it stirs up the mind to think and consider. The ear, on the other hand, seems to bring its testimony more directly to the spirit,—to the seat of the affections in man. The sense of hearing appeals more to the heart than to the mind. Hence it is that, although “faith comes by hearing,” and faith is the act of the intellect, bowing down before that great truth which it apprehends through the sense of hearing, and at the sound of the preacher's voice—it is still the

medium through which that faith is received into the soul. Thus, the Church of God has always recognized, and from the earliest ages has striven, by the sweet strains of her sacred music, to move the affections of man towards God (applause). But, in the truth, has it not been from the beginning thus,—that men have always been accustomed to express their emotions of joy or of sorrow to the sound of song? Our first parent had not yet quitted this earth,—this earth, which was made so miserable by his sin,—until his eyes beheld, among the descendants of Cain, a man named Tubal, “who was the father of those who play upon organs and musical instruments.” It was fitting and harmonious that the first musician the world ever beheld should have been a child of the reprobate and murderer, Cain. Almighty God permitted that music should start from out the children of the most unhappy of men. No doubt they sought, by the sweet strains of melody, to lighten the burden that pressed upon the heart and spirit of their most unhappy father. No doubt they tried in the same strains of sweet melody to give vent to their own sorrows or to lighten the burden of their grief and despair, by expressing it in the language of song. For, so it is in the nature of man. The little babe in its mother’s arms expresses its sense of pain by the wail of sorrow; and expresses its meaning so well, when the mother sees her child’s lips open and emit the loud, articulate cry of joy, and she knows that the mysterious sunshine of delight and pleasure is beaming upon the soul of her child. The mother herself may have never sung until the voice of nature is awakened within her when first she bears her first-born in her arms. Then she learns the lay that soothes it to sleep:—

“The mother taught by nature’s hand.
Her child, when weeping, will lull to sleeping
With the tender songs of her native land.”

(Applause). That music,—the natural melody of music,—has a powerful influence upon the soul of man, I need not tell you. There is not one among us who has not experienced, at some time or other, in listening to the strains of sweet melody—the strains of song, the sensation either of joy increased, or sorrow soothed, in his soul. Thus, of old, when Saul, the King of Israel, abandoned his God, and an evil spirit came upon him, from time to time shadowing and clouding his mind with despair, bringing to him the frenzy of ungovernable sorrow,—then his skilful men sought and brought him the youth David; and he sat in the presence of the king; and when the

spirit came upon Saul and troubled him, David took his harp and played upon it: and the spirit departed, and the king was calmed, and his mighty sorrow passed away. So in like manner, when the people of old would express their joy or exultation before the Lord God, as in the day when the glorious temple of Jerusalem was opened and one hundred and twenty priests came and stood before all the people, and from brazen trumpets, sent forth the voice of melody; and the house of the Lord was filled with music, and every heart was gladdened, and all Israel lifted up its voice in song and unison with their royal Prophet King as he played upon his harp of gold (applause). Thus it is that among the various senses, and their evidences, the sense of hearing, through music, is that which seems most directly and immediately to touch the heart and the spirit of man. It is the most spiritual in itself of all the senses. The object that meets the eye is something tangible, substantial—material. The object that appeals to the taste is something gross and material. The thing that presents itself to the senses, through the touch, must be palpable and material. But what is it that the sense of hearing presents to the soul. It is an almost imperceptible wave of sound, acting upon a delicate membrane,—a fibre the most delicate in the human body,—the drum of the ear,—which is affected by the vibration of the air carrying the sound on its invisible wings. And thus it comes—a spiritual breath, through the most spiritual and soul-like of all the senses, and of all the evidence those senses bring to the soul of man.

The effect of music upon the memory is simply magical. Have you ever, my friends, tested it? Is there anything in this world that so acts upon our memory as the sound of the old familiar song that we may not have heard for years. We heard it, perhaps, in some lonely glen, in dear old Ireland, let us say (applause.) We have been familiar from our youth with the sound of that ancient melody, as the man sang it following his horses, ploughing the field; as the old mother murmured it, as she rocked the child; as the milk-maid chanted it as she milked the cows in the evening; it is one of the traditions of our young hearts, and of our young senses. Then, when we leave the green land, and go out among strange people, we hear strange words and strange music. The songs of our native land for a moment are forgotten, until, upon a day, perhaps, as we are passing, that air, or old song, is sung again. Oh, in an instant, that magic power in the sound of the old, familiar notes throngs the halls of the memory with the dead. They rise out of their graves,

the friends of our youth, the parents, and the aged ones whom we loved and revered. Our first love rises out of her grave, in all the freshness of her beauty. So they throng the halls of memory the ones we may have loved in the past, with the friends whom we expected never to think of again (applause).

Well does the poet describe it when he says—

“ When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we us'd to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear ;
Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain,
Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept—
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

“ Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental-flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
It's memory lives in Music's breath.

“ Music !—oh ! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell !
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
Friendship's balmy words may feign.
Love's are ev'n more false than they ;
Oh ! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

No words of mine can exaggerate the power that music has over the soul of man. When the glorious sons of St. Ignatius, —the magnificent Jesuits (applause,)—went down to evangelize South America,—to evangelize the native Indians,—the hostile tribes lined the river bank; the savage chieftains and warriors, in their war-paint and dress, stood ready to send their poisoned arrows through the hearts of these men. They would not listen to them, or open their minds to their influence, until, at length, one of these heroic Jesuit Missionaries, who were in the boat, took a musical instrument and began to play one of the old sacred melodies, and the others lifted up their voices and sang; sweetly and melodiously they sang, voice dropping in after voice, singing the praises of Jesus and Mary. The woods resounded to their peaceful chants; the very birds upon the trees hushed their songs

that they might hear; and the savages threw down their arms and rushed, weaponless, into the river, following after the boats, listening, with captive hearts, to the music. Thus upon the sound of song did the light of divine grace and of faith and Christianity reach the savage breasts of these Indians (applause). What shall we say of the power of music in stirring up all the nobler emotions of man? The soldier arrives after his forced march, tired upon the battle-field. He hopes for a few hours rest before he is called upon to put forth all his strength. The bugle sounds in the morning, and this poor and unrested man is obliged to stand to his arms all day, and face death in a thousand forms. The tug of war lasts the whole day long. Now retreating, now advancing, every nerve is braced up, every motion excited in him, until at length, nature appears to yield, and the tired warrior seems unable to wield his sword another hour. But the national music strikes up; the bugle and the trumpets send forth their sounds in some grand national strain! Then with the clash of the cymbal all the fire is aroused in the man. Drooping, fainting, perhaps wounded as he is, he springs to his arms again. Every nobler emotion of valor and patriotism is raised within him; to the sound of this music, to the inspiration of this national song, he rushes to the front of the battle, and sweeps his enemy from the field (great applause). Thus when we consider the nature of music, the philosophy of music, do we find that it is of all other appeals to the senses the most spiritual,—that it is of all other appeals to the soul the most powerful, that it operates not as much by the mode of reflection as in exciting the memory and the imagination, causing the spirit of the affections of men to rise to nobler efforts and to thrill with sublime emotions and influences. And, therefore, I say it is, of all other sciences, the most noble and the most god-like, and the grandest that can be cultivated by man on this earth (applause).

And, now, as it is with individuals, so it is with nations. As the individual expresses his sense of pain by the discordant cry which he utters; as the individual expresses the joy of his soul by the clear voice of natural music; so, also, every nation has its own tradition of music, and its own national melody and song. Wherever we find a nation with a clear, distinct, sweet and emphatic tradition of national music, coming down from sire to son, from generation to generation, from the remotest centuries,—there have we evidence of a people strong in character, well marked in their national disposition —there have we evidence of a most ancient civilization. But

wherever on the other hand you find a people light and frivolous,—not capable of deep emotions in religion,—not deeply interested in their native land, and painfully affected by her present state,—a people easily losing their nationality or national feeling, and easily mingling with strangers and amalgamating with them,—there you will be sure to find a people with scarcely any tradition of national melody that would deserve to be classed among the songs of a nation (applause). Now, among these nations, Ireland,—that most ancient and holy island in the Western sea,—claims, and deservedly, upon the record of history, the first and grandest preëminence among all people (prolonged applause). I do not deny to other nations high musical excellence. I will not even say that in this, our day, we are not surpassed by the music of Germany, by the music of Italy, or the music of England. Germany, for purity of style, for depth of expression, for the argument of song, surpasses all the nations to-day (applause). Italy is acknowledged to be the queen of that lighter, more pleasing, sparkling, and to me more pleasant style of music. In her own style of music England is supposed to be superior to Italy, and, perhaps, equal to Germany. But great as are the musical attainments of these great peoples, there is not one of these nations, or any other nation, that can point back to such a national melody, to such a body of national music as the Irish (great applause). Remember that I am not speaking now of the labored composition of some great master; I am not speaking now of a wonderful Mass, written by one man; or a great oratorio, written by another;—works that appeal to the ear refined and attuned by education;—works that delight the critic. I am speaking of the song that lives in the hearts and voices of all the people—I am speaking of the national songs you will hear from the husbandman, in the field, following the plow; from the old woman singing to the infant on her knee; from the milkmaid, coming from the milking; from the shoemaker at his work, or the blacksmith at the forge, while he is shoeing the horse [applause]. This is the true song of the nation:—this is the true national melody that is handed down, in a kind of traditional way, from the remotest ages; until in the more civilized and cultivated time, it is interpreted into written music; and then the world discovers, for the first time, a most beautiful melody in the music that has been murmured in the glens and mountain valleys of the country for hundreds and thousands of years.

Italy has no such song. Great as the Italians are, as masters, they have no popularly received tradition of music.

The Italian peasant [I have lived among them for years]—the Italian peasant, while working in the vineyard, has no music except two or three high notes of a most melancholy character, commencing upon a high dominant and ending in a semitone, producing an effect something between the humming of a bee and the praying of another animal which I will not mention (laughter). The peasants of Tuscany and of Campagna, when, after their day's work, they meet in the summer evenings, to have a dance, have no music; only a girl takes a tambourine, and beats upon it, marking time; and they dance to that; but they have no music. So with other countries. But go to Ireland; listen to the old woman as she rocks herself in her chair, and pulls down the hank of flax for the spinning; listen to the girl coming home from the field with the can of milk on her head; and what do you hear?—the most magnificent melody of music. Go the country merry-makings and you will be sure to find the old fiddler, or white headed piper an infinite source of the brightest and most sparkling music (applause).

How are we to account for this? We must seek the cause of it in the remotest history. It is a historical fact that the maritime or sea-coast people of the North and West of Europe were, from time immemorial, addicted to song. We know for instance, that in the remotest ages, the Kings of our sea-girt island, when they went forth upon their warlike forays, were always accompanied by their harper, or minstrel, who animated them to deeds of heroic bravery. Even when the Danes came sweeping down in their galleys upon the Irish coast, high in the prow of every war-boat sat the *scald*, or poet,—yellow-haired, heroic, wrinkled with time;—the historian of all their national wisdom and their national prowess. And when they approached their enemy, sweeping with their long arms, through the waves he rose in the hour of battle, and poured forth his soul in song, and fired every warrior to the highest and most heroic deeds. Thus it was in Ireland when Nial of the Nine Hostages swept down upon the coast of France; and took St. Patrick (then a youth) prisoner; the first sounds that greeted the captive's ear were the strains of our old Irish harper, celebrating in a language he then knew not, the glories and victories of heroes long departed (applause).

Now, it was Ireland's fortune that the sons of Milesius came and settled there. They came from Spain in the earliest ages, and they brought with them a tradition of civilization, of law and of national melody. They established a sys-

tem of jurisprudence, established the reign of law of empire, and of national government in the land; they made Ireland a nation governed by Kings recognizing her constitution and laws—governed by an elective constitutional monarchy. Assembled thus, they met in the lofty and heroic halls of ancient Tara. There our ancient history tells us that, after the king who sat upon his throne, the very first places among the princes of the royal family were given to the bards. They were the historians of the country. They wrote the history of the nation in their heroic verse, and proclaimed that history in their melodious song; they were the priests of that ancient form of paganism, that ancient and mysterious form of Druidical worship which found its inspiration in the charm of melody. And so they popularized their false gods, by appealing to the nation's heart, through song. They were the favorite counsellors of the kings; they were the most learned men in the land; they knew all the national traditions, and all the nation's resources: and, therefore, if a war was to be planned, or an alliance to be formed, or a treaty to be made, the bards were called into the council; it was their wise counsel that guided and formed the national purposes. They accompanied the warrior-king to the field of battle; and that warrior-king's highest hope was that, in returning triumphant from the field of his glory, his name might be immortalized among his fellow-men, and enthroned in the fame of the bardic song; and that even if he was borne back dead upon his shield, from the field of battle, his name would be perpetuated, and his fame would live on in the hearts and minds of his countrymen, enshrined in the glories of National song (applause). Hence it is, that from the earliest date of Irish history,—long before the light of Christianity beamed upon us,—the bards were the greatest men in the land. The minstrels of Erin filled the land with the sound of their song; and the very atmosphere of Ireland was impregnated with music. The hour is yet near when God gave to our native land, its highest gift, namely, a truly poetic child. When Ireland's poet came to find fame and immortality in Ireland, nothing was left to him, nothing required of him, but take these ancient melodies floating in the land, to interpret the Celtic in which they were found, into the language of to-day, and Tom Moore, Ireland's poet (great cheering), well might say, as he took Erin's harp in his hand—

“ Dear Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee;
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long;
Where proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song.

The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
 Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill,
 But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
 That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.
 "Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
 Go, sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone,
 I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thine own.

Yes; Ireland's poet was a lover of his country, and was smitten with her glory; but finding that glory eclipsed in the present, he went back to seek it in the past, and found every ancient tradition of Erin's ancient greatness still living in the hearts of the people and the voice of their National song (applause). It was the music of Ireland, as it was the bards of Ireland that kept the nation's life-blood warm, even when that life-blood seemed to be flowing from every vein. It was the sympathy of Ireland's music,—the strong, tender sympathy of her bards,—that sustained the National spirit, even when all around seemed hopeless. The first great passage in our history, as recorded by Ireland's poet, and by him attuned to a sweet ancient melody, describes the landing of the Milesians in Ireland. It was many centuries before Christianity beamed upon the land. An ancient Druidical prophecy foretold that the sons of a certain chief called Gadeliu were to inherit a beautiful island in the West. This became a dream of hope to that family; so, at last, they resolved to seek this island of "Innisfail." And, as the poet so beautifully expresses it,—

"They came from a land beyond the sea;
 And now o'er the Western main,
 Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
 From the sunny land of Spain.
 'Oh! where's the isle we've seen in dreams?
 Our destined home or grave,'—
 Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
 They swept the Atlantic wave.

"And lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
 A sparkle of radiant green
 As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
 Whose light through the wave was seen.
 'Tis Innisfail!—'tis Innisfail!
 Rings o'er the echoing sea
 While, bending to Heaven, the warriors hail
 The home of the brave and free."

For many years after their landing, the Milesians labored to make Ireland a great country; and they succeeded. But the brightest light of all had not yet beamed upon us; the light of Christianity was not yet upon the land. Yet many indications foretold its coming; and among others, there is one, commemorated in ancient tradition and ancient song which the poet has rendered into the language of our day. We are told that, years before Ireland became Catholic, the daughter of a certain king named Leara, or Lir, whose name was Fiounnala, was changed by some magic agency into the form of a swan; and she was doomed to roam through the lakes and rivers of Ireland, until the time when the bell of Heaven should be heard ringing for the first Mass; then the unhappy princess was to be restored to her natural shape. So the reasoning bird sailed on, and she sang to the rivers and to the lakes and to the cascades, the song;—

“Silent, Oh Moyle, be the roar of thy waters;
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose;
While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
When shall Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?”

“Sadly, Oh Moyle, to thy winter wave weeping,
Faith bids me languish long ages away;
For still in her darkness does Erin lie sleeping;
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When shall the day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When shall Heaven its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above.”

The light came; and Patrick, the Catholic Bishop, stood upon Tara's height, to meet the intelligence, the music, and the mind of Ireland. The light came; and Patrick, the Bishop, stood with a voice ringing to words never heard before in the Celtic tongue, and to a music newly awakened in the land, with the Gospel of Christ upon his lips, and the green Shamrock in his hand. And these wise Druids leaned upon their harps, listened and argued until conviction seized upon them, and Dhubhac, the head of the bards, seized his harp and said: “Oh, ye Kings and men of Erin! this man speaks the glory of the true God; and this harp of mine shall never resound again save unto the praises of Patrick's God” (loud applause). Then all that was in Ireland, of intelligence, of affection, of

bravery, of energy, of talent, and of soul, rose up; they sprang to Patrick, clasped him to their hearts, and rose to the very height of Catholic and Christian perfection, with all the energy and the noble heart of the old Celtic Nation (applause).

Then began three centuries of such glory as the world never beheld before or since. The whole island became an island of saints and sages. Monasteries and colleges crowned every hill and sanctified every valley; and this era of music was long known and dearly loved, until the whole island became the monastic centre of Europe. Upon the rising heights of Mungret on the Shannon's banks, five hundred monks, all well-skilled in music, sang the praises of God. In Bangor in the county Down, thousands of Irish Monks established the custom of taking up the praise of God in successive choirs,—night and day, day and night;—so that the voice of the singer, the notes of the harper, the sound of the organ were never for an instant silent in the glorious choirs of that ancient monastery. Then do we read, upon the testimony of one of our bitterest enemies, the English historian, Sylvester Giraldus, commonly known as "Giraldus Cambrensis," that the Irish so excelled in music, that the Kings of Scotland and Wales came thence to Ireland to look for harpers and minstrels to take back with them, to be the pride and honor of their courts. And the students who came from all the ends of the earth to study in the colleges and schools of Ireland, among other things, learned the music of the land, and went home to charm their parents and their fellow countrymen, in Germany, in France, in the North of Italy, with the strains and the splendid tradition of music that they had learned in the island that was the mother of song (applause).

St. Columba, or Columkille, was the head of the bards in Ireland. At that time, so great was the honor in which the bards were held, that an Irish King bestowed the barony of Ross-Carberry,—a large estate, carrying with it titles of nobility,—upon a minstrel harper, in return for a glorious song. O how well must the bard have been honored! how magnificently and grandly appreciated, when the Kings of the land sought to bestow their highest dignities upon the child of song. In this degenerate age, if a thing is worth scarcely anything, our phrase is "'tis scarcely worth a song!" But, fourteen hundred years ago, a song in Ireland, if it was well written, and set to original music, and the harper could skilfully sweep the chords of his lyre, and excite joy or pleasure in the heart of his monarch,—that harper received a crown of gold, broad lands and titles of nobility (applause).

A few years later, we find that there were twelve hundred masters of the art of music in Ireland, and that King Hugh, of Ireland, was so much afraid of them,—of their influence with the people, beside which his own royalty seemed to be nothing,—so deeply was music loved by the people,—that he became jealous, and was about to pass a decree for the destruction of the minstrels wholesale; when St. Columba, who was far away at Iona, hearing that his brother bards were about to be destroyed, hastened from his far northern island: and it is said that, as, in his remorse, he had made a vow never to look upon the green soil of his country again, he came blindfolded and blindfolded he went. He was a bard; and he pleaded as a bard for his fellow-bards; and he succeeded. And well it is said, that Ireland and Scotland may well be grateful to the founder of Iona, who saved the music which is now the brightest gem in the crown of both lands (applause).

But the piety and the peace that shone upon the land by the glory of Ireland's virtue in these by-gone days were so manifest, that, as if they knew it but had no fear, the kings and the chieftains of the land resolved to test it. From the Northwest point of the island, a young maiden, radiant in beauty, alone and unprotected, covered with jewels, set out to travel throughout the whole length of the land. On the highway she trod any hour of the morning, mid-day, and the evening; she penetrated through the centre of the island; she crossed the Shannon; she swept the Western coast, and came up again to the shores of Munster; she penetrated into the heart of royal Tipperary (great applause); she met her countrymen on every mile of her road;—no man of Ireland even offended her by a fixed stare; no man of Ireland addressed to her an imprudent word; no hand of Ireland was put forth to take from her defenceless body one single gem or jewel that shone thereon (prolonged and vehement applause). The poet describes her as meeting a foreign knight, a stranger from a distant land, who came to behold the famed glory of Catholic Ireland:—

“ Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, Oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

“ Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone, and so lovely, along this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold? ”

"Sir knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For though they love woman and golden store
Sir knight! they love honor and virtue more!"

"On she went, and her maiden smile,
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
On Erin's honor, and Erin's pride."

This vision of historic loveliness and glory was rudely shattered and broken by the Danish invasion at the end of the 8th century. The Danes landed on the coast of Wexford; and the fate of the country was imperilled; the piety of the country was threatened; the religion of the country almost extinguished; and for three hundred years, the question was of national existence. In every field of the land, the blood of the people flowed like water. For instance, when the Danes and the Irish met in the county of Wicklow, they encountered each other in the "sweet Vale of Avoca." The battle began at six o'clock in the morning; it lasted till nightfall. The rivers flowed red with blood: but, when the sun was setting, and the Irish standard of green, with the harp upon its folds,—then *crowned*, not crownless, as to-day,—was flung out, the Gael were victorious, and six thousand dead bodies of the Danes covered the Vale of Avoca (applause). Something more glorious even than the tender reminiscences of our national poet is the recall of the victory which was gained there. He praises the Vale for its beauty:—

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

But it is not "the beauty that nature has shed o'er the scene" that is its grandest reminiscence; it is the battle that mingled itself in that vale, which saw the glorious King Malachi the second, return victorious, wearing

"The collar of gold,
Which he won from the proud invader,"

—(applause)—that evening that saw the laurels of Avoca sprinkled with the red blood of the Danish foe (applause). For as the poet says,—

"Less dear the laurel growing,
 Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
 Than this whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
 The brows with victory glowing.

"We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag flutters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us."

This was Ireland's cry on that glorious field (renewed applause). Yet, although the future was so grievously imperilled,—although so many interests were threatened with destruction,—yet Ireland during these three hundred years of Danish war kept her music. Her bards were in the battle-fields; and often the sound of the harp mingled with the cry of the combatants; and often the hand that "smote down the Dane," like that of the glorious King who fell at Clontarf,—Brian Boromhe,—was a hand that could not only draw the sword and wield it, but could sweep the harp, and bring forth from its chords of silver or of gold the genius and the tenderness of Irish song [applause]. But on the field of Clontarf, when Brian went forth to the battle, the chief of his bards, Mac Laig, who accompanied him to the field, and went before him as he reviewed his army, brought forth with trembling fingers, the spirit of the national music, and braced the arms of the hero. That minstrel had to take back with him the dead body of his aged and crownless monarch; and he lifted up his voice in a song, the sweetest and most tender, yet most manly expression of the grief of the friend and servant, as he sat in the halls of Kincora, and filled it with his lamentation over the body of Ireland's greatest King [applause]. He told the nation to remember his glories, and the bards to fling out the name of Brian as the strongest argument of bravery.

"Remember the glories of Brian the Brave,
 Though the days of the hero are o'er,
 Though lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
 He returns to Kincora no more.
 The star of the field, which so often hath poured
 Its beam o'er the battle is set;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
 To light us to victory yet.

"Mononia! when Nature embellish'd each tint
 Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,—
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print,
 The footstep of slavery there?
 No! Freedom whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains."

Brian passed to his honored grave and to the immortality of his Irish human fame; and with his lips upon the crucifix he sent forth his spirit to God. The unhappy year 1168 came, and brought with it the curse of Ireland in the first cause of the English invasion. Bear with me, ye maidens and mothers of Ireland, bear with me when I tell you that this curse was brought upon us by an Irishwoman; and I would not mention her save that in all history she is the only daughter of Ireland who ever fixed a stain on the white banner of Erin [applause]. She was an Irish princess named Dearbhorgil, who was married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, but eloped with Dermot MacMurchad, King of Leinster. O'Ruark, at the time, was absent on a religious pilgrimage of devotion. His return to his abandoned home, and his despair are commemorated in song. The whole nation was aroused, and the unhappy Dearbhorgil and her paramour, the King of Leinster, were banished from the Irish soil. Why? Because with her traditions of fame and glory, there was no room on the soil of Ireland for the adulterous man or for the faithless woman (tremendous applause). Thus driven forth, MacMurchad invoked the aid of Henry II. to reinstate him; and, in the year 1169, that monarch sent over an English, or rather a Norman army; they set foot upon Ireland; and there they are, unfortunately, to-day. From that hour to this, the history of Ireland is written in tears and blood. On returning, his thoughts full of God, O'Ruark sees the towers of his castle rise before him. The poet thus describes his emotion:

"The valley lay smiling before me,
Where so lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled and something hung o'er me,
That saddened the joy of my mind.
I looked for the lamp, which she told me,
Should shine when her pilgrim returned;
But, though darkness began to unfold me,
No lamp from the battlements burned.

"I flew to her chamber;—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead!
Ah! would it were death and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled!
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pain into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throbbed to a proud rival's kiss.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

“There was a time, falsest of women,
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man through a million of foemen
Who dared but to wrong thee in thought!
While now,—oh, degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
Through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

“Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane,
They come to divide, to dishonor,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But, onward! the green banner rearing;
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.”

The war,—the sacred war,—began. We know that for four hundred sad years that war was carried on with varying success. In many a field was it well fought and well defended—this cause of Ireland's national independence. Many a man, glorious in her history, wrote his name upon its annals with the point of a sword dripping with Saxon blood (applause). Yet the cause was a losing one though not a lost one (prolonged and enthusiastic applause). Well might Ireland's patriots weep when they saw diversion in the camp, diversion in the council;—when they saw the brightest names in Ireland's history going to look for Norman honors,—to sink the proud names of O'Brien O'Niel, or O'Donnell in the vain title of the Earl of this, or the Earl of that. Well might the impassioned minstrel exclaim in the agony of the thought that, perhaps, Ireland was never more to be a nation—

“Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When armed for right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them;
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honors to enslave him,
The noblest honors worn by man,
Were those which virtue gave him.”

How fared it with those bards during this long protracted agony of national woe? They still animated the hopes of the nation: they still made their appeals to the Irish heart: they still made the pulse of the nation vibrate again to the vibration of their glorious harps. Spenser, the English poet reproached them, because they sang only of love. Alas! they

had scarcely any other field. The time of national glory—of national prosperity—was gone. They were the voice of an oppressed and down-trodden people; therefore did the Irish bard answer—

“Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame;
He was born for much more, and, in happier hours,
His soul might have burned with a holier flame.
The string which now languishes loose o’er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior’s dart;
And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have poured the full tide of a patriot’s heart.”

Yes; they did not content themselves, these bards, with merely animating the national purpose, and thrilling and rousing the national heart and courage. They did more. In the day of battle and danger, when they sounded the tocsin for the war and for the fight, then the bards that could have awakened, and did awaken, the tenderest strains of song, were foremost in the battle-field, fighting for Erin. It is more than an idle tradition that, which is embodied in the poet’s verse—

“The minstrel boy to the war has gone
In the ranks of death you’ll find him:
His father’s sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
‘Land of song,’ cried the warrior bard,
‘Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful heart shall praise thee.’

“The minstrel fell, but the foeman’s chain,
Could not bring his proud soul under,
The harp he loved, ne’er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, ‘No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery.’”

Three hundred years ago that mild and holy man whose name I have sometimes had occasion to mention before, at the sound of whose name rises before you the picture of a bloated, wallowing swine, with his blood-shot, inflamed eyes, reeking with lust, and his hands clutching for a throat, to grasp a sufferer and extinguish a life; and his huge frame scarcely able to move;—well, his name is, Harry the VIII.

(derisive laughter) :—one of the first laws that he made was, that every harper and every minstrel in Ireland should be put to death. It was so like him. He was so fond of killing people,—especially women (laughter). Every good-looking lady in England, in his time, was dreadfully afraid of him; and, if you wanted a lady to faint, or to put up her hands to see if her head was on her shoulders, you had only to say, “I hear the King is a great admirer of yours” (renewed laughter). Then, and even before his time, from the day that the Norman invader first set foot on the soil of Ireland,—we have the testimony of history for it; we have the decrees of the English monarchs for it,—the Irish bards and minstrels—Irish to their heart’s core—were in the habit of coming into the English camp, and playing their national Irish airs. The English knew that these men were their enemies: they had orders from the king to slay any harper that came into the camp, because, they came only as spies, to find out the strength and disposition of their forces; yet, oh! glory of Ireland! so sweet was the performance of these men—so melodious their music, that in spite of the royal decree, the English soldiers, officers, and generals, used to go out to look for these harpers and bring them into the camp (cheers). Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote a history of Ireland,—I don’t say every word of it is a lie—but every sentence is a lie—(laughter)—even he was obliged to admit there was no such music heard in the world;—and coming down to the 18th century, the learned and accomplished Geminiani, who died in Dublin, in 1783, left in his history of music, these words :—“There is no original music in the West of Europe, except the Irish.” Queen Elizabeth, following in the footsteps of her *holy* and accomplished father, imitating him in everything, even in her immaculate purity, resembling him perfectly, except, that while her father was corpulent as a whale, she was as thin as a herring (laughter), this Queen of England passed another law. She said, “We never can conquer Ireland, and we can never make Ireland Protestant as long as the minstrels are there;” and she passed a law that they were all to be hung; and there was a certain lord in her court, with, I regret to say, an Irish title, my Lord Barrymore, who promised to do this, and was appointed, and took out a commission to hang every man that was a harper. Why? Because the same spirit by which the bard and minstrel had kept the nation up to its national contest, now turned its attention to the other element of discord, and thus the national war became a religious war, and the bard proved as Catholic, as he was Irish.

There are two ideas in the mind of every true Irishman, and these two ideas England never was able to root out of the land, nor out of the intellect, nor out of the hearts of the Irish people. And these two ideas are:—Ireland is a nation (great and prolonged applause). That is number one (renewed cheers). Ireland is a Catholic nation; and so will she remain (renewed applause). Plundered of our property, they made us poor. We preferred poverty rather than deny our religion and become renegades to God. Our schools were taken from us, and they thought they were reducing us thereby to a state of beastly ignorance. They made it a crime for an Irishman to teach his son how to read. Our religion kept us enlightened in spite of them. England never, never succeeded in affixing the stain of degradation and ignorance upon the Irish people. (A voice—"Nor never will." Cheers.) They robbed us of liberty as well as of property; they robbed us of life; they took the best of the land and slaughtered them; they took the holy priests from the altars and slaughtered them. They took our Bishops, the glorious men of old, and slew them. When Ireton entered Limerick, he found O'Brien, the Bishop of Emly—a saint of God—found him there—where an Irish Bishop ought to be—in the midst of his people, rallying them to the fight, sending them into the breach again and again (great applause). They took O'Brien, the Irish Bishop, brought him into the open street, before his people, and they slaughtered him, as a butcher would slaughter a beast (sensation). They took Bishop O'Hurley, and brought him to Stephen's Green, in Dublin, and there tied him to a stake, and roasted him to death at a slow fire. They took 600 of my own brave brethren,—Dominicans,—brave, true men, Irishmen all. Oliver Cromwell, wherever you are to-night, I believe you have the blood of these 600 priests upon you—all except four! There were only four left! Think of this! They thought that when an Irishman was completely crushed, he ought to buy at least an acre of land, the land that belonged to him, or a morsel of bread to feed his family, by becoming a Protestant Irishman—men and women—declared that their religion and their faith was dearer to them than their lives (applause). The Irish peasant man—pure, strong, warlike, determined, high-minded, true to his God, true to his native land, true to his fellow-men, kneeled down before the ruined shrine of the Catholic Church, that he loved, and to that Church he said:—

"Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turned.
Yes, slave as I was, in thine arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows, that made me more dear to thee.

"Thy rival was honor'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;
Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee."

This time England recognized in the Irish bards not only the enemies of her dominion, which would fain extinguish the nationality of Ireland, but still more the enemies of her reformed Protestant religion which would rob Ireland of her ancient faith which she received from her Apostle. The bards, lived on however. In spite of Henry VIII, in spite of Elizabeth and in spite of my Lord Barrymore, who took the contract as hangman to dispose of them, they lived on down to the time of Carolan; and we have in a history of Scotland the testimony of a man who says that the Scotch, Welsh and English, in the memory of living men in his time, used to go over to Ireland to study music. Handel, the great composer, one of the greatest giants of modern song, went over to London: he was coldly received. He went from England to stay in Dublin, where he was so warmly received, and found every note of his music so thoroughly appreciated, that he immediately set to work and wrote that immortal work—the Oratorio of the Messiah, under the inspiration of an Irish welcome. This grandest of all modern pieces was first brought out in Dublin, before an Irish audience (applause).

Carolan, the last of the bards, died but a few years before Moore was born. It seemed as if the last star in the firmament of Ireland's bards had set. It seemed indeed as if

"The harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed
Now hung as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled."

But that star of Ireland's song, Tom Moore, greatest of Ireland's modern poets, immortalized himself as well as the songs of his country in his famous Irish melodies. Where have you ever heard such simple, yet entrancing, melodies? The greatest

men among the modern composers, though they hold the palm of supremacy, yet this music has a melody of its own which cannot be equalled. Some of these melodies are as ancient as the earliest Christianity—as the air of “Eileen Aroon;” so fair and beautiful is the melody of this that the immortal Mozart declared he would rather be the author of that simple melody than of all the works that ever came from his pen or from his mind. They are sung in every land. They are admired wherever the influence of music extends. They have softened—even in our own modern times they have softened and prepared the English mind to grant us Catholic Emancipation. Of course the most powerful motive, as experience has proved, was fear. That is the principal motive for any concession we receive from England (applause). But certain it is that the Irish songs and melodies of the old Irish bards popularized the Irish character in England, and enabled us the more easily to gain that which was wrung from England’s king and England, through the sympathy that was created by Moore’s melodies. Hence it is that he himself expresses the anguish, yet the hope, of the bard—

“But tho’ glory be gone, and tho’ hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,
Can he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament o’er his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o’er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!”

Music is the most spiritual of all human enjoyments. The pleasures of the taste are beastly; the pleasures of the eye are dangerous: the pleasures of the ear, the delight of listening to strains of sweet song, is at once the most entrancing and least dangerous of all the pleasures of sense. You may enjoy more of the pleasure of music without sensuality—it is scarcely capable of exciting any undue emotion of the heart or temptation of the mind. Nay more—we know from the Scriptures that music, that song, is the native language of Heaven, as it is the national language of man upon the earth. We know that as music recalls the most vivid and tender recollections of earth, so that the dead start from their graves and throng once more the halls of memory at the sound of the well-known song, so also we know the joy of even the blessed angels of God is expressed in the language of divine and celestial song. It was a theory of old that the very

spheres moved to a grand harmony of their own, whereupon our national bard sang—

“Sing—sing—music was given
To brighten the gay and kindle the loving ;
Souls here,—like planets in Heaven,—
By harmony’s laws alone are kept moving.”

For that which is a simple theory of the spheres of the created firmament, is to be received as a reality when we regard the harmony of the divine sphere of Heaven. There the angels sing the praises of God,—there the air of Heaven is resonant with cries of joy—with the sweet concord of many sounds mingled with the angelic harpers upon their harps. Oh, let us hope that as we, as a nation, have the privilege among the nations to hold in our national melodies the sweetest and tenderest strains of human song, so may we as children of that nation and land of song carry our taste with us into the field of the purest of melodies, and that those who sang best upon earth may sing best in the courts of God (applause). In vain would Ireland’s song be the brightest of all earthly melody unless that song were to be perpetuated in the nigher echoes and grander melodies of Heaven. Have we not reason to believe those bards and heroes who stood in the hour of battle and danger and difficulty for their home, and their national liberty for God and their native land, and died for it, have we not good reason to believe that these children of song have joined the higher and more celestial choir (applause). Yes, Ireland’s minstrels sung the apostolic song, the virgin song from the lips of the holy St. Bridget,—the song of the holy, pure, stainless daughters of Erin, who are now, as in days past, our joy and glory; their song was the sweetest on earth, and I have no doubt will be the sweetest in heaven—(applause). Let us, therefore, cling to the loved old land that made heroes of them, to the love of our old religion that made saints of them; let us remember that every Irishman, all the world over, and every son of an Irishman, and every grandson of an Irishman,—that he has that blood in his veins which brings to him the responsibility and the tradition of fifteen hundred years of national, as well as religious, glory (tremendous applause);—the responsibility through which our fathers from their graves appeal to us for God and for Erin; the noblest, the best blood in which a pure nationality, always preserved and left distinct, is sanctified by the highest purity of an unchanged and unchanging faith

(applause). That is the glory of every Irishman in the world, and it brings a responsibility; for such a man is obliged, beyond all other men, to live up to these traditions, and show that he is no degenerate scion of such a race (applause).

I have come here among you, and on my return to Ireland I will bear in my heart the joy, and on my lips the glad message, that you, my friends, are no degenerate sons of Ireland [applause]. I will bring home to cheer the saddened hearts at home—I will bring home to gladden the expectant hearts at home, the good and the manly and the glorious message that I have met thousands and thousands of Irishmen in America; but that, amid all the rising glories of their new country, I have not met one who had forgotten his love or his affection for the land of his birth [great applause]. If such a one there be, if such an Irishman be or exist, so forgetful of the history, so dead to the glory of his native land, as to be ashamed of being an Irishman,—if such a man be in existence in this country—he has spared me the pain, the humiliation, and the disgust of showing himself [applause]. Now, my friends, I have only to thank you—as I do from my heart—for your presence here to-night. You know, that as far as I am personally concerned, I neither win nor lose in this world; but I have the character and the sympathy of my Order upon me, and your presence here this evening is not a passing dream. You may forget it as long as you live; but when you are dead and in your graves, there will be Irish priests at Irish altars breathing your name in prayer. And, if my words upon Irish music and Irish melody shall only succeed in putting you more in harmony with your own minds and hearts, and the neighbors around you, I shall consider I have done a great deal (cheers).

And now, my friends, having invited your attention to the subject of Ireland's national music, let me wind up with one or two reflections similar to those with which I began. Irish song has played a large part not only in the strengthening of Ireland's sons, but also in the conciliation of Ireland's most bitter enemies. Even as Moore made every true heart and every true and noble mind in the world melt into sorrow at the contemplation of Ireland's wrongs and the injustice that she suffered, as they came home to every sympathetic heart upon the wings of Ireland's ancient melody, yet he said to the harp of his country:

"Go sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till waked by some hand less unworthy than mine."

A hand less unworthy came, a hand less unworthy than Thomas Moore's, a hand more loyal and true than even his was, when in Ireland's lays appeared the immortal Thomas Davis (applause). He and the men upon whom we built up our hopes for Young Ireland (great applause)—he, with them, seized the sad, silent harp of Erin, and sent forth another thrill in the invitation to the men of the North to join hands with their Catholic brethren,—to the men of the South to remember the ancient glories of "Brian the Brave." To the men of Connaught, he seemed to call forth Roderick O'Connor from his grave at Clonmacnoise. He rallied Ireland in that year so memorable for its hopes and for the blighting of those hopes. He and the men of the *Nation* did what this world has never seen in the same space of time, by the sheer power of Irish genius, by the sheer strength of Young Ireland's intellect; the *Nation* of '43 created a national poetry, a national literature, which no other country can equal. Under the magic voices and pens of these men, every ancient glory of Ireland stood forth again, I remember it well, I was but a boy at the time;—but I remember with what startled enthusiasm I would arise from reading "Davis' Poems;" and it would seem to me that before my young eyes I saw the dash of the Brigade at Fontenoy (tremendous cheers);—it would seem to me as if my young ears were filled with the shout that resounded at the Yellow Ford and Benburb,—the war-cry of the Red Hand,—as the English hosts were swept away, and, like snow under the beams of the rising sun, melted away before the Irish onset. The dream of the poet,—the aspiration of the true Irish heart,—is yet unfulfilled. But remember that there is something sacred in the poet's dream. The inspiration of genius is second only to the inspiration of religion. There is something sacred and infallible,—with all our human fallibility,—in the hope of a nation that has never allowed the hope of freedom to be extinguished (loud applause). For many a long year, day and night, the sacred fire that was enkindled before St. Bridget's shrine, at Kildare, was fed and sent its pure flame up to heaven. The day came when that fire was extinguished. But the fire that has burned for nearly a thousand years upon the altar of Ireland's nationality,—fed with the people's hopes, fed with the people's prayers,—that fire has never been extinguished, even though torrents of the nation's blood were poured out upon it;—that fire burns to-day; and that fire will yet illumine Ireland (tremendous applause).

I will conclude with one word. Even as King Lir's

lonely daughter, Fionnuala, sighed for the beaming of the day-star, so do I sigh. When shall that day-star of freedom, mildly springing, light and warm our isle with peace and love! When shall the bell of sacred liberty ringing, call every Irish heart from out the grave of slavery,—from out the long, miserable night of servitude,—to walk in the full blaze of our national freedom and our national glory (cheers). Oh! may it come. Oh, God! make our cause Thy cause! I speak as a priest as well as an Irishman;—I claim in my prayer, as well as in my words,—to that God to whom my people have been so faithful,—to give us not only that crown of eternity to which we look forward in the Christian's hope,—but oh! to give us, in His justice, that crown of national liberty and glory to which we have established our right by so many ages of fidelity. (Enthusiastic cheering.)

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, in St. Bridget's Church, Tompkin's Square, New York, on Thursday evening, June 6.]

"THE IRISH PEOPLE IN THEIR RELATION TO CATHOLICITY."

MY FRIENDS: The subject on which I have the honor to address you this evening is one of the most interesting that can occupy your attention or mine. It is "Christianity, or the Christian Religion as reflected in the National character of the Irish race and people." I say this subject is interesting, for nothing that can offer itself to the consideration of the thoughtful mind, or to the philosopher, can possibly be more interesting than the study of the character and the genius of a people. It is the grandest question of a human kind that could occupy the attention of a man. The whole race comes under a mental review; the history of that race is to be ascertained; the antecedents of that people have to be studied in order to account for the national character, as it represents itself to-day among the nations of the earth! Every nation, every people under Heaven has its own peculiar national character. The nation; the race is made up of thousands and millions of individual men and women. Whatever the individual is, that the nation is found to be in the aggregate. Whatever influences the individual was sub-

jected to in forming his character, establishing a certain tone of thought, certain sympathies, antipathies, likings or dislikings: whatever, I say, forms the individual character in all these particulars, the same forms the nation and the race, because the nation is but an assemblage of individuals.

Now, I ask you, among all the influences that can be brought to bear upon the individual man, to form his character; to make him either good or bad; to give tone to his thoughts; to string his soul and to tune it; to make him fly to God; to produce all this which is called character,—is it not perfectly true that the most powerful influence of all is that man's religion? It is not so much his education: for men may be equally educated,—one just as well as the other,—yet they may be different from each other as day from night. It is not so much his associations, for men may be in the same walk of life, men may be surrounded by the same circumstances of family, of antecedents, of wealth or poverty, as the case may be, yet may be as different as day and night. But when religion comes in and fills the mind with a certain knowledge, fills the soul with certain principles; elevates the man to a recognition and acknowledgment of certain truths; imposes upon him certain truths and in the nature of the most sacred of all obligations, namely, the obligation of eternal salvation;—when this principle comes in, it immediately forms the man's character, determines what manner of man he shall be, gives a moral tone to the man's whole life. And so it is with nations. Among the influences that form a nation's character,—that give to a people the stamp of their national and original individuality,—the most potent of all is the nation's religion. If that religion be gloomy; if it be a fatalistic doctrine, telling every man he was created to be damned, you at once induce upon the people or the nation that profess it a hang-dog, miserable, melancholy feeling that makes them go through life like some of our New England Calvinists, sniffing, and sighing, and lifting up their eyes, telling everybody that if they look crooked, looking either to the right or the left, they will go to hell. You know the propensity of some people to be always damning one another (laughter). If, on the other hand, the religion be bright, if it open a glimpse of Heaven, founded upon an intellectual principle, if it springs up a man's hopes; tells him in all his adversities and his misfortunes to look up; gives him a glimpse that the God that made him is waiting to crown him with glory, you will have a bright, cheerful, brave, and courageous people.

Now such a religion is the Christianity that Christ founded upon this earth. I assert, that if that religion of Christ be a true religion,—as we know it to be,—that there is not upon this earth a race whose national character has been so thoroughly moulded and formed by that divine religion as the Irish race, to which I belong (applause). It is easy, my friends, to make assertions; it is not so easy to prove them. I am not come here to-night to flatter you, or to make crude assertions; but I am come here to lay down the principle which is just enunciated, and to prove it.

What is the Christian character? What character does Christianity form in a man? What does it make of a man? Men are born into this world more or less alike. It is true that the Chinaman has no bridge to his nose, and that his eyes turn up, both occupied watching where the bridge ought to be (laughter); but that is an immaterial thing. Intellectually, and even morally, all men are mostly born alike. The world takes them in hand, and turns out a certain class of men equal to its own requirements, and tries to make him everything that the world wants him to be. God also takes him in hand. God makes him to be not only what the world expects of him, but also what God and heaven expect of him. That is the difference between the two classes of men. The man whose character is mostly worldly,—who is not a Christian,—and the man whose character is formed by the Divine religion of Christ. What does the world expect and try to make of the child? Well, it will try to make him an honest man: and this is a good thing; the world says, it is “the noblest work of God.” Without going so far as to say this, I say that an honest man is *very nearly* the noblest work of God. The man who is equal to all his engagements; the man who is not a thief or a robber (the world does not like that); the man who is commercially honest and fair in his dealings with his fellow-men—that is a valuable virtue. The world expects him to be an industrious man—a man who minds his business, and tries, as we say in Ireland, “to make a penny of money.” That is a very good thing. I hope you will all attend to it. I will be gladdened and delighted,—if ever I should come to America again, I will be overjoyed, to hear if any one comes to me and says in truth—“Why Father Burke, all these Irishmen you saw in New York, when you were here before, have become wealthy, and are at the top of the wheel.” Nothing could give me more cheer. The world expects a man to be industrious and temperate; because if a man is not indus-

trious, is not temperate, he never goes ahead ; he does no good for his God, his country, or anybody. Therefore, this is also a good thing.

But, when the world has made a truth-telling man an honest man, an industrious and a temperate man, the world is satisfied. The world says : "I have done enough : that is all I want." The man makes a fortune, the man establishes a name, and the world at once—society around him—offer him the incense of their praise. They say—"There was a splendid man. He left his mark upon society." And they come together and put in a subscription to erect a statue for him in the Central Park. But they have not made a Christian. All those are human virtues,—excellent and necessary. Don't imagine that I want to say a word against them. They are necessary virtues. No man can be a true Christian unless he have them. But the Christian has a great deal more. He is perfectly distinctive in his character from the honest, truth-telling, thrifty and temperate man that the world makes. The Christian character is founded upon all these human virtues, for it supposes them all, and then, when it has laid the foundation of all this—the foundation of nature,—it follows up with the magnificent super-edifice of grace, and the Christian character is founded in man by the three virtues—faith, hope, and love. Therefore, St. Paul, speaking to the early Christians said to them, "Now, my friends and brethren, you are honest, you are sober, you are industrious, you have all these virtues and I praise you for them, I tell you now there remain unto you faith, hope and charity ; these three." For these three are the formation of the Christian character. Let us examine what these three virtues mean. First of all, my friends, these three virtues are distinguished from all the human virtues in this : that the human virtues—honesty, sobriety, temperance, truthfulness, fidelity and so on—establish a man in his proper relations to his fellow-men and to himself. They have nothing to say of God directly nor indirectly. If I am an honest man it means that I pay my debts. To whom do I pay these debts? To the people I owe money to—to my butcher, my baker, my tailor, etc. ; I meet their bills and pay them. I owe no man anything, and people say I am an honest man : that means that I have done my duty to my fellow-men. It is no direct homage to God. It is only homage to God when that truth springs from the supernatural and divine motive of faith. If I am a temperate man it means, especially to the Irishman, that I am a loving father, a good husband, a good son. An

Irishman is all this as long as he is temperate ; but remember that the wife, the child, the father and the mother are not God. Temperance makes him all right in relation to himself and his family around him. If I am a truth-telling man the meaning is I am "on the square," as they say, with my neighbors ; but my neighbors are not God. But the moment I am actuated by faith, hope and charity, that moment I am elevated towards God. My faith tells me there is a God. If that God has spoken to me that God has told me things which I cannot understand, and yet I am bound to believe. Faith is the virtue that realizes Almighty God and all the things of God as they are known by Divine revelation.

There are two worlds—the visible and the invisible : the world that we see and the world we do not see. The world that we see is our native country, our families, our friends, our churches, our Sunday for amusement, our pleasant evenings and so on. All these things make up the visible world that we see. But there is another world that "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," and that world is the world revealed to us by faith. It is far more real, far more lasting, far more substantial than the visible world. We say in the creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of all things visible and invisible." Now, in that invisible world, first of all is the God that created and redeemed us. We have not seen Him, yet we know that He exists. In that invisible world are the angels and saints. We have not seen them, yet we know they exist. In that invisible world are all the friends that we loved who have been taken from us by the hand of death ; those the very sound of whose name brings the tear to our eyes and the prayer of supplication to our lips. We see them no longer ; but we know that they still live in that invisible world that "eye hath not seen." Now the virtue of faith in the Christian character is the power that God gives by divine grace to a man to realize that invisible world—to realize it so that he makes it more substantial to him than the world around him ; that he realizes more about it, and is more interested in it and almost knows more about it, than the world around him. The virtue of faith is that power of God by which a man is enabled to realize the invisible, for the object of faith is invisible. Our Lord says to Thomas, the Apostle, "Because thou hast seen thou believest : blessed are they that have not seen and have believed."

This is the first feature of the Christian character—the

power of realizing the unseen, the power of knowing it, the power of feeling it, the power of substantiating it to the soul and to the mind; until, out of that substantiation of the invisible, comes the engrossing, ardent desire to make that invisible surround him. This is faith. Consequently the man of faith, in addition to being honest, industrious, temperate, truthful and having all these human virtues, is a firm believer. It costs him no effort to believe in that mystery because he cannot comprehend it—because he has never seen it. He knows it is true; he admits that truth; he stakes his own life upon the issue of that divine truth which he has apprehended by the act of the intelligence and not by the senses.

The next great feature of the Christian character is the virtue of hope. The Christian man is confident in his hope. God has made certain promises. God has said that neither in this world nor in the world to come will he abandon the just man. He may try him with poverty; He may try him with sickness; He may demand whatever sacrifice he will; but He never will abandon him. Thus saith the Lord. Now the virtue of hope is that which enables the Christian man to rest with perfect security—with unfailing, undying confidence in every promise of God, as long as the man himself fulfils the conditions of these promises. The consequence is that the Christian man, by virtue of this hope that is in him, is lifted up beyond all the miseries and sorrows of this world, and he looks upon them all in their true light. If poverty comes upon him he remembers the poverty of Jesus Christ, and he says in his hope, "Well, the Lord passed through the ways of poverty into the rest of His glory; so shall I rest as he did. I hope for it." If sickness or sorrow come upon him, he looks upon the trials and sorrows of our God. If difficulties rise in his path he never despairs in himself, for he has the promise of God that these difficulties are only trials sent by God, and, sooner or later, he will triumph over them—perhaps in time, but certainly in eternity.

Finally, the third great feature of the Christian character is the virtue of love. It is the active virtue that is in a man, forcing him to love his God; to be faithful to his God; to love his religion; to be faithful to that religion; to love his neighbor as he loves himself; especially to love those who have the first claim upon him—the father and mother that love him, to whom he is bound to give honor as well as love;—then the wife of his bosom, and the children that God has given him, to whom he is bound to give support and susten-

ance as well as love : his very enemies—he must have no enemy—no personal desire for revenge at all ;—but if there be a good cause, he must defend that cause, even though he smite his enemy—the enemy not of him personally, but of his cause ; but always be ready to show mercy and to exhibit love, even to his enemies. This is the Christian man ; how different from the mere man of the world ! The Christian man's faith acknowledges the claims of God ; his hope strains after God, his love lays hold of God ; he makes God his own.

Now, my friends, this being the Christian character, I ask you to consider the second part of my proposition, namely, that the Irish people have received especial grace from God ; that no people upon the face of the earth have been so thoroughly formed into their national character as the Irish, by the divine principles of the Holy Catholic religion of Jesus Christ (applause).

How are we to know the national character ? Well, my friends, we have two great clues or means of knowing. First of all, we have the past history of our race, and the tale that it tells us. Secondly, we have the men of to-day (wherever the Irishman exists), wherever they assemble together and form society—and the tale that that society tells us to-day.

Let us first consider briefly the past of our nation, of our race, and then we will consider the Irishman of to-day. Let us consider the past of our history as a race, as a nation, the history of faith, hope, and love for God ? Is it preëminently such a history ? Is it such a history of Christianity, faith, hope, and love that no other nation on the face of the earth can equal it ? If so, I have proved my proposition. Now, exactly one thousand and sixty years before America was discovered by Columbus, Patrick the Apostle landed in Ireland. The nation to which he came was a most ancient race ; derived from one of the primeval races that peopled the earth,—from the great Phœnician family of the East. They landed in the remote mists of pre-historic times upon a green isle in the Western ocean. They peopled it ; they colonized it ; they established laws ; they opened schools ; they had their philosophy, their learning, their science and art, equal to that of any other civilization of the day. They were a people well known, in their Pagan days, to the ancient Egyptians and the ancient Greeks. The name of the island, —the name by which we call it to-day : Erin, was only a name that came after the more ancient name. For by the Greeks and the people of old, hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, our Ireland was called by the name of Oggia,

or "the most ancient land." It was spoken of by the most remote authors of antiquity; the most ancient Greek writers, and other authors now extant, spoke of Ireland as the far distant ocean; spoke of it as a place of wonderful beauty, as a place of ineffable charm; spoke of it as something like that high Elysium of the poet's dream: "An island rising out of the sea, the fairest and most beautiful of all the sea's productions."

We know that our ancestors at a most remote period received another colony from Spain. We know that the Milesians landed on an island they called Inisfail, their "land of destiny." We know that they came from the fair Southern sunny land, bringing with them high valor, mighty hope, generous aspirations, and an advanced degree of civilization; and the original inhabitants of Ireland intermingled their race with the Milesians. In that intermingling was formed the Celtic constitution which divided Ireland into four kingdoms, all united under a high monarch and universal king (Ard-righ),—the high king of Ireland. The palace of Ireland's king, as fitting, was built almost in the centre of the island, two miles from the fatal Boyne. The traveller comes through a beautiful undulating land towards the hill top, rich in verdure, abundant and fruitful, crowned with lovely wood on every side. It is the plain of "royal Meath." He arrives at the foot of the hill. The summit of that hill for centuries was crowned with the palace of Ireland's kings. It was called in the language of the people "Tara"—the place of the kings (applause). There, on Easter Sunday morning, in the year 432, early in the fifth century of the Christian era, a most singular sight presented itself. Ireland's monarch sat upon his throne, in high council; around him were the sovereign kings and chieftains of the nation: around him again in their ranks were the Pagan priests,—the druids of the old fire worship; around him again, on either side, on thrones as if they were monarchs, sat the magnificent ancient minstrels of Ireland, with snow-white flowing beards,—their harps upon their knees,—filling the air with the glorious melody of Ireland's music, while they poured out upon the wings of song the time-honored story of Ireland's heroes and their glorious kings (applause).

Suddenly a shadow fell upon the threshold, a man appeared—with mitre on head, cope on shoulders, and a crozier in his hand, with the Cross of Christ upon it. And this was Patrick, who came from Rome, to preach Christianity to the Irish kings, chieftains and people (applause). They

received him as became a civilized and enlightened people. They did not stand, like other nations, in a wild hubbub of barbarism, to denounce the truth, as soon as they heard it, and put the truth-teller and the messenger to death; but they sat down,—these kings, these minstrels, these judges of the land,—these most learned philosophers;—they disputed with Patrick; they brought the keen weapons of human wisdom and of human intellect to bear against that sword which he wielded. Oh! it was the sword of the spirit,—the word of God—the Lord Jesus Christ. And when at length that king and chieftains, all these druids and bards, found that Patrick preached a reasonable religion; that Patrick tried to prove his religion, and brought conviction unto their minds; up rose at length the head of all the bards, and of Ireland's minstrels,—the man next in authority to the king,—the sainted [?] Dubhac, the Arch-minstrel of the royal monarch of Tara;—up rose this man in the might of his intellect, in the glory of his voice and his presence, and lifting up his harp in his hand he said, "Hear me, oh high king and chieftains of the land! I now declare that this man, who comes to us, speaks from God;—that he brings a message from God. I bow before Patrick's God. He is the true God, and as long as I live this harp of mine shall never sound again save to the praises of Christianity and its God" [applause]. And the king and chieftains and bards and warriors and judges and people alike rose promptly; and never in the history of the world,—never was there a people that so embraced the light and took it into their minds, took into their hearts and put into their blood the light of Christianity and its grace, as Ireland did in the day of her conversion. She did not ask him to shed one tear of sorrow. She rose up, put her hands in his like a friend; took the message from his lips, surrounded him with honor and the popular veneration of all the people; and before he died he received the singular grace,—distinct from all other saints,—that he alone, among all the other Apostles that ever preached the gospel, found a people entirely Pagan and left them entirely Christian [applause].

And now began that wonderful agency of Christian faith, Christian hope and Christian love, which I claim to have formed the national character of my race as revealed in their history. They took the faith from Patrick; they rose at once into the full perfection of that divine faith. They became a nation of priests, bishops, monks and nuns, in the very day of the first dawning of their Christianity. The very men whom Patrick

ordained priests, and whom he consecrated bishops, were the men whom he found pagans in the land to which he preached Christianity; the very women whom he consecrated to the divine service—putting veils upon their heads—the very women that rose at once under his hand to be the light and glory of Ireland—as Ireland's womanhood has been from that day to this,—were the maidens and mothers of the Irish race, who first heard the name of Jesus Christ from the lips of St. Patrick (applause).

Well, I need not tell you the thrice-told tale how the epoch of our national history seems to run in cycles of 300 years. For 300 years after Patrick preached the Gospel Ireland was the holiest, most learned, most enlightened, most glorious country in Christendom. From all the ends of the earth students came to study in those Irish schools; they came not by thousands but by tens of thousands. They brought back to every nation in Europe the wondrous tale of Ireland's sanctity, of Ireland's glory, of Ireland's peace, of Ireland's melody, of the holiness of her people and the devotion of her priesthood, the immaculate purity and wonderful beauty of the womanhood of Ireland.

After these three hundred years passed away began the first great effort which proved that Catholic faith was the true essence of the Irish character. The Danes invaded Ireland, and for 300 long years, every year saw fresh arrivals; fresh armies poured in upon the land; and for 300 years Ireland was challenged to fight in defence of her faith, and to prove to the world, that until the Irish race and the Irish character were utterly destroyed, that this Catholic faith never would cease to exist in the land. (Applause.) The nation—for, thank God, in that day we were a nation!—the nation drew the nation's sword. Brightly it flashed from that scabbard when it had rested for 300 years in Christian peace and holiness. Brightly did it flash from that scabbard in the day that the Dane landed in Ireland, and the Celt crossed swords with him for country, for fatherland, and, much more, for the altar, for religion, and for God. [Applause.] The fight went on. Every valley in the land tells its tale. There are many among us who, like myself, have been born and educated in the old country. What is more common, my friends, than to see what is called the old "rath," or mound, sometimes in the middle of the field, sometimes on the borders of a bog, sometimes on the hill-side, to see a great mound raised up. The people will tell you that is a "rath," and Ireland is full of them. Do you know what that means?

When the day of the battle was over, when the Danes were conquered, and their bodies were strewn in thousands on the field, the Irish gathered them together and made a big hole into which they put them, and heaped them up into a great mound, covered them with dirt, and dug scraws or sods and covered them. In every quarter of the land are they found. What do they tell? They tell this, that until the day of judgment, until when all the sons of men shall be in the Valley of Jehosaphat, no man will be able to tell of the thousands and the tens of thousands and the hundreds of thousands of Danish invaders that came to Ireland only to find a place in the grave,—only to find a grave. Ah, gracious God! that we could say the same of every invader that ever polluted the virgin soil of Erin! (Applause.) Well did Brian Boromhe know how many inches of Irish land it took to make a grave for the Dane. Well did the heroic king of Meath—perhaps a greater character than even Brian himself, or O'Neil,—Malachi the II. of whom the poet says, —he “wore the collar of gold which he won from the proud invader,”—a man who with his own hand slew three of the kings and leaders and warriors of the Danish army,—well did he know how many inches of Irish soil it took to bury a Dane. For in the Valley of Glenamada, in Wicklow, on a June morning, he found them and he poured down from the hill-tops with his Gaelic and Celtic army upon them. Before the sun set over the Western Ocean to America (then undiscovered), there were 6,000 Danes stretched dead in the valley (applause).

Well, my friends, 300 years of war passed away. Do you know what it means? Can you realize it to yourselves? There is no nation upon the face of the earth that has not been ruined by war; you had only three years of war here in America, and you know how much evil it did. Just fancy 300 years of war! War in every county, every province, every valley of the land, war everywhere for 300 years! The Irishman had to sleep with a drawn sword under his pillow, the hilt ready to his hand, and ready to spring up at a moment's warning, for the honor of his wife, for the honor of his daughter, and the peace of his household and the sacred altar of Christ (applause). And yet, at the end of 300 years, two things survived. Ireland's Catholic faith was as fresh as it ever was; and Ireland's music and minstrelsy was as luxuriant and flourishing in the land as if the whole time had been a time of peace. How grand a type is he of the faith and genius of our people, how magnificent a type of the Irish character,—a man of 83 years of age, mounted on his noble

horse, clad in his grand armor, with a battle-axe in one uplifted hand, and the crucifix in the other,—the heroic figure of Brian Boroinhle, as he comes out on the pages of Irish history and stands before us, animating his Irish army at Clontarf, telling who it was that died for them, and who it was they were to fight for. Before the evening sun set, Ireland—like the man who shakes a reptile off his hand,—shook from her Christian bosom that Danish army into the sea, and destroyed them. (Applause.) Yet O'Brien, the immortal monarch and king of Ireland, was as skilled with the harp as he was with the battle-axe; and in the rush and heat of the battle, no man stood before him and lived; that terrible mace came down upon him, and sent him either to heaven or hell (loud cheering). In the halls of Kincora, upon the banks of the Shannon, when all the minstrels of Ireland gathered together to discuss the ancient melodies of the land, there was no hand among them that could bring out the thrill of the gold or silver cords with such skill as the aged hand of the man who was so terrible on the battle-field—a Christian warrior and minstrel: the very type of the Irish character was that man who, after three hundred years of incessant war, led the Irish forces upon the field of Clontarf, from which they swept the Danes into the sea (applause).

Then came another 300 hundred years of invasion, and Ireland again fights for her nationality until the 16th century, just 300 years ago, and then she was told that after fighting for nearly 400 years for her nationality, she must begin and fight again, not only for that, but for her altar and her ancient faith. The Danes came back, they came to Ireland with the cry, "Down with the cross—down with the altar!" Harry the 8th came to Ireland with the same cry; but the Cross and the altar is up to-day in Ireland, and Harry the 8th, I am greatly afraid, is—[looking downward.] (Applause and laughter).

Three hundred long years of incessant war, with 400 years before of incessant war, making the Irish people 1,000 years engaged in actual warfare,—700 years with the Saxon and 300 years before that with the Danes! Where is the nation upon the face of the earth that has fought for 1,000 years? Why, one would imagine that they would all be swept away! How, in the world did they stand it? We have been fighting a thousand years! the battle begun by our forefathers has been continued down—well down to the year before last. [Laughter and applause.] The sword of Ireland that was drawn a thousand years ago, at the beginning of the 9th cen-

tury, still remains out of the scabbard, and has not been sheathed down to the end of the 19th century. Did ever anybody hear the like? And yet, here we are, glory be to God! [Applause and laughter.] Here we are as fresh and hearty as Brian Boroinhe on the morning of Clontarf, or as Hugh O'Neil was at the Yellow Ford; or as Owen Roe O'Neil was at the field of Benburg, or as Patrick Sarsfield was in the trenches of Limerick, or as Robert Emmett in the dock at Green street. [Applause.]

Now, my friends, let me ask you,—what did the Irish people fight for, for 600 years? For 300 hundred years they fought with the Danes; for 300 years they fought with England. The Danes invaded and desolated the whole land: the English, three times since Harry the 8th—taking it down to the present,—landed in Ireland and spread destruction and desolation upon it. This Irish people fought for 600 years; what did they fight for? They fought for 600 years for something they had never seen; they never saw Christ, in the blessed Eucharist, because he was hidden from them under the sacramental veils of bread and wine; they never saw the Mother of the God of Heaven; they never saw the saints and angels of Heaven; they never saw the Saviour upon the Cross; and yet, for that Christ on the Cross, for the Saviour in the Tabernacle and for the Mother of Purity in Heaven, and the angels and saints, they fought these 600 years. [Applause.] They shed their blood until every acre of land in Ireland was red with the blood of the Irishman, that was shed for his religion and for his God. [Applause.] What does this prove? Does it not prove that, beyond all other races and nations, the Irish character was able to realize the unseen, and so to substantiate the things of faith as to make them of far greater importance than liberty, than property, than land, than education, than life? For any man who goes out and says, "I am ready to give up every inch of land I possess; I am ready to go into exile; I am ready to be sold as a slave in Barbadoes; I am ready to be trampled under foot or to die for Jesus Christ, who is present now, though I never saw Him;"—that man is preëminently a man of faith. The Irish nation for 600 years answered the Saxon and Dane thus: We will fight until we die for our God who is upon our altars. [Applause, and cries of "We will,—we will!"] Now, I ask you to find among the nations of the earth, any one nation that was ever asked to suffer confiscation and robbery and exile and death for their faith, and who did it, like one man, for 600 years? When you have found that nation, when you are able

to say to me—such a people did that, and such another people did that, and prove it to me, I will give up what I have said,—namely, that the Irish are the most formed in character and in their faith of any people in the world. As soon as you are able to prove to me that any other people ever stood so much for their faith, I stand corrected: but until you prove it, I hold that the Irish people and race are the most Catholic on the face of the earth.

Now, my friends, if I want any proof of the Irish faculty of realizing the Unseen, why, my goodness, we are always at it. (Laughter.) The Irish child, as soon as he arrives at the age of reason, has an innate faculty of realizing the unseen. When he comes out of the back door and looks into the field, he imagines he sees a fairy in every bush. (Laughter.) If he sees a butterfly upon a stalk in the field, he thinks it is a *Leprechaun*. (Laughter.) I remember when a boy, growing up, studying Latin, having made up my mind to be a priest.—I was a grown lad; and yet there was a certain old archway in Bowling Green, in Galway, to which there was attached a tradition; I know there are some here that will remember it. It was near the place where Lynch, the Mayor, hanged his son, hundreds of years ago; near the Protestant churchyard, and that gave it a bad name. (Laughter.) At any rate, grown as I was, learning Latin, knowing everything about the catechism, and having made up my mind to be a priest, I was never able to pass under that arch after night-fall without running for dear life. (Applause and laughter.) This faith, if you will,—this Irish superstition is a faith. Remember that, wherever superstition—especially of a spiritual character—exists, there is proof that there is a character formed to realize the Unseen. [Cries of “That’s so!”]

Now, my friends, consider the next great impress of the Christian character stamped upon the Irish people. The apostle says “we are saved by hope.” The principle of hope imposes confidence in the divine promises of God, in the certainty of their fulfilment—a confidence never shaken, that never loses itself, that never loosens its hold upon God, that never, for an instant, yields to depression or despair. I ask you if that virtue is found stamped upon our Irish character? Tell me first of all, as I wish to prove it, during this thousand years fighting for Ireland, was there ever a day in the history of our nation when Ireland lost courage and struck her flag? That flag was never pulled down; it has been defeated on many a field; it has been dragged in the dust—in the dust stained with the blood of

Ireland's best and most faithful sons ; it has been washed in the accursed waters of the Boyne ; but never has the nation, for a single hour, hesitated to lift that prostrate banner, and fling it out to the breeze of heaven, and proclaim that Ireland was still full of hope. [Applause.] Scotland had as glorious a banner as ours. The Scotch banner was hauled down upon the plains of Culloden, and the Scots, chivalrous as their fathers were, never raised that flag to the mast-head again ; it has disappeared. It is no longer "Ireland and Scotland and England," as it used to be ; it is "Great Britain and Ireland?" Why is it "Great Britain and Ireland?" Why is it not simply "Great Britain?" Why is the sovereign called the "Queen of Great Britain and Ireland?" Because Ireland refused to give up her hope ; and Ireland never acknowledged that she was ever anything else except a nation. (Great applause.) Well, my friends, it was that principle of hope that sustained our fathers during those thousand years they kept their faith. And the word of scripture, as recorded in the book of Tobias, is this : when the Jews were banished into Babylonish captivity—when the people of every nation came to them and said, "Why should you be persecuted on account of your God? Give him up. Why do you refuse to conform to the laws and usages of the people around you? Give up your God. Don't be making fools of yourselves." The Jews said : "Speak not so ; for we are the children of the saints ; we know and hope in our God. He never forsakes those who never change their faith in Him." This is the inspired language of Scripture ; and well the Irish knew it ;—and therefore as long as Irishmen kept their faith to their God and to their altar, so they wisely and very constantly refused to lay down their hope."

Christian character is made up of hope as well as of faith and of love. If Ireland laid down her hope in despair, that high note of Christian character would never be in her. The Irish people never knew they were beaten. Year after year—one day out and another day in—while the nations around were amazed at the bull-dog tenacity of that people with two ideas—namely, that they were Catholic, and a nation—Ireland never lost sight of her hope. (Applause.) What followed from this? What was the consequence of this? Enshrined in the national heart and in the national aims, there has been—wherever the Irishman exists, there has been the glory upon his head of the man whose courage in the hour of danger could be relied upon. Every nation in

Europe has had a taste of what Ireland's courage is. They fought in the armies of Germany, in those Austrian armies, where ten thousand Irishmen, for thirty years, were every day encamped in the field. They fought in the armies of Spain; ten thousand Irishmen encamped in the field. They fought in the armies—once so glorious—of France—thirty thousand Irishmen with Patrick Sarsfield at their head. (Applause.) Did they ever turn their backs and run away? Never. At the battle of Ramillies, when the French were beaten, and they were flying before the English, the English in the heat of their pursuit met a division of the French army. Ah! that division was the Irish Brigade (applause). They stopped them in the full tide of their victory, and they drove them back and took the colors out of their hands and marched off after the French army (great applause). If any of you go to Europe it will be worth your while to go to an old Flemish town called Ypres. In the cathedral you will find flags and banners lying about. If you will ask the sexton to explain these flags to you (perhaps you will have to give him a sixpence), he will come to one of these flags and say, "That was the banner that the Irish took from the English in the very hour of their victory at Ramillies." (Applause.) King Louis was going to turn and fly at the battle of Fontenoy; but Marshal Saxe told him to wait for five minutes until he should see more. "Your majesty, don't be in such a hurry; wait a minute; it will be time enough to run away when the Irish run" (applause). Calling out to Lord Clare he said: "There are your men, and there are the Saxons." The next moment there was a hurra heard over the field. In the Irish language they cried out—"Remember Limerick, and down with the Sassenach!" That column of Englishmen melted before the charge of the Irish, just as the snow melts in the ditch when the sun shines upon it (applause). When a man loses hope he loses courage; he gives it up. "It is a bad job," he says; "there is no use going on any farther." But as long as he can keep his courage up, with the lion in his heart, so long you may be sure there is some grand principle of hope in him. Ours is a race that has almost "hoped against hope." I say that comes from our Catholic religion—the Catholic religion that tells us: "You are down to-day—don't be afraid; hold on; lean upon your God. You will be up to-morrow." (Applause.)

The third grand feature of the Christian is love—a love both strong and tender: a love that first finds its vent in

God, with all of the energies of the spirit and the heart and soul going straight for God; crushing aside whatever is in its path of the temptations of men; and in faith and hope and love, making straight for God. Trampling upon his passions, the man of love goes straight towards God; and in that journey to God he will allow nothing to hinder him. No matter what sacrifice that God calls upon him to make, he is ready to make it; for the principle of sacrifice is divine love. Most assuredly, never did her God call upon Erin for a sacrifice that Erin did not make it. God sent to Ireland the messenger of His wrath, the wretched Elizabeth. She called upon Ireland for Ireland's liberty and Ireland's land; and the people gave up both rather than forsake their God. God sent Ireland another curse in Oliver Cromwell,—a man upon whom I would not lay an additional curse, for any consideration; because for a man to lay an additional cause upon Oliver Cromwell would be like throwing an additional drop of water on a drowned rat (laughter). Cromwell called upon the Irish people, and said, "Become Protestant, and you will have your land; you will have your possessions, your wealth. Remain Catholic, and take your choice,—'Hell or Connaught.'" Ireland made the sacrifice; and, on the 25th day of May, 1651, every Catholic supposed to be in Ireland crossed the Shannon, and went into the wild wastes of Connaught rather than give up their faith. William of Orange came to Ireland; and he called upon the Irish to renounce their faith or submit to a new persecution—new penal laws. Ireland said: "I will fight against injustice as long as I can; but when the arm of the nation is paralyzed, and I can no longer wield the sword, one thing I will hold in spite of death and hell, and that is my glorious Catholic faith." (Great applause.) If they did not love their God would they have done this! Would they have suffered this? If they did not prize that faith, would they have preferred it to their liberty, their wealth, and their very lives? No, no! Patrick sent the love of God and the Virgin Mother deep into the hearts of the Irish; and in our Irish spirit, and in the blood of the nation it has remained to this day. Wherever an Irishman, true to his country, true to his religion exists, there do you find a lover of Jesus Christ and of Mary.

More than this, their love for their neighbor shows this in two magnificent ways—the fidelity of the Irish husband to the Irish wife, and the Irish son to the Irish father and mother, and of the Irish father to his children. Where is there a nation in whom those traits are more magnificently brought out?

England told Ireland, a few years ago, that the Irish husbands might divorce their Irish wives. Nothing was heard from one end of the land to the other but a loud shout of a laugh. "Oh, listen to that! So a man can separate from his wife! The curse of Cromwell on ye!" (Applause.) England told the fathers of Ireland that it was a felony to send their children to school. And yet never did the Irish fathers neglect that sacred duty of education. When, actually, it was found that a man was sending his children to school, he was liable to a fine and imprisonment. In spite of the imprisonment and the fine of their people, the Irish people, who never have been serfs, refused to be the servants of ignorance; and Ireland was always an educated nation. (Applause.) In the worst day of our persecution—in the worst day of our misery—there was one man that was always respected in the land next to the priest, and that was the "poor scholar," with a few books under his arm, perhaps with but three halfpence worth of clothes upon him, going from one farm house to the other, with the "God save all here!" He got the best of the house, the best bed, the cosiest place in the straw chair. And the children were all called in from the neighboring houses and from the village. He could spend a week from one house to another. Every house in Ireland was turned into a school-house at one time or another. Hence I have known men, old men of my own family, who remembered 1782. I have seen them, when a child, in their old age, and these men, brought up in those days of penal persecution and misery, with its enforced ignorance, were first-class controversialists. They knew how to read and write; they knew Dr. Gallagher's sermons by heart. There was no Protestant Bishop or Protestant Minister in Ireland that could hold his ground five minutes before them; and the probability was, that after having convinced his reason and opened his eyes to the truth, they were equally prepared to blacken both his eyes. (Great laughter and applause.)

The nation's love, the people's love for that which was next to their God, the very next, is the love of a man for his country. Is there any land so loved as Ireland by its people? Sarsfield, dying upon the plains of Landen, is only a fair type of the ordinary Irishman. There was many a good man, as heroic a man, in the ranks of the Irish Brigade that fell that day as Sarsfield, who, in full career of victory, at the head of Lord Clare's Dragoons, following the British army as they fled from him; William of Orange in their ranks flying and showing the broad of his back to Sarsfield, as, sword in hand,

gleaming like the sword of God's justice the Irish hero was in full chase, when a musket ball struck him to the heart, and he fell dying from his horse. The blood was welling out hot from his very heart; he took the full of his hand of his heart's blood, and raising his eyes to Heaven he cried: "Oh, that this was shed for Ireland!" A true Irishman! Where was the nation that was ever so loved? In the three hundred years of persecution, take the "Bhreathair" the old Irish Friar, the Dominicans and Franciscans, who were of the first families of the land—the O'Neils, the Maguires, the McDonnells, the McDermotts, down in Galway; the Frenches, the Lynches, the Blakes, and the Burkes. These fair youths used to be actually smuggled out by night and sent off the coast of Ireland to Rome, to France, and to Spain, to study there. Enjoying all the delicious climates of those lovely countries, surrounded by honor, leading easy lives, filling the time with the study and intellectual pleasures of the priesthood, every man felt uneasy. To use the old familiar phrase, "They were like a hen on a hot griddle," as long as they were away from Ireland, although they knew that in Ireland they were liable to be thrown into prison or be subjected to death; during Cromwell's persecution, if one fell in the ranks, another stepped into his place. Of six hundred Dominicans in Ireland, at the time of Queen Elizabeth, there were only four remained after she passed her mild hand over them. Where did they come from? From out of the love of Ireland and the heart and the blood of her best sons. They would not be satisfied with honors and dignities in other lands. No. Their hearts were hungry until they caught sight of the green soil and stood among the shamrocks once more. (Applause.)

And now I say to you, and all the history of our nation proves it, I say that the Irish race to-day is not one bit unlike the race of two or three hundred years ago. We are the same people: and why should we not be? We have their blood; we have their names; their faith; their traditions, their love. I ask you, is not the Irishman of to-day a man of faith, hope, and love? Who built this beautiful church? Who erected this magnificent altar? Who made the place for Father Mooney's voice, pleasantly tinged with the old Irish roll and brogue—(laughter and applause)? He has a little touch of it and he is not ashamed of it—(renewed laughter). I remember once when a lady in England said to me: "The moment you spoke to me, Father, I at once perceived you were an Irishman; you have got what they call the brogue." "Yes, madame," said I, "my father had

it, and my mother had it ; but my grandfather and my grandmother did not have it ; because they did not speak the English at all." (Applause and laughter.) "Yes," I said, "I have the brogue ; and I am full of hope that when my soul comes to Heaven's gate, and I ask St. Peter to admit me, I think when he hears the touch of the brogue on my tongue, he will let me in." But I asked who built this church ? who has covered America with our glorious Catholic churches ? All credit and honor to every Catholic race. All honor and credit to the Catholic Frenchman and to the Catholic German. The Germans of this country—those brave men ; those sons of Catholics ; those descendants of the great Roman emperors that upheld for so many centuries the sceptre in defence of the altar,—they have done great things in this country ; but, my friends, it is Ireland, after all, that has done the lion's share of it. (Great applause.) What brought the Irishman to America—so bright, so cheerful, so full of hope ? The undying hope that was in him ; the confidence that, wherever he went—as long as he was a true Catholic, and faithful to the traditions of the Church to which he belongs, and to the nation from which he sprang, that the hand of God would help him and bring him up to the surface, sooner or later. And the Irishman of to-day, like his nation, is as hopeful as any man in the past time (cheers).

Have we not a proof of their love ? Ah ! my friends, who is it that remembers the old father and mother at home ? Who, among the emigrants and strangers coming to this land, whose eye fills with the ready tear as soon as he hears the familiar voice reminding us of those long in their graves, as soon as their names are mentioned ? Who is it that is only waiting to earn his first ten dollars, in order to send five home to his aged father and mother ? Who is it that would as soon think of cutting out his tongue from the roots, or to take the eyes out of his head, as abandon the wife of his bosom ? The true Catholic Irishman. (Applause.) These things are matters of observation and experience, just as the past is a matter of history. And, therefore, I say that you and I are not ashamed of the men that are in their graves, even though they lie in martyr graves. As we are true to them, so shall our children be true to us. As we were true to them, so we shall continue to be true to them. That is the secret of Ireland's power for the faith that has never changed, the hope that never despairs, the love that is never extinguished ; I say the secret of Ireland's power is this mighty love that lifts itself up to God. Dispersed and scattered as we are, that

love that makes us all meet as brethren ; that love that brings the tear to the eye at the mention of the old soil ; that love that makes one little word of Irish ring like music in our ears ; that love that makes us treasure the traditions of our history ; that love makes us a power, still ;—and we *are* a power, though divided by three thousand miles of Atlantic Ocean's waves rolling between America and Ireland at home. But the Irishman in America knows that his brother at home look to him with hope ; and the Irishman in Ireland knows that his brother in America is only waiting to do what he can for the old land.

What is it you can do ?—that is the question. I answer, be true to your religion, be true to your fatherland, be true to your families and to yourselves, be true to the glorious Republic that opened her arms to receive you and give you the rights of citizenship. (Great and prolonged applause.) Be true to America ; she has already had a sample of what kind of men she received when she opened her arms to the Irish. They gave her a taste of it at Fredericksburgh, fighting her battles ; they gave her a sample of it all through those terrible campaigns ; she knows what they are, and begins to prize it. Never fear, when you add to your Irish brains and intellect by education, and to your Irish minds by temperance, and to your Irish hands by the spirit of industry and self-respect,—be men ; even in this land, I say, be Irishmen. (Applause.) Then the day will come when this great Irish element in America will enter largely into the council chambers of this great nation, and will shape her policy, will form her ideas and her thoughts in a great measure, pressing them in the strong mould of catholicity and of justice. And when that day comes to us, I would like to see who would lay a “wet finger” on Ireland. (Applause.) This is what I mean when I tell you what Ireland hopes from America. Ireland's bone and sinew is in America ; and it is in the intelligence of her children in America and of every principal virtue to the influence that we attach to that virtue, and that enlightenment, and to that intelligence and talent, that will assuredly bring, in this country, the help that Ireland looks for.

Suppose that for Ireland some coercion bill is going to pass, and some blackguard is going to trample upon the old nation. If the Irishman knows the position of his countrymen in America, he will say, “Hold on, my friend ; don't begin until you get a dispatch from Washington.” “Hold on, my friend ; there are Irish Senators in the great Senate ; there are Irish Congressmen in the great Congress ; there are

Irishmen in the Cabinet ; there are Irishmen behind the guns there are Irishmen writing out political warnings and protocols ; there are Irish ambassadors at the foreign courts ; learn what they have to say before you trample upon us." This is what I mean. I speak upon this altar as a priest and an Irishman. I am not afraid to say it. I don't care if it went under the very nose of Queen Victoria and Judge Keogh. (Applause and laughter.)

And now, my friends, you know that whatever way a priest may begin his lecture, when he goes through it he always ends with a kind of exhortation. In the name of God, let us make a resolution here to-night, to be all that I have described to you—all an Irishman ought to be—and leave the rest to God. (Renewed applause, amid which the lecturer retired.)

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, for the benefit of St. Augustine's Church, on Sunday evening, June 2.]

" THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE WANTS OF SOCIETY."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The subject on which I propose to address you this evening is the most important that could occupy your mind or mine, viz.: What are the great wants of society in our age, and how are we to meet them?" I remember once meeting a poor man in Ireland, and he looked very dejected: so I said to him: "Tim, what is the matter with you?" He took an old purse out of his pocket—and it was empty. "That is what is the matter with me," says he (laughter). "I have an empty purse, and I don't know how to fill it!" And so it is, my friends.

The first great question that comes before every age and every class of society is: How are we to meet the most pressing wants of our people? Now, what are the wants of society in this, our day, and how are we to meet them? That is the great question that I am come to answer to you this evening. What are the wants of society in this, our present day

I ask the philosopher ; I ask the statesman ; I ask the political economist ; I ask the observer of men ; I ask the director of morals ; I ask the man who exults over the success, and pines and groans over the sorrows, of society : What are the wants of our day, and how are we to meet them ? I hold,—and I think, you will agree with me,—that it is not this little, miserable thing, or that, that ought to occupy our attention when we ask ourselves the mighty question : “What are the wants of our age ?” To be sure, if you ask an individual man what are the wants of his age, he will narrow them by the compass of his own understanding, and of his own circle. I remember once asking a shoemaker in Ireland what he considered the wants of the age ; and he scratched the back of his head, and he said : “I think,” said he, “the great want of our age is to remove the tax on leather” (laughter). Now it is not in this spirit that we come together this evening. I know that I have the honor to address, not only my fellow-Catholics,—[and many among them are my fellow-countrymen]—but that I have also the honor, this evening, to address a great many Protestant gentlemen and ladies. And therefore, before such a distinguished assembly, I must rise to the dignity of the occasion, and I must endeavor to meet their views, as well as to express my own, in answering the question : “What are the wants of our age ?”

Well, my friends, in order to answer that question properly, I must ask you to remember that we all have three great relations. The first of these is our relation to God. The second is our relation to our family and ourselves—to the little world that surrounds us. And the third is, our relation to the great world around us, that constitutes the state and the society in which we live. These, surely, are the three great wants of every age. Every age and every condition of the society of man demands, first of all, the tribute to God that belongs to God. Next to God in sacredness, in necessity, in claim upon us, comes our domestic family and circle. Thirdly, comes the claim that the society in which we live makes upon us : and any man that acquits himself properly of all duty that he owes to God above him, to his family around him, and to the state and society in which he lives, that man may be said, truly and emphatically, to come up to all the wants of the age, and all the demands that God and man make upon him (applause). If, therefore, you would know, my friends, what are the wants of our age, I ask you to reflect what is the first demand of God ? What is the first demand of the family ? What is the first demand of society ? You will find

that the very first thing the Almighty God asks of us is faith: the tribute of divine faith. The very first thing that the family—the wife and the children—ask of every man, is purity and fidelity; and the great demand that society makes upon every man is the demand for honesty, honor, firmness of purpose: honesty in his dealings with his fellow-man; in all commercial relations with society; in all his administrative capacity. Behold, now, these three great wants of our age. That is to say, that our age is wanting in these three; that they do not exist; that there is not supply sufficient to meet the demand. You know that the markets are always thrown out of gear, and there is confusion in the commercial world, whenever demand and supply don't meet each other. For instance: If there is an extraordinary demand for meat, and the butchers are not able to meet it, why, all the people are thrown into confusion. Prices are raised. There is a rush upon the market. If, again, there is a great demand for gold, such that the banks are not able to meet it, then there is a rush of people on the banks, and you find them smothering each other in their maddened endeavors to get their orders paid, and their notes cashed. At length there comes a rush on the bank in the evening; people are aroused;—and they are told there is no more money! And so with supply and demand in everything. Wherever there is not a supply there is confusion. So it is with this world of ours. The world demands three articles: Faith, Purity and Honesty. You will pardon me if I say to you, as an observer of my fellow-men, we do not meet the demand; we have not sufficient supply. We have not sufficient supply of faith. What does faith mean? It means two things, my friends. Every man who wishes to analyze what faith means, will find that it means two things, viz.: first, certain knowledge—absolute certainty of knowledge; secondly, the practical knowledge that influences the lives of men. There are two kinds of knowledge. There is a knowledge that does not contribute anything to the sum of a man's actions. For instance, if I solve a problem in mathematics—in geometry, say,—and I come to a fair conclusion and prove my propositions, what then? Why, I have gained a point in knowledge. But that does not influence my actions. It does not make me eat my breakfast with any more appetite. It does not induce me to abstain from this thing, or that thing, or anything. It does not make me meet my friend with more good will. It does not enable me to pardon an outrage. It does not enable me or induce me to abstain from a single sin. It is mere incidental knowledge.

But there is another kind of knowledge which comes with the power of a precept, which tells me such and such is the case, such and such is the fact, and you are called upon to act up to it. Such, for instance, is the knowledge I have that I must forgive the man that injures me. I go out in the street with that knowledge, and a man insults me, and, instead of striking that man, or resenting the insult, I quietly bear it and pass on. The knowledge that tells me that I must love my neighbor as myself, and that I must not injure him in person or in property, that knowledge is in my mind, and I go out among my friends. I have an opportunity of gaining something by injuring my fellow-man. I find that I can step into his place, that I can get his situation if I can only say, "He is a bad man; I know he is a bad man;" if I only say that, his employer will dismiss him and employ me. But I remember the principle of divine knowledge that is in my mind: "Don't say a word about that man; don't do anything to him, or say anything of him, that you would not have said or done to yourself." And so, I refrain. That is practical knowledge. Now, my friends, faith means knowledge, and practical knowledge; and this is precisely what our age is deficient in. Our age is deficient, first of all, in knowledge. Take away the Catholics that live in every land—take us away—leave the rest of mankind—leave them under their various denominations, Protestant and Methodist and Baptist and Anabaptist and Quaker, and so on—and what knowledge have they? What knowledge have they that rises to the grandeur and the dignity of faith? God forbid that I should conceive an insulting thought, or say an insulting word of, or to, my fellow-man. But I ask you to reflect; what knowledge have they? They are broken up into a hundred congregations and a hundred sects. One says one thing; another says another. It was only last Sunday that I saw the newspapers—the New York papers—and I amused myself on Monday morning by spending half-an-hour reading them. And there I saw, in one, how Mr. So-and-so said one thing. He said that man did not require this thing, or the other thing. Mr. So-and-so, in the next street, said he did require it (laughter). There was a holy Quaker stood up in one of these assemblies, who shook his head, signed, and "groaned to the Lord." And then, when he had "groaned to the Lord," and "joined himself to the Father," what do you think he did say? He said that "Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, was not the Son of God at all! It was all a mistake!" On the other hand, we

had another man saying, and saying truly, that "If any man asserted that, he was worthy of eternal damnation!"

And so, broken up into a thousand various sectaries, a thousand opinions, ask any one man this,—put him before you, and say: "Tell me, friend, how do you know that you are right?" He will say: "I know it, because I find it in the Scriptures." "But the man who contradicts you finds what he says in the Scriptures! You say that Christ is the Son of God?" "Yes." "But how do you know that you are right?" "I find it in the Scriptures." "But the Quakers say—He is not. How do you know you are right?" "Oh, it is in the Scriptures!" And so they all appeal to the Scriptures. And why? Because the Scriptures, though they are the inspired word of God, do not tell one thing to all men. They tell you what you like to get from them; they tell you what your opinion is, and what you would like it to be, and they tell me mine. So that there are four Scriptures instead of one—yours, and yours, and yours (laughter). And then, if you say to any one of these men, "Are you perfectly sure that you are right?" "Oh, yes!" "Are you sure now, so that you are beyond all possibility of making a mistake?" "Certainly; perfectly sure." "Then you are infallible!" "Oh, yes; I am infallible." "Why, then, you are a Pope! What right have you to complain of the Catholics when they say the Pope is infallible?" (Laughter.) Can you be mistaken or can you not? If they say they can, then I turn away at once and say, "My friend, I have nothing to say to you. If you can be mistaken on this question of religion I want to have not another word to say to you; because, if you are mistaken, you might lead me into a mistake too; but if you are not mistaken, and if you cannot be mistaken, then you are an infallible man." Now, show me the promise that made you infallible! "What?" he says. "Show me," I reply, "what promises made you infallible. If you have a right to it, why, in the name of Heaven, say that we, Catholics, are idolators, because we say that the Head of the Church, the man who succeeded St. Peter, the man to whom through St. Peter, Christ our Lord said: 'Thou shalt never fail to confirm thy brethren'—because we say that man is infallible, because he guides and informs the Church? You say he is not; you say the Church is not infallible—but you are! Now, my friend, I don't believe you!" It would be something like the fool we read of? There was a fool in the county of Galway in '98—the "year of the troubles," and General Merrick went down to Galway and commanded the troops. They

were hanging the people then. The fool saw the General ride up with his cocked hat, and the white feather in it, at the head of his troops. The fool made a cocked hat for himself, and put a white feather in it. Then he walked round the town and said he was General Merrick. So it is with every man of these. He says the Pope has no right to be infallible. The Catholic Church has no right to be infallible. Then he puts on his cocked hat, and says: But *I* am infallible! (Laughter.) If you believe the Pope you are a fool! If you believe the Catholic Church you are a fool! But if you don't believe me you will be damned! (Laughter.)

Now, it comes to this, or it comes to nothing at all. If a Quaker says to me he hath the right, then I say to that Quaker: "Yes; and if I don't belong to you and your communion, then I am wrong. If I am right you are wrong. If I am wrong I am not in the way of salvation." Therefore, if I don't become a Quaker I am damned! Well now, my friend, recollect for a moment. Not one voice outside the Catholic Church pretends to lay claim to knowledge, but only to opinion. Each one says: "Well, that is my opinion." But I answer: "Opinion is not faith. Faith is knowledge; faith is certain knowledge. Faith means not only strength of opinion and power of conviction; but faith means to *know*—to know the thing as clearly and as plainly as we know our own existence. That is faith, and that alone. For our Lord said: "I will not send you inquiring about the truth; I will not send you to form your opinions about what is the truth; I will not send you to argue out convictions about the truth; but I am come to give you the truth. I am the truth; you shall know the truth; and the truth shall make you free" (applause). You shall know the truth! You shall have a knowledge of it as certain, and more certain and strong, than of your own existence. More than this: Faith is a knowledge of a practical kind. It tells us not only what we are to believe but it tells us, also, what we are to do. It is all very well for a man to believe this, that, and the other point of Scripture. As for instance, all men believe in the existence of God. All men believe in the Divinity of our Divine Lord,—with a few exceptions. All men with the same few exceptions, believe that He, coming down from Heaven, came down to redeem and save us. And in those sermons that you read, delivered outside the Catholic Church, you will always find that they are beating about this and about that when they are speaking about the Divinity of our Lord; the atonement of the Son of God; the wonderful condescen-

sion of God becoming man. But how rarely do they speak about the specific duties of man? How rarely do they tell their people, "You must do this or you must avoid that." The moment you enter the Catholic Church, that moment do you find yourself face to face with a long list of duties that belong to you personally. The Catholic Church lays hold of you and says: "See here, my friend; you must go to confession; you must purify your conscience; you must pray, morning and evening; you must go to Mass; you must frequent the sacraments; you must receive Holy Communion, and receive it worthily; you must fast on such and such days; you must make restitution, if you have wronged any one;" and so on. There is a whole list of practical duties, which is the very first thing that we meet when we come into the Catholic Church. The reason of this is, that in the Catholic Church faith ceases to be a sentiment or a mere act of devotion—a mere uplifting of the mind to God. It is this, all this, and more. It brings with it an immense list of personal duties, necessary for the sanctifying of every man.

Now I ask you is not this faith, certain in its knowledge—is it not the great want of our age? What is the cry that we hear, nowadays, outside the Catholic Church? The cry is: "Oh, the number of men that are infidels! The number of men that never go to Church at all! The number of men that scarcely believe anything!" We find so many of them saying: "Oh, I don't care for going to Church, because I don't like the preacher! I don't care about the sermons. I don't go to Church because there's no excitement." Another will say: "I don't go to Church because it is the pleasantest hour of the Sunday, and I like to take a walk in the fresh air." Another one will say: "Well, I have my own notions; I have read for myself, and I think I know more than these men who preach; and I don't go to Church because I think I know more than they." The Protestant faith so stands practically at this hour that there is very little faith to be found among the cultivated intellect that belongs to it. Very little faith! The very foundations of Protestant faith are being, to-day, uprooted by the hands of Protestant clergymen. I would not say this if I did not know it. You have, at this day, among the very finest writers in Europe, some Protestant clergymen, who are suspected of infidelity, from their writings. One of them will begin an essay by saying it is a very doubtful thing whether the Scriptures are the inspired Word of God, at all. Another will begin an essay by saying: "We admit the inspiration of the Scriptures; but it only teaches a certain

moral law. There is nothing supernatural in it—nothing about Almighty God or about His revelation to be based on it.” Another will say, or throw a doubt on the Divinity of Jesus Christ. All these things have been mooted. All these things have been said. My Catholic friends, you don’t know what the Protestant world is without you. You don’t know what a state of confusion there is there—there where the Anglican bishops in England have cited Protestant clergymen for infidelity; have proved the infidelity; and where the Queen, by a statute, told them they were free to exercise their functions, and they were free to teach the people. One of the very first dignitaries of the Church in England to-day—the dean of one of the very first cathedrals—is a man not only suspected, but convicted of an utter want of belief in the revealed Word of God. And yet he is an Anglican clergyman, high in position, grand in his position, grand in his dignity, and gets up in his pulpit every Sunday to teach the people the Gospel—God bless the mark [cheers]! What follows from this want of faith?

Oh, my dear brethren and friends, wherever the mind of man is not thoroughly convinced—wherever man has not the certainty of knowledge—wherever the whole intellect is not filled with light, there, most assuredly, in that man’s conduct and in that man’s life, you will find the works of darkness, and the taint of infidelity and impurity. The man who, intellectually, from want of faith, is an infidel to his God—that man certainly will not be faithful to that being that, next to God, has the deepest, and the most solemn, and the most sacred claim upon him; namely, the wife of his bosom. From that want of faith, from that want of that certain conviction of all that faith teaches us, grows the awful impurity of this age of ours. My friends, I must call it “awful impurity.” I read in the history of the world of great sin—great sins in past times. I read of kings rising up and, in the foul desires of their lustful hearts, violating every law. But I read in those times of the strong voice of the Pope of Rome, and the strong arm from the Vatican put out to threaten and to coerce them, if not into the path-ways of purity, at least into those of public decency and morality (cheers). I read, in the past, of great sins and great sinners; but I read also that they excited the indignation of society; and that the greatest sinner of them all never attempted to justify his sin, or to legalize it, or to obtain for it the approbation of his fellow-man, or of the laws of his country. But we come to this nineteenth century, and what do we find?

We find the inconstancy and the infidelity of man legalized, acknowledged by the State, in that most infamous, most unchristian, most unholy law by which a man is permitted, by the laws of the land, to break the bond that he contracted in marriage before the altar of God, and to divorce the pure, and holy, and high-minded wife, who was the first mistress of his earliest love (cheers). I find in this one act, the act of divorce, the legislation that severs the bond that God has made—the legislation that tells the woman, no matter how pure she be, no matter how holy she be, that she is never secure in her position, that she is never safe from some base conspiracy, originating in the depravity of her husband anxious to be rid of her, anxious to shake off the incumbrance of her purity and her virtue, and trumping up an accusation against her—that she is never secure from the insidious designs and diabolical conspiracy of that man; that she may not be driven forth from his house, covered with ruin, her name dishonored, her position lost, and not knowing where to turn in her mid-career of life or in her old age—the abandoned, the injured, the down-trodden woman—because the State and the laws have given that man power to do it (cheers).

I find, moreover, this demon of impurity not only destroying the mother's hold upon her children—not only taking from the wife's brows that crown which God set there, who said to her, in matrimony, "thou shalt be this man's queen; thou shalt be his partner; thou shalt be his equal, and no hand shall sunder you two until the angel of death comes to lay one of you in the tomb;" I find, I say, beside this iniquitous law of divorce, that this awful sin of impurity—this sense of a want of all responsibility before God—this feeling of perfect license—has affected the young, has grown up with their age, has entered into their blood, has made the young boy, growing into manhood, think that everything was lawful for him, until it has become the social pest and the social evil of our days. I need not tell you, nor lead you into details about that with which, unfortunately, the press of this country has made us all too familiar. The dreadful sins that now and then turn up, creep out to terrify us, to make every modest woman in the land veil her face for shame, and every modest man feel the blood rushing to his brows, in shame and indignation; the murders that are committed; the foul, nameless crimes that are accumulated; the awful infidelities that disgrace the world in our day; the dreadful crimes that, from day to day, are registered before our eyes, until it has come

to this that no man or woman, valuing his or her soul, can, with safety, take up a daily journal ; for it may contain we know not what abomination ; nor do we know what abominable crime is to be put straight before our eyes ! Whence comes all this ? Was there ever an age—and I don't believe there ever was—since Christ died for man, in which this dreadful sin has so propagated itself as in this, our day—this dreadful sin—this sin that three times called down the avenging hand of God upon man, and always with a sweeping ruin that destroyed a whole world, or a whole nation. It was the sin of defilement, or of impurity that made Almighty God, in the first Flood draw back the bolts of Heaven, and rain down on mankind that deluge of water that washed away the whole human race, and destroyed it. It was the self-same sin, repeated again, that made the same Almighty arm once more withdraw the bolts of Heaven and rain down upon Pentapolis, and upon the valleys by the Dead Sea, a deluge, no longer of water, but of fire. Living fire came forth, enkindled by the indignation of a God of purity, sweeping away five great cities, and a whole nation. It was that very same sin repeated again, that made the Almighty God send forth that terrible command to the children of Israel : “ Let every man that fears the Lord, put his sword on his thigh, and draw it in the name of the God of Israel, and march through the enemy's country, and destroy every man in the land ! ” So that a whole tribe, and a whole nation was wiped out of the Israelites, because of that detestable, that fearful sin ; of which St. Paul speaks, when he says : “ Brethren, let it not be so much as named among you ! ”

Well, this is the sin which to-day has assumed such proportions that it has actually lost its shame. I say it has lost its shame ! I say it in the face of a community which has been insulted, as New York was insulted on last Good Friday evening, while we, Catholics, were weeping at the foot of the Cross ; while we, Catholics, knelt there with Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the Virgin Mother, and the glorious friend, St. John,—while we, Catholics, were weeping over the feet of our Lord Jesus Christ, dead upon the Cross, on last Good Friday evening, a woman,—a woman calling herself a modest woman,—had a congregation—an audience—to hear her while she blasphemed against purity, and advocated the detestable principles of free and indiscriminate love ! (Sensation). Ah ! If she had been in Dublin ! [This allusion sent the audience into a *furor*.] There would not be a rotten egg in the city that would not have been hurled at her

(great laughter). There would not be a herring in Pill lane that would not be bought up—even if they cost sixpence a piece—that the people might have the pleasure of shying them at her (renewed laughter).

My friends, do you imagine that when I speak thus, that I mean the slightest reflection upon American society, or upon American Protestantism? Well do I know that, whatever is rife, whatever is wicked, whatever is unwomanly, unmaidenly, or impure, is as foreign to American society as to any in this world (cheers). Well do I know that nowhere upon this earth is there an intelligence, a mind, a heart, that rises against all this with more bitter indignation than the intelligence, and the mind, and the heart of Protestant America (tremendous cheering). These things, and such as these, are a libel, not upon us Catholics, but equally on our respected, high-minded, pure-minded Protestant fellow-men, and fellow-women in the land. And I beg of you, therefore, to understand distinctly, that when I speak in denunciation of these things, I denounce them, and I denounce the badness of our age, not only to you Catholics, but to my American Protestant fellow-citizens. And, well do I know that whatever is bad, or vile, that I here denounce as a priest, in that denunciation I shall meet the sympathy of them, the American Protestants, just as lively, just as pure-minded, just as holy in their indignation, as your sympathy, my Catholic fellow-citizens (tremendous cheering).

The third great want of our age—I am ashamed to say it—is, as it seems to me, to be common honesty. Formerly—and you hear old people speaking still of “the good old days” gone by,—when people were plain and simple-minded, it was easy to get through the world, but now, as the old people say, “everybody is so mighty sharp, and so cunning, that they are apt to turn a corner upon you!” Formerly, if you bought a piece of cloth to make you a suit of clothes, you might reasonably rely upon it; nowadays, you must look sharp, or you will get shoddy” (laughter). In former times, as I heard an old man say, you could buy a pair of shoes, and they would last you all the winter. Nowadays they make them with pegs, so that when the wet weather comes in, in a few days they come apart (laughter). In former days a man knew what he was going to eat; now he must look mighty sharp, indeed; his food may be adulterated, or, before he knows it, he may be half poisoned by what he is eating (laughter). So much for commercial honesty.

What shall we say of national honesty? The international honesty man asks: "Have you fifty thousand men?" "Yes." "Are they drafted?" "Yes." "Well; your neighbor has only forty thousand; I think you might let yours go at him!" "Which do you want, Presidency or Empire?" Bismarck said to Napoleon: "I want Alsace and Lorraine; they belong to you, I know, but I want them." Napoleon said to Bismarck: "I want the Rhine Provinces, they belong to you, but I want them" So they joined issue—which of the two cocks would fight last. One hundred thousand men were sent into eternity. One hundred thousand men, the sons of mothers, the husbands of wives, the hope and the stay of families. One hundred thousand! Enough? No; another two hundred thousand! They were sent into eternity to decide the question, whether Bismarck would rob Napoleon, or Napoleon rob Bismarck (cheers and laughter). All my heart and soul—for I could not help it—were with France (great applause). I am an Irishman (renewed applause). And it is in the nature, and in the heart's-blood of a thorough-bred Irishman, as I am (cheers), to take off his hat and fling it in the air, and cry "Ho, for France!" whenever France is in the field (cheers). But I also know, and know it well, that the issue of that great war was simply an issue between Louis Napoleon and Bismarck. "I want your property, and you want mine! I want this, and you want it too. Let us try which of the two shall be the successful robber!" This is international honesty, in this, our day. Don't you say that among all the nations they have the slightest regard for principle, or for treaties, or for right. Not the slightest! There is Russia. She is building up Sebastopol again; Sebastopol that was destroyed by the French and the English, and which Russia swore a solemn oath she would never build up again. She is going at it now openly, energetically, because France is now down in the dust and England's hands are tied behind her back. England's hands are tied behind her back! oh, that America would just give the knot another turn (vehement cheering). If that knot got another turn from America, then poor old Ireland might be able to stand up and let fly one blow—[The conclusion of the sentence was lost in a burst of cheering, but what that conclusion was may readily be imagined. The pantomime was irresistible.]

So much for international honesty. What shall we say of political principle—of political honesty? We hear nothing, nowadays, but accusations against this man and that man; this "Ring" and that "Ring." Nothing but confusion!

Impeachment here, accusations there! Take a judge one day and try him. The Mayor another day and try him. "So many thousand dollars *you* took!" "So many *you* took!" "So many *you*!" "You engaged to do such-and-such a thing, and got so much for it—and you did not do it!" This is the whole history of politics, so far as I can see it. Whether these accusations are true or false I cannot tell, because I do not know the facts. Yet I believe there is some truth in them; but I also believe there is a great deal of falsehood in them. But such is the idea that the journals of the day give us of political honesty. Oh, my friends, would it not be very pleasant if the servants who live in the house with us were more honest? If we, ourselves, were more honest in our dealings with our fellow-men, commercially? If the nations were more honest, and had a little more respect each for every other's rights? If politicians were a little more honest? Then we might go through the streets without being shaken to pieces by the state of the roads. These are the great questions involved in this branch of the subject.

I believe, that if all men were to have a certain knowledge of divine truth—a certain knowledge—no doubt of it—no cavilling in opinion—if we were able to talk to every man's mind, and say: "See here, my friend, there is the law; you must acknowledge it. You know it is true; you must act up to it." That is faith. If we had that unity of thought; if we were all one in the unity of one belief, if we all admitted the necessity of one thing, and believed it ought to be done—and if, in addition to that, and from that, followed the self-restraint, the purity of life, the integrity of nature preserved in the young by an absence of all these nameless and hideous excesses—if the fidelity of God to His Church was impersonated and typified in the grand fidelity of man to his wife, and of the woman to her husband; and if, in addition to all this, man had a sense of his responsibility for every relation in which he stands to his fellow-man, and to society; and if the morality and honesty enjoined on each and every one of us, so that we would not dare to be dishonest, because of the consequences, behold, the three great evils of society are healed, and the three great wants of society are supplied.

Now, I did not come here this evening, my friends, to point out the wants of society to you, I only came here to show you what they are—and, I think, you will acknowledge that, so far, I have not exaggerated.

Now, the second part of my business this evening, here, is

to show you that there is only one power upon this earth that is able to meet these three wants, and supply them; that there is only one power on this earth that is able to remedy these three enormous evils; and she is able to do it only because she comes from God—and that power is the Holy Roman Catholic Church (loud applause). She alone can create faith; and she alone, can create purity. She alone can guarantee honesty. And there she alone can meet the three great wants of this age of ours. She alone can create faith. She comes to us in this nineteenth century and says: "Hear my voice and believe me!" If we ask her, "What right have you to say this to us?" She answers: "I am the Church of Jesus Christ no other Church lays claim to these my attributes, except myself. I ask you to believe Him who said: 'He that will not hear the Church, let him be as a heathen, or an infidel.' I ask you to believe Him who said: 'You may rely upon the Church, for I have built my Church upon a rock, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it.' I ask you to believe my word upon the word of Him who said: 'You may rely upon the Church that she can never teach you a lie. For I will send my Spirit of Truth upon her to guide her into all truth, and to be with her until the end of time; and lo! I, myself,' said He, 'am with her all days, until the consummation of the world'" [cheers]. Any man who believes this—who believes that these are the words of the God of Truth—that man is bound, as a reasonable individual, to bow down before the Church and say: "Speak! speak to me, oh, messenger of God! You have proved by your diploma that you have come to me from God! No other religion even puts in a claim to this but you. Speak, therefore, you, and I will hear your voice as the voice of God!" (Cheers.) What other religion claims it, I ask you? Does the Protestant religion claim this authority, and say: "Hear me, for I come from God?" No; the boast of Protestantism is that it has removed that slavery of the human intellect that bound man to hear the voice of the Church as if it was the voice of God. In other words, Protestantism rests upon the principle that says to every man: "You are the best judge, yourself. Go; look in the Book. Put your own interpretation on it: your private judgment is the principle of faith." Theirs is no voice that can say: "Hear me, for I come from God!" But if these words of Scripture be true, then, my friends, nothing remains for us but to take the Word as it came from the lips of the Church of God; and that Word is our faith. The Protestant will say: "Don't speak so, O friar! Don't speak so, thou

old bigot of the thirteenth century ! We have long forgotten you, and your white and black habit ! Go back to your cloister ! Go back to rot and fester in your monastic idleness and in your monastic garb of poverty ! We have outgrown you—we of the nineteenth century. We get our faith from the Bible—the written Word of God !” But I ask you, before you accept that as the foundation of your faith, does not that very Bible tell you that faith comes, not by reading, but by hearing ; and that hearing comes by the Word of God, spoken ; and that the man that speaks that word must be sent by Almighty God ! (Loud cheers.)

“Faith comes by hearing,” says St. Paul, “and hearing by the word of God. How shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall any man preach unless he be sent ?” Therefore the man that comes to create faith must come with a living voice ; that voice must be the voice of authority ; and while he speaks to his fellow-man he must be able, with his right hand, to point to a commission received from God. Where is that commission to be found, save and except in the Catholic Church, that goes up, step by step, and year by year, until she says : I am here, speaking to you to-night by the voice of the least and most unworthy of my commissioned and sent children ; but I was present, on Easter morning with Peter and St. John, when we entered an empty grave, and we heard from angels the words : ‘Why seek you the living with the dead ? He is risen. He is no longer here !’” This is the Catholic Church. She alone can create faith. She, alone, can give knowledge. The nations are groping about like children, with a film over their eyes. They are seeking what they are to believe. “I believe this ; you believe that ; you are wrong, and I am right.” “No ; but I am right and you are wrong !” [Laughter.] And in the midst of all this stands the living voice : the voice that flowed and resounded when He struck the key-note—and that was on the day when He said : “Go and preach to all the nations ; teach them, with loving care, all that I have spoken to you. And I am with you all days, even until the consummation of the world !” (Cheers.)

Does the Catholic Church create Purity ? Well, my friends, this is a subject on which it is difficult to speak to a mixed audience, such as I have here this evening. And yet I feel bound to speak plainly and clearly to you. The Catholic Church creates purity. In what does purity consist ? My friends, there are two natures in man. There is the nature of the body—gross, material, corrupt, base, vile—of the slime

of the earth. And there is the nature of the soul, spiritual, God-like, Heavenly—for it comes from Heaven—from the lips of God. These two natures meet in man, not as friends, but as enemies. They do not join hands and say: "Let us work together for all the eternal purposes of Him who created us." But the spirit says to the flesh: "I must subdue you!" And the flesh says to the spirit: "No; but I will drag you down with me into hell!" Thus it is that the two natures, the spiritual and the corporal, meet in man. The soul, in this contest with the body, has only Divine Faith—light, example, and grace. The body has its passions, its inclinations, its base desires. It has what are called, nowadays, in the blasphemous jargon of the nineteenth century, "the necessities of its nature!" The virtue of purity is that form of divine grace by which the soul, the spiritual nature, the angelic element in man is able to assert itself, to rise into all the glory of its imperial power, and to say to that body, base and vile and earthly as it is, "No, you must not govern me! You must not enslave me! You must not have a single desire, nor gratify a single wish, except what I consent to!" And this is purity; the power of the soul over the body, the power of the intelligence and of the will over the depraved passions of that low, debased, and fallen nature which is in this flesh of ours. The more perfect that purity rises into the complete empire of soul over body, the more like does that virtue make a man unto Jesus Christ, the God of infinite purity. The more perfectly the body is subdued, the more perfectly all its passions are annihilated, the more easily and imperiously all temptations are swept out of the way, so that the soul may go on in its course to God, the more perfect is the purity of that man. And that highest form of purity is called "virginal purity."

Now, my friends, in the designs of God, in creation, everything takes its type from something above itself. Everything looks to the most perfect of its species. The Catholic Church creates purity among the people because she creates a perfect type of purity in her priesthood and in her sanctuary (cheers). The Catholic Church says to the people; "Oh, you men—oh, you husbands—be faithful, be pure, be self-restrained men! Look at your fellow-men in the sanctuary! Look at the men who minister unto me at my altars! Behold I have taken them in the bloom of their youth, in the strength of their manhood; and I have enabled them so to annihilate their passions and their bodies, that no thought, or shadow of a thought, to sin allied, is ever

allowed to linger in its passage across their imaginations; that no act unworthy of an angel of God is ever committed by them; that they are in the flesh indeed, but exalting the spirit over that flesh; and therefore it is that I admit them to my most holy altar, because they are complete victories, and the embodiments of victory over their passions. Therefore," says the Church, "therefore, O sons of men, you cannot be pure in yourselves, seeing that they are pure only in the most perfect God" (cheers). In the purity of her priesthood, in the virginal purity of her priest and monk and nun, the Church of God proves to the world that this high virtue is possible; that it is easy and feasible to man; and that all that any man has to do is to look up to Jesus Christ in prayer and in sacrifice and in humility, in order to obtain that gift of innocence and purity which is the adornment of the Christian soul (cheers).

Still more, the Church of God, the Catholic Church, in her system of education insures the virtue of purity in the young. She takes the little boy or the little girl, with the dews of their baptismal innocence upon them, before their minds are open to the comprehension, or their passions excited to the enjoyment, of anything evil. She places them under the care of her preceptors,—her Christian brothers, her monks, her nuns; she surrounds them with every influence that breathes only of God, and of the Virgin, and of the Virgin's Son, and of the highest form of purity. She teaches them from their earliest infancy to look to our Divine Lord, and to His Virgin Mother, and to behold in both of them, shining forth, the gift of the infinite purity of God; and she teaches them that this is the highest form of virtue. She infuses through the young soul the sacramental graces. She brings the child,—with the dews of his baptismal innocence upon him,—face to face with the Lord God in the Holy Communion; and upon those innocent lips, that never murmured a word of evil, and into that innocent heart that has never thought a thought unholy, does she place her Divine Lord in all the strength, and in all the majesty of His holiness, to communicate Himself to the little one,—to make that little one even as He was in the happy days when, in Nazareth, He grew up under Mary's hands.

More, she insures domestic holiness, upon the foundation of domestic purity. She tells the husband and the wife that they are bound together by a bond upon which the Church of God has set her sacramental seal, and that no authority on earth, no power on earth, no circumstance that may arise, can

ever destroy that bond, or separate that husband from the wife. She tells that man, that, no matter what trust he may break, no matter what obligation he may be unfaithful to, there is one to which he must remain faithful to the last hour of his life; and that is the obligation of pure love, and of undivided homage to the wife of his bosom (cheers). No matter what circumstances may come; no matter how fortune may smile or frown; "for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness or in health, till death do them part:" and whoever comes in, no matter what he says, no matter what he is, no matter how powerful a king, no matter how great the legislator that comes in at this, that, or the other place; no matter how great he may appear, the Church of God says: "Destroy me if you can—shed my blood if you will, but I stand between you and that woman; with all the power of God, and with a blessing and with a curse, I stand between you and that woman; and I tell you your word is null and void: she shall never be parted from her husband; she shall never lose his love, nor his devotion, nor his homage, till death comes to part them" (loud cheers)! Thus the woman is secured in her position. My friends, don't be angry with me if I say it; consider if it be true; if it be not true, take it as if it were not said; but, if it be true, consider it well. Consider it well, Oh you ladies, who are present, who may not be Catholics: the only lady, the only wife that is perfectly secure, that can rest quietly without a thought, or a fear, or an anticipation of ever being disturbed from her sacred position of wife and of mother, is the woman over whose marriage the Catholic Church has set her sacramental hand and seal (cheers). She is the only queen that can never be dethroned; the only empress from whose brow no hand can pluck the honorable and magnificent crown of the pure Christian wife and Christian mother (applause). And therefore, I hold that the Catholic Church, in her system of education; in the example of her priesthood and her consecrated ones; in her teaching; in her securing the matrimonial bond as the hand of God, binding two—that in all this, she has secured unto the world, in addition to the gift of faith, the magnificent gift of chastity (prolonged cheering).

But what about the public and private honesty? What is she able to do here, you will ask. Well, my friends, there are two ways of dealing with a man in this respect. The first is to try and save a man from being a thief, if you can; and if you don't succeed in making him honest get hold of him as soon as you can afterwards, and take whatever he foully got

from him (laughter). If you can save him from being a thief so much the better. But the next best thing is to catch the thief and open his pockets, take out of them whatever was stolen, and give it back to the decent man that it belonged to. "Here, sir, this is yours. There it is. The property is yours. It was taken out of your house yesterday. I have the thief!" Now, there is no power that can do this except the Catholic Church. First of all, there is no power that can save a man from committing a theft except the power that masters his conscience, that lays hold of his conscience. That reaches him. Now, mark. You may sin against God. You may do a great many bad things. If you are penitent and sorry, you get absolution. There is an end of it. God Almighty forgives you freely whatever you do against Him. But remember, if your sin be against your neighbor, if you be guilty of the slightest act of thievery or injustice against your neighbor, Almighty God will not forgive you until you have given back what you have stolen. Almighty God will not forgive you without you make restitution. If I, for instance, offend God, and in the silence of my chamber I beseech God to pardon me, and I am afterwards sorry and kneel down at my confessor's knee, make a confession, tell my sin, express my sorrow, make my resolution that with God's help I will never do the like again, the priest will say, "You have committed a terrible sin; you have blasphemed God in your anger; you have blasphemed the attributes of God; you have invoked the devil to help you in your anger or despair; but you are sorry. Now, with three words," he says, "I absolve thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." It was a sin only against God of which you were guilty. Whatever we are sorry for God forgives us freely. But whenever an offence against God involves also an offence against our neighbor, it becomes quite a different thing, my friends.

If, in the same manner, I go to confession and say to the priest: "Father, I was very angry with a man, and I wanted to have revenge on him; and I went to his employers and told them the man was a dishonest man; and they discharged him; and he has been out of work now for three weeks;" the confessor will say: "Was it true or false what you told them?" "Father, it was a lie!" "And he is three weeks out of work now?" "Yes." "How much was he earning a week?" "Ten dollars a week." "My man," the confessor will say, "You will have to give that man thirty dollars; and you will have to go to his employers and tell them that

you are a liar ; that you have slandered that man unjustly." The man will say, perhaps : " I cannot very well do it ; I have only twenty dollars altogether." The priest will say : " You must do it, my son ; if you do not, I cannot give you absolution." " But, Father, you cannot ask me to go and make a liar of myself ? " " 'Tis no use, my son," the priest will answer ; " for, as you told a lie on the man before, you must go and tell the truth now. It is not now you will make yourself a liar, when you go to have him reinstated. You made yourself a liar when you got the man turned out ; but until you get that man reinstated—until you get him back in his place—until you make up his character—until you make up his loss, you cannot go ahead here ! It's no use ! You cannot go to your Easter duty : I cannot let you ! " If, now, in addition to this, this man says that after getting his neighbor out of employment by saying he was a thief, he met three or four others and told it to them ; and they spread the story about the neighborhood, then the priest will say : " Well, my son, when you have paid the thirty dollars, and got the man back in his situation, there is yet another thing you must do. You must go about again among the neighbors, and tell them that what you said was all a lie ! " Why ? Because you have robbed that man of his reputation. This is Catholic duty, as enforced in the confessional ! What is there more likely to keep a man honest than the perfect knowledge that he cannot be a thief ? If a man could say, " I will rob my employer of a thousand dollars, taking twenty at a time, and he will not miss it ; afterwards I will lead a good life ; I will do penance before God ; I will become an elder in the Church ; and I will preach on Sundays, sometimes, myself. Besides, nobody will miss it, and nobody will be the worse for it ;—if a man could say that, what a strong temptation would it not be to take it ? But the Catholic cannot do it.

I remember, since I came to America, hearing of a man who came to a Catholic, somewhere down South, and made this proposal : " You will vote for me, you know ; and I will vote for you, you know ; and we will take that twelve hundred and divide it between us." " Well," said the other, I cannot do that, but I'll tell you what I will do. If you give me the thousand I will let you have the two hundred. For I can tell you," said he, " that sooner or later I must make restitution, because I am a Catholic ; but you will have the two hundred scott-free. You have no restitution to make ! " [Laughter and applause]. Who is it that catches the thief ? " Why, for one thief the State lay holds of, a thousand thieves

escape. For every one man that the State lays hold of and brings to trial for robbery or corruption, how many are never detected, or, if detected, elude justice? The money is all gone, and all the courts can do is to send the offender to the penitentiary, or put him on the tread-mill. But that will not get back one penny of the money. The Catholic Church alone lays hold of the thief; she catches him in the Confessional. "How much did you take?" "Twenty thousand." "Then you have to give back every penny of it." The Catholic Church alone so lays hold of the thief that it enables those who were plundered to get their own again. Perhaps you say this is never done? I deny it. I say it is within my own knowledge. I can say this, and I am free to say this, and I have got permission to say it; it is within my own knowledge, and was under my own agency. Within twelve months since I left Ireland, I paid twenty thousand pounds sterling—\$100,000—in restitution. (Cheers.) Who catches the thief? Why, this is well known in England; and, I believe, in this country. A great many Protestant families have Catholic servants, because they know they cannot steal from them (applause). When I was living in Gloucestershire, on the mission, there was a Protestant clergyman came to me, and he said: "I want you to come to my house"—(he was an Englishman)—"I want you to come to my house. My man—my man-servant—has been two months away from confession, and I am very uneasy about it." I said to him, "Why, bless my soul! you are a Protestant minister, and you repudiate the doctrine of the Confessional. Do you really make your servants go to confession?" "Of course I do," he said; "and of course you know—ahem—if I did not make him go to confession, how do I know but he might be stealing, you know?" This is the Catholic Church; the reality of religion.

I cannot help feeling indignant—I cannot help feeling indignant from the very love I have for my fellow-men, for the very love I have for this glorious land, where I would very willingly spend the rest of my life, if I were only allowed—(here the assemblage burst into a perfect storm of cheering)—I cannot help feeling indignant whenever I see an unreal thing, a sham, held up and called by the name of "religion." Why, religion, wherever it is, if it be true, must get into a man's soul, must make him a pure man, must make him an honest man. It must make him an humble man, believing in God with all his heart and soul, leaning upon Christ, his Saviour, with all his heart and soul—not clinging to any other

name or any other power save that of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, his Saviour. But, in clinging to Him by Faith, he must also approach Him with pure hands. With pure hands! Oh, God! Oh, God! to hear them speak!—speaking of “hanging on to the Lord.” Of “grasping the Lord;” of “laying hold of the Saviour,” and their hands not pure! Would the Virgin’s Son allow the impure man to approach him? No; that man is the worst blasphemer who would speak of Christ with impure lips, or speak of touching Him unless his hands are pure. Religion, wherever it is, must enter into man’s life in his relations with his fellow-man, must create in him a sense, a constant abiding sense of his responsibility to God and to his fellow-man. Consequently it must make him “as honest as the sun,” as we say in Ireland. And if it do not do this it is no religion.

Now, my Catholic friends, one word and I have done, for I greatly fear I have trespassed on your patience (cries of “No, no”). The citizens of America may well say to me, and to the like of me, “This is all very beautiful in theory, but is it so in practice among your people? Are your people—are you, that are always boasting about being an Irishman, throwing up your hands about Ireland, talking about Irish glory, and all that—are your fellow-countrymen in this country the pure, honest men that you speak of? I answer, if they are true Catholics they are all that I describe them to be (cheers). I am not describing bad Catholics. But I say to every man that speaks to me, either as an Irishman or as a priest—I say if, as Irishmen, they are true to their country’s traditions, they are all that I describe them to be (cheers). And, as a Catholic priest, I say if they are true to their religion they are all, my friends, that I describe them to be (cheers). What remains? What remains, men of Ireland—men of the Catholic Church? What remains but for you and me to be what we ought to be [cheers]? For you and me to be what our forefathers before us were—the cream of the earth! The light of the world was ancient Ireland! The joy of Christendom was ancient Ireland! The glory of the Catholic Church was ancient Ireland! What remains but for us to be what our fathers before us were so faithfully in the days of joy or of sorrow [cheers]? What remains for me to be, but all that the Catholic Church tells me I ought to be, and all that Ireland’s history tells me the monks and priests of Ireland’s history were? What remains for me but—as a Catholic—the laws of my Church; and, as an Irishman, the grand example of St. Columbanus, St. Patrick, and St. Kevin

(cheers). And if you, and I, and all the Irish Catholics in this land, are only what our religion commands us to be, or supposes us to be, and I will add—and this is the great point—enables us to be, if we only accept her ministration and her sacraments—if we are only that, then shall we be worthy of the esteem and love of our American fellow-citizens (loud cheers). Why do I speak of them? Because, Irishmen and Catholics, whom I am addressing, let me tell you that I have lived in many lands, and I have known many people, and I am not accustomed, (thanks be to God—and I hope I never will be)—to speak words of flattery or idle speech to any people. I speak the truth as I feel it. I speak it as it fits in my mind before the world. I say to them, as I am upon this topic, as far as my experience leads me, if there is a man upon this earth whose love and whose good-will I have the ambition to possess, he is an American citizen (cheers). If you and I are what our religion and what our history tells us we ought to be, America will have no loss, but a great gain in us. America, the grand and glorious young country that has never yet violated the traditions of her own freedom, that has never yet denied to the poor emigrant, and to the stranger, and to the hunted head, the liberty and the share in that liberty which she herself enjoyed (cheers),—to be a citizen of America, to be destined, either in yourselves or in your children after you, to guide her councils and enter into the halls of her glorious Legislature, to be citizens of America—that is to say, in a few years to shape the destinies of the world and give laws to all the nations—laws founded on justice, on religion, and on God—this I hold is the highest ambition that can enter into the mind of man in this nineteenth century (cheers). The country that has given you a home will give you power and intelligence. The nation that has opened her arms to receive you will lift you up in those strong arms to the full height and the highest place; for no mean, miserable, petty bigotry, no miserable restriction of race or religion fetters the mind of the free man here (cheers).

This, and all this, will this glorious America do for us, if we, Catholics and Irishmen, and the sons of Irishmen, are all that Catholicity teaches us to be, and all that our history points out to us in the traditions of our glorious past. Great will be America's gain in the day when the Irish element in America, taking shape and form, brings to bear upon her councils the magnificent intellect of Ireland, bringing into her battle-fields the strong, brave, and stalwart arms that were never yet idle when a blow was to be struck for freedom

(cheers). Great will be America's gain, all this secured to her by Irish fidelity and Irish love for the land of their adoption. Great will be America's gain when her sanctuaries and shrines continue to be adorned—as they are adorned to-day—by that Irish priesthood that has come to this land with the traditions of fifteen hundred years of martyrdom and of sanctity about it (cheers). Great, indeed, will be this nation's future history (cheers). I see her as she rises before me, magnificent in every proportion of intellectual and material strength; I see her combining the best resources of every land and of every country. In her right arm, outstretched in the moment of her highest power and energy, I see the energy, the might, the patriotism and the fidelity of Ireland (loud cheers). You remain, but I will leave you; and, if God gives me life, I will yet, perhaps with tears of joy in my eyes, see the green hills of Innisfail rise before me. Oh, my friends, let me bring home with me the message to the sons of Ireland, of the Clan-na-Gael—from those who love the old land to those who love you there,—let me bring home the consoling message to them, that Ireland in America is worthy of its new land; but that Ireland in America has not forgotten the old land; that the heart of Ireland beats throbbing in all the energy of youth for the glorious future that is before it in America; and still looks back and beholds in the light of memory, across the waves the ever loved and ever dear green land of the saints and of our sires (great cheering). Then, my friends, the ancient land, my home, will look with hopeful eyes across the wild Atlantic to the great continent that is here; and whenever an enemy assails her; whenever an old tyrant comes to hang an old chain upon her, Ireland will rise up, indignant in her strength, and say: "Oh tyrant! Oh oppressor! remember I have strong sons over the ocean who will strike a blow for me (cheers)! I am not abandoned. I am not all-forsaken, though in my old age. I am the mother of the strong race, the intellectual race, the powerful race, that, some day or other will bring the mighty energies of the 'Great Country' to bear upon, to crush—aye, and to trample into the dust the foul hand that was ever raised to strike dear old Ireland!" (Loud and prolonged cheering, amid which the Rev. lecturer retired).

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Sermon delivered by the REV. FATHER BURKE, in St Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, on Monday evening, June 3, for the benefit of the public hospital erected by the Catholics of that city, and placed under the care and management of the "Sisters of the Poor."]

"CHRISTIAN CHARITY."

DEAR FRIENDS :—Among the many proofs that the Catholic Church offers to the world of her truth and of her divine mission, one of the strongest—though an indirect proof still one of the strongest—is the spirit of charity and mercy that is organized within her. It had been prophesied of the Spouse of old, that the Lord God had organized charity in her (*Dominus et rex meus ordinavit in me caritatem*). It had been foretold by Christ our Lord, and emphatically, that the attribute of charity—of mercy—was to be the countersign of his elect. It was therefore fitting that the Church, which was the spouse of Jesus Christ, should have an organized charity and mercy within her, and that they should shine forth on her hands, as the countersign of her election, who was destined to be the mother of all the elect of God. Therefore it is, that at all times, charity, taking the form of mercy, has been found vivid and true in the Catholic Church ; and that charity which beams forth in her comes before us, when we contemplate her, with all the attributes of Divine beauty which we find in the charity of Jesus Christ Himself. You know that I am come before you this evening to speak to you of the attributes of Christian charity. It is not so much of the necessity of charity that I wish to speak, but it is of the attributes of charity. I need not speak to you of the necessity of being charitable and merciful. Your presence here this evening attests sufficiently to me that you recognize the necessity of charity. But that you may know what that Divine charity is which is in the Church, and which takes the form of mercy, I will endeavour to describe to you some of its attributes ; and I will begin by asking you, in the language of scripture, to consider and to recognize what form of charity it is that the Father in Heaven bestowed upon us whereby we also were to be called,

—and were to be,—the sons of God. That form of the Father's love is Christ Jesus our Lord : for as Christ Himself says, "God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son to save it." Behold the Father's gift ! If you would know therefore, what are the true attributes and what the real beauties of charity, you must consider charity as it exists in our Divine Lord Himself. Then shall you see what are the attributes of Christian charity. Therefore the Evangelist said, "Brethren, consider well the nature and the form of love the Father in Heaven bestowed upon us, whereby we are to be called the sons of God "

Well, first of all, my dear friends, certain it is that although faith be absolutely necessary to salvation, and although we are saved by hope ; yet neither faith nor hope will bear us into our everlasting happiness and joy hereafter, unless we possess charity which manifests itself in mercy to the poor. "By this," says our Divine Lord "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, "if you are charitable and love one another;" and "if any man says he loveth God and loveth not his neighbor, he is not a true believer." But, elsewhere, the same Evangelist tells us that "He who has the substance of this world and seeth his brother have need and closes his heart against him, the love of God cannot dwell in such a one." Therefore the sign by which we shall know the essential charity is in us, is the manifestation of this Divine principle in works of mercy. The prophet said, "I will espouse thee to me in faith, in justice, in judgment and commiseration." So much for the necessity of charity. No man can be saved without it. No man can say he is the son of God unless the countersign of mercy be upon him. No man can pass into Heaven unless he opens the golden gates of that heaven to himself with the key of mercy. It will be the crucial test whereby you shall be found deserving of eternal glory that the countersign of mercy is on your forehead and the works of charity are in your path.

What manner of charity do we find in our Lord Jesus Christ ? What are the attributes of His charity ? I answer, principally four. First of all, the charity in Christ was a constant and abiding charity ; secondly, it was compassionate and tender—a most loving charity ; thirdly, it was active and efficacious—a working charity ; fourthly, it was universal, embracing all and touching all with the same loving hand—a catholic charity. Consider these four in Christ before we come to look upon them in the charity organized

in His Holy Church. First, my friends, the charity of our Divine Lord was constant. It was love that brought Him down from heaven; it was mercy that kept Him upon the earth for thirty-three years; it was mercy that nailed Him to the Cross. He came down from heaven to redeem the fallen race of man. He devoted Himself wholly to that work of redemption. No other thought ever entered into the mind of our Lord; no other motive pressed Him to action—save the one thought, the one motive of mercy. It was His daily action. When He spoke it was the mercy of light given to man; when He healed their sick, it was still the mercy His all-powerful touch brought upon them. Thirty-three years He remained upon earth. Was that necessary for man's salvation? No! But it was necessary that Christ should have a time to pour forth His infinite mercy in His daily actions on the people. They came to Him at all times. When He was at meat they rushed into Him, just as Mary Magdalen rushed to His feet as He sat at table. They came to Him at the time when He was supposed to take His rest, just as Nicodemus came "at the midnight hour." They pressed upon Him, so that St. Mark says they did not even give Him time to eat bread—to eat His meals. And did He ever refuse Himself to them? Did He ever turn away from them and say "this is not the time or the place for you to seek me?" Did He ever show the slightest inconstancy or uncertainty in His mercy? No! No matter who came to Him, or at what time or place, or under what circumstances, He was always equal to Himself. That charity, that mercy with which He met them was the business of His life, until the people came to count with absolute certainty upon the abiding constancy of His love, and came to Him with the sick and their blind and their palsied and their dead, perfectly certain that His charity and mercy would go forth from Him, because, in truth, that was the very life of God; this love which was not an exceptional or occasional work with Him—not merely the recreation of an hour—it was the business of His life; it was His very life itself. He brought to the work of mercy the infinite constancy of God.

Not only, however was the charity of Christ constant; but it was also a most tender and compassionate form of love. Dearly beloved brethren, here it is that we get a glimpse into the inner heart of our Lord. Here it is that we contemplate the virtue of charity, of mercy in Him. Here it is that we see the infinite compassion and tenderness of His most loving heart. He invariably surrounds each act of His mercy with

every sweetest attribute of tenderness and love. For instance when upon the mountain, He had five thousand people around Him, and He resolved to feed them; but before He multiplied the bread, He turned to his disciples and said, "I have compassion upon this multitude, and I will not send them away fasting lest they might faint by the way; for lo! they have remained with me three days." Not content with feeding them, he prefaces the action of mercy with the expression of compassion, giving vent, as it were, to the strong feeling of a loving heart. Then when He was entering the city of Nain a funeral procession came forth; a young man, the only son of a widow,—who had lost him in her old age, and now, with dishevelled hair and streaming eyes, and with the loud outcry of despair, she mourned that the staff of her life was gone—and the hope and joy of her life taken from her, as she followed her only child to the grave. But the moment her voice fell upon the Saviour's ear—when He saw her, He was touched with pity. The fountains of His great, glorious, loving heart were moved within Him; and He goes to the woman and lays His hand upon her shoulder and says to her in accents of thrilling love: "Woman weep no more." He dries the mother's tears, and then turning to the man on the bier, He says—"Young man, I say unto thee, arise." And the Evangelist tells us, that when the young man awoke, our Lord took him in His hands and gave him to his mother—placed him upon her bosom, and then stood by and feasted His great compassion and the tenderness of his love on the happiness of that meeting. Such was the heart of Jesus Christ.

On another occasion, He comes to Bethany. Lazarus was dead four days, and in his grave, when the Master appeared. And they went into the house and told Mary the Magdalen that the Master was come, and she rushed out and flung herself heart-broken at His feet—exclaiming "Oh, my Lord! if Thou had been here my brother never would have died. When He looked down and saw this woman weeping—the great sobs bursting from her breast in the agony of grief, Jesus also wept. Tears came from His eyes and fell upon the head of Mary from the fountain of that Divine love and compassion. There is nothing more touching in all Scripture than those words, "Jesus wept." The very Jews who stood around were amazed to see the compassion of the man. They were not used to such grief, and they said to one another, "Behold! He weeps—see how much He loved him." Such was the heart of Jesus Christ. He used to heal the wounded feelings of the afflicted, as well as to relieve them; and en-

tered into all their wants and ministered to them, while He ministered with so much love that the manner in which He relieved was almost greater than the relief itself. Thirdly, the charity of our Lord was a magnificent, real, active and efficacious charity. He did not love in word and thought merely; He loved in deed and truth. He does not content Himself with saying, "I have compassion on the multitude;" but He puts His hand into the basket and takes the bread and breaks it, and multiplies it, and gives it unto them until every one is filled. He does not content Himself with saying to the widowed mother, "Weep no more;" but He gives her a reason to cease her weeping, for He raises her son from the dead and puts him upon her bosom. He does not content Himself with weeping over the Magdalen and saying to her, "I am the Resurrection and the Life;" but the next moment sees Him at the tomb of Lazarus, and the darkness of the grave hears a voice—"Lazarus, come forth"—and Lazarus did come forth out of his grave; and He gave him unto his sisters. His was a mercy that never tired; a mercy that met every form of misery, for it was not only constant and gentle and compassionate, or efficacious and active; but it was also catholic and universal. Every form of misery which came before Him was met by Him. Now, we find Him opening the eyes of the blind; again, we find Him lifting up the helpless and the lame; again, He is cleansing the leper or raising the dead; at another time confounding the pride of the Pharisees, by the example of His humility; at another time—the greatest work of all—when He received the sinner with all her sins upon her, and in these words, "Thy sins are forgiven." He sent her forth pure as an angel before the Throne of God.

These are the four principal attributes of that charity which existed in the heart of Jesus Christ. When Christ our Lord established His Church, He expressly declares to us that He founded her in all strength, in all beauty, in all holiness and truth. He expressly declares to us that whatever He had He gave to His Church; that whatever He was His Church was to be. It has been written of that Church, "Thou wast made exceedingly beautiful because of my beauty that was upon thee," by the Prophet Isaias. Christ we find fulfilling this when He said to His disciples, "All Heaven and earth is given to me; and now I say to you, as the Father sent me so do I send you; as I am the true light that enlighteneth all that come into the world, so are ye sent to spread that light; and the gates of hell shall never prevail

against that Church, as I am the Omnipotent of God, having power to forgive sins ; so I say to you whose sins you shall forgive shall be forgiven them."

But amongst the many gifts He bestowed upon His Church He gave her that charity and mercy which we have just seen was so perfect in the heart of our Lord. Therefore, as St. Paul tells us, Christ loved His Church, and gave His life that He might present her to Himself perfect, beautiful, glorious, not having spot, wrinkle, stain, nor any such thing; but all perfect in her supernatural beauty; and so, wholly to be the spouse of Jesus Christ the Son of God. Among these beauties was the beauty of charity like His own, because it is written, "I will espouse thee in faith, in justice, in judgment, and in mercy and commiseration." How, therefore, can mercy and charity not be a distinctive of that Church which was to be the bride of Christ. So, therefore, when we go back to her history, we must find upon her records that attribute of charity like to His. Do we find it? Oh, my dear friends, mercy and charity were unknown to the world until Jesus Christ founded His Church—mercy and charity were unknown to the world. The world had benevolence; the record of the world's history tells us of many acts of grand benevolence performed, now and then, by the Pagans of old; we are told of many instances in which they showed tenderness of heart and commiseration, and of many in which they were generous and self-sacrificing in their efforts to befriend their fellow-men. Remember all these are fair and beautiful adornments of the natural character of man. But they are not supernatural; they are not Divine; nor are they the mercy which Jesus Christ shall require of the soul which enters into the kingdom of His bliss. Why? Because, my beloved, the charity of which Jesus Christ our Lord speaks is a charity which must spring from faith and be animated by hope; which must spring from faith because, as the Apostle says, "And now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Unless faith be there pointing out the way of all our charity, it may be gentleness, it may be kindness of heart, it may be what you will, but it is not Christian charity. What does faith tell us to guide our charity? Our faith tells us that we are bound to minister to Jesus Christ our Lord; to do homage to Him, no matter in what disguise or form we find Him. Our faith teaches us that blessed are they that minister to Him, for they shall be ministered to by Him.

Now where shall we find Him so that our ministration

will reach Him? In Heaven He commands our adoration; but we cannot minister to Him in our mercy. In the blessed Eucharist He commands purity of soul, a fervent approach, adoration; but we cannot minister to Him in our mercy. There is one form—one and only one—in which Christ our Lord presents Himself so that He becomes an object of mercy, and that is when He disguises Himself in the form of the poor and needy; and then I say unto you inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones ye have done it unto Him. And in the day of judgment He shall say to the souls of the just: "I was hungry and ye broke your bread and gave me to eat; I was naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye lifted up my head and visited me." And when the just shall say, "Where, oh Lord! did we see thee hungry and feed Thee, or poor and relieved Thee?" Then the Lord shall say to the soul of the just one: "Dost thou recognize these?" "Oh, yes Lord! I know them. I saw them on earth famishing, dying, sick, and in their misery." Then He will say: "I swear to you that whatsoever you did to these, you did it to me."

Behold then what faith teaches us. Faith establishes this principle,—that in serving the poor we minister unto Jesus Christ;—that in ministering to the poor we are working out our own salvation, for our salvation depends on working out Jesus Christ within us. What does our hope tell us concerning this work of mercy? Our hope tells us that every promise that Almighty God has made of future glory and bliss to man is all bound up with the condition of mercy. What do you hope for? Pardon for your sins; the highest mercy of God. God tells us in the scripture, "Redeem your sins by alms, and cover your iniquity by mercy to the poor." Do you look forward to eternal light and glory? Isaiah says, "Deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the harborless into thy house. When thou seest one naked, cover him; and despise not thine own flesh. Then shall thy light break forth in the darkness: then shall thy justice go before thy face, and the Lord shall fill thy soul with brightness and give thee everlasting rest." What wonder, then, that when the very point to which every Christian man is tending—namely the moment of judgment—when every Christian man is asking himself, "Shall I pass through that golden gate, into the inner glory of God, or shall I be cast away into the flames of hell forever?" Oh awful moment! Oh fearful question! Yet, in the moment when our fate shall hang in that balance which lies before us all; which no man can escape, in that terrible

ordeal which every man among us must pass through, our Lord will say, "Show me your mercy. You wish to pass into my glory : show me how you have purchased it by works of mercy to the poor. I was hungry and you gave me *not* to eat ; thirsty and you gave me *not* to drink ; sick and you would *not* visit me nor comfort me ; for as often as you have refused this unto the poor you have refused it unto me. Depart now thou accursed unto everlasting flames." Oh ! how sacred is the exercise of that charity and mercy the moment we see it through the eyes of faith and hope ; and unless it is thus seen through the eyes of faith and hope, it may be a human virtue, but it is not the divine virtue of charity.

Now this virtue, exalted and divine, do we find in the very first days of the Church. She alone could *create* this charity of which I speak. And why ? Because she alone has the knowledge of Jesus Christ,—she alone can recognize Him,—she alone has the commission to preach His word and to evangelize His name unto the nations, she alone has the treasure surpassing all others, of His own divine presence in her bosom. Therefore, she alone can create the virtue which acknowledges the claims of Him in the poor, and strains to serve Him through them. From the first days of the Church's existence do we find that mercy shining upon her. During the first 300 years of the Church's existence, when to be a Catholic meant to be sentenced to death ; when Christians were obliged to hide in the catacombs and tomb,—for to show themselves was to accept instant destruction—even then, the record of the Church tells us, whenever some great Roman was converted or whenever some great family of Rome received the light, the very first thing they did—the first impulse of their new religion—was to call an auction and dispose of everything that they had ; and then, when the money was lying before them in great heaps of gold and silver, to call in the poor and distribute it all to them. When St. Laurence was in his dungeon awaiting death, they told the Roman Governor that he was a deacon of the Christian Church, and held all the immense riches which it was whispered that they had hidden. They lied in that day about the priests of the Church just as we hear their lies now, and say that we priests are always trying to get the people's money. When the governor heard this, he called his prisoner and said to him, "Tell me. Is it true that this Christian Church to which you belong possesses such great treasures ?" "Perfectly true." "Then," he said, "I will give you your life on one condition : that you bring all the treasures of that Church and hand them to

me." St. Laurence went out and gathered all the blind and the lame and the wretched and the poor and the sick, and brought them all, hundreds of them, before the palace gate, so that when the governor came down, anxious to gloat over the stores of gold and silver and precious stones which he looked for, he saw only this multitude. And when he asked St. Laurence where was this treasure, the deacon answered, "Behold! These, O Prætor, are the treasures, and the only treasures of the Church of Jesus Christ." In her alone we find charity organized in a constant form.

You have seen that mercy was the life of Christ—not an occasional thing with him but the duty and business of every day of His life—the only thing for which he lived. Where, except in the Catholic Church, do you find lives consecrated, from youth to age consecrated, to the one work of mercy? Outside the Catholic Church you find a great deal of benevolence, kindness of heart, good nature, a great deal of compassion and gentleness for the poor. But there is this difference. No one except in the Catholic Church has this mercy and charity—the sign and seal of her union with Jesus Christ. The Protestant lady who wishes to visit the sick, takes her basket upon her arm, puts a bottle of wine in it, and goes on her errand. She does a good thing, a holy thing; yet remember, she will do it to-day;—but to-morrow? To-morrow it may rain, and the delicate lady will stay at home. She will do it to-day,—she is in a good humor,—in the vein of piety; but to-morrow she may have a sick headache and not feel like it; or perhaps yesterday some whom she visited seemed to her ungrateful; or perhaps they were dirty; and so she has given it up; or she may have household duties, or visits to pay, and of course she cannot be expected to give her whole time to the poor. But, cross the threshold of the Catholic Church. The moment you have passed it, the very first figure you see is that of the Sister of Charity, or the Sister of Mercy, or the Sister of the Poor. You ask the priest who these are, and he answers: "These are ladies—many of them ladies of birth—ladies of the most refined mind—of the most cultivated and highly educated intelligence; ladies, as you perceive by their demeanor, by their walk,—ladies, who had all the pleasures and joys of life before them; but, at fifteen or sixteen years of age, consecrated themselves to the Church. They brought to that Church their purity, their virtue, their nobility of intellect, their refinement of manner, brought everything to the Church and said, "I want to consecrate all these to the service of the Church." The Church of God

says, "Are you willing to devote your whole life, for I won't accept it for a day, or a year?" And they answered, "Yes." Then the Church says, "Go into a convent, fast and pray; satisfy me of your heroic virtue; and, when I am satisfied that you are one of God's elect,—most holy ones,—then, and then only, you may go into the hospital, or the orphanage, or the workhouse, there to sit down for the rest of your lives." To the Sisters of Mercy and the Sisters of Charity she says, "Take the sick, nurse them, perform for them every most menial office, be their servants, be their slaves, their attendants, their nurses, every day until the end of your life; but I will not give you the mission of honor until you have consecrated yourselves to God." And in that consecration the Church warns them: "Remember, no matter how hideous the disease, —no matter how revolting the form of infirmity, no matter how certain the contagion and death you bring upon yourself, you must swear to me, at the foot of my altar, that no form of disease, danger, or contagion—no sacrifice of your own feelings or tastes,—shall ever keep you for one instant from your post of labor." This is charity as it is in the Church. We can rely upon it, we can lean upon it, as they leaned upon the Divine mercy and charity of Jesus Christ, for it is constant. Consider the thousands that are growing into the maturity of their age under these vows, in these ministrations. Consider the thousands of consecrated ones in the Church who are ripening into that old age which brings reverence and silver hair. For all these there is no thought but mercy. All their hopes for life and eternity are bound up in the sick and the poor. Moreover, the charity which manifests itself in the Church is like to that of our Divine Lord in its tenderness and gentleness. How could the Church be other than gentle, tender, loving and compassionate in her mercy, seeing what the motive is; she recognizes the Lord in the poor, and therefore in ministering to them, ministers as if it were to Jesus Christ.

My dear friends, when the world deals out its wealth to the poor, it deals it with a grudging and imperious hand. When the political congress or the statesmen make up their minds to build a county house, or place of refuge for the poor, they make it as like a jail as possible. The poor man is brought in and made to feel that he is a pauper. He is made almost to forget his name; for he takes his number: he is known only by that. He receives his subsistence, and, under the poor-law system in England and Ireland, the same class of clothing as the convicts—the same pattern. If he be

a married man, he is separated from his wife; if he be a father he is separated from his children;—yes, even the mother is separated from her children, who are taken from her and put into the children's ward, numbered and ticketed as a man would ticket cattle. So, while their life is prolonged, they have the pauper's rag to cover them, and the pauper's morsel to keep life in them; but their feelings are crushed, and they are made to feel that they are dependent on the charity of a world which longs for the time when all will be over. Oh! the suffering, the feeling of utter degradation that must come over the man or woman who is obliged to have recourse to its assistance, knowing that those who minister to them are waiting with impatience for the time to come when the parish will be relieved of a pauper, when a pauper's coffin shall enshrine him, and he shall be borne to a pauper's grave! No hope, no solace, no tenderness, no sympathy; the heart is broken while the life is prolonged. Well do I remember many such instances of the state of feeling of our people with regard to this system; but I remember once being called to assist in Dublin a woman who was dying. I climbed up to the wretched garret, and found her lying upon the bare floor, with not even a little straw under her head, and no covering save the rags she was accustomed to wear and walk about in. The woman was past seventy years of age, and, in her youth, had been well educated, of respectable parents, and in comfortable—almost wealthy—circumstances. Her children had dropped off, or emigrated, one by one, until, at last, this old woman was left alone; and I found her lying there, with fever in her veins, dying of starvation and hunger. She was not able to speak to me when I entered, and I had to lie down on the floor to receive her confession. So utter was her destitution, that I protest I had to go out and look among the neighbors to get a cup of water to wet her lips. Seeing her in such suffering, and finding myself unable to relieve her, I ventured to suggest to her, "You have no one to take charge of you, and you are dying; would it not be better to let me have you taken to the workhouse hospital?" She looked at me, nor will I ever forget that look. "I sent for a priest, and, great God," she said, "has he no consolation to offer me but this! No, father: take back that word!" I was obliged to take it back, and to beg her pardon for having used it. "No; I can die here of hunger, without being degraded."

Now, pass again into the Catholic Church. She selects the best, the tenderest, the purest, the holiest of her children, and gives them the mission to minister to the poor. The gen-

blest hand : the heart filled with the tenderness of virgin love for Jesus Christ ; the heart that has never been contracted by one voluntary emotion of self-love ; those who are of all others most calculated to condole while relieving ; to bind up the wounds of the heart while they raise the languid head. If you or I to-morrow were stricken down and afflicted, from what lips should we wish to hear the words of consolation and of hope, but from the lips of the consecrated ones of Jesus Christ ? Where could we find a hand more fitted to wipe away the tear upon our faces than the hand locked in the spiritual nuptial of Jesus Christ ? If we wanted to lean upon the sympathy and love of a fellow-creature, where will we find a heart more capable of relieving that want than the heart that is empty of all love, save the one love of Jesus Christ ? Oh ! my dear friends, you have only to go into any House of Mercy or of Charity, or any hospital, or to the Sisters of the Poor, to find this true Christian mercy. Never will I forget, some few years ago, when I was on the mission in Manchester, I went out to see the public buildings, and found among them a house of the Little Sisters of the Poor. They took in aged people, who suffered from incurable diseases ;—those who were stricken down and unable to labor or even to beg for themselves. These,—abandoned by all,—these, the Little Sisters of the Poor lifted out from their wretched hovels and brought into their house and hospital ; and there they kept them, surrounding them so far as they could, with all the comforts of home, and making them as happy as possible. Then they went out in the morning through the crowded streets of that great city, and begged a morsel of bread for themselves and the aged ; and they broke their bread and divided it with the poor. There was one of these nuns—an English lady—who had been a grand lady of the world,—whom I had known as such ; splendid in her beauty and her accomplishments ; grand in her family ; surrounded with the worship of the society in which she moved and over which she reigned as a queen ; but in the day that she became a Catholic she gave herself to God, and became a Little Sister of the Poor ; and I found her here ministering around them and nursing them. There was one old man among them, an Irishman, over 80 years old—his head, with its silver hair, bowed down with age, and his mind returning to the memories of his youth, and those he loved, long since departed. I spoke to him ; and he said to me : Ah, friar, when I was young and had a family of my own I had once a daughter,—my colleen ! God took her from me, and she died

in her youth. I buried her in the grave. I was dying and starving, when she"—(he pointed to the young lady)—"my colleen, came out of her grave. She took me in her arms and brought me here." The Little Sister heard him, and she spoke to me and said, "What does he say? He is always repeating those words." And I was obliged to tell her. "He says that you are his darling—his joy—the light of his eyes—his own colleen, come back from the grave."

You will see, accordingly, that it is the Catholic Church which invests its mercy with the infinite tenderness that can only exist in the heart consecrated to God. With the gentleness that is born of true nobility—with all holy, pure and refining influences, does she surround her sick.

Again, charity in the Church of God, like charity in Jesus Christ, is efficacious. It is a hard-working, ever-toiling charity. It has gone on for nearly two thousand years, and it has not outgrown itself yet, nor is it tired. Charity, like that of Him who said, "My Father worketh even now, and I work." The Church labors with a charity that never knows old age, and she will be just the same until the last day as she has been at any time for the past two thousand years. The world complains of her importunity. These sisters come among you every day, bringing home the sick, and appealing to you to give them the means of supporting those sick and healing them. You may say, "They are always troubling us, always bothering, always coming to us in business hours for money." Oh, yes! it is so; and so they will come. But, consider, if you please, that which is to you but the paying of a single visit is to them the business of their lives. Consider, if it be troublesome for you to put your hand into your pocket, or your till, and give a dollar once or twice, perhaps, in a year, how much more troublesome it is for these poor creatures, who must go out every day of their lives; for, until the last day of the world's existence, the energy of the Church—the hand of the Church, which they are—will be as fervent and strong, and as energetic as it was in the days of the Church when the hand of God was fresh upon her; because she comes from God.

Finally, the work of mercy with God is universal; and so it is with the Church. Every form of human misery, every form of human suffering finds its remedy prepared in the Catholic Church, and in her alone. The father and the mother die, and the poor orphan child is left alone, the most helpless of all God's creatures. The orphan sends forth its wail of misery, and upon that voice of the child not yet able

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to speak the Almighty God hears the complaint, as the prophet of old said: "Father and mother have abandoned me, but Thou alone, oh, Lord, art with me." There is no organization ready to receive it. There is no system of organized charity to take the place of father and mother. The world makes no contribution for their support. But the Sister of Charity or the Sister of Mercy comes and takes that little infant upon her virgin bosom to her home, most like to the Virgin Mother as she bore the infant from Bethlehem. What will be the fate of this child? Having no mother or father, or a drunken, dissolute father who neglects him, and the poor, pre-occupied mother who cannot care for or control him, he rushes out into the streets, and so among the sights and sounds of everything vile he grows towards the time when his heart will respond to the first call of passion, and neither mind nor heart have received the instruction which will enable him to guide or control his feelings. Who will save that young soul from the pollution of the world's example—that young heart from the destruction of sin? Yes. The Christian Brother comes; the consecrated nun comes. He is taken from those poisonous streets, where the very atmosphere is filled with corruption, and brought into the house of God; there his young eye is taught to look upon the beauty of Jesus and Mary, and his tongue becomes accustomed to the language of faith, until educated—a Christian man—he is enabled to take his place in society, to become a blessing to the nation, and the glory and pride of the Church of God.

The young girl who has received the fatal dower of beauty, the young maiden, the perfect image of all that should be most pure and immaculate, and innocent, the young maiden breathing around her the fragrance and aroma of her virtue, in the judgment of God more sinned against than sinning; driven—forced into the paths of destruction, by the vile, relentless, accursed action of some demon that meets her, she has given herself to sin; and, now, because she was the best of earth's children, she becomes the worst; because she was the purest, she becomes the most abandoned; the involuntary glance at her is sin, the very thought of her flashing across the mind is sin; the air she breathes she converts into sin; the touch of her hand is pollution; the approach to her is destruction and the curse of God. But, touched by divine grace, she turns, as Magdalen turned to Jesus Christ, and coming to the confession of the Catholic Church, she lifts up her despairing hands and voice, and

cries out, "Can there be mercy for one so forgotten; can there be purity for one so defiled as I?" All that the world can do for her is what the Pharisees did when they gathered up their robes and said, "Go away; touch me not, for I am pure;" and well would it be for the world if it had so much grace. No, there is no remedy for her—no hand can touch her without pollution, save one, and that is the hand of the Church. There was only one in all the world to whom the Magdalen could come without defiling Him; and that was Jesus Christ. The Pharisees were right; they could do nothing for her. But the moment she came to Him,—the moment she touches His immaculate flesh,—the moment her first tear fell upon the foot of Jesus Christ,—the moment her lips touched it, that moment Michael, the Archangel, before the throne of God, was not purer than that woman. One power alone can meet the stricken and abandoned one; one hand alone can lift her weary head; one hand alone can receive her tears, and that one hand in that which touches her through the Holy Mary, the Virgin; the only one that can touch the Magdalen and in that touch purify. When the Magdalen arose, He sent her to the Virgin Mary; and she, the accepted one of God, the embodiment of all purity, took upon her sacred bosom and embraced the penitent. So it is in the Church. No matter what the form of misery, no matter what the form of wretchedness or sin, it finds its remedy awaiting it in the sanctifying power which God has given to His Church.

Behold the four great attributes of Christian charity. Now, one word and I have done. This charity that is constant, that is compassionate, that is efficacious, that is universal, this charity you must all give your own; and if you do not make it your own, I can make you no promise of heaven. I can hold out no hope of God's everlasting mercy unless you make that mercy and charity your own. You cannot make them your own by yourselves. You cannot devote yourselves constantly to the poor. Nay, more, you are not worthy to enter into the ministration directly and personally of the Church's mercy; you are not holy enough, you are not grand enough. There (pointing to the Sisters who were present), there are the priestesses of the mercy of the Church of God. Fill their hands in pity, and receive them at all times as Lot received the three angels of God at the door of his temple; receive them as angels of God; for they are the angels of your soul, who will secure the attributes of mercy for you. Fill their hands, I charge you, that

you may get credit before God, that you may get credit for the constancy and the universality of their mercy. Then, when the day of your judgment comes, you shall be astonished, as the Gospel tell us, at the suddenness of your unexpected salvation; you shall be astonished when you find that you have been clothing, helping, feeding, visiting Jesus Christ all your life; and every single act these nuns performed through you, and in your charity, and in your mercy, will be recorded as a crown of glory to rest upon your brows forever.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Sermon delivered by the REV. FATHER BURKE, on Sunday morning, June 16, in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue, New York.]

"THE DIVINE COMMISSION OF THE CHURCH."

"At that time: It came to pass, that when the multitude pressed upon him to hear the word of God, he stood by the lake of Genesareth. And he saw two ships standing by the lake; but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets. And going up into one of the ships that was Simon's, he desired him to draw back a little from the land. And sitting, he taught the multitude out of the ship. Now when he had ceased to speak, he said to Simon: Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon answering, said to him: Master, we have labored all the night, and have taken nothing; but at thy word I will let down the net. And when they had done this, they enclosed a very great multitude of fishes, and their net broke. And they beckoned to their partners that were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came and filled both the ships, so that they were almost sinking. Which when Simon Peter saw, he fell down at Jesus' knee, saying: Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord. For he was wholly astonished and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes that were taken. And so were also James and John, the sons of Zebedee, who were Simon's partners. And Jesus saith to Simon: Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And having brought their ships to land, leaving all things, they followed Him."—LUKE v: 1-11.

WHEN we read the positive doctrines laid down in the Gospel, we are bound to open our minds to the utterances of the Almighty God. We are also bound to meditate upon

even what appear to be the most trifling incidents recorded in the actions and sayings of Jesus Christ. Every word that is recorded of Him has a deep and salutary meaning. There is not one word in the Gospel, nor one incident, that is not full of instruction for us; and the evidence that this Gospel gives of the divinity of the Christian religion, and of the divine origin of the Church, lies not only in the broad assertion,—such, for instance, as where Christ says: “I will build my Church upon a rock; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;” or, elsewhere: “He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican;” but these evidences lie also in the minor incidents which are so carefully recorded in the mysteries which they convey to us. Now I ask you to consider in this spirit the Gospel which I have just read to you. St. Peter,—who was afterwards the Pope of Rome,—began life as a fisherman, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. He had his boats, he had his nets; he swept those waters, pursuing his humble trade in company with James and John, the sons of Zebedee, and with Andrew, his own elder brother. These men had passed the night upon the bosom of the waters, toiling and laboring, but they had taken nothing. Sad and dispirited for so much time and labor lost, they landed from their boats in the morning; and they took out their nets to wash them. While they were thus engaged, a great multitude appeared in sight,—men who followed the Lord Jesus Christ, and pressed around Him, that they might hear the words of divine truth from His lips. He came to the shores of the Lake, and he entered into one of the boats; and the Evangelist takes good care to tell us that the boat into which the Saviour stepped was Simon Peter’s boat. He then commanded Peter to push out a little from the land that he might have a little water between Him and the people, and yet not remove Himself so far from them but that they might hear His voice. There,—while the people stood reverently listening to the law of the divine Redeemer,—sat the Saviour, in Peter’s boat, instructing the people. After He had enlightened their minds with the treasures of the divine gospel which flowed from Him, He turned to Peter and said to him: “Now I have something to say to you; launch out into the deep, and cast out thy nets for a draught of fishes.” Said Peter, answering: “Master, we have been at this work all night: we have labored all night; and we have taken nothing. However,” he replied, “In thy word I trust; and at thy command I will let down the net.” No sooner does he cast that net into the sea, under the eyes, and at the

command of Jesus Christ, than it is instantly filled with fishes, and Peter's boat is filled until it is almost sinking. This is the fact recorded. What does it mean? What is the meaning of this passage in the gospel? Has it any meaning at all? Was it prophetic of things that were to be?

Oh, my brethren, how significant and how prophetic, in the history of this Christian religion, and in the Bible, was the action of Jesus Christ as recorded in this phrase: "He sat in Peter's boat, and from that boat he taught the people." What does this mean? What is this bark of Peter? Need I tell you, my Catholic friends and beloved brethren, what this bark of Peter meant? Christ our Lord built unto himself His Church! He made her so that she was never to be shipwrecked upon the stormy waves of this world. He built her so that He Himself shall be always present in her, although Peter sat at the helm. He built her so that it was her fate to be launched out upon the ever changing, ever agitated and stormy sea of this world and its society. He declared that Peter should be at the head of this ship; when He said to him: "Feed thou my lambs; feed thou my sheep;" "Confirm thou thy brethren;" "I will make thee to be a fisher of men;" "Launch thou out into the deep in thine own ship; I am with thee."

St. Peter himself, inspired of the Holy Ghost, in after times taught that the Church of God was like a goodly ship, built by Jesus Christ, in which were to be saved all those that are to be saved unto the end of time; for he compares this ship to the Ark of Noah, in which all who were saved in the great deluge found their refuge; for he says all were destroyed and perished, save and except the eight souls who received shelter in the Ark of Noah; and the rest were tossed upon the stormy, tumultuous billows of the deluge—thrown upon the tide—and as the waters rose up around them in mighty volume, the strong man went down into the vasty deep, the infant sent forth a cry, and presently its cry was stifled in the surging waves. All was desolation; all was destruction, save and except the Ark, which rode triumphant over the waters, passing over the summits of the mountains, braving the storms of Heaven above and the angry waves beneath, until it landed its living freight of eight human souls in safety and in joy. So, also, Christ our Lord, built unto him a ship—His Church; he launched this Church forth upon the stormy waves of the world, and it is a matter of surprise that this ocean of human society has not welcome for the Church of

God. Men say, "Is Christianity a failure?" Why are so few saved? Why are so few found to comply with the conditions which the Holy Church commands? Why, if she received the commission to command the whole world, and to convert them, why is it that this Church of God seems to have always been persecuted and abused?

Oh! my friends, there is a deep and profound analogy between the things of nature and the things of grace. The goodly ship is built upon the stocks; she is strongly built, of the very best material; she is sheathed and plated with everything that can keep her from the action of the seas; she is built so that, in every line, she shall cleave through the waters and override them: and, when she is all prepared, she is launched out into the deep; and her mission is to spread her sails, and navigate every sea to the furthestmost end of the world. Through all of them must she go; over them all must she ride; a thousand storms must she brave; and that ocean that receives her in its bosom, apparently receives her only for the purpose of tossing her from wave to wave, of trying her strength, of trying every timber and every joint, opening its mighty chasms to swallow her up and, failing in that, dashing its angry waves against her, as if, in the order of nature the ship and the sea were enemies, and that the ocean that received that vessel was bent only upon her destruction. Is it not thus in the order of nature? is it not this very stormy ocean, these mighty, foam-crested billows, these angry, roaring waves, the thunder that rolls, and the lightnings which flash around her,—is it not all these that try and prove the goodness of the ship; and if she outlive it,—if she is assuredly able to over-ride them all and to land her freight and her passengers in the appointed port,—is it not a proof that she is well built? If the ocean were as smooth as glass; if the winds were always favorable; if no impediment came upon her; if no waves struck her and tried to roll her back, or no chasm opened to receive her into its mighty watery bosom; what proof would we have that the ship was the making of the master-hand, under the care of master-minds? And so Christ, our Lord, built the ship of his Church, and launched her out upon the world; and from the very nature of the case it was necessary that, from the very first day that she set forth until the last day, when she lands her freight of souls in the harbor of Heaven, she should meet, upon the ocean of this world of human society, the stormy waves of angry contradiction on every side. This was her destiny, and this, unfortunately, is the destiny that the world takes good care to carry out.

Men say, Christianity is a failure, because this Church has not been enabled to calm every sea, and ride triumphant, without let or hindrance, upon every ocean. I answer, my friends, Christianity would have been a failure if the ship had been wrecked; Christianity would be a failure if there was no ocean into which that ship was free to enter; Christianity would be a failure if that ship were known at any time,—at any moment of her existence, since the day she was built and rigged by Divine law and the Divine Architect, Christ,—if she were known for an instant to have gone down; for a moment to have let the angry waters of persecution and error close over her head. Then would Christianity be a failure. But this could not be, for two reasons. First of all, because the helmsman, whom Christ appointed, is at the wheel; and he is Peter, and Peter's successor. Second, because, in the ship, Himself seated in her, and speaking in her, casting out the nets that are to gather in all those who come on board, and are to be saved, is Christ, the Lord our God. The great lessons that are in this Gospel are, that Peter's boat cannot be wrecked, because Christ, our Lord, is in her; Peter's boat cannot be emptied of the living freight of souls, because He is in her who commanded the net to be cast out until the boat was filled. Peter's boat cannot be destroyed, because Peter himself, in his successor, is at the helm. And this boat of Peter's is the Holy Roman Catholic Church. In no other ship launched out upon this stormy ocean of the world is the voice of God heard. In every other vessel it is the voice of man that commands the crew; it is the hand of man that turns the ship's prow to face the storm; it is the hand of man that built the ship, and, consequently, every other ship of doctrine that has ever been launched out on the waves of this world has gone down in shipwreck, and in destruction; whereas, the oldest of all, the holy Catholic Church, lives upon the waves to-day, as fair to the eye, floating as triumphantly the standard, spreading as wide a sail as in the days when she came forth from the master-hand of Jesus Christ our Lord. In her the word and voice of God is heard. Christ sat in Peter's boat; and Christ sits in Peter's boat to-day; we have His own word for it. "And Heaven and earth," He says, "shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away, and my word is this; I am with you all days, until the consummation of the world." But, for what purpose, did we ask, "Art Thou with us?" He answers and says: "I am with you to lead you to all truth; to keep you in all truth; to teach you all truth; and to command

you, that even as I have taught you, so go you and teach all nations whatsoever things I have taught you."

The voice of Christ is in the Church ; the voice of God has never ceased to resound around her ; the voice of God has never been silent, from the day that Mary's child first opened His infant lips upon Mary's bosom, until the last hour of the world's existence. That voice is misinterpreted : that voice is sometimes misunderstood. Men say, here is the voice of God, and there is the voice of God ; the people lift up their voices with loud demands, sometimes against law, sometimes against right and justice, and the time-serving politician and statesman, says : "It is the voice of the people ; it is the voice of God. *Vox populi vox Dei.*" But the voice of the people is not the voice of God. There is, indeed, the voice of God resounding on the earth, but it is only heard in the unerring Church : therefore we may say with truth, "*Vox ecclesie vox Dei* ;" the voice of the Church is the voice of God. Wherever the voice of God is, there no lie can be uttered, no untruth can be taught, no falsehood preached ; wherever the voice of God is, there is a voice that never for an instant contradicts itself in its teachings ; for it is only enunciating one truth, derived from one source, the mind, the heart of the infinite wisdom of the Almighty. Where is the evidence in history of a voice that has ever spoken on this earth, which has never contradicted itself, except the voice of the Catholic Church ? I defy you to find it. There is not a system of religion which pretends to teach the people at this moment upon the earth that has not flagrantly contradicted itself, save and except the holy Catholic Church of Jesus Christ. Take any one of them and test it, where is the voice that teaches with authority save and except in the Catholic Church. Remember wherever the voice of God is, there that voice must teach with authority, wherever the voice of God is it must teach with certainty and clearness and emphasis, not leaving anything in doubt, not allowing the people to be under any misapprehension. Where is that voice to be heard to-day save and except in the holy Catholic Church ?

Men say, "Is Christianity a failure?" I answer, No ! It will be a failure as soon as that voice of the Catholic Church is hushed, it will be a failure as soon as some King or some Emperor or some great statesman, successful in war and in council, is able to bend the Catholic Church and make her teach according to his notions or his views. Where, in her history, has she ever bowed to King or potentate ? Where

has she ever shaped her doctrines to meet the views of this man and further the designs of this other man because they were able to persecute her, as they have persecuted her, as they are persecuting her to-day? The most powerful man of the world says to the Catholic Church, "You must remodel your teachings; you must teach some of the dogmas and some of the material principles; you must admit that the State has a right to educate the children; that you have no right; you must admit that religion is not a necessary element of education; I will make you do it." Thus speaks Von Bismarck. He imagines because he has put his foot upon the neck of the bravest and most heroic race upon earth, that now he can trample upon the Church of God. Oh! fool that he is! oh, foolish man! He thinks, because he has trampled upon a nation, that he can trample upon Christ and His holy Spouse. He says to the Church: "I will make a decree, and I will expel every Jesuit in Germany: I will persecute your Bishops: I will take your churches; I will alienate your people; I will persecute and imprison your priests; I will put them to death if necessary." But the Church of God stands calmly before him, and says: "You cannot do it: God is truth!" Christ speaks in Peter's boat. It is true there are many who will not hear His voice. I ask you what is their fate? What is their fate who refuse to hear the voice of the true Church? They appeal to the Scriptures. In this morning's *New York Herald*, there is a letter from a man who denies the immortality of the soul: and he proves it by "five texts from Scripture." The very truth that Plato, the pagan philosopher, wrote a book to prove,—a man who had never heard the name of God; who had never known the light of God;—by the natural light of his benighted, pagan intellect arrived at the conclusion that the soul was immortal, and that its immortality was inherent, and belonged to it as its nature.

That which the pagan philosopher discovered and proved, the Christian of to-day denies; and he quotes five texts of Scripture to prove that the soul of man is not immortal; and that men when they die, even in their sins, cease to exist. They have no judgment, no consequences, no vengeance; for them no torments; they have no hell. He proves it by the Scripture, and gives the lie to Him who said, "Depart from me, ye accursed, into everlasting flames." That is the fate of all those outside the Catholic Church. They are tossed about by every whim and caprice of Doctors, who now start one theory and then another; who now dispute the inspiration of the Scripture, and again the Divinity of Jesus Christ;

who now deny the immortality of the soul, and then come and abuse me, and the like of me, because I tell them that until they step on board of Peter's boat they have no security, no certainty, no true light, no true religion, and that they must go down. We are called bigots, because we preach the Word of God. If this is not true, then where is the use of having a Church at all? If this be truth, then remain outside of the Catholic Church. But if the Church teach the truth, if she comes with a message from God, it is not in her power, nor in my power, nor in any man's power, to change it. "This is a message from God. This is the truth." Understand, if they say to you, "You cannot be excluded; it is all right; you need not mind these lessons; you need not learn them." I come to preach to you the very words of Christ: "He that will not hear the words of My Church, let him be as a heathen and a publican." If I come then and say, "It is not necessary to remain in the Catholic Church; if you love the Lord and believe, it is all right;" if I say that I am telling a lie, and I am damning my own soul. I cannot do it. I must preach the message which Christ our Lord has given me. I should be glad to preach a wider faith, if God would let me; but I must preach the message of God. If they steel their hearts and turn their ears against our doctrines, God will hold them accountable, for He has said: "He that believeth not shall be condemned."

Not only, my brethren, is the voice of Christ heard in that Church in the truth which has never changed nor contradicted itself; but the second great action of the Church of God is prefigured in our Divine Lord's action in this day's Gospel. "Peter," He said, "launch out thy boat into the deep; and down with thy nets for a draught." It is no longer a question of preaching. The people have heard the Lord's voice; they have retired from the shores of the lake, and scattered themselves to their homes, each one taking with him whatever of that word fell upon the soil of a good heart. Now, the next operation begins; and it is between Christ and Peter. "Launch out into the deep," He says; "cast forth thy net." Peter cast out his net, and he filled his boat with fishes. What does this mean? It means the prefiguration of the saving and sacramental action of the Church of God; for not only is the voice of Christ heard; but the action of Christ is at work in her, taking you, and me, and all men who will submit to that action, out of the waters of passion and impurity, and vain desire, and every form of sin, and lifting us up by sacramental action, out of

those waters, and placing us in the ship under His very eyes, —in the light of His sanctity and the brightness of His glory. His action lies in the Catholic Church, and she alone can draw forth from the stormy, destructive waters of sin, the soul that will submit to be so drawn. A man falls into that sea ;—a man,—like Peter, in another portion of the Gospel,—the Christian man,—treading upon the fluctuating waves of his own passion, of his own evil desire and wickedness, can scarcely keep his footing, and can only do it as long as he fixes his eye upon Jesus Christ, and adheres to

But a moment comes, as it came to Peter, when the waves seem to divide under our feet, when man is sinking, sinking into the waves of his own passions, of his own baseness, into the waves of his own corrupt nature, when he feels that these waves are about closing over him. He is lost to the sight of God ; and he sees Him no more. God sees him no more with the eyes of love ; God sees him no more with the eyes of predilection. He has lost his past with all its graces, and his future with all its hopes ; he has gone down in the great ocean of human depravity and human sin, and he has sunk deeply into these waters of destruction. Oh ! what hand can save him ! what power can touch him ! The teacher of a false religion comes with its message of trust and confidence ; comes with its message of glozing and flattery ; comes to tell this fallen, sinful man ; “ You are an honest man ; you are an amiable man ; you have many good gifts ; be not afraid ; trust the Lord ; it is all right ; ” while the serpent of impurity is poisoning his whole existence.

Oh ! that I had the voice of ten thousand thunders of God, that I might stifle the false teachings, and drown the voice of those who are poisoning the people by pandering to their vices and flattering their vanity, and not able—nor willing, even if able—to teach the consequences of their sins ! The Catholic Church alone, ignoring whatever of good there may be in a man, if she finds him in mortal sin, lays her hand upon that sin ; she makes the man touch himself with his own hand, look at himself, swollen with his miseries. She tears away the bandages with which his self-love conceals the wound, and then, with her sacramental power, she scarifies and cuts out all that proud and corrupt flesh ; she cleanses the wound with the saving blood of Jesus Christ ; she brings forth, from out that slough, that cesspool, all the impurity, all the wickedness of the man, and cures him, and brings him forth with the tears of sorrow on his face, with a new-born love of God in his heart, in the whiteness of his baptismal

innocence ; and he is now no longer in the wiles of hell, but he takes his place and lifts up his eyes in gladness before the Lord. What other Church can do that ? What other religion even pretends to do it, and does it ? In her sacraments she does it. Her sacramental hand will, though sin be sunk into his blood, go down and sweep the very bottom of the deep lake of iniquity, and take even those who lie there, fossilized in their sin, and scrape them up from out the very depths of their misery, and make them fit for God once more. As they are out of the way of salvation who hear not the voice of the Church—the voice of Christ—so, also, these Catholics are outside of the way of salvation who will not come and submit to her cleansing and sacramental power, who refuse to open their souls to her, who refuse to come frequently and fervently to her confessional, and to her communion. To do that is as bad as if they refused even to hear her voice, even as if they disputed her testimony. The bad Catholic is in as bad a position, and in even a worse position, than that of the poor man who disputes and raises questions as to whether the soul is immortal, and as to whether Jesus Christ is God.

Oh, my brethren, let us be wise in time ; let us have the happiness to know and to hear the voice that speaks in the Church. Oh, let us lay ourselves open to her sacramental power and bare our bosoms to her sanctifying touch and cleansing hand, that so we may be guided into the treasures of her choicest and best gifts ; that so, if we have not the ineffable gift of purity, if we have sinned, we may at least have our robes washed in the waters of grace, and restored to their first brightness through Jesus Christ, who is our Saviour ; and in this hope, let us pass the few remaining days of our lives here, sharing in our mother's buffetings ; taking a hand in her quarrels ; weathering with her every storm that bursts over us in the confidence that she is destined to triumph and to ride in safety over the crest of every opposing wave. It will not always be so. The haven is at hand. The Church militant passes from the angry ocean of her contests into the calm, and quiet haven of her triumph. Oh, in that harbor, no stormy winds shall ever blow ; no angry waves shall ever raise their foaming crests ; there and only there, when the night, with its tempests and storms of persecution and of difficulty—the night with its buffetings upon the black face of the angry ocean,—when all that has been passed through ; in the morning shall the Christian come to catch a glimpse of his eternity. Then will he hear the voice of Him who was

present in his sleeping and in his rising, saying to the waves, "Be still! Be calm!" and to the stormy winds howling around. "Depart, Leave us in peace." Then the clouds shall fade, and every ripple shall cease; and there on that ocean, which was so stormy, every angry gust of wind shall die away into perfect calm; and, in the distant horizon before us, we shall behold the Church triumphant,—while, like the spread of the illimitable ocean, we see that pacific ocean of God's benign benevolence illumined by the sunshine of His blessedness. And there will be every beauty. All that shall be ours if we only fight the good fight, if we only keep the faith, and the commands of God delivered to us by His holy Church.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, on Sunday, May 26, in St. Mary's Church, Williamsburgh.]

"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE TRUE REGENERATOR OF SOCIETY."

MY FRIENDS: The theme which I have chosen upon which to address you is "The Catholic Church the Only and True Regenerator of Society." The first thought that naturally comes to the mind is, that society must be sick, infirm, diseased,—rotten, if you will,—before it can require a regeneration. Reflect; to what things we apply this word, to regenerate. When a system which was once good has degenerated, and become bad, men say, that it ought to be regenerated; which means that it ought to be reformed. When a race become demoralized, when bad blood gets into them, to weaken the intellect and heart;—when they seem to be fading away, they ought to be regenerated; that is to say they ought to get an infusion of fresh blood. So it is that we speak of society. When we speak of the regeneration of society, we must admit at once that this nature of ours, which composes human society, is a fallen nature. This must be taken for granted before we speak of that nature's regeneration. Therefore, before I come to the remedy, it is well that I should seek to describe the disease; just as when a physician is called in to attend a sick person, before he prescribes the remedy, before ever he writes the prescription or

tells the persons about him what they have to do, he inquires "How is this? How has this fever come? What is his disease?" So, too, he examines the symptoms; he asks the persons around him, "How long has he been sick? How long has he been ailing?" and so on; until he masters the disease. Then, and only then, can he see his way directly to an efficacious remedy. Well, my dear friends, guided by the light of divine revelation, we know that, when Almighty God made man, He did not make a diseased or corrupt creature. "*Deus fecit hominem recte*," says the Scripture. God made man right, God made him in the integrity of his nature. God added to the integrity of that nature a higher form,—the gift of divine grace. Consider what we were, my friends, when God first made us. He made man composed of a human body and an immortal soul;—the body, with all its senses, with all its inclinations, with all its necessities; and into that body—formed of the slime of the earth—Almighty God breathed a living spirit,—the image of Himself. Out of the union of that clay with the spirit of that which was heavenly—which came from the mouth of God,—out of these two arose the human being called man;—the beautiful link wherein the mere material, gross and corruptible creation of this earth is united with the spiritual and incorruptible nature of heaven; the one magnificent bond wherein matter and spirit meet. And, when the soul and body first met in man, in that moment of his creation, they met, my dear children, not as enemies,—there was perfect concord between body and soul,—perfect sympathy.

The soul was created to govern the body; the soul was created to direct every desire, every impulse—to guide and direct every passion and inclination of man. All our bodily nature, the beauty of interior man lay in this, that everything that was inferior in him bowed to the superior, as that superior itself bowed down to God and therefore the beautiful order in which God made man lay in this; He gave to man an intelligence capable of knowing and recognizing his Maker; He filled that intelligence with the light of His own divine knowledge. He gave to man a will which was to be guided by the instinct and dictation of that enlightened and magnificent intelligence; a will which was perfectly subject to the intellect as the intellect was to God. He gave to man a heart and affections that were to be governed by that will. They were never to rebel against that will. That heart and those affections were to be perfectly submissive and subordinate to the power of the will of man. He gave

to man bodily passions, inclinations, senses and desires, which were all subjected to the dictates of that pure heart. As it was controlled by a perfectly free will, there was no passion in man, no bodily inclination, no desire that rebelled for an instant, but was perfectly subjected;—the affections and will to the guidance of man's intelligence,—which in turn bowed down to God. Then, beneath man and around him, every creature of God,—the lion and the tiger that roamed the forests; the mountain stag that browsed upon the hill-side,—the fishes that swam the deep,—the eagle that spread out its strong pinions to wing the healthy air, until he soared among the clouds and gazed upon the sun;—all these were as subject to man as man's body was to his soul, and as man's soul was to God. And, consequently, unfallen man was acknowledged the lord and emperor of this earth. At the sound of his magic and imperial voice, the winding serpent came forth out of his home, no poison in his fangs. At the sound of his voice, the eagle descended from her eyrie in the summit of the mountains, fluttering like a dove to his feet. At the sound of his voice, the tiger and the lion came forth from their lair, and licked the feet of their master, man. Behold, then, the order in which God created this world,—He Himself first commanding all things. The first precepts of God fell upon the intelligence of man. That acknowledged them; the very obedience brought strength to him who obeyed; and every inferior faculty of his soul, and of the corrupt and impure heart all gave way—all were subject to the intelligence as the body was subject to the soul; so that there was an infinite beauty in man. Then all things acknowledged him as their ruler and their master. Oh! would it not be grand if Adam had not sinned and destroyed the integrity of the soul,—the magnificent spirit of man, without his disease, without his infirmity! Man, not knowing what it was to shed a tear of sorrow; man, not knowing one moment's anxiety; and in the strength, and in the power of his friendship with God,—the complete being; the acknowledged ruler of all things; of earth itself, even inanimate earth, impregnated with blessings, bringing forth all that was most pleasing to the eye and delightful to the senses,—fulfilling the order for which it was created—well pleased to give delight to its imperial master, man.

If Adam had been faithful, human society would never require a regenerator, because it would never have fallen from the high and perfect thing that God made it in the beginning. But among the gifts that God gave to man, there was this—

He gave him a free will,—freedom of will, which God Himself respected. He said to the unfallen creature: “Before thee, oh, man, are life and death; before thee are virtue and vice; before thee are heaven and hell; before thee are life eternal, and death eternal. Thou must choose, oh man, which of those two thou shalt have.” For, with all his gifts,—all the grandeur and integrity of his nature, man would never be worthy of a throne in the kingdom of heaven,—of God’s eternal glory, until he had first, by an act of his own free will chosen to serve that God, and put from him the temptation that would lead him from God’s friendship and love. That temptation came. It is the mystery of these things of which St. Paul speaks in this day’s Epistle, when he says: “Oh the depth of the riches of the knowledge of the wisdom of God: how unsearchable are his ways.” That temptation came. The first man forgot all that he was in his desire to become something that he was not. He plucked the fatal fruit of knowledge and he fell from all that God had made him. He lost the integrity of his nature; he lost all the gifts of Divine grace; he lost knowledge—the clear, intellectual comprehension, the pure love, the exalted, capacious, and unselfish free will, unshackled as the eagle’s wing—all were lost to him by sin; and he became what we are so familiar with,—the man of two thousand years ago,—the man of to-day—confined in his intellect, and with labor acquiring a little knowledge; while if he had not sinned, he would have glanced at all things, and have known them. He became enslaved in his will, subject to these unruly shocks of passion and to the wicked desires of his base inclination, which he was created to govern and rule, but by no means to be governed by: nay, to let it draw him from one abyss to another, until he finds his level in hell. Narrow, selfish, earthly and licentious in his love, the first principle of love no longer seems to be an expansion of the heart, seeking the highest, purest, and most intellectual object, and bringing to that object the strength of his undivided and pure affection. No; but it is now a mean, wretched, self-seeking, brutal desire to concentrate whatever there is of passion and of lustful enjoyment in self, and keep it there if he can; yet in the perception of all to allow the erratic heart to spread itself out like water upon the pathway of sin and of sinful desire. Man sinned; he refused to acknowledge Almighty God; the very first creature that rebelled against God was the intelligence of man that refused to acknowledge the argument of obedience. The sin of Adam did not begin with the will; it began with the intelligence

Before he made up his mind and determined he would violate the precept, he thought over the argument: "God tells me that I must not eat of this tree, because if I do I shall acquire knowledge. This serpent tells me that the knowledge will make me like to God." Then he sinned; he sprang upon it; he plucked the fruit; ate of it; and consummated his sin from that day.

The moment man's intelligence rebelled against God, that moment there was complete subversion and destruction of that fair order that Almighty God had created in the world. The moment man's intelligence rebelled against God, that moment man's will refused to obey the dictates and reason of that intelligence any more; that moment man's passions arose up in rebellion in him. The newly made sinner, looked around him, not knowing this mystery that was developed within him, not knowing whence came those unruly desires, that he could no longer govern,—whence came those bitter thoughts that poisoned every affection of his heart; and he must fain accept as truth, things that were beneath him. In this, there fell upon him a deeper degradation even, than the first sin of Adam. Man's own nature rebelled against him; his body of clay, literally and truly a body of clay, which was created to serve and subserve the purpose of the mind, and of the soul,—that very body arose up and demanded homage of the soul, in the gratification of every base bodily desire. So the very clay of his composition became and took the place of that God whom he had offended by sin. And, as it was with man's soul, so it was with the world around him. Nature refused to obey the humiliated rebel. Animated nature grew hard and stubborn. Upon the rose, that grew up to charm every sense of man, there grew now the sharp thorn: and in his path the fruitless thistle, and the unhealthy weed, to poison him with its taste, to offend him with his smell, and to warn him away, and to refrain from its touch. Why should nature obey the rebel? The animate and inanimate, seemed to be impregnated with the curse. "Accursed is the earth in this work to-day," were the words of Almighty God to the sinner. Why should animated nature obey the rebel against God? The lion and the tiger flashed anger from their eyes, so full of meekness before; they beheld in the rebellious man, one like themselves, whom it was lawful for them to fall upon, to seize, and to tear in pieces, and devour. The eagle that soared away through the clouds seemed to have lost all respect for that magic voice that could once call it down from its highest flights in the air. No

longer will she heed the voice of fallen man, no more than she heeds the growling of the wild beasts, or the lowing of the steer upon the hill-side. All nature rebelled against man. The fair work, the beautiful work, the harmonious work that came from the Divine mind, from the infinite love of God,—all is spoiled—destroyed, broken up and corrupted by the sin of man; for as revelation tells us, for four thousand years the model man was destroyed in Adam, and did not appear again. For four thousand years, sin after sin, curse after curse accumulated upon the earth, until all that had the slightest ray of Divine knowledge had disappeared; and the word of the Psalmist was fulfilled: "Truth is diminished among the children of men;" until as it went on, they arrived at such a degradation of sin that they actually deified their sins, their impurity, their dishonesty, their revenge; and every vile excess received the name of God. Thus it was that sin imprinted, and embodied, and personified, was lifted up on their altars so that they not only avowed their sin, but adored it; so that the principle of iniquity became a God of the world. In four thousand years, men sought in vain for light: there was no light. Men sought in vain for grace; there was no grace. The model man was destroyed in Adam; the man who was to be the regenerator had not yet come. The second model of Almighty God had not yet appeared upon the earth.

But the years rolled on; and now four thousand years had passed away; and suddenly the heavenly clouds are pregnant with mercy; the rain of salvation drops upon the earth. The golden gates of Heaven are withdrawn, not as of old to rain down a deluge of water, to sweep away mankind; not as of old to rain down living fire upon the iniquities of man. Oh! no; but to rain down the dew of Divine mercy,—the Eternal Son of God. The Second Person of the adorable Trinity,—true God of true God, the Creator of all things,—became incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary; He came down from Heaven; He became true man in Mary's womb; He is born of the Virgin Mother; He rested in her pure immaculate arms as He rested on His throne in Heaven. Behold Jesus Christ, the regenerator, in whom our nature is restored to something far more grand than it lost in Adam. Behold the Regenerator of the world,—the man God, Jesus Christ, to whom be all honor and glory! And now you see the disease if you wish to know the cure, all you have to do is to look at the Divine Redeemer; study Him well; study His actions; see what he did: see what He was; and then you will see in what consists the regeneration of the world.

The sin of Adam brought three great curses from Heaven; three tremendous evils were brought upon the world by Adam's sin. The first of these was that God Himself withdrew from man. Until the sin of Adam, God loved to come down to walk in the garden of Eden; and, in the evening time, when the sun was sinking slowly, and declining in the west, God loved to walk in the groves of Paradise with His unfallen creature, man. Among so many other privileges that man possessed, of nature and of grace, he enjoyed the high privilege of fellowship, of society with God. Is it not so? Does not the Scripture tell us emphatically that God loved the society of unfallen man? The first effect of the sin of Adam was the loss of Almighty God's presence. God came again once, and only once; and then He spoke in anger. He left the inheritance of a curse behind Him. Then He withdrew into His high heavens. No man beheld His face; no man heard His voice again; if that voice was heard it was in the thunders and heavings of Sinai, striking terror into every man who heard it. And we read that when He appeared the Prophet of old buried his face in the sand, "lest he might see the Lord and die." Everything surrounding Almighty God, after that sin of Adam, had changed. The Lord spoke in a language of terror: when He came to speak to His people it was not in the language of sweetness as of old they heard Him; but it was a voice of vengeance and of the fury of God. The loss of God was the first effect of Adam's sin,—the first terrible effect.

The next effect of sin was, that the Lord withdrew the knowledge of God from the earth. Oh, my friends, how the ear of unfallen man drank in the music of God, as he listened to the voice of God in the Garden of Eden. God spoke to man, and the air around re-echoed with ten thousand harmonies, as of the most delicious song, God breathed that small still voice of which the Scriptures speak, which filled the heart of unfallen man,—which responded to every concord of that perfectly attuned nature, and throbbed again at the breath of that Heavenly voice that swept over him; so that it made music in his soul, harmony in his ear, and brought delight and rapture to the heart of man. It filled his mind with knowledge—the Divine knowledge of faith. Seeing God, he had an intuitive knowledge of God, and the Divine nature of God in all its magnificent perfection. When God withdrew, the light and knowledge disappeared with Him; but it disappeared slowly. For many ages man kept the traditions of the true God. The sun set, indeed, but it

set slowly. The darkness of utter night did not come on suddenly; but still the light was sinking into evening, and night came on apace. The sun of divine knowledge set slowly, but Oh! how effectually, into the ocean of divine wrath; and there was no light, no life, no truth among men; and the intellectual and moral atmosphere was darkened; all—ail was black in the blackness of night. This was the sad complaint of the prophet Isaias, when he exclaimed: "There is no truth, there is no knowledge of God in the land." Thus saith the Lord even to the Jewish people: "My people have been silent because they have no knowledge. Cursing, lying and corruption overflow the land. Blood has touched blood, because there is no truth, no knowledge in the land." Behold the second great loss in Adam's sin: the loss of divine knowledge. The thousands of forms of human knowledge the soul refused. Human philosophy found in the soul and immortal spirit that refused philosophy for its food. They found not that food for the heart of man; and yet they boasted of their progress and of their civilization as men boast nowadays in the nineteenth century. God is the light—the true light coming from heaven. The light comes not from beneath; the light comes from above. You might as well seek the rising sun in the darkness of night, as seek the true light of God in all the researches of human knowledge or human science. Therefore, this gospel of progress,—this scientific gospel, is as the pagan religion tells us; this human philosophy is separated from God; and—from the simplicity of that faith—that moment it becomes a lie; the moment it separates itself from God it is a lie from hell, from which every lie comes.

The third great evil,—the third loss of man, by his sin,—was the loss of Divine grace. This was even worse—still far worse than the loss of God Himself, or the loss of knowledge. It was infinitely greater than the loss of knowledge. It was greater than the loss of God Himself. I will prove it. Even if God had withdrawn for a time,—if man had kept the Divine grace,—then, at the hour of his death, he would behold that God again. So, it was the most terrible loss, for if man had kept Divine grace, the separation from God would have been for a small span of years. That grace would have kept him holy in purity and in the grace of a strong, abiding, vigorous, efficacious command over every passion, over every inclination, and have given empire of the soul over the body, and all other graces of God to the heart of man, and to the

soul of man. But, by sin he not only lost the friendship of God, the knowledge of God,—the most terrible loss of all,—he lost the grace which the Almighty God had entailed upon him. So long as that grace was upon him it made him pleasing to Almighty God. Even the greatest misery of all the consequences of sin, the wavering of the heart, the monotony of life, the hardening of the soul,—forming the interior from the exterior,—he need have no fear of, so long as God's grace was upon him; he was still a child of God, dearest and most beautiful to his Father's heart. It was only when he lost that grace,—it was only when he became the slave of his passions, the servant of his bodily inclinations,—when he became unholy and impure,—only then did Almighty God regard him as His enemy,—the man whose existence was a curse, and whose end was to be everlasting perdition!

These were the three losses. Now we will consider the regeneration, and the remedy of the Redeemer. He came. He brought back to us precisely the three things that we lost in Adam. Oh, how beautiful was His coming! Oh, how tender and loving was the coming of the Son of God! First, God left the earth with anger upon his brow and a curse upon His lips. First, He left the earth,—He left the trembling sinner horror-stricken at His curse, while the hissing serpent wound his way into the thicket and disappeared, with this curse upon him. Heaven and hell took up the curse; the heavens rained down the curse, and it sank like rain into the soil of earth. It brought sterility to the earth. It brought poison to the snake. It brought fury to the lion and the tiger, and to the other wild beasts of the forest. It permeated nature; and then there was nothing but despair and darkness as of night. How terrific was the withdrawal of our divine Lord from the earth! How sweet, how loving is His coming! A virgin brings Him forth; a daughter of earth, most pure and holy, yet simply human,—“Of the earth earthly.” A daughter of the sons of men;—pure, young, beautiful, fit to be the Mother of the Son of God. She was to bring forth the Majesty and fulness of God by her child of grace. He was to come forth, when He was thirty years of age, in the fulness of time to preach the Gospel and announce the truth. The very first word that ever came from the lips of Jesus Christ was the word blessed! He went up into the mountain, when He had called the people around Him. After four thousand years silence, God is about to speak! For four thousand years, the echoes that were heard in the groves of Paradise, during the long, long ages passed, had re-echoed the curse of God. God is about to speak

to man. "Blessed are the poor!" How beautiful, how simple! For sin, God cursed the earth; and He said, on this day, to the sinner: "Blessed are the poor!" taking consideration on poverty, with all its afflictions,—poverty with all its humiliations,—poverty, with its naked body starving,—poverty, despised and rejected by the world,—poverty with its sickness and its sorrows,—poverty, with its privations. "Blessed are the poor!" He said, "for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven!" Oh, how beautiful is the coming of the Son of God in that day; by His very presence among men He brought back the first great thing that Adam had lost. God was lost by the sin of man: man lost the society and the fellowship of God. God is restored in Jesus Christ. In Him dwelt the fulness of divinity. He came; but He came as God. You might look upon Him as one of earth, as a little child, trembling in His mother's arms, weeping upon her bosom, did you not know that the Eternal Infant is the Eternal God. God came again to save His fallen creature, man. God came with blessings upon His lips, favor and mercy, in His hands. God came again to speak words that fell as music upon the ears of the sinner and the afflicted one. "Come to me, all ye who are burdened and heavy laden and I will refresh you." "Come to me, oh, ye sinners; for I am not one who requires much. Come to me, oh, ye afflicted and fallen, that I may lift you, and give glory to my Father, and give joy for the one sinner that doeth penance. For I am all hope and love and consolation." Thus came God, the Regenerator.

Moreover, He brought back with Him what man had lost by sin; namely, the truth—the knowledge of truth. Did He come to take sight of the world,—to observe with an all-seeing eye—to scan all its imperfections? Did He come to judge the world, to take silent note of man's weakness, of man's ingratitude for favors, and of the impurity that surrounded him—to take silent note of him, and in His infinite wisdom and sanctity to judge him? No. "I came not to judge, but to save." He came speaking as God,—God proclaiming to all men, and to all nations and classes of men, the truth which He brought with Him from heaven. He spread that truth among men. He declared that they should "know the truth." No longer should they inquire after the truth. The anxious philosopher seeking for his God was a thing of the past. Humanity looking for its religion was a thing of the past, for the Eternal Son of God said: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." So He gave to man

the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, our Lord. But the first loss of divine grace was the most terrible loss of all to man, a greater loss than even the temporary loss of the fellowship of God;—greater even than the loss of the knowledge of God. Oh, in vain would Christ have come and given us Himself in His own divine person; in vain would He have given us knowledge for saving us, if He had not also brought with Him from Heaven His divine grace, purifying, strengthening and reviving the souls of men. Therefore He came not only to preach, my dear friends, but also to hear the sinner's confession and to absolve him. He came not only to propagate the truth in His preaching but He came to touch the eyes of the blind, to open them; not so much the eyes of the body, as the eyes of the soul. When the miracle had been performed—when the blind men's eyes were opened,—he sought out Christ and said to Him, "Where is the Lord that I may believe in Him?" Then Christ said, "I am He." And he, filled with divine light, said: "Thou art Christ, the son of the living God." He opened the eyes of that man's soul far more effectually to the light of divine truth than the eyes of his body to the light of the rising or the setting sun.

He came to give peace. Now I want to insist upon this. Our age is passing over this great feature of the Catholic Church. Men nowadays are proud of their multitude of religions, and call them all religious truths. Denying one another, opposed to each other,—yet they call them *all*, religious truths! But, in their pursuit of truth, I am willing to admit and believe that, in very many cases, their pursuit after truth is a real, high-minded, pure-minded, earnest effort, to arrive at that truth. I would not have you, my Catholic friends, imagine for an instant that there is no purity of intention or loftiness of purpose and earnestness of will outside of the Catholic Church. No; this would be the highest form of bigotry. I would not that Catholics were inclined to believe that all earnestness, all sincerity and all goodness was confined to us;—we, who have so much that we can afford to be generous, and to be true to those who are without the pale of the Church; filled with earnestness in their efforts to arrive at the truth; yet every man imagines that he has the conclusion of the truth, as it is in Jesus Christ. One man says baptism is necessary for salvation; another man says it is not. Both sincerely believe that they have the truth as it is in Christ; and one or the other is believing and preaching a lie. But, though I say they are earnest in

their pursuit after truth, I don't say they find it. I say they do not. I am as sure of it as I am of my own existence. I know, as I know my God is here, that there is no truth—no religious truth to be found outside of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. If I did not know it, I would not assert it. If I did not believe it, I would not devote my whole life, in all sincerity, and in fraternal love, to try to induce my fellow-men on every side to hear me,—to come with me that I might lead them into that Church, and let them bow down before that altar. Would I, in common with my fellow-priests, devote my life to this truth; but because we know that this truth is necessary for salvation? But, even if they had the truth,—if they possessed the truth,—the possession of the truth is not enough; for, even as things are, men in their pursuit of truth lose sight of grace. Truth alone,—even to the heart of man, the highest form of truth, is not sufficient. Divine as that truth may be, it is not enough. We, Catholics know the truth. Will any man tell me that it is enough when he has made an act of faith? Does any man believe that that is enough? No. No Catholic believes it: the Catholic Church never taught such a thing. Why? Because Christ, our Lord, brought from heaven not only truth but grace. The birth of that grace and truth is virtue to the intelligence that admits it;—the grace of virtue to the heart, to the affections and to the will. That grace is necessary for salvation according to the word of St. Paul, who says: "Knowledge of the truth is as nothing." Nay more if you have not that grace which is divine charity, you have not faith. Hear the word of inspiration, which says: "All my knowledge is as nothing." Do you imagine that I or any other Catholic man trusts to his knowledge to keep him in moments of temptation,—to enable him to restrain evil designs, to conquer his passions? If he trusts to knowledge, he will turn away and shut his eyes to the power of Almighty God; and, in the moment of blind trust, he stains his soul with mortal sin. Do you imagine that we trust to knowledge to keep us in the hour of temptation? Knowledge, no matter how extensive, will never make a man pure. Why you might as well attempt to moor a vessel with a single thread of silk, as to keep down, by human or divine knowledge, the passions of man. The grace of God,—the grace of God enriched by prayer,—is necessary in order to preserve the heart and soul pure in the tumultuous temptations of every moment of life. This grace Christ gave us in the confessional: this is the most necessary of

all. Behold, then, in what the regeneration of this world consists. It consists in restoring, through Christ, grace to every man among us—it consists in taking away the evil of sin,—in taking away the corruption of sin,—and in substituting the Lord Jesus Christ. Not Adam; but Christ. Not Adam; but some one far above and infinitely greater than Adam. For, as it is usual with Him, when He does a thing to do it perfectly and superabundantly,—so, when He came with the remedy for Adam's sin, He brought a remedy and left us much greater, much holier than ever in the days of Adam; and it is here in the adorable sacrament of the altar of Jesus Christ.

“But, what about the Church?” you say; “what about the Church of which you came here to preach to-day? you did not say a word about the Church.” I know very well, my friends, that is all true. They tell a story in old Roman history of a poor peasant who had three goats stolen from him. Well, he hired a lawyer to plead his case, and to get him back his three goats. The lawyer came before the judge; the prisoner was there also; the lawyer made a splendid speech. He began with the history of the foundation of Rome; he went through all the wars of the Roman Emperors; expatiated upon all the great generals that Rome produced; and he was about sinking down exhausted, after a long and magnificent effort, when the poor man went and spoke to him: “Will you be good enough, even now,” says he, “to say a word about my three goats.” Now, I am not going to treat you in this way. I have dwelt on faith at some length, so far, although, in truth, as I did not mention a word about the Church, I may mean it all the time. Christ, our Lord, is in His Church—Christ, our Lord, solemnly declared that He was in His Church until the end of time. Christ declared simply and emphatically, that, although He lived in His visible person among men only 33 years, He intended to live until the last moment of the world's history in His Church. Therefore, whatever He was yesterday, the same He is to-day. Now, mark: the Apostle, St. Paul, says: “What Christ was yesterday, He is to-day, and the same forever.” He did not come to do a transient, or ephemeral work. He did not come to teach men to live again after Him as they lived before His coming. No; but He declared, “I am come, not for a day, not for a time, but for ever. I am come to remain. Think not that I am going away!” He says to the Apostles: “I will not leave you orphans. I will come to you again. I will be with you all days until the consummation of

the world." Do not imagine for a moment that the work which was begun at the moment when Mary, at the Incarnation, said, "Be it done to me according to Thy word;" and God was made present in her immaculate bosom; do not imagine, for a moment, that that work has ever ceased. No; no. Before He left, He substantiated Himself in the Blessed Eucharist. Before He left, He changed the bread and wine into His Body and blood; and, even as He changed the water into wine, at Cana in Gallilee, so He changed the wine into the heart's blood of Jesus Christ. Do not imagine that the Saviour went away, to return no more, thereby giving the lie to Himself; for He said: "I will come back. I will not leave you orphans. I am with you until the consummation of the world." And, as the Regenerator of the world speaks through His Church, whoever denies the Church denies Christ. In this, mark how clearly—mark how emphatically and how distinctly, the Son of God left the three marks upon His Church in Himself.

The three great evils that sin had done are undone by His Church. First; God was made present in Christ. The truth of God was made present in the word of Christ. The grace of God was made present in the action of Christ through His Church, for He said: "There is one thing that I will leave you; no matter what else you may be deprived of. They shall cast out your name as evil for my sake. You may not have the smiles or the friendship of this world. I tell you that the friendship of this world is enmity to God. There is one thing you must have. I will send my Spirit of Truth upon you, to remain with you for ever, who will abide with you and lead you into all truth." The truth and knowledge of God shall be in that Church: for He says: "The gates of hell shall never prevail against that Church. That truth shall be upon your lips; and as the Father sent me I also send you; go teach all nations to hear my commandments." I ask you, my friends, can the word of God or man be more clearly or more emphatically expressed to assure us that the fulness of unchanging truth and the possession of the Divine sceptre was to be bound to the Catholic Church for ever? Is there more than this? He gave to that Church power to grant and confer grace,—that which was the highest virtue of Divine grace on this earth, namely, the forgiveness of sin. When the Pharisees saw our Lord raising the dead, they wondered, to be sure. They saw Him opening the eyes of the blind, and healing the sick, they wondered; yet they never accused Him of blasphemy. But the moment they heard Him say to the paraly

tie man : "Thy sins are forgiven thee !" at once they said : "Who is this blasphemer, that says, He can forgive sin ?" And a perfect right they would have to say so, if He had not been Christ ; for Christ would have been a blasphemer if He had not been God. Not alone in the forgiveness of sin has Almighty God achieved the highest triumph of His omnipotent power. The gift of that power He gave to man, through Jesus Christ. "All power," He says, "in Heaven and on earth, is given to me ;" and the Man-God, Jesus Christ, distinctly gave that power to His Apostles ; for He said to them : "All power in Heaven and on earth is given to me ; now, as the Father sent me, with all that power, so do I send you." Then, approaching, He solemnly breathed upon them, as they stood around Him, and He said : "Receive ye the Holy Ghost ; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them ; and whose sins you shall retain they are retained."

The truth of God remains upon the infallible lips of the Church. Grace is poured abroad from the sacramental hands of the spouse of Jesus Christ. No man can deny this, if he admits any meaning to the words of the Saviour. He gave to the Apostles and to their successors individually, the essential power to forgive sin ; so, in this day's Gospel, He says : "Go teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Now I ask you what does this mean ? "Go teach all nations !" Teach all nations by the power of that word which was to create faith ; for faith comes by hearing,—not the word of man, but of God. Therefore, it was the word of God that was upon their lips that spread the faith. Therefore, it was the word of God, enlightening them, enabling them, strengthening them ; and as it was upon the lips of the twelve foundation stones of the Church, so it is upon the lips of their successors to-day. What does He mean by saying "to teach and to baptize them ?" What does this mean ? Does it not mean that He gave them power to regenerate that which was badly degenerated in Adam ? Does it not mean that He gave them power to apply His own most precious blood to save the unregenerated, and as baptismal water to cleanse sin from the soul ? Does He not emphatically give them power to deal with the sin of Adam in one sacrament, and to deal with individual sin in another. The favorite argument of those who are outside the Church is that baptism takes away sin. We acknowledge that baptism takes away sin. We acknowledge that it regenerates ; it gives new birth, and that it takes away the sin of Adam from the soul. This is really and truly the mean-

ing as applied by the Church—this is baptism—this is the regeneration. Great God ! the inconsistency of man, who acknowledge that God has given His Church, in one sacrament, the very power they deny in another ! Why, the Saviour has said most emphatically, “whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven ; whose sins you shall retain they are retained.” Now, my friends, in these great attributes the Church of God is nothing more than the type of Jesus Christ, her Divine founder.

Finally, He was not content with giving His Church the word of truth. He was not content with conferring on it the power of granting grace—that cleansing grace for regenerating and reviving the souls of men, but He crowned all His gifts by giving Himself, and leaving Himself in the tabernacles of His Catholic Church. He gave to us the essence of truth and of grace ; for, wherever Christ Jesus is, there is the fountain of Divine truth and of reviving sanctifying grace. In this way the Church is the regenerator of society. I wish to show you,—I wish to bring home the question more to yourselves in a practical manner ; and I ask you, let us suppose there was no Catholic Church in the world. Let us suppose, for an instant, that she was, as many good, kind-hearted Protestants seem sometimes to think, namely, an idolatress and a falsifier. When did she begin to be this ? In what year ? Fifteen hundred years ago, let us suppose she was this. Then my Protestant friend, you have no authority at all for upholding one iota of Christian doctrine. In early days there were more than four Gospels written. The Catholic Church took four Gospels and rejected the others. Upon her own authority, inspired and directed by the spirit of God, she held four Gospels and rejected the others. You have these Gospels from the Catholic Church. Deny the existence of the Catholic Church for a moment and what have you left ? Is there a man in this world that would stand up and say, “This is the truth. I am prepared to prove it is, as coming from the lips of Jesus Christ,” without the aid of the Catholic Church ? Tradition is gone,—truth is gone,—the Apostolic succession is carried away ; the golden link that binds this nineteenth century with those centuries that have passed away is destroyed : and there remains on this earth not a single voice authorized to teach the Gospel of Jesus Christ ! The order—the divine order—that was established in the first beginning by Almighty God, before ever Adam was born ;—that order which was destroyed by sin and restored by Jesus Christ, and completed by His Church,—that order would be destroyed if

you take away that Church. Let us suppose, for an instant, that the Catholic Church were an idolatress,—that the food she gives could turn to poison ; who is to hold men accountable if they escape the law—if they escape the penalty of their crimes?

There is none but this falsifier and idolatress, to hold them accountable. God has loosed his hold of them ; and who is to hold them accountable? Who is to make them examine their consciences and make that conscience tender and that soul pure? For instance, if a man gets ten thousand dollars dishonestly, in some transaction in which the law cannot affect him ; if that man is a Catholic, the moment he goes to confession—the moment he kneels to God's priest, and says: "I have made ten thousand dollars unjustly,"—the confessor says: "You must make restitution. The curse of the Son of God will fall upon you, if you do not restore it. You need never expect forgiveness, for I will not allow you to approach the Altar of God, for Holy Communion, until you have paid to the last farthing!" A servant, perhaps, is in the habit of pilfering, day by day, a little ; one day she takes away an ounce of tea ; the next day a bushel of coals ; and so on. This goes on undetected ; and, if you would tell her she was doing wrong, she would say, probably: "Thank you for nothing! I know that very well, myself. It is no harm, as long as I am not found out." But the Catholic servant has to go to confession at Easter time. She knows that she cannot approach the Altar for communion unless she makes up her mind and her will against all pilfering ; and that she must restore to the last farthing, all that she has taken. I ask you, in what consists the regeneration of society? What keeps it sound? Many, outside the Catholic Church say, "Oh, it does not matter a great deal!" But I tell you, it does matter a great deal. A young man outside the Catholic Church marries a young girl ; for the six or seven years they have been together they have lived happily. In an evil hour he sees some one : he begins to love another beside the wife of his bosom. That moment, the devil's temptations come in. He gets the aid of his companions to help him to rid him of his wife ; and to a licentious man like him, it does not matter how. Her fair name is lost by one breath. He goes into the court and gets his "bill of divorce;" and he drives from her home the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children, with a lost, or a shattered character. To the Protestant man, or a man who is not a Catholic, I say, do not mind my words ; they are but

as the passing breeze. But, if he can do this, I tell you, the religion that permits him or assists him to commit this crime,—which is accursed of God, because it is breaking asunder the bond Christ has declared should never be sundered,—is breaking up the very foundations of society. But if the Catholic man marries a wife—no matter how bad he is,—and there is no man as bad as a bad Catholic—a bad Protestant is nothing to him ;—but, if this Catholic is as bad as bad can be, he would never attempt to avail himself of the power that he sees his Protestant fellow-man exercising, and as it is exercised by non-Catholics, so freely in this age of ours. If the thought would cross his mind, the Church of God stands up, and says: “My friend, God has given you this wife ;—whatever else you do,—whatever law you break,—whatever crime you commit,—whatever one you prove false to—you must love that woman ; for while she lives you shall never call another by the sacred name of wife.” He dare not attempt it. He would like to do an evil thing ; but he cannot do it. In which of these two consists the regeneration of society ?

So, throughout all, the Catholic Church is the regenerator of society so it brings out the sacred image of Jesus Christ as it is in man. The true regenerator of society is that which annihilates all that is impure and bad in man, in the complete assertion of the intelligence ; in the dominion of the soul over the body ; and in the complete development of the intellectual, spiritual and angelic in man. Oh, where shall we find them so developed ; where shall we find passion and will so subdued, love so enlarged and purified, soul so humble before God ? Where shall we find the image of Jesus Christ so developed as in these veiled ones that you see before you, who never for an instant can admit into their virgin hearts one vain passion, or to their minds one thought of selfish love ; though with hearts large enough to let in every form of affliction and misery that can present itself. And this is the complete triumph of grace over nature. Oh, my friends, if there are any here who are not Catholics, would to God that you could only open your eyes and see what we see,—that this Church of God counteracts that life of the world. The grace of God—the action of God—is seen in His Church, making everything instinct with life, filling men with purity and honesty. Eighteen hundred and seventy-two years have passed away, and the Church is as fresh to-day as she was when Peter preached his first sermon. Many ages have passed away ; everything else on the earth has changed ; kingdoms

have changed : the history of ages is but the history of the Catholic Church ; for what she was yesterday she is to-day, and the same forever, because she is upheld by Jesus Christ : for, " As He was yesterday He is to-day, and is the same forever." I think that we have sufficiently proved that if this world is to be regenerated, sweetened, and purified, and preserved in that sweetness and purity, it must be **done only by** the action of the Holy Catholic Church.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the REV. FATHER BURKE, on Wednesday evening, June 5, at St. Mary's Church, Norwich, Conn.]

THE FAITH OF IRELAND—THE TRIUMPH OF THIS CENTURY OF OURS."

AFTER alluding in general terms to the triumph of the Catholic faith in Ireland as the only peaceful triumph of the century, the speaker went back to the early settlement of Ireland by a band of Phœnicians—the sons of Milesius—who landed in Spain, and in accordance with a tradition among them that they should discover and occupy a green isle of the sea, prosecuted their journey by sea, and landed on an island subsequently called by a Grecian name signifying the most ancient land, known among other nations as Erin, and which we know as Ireland. The early religion of Ireland was paganism; but it was not the sensual and degrading Paganism of Greece. They sought a higher object of worship, and, in their ignorance of the true God, worshipped his truest image, the Sun—the source of light and life. The round towers, which abound everywhere in Ireland, and which date long before the Christian era, are supposed by archæologists to have been structures on which the Druid priests ascended that they might greet the coming sun, and proclaim his rising to the people. Ireland was then, as now, divided into four provinces, each with its kings, and these again subject to a high king—the great Irish monarch—who held his court on the hill of Tara, where were assembled the wisdom, grandeur, and culture of the nation. Into this assemblage, in the year 432 of the Christian era, came a stranger, commissioned by the then Pope of Rome, as a missionary to Ireland. This was Patrick, the patron Saint of Ireland, by whose persuasive arguments, singularly endowed by grace, and the peculiar receptivity of the Irish people, the Catholic religion was established among them. They thoroughly embraced, at his teaching, the mysteries and doctrines of the Church. The body of Jesus Christ was personated by the bread of the communion. The Holy Virgin was known by the more endearing title of "Mary, Mother!" The beloved St. Bridget by that other high title

"The Mary of Ireland!" He found them on his arrival all pagans—he left them at his death all Christians, and with a priesthood and system of religious government perfectly established.

The progress of Ireland from this time forward, while the Continent was being overrun by Goths, Visigoths, and Huns, was described. Protected by her insular position, she advanced in the culture of all that was high and noble—letters, music, the arts—and became the resort of students from all the civilized nations of the world. But reverses were in store for her. At the end of the eighth century the Danish invasion took place. Magnus, the last Danish King, was expelled in the year 1104. Ireland came out of her 300 years' contest with her Pagan invaders as Catholic as ever. Then came the Saxon invasion in 1169. That contest lasted 400 years, embracing the attacks under Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Cromwell, and finally William, Prince of Orange, with the treacherous treaty of Limerick. The injustice of these invasions, the terrible cruelties perpetrated, and the fortitude and heroism of the Irish people under the O'Neills, Sarsfield and others, in defence of their country and religion, were described in burning language, and produced a profound impression upon the audience. Then followed a period of depression, of doubtful struggling; till, at the commencement of the present century, there arose a leader, great in mind, a Catholic of Catholics;—that intellectual giant was Daniel O'Connell. As David, "the man of blood," was not permitted himself to build the Temple, so the Irish people, indomitable as they were and ready to wage untiring warfare for the cause of their religion, were not to succeed in their object by violent means, but through the appeals of O'Connell in the British Parliament, crying for Justice, Justice, Justice for Ireland! The Duke of Wellington,—an Irishman, though as he became great, he became ashamed to acknowledge his nationality—was then Premier, and, despite his declaration that the measure should never be adopted, he was compelled to draw up the proclamation of Irish Emancipation, and, with the signature of George IV. appended, lay it at the feet of O'Connell! From that time the agitation was not suffered to subside, and on the first of January, 1872, the great triumph came—the English Church was declared no longer the National Church of Ireland, and by this act her oppressors acknowledged that all their efforts for preceding centuries to uproot the Catholic religion in Ireland had been worse than vain. Thus were the sacrifices and

struggles of the Irish people, in behalf of their religion, crowned with final success.

And (appealing to his auditory—his Protestant as well as Catholic hearers,—said the speaker) do you blame them for their fortitude and intrepid adherence to what they believed to be right? Could you respect them, had they proved traitors to their faith? Two remarkable circumstances signalized this triumph. It came at a time when the bone and the sinew of Ireland were in America. There are in Ireland, to-day, but five millions; had her nine millions been at home, the triumph might have been attributed to their numerical influence. But the truth is, the Irish in America, rather than the Irish in Ireland, had to do with determining the action of Mr. Gladstone! The other feature was the modesty, the moderation, and generous behaviour of the Irish on attaining their triumph. There was no boasting, no words of insult, no bon-fires, no ringing of bells. It seemed rather a day of mourning, for fear of hurting the feelings of their Protestant, neighbors and fellow-citizens. That was right. They would not have been worthy of their triumph had it been otherwise—that grand and only peaceful triumph of the nineteenth century!

Here followed the speaker's peroration; and grander words we have never listened to. He spoke of the welcome extended by the citizens of America to "the exiles of Erin," and of the consequent debt owed by the latter—a debt he was rejoiced to say, that had been repaid in a measure. But, said he, you have not repaid all. America expects from you the full debt which you owe in behalf of Ireland, and the Catholic religion, the debt of true citizenship, by which you are enabled to unite in making the laws and sharing the public honors of this great country, destined, in his opinion, to rule the earth, at least by her moral example—a citizenship to be exemplified by your patriotism, your sobriety, your purity of life—in short, your Catholic virtue. You live among a people quick to discern—a high-minded and generous people—and your duties are those which will naturally be suggested and promptly obeyed by the Irish mind and heart. As for the speaker himself, he had visited many lands, and associated with many diverse peoples. He had come to America with European prejudices, because clouded with European ignorance. But he had observed, and mingled with this people, had conversed with them, and studied their character and feelings; and he would say, that if there is any one on the

face of the earth whose esteem he was emulous of possessing, and who commanded his highest respect, it is the American citizen !

It is only to be added that the speaker, in the course of his remarkable oration, at times seemed to touch with electric fire the hearts of his auditory, and his frequent passages of brilliant eloquence drew forth unbounded applause ; while at times again, the keen mother wit of the Irish orator caused "waves of mirth" to pass over the audience, which were as delightful as his serious and earnest words were pathetic and powerful.—*Norwich Advertiser*, June 6.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the REV. FATHER BURKE, on Sunday, June 9, in the Cathedral, Rochester, N. Y., before the Young Men's Catholic Association.]

"THE FUTURE OF THE IRISH RACE IN AMERICA."

THE rev. lecturer commenced by saying that the subject on which he had the honor to speak was the most important one which could occupy the attention of the audience or himself on this occasion. It was the future of the Catholic Church in America, the future of their race, and its mission in regard to the future of Catholicity. Among the charms with which God had surrounded the life of man there was none more keen than the sentiment of hope and anticipation. We differed from the beasts in this. They live in the enjoyment of the sensation of the passing moment. Man by his memory lives in the past, and with anticipation the mind in imagination goes forth to the future. The present moment is to us as nothing. While we speak of it it is gone. Our souls live more in recollection and hope than in the present, whether joy or sorrow be its characteristic. Shut off the cherished memories of the past from man, drop between him and the future an impenetrable veil—cut off his desires, aspirations, hopes,—and what is left of the being man ? The present moment is as evanescent as the dream of him who sleeps in the morning. Therefore, we live in the past in memory, and in the future in

anticipation and hope. Of these two powers of man it may be noticed that memory tells of sorrow rather than of joy, of the hopes gone, the loved ones lost. She appears like a weeping goddess, all tears and no joy. But hope is a bright, fair sylph, with no frown, no fear imprinted on her placid face. No matter what the days gone by may have been, all men build their hopes upon pleasant anticipations. This propensity has passed into a proverb, and is called building castles in the air. The men to whom he spoke were mostly of his own religion and race, if not born in the green western island, yet united to it by many holy ties. For that reason he addressed them by the sacred and honorable name of Irishmen. And though the past of their land, however clouded with sorrow, was a bright one, yet he would not speak of it, but for the future. They were a special and peculiar race, with a strongly marked national character, with national antipathies and national sympathies. It was his purpose to speak of their future in this great country, in which their lot had been cast. One, looking at the future of America is impressed by the greatness of the vision which rises before him. This continent surpasses in fertility and extent of resources and power anything in the Old World. Neither is it broken up into different nationalities—into warring and discordant peoples. But our nation has thrown open its magnificent arms for all. It receives them, uses them, and amalgamates them. So, while the continent is so magnificent in all its proportions, it remains united in all national purposes. Rich in natural, political, and intellectual gifts, what shall its destiny be when the over-crowded Old World shall have thrown its full quota of inhabitants into it? It must shape the destiny of the world if it prove faithful to its destiny. It is with such a land your lot is cast; and sons of the green old land, which I love with a love second only to that which I bear God's altar, which I long every moment of my life to greet again—yet I almost envy you your future. That future shall be bright if you are faithful to God. What the destiny of America shall be, depends, fellow-Catholics, upon whether you shall be what God intended—whether you are faithful to your mission. The great evil among Catholics is that they do not understand the purpose for which they have been placed here by Almighty God. Your mission is to live so as to make your influence felt, to shape the laws, to form society on a Catholic basis. Without this, no nation, especially America, can rise to the summit of its destiny.

The wants of America to-day, were Christian faith, hope

and love, and there was only one Church which could supply them. That her future depended upon faith, hope and love, he would illustrate. Just as no man could rise to the fulness of his destiny without the aid of God, so no nation could. A man might make a fortune or build up an immortal name in the world's annals by honesty, prudence, sobriety, and yet not attain the end for which God intended him. Temperance, prudence, sobriety, honesty and industry were necessary and noble virtues, but they were not distinctively the mark of the Christian character. They had formed the graces of pagan manhood years ago. There were as prosperous, as brave, as prudent, as temperate and as upright men as any in our age living before the Christian era. But the essential qualities of the Christian character were faith, hope, love—the faith that catches in our daily life the glimpses of the presence of Almighty God, the hope that strains after Him and the charity that holds him. These attributes lift man up. They tinge his character with divinity, stamping upon its earthly substance the seal of Heaven. Without faith it is impossible to please God. You are saved by hope. Though I speak with the tongue of angels and have not charity it profiteth me nothing. Thus these three virtues were necessary elements of Christian character. Without them it was Pagan. Take the most successful men in history, whose only faith and hope were circumscribed by this world, whose love was only for themselves—did they fulfil the measure of their destiny? What one of his listeners would exchange places with the greatest hero of the world who had lived without Christian faith, hope and love?

God had designs for nations as well as for individuals. The nation was an aggregate of citizens, and its character depended upon them. As the individual without faith, hope and love is pagan, so is the nation. And these three virtues America lacked. It might seem presumptuous in him, a comparative stranger, to assert that the nation wanted faith, hope and love. Yet, judging in the light of his study and experience, he would undertake to prove it. Go outside of the Catholic Church and you would find men of intellect, honor, and prudence, possessed of all virtues save these three. For instance, do they know the truth? No. Faith is not search after truth, but the knowledge of it. Looking for religion is not faith; but the possession of it. Nearly every man in America was seeking for religion. It was the principle of Protestantism that its professors must search the Scriptures. He who ceased relapsed into infidelity. When he looked at

the vagueness, uncertainty and dissensions of the various sects throughout the land, he could entertain for them no other sentiment save one of contempt. The Catholic Church alone could say, "This is the way of life, and you must walk in it. This is the truth, which you must believe." But has she the right to say so? Shall we not test her authority? The speaker, in answer, went on to consider the marks of the Catholic Church which proved her divine power, concluding that the faith which was needed for our national salvation could not be found outside of her pale.

In the next place, America wanted hope—that implicit confidence in the power of Almighty God to open up the glories of heaven to us upon compliance with certain conditions. He who received Jesus Christ had the word of God for his future. Such he had promised to raise up at the last day. This union with Christ the speaker interpreted to mean the sacrament of the Eucharist. America denied the existence of any such food, and was thus cut off from the promise conveyed in our Saviour's language. It was vain to say that we partook of Christ's flesh and blood by prayer and the approach of the spirit. That had been possible under the old dispensation. The promise was meant to add something, or else the words were nonsense. The words meant what they said, or nothing. The hope of the nation was founded in temporal things, and the efficiency of human reason, and was therefore fallible.

The speaker next took up the love of God, and considered its unfathomable nature. We should revere Him so as to make His love the substance of our lives, the spring of our quickest zeal and mightiest effort. Was God regarded with this absolute affection throughout the land? Did His love rule the thoughts and guide the hearts of the people? It seemed to him as if everything was loved better than God—money, lands, possessions, impurity. Turning upon some of the sins of society, the speaker prayed for some of the power of the prophet of old to denounce them. Licentiousness had crept even into the legislation of Europe and America. Human law had dared to put apart man and wife, in direct opposition to the command of God. Modern licentiousness was becoming like that of old pagan times. Was this love of God? The second branch of this precept of charity was love for our neighbor, under which term wife and children were first placed. It was plain that, outside of the Catholic Church, the best woman in the world might, on a false and trumped-up charge of a wicked husband, be accused and sent

away, with reputation blasted, while her lord's paramour might be installed in her place, in an adulterous union, as mistress over her family and household. As for our duty to our children, it was the great question of the day, and the one on whose solution the faith of the world depended. In this connection the speaker paid an elegant compliment to the part which Bishop McQuaid had taken in discussing the Catholic doctrine on this subject. There are, in our day, three systems of education presented to the father of a child. In the first place, the State comes and says "I will educate your children for you." The parent is so careless of the welfare of his brood as not to ask the most important questions in reply. "Have you a divine commission? Did God give you a charge over this matter? How do you intend to use the right which you claim?" Where, in Scripture, common-sense or reason, can we find a commission for the state to educate? It is the sacred right of the father.

Education must be such as will call out in the child's character all for which he was intended by nature. It determined his future. As the father is to the body so is it to the mind, shaping its character and destiny. In this age, the speaker said, the people were fond of big words. They were thrown like sand in the eyes of men, blinding them to any meaning. The phrase unsectarian education was one of this kind; unsectarian was a fine, large word of five syllables, and its sound pleased people's ears. The phrase meant education in philosophy, history and the exact sciences, unconnected with religious instruction. Translated into three short Saxon words, these long Latin words signify simply "teaching without God." Were they aware of the worthlessness of such teachings? The pagans of the Augustan era, the time when Christ was born, were not an ignorant people. They were at the height of culture, refinement and intellectual achievement. They possessed merely knowledge without God, and their wisdom was folly in His sight. Knowledge without God was head without heart, brain without the noble affections of the soul. Fathers willing to accept such an education had no love for their children. Yet, was it possible to teach anything without God? A student from one of the Queen's Colleges had told him, not long before, that during over a year's study the name of God had not been mentioned; and he thought there was no necessity for religion in education. Yet, how else could history, the working out of God's purposes, be taught? The very first act to be considered, the act of creation, required the consideration of the existence of God. He lay at the

very foundation of history. Philosophy was a reasoning from facts or effects of causes. How could we teach it without God, the great first cause. It would be as well to attempt to teach arithmetic without the number one, or the alphabet without the letter A. The fact of the matter was, nothing could be taught without God, and the pretence to do it merely debauched the intellect as well as the heart.

The second scheme for education generally came from an oily and sanctimonious gentleman, somewhat in this form: That we should read the Bible in the schools and teach only what principles of religion all would approve of. The whole system would be managed on a basis of mutual tolerance. Unthinking Catholic parents were apt to think this proposition a very fair one. The child could learn during the week the various branches of worldly knowledge, and get an hour's instruction in his religion on Sunday! To pursue such a course the Protestant sacrifices nothing. Everything in Protestantism can be learned under such regulations. But the Catholic child leaves behind him his sacraments, which are the sources of grace, his prayers for the dead, his honor to the Virgin and saints, his specific teachings of interior purity. He must become a practical little infidel. What is religious education for the Protestant child, is for him, as it were, infidelity. Bring our children up in this way, and in one generation every vestige of a belief in God would disappear.

Lastly, the Catholic Church claims that she alone understands the meaning of education. It is to bring forth and develop every power of the child to the fulness of manhood. As its little body, if developed by food and exercise, so its soul grows by its peculiar nourishment and exercise, until the whole being is matured, intellectually, morally, and physically. The speaker then analyzed the mind of man into the intellect, the will and the affections, and touched upon the evil influences which had power over him. Our first enemy is ignorance. We are created to know, and do not know; as a consequence, the heart becomes corrupted. The heart is made to love, and the intelligence proves incapable of directing it to a proper object of affection. Love, therefore, degenerates into a mere passion and lust. The will is created to act freely under the direction of intelligence. Under an incapable intelligence the will becomes a slave to the passions and moves as a mere instinct. Our next enemy is partial education—the instruction of the intellect, not the heart; the storing of the mind, and leaving the heart uncultivated. The evils of such a course may be illustrated by the undue devel-

opment of one part of the human body at the expense of another. In this way the head of a man might be found on the limbs of a child, and the limbs of a giant with the head of a child. Who cannot recall instances of such distorted intellectual growth—men of gigantic mental ability, without a single restraining power. Voltaire took in almost by intuition the whole range of human knowledge; yet he could not guide his weakest passion. The great Lord Chancellor Bacon, whose intellect was, perhaps, the strongest ever possessed by a human being, would sell a judgment for a paltry sum of money. It was the object of the Catholic Church to avoid such an education as this, and develop the faculties of man in harmony. While she filled the intellect with every form of human knowledge, making men engineers, astronomers, historians, philosophers, she would instill, with every idea of the mind, a grace into the soul, creating an appetite for Jesus Christ, who alone can appease our noblest longings. All intellectual acquirements should be founded on God's grace. The child should grow familiar with the language of grace, even before that of earth. On the soft and easily moulded character of childhood it makes an impression, and as the substance hardens the dent remains. The speaker instanced the uselessness of intellectual acquirements without religious sentiment. Knowledge is power, but, like other powers in nature, it may be a curse as well as a blessing. The mettlesome horse uncontrolled, the engine unguided, the lightning in its freedom, are terrible powers for evil.

America needed faith, hope and love. These were the foundation stones of the Catholic Church. The speaker went on to urge his hearers to the practice of these virtues in their lives, touching upon the peculiar faults which tended to weaken their influence. In this connection he pointed out to them the example of the race from which they sprung, and brought his oration to a conclusion in a piece of wonderful exhortation, that must have gone home to the hearts of the men who listened to him. He drew from the history of the Irish race, examples of its strongest characteristics, faith, hope and love, and held up their nobler attributes for emulation. He had evidently reserved his power to the last, and his genius rose naturally and easily on broad and rapid pinions when the audience scarcely expected it.—*Rochester Democrat.*

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Sermon delivered on Sunday, March 10, by the REV. FATHER BURKE, in the Cathedral New York.]

ST. PATRICK.

"Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation . . . these men of mercy whose godly deeds have not failed; good things continue with their seed. Their posterity are a holy inheritance; and their seed hath stood in the covenants of their children and for their sake remain for ever; their seed and their glory shall not be forsaken. Let the people show forth their wisdom, and the Church declare their praise."—ECCLE. 44.

AFTER an introductory reference to the duty of the day, which was to obey the command of God expressed in the text, the father descanted at length upon the celebration of saints by the Church. He traced rapidly, but graphically, the establishment of Christianity in the world, and as to its introduction to Ireland by St. Patrick, he proceeded to say as follows:

The conversion of Ireland, from the time of St. Patrick's landing to the day of his death, is, in many respects, the strangest fact in the history of the Church. The saint met with no opposition; his career resembles more the triumphant progress of a king than the difficult labor of a missionary. The gospel, with its lessons and precepts of self-denial, prayer of purity, in a world of the violence which seizes on heaven, is, not congenial to fallen man. His pride, his passion, his blindness of intellect and hardness of heart, all oppose the spread of the Gospel; so that the very fact that mankind has so universally accepted it, is adduced as a proof that it must be from God. The work of the Catholic missionary has, therefore, ever been, and must continue to be, a work of great labor with apparently small results. Such has it ever been among all the nations, and yet Ireland seems a grand exception. She is, perhaps, the only country in the world that entirely owes her conversion to the work of one man. He found her universally Pagan; he left her universally Christian. She is again the only nation that never cost her apostle an hour of sorrow, a single tear, a drop of blood. She welcomed

him like a friend, took the word from his lips, made it at once the leading feature of her life, put it into the blood of her children and into the language of her most familiar thoughts, and repaid her benefactor with her utmost veneration and love. And much, truly, had young Christian Ireland to love and venerate in her great apostle. All sanctity, coming as it does from God, is an imitation of God in man. This is the meaning of the word of the apostle—"those whom he foreknew and predestined to be made conformable to the image of His Son, the same He called, and justified, and glorified." Conformity to the image of God is therefore Christian perfection or sanctity, "the mystery which was hidden from eternity with Christ in God." But as our Lord Jesus Christ, "in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead corporally," is an abyss of all perfection, so do we find the saints differing one from another in their varied participations of His graces and resemblance to His divine gifts, for so "star differeth from star in glory." Then, among the apostles, we are accustomed to think and speak of the impulsive zeal of Peter, the virginal purity of John, etc., not as if Peter were not pure, or John wanting in zeal, but that where all was the work of the spirit of God, one virtue shone forth more prominently, and seemed to mark the specific character of sanctity in the saint. Now, among the many great virtues which adorned the soul of Ireland's apostle, and made him so dear to the people, I find three which he made especially his own, and these were a spirit of penance, deepest humility and a devouring zeal for the salvation of souls. A spirit of penance. It is remarkable and worthy of special notice in these days of self-indulgence and fanciful religions, how practical the Gospel is. It is pre-eminently not only the science of religious knowledge, but also of religious life. It tells us not only what we are to believe, but also what we are to do. And now, what is the first great precept of the Gospel? It is penance. My brethren, "do penance, for the kingdom of God is at hand." And when, on the day of Pentecost, the Prince of the Apostles first raised up the standard of Christianity upon the earth, the people "when they heard these things had compunction in their hearts, and said to Peter, and to the rest of the Apostles, What shall we do, men and brethren? and Peter said to them, Do penance, and be baptized every one of you." This spirit of penance was essentially Patrick's. His youth had been holy; preserved from earliest childhood by "the blessings of sweetness," he had grown up like a lily in purity, in holy fear, and love. Yet for the carelessness and slight indiscretions of his first years he

was filled with compunction and with a life-long sorrow. His sin, as he called it, was always before him, and with the prophet he cried out, "who will give water to my head and a fountain of tears to mine eyes, and I will weep day and night." In his journeyings he was wont to spend the night in prayer and tears and bitter self-reproach, as if he was the greatest of sinners; and when he hastened from "Royal Meath" into the far west of the island, we read that when Lent approached he suspended his labors for a time and went up the steep, rugged side of Croagh Patrick, and there, like his divine Master, he spent the holy time in fasting and prayer: and his "tears were his food night and day." Whithersoever he went he left traces of his penitential spirit behind him, and Patrick's penance and Patrick's purgatory are still familiar traditions in the land. Thus, my brethren, did he "sow in tears," who was destined to reap in so much joy; for so it is ever with God's saints, who do his work on this earth; going, they went and wept, scattering the seed, but coming they shall come with joy." His next great personal virtue was a wonderful humility. Now, this virtue springs from a two-fold knowledge—namely, the knowledge of God and of ourselves. This was the double knowledge for which the great Saint Augustine prayed, "Lord let me know Thee and know myself, that I may love Thee and despise myself;" and this did our saint possess in an eminent degree. This knowledge of God convinced him of the utter worthlessness of all things besides God, and even of God's gifts, except when used for Himself; and therefore he did all things for God and nothing for self, and of "his own he gave Him back again;" he lost sight of himself in advancing the interests and the cause of God, he hid himself behind his work in which he labored for God; and strangely enough, his very name and history come down to us by reason of his great humility, for he would write himself a sinner, and calls himself "Patrick, an unworthy and ignorant and sinful man:" for so he saw himself, judging himself by the standard of infinite holiness in Jesus Christ, by which we also shall be one day judged.

After descanting at some length upon the humility and the virtues of the saint, he said: The peculiar points of St. Patrick's teaching were the following: Fidelity to St. Peter's chair and to St. Peter's successor, the Pope of Rome; devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, prayer and remembrance for the dead, and confiding obedience and love for their bishops and priests. These were the four great prominent features of Patrick's teaching. By the first—namely, fidel-

ity to the Pope—he secured the unity of the Irish Church as a living member of the Church Catholic ; by the second—devotion to the Blessed Virgin—he secured the purity and morality of the people ; by the third—care of the dead—he enlisted on the side of Catholic truth the natural love and strong feelings of the Irish character ; and by the last—attachement and obedience to the priesthood—he secured to the Irish Church the principle of internal union, which is the secret of her strength. He preached fidelity and unswerving devotion to the Pope—the head of the Catholic Church. Coming direct from Rome, and filled with ecclesiastical knowledge, he opened up before the eyes of his new children and revealed to them the grand design of Almighty God in His Church. He showed them in the world around them the wonderful harmony which speaks of God ; then rising into the higher world of grace he preached to them the still more wonderful harmony of redemption and of the Church ; the Church, so vast as to fill the whole earth, yet as united in doctrine and practice as if she embraced only the members of one small family of the inhabitants of one little village ; the Church, embracing all races of men, and leaving to all their full individual freedom of thought and action, yet animating all with one soul, quickening all as with one life and one heart, guiding all with the dictates of one immutable conscience, and keeping every, even the least member, under the dominion of one head. Such was the Church on which Patrick engrafted Ireland. “A glorious Church, without spot or wrinkle ;” a perfect body, the very mystical body of Jesus Christ, through which “we, being wild olives, are engrafted on Him, the true olive tree,” so that “we are made the flesh of His flesh and bone of His bones.” Now Patrick taught our fathers, with truth, that the soul, the life, the heart, the conscience and the head of the Church is Jesus Christ, and that His representative on earth, to whom He has communicated all His graces and powers, is the Pope of Rome, the visible head of God’s Church. The Bishop of bishops, the centre of unity and doctrine, the rock and the corner-stone on which the whole edifice of the Church is founded and built up.

All this he pointed out in the Scriptures, from the words of our Lord to Peter. Peter was the shepherd of the world, whose duty it was to “feed both lambs and sheep” with “every word that cometh from the mouth of God.” Peter was the rock to sustain and uphold the Church : “thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church” (words

which are the very touchstone of faith in these days of sorrow). Peter's was the strong, unerring voice which was ever to be heard in the Church, defining her doctrines, warning off enemies, denouncing errors, rebuking sinners, guiding the doubtful, strengthening the weak, confirming the strong; and Jesus said, "Thou, O Peter, confirm thy brethren." Patrick taught the Irish blood not to be scandalized if they saw the cross upon Peter's shoulders and the crown of thorns upon His head, for so Christ lives in His Church and in her supreme Pastor; but He also taught them that he who strikes Peter strikes the Lord; He taught them what history has taught us, that "whosoever shall fall upon that stone shall be bruised; and upon whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder." He taught them that in the day when they separated from Peter they separated from Christ, as did the foolish men in the Gospel: "After this many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him. Then Jesus said to the twelve, Will you also go away? And Simon Peter answered Him, 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'" Thus it was, my brethren, that He bound them to "the rock of ages," to Peter's chair, with firmest bonds of obedience and love, and infused into their souls that supernatural instinct, which, for 1,500 years, has kept them, through good report and evil report, through persecution and sorrow, faithful and loyal to the Holy See of Rome. It was a bond of obedience and love that bound Ireland to Rome. Thus, in the beginning of the seventh century, when the Irish Bishops assembled to consider the question of celebrating Easter, we find the fathers selecting some "wise and humble men," and sending them to Rome for instruction, "as children to their mother;" and this, in obedience to a primitive law of the Irish Church, which enacted that, in every difficulty that might arise, "the question should be referred to the Head of Cities," as Rome was called. This devotion to the Holy See saved Ireland in the day of trial.

The next great feature in Patrick's preaching was devotion to the Mother of God. Of this we have abundant proof in the numerous churches built and dedicated to God under her name. *Teampoill Mhuire*, or Mary's Church, became a familiar name in the land. In the far west of Ireland, where the traditions of our holy faith are still preserved, enshrined in the purest form of our grand old Celtic language, the sweet name of the Mother of God is heard in the prayers and songs of the people, in their daily familiar converse, in the

supplications of the poor, not under the title of "Our Lady" or of "Blessed Virgin," but by the still more endearing name, *Muire Mathaire*—"Mary Mother." And so it was that Patrick sent his Catholic doctrines home to the hearts of the people. He preached Jesus Christ under the name by which He is still known and adored in that far western land, *Mac na Maighdine*—"The Virgin's Son," thus admirably insinuating the great mystery of the Incarnation, and preaching Jesus through Mary, and Mary herself he preached, with all her graces and glories, as "Mary Mother." The example of her virginal purity and maternal love he made the type of the Irish maiden and mother, and so well did they learn their high lesson that they have been for ages the admiration of the world and the glory of their afflicted country. The devotion to Mary sank deep into the heart of the nation. So well had they already learned to love and appreciate her, that, in a few years after their conversion to the faith, when they would express their love and admiration for the first great Irish virgin saint—Saint Bridget—they thought they had crowned her with glory when they called her "The Mary of Ireland." This devotion to Mary was a protecting shield over Ireland in the day of her battle for the faith.

The third great prominent point in St. Patrick's preaching was the doctrine of purgatory, and, consequently, careful thought and earnest prayer for the dead. This is attested by the ordinances of the most ancient Irish synods, in which oblations, prayers and sacrifice for the dead are frequently mentioned, as evidently being the practice, frequent and loving, of the Church. They were not unmindful of the dead, "like others who have no hope." Every ancient church had its little graveyard, and the jealous care of the people, even to this day, for these consecrated spots, the loving tenacity with which they have clung to them at all times, speak of their faith in this great doctrine, and tell us how much Irish hope and love surrounds the grave. "Nothing is our own except our dead," says the poet, and so these affectionate hearts took with joy the doctrine of mercy, and carried their love and their prayer beyond the tomb into the realms of expiation, where the dross of earth is purged away, the gold and silver refined and souls saved and prepared for Heaven, "yet so as by fire." This doctrine of the Church, so forcibly taught by Patrick, and warmly accepted by the Irish people, was also a great defence to the nation's faith during the long ages of persecution and sorrow. Devotion to the Mother of God was the next great feature of Patrick's preaching and

of Ireland's Catholicity. The image of all that was fairest in nature and grace, which arose before the eyes of the people, as depicted by the great Apostles, captivated their imaginations and their hearts. They called her in their prayers, "*Midendheelish*"—their darling Virgin. In every family in the land the eldest daughter was a Mary; every Irish maid or mother emulated the purity of her virginal innocence or the strength and tenderness of her maternal love. With the keenness of love they associated their daily sorrows and joys with hers; and the ineffable grace of maiden modesty which clung to the very mothers of Ireland seemed to be the brightest reflection of Mary which had lingered upon the earth.

Finally, the great Saint established between the people and their priesthood the firmest bonds of mutual confidence and love. In the Catholic Church the priest is separated from men and consecrated to God. The duties of his office are so high, so holy and supernatural, and require such purity of life and devotion of soul, that he must of necessity stand aloof from among men and engage himself with God; for, to use the words of the Apostle, he is "the minister of Christ and the dispenser of the mysteries of God." The Irish Church knew no childhood, no ages of painful and uncertain struggle to put on Christian usages and establish Christian traditions. Like the children in the early ages of the Church, who were confirmed in infancy, immediately after baptism, Ireland was called upon as soon as converted to become at once the mother of saints, the home and refuge of learning, the great instructress of the nations; and, perhaps, the history of the world does not exhibit a more striking and glorious sight than Ireland for the 300 years immediately following her conversion to the Catholic faith. The whole island was covered with schools and monasteries, in which men, the most renowned of their age, both for learning and sanctity, received the thousands of students who flocked to them from every land. Whole cities were given up to them, as we read of Armagh, which was divided into three parts: "Triamore," or the town proper; "Trian-Patrick," or the Cathedral close; and "Trian-Sassenagh," or the Latin quarter, the home of the foreign students.

A long historical sketch of the religious history of Ireland was introduced here, after which the perpetuity of the faith was referred to as follows:

Ireland's preservation of the Catholic faith has been a puzzle to the world, and men have sought to explain in many dif-

ferent ways the extraordinary phenomenon. Some ascribe it to our natural antipathy and opposition to England and everything English; others again, allege the strong conservatism of the Irish character, and its veneration for ancient rites and usages, merely because they are ancient, while English historians and philosophers love to attribute it to the natural obstinacy and wrong-headedness which they say is inherent in the Irish. I do not deny that among the minor and human causes that influenced the religious action of the Irish people, there may have been a hatred and detestation of England. The false religion was presented to our fathers by the detested hands that had robbed Ireland of her crown; it was offered at the point of the sword that had shed (often treacherously and foully) the blood of her bravest sons; the nauseous dose of Protestantism was mixed in the bowl that poisoned the last of her great earls, Owen Roe O'Neil. All this may have told with the Irish people; and I also admit that a Church and religion claiming to be of God with such a divinely appointed head as the saintly Henry the Eighth, such a nursing mother as the chaste Elizabeth, such gentle missionaries as the humane and tender-hearted Oliver Cromwell, may have presented difficulties to a people whose wits were sharpened by adversity, and who were not wholly ignorant of the Christian character, as illustrated in the history and traditions of their native land.

We may also admit to a slight extent the conservatism of the Irish character and its veneration for antiquity. Oh, how much our fathers had to love in their ancient religion! Their history began with their Christianity; their glories were all intertwined with their religion; their national banner was inscribed with the emblem of their faith, "the green, immortal shamrock;" the brightest names in their history were all associated with their religion; "Malachy of the collar of gold," dying in the midst of the monks, and clothed with their holy habit, on an island of Lough Ennel, near Mullingar, in Meath; Brian, "the great king," upholding the crucifix before his army on the morning of Clontarf, and expiring in its embraces before the sun set; the brave Murkertach O'Brien answering fearlessly the threat of William Rufus—for when the English king said, looking towards Ireland, "I will bring hither my ships, and pass over and conquer the land." "Hath the king," asked the Irish monarch, "in his great threatening said, 'if it please God?'" And when answered no. "Then tell him," exclaimed the Irish hero, "I fear him not since he putteth his trust in man and

not in God;" Roderick O'Connor, the last "high king" of Ireland, closing his career of disaster and of glory among the canons of the Abbey of Cong; saint and bard and hero, all alike presented themselves to the national mind surrounded by the halo of that religion which the people were now called upon to abandon and despise. Powerful as was the appeal of history and antiquity I cannot give it any great weight in the preservation of Ireland's Catholicity. I do believe that adherence to ancient usages because of its antiquity is a prominent feature of Irish character. We are by no means so conservative as our English neighbors. It is worthy of remark that usages and customs once common to both countries, and long since abandoned and forgotten in Ireland (Christmas "waits," for instance, harvest home-feasts, May-pole dances and the like), are still kept up faithfully and universally throughout England. The bells which, in Catholic times, called the people to early mass, on Sunday morning, are still rung out as of old through mere love of ancient usage, although their ringing from Protestant towers in the early morning has no meaning whatever, for it invites to no service or prayer. And yet, in the essential matter of religion, where antiquity itself is a proof of truth, the conservative English gave up the old faith for the new; while the Irish—in other things so regardless of antiquity—died and shed their blood for the old religion rather than turn for one instant to the strange imposture of the new.

But none of these purely natural explanations can explain the supernatural fact that a whole people preferred, for ten generations, confiscation, exile and death, rather than surrender their faith; and the true reason lies in the all-important circumstance that the religion of the Irish people was the true religion of Jesus Christ, bringing not only light to the intelligence, but grace and strength to the heart and will of the nation. The light of their divine faith showed them the hollowness and fallacy of Protestantism, in which they recognized an outrage upon common sense and reason, as well as upon God; and the grace of their holy Catholic religion enabled them to suffer and die in its defence. Here it is that we recognize the providence of God in the preaching of St. Patrick. The new and false religion assailed precisely these points of Catholic teachings, which he had engraved most deeply on the mind and heart of Ireland, as if he had anticipated the trial and prepared for it. Attachment to the Holy See was more than a sentiment—it was a passion in the Irish bosom. Through good report and evil report Ireland

was always faithful to Peter's chair, and it is a curious fact that when the Christian world was confused by the pretensions of anti-Popes and all the nations of Christendom were, at one time or other, led astray, so as to acknowledge some false pretender, Ireland, with an instinct truly supernatural, never failed to discover, to proclaim, and to obey the true Pontiff. She is the only Catholic nation that never was for a moment, separated from Peter, nor mistaken in her allegiance to him. Her prayer, her obedience, her love, were the sure inheritance of each succeeding Pope, from Celestine, who sent St. Patrick to Ireland, to Pius, who, in our own day, beheld Patrick's children guarding his venerable throne and prepared to die in his glorious cause. In every Catholic land union with Rome is a principle. In Ireland it was a devotion. And so, when the evil genius of Protestantism stalked through the land, and with loud voice demanded of the Irish people separation from Rome or their lives, the faithful people of God consented to die rather than to renounce the faith of their fathers transmitted to them through the saints. Now, I say that, in all this, we see the providence of God in the labor of Ireland's glorious Apostle. Who can deny that the religion which St. Patrick gave to Ireland is divine? A thousand years of sanctity attest it; three hundred years of martyrdom attest it. If men will deny the virtues which it creates, the fortitude which it inspires, let them look to the history of Ireland. If men say that the Catholic religion flourishes only because of the splendor of its ceremonial, the grandeur of its liturgy, and its appeal to the senses, let them look to the history of Ireland. What sustained the faith when Church and altar disappeared? when no light burned, no organ pealed, but all was desolation for centuries?

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Discourse delivered by the REV. FATHER BURKE, on Wednesday evening, May 1, in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrers, New York.

"THE MONTH OF MARY."

WE are commencing this evening the devotions to the Blessed Virgin, to which the Church invites all her children during the month of May. The faithful at all seasons invoke

the mercy of God through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mother. But more especially during this sweet month, the opening of the beautiful year, does our Holy Mother invite our devout thoughts and prayer to the Mother of God, and put before us the Blessed Virgin's claims and titles to our veneration and love. Guided by this Catholic instinct and spirit, we are assembled here, this evening, my dear brethren, and it is my pleasing duty to endeavor to unfold before your eyes the high designs of God which were matured and carried on in Mary. And, first of all, I have to remark to you, as I have done before—that in every work of God we find reflected the harmony and the order which is the infinite beauty of God Himself. The nearer any work of His approaches Him in excellence, in usefulness, in necessity, the more does that work reflect the beauty and harmony of God, who created it. Now, dearly beloved, the highest work that ever God made—that it ever entered into His mind to conceive—or that He ever executed by His omnipotence—was the sacred humanity, or the human nature of Jesus Christ; and, next to Him, in grandeur, in sanctity, of necessity, is the institution of, or the creation of the Holy Catholic Church of God. When, therefore, we come, as pious children of the Church, to examine her doctrines, to meditate upon her precepts, to analyze her devotions, we naturally find ourselves at once in the kingdom of perfect harmony and order. Everything in the Church's teaching harmonizes with the works of the human intelligence; everything in the Church's moral law harmonizes with the wants of man's soul. Everything in the Church's liturgy, or devotions, harmonizes with man's imagination and sense, in so far as that imagination and sense help him to a union with God. And so, everything in the Church's devotion harmonizes with the nature around us, and within us, and with that reflection of nature in its highest and most beautiful form, which is in the spirit and in the genius of the Blessed Virgin Mary. I remember once speaking with a very distinguished poet—one of a world-wide reputation, and honorable name—a name which is a household word wherever the English language is spoken—and he said to me, "Father, I am not a Catholic, yet I have no keener pleasure, or greater enjoyment, than to witness Catholic ceremonial, to study Catholic devotion, to investigate Catholic doctrines—nor do I find," said he, "in all that nature, or the resources of intellect open before me, greater food for poetic and enthusiastic thought than that which is suggested to me by the Catholic Church." And so it is not

without some beautiful reason—some beautiful, harmonious reason—that the Church is able to account for every iota, and every tittle of her liturgy, and of her devotions.

And, now, we find the Church, upon this, the first of May, calling all her pious and spiritual-minded children, and telling them, that this month is devoted, in an especial manner, to the Blessed Virgin Mary. What month is this, my dearly beloved? It is the month in the year when the Spring puts forth all its life, and all the evidences of those hidden powers that lie latent in this world of ours. You have all seen the face of nature at Christmas time, during Lent, even at Easter-time, this year—and looking around you, it seemed as if the earth was never to produce a green blade of grass again. You looked upon the trees, no leaf gave evidence there of life. All was lifeless, all was barren, all was dried up. And to a man who opened his eyes but yesterday, without the experience of past years, and of past summers, it would seem to him as if it were impossible that this cold, and barren, and winter-stricken earth could ever burst again into the life, the verdure, the beauty, and promise of spring. But the clouds rained down the rain of heaven, and the sun shone forth with the warmth of spring, and suddenly all nature is instinct with life.

Now the corn-fields sprout and tell us that in a few months they will teem with the abundance of the harvest. Now, the meadow, dried up, and burned, and withered, and yellow, and leafless, clothes itself with a green mantle, robing hill and dale with the beauty of nature, and refreshing the eye of man and every beast of the field that feeds thereon. Now the trees that seemed to be utterly dried, and sapless, and leafless, and motionless, save so far as they swayed sadly to and fro to every winter blast that passed over them—are clothed with the fair young buds of spring, most delicate and delightful to the eye and to the heart of man, promising in the little leaf of to-day the ample spread and the deep shade of the thick summer foliage that is to come upon them. Now, the birds of the air, silent during the winter months, begin their song. The lark rises on his wing to the upper air; and, as he rises, he pours out his song in ether, until he fills the whole atmosphere with the thrill of his delicious harmony. Now, every bud expands, and every leaf opens, and every spray of plant and tree, sends forth its spring-song, and hails with joy the Summer, and all nature is instinct with life. How beautiful is the harmony of our devotion and our worship—how delicate, how natural, how beautiful the idea of our Holy Mother,

the Church, in selecting this month—this month of promise—this month of spring—this month of gladness—of serene sky and softened temperature—this month opening the Summer, the glad time of the year, and dedicating it to her who represents, indeed, the order of grace, the spring-time of man's redemption; opening the summer of the sunshine of God, the first sign of the purest life that this earth was able to send forth under the eyes of God and man! Oh, how long and how sad was the winter!—the winter of God's wrath—the winter of four thousand years, during which the sunshine of God's favor was shut out from this world by the thick clouds of man's sin, and of God's anger! How sad was that winter that seemed never to be able to break into the genial spring of God's grace, and of His holy favor and virtue again! No sunbeam of divine truth illumined its darkness. No smile of divine favor gladdened the face of the spiritual world for these four thousand years.

The earth seemed dead and accursed, incapable of bringing forth a single flower of promise, or sending forth a single leaf of such beauty that it might be fit to be culled by the loving hand of God. But, when the summer-time was about to come—when the thick clouds began to part—the clouds of anger, the clouds of sin—the cloud of the curse was broken and rent asunder, and gave place to the purer cloud of mercy and of grace, that bowed down from heaven, overladen with the rain and dew of God's redemption,—then the earth moved itself to life in the sunshine, and the first flower of hope, the first fair thing that this earth produced for four thousand years, in the breaking of winter, before the summer, in the promise of Spring, was the immaculate lily, the fairest flower that bloomed upon the root of Jesse, and in its bloom sent forth pure leaves; and so fragrant were they, that their sweet odor penetrated heaven, and moved the desires of the Most High God to enjoy them, according to the word of the prophet. "Send forth flowers as the lily, and yield a sweet odor, and put forth leaves unto grace." So bright in its opening was this spiritual flower—the first flower of earth—that even the eye of God, looking down upon it, could see no speck or stain upon the whiteness of its unfolding leaves. "Thou art all fair, my Beloved!" he exclaimed, "and there is no spot or stain upon thee." And this flower—this spring flower—this sacred plant—that was to rear its gentle head, unfold its white leaves, and show its petals of purest gold, was Mary, who was destined from all eternity to be the mother of Jesus Christ. She was the earth's spring, full of prom-

ise, full of beauty, full of joy ; she was the earth's spring that was to be the herald of the coming summer, and of the full, unclouded light of God's own sun beaming upon her. And, just as the little leaf that comes forth in the corn-field to-day, holds in its tiny bosom the promise of the full ear of wheat, bending its rich, autumnal head, the staff of life to all men, so Mary's coming, from the beginning, was a herald and a promise of His appearance upon the earth—was the announcement that that little plant was to grow and endure, until it was to be crowned with the purity of God, and to bring forth the bread of life, the manna of heaven, the bread of angels, Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer, the Word made flesh.

How well, therefore, dearly beloved brethren, how well does not this fair spring month of May, this opening of the summer of the year, testify in nature what Mary was in the order of grace. And just as the Almighty God clothes this month in the order of nature with every beauty, fills the fields with fragrance, clothes the hill-sides with the varied garb of beauty that nature puts forth, so tender, so fair in its early promise, so, also, the Almighty God clothed the spring—the spiritual spring of man's redemption, which was Mary, in every form of religious beauty, and robed her in every richest garb of divine loveliness of which a creature was capable ; so that every gift in God's hand that a human creature was capable of receiving, Mary received. For, in her the word of my text was fulfilled. It was a strange promise, beloved ; a strange and a startling word that came from the inspired lips of the Psalmist, as he said, speaking of His chosen : "I have said : You are God's, and all of you the sons of the Most High !" That word was never fulfilled until the Son of the Most High became the son of a woman. This was the meaning of St. Augustine, when he says : "God came down from heaven in order that He might bring man from earth to heaven, and make him even as God." Thus it was that man, in the Child of Mary, united with God, became the son of the Most High. Thus it was that, in virtue of the union of the human and divine which took place in Mary, we have all received, by the grace of adoption, the faculty to become children of God. "But to as many as received Him," says St. John, "to them did He give the power to be made the sons of God." And this was the essential mission, the inherent idea of Christianity—to make men the sons of God ; to make you and me the sons of God, by infusing into us the spirit of Jesus Christ, and bringing forth, in our lives, and in our actions, and in our thoughts, and in our inner souls, as

well as in the outer man, the graces and glorious gifts that Jesus Christ brought down to our humanity in Mary's womb. Never has this idea been lost to the Catholic Church.

My friends and brethren, you are living now in the midst of strangers. You hear the wildest theories propounded every day in philosophy, in science ; but in nothing are the theories or the vagaries of the human mind so strange as when they take the form of religious speculation or religious doubt. The notion prevalent among all men outside of the Catholic Church now-a-days is, that man has within him, naturally, without the action of God, without the action of Christ, the seeds of the perfection of his life ; that, by his own efforts, and by his own study, and by what is called the spirit of progress, a man may attain to the perfection of his own being without God, and become all that God intended him to become. That notion is antagonistic and destructive of the very first vital principle of Christianity. The vital principle of Christianity is this : the Son of God came down from heaven and became man, and the child, the true child, of a woman, in order that mankind, in Him and through Him, might be able to clothe itself with His virtues, and so become like God. And in that likeness to God lies the whole perfection of our being ; and the end of Christianity is to bring every sufficient agency to bear upon man ; and to make that man like to God ; to make him as the Son of God. "I have said, 'Ye are Gods, and all of you sons of the Most High !'" God is a God of truth. Man must be a man of truth in order to be like to God. God possesses the truth. He does not seek for it. He has it. He does not go groping, sophisticating, and thinking, and arguing in order to come at the truth. Truth is God Himself. And so, in like manner, man, to be a child of God, must have the truth, and not look for it. God is sanctity and purity in Himself. Man must be holy and pure in order to be made the son of God. He must be free from sin in order to be like to God, the Father. He must have a power over his passions to restrain them, to be pure in thought, in word, and in action, in soul and in body, before he can be made like to the Son of God. And that religion alone, which has the truth and gives it ; which has grace and gives it ; which touches sin and destroys it ; which enables the soul to conquer the body ; which holds up in her sanctuaries the types of that purity which is the highest reflection of the infinite purity of Jesus Christ—that religion alone can be the true religion of God. Every other religion is a lie.

But the world is unable to believe this. Men compromise with their passions. Men go to a certain extent in satisfying their evil inclinations. Men refuse to accept the truth because the truth humbles them. Hence the Protestant maxim: "Read the Bible, read the Bible, and don't listen to any priest! These Catholics are a priest-ridden people. Whatever the priest says in the Church is law with the Catholics." They refuse the humility of this. They won't take the truth. They must find it for themselves; and the man who sees it, by the very fact of seeking it shows, he is not the son of God. I say this much, because, my dear friends, I wish you to guard against the wild, reckless spirit that is abroad in the world to-day; I wish to guard you in your fidelity to the Church of God, your mother; in your fidelity to her teaching, in your fidelity to her sacraments; that word that she puts on my lips and such as me—that sacramental grace that she puts into the hands of the priest for you; these are the elements of your salvation; these are the means by which every one of you may become the child of God; and there is no perfection, no scheme of perfection, no secret of success, no plan of progress outside of this that is not an institution of the enemy, a delusion, a mockery, and a snare. And all this we get through Mary, because Mary was the chosen instrument in the hands of God to give Him that human nature in which man was made, even to the Son of God. Mary's coming upon the earth, therefore, was a spring-time of grace. Mary's appearance in this world was like the morning star, when, in the morning, after the darkness and tempest of the night, the sailor, standing upon the prow of the ship, looks around to find the eastern point of the horizon, and he sees, suddenly rising out of the eastern wave, a silver star, beautiful in its pure beauty, trembling as if it were a living thing. And he knows that there is the east, for this is the morning star. He knows that precisely in that point, in a few moments, the sun will rise in all his splendor, and he knows that that sun is coming because the herald that proclaims the sun has risen. The morning star proclaims to the wild wanderer on the deep, in the eastern horizon, the advent of the coming day. So with us, upon the wild and angry waves of sin and of error, and of God's anger and curse, our poor humanity, shipwrecked in the garden of Eden,—our poor humanity, without even the wreck left to us of the sacrament of penance; our poor humanity, groping in the sacrifices and in the oblations of the world, for the love of God, the Redeemer, the day-star, whose light was to illumine the

darkness of the world—beholds, suddenly, the morning star rise, the pale, trembling, silver beauty of Mary! Then it was known that speedily, and in a few years, the world would behold its Redeemer, and mankind would be saved in the fulness of Mary's time. Therefore it is, that she enters so largely into the scheme and plan of redemption, that the Almighty God willed that, even as the name of Jesus Christ was to be made known to all men, was to be glorified of all men, was to be proclaimed as the only name under heaven by which man was to be saved; so, also, side by side with this purpose of God's declaration of the glory of His divine Son, came the prophecy of Mary, from the same spirit, that wherever the name of Jesus Christ was heard and revered, that there, and to the ends of the earth, all generations were to call her blessed. "He that is mighty hath wrought great things in me," she says; "Wherefore, behold, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

And now, my friends, going back to the fountain-head of our Christianity, going back to the earliest traditions of the Church of God, examining, with the light of human scrutiny, her spirit, as manifested in the earliest ages of her being, in the earliest documents she presents us with, does not every man find that wherever the true religion of Christ was propagated, wherever there was the genius and the instinct of faith that adored Jesus Christ, there came the fellow-instinct and genius that loved, and revered, and venerated, and honored the woman who was His mother.

If every other proof of this was wanting, there is one proof—a most emphatic proof—and it is this: that while the blessed Virgin Mary was yet living during the twelve years that elapsed before her assumption into heaven, a religious order was organized in the Catholic Church, devoted to the veneration, and the love, and the honor of the Blessed Virgin. A religious order dating from the earliest times of the prophets—a religious order founded by the sons of the prophets, under the Jewish dispensation, was converted to Christianity, and at once banded itself together and called itself "The Brethren of our Lady of Mount Carmel." No sooner was our Lady assumed into heaven, than these men spread themselves through Palestine and through the East, and the burden of their teaching and their devotion was the glory of the Mother of God; the woman who brought forth the Man-God, Jesus Christ. No sooner was the Gospel preached than the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary spread with the rapidity of thought, of sentiment, and of love,

through all distant parts ; and when five hundred years later a man rose up and denied that Mary was the mother of God we read that when the Church assembled at Ephesus in general council, the people came from all the surrounding countries, and the great city of Ephesus was overcrowded with the anxious people, all waiting for the result of the deliberations, and all praying ; and when, at last, the Council of the Holy Church of God put forth its edict, declaring that Mary was the true Mother of God, we read of the joy that came from the people's hearts, the cry of delight that ran from their lips, the "All Hail!" that they gave to you, Mother in Heaven, spread throughout her universal Church, and, never among the many conclusions of her councils for eighteen hundred years, never did the holy Catholic Church give greater joy to the children, than when she proclaimed, in the fifth century, that Mary was the Mother of God, and in the 19th century, that Mary was conceived without sin. But as we are entering upon this May's devotions, I wish, dearly beloved, to bring unto your notice this very devotion of the Month of Mary as a wonderful instance of the rapidity with which this devotion to the Mother of God spread throughout the Catholic Church.

It was at the beginning of this present century that this devotion of the Month of Mary sprang up in the Roman Catholic Church ; and the circumstances of its origin are most wonderful. Some seventy years ago, or thereabouts, a little child—a poor little child—scarcely come to reason, on a beautiful evening in May, knelt down, and began to lisp with childish voice the Litany of the Blessed Virgin before the image of the child in the arms of the Madonna in one of the streets in Rome. One little child in Rome, moved by an impulse that we cannot account for—apparently a childish freak—knelt down in the public streets and began saying the litany that he heard sung in the Church. The next evening he was there again at the same hour, and began singing his little litany again. Another little child, a little boy, on his passage stopped and began singing the responses. The next evening three or four other children came apparently for amusement, and knelt before the same image of the Blessed Virgin, and sang their litany. After a time—after a few evenings—some pious women, the mothers of the children, delighted to see the early piety of their sons and daughters, came along with them, and knelt down, and blended their voices in the litany; and a priest of a neighboring church said: "Come into the Church and I will light a few candles on the altar of the

Blessed Virgin, and we will all sing the litany together." And so they went into the Church; lighted up the candles, and knelt, and there they sang the litany. He spoke a few words to them of the Blessed Virgin, about her patience, about her love for her Divine Son, and about the dutiful veneration in which she was held by her Son. From that hour the devotion of the month of May spread throughout the whole Catholic world; until within a few years, wherever there was a Catholic Church, a Catholic altar, a Catholic priest, or a Catholic to hear and respond to the litany, the month of May became the month of Mary, the month of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Is not this wonderful? Is not this perfectly astonishing? How naturally the idea came home to the Catholic mind! With what love it has been kept up! How congenial it was to the soil saturated with the Divine grace through the intelligence, as illumined by Divine knowledge and Divine faith! Does it not remind you of that wonderful passage in the Book of Kings, where the prophet Elias went up into the mountain-top, when for three years it had not rained on the land, and the land was dried up; and he went up on the solitary summit of the mount, there to breath a prayer to God to send rain upon the land.

While he was praying in a cave in the rock, he told his servant to stand upon the summit of the mountain, and to watch all around, and to give him notice when he saw a cloud. The servant watched, and returned seven times "and at the seventh time behold a little cloud arose out of the sea like a man's foot . . . and while he turned himself this way and that way behold the heavens grew dark with clouds and wind, and there fell a great rain."

The word "Mary," means the sea—the star of the sea. A few years ago, a cloud of devotion, no larger than the foot of a little child, in Rome, was seen, and while men looked this way and that way, it spreads over the whole horizon of the Church of God, and over the whole world, and then, breaking into a rain of grace and intercession, it brings an element of purity, and grace, and dignity, and every gift of God to every Catholic soul throughout the world. Oh! when I think of the women that I have met in the dear old land of Faith!—the woman oppressed from one cause or from another!—some with sickness in the house; some with, perhaps, a dissolute son; some with a drunken husband; some with the fear of some great calamity, or of poverty, coming upon them; some apprehensive of bad news from those that they love;—how

often have I seen them coming to me in the month of May, just in the beginning, and brightening up, thank God, and say, the month is come! I know, she in Heaven will pray for me, and that my prayers will be heard! And I have seen them so often coming before the end of the month, to tell me with the light of joy in their eyes, that the Mother heard their prayers, and that their petitions were granted; then was I reminded of that mysterious cloud that broke out in the heavens, and rained down the saving rain.

One have I before me—one whom I knew and loved—a holy nun who, for more than fifty years, had served God in angelic purity, and in heroic sacrifice. For seven months she was confined to a bed of pain and of suffering that deepened into agony. And during those seven months, her prayer to God was, while suffering, to increase those sufferings;—not to let her leave the world until one, whom she loved dearly, and who was leading a bad and reckless life, should be converted unto God. Weeks passed into months, and month followed month, and most frequently did I sit at the bedside of my holy friend. Month followed month for seven long, dreary months, and she spent that time upon the cross, truly, with Jesus Christ. But when the first day of May came—the month of Mary—I came and knelt down by her bedside, to cheer her with prayer and with sympathy. She said to me, “I feel that the month is come that will give me joy and relief. It is Mary’s month, and it is the month when prayer grows most powerful in Heaven, because it is the month in which the Mother will especially hear our prayers.” Before that month was over, he for whom she prayed was converted to God, with all the fervor of a true conversion; and when the month was drawing to a close, the sacrifice of pain and suffering was accepted, and she who began the month in sorrow, ended it with the joys of Jesus Christ and his Virgin Mother. So it is all the world over. His secret graces are poured out at the instance of Mary’s prayer. And even as she was the spring-time of grace upon earth, so is she even now in Heaven, by her prayer for us the spring-time of holy grace, obtaining for us the grace of repentance, the grace of prayer, the grace of temperance, the grace and power of self-restraint—in a word, whatever grace we demand, that, springing up in our souls will produce to-day the flower and leaf of promise—to morrow, the fruit of maturity—and for eternity, the reward of grace which is the everlasting crown of God’s glory.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the Rev. Father Burke in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Wednesday, April 24.]

THE POPE : AND THE CROWN WHICH HE WEARS.

MY FRIENDS : You are here, as an illustration of the old proverb, that a man can get used to anything. We say in Ireland that the eels get used to being skinned. (Laughter.) I have heard of a man who was seven times tossed by a mad ox, and he swore on the Four Evangelists that he was tossed so often that he got to like it. The last time that I was in this great hall, when I looked up and saw the mass of friends that were around me, I confess that I was a little frightened. This evening I have got used to it. (Laughter.) I have also got used to your kindness ; I got used to it—yes, and I hope I shall never abuse it.

We are assembled this evening, my dear friends, to contemplate the greatest work of all the works that the Almighty God ever created—namely, THE CONSTITUTION OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH. (Applause.) In every work of God it has been well observed that the Creator's mind shows itself in the wonderful harmony that we behold in all His works. Therefore, the poet has justly said that "Order is Heaven's first law." But if this be true of earthly things, how much more truly wonderful does that harmony of God, in the order which is the very expression of the Divine mind, come forth and appear when we come to contemplate the glorious Church which Jesus Christ first founded upon this earth. The glorious Church I call her, and in using those words I only quote the inspired Scriptures of God ; for we are told that this Church, which Christ the Lord established, is a glorious Church, without spot or speck or wrinkle, or any such thing, or defect of any kind, but all perfect, all glorious, and fit to be what He intended Her to be—the immaculate spouse of the Son of God. (Applause.)

Now, that our Divine Redeemer intended to establish such a Church upon the earth is patent from the repeated words of the Lord Himself ; for it will appear that one of the strongest intentions that was in the mind of the Redeemer, and one of the primary conceptions of His wisdom, was to establish upon

this earth a Church, of which He speaks, over and over again, saying, "I will build my Church, so that the gates of hell shall never prevail against it." "He that will not hear the voice of the Church, let him be as if he were a heathen or an infidel." And so, throughout the Gospels, we find the Son of God again and again alluding to His Church, proclaiming what that Church was to be and set upon her the signs by which all men were to know her as a patent and self-evident fact among the nations of the world until the end of time. (applause). And what idea does our Lord give us of His Church? He tells us, first of all, and tells us over and over again, that His Church is to be a kingdom, and he calls it "My Kingdom." And elsewhere, in repeated portions of the Gospel, He speaks of it as "The Kingdom of God," and one time He says, "The Kingdom of God is like unto a city, which was built upon the mountainside, so that all men might behold it." And again, "The Kingdom of God is like unto a candle set upon the candlestick, so that it might shed its light throughout the whole house, and that everyone entering the house might behold it." And again, "The kingdom of God is like a net cast into the sea, and sweeping in all that comes in its way—fish, good and bad. And so throughout Christ, always speaks of His Church as a kingdom that He has to establish upon this earth. When, therefore any meditative, thoughtful man reads the Scriptures reverently unimpassionedly, without a film of prejudice over his eyes, he must come to the conclusion that Christ, beyond all doubt, founded a spiritual kingdom upon this earth, and that that kingdom was so founded as to be easily recognized by all men. Now, if we once let into our minds the idea that the Church of Christ is a kingdom, we must at once admit into the idea of the Church an organization which is necessary for every kingdom upon this earth. And what is the first element of a nation? I answer that the first element of a nation is to have a head or ruler. Call him what you will—elect him as you will. Is it a republic? it must have a president. Is it a monarchy? it must have its king. Is it an empire? it must have its emperor; and so on. But the moment you imagine a State or a kingdom of any kind without a head, that moment you destroy out of your mind the very idea of a State united for certain purposes and governed by certain known and acknowledged ideas called laws. That head of the Nation must be the supreme tribunal of the nation. From him in his executive office, all subordinate officers hold their power; and, even though he be elected by the people and chosen from

among the people, the moment he is set at the head of the State or Nation, that moment he is the representative or embodiment of the fountain of authority. Every one wielding power within that Nation must bow to him. Every one exercising jurisdiction within the Nation must derive it from him. He, I say again may derive it, even from the choice of the people; but when he is thus elevated he forms one unit, to which everything in the State is bound to look up. This is the first idea and notion which the word State or Kingdom involves. It follows, therefore, that, if the Church founded by Christ be a Kingdom, the Church must have a head; and if you can imagine a Church without a head, yet retaining its consistancy, its strength, its unity and its usefulness, for any purpose for which it was created, you can imagine a thing that it is impossible to my mind, or to the mind of any reasonable man, to conceive. Luther imagined it, when he broke up the Nations of the earth with his Protestant heresy, when he rent asunder the sacred garment of unity that girded the fair form of the holy Church the Spouse of God. When he broke up the Church, he was obliged to establish the principle of headship. The Church of England had her head; the Church of Denmark had her head—that is to say, her fountain of jurisdiction, her ruling authority, her unity, the existence of which in all these States we see, with at least the appearance of religion, kept up—the phantasm of a real Church. It is true, my friends, when you come to analyze these different heads that spring up from the different Protestant Churches in the various countries of Europe, we shall find some among them that I believe here, in America would be called “sore-heads.” (Applause.) Harry the Eighth was a remarkable sorehead. Perhaps, if he had got a good combing from the Almighty God in this world, he would not get so bad a combing as he is, in all probability, receiving where he now is. (Applause.)

We next come to the question: Who is the head of the Church of Christ? Who is the ruler? Before I answer this question, my friends, I will ask you to rise, in imagination and thought, to the grandeur of the idea that fills the mind with the unfathomable wisdom of God, when He was laying the foundations and sinking them deeply into the earth—the foundations of His Church. What purpose had Christ, the Son of God, in view that He should establish the Church at all? He answers, and tells us really, that He had two distinct purposes in view, and that it was the destiny of the Church which He was about to found, to make these pur-

poses known and carry them out, and with the extension of them to spread herself and be faithful unto the consummation of the world. What were these purposes? The first of these was to enlighten the world and dispel darkness by the light of her teachings. Wherefore He said to His Apostles, "You are the light of the world. Let your light shine before men that all men may see you, and seeing you may give glory to your Father, who is in heaven." "You are the light of the world," He says. "A man does not light a candle and put it under a bushel, but sets it up in a candlestick, that it may illumine the whole house, and that all men entering may behold it. So I say unto you, you are the light of the world and the illumination of all ages." This was the first purpose for which Christ founded His Church. The world was in darkness. Every light had beamed upon it, but in vain. The light of pagan philosophy, even the highest human knowledge, had beamed forth from Plato, and from the philosophers, but it was unable to penetrate the thick veil that overshadowed the intellect and the genius of men, and to illumine that intelligence with one ray of celestial or divine truth. (Applause.) The light of genius had beamed upon it. The noblest works of art this earth ever beheld were raised before the admiring eyes of the pagans of the world, but neither the pencil of Praxetiles, nor the chisel of Phidias bringing forth the highest forms of artistic beauty were able to elevate the mind of the pagan to one pure thought of the God who made him. Every human light had tried in vain to dispel this thick cloud of darkness. The light of God alone could do it, and that light came with Jesus Christ from heaven. Wherefore He said: "I am the light of the world; and 'in Him,' says the Evangelist, 'was life and the life was the light of men.'"

The next mission of the Church was not only to illumine the darkness, but to heal the corruption of the world, which had grown literally rotten in the festering of its own spiritual ulcers, until every form that human crime can take was not only established among men, but acknowledged among them—crowned among them; not only acknowledged and avowed, but actually lifted up upon their altars and deified in the midst of them, so that men were taught to adore a God—the shameful impersonation of their own licentiousness, debauchery and sin. Terrible was the moral condition of the world when the hand of an angry God was forced to draw back the flood-gates of heaven and sweep away the corruption which prevailed through the flesh, until the spiritual

God beheld no vestige of his resemblance left in man. Terrible was the corruption when the same hand was obliged once more to be put forth, and down from the heaven of heavens came a rain of living fire, and burned up a whole nation because they were corrupt! Terrible was the corruption when the Almighty God called upon every pure-minded man to draw the sword in the name of the God of Israel and smite his neighbor and his friend, until a whole nation was swept away from out the twelve tribes of Israel! Christ was sent as our head, and He came and found a world one festering and corrupt ulcerous sore; and he laid upon it the saving salve of his mercy, and he declared that he was the purifier of society; and to his disciples he said: "You are not only the life of the world to dispel its darkness, but you are the salt of the earth to heal and sweeten and to preserve a corrupt and a fallen nature." (Applause). This is the second great mission of the Church of God, to heal with her sacramental touch, to purify with her holy grace, to wipe away the corruption, and to prevent its return by laying the healing influence of divine grace there. This is the mission of the Church of God—which was Christ's—to be unto the end of time the light of the world and the salt of the earth. And from this two-fold office of the Church of God, I argue that God himself—the God who founded her, the God who established her in so much glory and for so high and holy a purpose, the God who made her and created her his fairest and most beautiful work—that God must remain with her, and be her true head unto the end of time. And why? Who is the light of the world? I am, says Jesus Christ. Who is the purifier of the world? I am, responds the same Christ. If then thou Christ be the purifier of the earth and the light of the world, tell us, O Master, can light, or grace, or purity come from any other source than Thee? He answers no; the man who seeks it but in Me finds for his light, darkness, and for his healing, corruption and death. The man who plants upon any other soil than mine, plants indeed, but the heavenly Father's hand shall pluck out what he plants. Christ, therefore, is the true head of His Church, the abiding head of His Church, the unfailing, ever watchful head of His Church, and is as much to-day the head of the Church as He was 1800 years ago. Christ to-day is the real head, the abiding head. He rose from the dead after He had lain three days in darkness. He had said to his Apostles: "I am about to leave you, but it will only be for a little; a little while and you shall not see me any more, but after a very

little while you shall see me again, and then I will not leave you orphans. I will come to you again, and I will remain with you all days unto the consummation of the world." (Applause). Oh! my friends, what a consoling thought this unfailing promise of the words of the Redeemer. Oh! what what a consolation has this world in Him, who said: "Heaven and earth shall pass away—My Word shall never pass away; I am with you all days unto the consummation of the world." And how is He with us? Is he with us visibly? No. Do we behold him with our eyes? No. Do we hear his own immediate voice? No. Have any of you ever seen Him or heard Him immediately and directly as John the Evangelist saw Him when He was upon the cross; as Mary heard Him when He said to her, "I am the resurrection and the life." No. Yet He founded a visible kingdom, a kingdom which was to be set upon the earth, as a candle set upon the candlestick. Therefore if He is at the head of that kingdom, if He is to preside over it, if He is to rule and govern it, a visible kingdom, He must show himself visibly. This he does not. In His second and abiding coming He hides himself within the golden gates of the Tabernacle, and there He abides and remains; but when it was a question of governing His church, Christ our Lord himself appointed a visible head. And who was this? He called twelve men around Him; He gave them power and jurisdiction; He gave them the glorious mission of the Apostles; He gave them a communication of His own spirit; He gave them inspiration. He breathed his Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the blessed Trinity, upon them, and He took one of the twelve, and He spoke to one man three most important words. They were meant for that one man alone, and the proof is that on each occasion when Christ spake to them He called the twelve around Him, and He spoke to that one man alone in the presence of the other eleven, and that there might be eleven witnesses to the privileges and the power of the one. Who was that one man? St. Peter. St. Peter was chosen among the Apostles. St. Peter, not up to that time the one that was most loved, for John was the disciple whom Jesus loved; St. Peter whom, more than any of the others, was reproved by his Lord, in the severest terms.

St. Peter who, almost more than any of the others, and more than any of the others who were faithful, showed his weakness until the confirming power of the Holy Ghost came upon him. Peter was the one chosen, and here are the three words

which Christ spoke. First of all He said, "Thou art the rock upon whom I shall build My church." Christ heard the people speaking of him, and He said, "Who do they say I am?" and the Apostles answered, "Lord some of them say you are Jeremiah, and some of them say you are John the Baptist." Then Christ asked them solemnly, "Who do you say I am?" Down went Peter on his knees, and cried out, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God." Then Christ our Lord said to him, "Blessed art thou, Simon, son of John, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father, who is in heaven. And I say to thee that thou art Cephas, and upon this rock I will build my church." (Applause.) The man who denies to Peter the glorious and wonderful privilege of being the visible foundation underlying the church of God and upholding it, is untrue to Christ the head of the Church.

The second word that the Son of God spoke to Peter was this: "To thee, oh Peter," he says, in the presence of the others, "To thee, oh Peter, do I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth shall be loosed in heaven." He gave his promise to them all, but to Peter, singly he said: "To thee do I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven." That is, the supreme power over the Church. On another occasion, Christ, our Lord, spoke to Peter, and the others were present, and he said to him, "Peter, behold, the devil has asked for thee, that he might grind thee like powder and oh, Peter I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not, and do thou, oh Peter being confirmed in thy faith, confirm thy brethren."

Now, any man who denies to Peter in the Church, that eternal Kingdom that is never to come to an end, and to Peter and his successors, the power over his brethren to confirm them in the faith which shall never fail, in the faith which was the subject of the prayer of the Son of God to His Father—any man who denies the supremacy of Peter gives the lie to Jesus Christ (loud applause).

Then on another solemn occasion on which the Son of God spoke to Peter, when He was preparing to bid His apostles and disciples a last farewell. They had seen Him crucified; they had seen Him lie disfigured, mangled in the silent tomb. From that tomb, with a power which was all His own, He rose like the lightning of God to the heavens, sending before Him, howling and shrieking, all the demons of hell, conquered and subdued. Now, His Apostles gath

ered about Him. Suddenly a flash lights up the heavens, and He appears in their midst. Then He goes straight to Peter; they were all there: He goes straight to Peter and He says: "Simon Peter, do you love me more than all these?" Peter did not know what He meant, and he said, "Lord, I love you." A second time, after a pause, an awful pause, the Son of God said: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?" Peter said, "Lord, I love thee."

Another dreadful, awful pause, and a third time He raised his voice, and letting the majesty of God flash out from Him, he says: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?" And then Peter, bursting into tears, said: "Lord, thou knowest all things—thou knowest that I love thee." Then said the Redeemer, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." (Applause). Elsewhere the same Redeemer said, "There shall be but one fold and one shepherd," and He laid his hand upon the head of Peter and said, "Thou art Peter, the son of John, be thou the shepherd of the one fold—feed my lambs and feed my sheep." He who denies, therefore, to Peter, and Peter's successor, whoever he is, the one headship, the one office, and the one shepherd in the one fold of God, gives the lie to Jesus Christ, the God of Truth. Well, the day of the Ascension came. For forty days did Christ remain discoursing with His Apostles, instructing them concerning the kingdom of God, and when the forty days were over He led them forth from Jerusalem into the silent, beautiful mountain of Olives, and there, as they were around Him, and He was speaking to them, and telling them of things concerning the Kingdom of God—that is, the Church—slowly, wonderfully, majestically they beheld His figure rise from the earth, and as it rose above their heads it caught a new glory and splendor that was shed down upon it from the broken and the rent heavens above. They followed Him with their eyes. They saw Him pass from ring to ring of light. Their ears caught the music of the nine choirs of heaven, of millions of angels who from the clouds saluted the coming Lord. They strained their eyes and their hands after Him. They lifted up their voices saying, as did they of old to Elias: Oh! thou chariot of Israel! wilt thou leave us now and abandon us forever? And from the clouds that were surrounding Him he waved to them His last blessing and their straining eyes caught the last lustre and brightness of His figure as it disappeared in the empyrean of heaven and was caught up to the throne of God. Then an angel flashed into their presence, and said: "Ye men of Galilee,

why stand ye here looking up to the heavens, to behold Jesus of Nazareth? I say to you, you shall behold him coming from heaven, even as he has gone into heaven this day." And the eleven disciples bent their knees to Peter, the living representative of the supremacy, the truth, and the purity of Jesus Christ. (Applause).

Henceforth the life of Peter, and of Peter's successor, became the great leading light, around which, and towards which, the whole history of the world revolved. It became the central point, to which everything upon earth must tend, because, in the designs of God, the things of time are but for the things of eternity; and Peter, in being the representative and viceroy of the Son of God upon the earth—in the external headship and government of the Church—was the only man who came nearest to God, who had most of God in him and most of God in his power—in the distribution of his grace, in the attributes that belong to the Saviour—and, consequently, became the first and highest and greatest of men, and the only man that was necessary in this world. How many long and weary years Peter labored in his Master's cause, watering the way of his life with the tears of an abiding sorrow!—in that, in an hour of weakness, he had betrayed Jesus Christ, until, at length, many years after the Saviour's ascension into heaven, an old man was brought forth from a deep dungeon in Rome. There were chains upon his aged limbs, and he was bowed down with care and with austerity to the very earth. The few white hairs upon his head fell upon his aged and drooping shoulders. Meekly his lips murmured as in prayer, while he toiled up the steep, rugged side of one of the seven hills of Rome, and when he had gained the summit, lo! as in Jerusalem, many years before, there was a cross and there were three nails. They nailed the aged man to that cross, straining his time-worn limbs, until they drove the nails into his hands and feet, and then when they were about to lift him, a faint prayer came from his lips, and the crucified man said: "There was One in Jerusalem whose royal head was lifted towards Heaven upon a cross, and He was my Lord and my God, Jesus Christ. I am not worthy," he said, "to be made like him even in suffering, and therefore, I pray you that you crucify me with my head towards the earth, from which I came." And so thus elevated he died, and the first Pope passed away. For three hundred years Pope has succeeded Pope. Peter had no sooner left the world than Linus took his sceptre and governed the Church of God. Though down in the cata-

combs, yet he governed the Church of God. Every Bishop in the church, every power in the church recognized him and obeyed him as the representative of God—the living head, the earthly viceroy of the invisible, but real head—Jesus Christ.

For three hundred years Pope after Pope died, and sealed his faith in the Church of God with a martyr's blood, and then after three hundred years of dire persecution the Church of God was free, and she walked the earth in all the majesty and purity of her beauty. In the fifth century the Roman Empire yet preserved the outward form of its majesty and power. All the nations of the earth bowed to Rome. All the conquered people looked to Rome as their master, and as the centre of the world, when, suddenly, from the forests and snows of the North, poured down the Huns, the Goths and Visigoths in countless thousands and hundreds of thousands. The barbarian hordes sallied from their fastnesses, and led by their savage kings, broke to pieces the whole Roman Empire, and shattered the whole fabric of Pagan civilization to atoms. They rode rough-shod over the Roman citizens and their rulers, burned their palaces and destroyed whole cities, leaving them a pile of smoldering ruins. Every vestige of ancient Pagan civilization and power, glory and art and science, went down and disappeared under the tramp of the horses of Attila. One power alone stood before these ruthless destroyers, one power alone opened its arms to receive them, one power arrested them in their career of blood and victory, and that power was the Catholic Church. (Applause.) In that day, says a Protestant historian, the Catholic Church saved the world, and out of these rude elements formed the foundation of the civilization, the liberty and the joy which is our portion in this the nineteenth century. (Prolonged applause.) In the meantime Rome was destroyed. The fairest provinces of Gaul, Spain, Italy and Germany were overrun by the barbarians, and the people oppressed, fathers of families cut off, hearth-fires extinguished, and the blood of the young ravished maiden and of the weeping mother wantonly shed. The people in their agony cried out to the only man whom the barbarians revered and respected, whom the whole world recognized as something tinged with Divinity—the Pope of Rome—the cry of an anguished people went forth from end to end of Italy: and in that ninth century the cry was, Save us from ruin! Cover us with the mantle of your protection! Be thou our monarch and king! and then, and then only, can we expect to be saved! (Applause.) Then did the Pope of Rome

clothe himself with a new power, independent of that which he received already, and which was recognized from the beginning—namely, that temporal power and sovereignty, that crown of a monarch, that place at the council chambers of kings, that voice in the guidance of nations and in the influencing of the destinies of the material world which, for century after century, he exercised, but which we, in our day, have seen him deprived of by the hands of those who have plucked the kingly crown from his aged and venerable brow. How did he exercise that power? How did he wear that crown? What position does he hold, as his figure rises up before the historical vision of the student, looking back into the past and beholding him as he passes among the long file of kings and warriors of the earth? O, my friends, no sword dripping with blood is seen in the hands of the Pope King, but only the sceptre of justice and of law.

No cries of suffering and afflicted people surround him, but only the blessing of peace and of a delighted and consoled world. No blood follows, flowing in the path of his progress. That path is strewn with the tears of those who wept with joy at his approach, and with the flowers of peace and of contentment. He used his power—and history bears me out when I say it—the power which was providentially put into his hands, by which he was made not only a king among kings, but the first recognized monarch in Christendom, and the king highest among kings, and the man whose voice governed the kings of the earth, convened their councils, directed their course, reprovéd them in their errors, and refrained from shedding the blood of their people, and from the commission of other injustices—all these powers he used for the good of God's people. He used that power for a thousand years for the purpose of clemency, of law, of justice and of freedom. When Spain and Portugal, in the zenith of their power, each commanding mighty armies, were about to draw the sword and devastate the fair plains of Castile and Andalusia, the Pope came in and said: "Mighty kings though you be I will not permit you to shed the blood of your people in an unnecessary war." When Philip Augustus, of France, at the height of his power, and when he was the strongest king in Christendom, wished to repudiate his lawful wife and to take another in her stead, the injured woman appealed to Rome, and from Rome came the voice of Rome's king, saying to him: "O, monarch, great and mighty as thou art, if thou doest this injustice to thy married wife and scandalize the world by thine impurity, I will send the curse of God and of

His Church upon you, and cut you off like a rotten branch from among the community of kings." When Henry VIII. of England wished to put away from him the pure and high-minded and lawful mother of his children, because his licentious eyes had fallen upon a younger and fairer form than hers, the Pope of Rome said to him: "If you commit this iniquity, if you repudiate your lawful wife, if you set up the principle that because you are a king you can violate the law, if no power in your own country is able to bring you to account for it, my hand will come down upon you, and I will cut you off from the communion of the faithful, and fling you, with the curse of God upon you, out upon the world." And I say that in such facts as these—and I might multiply them by the hundred—the Pope of Rome used his temporal sovereignty and his kingly power among the nations in establishing the sacred cause of human liberty. I speak of human liberty—I speak of liberty. I thank my God that I am breathing an air in which a free man may speak the language of freedom. (Applause.)

I have a right to speak of freedom, for I am the child of a race that for eight hundred years have been martyred in the sacred cause of freedom. Never did a people love it since the world was created as the children of Ireland, who enjoy it less than all the nations. I can speak this night, but rather with the faltering voice of an infant than with the full swelling tones of a man, for I have loved thee, O mother Liberty! Thy fair face was veiled from mine eyes from the days of my childhood. I longed to see the glistening of thy pure eyes, O liberty. I never saw it until I set my foot upon the soil of glorious, young Columbia. And there, rising out of this great Western ocean, like Aphrodite of old—like Venus from the foam of the rising billows, I beheld the goddess in all her beauty, and as a priest, as well as an Irishman, I bow down to thee. But what is liberty? Does it consist in every man having a right to do as he likes? Why, if it does, it would remind one of the liberty that a man took with a friend of mine in Ireland. He took the liberty to go into the man's house, and to sit down without being asked. And he took the liberty to make free with the victuals, and, at last, the man of the house was obliged to take the liberty of kicking him down stairs. No, my friends, this is not liberty. The quintessence of freedom lies not in the power of every man to do what he likes, but that quintessence of freedom and liberty lies in every man having his rights clearly defined. No matter what he is, from the first to the last, from the

humblest to the highest in the community, let every man know his own rights. Let him know what power he has and what privileges. Give him every reasonable freedom and liberty, and secure that to him by law, and then when you have secured every man's rights and defined them by law, make every man in the State, from the highest to the lowest, from the President down to the poorest, the greatest and the noblest, as well as the humblest and the meanest—let every man be obliged to bow down before the omnipotence of the law. A people that knows its rights, a people that has its rights thus defined, a people that is *rescued* to assert the omnipotence of those rights—that people can never be enslaved. Now, this being the definition of liberty—and I am sure it comes home like conviction to every man in this house—what is freedom? That I know what rights I have, and that no man will be allowed to infringe them. Give me every reasonable right, and when I have these, secure them to me, and keep away from me every man that dares to impede me in the exercise of them; that I may exercise them freely, and that I may be as free as a bird that flies and wings its way through the air.

Now I ask you, Who is the father of this liberty that we enjoy to-day?—who is the father of it, if not the man who stood between the barbarian, coming down to waste, with fire and sword—to abolish the law, to abolish the government and destroy the people—the man that stood between him and the people, and said: "Let us make laws, and you respect them, and I will get the people to respect them." That man was the Pope of Rome. Who was that man that, for a thousand years, as a crowned monarch, was the very impersonation of the principle of law but the Pope? Who was the man that was equally ready to crush the poor man and the rich man, the king and the people—to crush them by the weight of his authority when they violated that law and refused to recognize that palladium of human liberty? It was the Pope of Rome. Who was the man whose genius inspired and whose ability contributed to the foundation and the very institutions of the Italian republics and of the ancient liberties of Spain in the early middle ages? Who was the man that protected them from the tyranny of the cruel barons, immured in their castles? He was the man whose house was a sanctuary for the weak and persecuted, who surrounded that house with all the censures and vengeance of the Church against any one who would violate its sanctity. Who labored, by degrees, patiently, for more than a thousand years, until

he at length succeeded in elaborating the principles of modern freedom and modern society from out the chaotic ruin and confusion of these ages of barbarism? Who was he?—the father of civilization—the father of the world? History asserts, and asserts loudly, that he was the royal Pope of Rome. And now the gratitude of the world has been to shake his ancient and time-honored throne, and to pluck the kingly crown from his brow in his old age; after seventy years of usefulness and of glory, and to confine him a prisoner, practically, in the Vatican Palace in Rome. A prisoner, I say, practically, for how can he be considered other than a prisoner, who cannot go out of his palace into the streets of the city, without hearing the ribaldry, the profanity, the obscenity and the blasphemy, to which his aged, pure and virgin ears had never lent themselves for a moment of his life. Yes—he is unthroned, but not dishonored; uncrowned, but not dishonored; not uncrowned by the wish of his own people, I assert, for I have lived for twelve years amidst them, and I know he never oppressed them. He never drove them forth—the youth of his subjects—to be slaughtered on the battle-field, because he had some little enmity or jealousy against his fellow-monarch. He never loaded them with taxes nor oppressed them until life became too heavy to bear. Uncrowned indeed, but not dishonored, though we behold him seated in the desolate halls of the once-glorious Vatican, abandoned by all human help, and by the sympathy of nearly all the world! But upon those aged brows there rests a crown—a triple crown, that no human hand can ever pluck from his brow, because that crown has been set on that head by the hand of Jesus Christ and by his church. That triple crown, my friends, is the crown of spiritual supremacy, the crown of infallibility, and the crown of perpetuity. In the day when Christ said to Peter, “Confirm thou them; feed my lambs and feed my sheep; to thee do I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven”—in that day he made Peter supreme among the Apostles. His words meant this, or they meant nothing. Peter wielded that sceptre of supremacy, and nothing is more clearly pointed out in the subsequent inspired history of the church, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, than the fact that when Peter spoke, every other man, Apostle or otherwise, was silent, and accepted Peter’s word as the last decision, from which there was no appeal. Never, in the Church of God, has Peter’s successor ceased to assert broadly, emphatically and practically this primacy. Never was a Council convened in the Catholic Church except

on the commands of the Pope. Never did a Council of Bishops presume to sit down and deliberate upon matters of faith and morals except under the guidance and in the presence of the Pope, either personally there, or there by his officers or legates. Never was a letter read at the opening of any Council, and they were constantly sent to each succeeding Council, but that the bishops of the church did not rise up and exclaim, "We hear the voice of the Pope, which is the voice of Peter, and Peter's voice is the echo of the voice of Jesus Christ." Never did any man in the Church of God presume to appeal from the tribunal of the Pope, even to the church in council, without having the taint of heresy affixed upon him, and the curse of disobedience and schism put upon him.

Now, for centuries it has been the recognized principle of the Catholic Church that no man can lawfully appeal to any tribunal from the decision of the Pope in matters spiritual or in matters touching faith and morality, because there is no tribunal to appeal to above him save that of God. He represents, as the visible head of the church, the invisible head, who is no other than Jesus Christ. The consequence is that the church is a kingdom, like every other state, has its last grand tribunal, just like the House of Lords in England, just like the Chief Justiceship in America, the High Court of Justice at Washington, from which there is no appeal. What follows from this? There is no appeal from the Pope's decision. There never has been. Is the church bound to abide by that decision? Most certainly, for history proves it in every age. Never has any man risen against the Pope's decisions without being branded as one tainted with heresy and cut off from the church. Is the church bound to abide by his decision? Certainly, because the church is bound in obedience to her head, and one man alone can command the obedience of the church and the duty of submission, and that man has been the Pope. He has always commanded it, and no one has dared to appeal from his decision, because as I said before, he is the Viceroy, the Visible Head of the Church, and in whom, officially, is the voice of Jesus Christ present with his church. (Applause.)

Now what follows from this, my friends? If it be true that the church of God can never believe a lie, if it be true that she can never be calied by a voice that she is bound to obey to accept a lie, if it be true that nothing false in doctrine or unsound in morality can ever be received by the church of God, or ever be imposed upon her—for he said,

who founded her : "The gates of hell shall never prevail against my church"—then it follows, that if there be no appeal from the Pope's decision, but only submission on the part of the church, it follows that the Pope, when he speaks as the head of the church, when he preaches to the whole church, when he bears witness to the church's belief and to the church's morality, when he propounds a certain doctrine to her—upon a body that can never believe a lie, that can never act upon a lie, whose destiny is to remain pure in doctrine and in morality—pure as the Son of God who created her—it follows, that when the Pope propounds that doctrine to the church, he cannot propound a lie to her, or force that lie upon her belief.

In other words, the Pope may make a mistake. If he write a book as a private author, he may put something in it that is not true. If he propound certain theories unconnected with faith and morals, he may be as mistaken as you or I, but the moment the Pope stands up before the Holy Church of God, and says, "This is the church's belief, this has been from the beginning her belief, this is her tradition, this is her truth," then he cannot, under such circumstances, teach the Catholic Church and spouse of Jesus Christ a lie. Consequently he is infallible. I do not give the church's infallibility, as the intrinsic reason of Papal infallibility, but I say this, that if any reasoning man admits that Christ founded an infallible church, it follows of necessity that he must admit an infallible head. It was but three or four days ago that I was disputing with a Unitarian minister, a man of intelligence and of deep learning, as clever a man, almost, as I ever met, and he said to me, "If I once admitted that the church was infallible, that she could not err, that moment I would have to admit the infallibility of the Pope, for how on earth can you imagine a church that cannot err, bound to believe a man that commands her to believe a lie? It is impossible, it is absurd upon the face of it." And so my friends it has ever been the belief and faith of the Catholic Church that the Pope is preserved by the same spirit of truth that preserves the church. But you will ask me, "If this be the case, tell me how is it that it was only three or four years ago that the church declared that the Pope was infallible?" I answer, that the Catholic Church cannot—it is not alone that she will not, but she cannot teach anything new, anything unheard of. She cannot find truth, as it were, as a man would find a guinea under a stone. She cannot go looking for new ideas, and saying : "Ah ! I find this is new ! Did you ever hear

of it before?" The church cannot say that. She has from the beginning the full deposit of Catholic truth in her hand; she has it in her instinct; she has it in her mind; but it is only now and then, when a sore emergency is put upon her and she cannot help it, that the church of God declares this truth or that, or the other, which she has always believed to be a revelation of God, and crystallizes her faith and belief and tradition in the prismatic form of dogmatic definition.

Which of us doubts that the very foundation of the Catholic Church rests upon the belief that Christ our Lord, the Redeemer, was the Son of God? It is the very foundation stone of Christianity. This has been the essence of all religion since the Son of God became man, and yet, my friends, for three hundred years the Catholic church had not said a single word about the divinity of Christ, and it was after three hundred years when a man named Arius rose up and said: "It is all a mistake; the son of Mary is not the Son of God. He who suffered and died on the cross was not the Son of God, but a mere man." Then after three hundred years the church turned round and said: "If any man says that Jesus Christ is not God let that man be accursed as an infidel and a heretic." Would any of you say, "Then it seems that for three hundred years the church did not believe it." No, she always believed it; it was always a foundation stone. "If she did believe it, why didn't she define it? I answer, the occasion had not arisen. It is only when some bold invader, when some proud, heretical man, when some bad spirit manifests itself among the people, that the church is obliged to come out and say: "Take care! take care! Remember this is her faith," and then when she declares her faith it becomes a dogmatic definition, and all Catholics are bound to bow to it. Need I tell you, Irish maids, Irish mothers, and Irish men—need I tell you how Patrick preached of the woman whom he called *Murie Mathaire*, "Mary Mother," the woman whom he called the Virgin of God? Need I tell you that the church always believed that that woman was the Mother of God? And yet you will be surprised to hear that at the time that Patrick preached to the Irish people the church had not defined it as an article of faith. It was only in the fifth century that the church at Ephesus declared dogmatically that Mary was the Mother of God. Didn't she believe it before? Certainly. It was no new thing; she always believed it, but there was no necessity to assert it till heretics denied it. Then, to guard her children from the error which was being asserted she had to

define her faith. Did not the church always believe the presence of Christ transubstantiated in the Eucharist? Most certainly. All history tells us that she believed it. Her usages, her ceremonies, every thing in her points to that divine presence as their life and centre, but it was sixteen hundred years before the church defined it as an article of faith, then only because Calvin denied it. It was denied by Berengarius, a learned man in the thirteenth century, but he immediately repented, and burned his book, and there was an end to it; but the first man to preach a denial of the real presence of Christ was Calvin. Luther never did. We must give the devil his due. (Laughter.) The church of God declared that Christ was present, and that the substance of bread and wine was changed into the body and blood of the Lord. And so in our day the church for the first time found it necessary to declare that her head, her visible head, can not teach her a lie. It seems such an outrage upon common sense to deny this, it seems so palpable and plain, from the very constitution of the Church, that it seems as if the definition of this dogma were unnecessary. Yet in truth it was to meet the proud, self-asserting, caviling, questioning spirit of our day that the church was obliged to do this. It was because, guided by a wise Providence, scarcely knowing, yet foreseeing that which was to come that the Pope was to be deprived of all the prestige of his temporal power; that all that surrounded him in Rome was to be lost to him for a time; that perhaps it was his destiny to be driven out and exiled and a stranger among other men on the face of the earth, so that he might be unknown, lost sight of, that the church of God, with her eight hundred Bishops, rising up in the strength of her guiding spirit, fixed upon the brow of her pontiff the seal of her faith in his infallibility, that wherever he goes, wherever he is found, whatever misfortunes may be his lot, he will still have that seal upon him which no other man can bear, and which is the stamp of the head of the Catholic Church [Applause].

And now, my friends, we come to the last circle of that spiritual tiara that rests upon the brow of Pius the Ninth. It is the crown of perpetuity. There is no man necessary in this world but one. We are here to-day, we die to-morrow, and others take our places. The kings of the earth are not necessary. Sometimes, Lord knows, it would be as well if they did not exist at all. (Laughter). The statesmen and philosophers of the earth are not necessary. My friends, the politicians of to-day are scarcely a necessity. We might

manage by a little engineering, and above all by a little more honesty—to get on without them, and find perhaps a few dollars in our pockets. One man alone was necessary to this world from the beginning, and that one man was the man whom we behold on the cross on Good Friday morning—he alone. Without him we were all lost: no grace, but sin; no purity, but corruption; no heaven, but hell. He was necessary for the beginning, and the only man that is now necessary upon the earth is the man that represents Him. We cannot get on without him. The Church must have her head, and He who declared that the Church was to last unto the end of time will take good care to keep her head. He is under the hand of God, and under the hand of the Ruler of the Church we may well afford to leave him. He will take good care of him. As a temporal ruler I assert still that the Pope is the only necessary ruler on the face of the earth. He is necessary because, not establishing his power by the sword, not preserving it by the sword, not enlarging his dominions by the sword, by injustice as a monarch; as a king he represents the principle of right unprotected by might, and of justice and law, enthroned by the common consent of all nations. In the day when might shall assume the place of right; in the day when a man cannot find two square feet of earth on which to build a throne, without bloodshed and injustice; in that day, when it comes, the Pope will no longer be necessary as a temporal sovereign; but pray God, that before that day comes you and I be in our graves! for when that day comes, if it ever comes, life will be no blessing, and existence upon this earth will be a curse rather than a joy. The Pope is necessary, because some power is needed to stand between the Kings and their people; some power before which Kings must bow down; some voice recognized by them as the voice not of the subject, not of an ordinary man or an ordinary Bishop, a voice as of a King among kings; some voice which will confound the jealousies, and passions, and scandals of the rulers of the earth, which only serve as so many means to shed the blood of the people. (Applause.)

Our best security is the crown that rests upon the brow of a peaceful king. Our best security is the crown that rests upon the brow of a man who was always and ever ready to shield the weak from the powerful, and to save to woman her honor, her dignity, her place in the family, her maternity, from the treachery and the villainy and the inconstancy of man, to strip off the chains of the slave, and to prepare him before emancipation for the glorious gift of freedom. This power is the Pope's, and he has exercised it honestly and

well. Protestant historians will tell that the Pope was the father of liberty, that he was the founder of modern civilization, and that the crown that was upon his head was the homage paid by the nations to his clemency and mercy, and justice and law (applause). And therefore he must come back; he must come and seat himself upon the throne again. The day will come when all the Catholics in the world will be desirous of this, and when that day comes, and not till then, justice shall be once more tempered by mercy; absolutism shall be once more neutralized by the constitutional liberties and privileges of the people. When that day comes, the people on their side will feel the strong yet quiet restraining hand enforcing the law, while the kings, on their side, will behold once more the hated and detested vision of the hand of the Pontiff brandishing the thunders of the Vatican. (Applause).

That day must come, and with it will come the dawn of a better day, and of peace. And I believe it, even now, in this future day, in this coming year, advancing at the head of all the rulers of the earth, and pointing out with sceptred hand the way of justice, of mercy, of truth and of freedom we shall behold him, when all the nations of the earth shall greet his return to power, shall greet his entry into the council chambers of their sovereigns, even as the Jews greeted the entry of Jesus Christ into Jerusalem, and hailed him king. I behold him, when foremost among the nations that shall greet him in that hour, a sceptred monarch and crowned king, a ruler temporal, and, far more, a spiritual father; and among these nations the mighty, the young, the glorious and the free America will present herself at the head of them. When this land, so mighty in its extent and the limits of its power that it cannot afford to be anything else than Catholic—for no other faith can be commensurate with so mighty a nation—when that land, this glorious America, developing her resources, rising into that awful majesty of power, will shake the world and shape its destinies, will find every other religious garb too small and too miserable to cover her stately form, save the garb of the Catholic faith and the Christian garment in which the church of God will envelope her. And she, strong in her material power, strong in her mighty intelligence, strong in that might that will place her at the front of the nations, shall be the first to hail her Pontiff, her father and her king, and to establish him upon his mighty throne as the emblem and the centre of the faith and the glorious religion of a united people, whose strength—the

strength of intellect, the strength of faith, the strength of material power—will raise up before the eyes of a wondering and united world—a new vision of the recuperated power and majesty and greatness of the Almighty God, as reflected in His work. (Loud and prolonged applause).

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Lecture delivered by the Rev. FATHER BURKE, in the Academy of Music, New York May 22.]

"THE EXILES OF ERIN."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: One of the strongest passions and the noblest that God has implanted in the heart of man is a love of the land that bore him. The poet says, and well—

"Lives there a man, with a soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said:
'This is my own, my native land?'"

The pleasure of standing upon the soil of our birth; the pleasure of preserving every association that surrounded our boyhood and our youth; the pleasure, sad and melancholy though it be, of watching every gray hair and wrinkle that time sends, even to those whom we love—these are among the keenest and the best pleasures of which the heart of man is capable. Therefore it is, at all times, that to be exiled from his native land has been looked upon by man as a penalty and a grievance. This is true even of men whom nature has placed upon the most rugged and barren soil. The Swiss peasant, who lives amid the everlasting snows of the upper Alps, who sees no form of beauty in nature except her grandest, most austere and rugged proportions, so dearly loves his arid mountain home that it is a heart-break to him to be torn from it, even were he to spend his exile in the choicest and most delicious gardens of the earth. Much more does the pain of exile rest upon the children of a race at once the most generous, the most kind-hearted and the most loving in the world.

Much more does it rest upon the children of a race who

look back to their mother-land as to a fair and beautiful land, with climate temperate and delicious; soil fruitful and abundant; scenery, now rising into the glory of magnificence, now softening into the tenderest pastoral beauty; history the grandest among all the nations of the earth; associations the tenderest, because the most Christian and the purest—all these, and more, aggravate the misery and enhance the pain which the Irishman, of all other men, must feel when he is exiled from his native land. And yet, my friends, among the destinies of the nations, the destiny of the Irish race from the earliest time has been that of voluntary or involuntary exile. Two great features distinguish the history of our race and of our people. The first of these is that we are of a warrior and a warlike race, quick, impulsive, generous, fraternal and always ready to fight, and often to fight for the sake of the fight. Indeed, the student of history must see that wherever the Celtic blood is there is a taste for military organization and for war. Whilst the Teuton and the Saxon are content with their prosperity, and very often attain to their ends and their aims more directly and more successfully by negotiation, the Celt, wherever he is, is always ready to resent an injury and very often to create one for the sake of resenting it, even where it is not intended at all. And, strangely, is not this great fact brought out in the relations of the great Celtic nations of France, which is of the same race, the same stock and the same blood as Ireland—to whom, in weal and woe, the heart of Ireland has always throbbed sympathetically—exulting in the joys of France, and lamenting and weeping over her sorrows. Hundreds of years of history lie before us, and this French-Celtic race has always been engaged, in every age and in every time, in war with their more prudent and more cold-blooded neighbors around them. Now, if you look through history, you will almost invariably find that France, the Celt, was always the first to fling down the glove, to draw the sword, and to cry out, “War.” Even in the last ill-fated war, things were so arranged and managed, that while Bismarck was smiling, shrugging his shoulders, and invariably washing his hands in imperceptible water, the French, the moment they saw the opening for war, the moment they thought that war was possible, that moment, unprepared as they were, not stopping to calculate or to reflect, they rushed to the front and were trodden into the earth. But that glorious flag of France has gone down without dishonor, and will not, as long as it is upheld by the heroic courage of her Celtic children. And it was with our French

cousins, so—for good or bad luck, as you will—has it been for ourselves. From the day that the Dane landed in Ireland, at the close of the eighth century, down to this blessed day, at the close of the nineteenth century, for the last eleven hundred years, Ireland has been fighting. War, war—incessant war; war with the Dane for three hundred years; war with the Saxon for eight hundred years; and, unfortunately for Ireland, when she had not the Dane or the Saxon to fight with, her children picked quarrels and fought among themselves.

Now, the second great feature of our destiny seems to have been, as traced in our history, that it was the will of God and our fate that a large portion of our people should be constantly either driven from the Irish shore or obliged by force of circumstances to leave it apparently of their own free will. The Irish exile is not a being of yesterday or of last year. We turn over these time-honored pages of history, we come to the very brightest pages of our own national record, and still we find emblazoned upon the annals of every nation of the earth, the grandest and the most honored name of the exiles of Erin. (Loud applause.) It is, therefore, to this theme I invite your attention this evening. And why? Because, my friends, I hold, as an Irishman, that next to the gospel that I preach and to the religion that I love comes the gospel and the religion of my love for Ireland and of my glory in her. (Loud applause.) Every page in her history that is a record of glory brings joy to your hearts and to mine. Every argument that builds up the temple of Irish fame upon the foundations of religion, virtue and valor is an argument to introduce into your hearts and mine a strong, stormy feeling of pride for our native land. (Applause.) Why should we not be proud of her? Has she ever in that long record of history wronged or oppressed any people? Never. Has she ever attempted to plunder from any people their sacred birthright of liberty? Never. Has she ever refused, upon the invitation of the Church and of her own conscience, to loosen the chains and strike them off the limbs of the slave? Never. Has she ever drawn the sword, which she has wielded for centuries, in an unjust or even a doubtful cause? Never. Blood has stained the sword of Ireland. For ages that blood has dripped from the national sword, but never did Ireland's sword shed a drop of blood unjustly, but only in defence of the highest, holiest and the best of causes—the altar of God and the altar of the nation. (Loud applause.)

And now, my friends, coming to consider the Exiles of Erin, I find three great epochs are marked in the history of Ireland, with the sign of the exodus or exile of her children upon them. The first of these go back for nearly fourteen hundred years. In the year 432, Patrick, coming from Rome, preached the Catholic faith to Ireland, and the Irish mind and the Irish heart sprang to that faith, took it, embraced it, put it into the lives of her children, and became Catholic under the very hand and eye of her apostle as no nation on the earth ever did, or ever will, unto the end of time. At once the land became a land, not only of Christians, but of saints. Wise and holy kings ruled and governed her. Wise and saintly councilors guided her. Every law was obeyed so perfectly and so implicitly that in the records of our national annals it is told that under the golden reign of the great King Brian a young and unprotected female could walk from one end of the land to the other laden with gold and treasure, and no man would insult her virtue, bring a blush to her virgin cheek, nor attempt to rob her of the rich and valuable jewels which she wore upon her. (Applause.) Then the Irish heart, enlarged and expanded by the new element of Christian charity which was infused into it with this religion, and the Irish mind, before so cultivated in all pagan literature, now enlightened with the higher and more glorious rays of faith, looked out with pity upon the nations that were around, sitting in darkness, in barbarism and in the shade of death. From the Irish monasteries in the sixth and seventh centuries began the first great exodus or exile from Ireland. I call it the exodus, or the going forth of faith. Revelling in all the beauty of her Christianity, enjoying the blessings of peace, the light of divine truth and the warmth of holy charity, and endowed with learning, she became the great school-house and university of the world. All the nations around her sent their youth to Ireland to be instructed, and then these Irish saintly masters of all human and divine knowledge found, by the account given them by these youthful scholars, that there was neither religion nor faith nor learning in the countries around. England, yet in possession of the Anglo-Saxons, was still in paganism.

The ancient Britons, now called the Welsh, had their Christianity, but they kept it to themselves, and in their hatred of their Saxon invaders, these British bishops, priests and monks took the most cruel form of revenge that ever nation exercised against nation. They actually refused to preach the Gospel to the Saxons for fear they might be saved and get into

heaven with themselves. (Laughter.) Ireland, evangelized, enlightened and warmed with the rays of divine charity, cast a pitying look upon the neighboring country, and in the sixth and seventh centuries numbers of Irish monks went forth—travelled into Scotland, travelled through the land of England, and everywhere preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ. (Applause.) Spreading from the north of England and from the remote north of Scotland, we find them in every land of Europe. We find, for instance, the valleys of Switzerland evangelized by an Irish saint—St. Gall—whose name still marks a town of that country, and whose name is still held in veneration even by those who scarcely know the land of his birth. We find another Irish saint of that time—Fridoline, or Fridolinus—who went through the length and breadth of Europe, until, at length, he was known of all men for the greatness of his learning, for the power of his preaching, for the wonderful sanctity of his life, and he was called “Fridoline, the Traveller,” for he went about from nation to nation, evangelizing the people in the name of Jesus Christ. We find St. Columba going forth in the seventh century, penetrating into the heart of France, preaching the Gospel and converting the people of Burgundy; then, passing across the Alps, he descended into the plains of Lombardy, and in the very land where St. Ambrose and so many other great lights of the Church had shone, Columba preached the Gospel, and appeared as a new vision of sanctity and of holiness before the ancient Italian people, who were converted by the sound of his voice. At the same time St. Kilian penetrated into Germany and evangelized Franconia. But the greatest of all these saints, these Irish exiles of that seventh century, was the man whose name is familiar to you all, whose name is enshrined among the very highest saints in the Church’s calendar, and whose history has furnished a theme to Count Montalembert, the greatest writer of our age, who found in the name of the Irish saint, Columba, or Columbkille, the theme for the very highest and grandest piece of history that our age has produced.

The history of this saint, striking for its extraordinary sanctity, yet brings out fully and forcibly the strength as well as the weakness of the Irish character. St. Columbkille was a descendant of the great Niall of the Nine Hostages, who founded in Ulster the royal house of O’Neil. He was a near relative of the King of Ulster, and he consecrated himself to God in his youth and became a monk. Speedily he rose in the fame of his learning and his sanctity. He studied

in Armagh; he studied in *Luimneach*, the present Limerick, upon the Shannon. From there he went to an island outside of Galway Bay, and there, as he himself tells us, he spent the happiest days of his life, engaged in prayer and in study. Well, as you are aware, at this early period there were no books, because there was no art of printing. Every book had to be written out patiently in manuscript, and books were of such value that a copy of the Scriptures would purchase an estate—and a large estate. At this time a celebrated Irish saint, named St. Finnian, had a rare and precious copy of the Psalms written out in goodly characters upon leaves of parchment. St. Columba wanted a copy of this work for himself. He went to St. Finnian and asked it. He was refused. The book was too precious to be copied. He asked, at least, to be allowed to read it, and he came into the church where the book was deposited, and there he spent night after night writing out a clean copy of the book. By the time that St. Columba had finished his copy, somebody who had watched him at his work, went and told St. Finnian that the young man had made a copy of his Psalter. The moment St. Finnian heard it he laid claim to the copy as belonging to him. St. Columba refused to give it up. They appealed to the King in Tara, and King Dermot, then the King in Ireland, called his councillors together, and they passed a decree that St. Columba should give up the copy, because the original belonged to St. Finnian, the copy was only a copy from the original, and should go with it; and the Irish decree began with: "Every cow has a right to her own calf." (Laughter.)

Now, mark the action of St. Columbkille. As a saint he was a man devoted to prayer and fasting all the days of his life, and a man gifted with miraculous powers, and yet under all that as thorough an Irishman as ever lived. The moment he heard that the King had resolved that he should give back his precious book, he reproached him and said: "I am a cousin of yours, and there you went against me." He put the clanship—the *shanagus* upon him. The King said he couldn't help it, and what does St. Columba do? He takes the book under his arm and away he went up into Ulster, to raise a clan of the O'Neils. He was, himself, the son of their king. They were a powerful clan in the country, and the moment they heard their kinsman's cry they arose like one man; for whoever asked a lot of Irishmen to get up a row and was disappointed?

They rose. They followed their glorious heroic monk down into Westmeath. There they met the King and his

army, and I regret to say, a battle was the consequence, in which hundreds of men were slain, and the fair plains of the country were deluged with blood. It was only then that Columba perceived the terrible mistake he had made. Like an Irishman he first had the fight out of them, and then he began to reflect on it afterward. In penance for that great crime, his confessor, a holy monk named Medler, condemned him to go out of Ireland, to exile himself, and never again to return to the land of his birth and of his love. Nothing is more beautiful and more tender than the letter that St. Columbkille wrote to his kinsmen in Ulster. "My fate is sealed," he said; "my doom is sealed. A man told me I must exile myself forever from Ireland, and that man I recognize as an angel of God, and I must go." With breaking heart and weeping eyes he bade a last farewell to the green island of saints, and he went off to an island among the Hebrides, on the northern coast of Scotland. There, in the midst of the icy storms of that inclement region—there, upon a bare rock out from the mainland, he built a monastery, and there did he found the far-famed school of Iona. The school, formed under the eyes and the influence of Columba, became the great mother and fountain head of that great monasticism which was destined to evangelize so many nations, and to Christianize all Scotland and the northern parts of England. I shall return to St. Columbkille again in the course of the lecture, when I come to gather the three different periods of exile into one bond of love for the land of our birth.

The next century beheld an Irish monk, named St. Cathaldus, penetrating through the length and breadth of Italy, preaching the gospel everywhere, until, at length, the Pope of Rome made him Bishop of Tarento, in the south of Italy. Another Irish monk went forth in the eighth century and evangelized Brabant, in the low countries. Two Irish monks, Clement and Albinus, were celebrated through all the schools of Europe in the eighth century, and they went by the name of the "seekers after wisdom," or the "philosophers." In a word, the Irish monks of the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries were the greatest evangelists, the greatest apostles, and the most learned men that the world ever possessed, and they gave to their island at home the strange title among nations, of the "Island of Saints;" and the sanctity that made Ireland the pride and the glory of Christendom, was proved abroad by their apostolic labors, until they brought the message that sanctified Ireland home to every people in the heathen nations of the world. (Applause.)

And so we find that, as early as Elizabeth's time and that of Henry VIII., Irishmen began to emigrate as soldiers. The armies of France, Spain and Italy were glad to receive them, for well they knew that wherever the Irish soldier stood in the post of danger, that post was secure until the enemy walked over his corpse. (Loud applause.) Among many other risings, Ireland arose almost as a nation in the year 1641. The Confederation of Kilkenny was formed. The Catholics of Ireland, unwilling to bear the yoke, and unable to bear the cruel, heartless, bloody persecution of Elizabeth and her successors, banded together as one man. All the ancient nobility of Ireland, the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, in the north, the McCartys of the south, the Clanricardes and Burkes in Connaught—(applause)—in a word, all the Irish chieftains and nobility came together and formed what was called the National Confederacy for national defence, starting from Kilkenny. For eleven years this war was continued. An Irishman who had attained to the highest rank in the armies of Spain, who was the most distinguished and the greatest soldier of his age, came over, left his grand position in Spain at the head of the Spanish army, then the finest and bravest in Europe, and landed upon the shores of Ireland, I need hardly tell you his name. It was the immortal Owen Roe O'Neill. (Loud applause.) He rallied the Irish forces. He met on many a well-fought field the armies of England, and thanks be to God! though they poisoned him when they could not strike him with the sword, there is one Irishman upon whose grave it can be written: "Here lies a man that never drew the sword for Ireland or stood upon the battlefield without scattering his enemies like chaff before the winds of heaven." (Loud applause.) He met at Benburb, on the banks of the Blackwater, the English General Monroe, with a large and well-disciplined army, and nearly destroyed that army, as the great Hugh O'Neil had done at the Yellow Ford. O'Neill formed his men into one solid column, surrounded them with his artillery, gave the word to advance, and straight to the very heart of the English army pierced this indomitable column of Irish. Attacked on every side and from every quarter, still on they went, until they gained the brow of Benburb hill, nor was all the chivalry nor all the power of England able to stop them; and when they gained the brow of the hill O'Neill was able to look around over the whole country, and he saw nothing but the enemy flying on every side as from an Angel of God. (Applause.) At another battle at the Carlingford Pass, he met one named Samuel

Bagenal at the head of a large English army. He not only routed, but he exterminated them. He scarcely left men enough to go home to their fastnesses and strongholds around Dublin to tell, with blanched lips, the story of their defeat. Cromwell landed in Ireland. O'Neill, at the head of his army advanced from the north to measure swords with the Round-head from England. Ah! well they knew the metal the man was made of. They sent a traitor into his camp, who put poison into the Irishman's wine, and in the death of O'Neill the great confederacy of Ireland was broken.

And so, with divided councils, scarcely knowing whom to obey, one thing followed another until, on the 12th of May, 1652, eleven years after the confederation was established, Galway, the last of the strongholds of the Irish, had to yield. The cause was lost, and the nobility of Ireland and the rank and file of the Irish army, rather than remain at home, serfs and slaves under the iron heel of Cromwell, went to France, to Spain, and to Austria, and left their mark upon the history of every country in Europe, as that history is proud to record. (Applause.)—On the 27th of October, 1851, Limerick fell. Forty years later and Ireland is in arms again. This time an English king is at her head, King James II. I wish to God he had been a braver man, and he would not have deserved the name of *Shamus a hocha*. (Laughter.) He was too fond of taking out his handkerchief and putting it to his eyes and crying out to the Irish soldiers, "Don't be too hard on them; O, spare my English subjects!"—(Laughter.) When the Irish Dragoons were sweeping down on the English marshalled on the slopes of the Boyne they would have driven them and the Brunswickers into the river, and thus have changed the history of Ireland and taken from the fair and beautiful Boyne the name of reproach that it bears to-day, had not King James given orders and cried out "Stop them, don't let them make so desperate a charge." (Laughter.) Any man that knows the history of his country knows that, although the Irish lost the field at Boyne and Athlone, they did not lose their honor, but they crowned a lost cause with immortal glory. (Applause.) At length the campaign drew to a close. The year 1691 came—forty years after the former siege of Limerick, and the heroic city is once more surrounded with a powerful English army, while within its walls were ten thousand Irishmen, with Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, at their head. (Applause.) A breach was made in the walls. Three times the whole strength of the English army was hurled against the defenceless walls of Limerick. Three times

within that breach arose the wild shout of the Irish soldiers, and three times the head of the column of Orange William was swept away from the breaches of Limerick. (Applause.) In the third of these assaults appeared combatants who are not generally seen either on the battle-field or on the hustings in Ireland. The Irish women are not what you would call women's rights. (Laughter and applause.) The women of Ireland do not go in much for women's associations, and they do not go in *at all* for free love; but they went in for the English in the last assault. (Laughter and applause.) The brave dark-eyed daughters of Southern Ireland, the mothers and virgins of Limerick, appeared. Shoulder to shoulder with their brothers and their fathers in the breach they stood, and while the men defended Ireland's nationality in that terrible hour, the women of Ireland raised a strong hand in defence of Ireland's purity and of Ireland's womanhood. (Loud applause.) And well they might. Never had her womanhood a more sacred, pure, honest and noble cause to defend than when the women of Limerick opposed the base and bloody-minded invaders of their country.

Limerick yielded. King William and his generals found that they could not take the city. So they made terms with Sarsfield that the Irish army were to go out, drums beating, colors flying, and arms in their hands, and that they were free to stay in Ireland if they wished, or to go and join the service of any foreign power that pleased them. The treaty of Limerick guaranteed to the Catholics of Ireland as much religious liberty as they enjoyed under the Stuarts. That treaty was won by the bravery of Ireland's soldiers upon the shattered walls of Limerick. The treaty of Limerick guaranteed to Ireland's merchants the same privileges and the same commercial rights that the English merchants had, and that was wrung from the invader by the bravery of Ireland's soldiers on the shattered walls of Limerick; but as soon as Sarsfield and his ten thousand combatants were gone, before the ink was dry upon the treaty it was broken. The Lords Justices that signed it returned to Dublin. A man, with the nice name of Mr. Dopping, the Protestant Bishop of Meath, called the people together in St. Patrick's Cathedral, preached a sermon to them, and the subject of the sermon was "On the sin of keeping their oaths and keeping their words with the Catholics." That treaty was broken before the ink was dry. An era of oppression and misery followed; and in the mean time Sarsfield and his brave companions took themselves to France. Here is the exodus of hope. They went

with the hope that they would one day return, and, with their brave French allies, sweep the Saxon from off the sacred soil of Erin. (Applause). By the time Sarsfield arrived, in 1691, in France, there were 30,000 Irishmen in the service of King Louis. There were, at the same time, some 10,000 Irishmen in the service of Spain, and a great number in the service of Austria; for it is worthy of your knowing that the Irish of Leinster and of Meath went and joined the Austrian service under their leaders, Nugent and Cavanagh—names that are still perpetuated in the Austrian army. The men of the north, under the O'Reillys and the O'Donnells, went to Spain, and at that very time Austria and Spain were fighting against France, and while there were 30,000 Irishmen in the Austrian army, there were nearly 20,000 in the other armies. Thus the bone and the sinew, the blood and the heart of Ireland were engaged in the old, unhappy work of slaughtering each other. Oh, how sad to think that the bravest soldiers in the world—the bravest soldiers that ever stood to guard a forlorn hope, or with their wild hurrahs swept the battle-field—should be thus employed; fighting for monarchs that they cared nothing about, and for causes of which they knew nothing—meeting each other in battle, and the hands that should have been joined upon some glorious field in Ireland, for Ireland's purposes, were actually imbrued in each other's blood on many a battle-field in Europe! Sarsfield, shortly after his arrival with his Connaught and his Leinster people took service with King Louis, of France. He first crossed swords with the English at the siege of a town in Flanders. There he behaved so gallantly with his Irishmen, so thoroughly cleared the field, and so completely swept away the English forces that were opposed to him, bearing down upon them when they first wavered with the awful clash of Lord Clare's dragoons, that the Marshal commanding the French forces rode up on the very field, and made Patrick Sarsfield a Marshal of France.

Two years later, and we find him again at the battle of Landon. He is at the head of the Irish Brigade, then numbering some 30,000 men. King William—Orange William—is opposed to him—the man whom he had met upon many a field in Ireland. The close of a hard-fought day approaches. The English and their Dutch auxiliaries are in full flight, and Sarsfield, sword in hand at the head of his troops, dashed in among them, when suddenly a musket ball strikes his heroic heart, and he falls upon the field of Landon! When the film of death was coming over his eyes, he put his hand, instinct-

ively, to the wound, and withdrawing it, saw it dripping with his heart's blood. "O God!" he cried, "that this blood were shed for Ireland!" (Applause). The fortunes of France were in the ascendant from the year 1691 until about the year 1696. Then the famous Duke of Marlborough arose. The armies of Austria and the armies of France began to suffer reverses. The star of France began to go down. Marlborough conquered on many a glorious field, and his English soldiers certainly drove the French before them. He did so at Malplaquet, at Oudenarde and at Ramillies; but it is a singular thing that history records—that in every one of these battles in which the French were defeated, the English, in their turn, even in the full tide of victory, had to flee before the Irish Brigade. (Applause). And the poet says:

"When on Ramillies' bloody field,
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The victor Saxon backward reeled
Before the charge of Clare's dragoons."

(Applause). The French army on that day was routed, but there was one corps, one division of the French army that retired off the field victorious with English standards in their hands, and that one was the Irish Brigade. (Applause). Year followed year. The strength of the corps was kept up, and so was the hope that they would one day return to Ireland and strike a blow for the dear old land. Sarsfield was in his grave more than forty years. France was still playing a losing game in the war of the Spanish succession, when the great Marshal Saxe arose, and in the year 1745, he, with King Louis XIV., in person, took the command of the army, and laid siege to the city of Tournay, in Flanders. He had 75,000 men under his command. While he was still besieging the city, the Duke of Cumberland appeared, the son of George the Second, and one of the most awful wretches that ever cursed the face of the earth with his presence. He was a man whose heart knew no pity; whose heart knew no love, a man whose passions knew no restraint, a brute whose name to this day is spoken by every loyal Englishman in a whisper, as though he were ashamed of it.

He commanded 55,000 men, mostly English, with some Dutch auxiliaries, and he marched at the head of this tremendous army to raise the siege of Tournay. When the French King and his Marshal heard of the approach of the allies, they withdrew 40,000 men from the siege, leaving 18,000 to carry it on. With 45,000, including the Irish Brigade, he marched to meet the Duke of Cumberland, and

met him on the slopes of Fontenoy. (Applause). The French general took his position near the village of Fontenoy. It was on the green slope of the hill which extended on either side, and he stretched his lines to a village on one side called St. Antoine, and on the other side to a wood called DuBarry's wood. There, entrenched and strongly established, he awaited his English foe. The Duke of Cumberland arrived at the head of his Englishmen, and for a whole day long he assailed the French position in vain. He sent his Dutchmen to attack St. Antoine. Twice they attacked the village, and twice were they driven back with great slaughter. Three times the Englishmen themselves attacked the village of Fontenoy and three times they were driven back by the French. They tried to penetrate into Du Barry's wood on the left hand side, but the French artillery were within, and again and again they were driven back, until, when the evening came, the Duke of Cumberland saw that the day was going against him. He assembled all the veteran tried soldiers of his army. He formed a massive column of 6,000 men, with six pieces of cannon in front of them, and six on either side of them. They were commanded by Lord John Hay, and he adopted the same tactics that O'Neill had adopted at Benburb. These 6,000 men in solid column were given orders to march right through the village of Fontenoy—right through the centre of the French forces—until they got in their rear, then to turn round and sweep their enemies off the field. The word was given to march, and this I will say, Irishman as I am to the heart's core, that I find nowhere in the annals of history—and I have read as much history as any man—anything more glorious or more heroic than the behavior of the 6,000 Englishmen at Fontenoy. (Applause). The French closed around them. They poured in their fire. With their artillery they met the head of the column, but the column marched on like a wall of iron. These Englishmen marched right through the French lines. Nothing could stop them. Their men fell on every side, but as soon as one fell another stepped into his place. Solid as a wall of iron they penetrated the French line. In vain did the French tirailleurs fall upon them; they were scattered by the flanking fire. In vain did the French reform their line. The English penetrated like a wedge. In vain did the King's household cavalry charge upon them; they were scattered by the English fire. At length King Louis, who had been taught in the school of misfortune, turned his rein to fly. Marshal Saxe stopped him: "Not yet," he said. "Come up, Lord Clare

with your Irish, and clear the way." Then in went the Irish Brigade, and with a wild cheer they swept everything before them. (Loud applause). This glorious victory is thus recorded by one of Ireland's greatest poets, the illustrious and immortal Tom Davis:

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,
And twice the lines of -aint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary,
As vainly through De Barre's wood the English soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve his latest chance to try;
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy! how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they climb the hill:
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast;
Through rampart, trench and palisade and bullets showering fast,
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force;
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy! while thinner grow their ranks—
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round,
As stubble to the lava tide; French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell and grape and round-shot tore, still on they marched and
fired—

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude the shock—not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein;
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo.
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement and true?

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes."
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes;
How fierce the looks these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown—
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy! nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is heard with joy, as halting, he commands,
"Fix bay'nets!" "Charge!" Like mountain storm, rush on these fiery
bands.

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,

Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show,
 They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind—
 Their bayonets the breakers foam; like rocks the men behind!
 One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,
 With empty guns clutched in their hands the headlong Irish broke.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy! hark to that fierce huzza!
 "Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassanach!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
 Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
 Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
 Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
 The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered,
 fled—

The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead.
 Across the plain, and far away, passed on that hideous wrack,
 While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy! like eagles in the sun,
 With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is ought and won.

[Enthusiastic cheering.]

So did these exiles fight, serving in France, Spain and Austria, but the hope that kept them up was never realized. The French Revolution came and the Irish Brigade was utterly dissolved. That French Revolution opened the way to the third great exodus of Irishmen. The Irish caught a ray of hope when the war-cry of freedom resounded upon the battle fields of Europe. The fever of the French Revolution spread to Ireland and created the insurrection of '98. But '98 and the men of '98 were extinguished in blood. Bravely they fought and well; and if Sarsfield himself or the heroic Lord Clare, had been at New Ross or at the fight of Tara, upon the banks of the Boyne, when the ninety Wexford men fought a regiment of British dragoons, they would not have been ashamed of their countrymen.

The year 1800 saw Ireland deprived of her Parliament, and from that day every honest Irishman who loved his country felt there was an additional argument put upon him to turn his thoughts and his eyes to some other land. The making of her laws passed over to the English. They knew nothing about us. They had no regard for us. They wished, as their acts proved, to destroy the industry of Ireland. Some of the very first acts of the Parliament, when it was transferred to England, were destructive of the commerce and the trade of Ireland. Some of the very first things they did was to repeal the act of the glorious compact of 1782, when the Irish volunteers, with arms in their hands, were able to exact just laws and fair government from England. [Applause.]

And now, Ireland turned her wistful eyes, and from her

western cliffs she looked across the vast expanse of ocean, and far away on the western main she beheld a new and a mighty country springing up, where the exile might find a home, where the free man could find air to breathe, and where the lover of his country would find a country worthy of his love. (Applause.) You might say that the emigration to America took shape from the day that Ireland lost her legislative independence by the transfer of her Parliament to England. For, next to the privilege of loving his country, the dearest privilege a man can have, is a voice in his own government and the making of his laws. (Applause.) By the act of Union, a debased, corrupt and perjured Protestant Parliament declared, in the eyes of the world, that Irishmen did not know how to make laws for themselves, and if they did not no one can blame Castlereagh for taking the making of their laws into his own hands. He was an Irishman, and he took the Legislative Assembly from Dublin, and transferred it to London; but if he did, it was that very Assembly that voted its own transfer and its destruction.

In vain did the glorious and immortal Henry Grattan—[applause]—thunder forth in the cause of justice and of Ireland's nationality—in vain did every honest and honorable man in the land lift up hand and voice. It was all in vain. The corrupt legislature played into the hands of Pitt; and Castlereagh rejoiced in his honors, in his titles, and in his corruption, and went on rejoicing, increasing in power, in dignity and wealth, until, one fine morning, he drew the keen edge of a razor upon his own throat. (Applause.) He cut his jugular artery. He inflicted upon himself a tremendous inconvenience. [Laughter.] Whatever cause he had to fret in this world, I am greatly afraid he did not improve his condition by hurrying into the other. [Laughter and applause.] But the act that was too inconvenient to Castlereagh was a great blessing to Ireland, to England, and to the whole world; for it is a great blessing to this world when a scoundrel makes his bow and goes away. [Applause and laughter.] Well, my friends, it is not of these exiles, the exiles of '98, I speak, but of the exiles who went in the preceding years, banished by Cromwell, to the number of one hundred thousand. Among them were two or three thousand priests of my Order. They were sent as slaves, and sold in Barbadoes and Jamaica, and there died in the sugar plantations. It was of these exiles of the earlier period that the poet, Campbell, wrote his famous verses on "The Exile of Erin." The allusions in that famous poem are to a period

anterior to our own. He speaks of the Irish exile as one who played upon the harp. Now, up to about seventy years ago the harp was a common instrument in Ireland, and the aged harper lived down to the time of Carolin, who died a few years before the troubles of '98 began. We can, therefore, enter into the meaning of the poet, who thus describes our unfortunate countrymen, driven by force, by tyranny and oppression, from all that he loved and cherished upon this earth :

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten bill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-Bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger;
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger:
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend those sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-Bragh.

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In my dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me—
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild-wood?
Sisters and sire: did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh, my sad heart, long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-Bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion:
Erin, mavourneen—Erin-go-Bragh!

As the first of these exodi was of faith, that that faith might be scattered and disseminated throughout the earth; as the second of these vast emigrations was that of the warrior going forth full of hope—hope that was never realized—so the third vast emigration of Ireland was an emigration of love; it was the tearing of loving hearts from all that they cherished and from all that they loved in this world. The injustice of the tyrannical land-possessor in Ireland, the unjust and wicked government of England, gloated over their hellish work. The people are torn from their homes and flung in ditches, to die like the dogs. There is no law to protect them—no right of theirs to be asserted. They had no right, except to suffer, to be ejected, and to die. Oh! who among us has ever seen the parting of the old man and his sons and his daughters?—who among us that has ever heard the loud, heart-breaking cry that came forth when these loving hearts were separated, can forget these things? The youth of Ireland fled—the bone and sinew of Ireland fled, and many an old man remained in the land, and sat down upon the family grave to die of a broken heart. But one emotion, one glorious passion ruled the emigrant saint of fourteen hundred years ago, the emigrant warrior of two hundred years ago, and the emigrant love of the present day—one glorious feeling, one absorbing passion, and that was love for Ireland. (Applause.)

My friends, hear the lament of St. Columbkille, one of Ireland's greatest poets and greatest saints. He banished himself in penance to the far distant island of Iona; but he tells us that whenever he wished to calm the sorrow of his heart, he would go and sit upon the high rocks of the seashore, and turn his eyes to the West to catch a glimpse of the shores of Ireland. "Death," he exclaims in one of his poems, "in glorious Ireland is better than life without end in Albion. What joy to float upon the white-crested sea, and to watch the waves break upon the Irish shore! Ah! how my boat would float if its bow were turned to my Irish oak grove; but the sea now carries me only to Albion—a land of strangers. My foot is in my little boat, but my sad heart ever bleeds. There is a gray eye that ever turns to Erin, but never, in this life, shall it ever see Erin, nor her sons, nor her daughters again. From the highway I look over the sea, and tears are in my gray eyes when I turn to Erin, where the song of the birds is so sweet, and where the monks sing like the birds; where the young are so gentle and the old so wise; where the great men are so noble to look at, and the women so fair

to wed. Young traveller," he says to one of his disciples, a noble youth who was returning to Ireland, 'carry my sorrows with thee; carry them to Ireland; noble youth, take my prayer with thee and my blessing. One thought—for Ireland—may she be blessed. The other for Albion. Carry my blessings across the sea, to the West. My heart is broken in my bosom, and if death should come upon me suddenly, it will be because of my great love for Erin." The only consolation that was vouchsafed to him was a vision from God. He beheld the future, and saw that many hundred years after his death, his body would be carried back to Ireland, to rest forever in the soil he loved. This prophecy he himself announced in these words: "They shall bury me first at Iona, but with the will of the living God, it is at Down that I shall rest in my grave, with Patrick and with Bridget—three bodies in one grave." And so, in the tenth century, when the Danes swept over Iona, the monks of Iona took St. Columbkille's venerated body, they brought it to Ireland, and they laid it in the cathedral at Down; and there, as the old poem tells us,

"Three saints, one grave do fill—
Patrick, and Bridget, and Columbkille."

The love that he had for Ireland, was the spirit common to all of Ireland's saints, and while they were crowned with the highest dignities of the church in foreign lands, still, as we have the record of history written by Aidan, the first bishop of Northumbria, the founder of the famous Lindisfarne Monastery, if they wished to enjoy themselves a little, they came together and they celebrated in the Irish language, in sweetest verse to the sound of timbrel and of harp, the praises of their dear native land. Nor less was the love that the brave exile of 1691 bore to Ireland.

We read that when the cry of battle came forth, and the shock of the armies met on the battle-field, never did the stout heart of the Saxon soldier melt with fear within him, until the wild Irish hurrah rang forth as they dashed upon their enemy. (Applause.)

And thus did these people leave their dear native land—these noble chieftains and brave soldiers of Ireland. Their love is commemorated in the poet's verse :

The mess tent is full and the glasses are set,
And the gallant Count Thomond is President yet,
The veteran arose like an uplifted lance,
Crying, "Comrades, a health to the monarch of France."
With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,
For King Louis is loved by the Irish Brigade.

"A health to King James," and they bent as they quaffed,
 "Here's to George the Elector," and fiercely they laughed,
 "Good luck to the girls we wooed long ago,
 Where Shannon and Barrow and Blackwater flow,
 God prosper old Ireland," (you'd think I am afraid)
 So pale grow the chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

"But surely that light cannot come from our lamp,
 And that noise—are they all getting drunk in the camp?"
 "Hurrah! boys, the morning of battle is come.
 And the *gen-rale's* beating on many a drum,"
 So they rush from the revel to join the parade:
 For the van is the right of the Irish Brigade.

They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery and true,
 And, though victors, they left on the field not a few;
 And they who survived, fought and drank as of yore,
 But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more:
 For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
 Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

(Loud applause.)

Nor does the Irishman of to-day, whether a voluntary or involuntary exile from the green isle of the ocean, shame the love of the saint and the love of the warrior for Ireland. It is not, perhaps, the green hillside, crowned with the Irish oak, and made so beautiful with its fields of waving corn, that rises before our minds and excites the tenderest emotions of our hearts. It was not the beauty of Avoca that inspired the poet—

It was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal, her brightest of green;
 It was not the soft magic of streamlet and rill—
 Oh, no, it was something more exquisite still.
 It was that the friends of my bosom were near,
 That made every scene of enchantment more dear.
 And who felt that the best charms of nature improve
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

And so, it is not, perhaps, the material beauty of Ireland, it is not the green hillside; it is not perhaps the crystal brook running from the mill-pond through the green field in the midst of which stands the old ruined abbey, around which we played in our youth; it is not so much these that command our love, but it is the holy and tender associations of all that we first learned to love, and of all that we first learned to venerate—the pure-minded, the holy, gentle and loving mother, the wise, brave and considerate father, the young friend upon whom we leaned and whose friendship was to us the earliest joy of our life, the venerable priest whose smile we sought as we bowed our youthful heads—

(applause)—these and such as these are the motives of our love for Ireland, and that love is as keen and strong in the heart of the Irishman far away from his native land to-day, as it was in the heart of St. Columbkille, and in the breasts of the Irish Brigade when they rose to toast their heroic mother-land. (Applause.) Well, is the lament of the Irish exile of to-day described and depicted in the beautiful verses of the poet:

Adieu! the snowy sail
 Swells her bosom to the gale,
 And our barque from Innisfail
 Bounds away.

While we gaze upon thy shore,
 That we never shall see more,
 And the blinding tears flow o'er,
 We pray!

Mavourneen! be thou long
 In peace, the queen of song—
 In battle proud and strong
 As the sea!

Be saints thine offspring still;
 True heroes guard each hill,
 And harps by every rill
 Sound free.

Tho' round her Indian bowers,
 The hand of nature showers
 The brightest blooming flowers
 Of our sphere!

Yet not the richest rose
 In an alien clime that blows,
 Like the brier at home that grows,
 Is so dear!

Though glowing breasts may be
 In soft vales beyond the sea;
 Yet ever, grah-ma-chree,
 Shall I wail:

For the heart of love I leave,
 In the dreary hours of eve,
 On thy stormy shore to grieve,
 Innisfail!

But memory o'er the deep,
 On her dewy wing shall sweep,
 When in midnight hours I weep,
 O'er thy wrongs:

And bring me steeped in tears,
 The dead flowers of other years,
 And waft unto my ears,
 Home's songs.

When I slumber in the gloom
 Of a nameless foreign tomb,
 By a distant ocean's boom,
 Innisfail!

Around thy emerald shore
 May the clasping sea adore,
 And each wave in thunder roar,
 " All hail! "

And when the final sigh
 Shall bear my soul on high,
 And on chainless wing I fly
 Through the blue:

Earth's latest thought shall be,
 As I soar above the sea—
 "Green Erin, dear, to thee—
 Adieu!"

Yes, if there be one passion that outlives every other in the heart of the true Irishman, it is the inborn love for Ireland, for Ireland's greatness and glory. Our fathers loved it, and knew how to prize it and to hold it. The glory of a faith that never has been tarnished, and the glory of a national honor that has never bowed itself down to acknowledge itself a slave, is yours. [Applause.] The burden and the responsibility of that glory is yours and mine this night. The glory of the Irish priesthood, the glory of Columba, the glory of Iona of Landisfarne, are upon me with a tremendous responsibility to-day beyond all other men—what the Irish priest must be, because of that glorious history. [Applause.] The glory of the battle that has been so long fought, and is not yet closed—[thunders of applause]—the glory of a faith that has been so long and so well defended, the glory of our national virtue that has made Ireland's men the bravest and Ireland's women the purest in the world—[loud and prolonged applause]—that glory is your inheritance and your responsibility to-night. And of all other men, both as Irishmen and Catholics, you and I together are bound to show the world that Irishmen have been in ages past what they intend to be in ages to come—a nation and a church that has never allowed a stain to be fixed upon the national banner nor upon the national altar—a nation and a church that, in spite of its hard fate and its misfortunes, can still look the world

in the face, for on Ireland's virgin brow no stain of dishonor or perfidy has ever been placed. [Enthusiastic applause.] In sobriety, in industry, in manly self-respect, in honest pride of everything that an honest man ought to be proud of, in all these, and in respect for the laws of this mighty country, lies the secret of your honor and of your national purity. [Applause.] Mark my words: Let Ireland in America be faithful, be Catholic, be practical, be temperate, be industrious, be obedient to law, and the day will dawn, with the blessing of God, upon you and me, when returning to visit, after a time, the land from which we came, we shall land upon a free, a glorious and an unfettered nation.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

[A Discourse delivered by the REV. FATHER BURKE, in the Dominican Church, New York, on Easter Sunday.]

"THE RESURRECTION."

"And when the Sabbath was passed, Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James and Salome, brought sweet spices, that, coming, they might anoint Jesus. And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came to the sepulchre, the sun being now risen. And they said to one another, Who shall roll us back the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And, looking, they saw the stone rolled back; for it was very great. And entering into the sepulchre they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed with a white robe. And they were astonished. And he said to them: Be not affrighted. You seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is risen, He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him. But, go; tell His disciples, and Peter, that He goeth before you into Galilee. There you shall see Him, as He told you."

MY DEAR BRETHREN: We are told, in the history of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, which we have been considering during the past few days—that after our Saviour had yielded up His spirit upon the cross, Joseph of Arimathea went to Pilate and demanded the body of the Lord. Pilate was surprised to hear that our Divine Lord was already dead. And yet, if he had only consulted his own memory, and remembered how the life was almost scourged out of the Saviour by the hands of the soldiers, it would not have seemed to him so wonderful that the three hours of agony should have closed that life. He sent to inquire if He was

already dead ; and gave orders that, in case he was dead, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus were to take possession of his body. They came sorrowing, and again climbed the Hill of Calvary ; and lest there might be any doubt that the Master was dead, the soldier drove his lance once through the heart of our Lord Jesus Christ. Then the body was taken down from the cross. They took out the nails, gently and tenderly ; and they handed them down, and they were put into the hands of the Virgin Mother. They took the body reverently from its high gibbet, and laid the thorned-crowned head upon the bosom of the Virgin, who waited to receive it. With her own hands she removed these thorns from His brow ; and the fountain of tears, that had been dried up because of the greatness of her sorrow, flows now, and rains the Virgin's tears upon the stained and disfigured face of her child. Then they brought Him to a garden in the neighborhood ; and there they laid Him in the tomb. It was another man's grave ; and He, the Lord, had no right to it. But he died so poor, that, even in death, He had no place whereon to lay His head, until charity opened another man's tomb for Him. There they laid Him down ; and, covered with blood and with wounds—all disfigured and deformed, they laid Him down, like the patriarch of old, with a stone for His pillow ; and upon that stone they laid the wounded and blessed head of the Lord. They closed the sepulchre.

Mary, the Mother, gathered up the thorns, the nails, the instruments with which her child was so cruelly maimed and put to death ; and with them pressed to her heart, and leaning upon her newly-found son, she returned to her sad home in Jerusalem ; and all, having adored, silently dispersed ; for the evening was coming, that brought the Sabbath. Only one remained. The heart-broken Magdalen lay down outside the tomb, and laid her head upon the stone which they had rolled against the Master's grave. There she knew He lay ; and the instinct of her love, and of her sorrow, was so strong that she could not go away from the tomb of her Lord, but remained there, weeping and alone. While she wept, evening deepened into night ; and alone, the heart-broken lover of Jesus Christ saw that she must rise and depart. She rose. She kissed, again and again, that great stone that enclosed her Divine Saviour ; and, turning to the city, she heard the heavy, measured tread of the soldiers, who came with the night to guard the tomb. They closed around the tomb. With rudeness and with violence they drove the woman away—wondering at her tears and the evidence of her broken heart.

And then, piling their arms and their spears, they settled down to the night-watch, cautioned not to sleep—cautioned to take care not to let a human being come near that grave until the morning light. Excited by their own superstitious fears and emotions (for it was indeed a strange office for these warriors to be set on guard over a dead man), agitated by the strangeness of their position, excited by their fears, they slept not; but, waiting the night, watchfully, diligently, and with vigilance, they guard on the right hand and on the left; scarcely knowing who was to come; fearing with an undefined fear; thinking that, perhaps, it was to be a phantom, a spirit, an evil thing of the night coming upon them; and ever ready to grasp their arms, and put themselves on their defence.

The night fell, deep and heavy, over the tomb of Jesus Christ. The whole of that night, and of the following day, they kept their watch. Mary, the mother, was in Jerusalem. Kneeling before these instruments of the Passion, she spent the whole of that night, and the whole of the following Sabbath-day, weeping over those thorns and over those nails; contemplating them, examining them, and seeing, from the evidence of the blood that was upon them, how deeply they had been struck into the brow, and into the hands and feet of Jesus, her divine child; her heart breaking within her, as every glance at these terrible instruments of the Passion brought up all the horrors which she had witnessed on that morning of Friday, on the Mount of Calvary. The woman kept watch and ward round her, and so terrible was the mother's grief, that even the Magdalen was silenced and hushed and dared not obtrude one word of consolation upon the Virgin's ear.

The Sabbath passed away. Dull and heavy the black cloud that had settled over Calvary and over Jerusalem, was lifted up. Men walked about with fear and with trembling. The sun seemed to have scarcely risen that Sabbath morning. The dead, who started from their graves the moment Jesus gave his last cry on the cross, flitted in the darkening night to and fro in the silent streets of Jerusalem. Men beheld the awful vision of these skeleton bodies that rose from the grave. A fire of vengeance and of fury seemed to glare in the empty sockets in their heads. They showed their white teeth, gnashing, as it would seem, over the crime that the people had committed. They flitted to and fro. All Jerusalem was filled with fear and terror. No man spoke above his breath, and all was silent during that long Sabbath-day, that brought no joy, because the people had called down the blood

of the Saviour upon their heads. The Sabbath day and evening had closed, and again night was recumbent upon the earth. The guard is relieved. Fresh soldiers are put at the doors. They are again cautioned that this is the important night when they must watch with redoubled vigilance, because this night will seal the Redeemer's fate. He said, "I will rise again in three days;" and if the morning sun of the first day of the week—the Sunday—rise upon the undisturbed grave of the dead man, then all that He had preached was a lie, and all the wonders that He wrought were a deception upon the people. Therefore the guards were trebly cautioned to keep watch. Then, filled with fear and with an undefined alarm, they close around the sepulchre, resolved that so long as hands of theirs can wield a spear, no human being shall approach that grave. The Magdalen lingered round, fascinated by the knowledge that her Redeemer and her Lord was there in that tomb which she was not allowed to approach. And the guards watched patiently, vigilantly, with sleepless eyes; and the night came down and all the city was silent and darkened. Hour followed hour. Slowly and silently time rolls away. The night was deepening to its deepest gloom. The midnight hour approached. The moment comes when the third day in the tomb is accomplished. The moment comes when the Sabbath was over—the Sabbath of which it was written, that "the Lord rested on the seventh day from all His works." That Sabbath had Jesus Christ made in that dreary, silent tomb. Wounds and blood were upon Him. The weakness of death had fastened upon Him. Those lifeless limbs cannot move. The sightless eyes cannot open to behold the light of day. Death, indeed, seems to have rioted in its triumph over the Eternal Lord of Life, and hell appears victorious in the destruction of the victim. The midnight hour approaches. The guards hear the rustling of the coming storm. They see the trees bow their heads in that garden, and wave to and fro, as by a violent trembling. They see them bending as if a storm was sweeping over them. They look. What is this orient light that blushes upon the horizon? What is this light which bursts upon them, bright, bright as the sun of heaven, bright as ten thousand suns? And while the light flashes upon them, and, dazzled, they close their eyes, they hear a riot of voices: "*Gloria in excelsis!* Alleluia to the risen Saviour!" What is this that they behold? The great stone comes rolling back from the mouth of the monument into the midst of them! Save yourselves, O men! Save yourselves or it will crush you! The

men are frightened and alarmed. Is it the power of heaven? Or is it a force from hell? Presently, forth from that tomb bursts the glorified and risen Saviour. Their eyes are dazzled with the spectacle of the Man that lay in that cold, dark, silent grave. A voice was heard: "Arise, for I am come for Thee!" And the glorified soul of the Saviour, entering that moment into His body, bursts triumphant from the grave! Death and hell fly from before His face. Fly, for a power is here that you cannot command! Fly, you demons, who rejoiced in your triumph, for Death and Hell are conquered. Arise, glorious sun, from the tomb! Oh, what do I behold? Where, O Saviour, is the sign of Thy agony? Where is the disfigurement of blood? Where is the sign of the executioner's hand upon Thee? It is gone—gone! No longer the blood-stained thorn defiles Thy brows! No longer Thy sacred flesh hanging torn from the bones! No! But now, triumphant, glorified, incorruptible, impassible, He has resumed the grandeur and the glory which He put away from Him on the day of His incarnation, and He rises from the tomb, the conqueror of Death and Hell, the God and Redeemer of the world!

Behold, my brethren, how sorrow is changed into joy! Bursting forth in the light of His divinity, He went His way—the way of His eternity. The mountains, the hills of Judea—of Jerusalem—bowed down before Him. The mountains moved and rocked on their bases before the assertion of Thy sovereignty, O God! He went His way, and left behind Him an empty grave, and the clothing in which His disfigured body had been wrapped up. An empty grave! But all the angels in Heaven were looking on at that moment. At that moment, when the face of the glorified Saviour burst from the grave, all the angels of Heaven put forth alleluias of joy and of praise. The heart of the Father in Heaven exulted. Rising from His eternal throne, He sent forth a cry of joy over the glory of His Son. All the angels in Heaven exulted; and, triumphing, they came down to earth, and gazed upon the sacred spot wherein their Master and their God had lain.

The morning came, and the dark clouds had disappeared. The very brows of Olivet seemed to shine with a solemn gladness, and the cedars of Lebanon seemed to lift their heads with a new instinct of life—almost of love and joy. Calvary itself seemed to rejoice. The morning rose, and the sun gladly came up from his home in the east, and his first rays fell upon the empty grave. And behold the Magdalen,

and the other followers of our Lord, coming with ointment and sweet spices to anoint Him. They came; and questioning—as we have seen—questioning each other. How could Mary, with nothing but her woman's strength, how could Mary move that stone? But see; it is moved. And beneath they behold an angel of God. His light fills the tomb. There is no darkness there, no sign of sadness, no sign of death. Robed in transparent white—even as the garments of our Lord shone upon Tabor—so did he shine as he kept guard over the deathbed of his Lord and Master. Then, speaking to the woman he says: "Woman, whom seekest thou?" "Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified." "Why seekest thou the living among the dead? He is not here. He is risen!" And then their hearts were filled with a mighty joy; for the Master is risen; while the soldiers, frightened and crestfallen, went into Jerusalem, proclaiming the appearance to the Pharisees and to the people, and that He whom they were set to guard was the Lord of light and life, and the Son of God.

The eyes that were oppressed with the weariness of death, are now lifted up, shining in the glory of His resurrection. The hands that were nailed helplessly to the cross, now wield the omnipotence of God. The heart that was broken and oppressed, now enters into the mighty ocean of the ages of His divinity, undisturbed, unfettered, unencumbered by any sorrow. "Christ, risen from the dead, dies no more. Death has no dominion over him." He died once, and He died for sin. "Therefore," says St. Augustine, "by dying on Calvary He showed that He was man; by rising from His grave He proved that He was God."

If, therefore, dearly beloved brethren, during the past forty days the Church has called upon us for fasting and mortification, has called upon us to chastise our bodies and humble our souls ("*humiliabam in jejunió animam meam*,"") "In my fast I will humble my soul"—if the Church during the past weeks called upon us to be afflicted, and to shed our tears at the feet of Jesus crucified—if we have done this—above all, if we have purified our souls so as to let His light, and His glory, and His grace into our hearts—to-day, have we a right to rejoice; and the message which I bring to you is a message of exceeding great joy. Christ is risen! The Crucified has risen from the grave! Weakness has clothed itself with strength. Ignominy hath clothed itself with glory. Death has been absorbed in victory, and the powers of hell are crushed and confounded forevermore. Is not this a mes-

sage of great joy and triumph? And truly I may say to you, in the words of St. Paul, "*Gaudete in Domino iter um dico gaudete*"—"Rejoice, therefore, in the Lord! I say to you again, rejoice!"

Two reasons have we for our Easter joy and gladness. Two reasons have we for our great rejoicing. First of all, that of the friend to behold the glory of his friend; the joy of a disciple to see the glory of his Master: a joy centring in Jesus Christ—rejoicing in Him and with Him, for His own sake. Was it not for His own sake we sorrowed? Was it not because of His grief and suffering we shed our tears and cast ourselves down before Him? So, also, for His own sake, let us rejoice. We rejoice to behold our God reassuming the glory of His divinity, and so participate that glory to His sacred humanity that the sunshine of the eternal light of God streams out from every member, sense, and limb of the sacred body of Jesus Christ our Lord. Pure light it seemed. With the transparency of Heaven it assumed all its splendor. All the glory was within Him in Almighty affluence, and sent itself forth so that He was truly not only the light of grace for the world but the light of glory. For this must every true believer in Jesus Christ rejoice.

But the second cause of our joy is for our own sake; for, although we grieve for Him and sorrow for Him, for His own sake, upon Calvary, we also grieve for ourselves. And it is, for us, the keenest and the bitterest sorrow that the work of Calvary was the work of our doing by our sins; that if we were not what we were, He would never have been what He was on that Friday morning; that for us He bared His innocent bosom to receive all the sorrows and all the agonies of His Passion; that for us did He expose His virgin body to that fearful scourging and terrible crucifixion; that for our sins did He languish upon the cross; that they put upon Him the burden of the iniquities of us all; and "He was afflicted for our iniquities and was bruised for our sins." It is for our own sorrows and for our own sins that the very deepest sorrow has a place in the Crucifixion. Well did He—He, who permitted that we should be the cause of His sorrow—wish us, also, for our own sake, to participate in His joy. And why? Because the resurrection of Jesus from the dead was not only the proof of His divinity, the establishment of His truth, the conviction of His miracles, the foundation of His religion, but it was, moreover, the type and model of the glorious resurrection that awaits every man who dies in the love, and fear, and grace of Jesus Christ. Every

man who preserves his soul pure, and every man who restores to his soul the purity of repentance—to every such man is promised the glory of the resurrection, like unto that of our Lord Jesus Christ. For as Christ rose from the dead, so shall we rise; and as He clothed Himself with glory, so shall we pass from glory unto glory—to see Christ in the air—to be like unto Him in glory; and so shall we be with the Lord forever. And that glory which comes to our Lord to-day, comes not only to His grand soul returning surrounded by the saints whom He had delivered from their prison, but it comes also to His body, wiping away and erasing every stain, every defilement, every wound, and communicating to that body the attributes of the spirit; for “that which was laid down in dishonor rose in glory”—that which was laid down in weakness rose in power—that which was laid down subject to grief, if not to corruption, rose a spiritual and incorruptible body. Even so shall we rise—for I announce to you a wonderful thing, that when the angels sound the trumpet, and call the dead to judgment, they that are in Christ shall rise first; and as the soul of the Redeemer went back to the tomb, and entered into His body, to make that body shine in its spiritual glory—so shall our souls return from the heights of heavenly contemplation to find these bodies again—to re-enter them—and to make them shine with the glory of God, if we only consent to live and die in the grace and favor of Jesus Christ. The eyes that now cannot look upon the sun in heaven without being blinded, these very eyes can gaze upon the face of God and not be blinded by His majesty. The ears that now weary of the music of earth shall be so attuned to the music of Heaven that the rapture of its hearing shall continue in all the ecstasy of delight, so long as God is God. The heart, now so circumscribed as scarcely to be able to rise to the dignity of the highest form of human love—will then be so purified and exalted that it will be filled with the fairest forms of divine love—purified, sanctified, animating every natural sentiment, every affection, until the body, growing into the soul’s essence, shall all become spiritual and, as it were, divine. In a word, this gross, corruptible, material body of ours shall be so spiritualized—so glorified—so refined, as to be capable of the most exquisite pleasure of every spiritual sense; and yet pleasures purifying to the soul, in which every thought and every power of the soul and body shall be wrapped up into God.

But mark, dear brethren: the resurrection of our Lord is the pledge and promise that every soul shall realize; but two things are necessary in order to arrive at this glory. Two

conditions are laid down in order to attain to this wonderful fulfilment of all the love of the redemption of Jesus Christ. And these two things are : First of all, we must keep a pure soul and a pure conscience. Mark how Jesus Christ came to His glory ; He took a human heart, He took a human soul, He took a human conscience—for He was true man. But He took every element of His humanity from a source so pure, so limpid, so holy, that in heaven or on earth, nothing was ever seen, or ever shall be seen until the end of eternity, that shall be compared with the Blessed Virgin's son. Throughout His whole life of thirty-three years, nothing in it could have the slightest shadow of sin—nothing that could have the slightest feature of sin upon it, ever was allowed to come near the blessed and most immaculate soul and heart of Jesus Christ. When at last He permitted the appearance of the sin that was not His own to come upon Him—to touch Him nearly—it so frightened Him—it so horrified Him—that the blood burst, as we know, from every pore of His body. It seemed as if His body, as it were, could not stand the sight ; His was the grace of purity. Oh, my beloved brethren, that we might attain to that self-same purity, as far as our nature will permit us, that we might only know the beauty of that purity beaming from Him as its author and creator ! Christ, our Lord, laid out in His Church the path of purity, the path of innocence. But for all those who fall, or stumble, or turn aside for a moment, He has built another royal road to salvation, namely, the road of penance. One or other of these must we tread ; whether we tread the way of purity, or the way of penance, we must suffer with Christ if we wish to be purified with Him. But mark ! All pure and holy as He was—infinite purity and holiness itself—no passion to disturb Him—no evil example to exercise its influence over Him—no secret emotion of pleasure, even of that purely human pleasure, to come and interfere in the remotest degree with the perfect union with His divinity—yet, with all this, He mortified that sacred body ; He fasted ; He humbled Himself ; He prayed ; and He ended by giving that body to be scourged and to be crucified ! He shed His blood. What an example was this ! That body of Jesus Christ was no impediment to His holiness. It only helped Him ; for it was the instrument of His divine will in the salvation of man. Our bodies, on the other hand, impede us every day, and put between us and God. Every passion that dwells within us, rises from time to time to separate us from God. Every appetite that clamors for enjoyment would fain destroy the soul forever, for a momentary pleasure. Every sense that brings thought and

idea to the spirit, brings also in its train the imminent, the dangerous, the poisonous image of the evil example of sin. That which, with Christ, was a work of pleasure, is, with us, a work of toil. It is toil to deny ourselves somewhat—to put the sign of the cross, in penance and mortification, upon this flesh—to enter somewhat into the sufferings of our Lord—into His fasting—into His prayer—into His mortification—in order that our bodies may be chastened; for it is only chastened bodies that can contain pure and sinless souls. Those who are pure must chastise their bodies somewhat—must deny themselves—in order to preserve their purity. Those who are penitent must do it in order to appease the justice of God upon that body which has led them away, some time or other, from God by sin, and so tended to destroy the soul. And this is the reason why the Catholic Church commands us to fast; that it tells us we must not enjoy over much the pleasures of the theatre; the pleasures of gay and festive reunions. It tells us that we must, from time to time, be hungry, and yet not taste food—that we must be thirsty, and yet refuse to refresh ourselves for a time with drink. And this, not only that these bodies may be chastened for a time, but transformed into fitness for the glory of Heaven. And here I would remark that while every other religion, while every false religion, puts away sadness and sorrow, puts away the precept of fasting, and says that men may pander to, and feed, and cherish their bodies, the Catholic Church, alone, from the very first day of its existence, drew the sword of the spirit—the sword of mortification—and declares through her monks, through her hermits, through her virgins, through her priesthood, that the body must be subdued, it must be abased, it must be chastened, in order that the soul may rise to God by purity and grace here, and through them, to the spiritual glory of the resurrection hereafter. I say there is a third motive for our joy this morning—and it is this: May I, dearly beloved, in this which I may call the closing day of our Lent—may I congratulate those whom I see before me! The constant attendance of many among you during the last forty evenings of Lent has made your faces familiar to me. Over these Catholic countenances have I seen from time to time the expression—now, of sorrow—now, of delight—but, whether of sorrow or of joy, of sympathy with Jesus Christ. Of this am I a witness, and on this do I congratulate you. If it be true that the Christian man is indeed a man in whom Christ lives, according to the words of the Apostle, “I live no longer, I, but Christ lives within me”—then, according to his words you are lost

to yourselves; you are dead; and your life is hidden with Christ in God; if then, the Christian man be the man in whom Christ lives, well may I congratulate you upon every emotion of joy and of sorrow that has passed through your hearts and over your faces during these forty blessed days that you have passed; because these emotions were the gift of Christ, and the evidence of the life of Christ in you, and of your familiarity with Christ's image. May I congratulate you on a good confession and a fervent communion? May I, in heart and spirit, bow down before every man among you to-day, as a man who holds in his bosom Jesus Christ; as a man whose heart is not an empty tomb, like that in the garden outside Jerusalem; not occupied merely by an angel, but whose heart is the sanctuary wherein the risen and glorified Saviour dwells this morning? May I congratulate you on this? I hope so! I hope that the words that have been heard here have not been spoken in vain. It would fill me with fear if I thought there was one among the audience who filled this church during the last Lent, whose hardened heart refused to make his Easter confession and communion; and to make it as the beginning of a series of more frequent—and, if possible, of monthly confessions and communions. It would fill me with fear if I thought there was such a one here; because then there would come upon me the conviction that it was my own unworthiness—my own unfitness—my own weakness that made the Word fall fruitless on my lips, and, perhaps, make me a reprobate while I was preaching the Word. But, no! Nay, I will rather presume that God has done His own work—that the Divine Husbandman, who placed the seed of His Word in such hands as mine—most unworthy—that He has made that Word spring up, and that the fairest flowers of grace and sanctity already crown it in your hearts to-day. Upon this, therefore, I congratulate you as the third motive of your joy; that not only is the Saviour glorified in Jerusalem, but he is glorified in your hearts. Not only has He conquered death in the Garden of Gethsemane, but He has conquered death in your souls. Not only has He driven the devil and all the powers of hell before Him, as He burst from the tomb, but He has driven him from your hearts, into which He has entered this morning. Oh, brethren, keep Him! Keep Him as your best and only friend! Keep Him as you would keep the pledge of that future glory which is to come, and of which, says the Apostle, "Eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard; nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive—what things the Lord God of Heaven hath prepared for those who cease not to love Him!"

FATHER BURKE'S ANSWERS

TO

FROUDE, THE ENGLISH HISTORIAN.

FIRST LECTURE.

DELIVERED IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER
12, 1872.

[These matchless historical lectures are printed from the accurate *verbatim* reports of the New York *Irish World*, and have been carefully revised.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

It is a strange fact that the old battle, which has been raging for seven hundred years, should continue so far away from the old land. The question on which I am come to speak to you this evening is one that has been disputed at many a council board, one that has been disputed in many a parliament, one that has been disputed on many a well-fought field, and is not yet decided—the question between England and Ireland. Amongst the visitors to America who came over this year there was one gentleman distinguished in Europe for his style of writing and for his historical knowledge, the author of several works which have created a profound sensation, at least for their originality. Mr. Froude has frankly stated that he came over to this country to deal with the English and with the Irish question, viewing it from an English standpoint; that, like a true man, he came to America to make the best case that he could for his own country; that he came to state that case to an American public as to a grand jury, and to demand a verdict from them the most extraordinary that was ever yet demanded from any people—namely, the declaration

that England was right in the manner in which she has treated my native land for seven hundred years. It seems, according to this learned gentleman, that we Irish have been badly treated; that he confesses, but he put in as a plea *that we only got what we deserved*. It is true, he says, that we have governed them badly; the reason is, because it was impossible to govern them rightly. It is true that we have robbed them; the reason is, because it was a pity to leave them *their own, they made such a bad use of it*. It is true we have persecuted them; the reason is persecution was a fashion of the time and the order of the day. On those pleas there is not a criminal in prison to-day in the United States that should not instantly get his freedom by acknowledging his crime and pleading some extenuating circumstance. Our ideas about Ireland have been all wrong, it seems. Seven hundred years ago the exigencies of the time demanded the foundation of a strong British empire; in order to do this, Ireland had to be conquered, and Ireland was conquered. Since that time the one ruling idea in the English mind has been to do all the good that they could for the Irish. Their legislation and their action has not always been tender, but it has been always beneficent. They sometimes were severe; but they were severe to us for our own good, and the difficulty of England has been the Irish during these long hundreds of years; they never understood their own interests or knew what was for their own good. Now, the American mind is enlightened, and henceforth no Irishman must complain of the past in this new light in which Mr. Froude puts it before us. Now, the amiable gentleman tells us, what has been our fate in the past he greatly fears we must reconcile ourselves to in the future. He comes to tell us his version of the history of Ireland, and also to solve Ireland's difficulty, and to lead us out of all the miseries that have been our lot for hundreds of years. When he came, many persons questioned what was the motive or the reason of his coming. I have heard people speaking all round me, and assigning to the learned gentleman this motive or that. Some people said he was an emissary of the English Government, that they sent him here because they were beginning to be afraid of the rising power of Ireland in this great nation; that they saw here eight millions of Irishmen by birth, and perhaps fourteen millions by descent; and that they knew enough of the Irish to realize that the Almighty God blessed them always with an extraordinary power, not only to preserve themselves, but to spread themselves, until in a few years not fourteen, but fifty millions of descendants of Irish blood and of Irish race

will be in this land. According to those who thus surmise, England wants to check the sympathy of the American people for their Irish fellow-citizens; and it was considered that the best way to effect this was to send a learned man with a plausible story to this country, a man with a singular power of viewing facts in the light which he wishes himself to view them and put them before others, a man with the extraordinary power of so mixing up these facts that many simple-minded people will look upon them as he puts them before them as true, and whose mission it was to alienate the mind of America from Ireland to-day by showing what an impracticable, obstinate, accursed race we are.

Others, again, surmise that the learned gentleman came for another purpose. They said, England is in the hour of her weakness; she is tottering fast and visibly to her ruin; the disruption of that old empire is visibly approaching; she is to-day cast off without an ally in Europe, her army a cipher, her fleet nothing—according to Mr. Reade, a great authority on this question—nothing to be compared to the rival fleet of the great Russian power now growing up. When France was paralyzed by her late defeat, England lost her best ally. The three emperors, in their meeting the other day, contemptuously ignored her, and they settled the affairs of the world without as much as mentioning the name of that kingdom, which was once so powerful. Her resources of coal and iron are failing, her people are discontented, and she is showing every sign of decay. Thus did some people argue that England was anxious for an American alliance; for, they said, “What would be more natural than that the old tottering empire should seek to lean on the strong, mighty, vigorous young arm of America?”

I have heard others say that the gentleman came over to this country on the invitation of a little *clique* of sectarian bigots in this country. Men who, feeling that the night of religious bigotry and sectarian bitterness is fast coming to a close before the increasing light of American intelligence and education, would fain prolong the darkness for an hour or two by whatever help Mr. Froude could lend them.

But I protest to you, gentlemen, here to-night that I have heard all these motives assigned to this learned man without giving them the least attention. I believe Mr. Froude's motives to be simple, straightforward, honorable, and patriotic. I am willing to give him credit for the highest motives, and I consider him perfectly incapable of lending himself to any base or sordid proceedings from a base or sordid motive.

But as the learned gentleman's motives have been so freely canvassed and criticised, and, I believe, indeed, in many cases misinterpreted, so my own motives in coming here to-night may be perhaps also misinterpreted and misunderstood, unless I state them clearly and plainly. As he is said to come as an emissary of the English Government, so I may be said, perhaps, to appear as an emissary of rebellion or of revolution. As he is supposed by some to have the sinister motive of alienating the American mind from the Irish citizenship of the States, so I may be suspected of endeavoring to excite religious or political hatred.

Now, I protest these are not my motives; I come here to-night simply to vindicate the honor of Ireland in her history. I come here to-night lest any man should think that in this our day, or in any day, Ireland is to be left without a son who will speak for the mother that bore him.

And first of all I hold that Mr. Froude is unfit for the task he has undertaken for three great reasons: First, because I find in the writings of this learned gentleman that he solemnly and emphatically declares that he despairs of ever finding a remedy for Ireland, and he gives it up as a bad job. Here are the words, written in one of his essays a few years ago: "The present hope," he says, "is that by assiduous justice" (that is to say, by conceding everything that the Irish please to ask) "we shall disarm that enmity, and convince them of our good-will." It may be so; there are persons sanguine enough to hope that the Irish will be so moderate in what they demand, and the English so liberal in what they grant, that at last we shall fling ourselves into each other's arms in tears of mutual forgiveness. I do not share that expectation; it is more likely they will push their importunities until at last we turn upon them and refuse to yield further. And there will be a struggle once more; and either emigration to America will increase in volume until it has carried the entire race beyond our reach, or in some shape or other they will again have to be coerced into submission. "Banish them or coerce them": there is the true English speech. "My only remedy," he emphatically says, "my only hope, my only prospect for the future for Ireland is, let them all go to America; have done with the race; give to them a land at least that we have endeavored to make for seven hundred years a desert and a solitude; or, if they remain at home, they will have to be coerced into submission." I hold that that man has no right to come to America to tell the American people and the Irish in America that he cannot describe the

horoscope of Ireland's future. He ought to be ashamed to attempt it after having uttered such words.

The second reason why I say he is unfit for the task of describing Irish history is because of his contempt for the Irish people. The original sin of the Englishman has ever been his contempt for the Irish. It lies deep, though dormant, in the heart of almost every Englishman. The average Englishman despises the Irishman, looks down upon him as a being almost inferior in nature. Now, I speak not from prejudice, but from an intercourse of years, for I have lived amongst them. I have known Englishmen, amiable and generous themselves, charming characters, who would not for the whole world nourish wilfully a feeling of contempt in their hearts for any one, much less to express it in words; yet I have seen them manifest in a thousand forms that contempt for the Irish which seems to be their very nature. I am sorry to say that I cannot make any exception amongst the Protestants and Catholics of England in this feeling. I mention this not to excite animosity, or to create bad blood or bitter feeling—no, I protest this is not my meaning; but I mention this because I am convinced it lies at the very root of this antipathy and of that hatred between the English and Irish, which seems to be incurable, and I verily believe that until that feeling is destroyed you never can have cordial union between these two countries, and the only way to destroy it is by so raising Ireland through justice and by home legislation that she will attain such a position that she will command and enforce the respect of her English fellow-subjects. Mr. Froude himself, who, I am sure, is incapable of any ungenerous sentiment toward any man or any people, is an actual living example of that feeling of contempt of which I speak. In November, 1856, this learned gentleman addressed a Scottish assembly in Edinburgh. The subject of his address was, "The Effect of the Protestant Reformation upon Scottish Character." According to him, it made the Scotch the finest people on the face of the earth. Originally fine, they never got their last touch that made them, as it were, archangels amongst men, until the holy hand of John Knox touched them. On that occasion the learned gentleman introduced himself to his Scottish audience in the following words: "I have undertaken," he says, "to speak this evening on the effects of the Reformation in Scotland, and I consider myself a very bold person to have come here on any such undertaking. In the first place, the subject is one with which it is presumptuous for a stranger to meddle. Great national

movements can only be understood properly by the people whose disposition they represent. We see ourselves by our own history that Englishmen only can properly comprehend it. It is the same with every considerable nation that works out their own political and spiritual lives through tempers, humors, and passions peculiar to themselves, and the same disposition which produces the result is required to interpret it afterwards." Did the learned gentleman offer any such apology for entering so boldly upon the discussion of Irish affairs? Oh! no; there was no apology necessary; he was only going to speak of the mere Irish. There was no word to express his own fears that, perhaps, he did not understand the Irish character or the subject upon which he was about to treat; there was no apology to the Irish in America—the fourteen millions—if he so boldly was to take up their history, endeavoring to hold them up as a licentious, immoral, irreligious, contemptuous, obstinate, unconquerable race; not at all! It was not necessary; they were only Irish. If they were Scottish, then the learned gentleman would have come with a thousand apologies for his own presumption in venturing to approach such a delicate subject as the delineation of the sweet Scottish character, or anything connected with it. What, on the other hand, is his treatment of the Irish? I have—in this book before me—I have words that came from his pen, and I protest as I read them I feel every drop of my blood boil in my veins when the gentleman said, "The Irish may be good at the voting-booths, but they are no good to handle a rifle." He compares us in this essay to a "pack of hounds." He says: "To deliver Ireland—to give Ireland any meed—would be the same as if a gentleman, addressing his hounds, said, 'I give you your freedom; now, go out to act for yourselves.'" That is, he means to say, that, after worrying all the sheep in the neighborhood, they ended by tearing each other to pieces. I deplore this feeling. The man who is possessed of it can never understand the philosophy of Irish history.

Thirdly, Mr. Froude is utterly unfit for the task of delineating and interpreting the history of the Irish people because of the more than contempt and bitter hatred and detestation in which he holds the Catholic religion and the Catholic Church. In this book before me he speaks of the Catholic Church as an old serpent whose poisonous fangs have been withdrawn from her, and she is now as a Witch of Endor, mumbling curses to-day because she cannot burn at the stake and shed blood as of old. He most invariably charges the

Church and makes her responsible for the French massacre of Saint Bartholomew's day; for the persecutions of the Duke of Alva, before those days, that originated from the revolution in the Netherlands against Philip the Second; for every murder that has been committed and fouler butchery. He says, from the virus of a most intense prejudice, that the Catholic Church lies at the bottom of them all, and is responsible for them. The very gentlemen that welcomed and surrounded him when he came to New York gave him plainly to understand, where the Catholic religion is involved, where a favorite theory is to be worked out, where a favorite view is to be proved, that they did not consider him a reliable, trustworthy witness or, where his prejudices are concerned, historian. Yet I again declare—not that I believe this gentleman to be capable of lying; I believe he is incapable—but, wherever prejudice comes in such as he has, he distorts the most well-known facts for his own purposes. This gentleman wishes to exalt Queen Elizabeth by blackening Mary, Queen of Scots. In doing this he has been convicted by a citizen of Brooklyn of putting his own words as if they were the words of ancient chronicles and ancient laws, deeds, and documents, and the taunt has been flung at him, "*that Mr. Froude has never grasped the meaning of inverted commas.*" Henry the Eighth, of blessed memory, has been painted by this historian as a most estimable man, as chaste and as holy as a monk, bless your soul! A man that never robbed anybody, who every day was burning with zeal for the public good. As to putting away his wife and taking in the young and beautiful Anne Boleyn to his embrace, that was from a chaste anxiety for the public good! All the atrocities of this monster in human form—all—melt away under Mr. Froude's eye, and Henry the Eighth rises before us in such a form that even the Protestants in England, when they heard Mr. Froude's description of him, said: "Oh! you have mistaken your man, sir."

One fact will show you how this gentleman treats history: When King Henry the Eighth declared war against the Church, and when all England was convulsed by this tyranny—one day hanging a Catholic because he would not deny the supremacy of the Pope, the next day hanging a Protestant because he denied the Real Presence—anybody that differed from Henry was sure to be sent to the scaffold. It was a sure and expeditious way of silencing all argument.

During this time, when the monasteries were beginning to be pillaged, the Catholic clergy of England, especially those

who remained faithful to the Pope, were most odious to the tyrant, and such was the slavish acquiescence of the English people that they began to hate their clergy in order to please their king. Well, at this time a certain man, whose name was Hum, was lodged a prisoner in the Tower and hanged by the neck. There was a coroner's inquest held upon him, and the *twelve blackguards*—I can call them nothing else—in order to express their hatred for the Church and to please the powers which were, found a verdict against the chancellor of the Bishop of London, a most excellent priest, whom everybody knew to be such. When the bishop heard of this verdict, he applied to the Prime Minister to have the verdict quashed. He brought the matter before the House of Lords, in order that the character of his chancellor might be fully vindicated. The king's Attorney-General took cognizance of it by a solemn decree, and the verdict of the coroner's inquest was set aside, and the twelve men declared to be twelve perjurers. Now listen to Mr. Froude's version of that story. He says: "The clergy of the time were reduced to such a dreadful state that actually a coroner's inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder against the chancellor of the Bishop of London, and the bishop was obliged to apply to Cardinal Wolsey to have a special jury to try him, because if he took any twelve men in London, they would have found him guilty." Leaving the reader under the impression that this priest, this chancellor, was a monster of iniquity, and the priests of the time were as bad as he—leaving the impression that a man was guilty of the murder who was innocent as Abel, and who, if put for trial before twelve of his countrymen, they would have found him guilty on the evidence—this is the version he puts upon it, he knowing the facts as well as I know them.

Well, now, my friends, I come to consider the subject of his first lecture. Indeed, I must say I never practically experienced the difficulty of hunting a will-o'-the-wisp in a marsh until I came to follow this learned gentleman in his first lecture. I say nothing disrespectful of him at all, but simply say he covered so much ground at such unequal distances that it was impossible to follow him. He began by remarking how General Rufus King wrote such a letter about certain Irishmen, and said that the Catholics of Ireland sympathized with England, while the Protestants of Ireland were breast high for America in the old struggle between this country and Great Britain. All these questions which belong to our day I will leave aside for the close of these lectures. When I

come to speak of the men and things of our own day, then I shall have great pleasure in taking up Mr. Froude's assertions. But, coming home to the great question of Ireland, what does this gentleman tell us? For seven hundred years Ireland was invaded by the Anglo-Normans. The first thing, apparently, that he wishes to do is to justify this invasion, and establish this principle, that the Normans were right in coming to Ireland. He began by drawing a terrible picture of the state of Ireland before the invasion. "They were cutting each other's throats, the whole land was covered with bloodshed. There was in Ireland neither religion, morality, nor government; therefore the Pope found it necessary to send the Normans to Ireland, as you would send a policeman in a saloon where the people were killing one another." This is his justification, that in Ireland, seven hundred years ago, just before the Norman invasion, there was neither religion, morality, or government. Let us see if he is right.

The first proof that he gives that there was no government in Ireland is a most insidious statement. He says: "How could there be any government in a country where every family maintained itself according to its own ideas of right and wrong, acknowledging no authority." Now, if this be true in our sense of the word "family," certainly Ireland was in a most deplorable state—every family governing itself according to its notions, and acknowledging no authority. What does he mean by the words "every family"? Speaking to Americans in the nineteenth century, it means every household in the land. We speak of family as composed of father, mother, and three or four children gathered around the domestic hearth; this is our idea of the word family. I freely admit if every family in Ireland were governed by their own ideas, admitting of no authority over them, he has established his case in one thing against Ireland. But what is the meaning of the words "every family"? As every Irishman who hears me to-night knows, it meant the "sept," or the tribe, that had the same name. They owned two or three counties and a large extent of territory. The men of the same name were called the men of the same family. The MacMurrags of Leinster, the O'Tooles of Wicklow, the O'Byrnes in Kildare, the O'Conors of Connaught, the O'Neils and the O'Donnells of Ulster. The family meant a nation. Two or three counties were governed by one chieftain and represented by one man of the sept. It is quite true that each family governed itself in its own independence, and acknowledged no superior. There were five great families in Ireland. The O'Conors in

Connaught, the O'Neils in Ulster, the MacLaughlins in Meath, the O'Briens in Munster, and the MacMurrags in Leinster. And under these five great heads there were minor septs and smaller families, each counting from five or six hundred to perhaps a thousand fighting men, but all acknowledging in the different provinces the sovereignty of the five great royal houses. These five houses, again, elected their monarch, or supreme ruler, called the *Ard-righ*, who dwelt in Tara. Now, I ask you, if family meant the whole sept or tribe, or army in the field, defending their families, having their regular constituted authority and head, is it fair to say that the country was in anarchy because every family governed themselves according to their own notions? Is it fair for this gentleman to try to hoodwink and deceive the American jury, to which he has made his appeal, by describing the Irish family, which meant a sept or tribe, as a family of the nineteenth century, which means only the head of the house with the mother and the children?

Again he says: "In this deplorable state the people lived like the New Zealanders of to-day—lived in underground caves." And then he boldly says "that I myself opened up in Ireland one of these underground houses of the Irish people." Now, mark. This gentleman lived in Ireland a few years ago, and he discovered a *rath* in Kerry. In it he found some remains of mussel-shells and bones. At the time of the discovery he had the most learned archæologist in Ireland with him, and they put together their heads about it. Mr. Froude has written in this very book "that what these places were intended for, or the uses they were applied to, baffled all conjecture; no one could tell." Then if it baffled all conjecture, and he did not know what to make of it—if it so puzzled him then that no man could declare what they were for—what right has he to come out to America and say they were the ordinary dwellings of the people?

In order to understand the Norman invasion, I must ask you to consider first, my friends, the ancient Irish constitution which governed the land. Ireland was governed by "septs," or families. The land from time immemorial was in the possession of these families or tribes; each tribe elected its own chieftain, and to him they paid the most devoted obedience and allegiance, so that the fidelity of the Irish *clansman* to his chief was proverbial. The chief, during his life-time, convoked an assembly of the tribe again, and they elected from amongst the princes of his family the best and the strongest man to be his successor, and they called him the

Tanist. The object of this was that the successors of the king might be known, and at the king's death or the prince's death there might be no riot or bloodshed or contention for the right of succession to him. Was this not a wise law? The elective monarchy has its advantages. The best man comes to the front, because he is the choice of his fellow-men; for when they come to elect a successor to their prince, they choose the best man, not the king's eldest son, who might be a *booby* or a fool. And so they came together and wisely selected the best, the strongest, the bravest, and the wisest man; and he was acknowledged to have the right to the succession. He was the *Tanist*, according to the ancient law of Ireland. Well, these families, as we said, in the various provinces of Ireland owed allegiance and paid it to the king of the provinces. He was one of the five great families called "*The five great families of Ireland.*" Each prince had his own judge or *brehon*, who administered justice in the court to the people. These *brehon* judges were learned men. The historians of the time tell us that they could speak Latin as fluently as they could speak Irish. They had established a code of law, and all their colleges studied that law; and when they had graduated in their studies, came home to their respective septs or tribes, and were established as judges or *brehons* over the people. Nay, more; nowhere in the history of the island do we hear of an instance where a man rebelled or protested against the decision of his *brehon* judge. Then these five monarchs in the provinces elected an *Ard-riagh*, or high-king. With him they sat in council on national matters within the halls of imperial Tara.

There Patrick found them in the year 432, minstrel, bard, and *brehon*, prince, crowned monarch, and king; there did he find them discussing like lords and true men the affairs of the nation, when he preached to them the faith of Jesus Christ. And while this constitution remained, the clansmen paid no rent for their land. The land of the tribe or family was held in common. It was the common property of all, and the *brehon* or judge divided it, and gave to each man what was necessary for him, with free right to pasturage over the whole. They had no idea of slavery or serfdom among them. The Irish clansman was of the same blood with his chieftain. O'Brien, who sat in the saddle at the head of his men, was (?) related to (!) Gallowglass O'Brien that was in the ranks. No such thing as looking down by the chieftains upon their people. No such thing as a cowed, abject submission upon the part of the people to a tyrannical chieftain. In the ranks

they stood as freemen, freemen perfectly equal one with the other. We are told by Gerald Barry, the lying historian, who sometimes, though rarely, told the truth, that when the English came to Ireland nothing astonished them more than the free and bold manner in which the humblest man spoke to his chieftain, and the condescending kindness and spirit of equality in which the chieftain treated the humblest soldier in his tribe.

This was the ancient Irish constitution, my friends. And, now, does this look anything like anarchy? Can it be said with truth of a land where the laws were so well defined, where everything was in its proper place, that *there* was anarchy? Mr. Froude says: "*There was* anarchy there, because the chieftains were fighting among themselves." So they were; but he also adds, "There was fighting everywhere in Europe after the breaking up of the Roman Empire." Well, Mr. Froude, fighting was going on everywhere; the Saxons were fighting the Normans around them in England, and what right have you to say that Ireland, beyond all other nations, was given up to anarchy because chieftain drew the sword against chieftain from time to time.

So much for the question of government. Now for the question of religion. The Catholic religion flourished in Ireland for 600 years and more before the Anglo-Normans invaded her coasts. For the first 300 years that religion was the glory of the world and the pride of God's holy Church. Ireland for these 300 years was the island-mother home of saints and of scholars. Men came from every country in the then known world to light the lamps of knowledge and of sanctity at the sacred fire upon the altars of Ireland. Then came the Danes, and for 300 years our people were harassed by incessant war. The Danes, as Mr. Froude remarks, apparently with a great deal of approval, had no respect for Christ or for religion, and the first thing they did was to set fire to the churches and monasteries. The nuns and holy monks were scattered, and the people left without instruction. Through a time of war men don't have much time to think of religion or things of peace, and for 300 years Ireland was subject to the incursions of the Danes. On Good Friday morning, in the year 1014, Brian Boroihme defeated the Danes at Clontarf; but it was not until the 23d of August, 1103, in the twelfth century, that the Danes were driven out of the land, by the defeat of Magnus, their (?) king, at (?) Lochstranford, in the (?) centre of Ireland. The consequence of these Danish wars was that the Catholic religion, though it remained in all

its vital strength, in all the purity of its faith amongst the Irish people, yet it remained sadly shorn of that sanctity which adorned for the first 300 years Irish Christianity. Vices sprung up amongst the people, for they were accustomed to war! *war!* WAR! night and day for three centuries. Where is the people on the face of the earth that would not be utterly demoralized by fifty years of war, much less by 300? The Wars of the Roses in England did not last more than three years, and they left the English people so demoralized that almost without a struggle they changed their religion at the dictates of the blood-thirsty and licentious tyrant Henry VIII.

No sooner was the Dane gone than the Irish people summoned their bishops and their priests to council, and we find almost every year after the final expulsion of the Dane a council held. There gathered the bishops, priests, the leaders, and the chieftains of the land, the heads of the great septs or families. There they made those laws by which they endeavored to repair all the evils of the Danish invasion. Strict laws of Christian morality were enforced, and again and again we find these councils assembled to receive a Papal legate—Cardinal Papero in the year 1164, five years before the Norman invasion. They invited the Papal legate to the council, and we find the Irish people every year after the Norman invasion obeying the laws of the council without a murmur. We find the council of Irish bishops assembled, supported by the sword and power of the chieftains, with the Pope's legate, who was received into Ireland with open arms whenever his master sent him, without let or hindrance. When he arrived he was surrounded with all the devotion and chivalrous affection which the Irish have always paid to their representatives of religion in the country.

And, my friends, it is worth our while to see what was the consequence of all these councils, what was the result of this great religious revival which was taking place in Ireland during the few years that elapsed between the last Danish invasion and the invasion of the Normans. We find three Irish saints reigning together in the Church. We find St. Malachi, one of the greatest saints, Primate of Armagh; we find him succeeded by St. Celsus, and, again, by Gregorius, whose name is a name high up in the martyrology of the time. We find in Dublin St. Lawrence O'Toole, of glorious memory. We find Felix and Christian, Bishops of Lismore; Catholicus, of Down; Augustin, of Waterford; and every man of them famed, not only in Ireland, but throughout the

whole Church of God, for the greatness of their learning and for the brightness of their sanctity. We find at the same time Irish monks famous for their learning as men of their class, and as famous for their sanctity. In the great Irish Benedictine Monastery of Ratisbon we find Lawrence and twelve other Irish monks. We find, moreover, that the very year before the Normans arrived in Ireland, in 1168, a great counsel was held at Athboy, thirteen thousand Irishmen representing the nation. Thirteen thousand warriors on horseback attended the council, and the bishops and priests with their chiefs, to take the laws they made from them and hear whatever the Church commanded them to obey. What was the result of all this? Ah! my friends, I am not speaking from any prejudiced point of view. It has been said "that if Mr. Froude gives the history of Ireland from an outside view, of course Father Burke would have to give it from an inside view." Now, I am not giving it from an inside view; I am only quoting English authorities. I find that in this very interval between the Danish and Saxon invasion Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, writing to O'Brien, King of Munster, congratulates him on the religious spirit of his people. I find St. Anselm, one of the greatest saints that ever lived, and Archbishop of Canterbury under William Rufus, writes to Murtagh, King of Munster: "I give thanks to God," he says, "for the many good things we hear of your highness, and especially for the profound peace which the subjects of your realm enjoy. All good men who hear this give thanks to God and pray that he may grant you length of days." The man who wrote that perhaps was thinking while he was writing of the awful anarchy, impiety, and darkness of the most dense and terrible kind which covered his own land of England in the reign of the Red King William Rufus. And yet we are told, indeed, by Mr. Froude—a good judge he seems to be of religion; for he says in one of his lectures: "Religion is a thing of which one man knows as much as another, and none of us knows anything at all"—he tells us that the Irish were without religion at the very time when the Irish Church was forming itself into the model of sanctity which it was at the time of the Danish invasion, when Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught, was acknowledged by every prince and chieftain in the land to be the high-king, or *Ard righ*.

Now, as far as regards what he says—"that Ireland was without morality"—I have but little to say. I will answer that by one fact. A king of Ireland stole another man's wife.

His name—accursed!—was Dermot MacMurragh, King of Leinster. Every chieftain in Ireland, every man, rose up and banished him from Irish soil as unworthy to live on it. If these were the immoral people—if these were the bestial, incestuous, depraved race which they are described by leading Norman authorities to be—may I ask you might not King Dermot turn round and say: “Why are you making war upon me; is it not the order of the day? Have I not as good a right to be a blackguard as anybody else?” Now comes Mr. Froude and says: “The Normans were sent to Ireland to teach the Ten Commandments to the Irish.” In the language of Shakspeare I would say: “Oh! Jew, I thank thee for that word.” In these Ten Commandments the three most important are, in their relation to human society, “Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s wife.”

The Normans, even in Mr. Froude’s view, had no right or title under heaven to one square inch of the soil of Ireland. They came to take what was not their own, what they had no right or title to; and they came as robbers and thieves to teach the Ten Commandments to the Irish people, amongst them the commandment, “Thou shalt not steal.”

Henry landed in Ireland in 1171. He was after murdering the holy Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Thomas à Becket. They scattered his brains before the foot of the altar, before the Blessed Sacrament at the Vesper hour. The blood of the saint and martyr was upon his hands when he came to Ireland to teach the Irish, “Thou shalt not kill.” What was the occasion of their coming? When the adulterer was driven from the sacred soil of Erin as one unworthy to profane it by his tread, he went over to Henry, and procured from him a letter permitting any of his subjects that chose to embark for Ireland to do so, and there to reinstate the adulterous tyrant King Dermot in his kingdom. They came there as protectors and helpers of adultery to teach the Irish people, “Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s wife.”

Mr. Froude tells us they were right, that they were the apostles of purity, honesty, and clemency. Mr. Froude “*is an honorable man.*” Ah! but he says, Remember, my good Dominican friend, “that if they came to Ireland, they came because the Pope sent them.” Henry, in the year 1174, produced a letter, which he said he received from Pope Adrian IV., which commissioned himself to Ireland, and permitted him there, according to the terms of the letter, to do whatever he thought right and fit to promote the glory of God and the

good of the people. The date that was on the letter was 1154, consequently it was twenty years old. During the twenty years nobody ever heard of that letter, except Henry, who had it in his pocket, and an old man, called John of Salisbury, who wrote how he went to Rome and procured the letter in a higger-mugger way from the Pope. Now, let us examine this letter. It has been examined by a better authority than me. It has been examined by one who is here to-night, who has brought to bear upon it the acumen of his great knowledge. It was dated, according to Rhymer, the great English authority, 1154. Pope Adrian was elected Pope the 3d of December, 1154. No sooner was the news of his election received in England than John of Salisbury was sent out to congratulate him by King Henry, and to get this letter. It must have been the 3d of January, 1155, before the news reached England; for in those days no news could come to England from Rome in less than a month. John of Salisbury set out, and it must have been another month, the end of February or the beginning of March, 1155, before he arrived in Rome, and the letter *was dated* 1154. This date of Rhymer's was found inconvenient, wherever he got it, and the current date afterwards was 1155. "But there was a copy of it kept in the archives of Rome, and how do you get over that?" The copy had no date at all! Now, this copy, according to Baronius, had no date at all, and, according to the Roman laws, a rescript that has no date is invalid, just so much waste-paper; so that even if Pope Adrian gave it, it is worth nothing. Again, learned authors tell us that the existence of a document in the archives of Rome does not prove the authority of the document. It may be kept there as a mere historical record.

But suppose that Pope Adrian *had* given the letter to Henry, and Henry had kept it so secret because his mother, the Empress Matilda, did not want him to act upon it. Well, when he did act upon it, why did he not produce it? That was the only warrant on which he came to Ireland, invaded the country, and he never breathed a word to a human being about that letter. There is a lie on the face of it! Oh! Mr. Froude reminded me "to remember that Alexander III., his successor, mentions that rescript of Adrian's, and confirms it." I answer, with Dr. Lynch and the learned author, Dr. Moran, of Ossory, and with many Irish scholars and historians, that *Alexander's* letter is a forgery as well as Adrian's.

I grant that there are learned men who admit the Bull of Adrian and Alexander's rescript; but there are equally

learned men who deny that Bull, and I have as good reason to believe one as the other, and *I prefer to believe it was a forgery*. Alexander's letter bears the date 1172. Now, let us see whether it is likely for the Pope Alexander to give Henry such a letter, recommending him to go to Ireland, the beloved son of the Lord, to take care of the Church, etc. Remember it is said that Adrian gave the rescript, and did not know the man he gave it to. But Alexander knew him well! Henry, in 1159 and 1176, supported the Anti-Popes against Alexander, and, according to Matthew of Westminster, King Henry II. obliged every one in England, from the boy of twelve years of age to the old man, to renounce their allegiance to Alexander III., and go over to the Anti-Popes. Now, is it likely that Alexander would give him a rescript telling him to go to Ireland then and settle ecclesiastical matters? Alexander himself wrote to Henry, and said to him: "Instead of remedying the disorders caused by your predecessors, you have added prevarication to prevarication; you have oppressed the Church, and endeavored to destroy the canons of apostolical men."

Such is the man that Alexander sent to Ireland to make them good people. According to Mr. Froude, "the Irish never loved the Pope until the Normans taught them." What is the fact? Until the accursed Norman came to Ireland the Papal legate always came to the land at his pleasure. No king ever obstructed him; no Irish hand was ever raised against a bishop, priest of the land, or Papal legate. After the first legate, Cardinal Vivian, passed over to England, Henry took him by the throat and made him swear that when he went to Ireland he would do nothing against the interests of the king. It was an unheard-of thing that archbishops and cardinals should be persecuted until the Normans taught the world how to do it with their accursed feudal system, concentrating all power in the king.

Ah! bitterly did Lawrence O'Toole feel it, the great heroic saint of Ireland, when he went to England on his last voyage. The moment he arrived in England the king's officers made him prisoner. The king left orders that he was never to set foot in Ireland again.

It was this man that was sent over as an apostle of morality to Ireland; he who was the man accused of violating the betrothed wife of his own son, Richard I.; a man whose crimes will not bear repetition; a man who was believed by Europe to be possessed of the devil; a man of whom it is written "that when he got into a fit of anger he tore off his

clothes and sat naked, chewing straw like a beast." Further, more, is it likely that a Pope who knew him so well, who suffered so much from him, would have sent him to Ireland—the murderer of bishops, the robber of churches, the destroyer of ecclesiastical liberty, and every form of liberty that came before him. No! I never will believe that the Pope of Rome was so very short-sighted, so unjust, as by a stroke of his pen to abolish and destroy the liberties of the most faithful people who ever bowed down in allegiance to him.

But let us suppose that Pope Adrian gave the Bull. I hold still it was of no account, because it was obtained under false pretences; for he told the Pope, "The Irish are in a state of miserable existence," which did not exist. Secondly, he told a lie, and according to the Roman law, a Papal rescript obtained on a lie was null and void. Again, when Henry told the Pope, when he gave him that rescript and power to go to Ireland, that he would fix everything right, and do everything for the glory of God and the good of the people, he had no intention of doing it, and never did it; consequently, the rescript was null and void.

But suppose the rescript was valid. Well, my friends, what power did it give Henry? Did it give him the land of Ireland? Not a bit of it. All it was that the Pope said was, "I give you power to enter Ireland, there to do what is necessary for the glory of God and the good of the people." At most, he said he wished of the Irish chieftains to acknowledge his high sovereignty over the land. Now, you must know that in these early Middle Ages there were two kinds of sovereignty. There was a sovereignty that ruled the people and the land, the king governing these, as the kings and emperors do in Europe to-day. Besides this, there was a sovereignty which required the homage only of the chieftains of the land, but which left them in perfect liberty and in perfect independence. The latter demanded a nominal tribute of their homage and worship, and nothing more. This was all evidently that the Pope of Rome claimed in Ireland, if he permitted so much; and the proof of it here lies, that when Henry II. came to Ireland he did not claim of the Irish kings that they should give up their sovereignty. He left Roderic O'Conor, King of Connaught, acknowledging him as a fellow-king; he acknowledged his royalty, and confirmed him when he demanded of him the allegiance and the homage of a feudal prince, a feudal sovereign, leaving him in perfect independence.

Again, let us suppose that Henry intended to conquer Ire-

land and bring it into slavery ; did he succeed ? Was there a conquest at all ? Nothing like it. He came to Ireland, and the kings and princes of the Irish people said to him : " Well, we are willing to acknowledge your high sovereignty ; you are the Lord of Ireland, but we are the owners of the land. It is simply acknowledging your title as Lord of Ireland, nothing more." If he intended anything more, he never carried out his intention ; he was able to conquer that portion which was held before by the Danes, but not outside. It is a fact that when the Irish had driven the Danes out of Ireland at Clontarf, as they were always straightforward and generous in the hour of their triumph, they permitted the Danes to remain in Dublin, Wexford, Wicklow, and Waterford, and from the Hill of Howth to Waterford. The consequence was that the whole eastern shore of Ireland was in the possession of the Danes. The Normans came over, and were regarded by the Irish as cousins to the Danes, and only took the Danish territory and nothing more ; and they were willing to share with them. Therefore there was no cause now for Mr. Froude's second justification of these most iniquitous acts, that Ireland was a prey to the Danes. He says the Danes came to the land and made the Irish people ferocious, and leaves his hearers to infer that the Danish wars in Ireland were only a succession of individual and ferocious contests between tribe and tribe, and between man and man ; whereas they were a magnificent trial of strength between two of the greatest and strongest nations that ever met foot to foot or hand to hand on a battle-field. The Danes were unconquerable.

The Celt for 300 years fought with them, and disputed every inch of the land with them, filled every valley in the land with their dead bodies, and in the end drove them back into the North Sea and freed his native land from their domination. This magnificent contest is represented by this historian as a mere ferocious onslaught, daily renewed, between man and man in Ireland. The Normans arrived, and we have seen how they were received. The Butlers and Fitzgeralds went down into Kildare, the De Berminghams and Burkes went down into Connaught. The people offered them very little opposition, gave them a portion of their lands, and welcomed them amongst them ; they began to love them as if they were their own flesh and blood. But, my friends, these Normans, so haughty in England, who despised the Saxons so bitterly that their name for the Saxon was " villein," or churl, who would not allow a Saxon to sit at the same table with them,

who never thought of intermarrying with the Saxons for many long years; the proud Norman, ferocious in his passions, brave as a lion, formed by his Crusades and Saracenic wars the bravest warrior of his times, this steel-clad knight disdained the Saxon. Even one of their followers, Gerald Barry, speaking of the Saxons, says: "I am a Welshman. Who would think of comparing the Welsh with the Saxon boors, the basest race on the face of the earth. They fought one battle, and when the Normans conquered them they consented to be slaves for evermore. Who would compare them with the Welsh, the Celtic race," says this man, "with the brave, intellectual, and magnanimous race of the Celts?" Now, my friends, when these Normans went down into Ireland amongst the Irish people, went out from the Danish portion of the pale, what is the first thing that we see? They threw off their Norman traits, forgot their Norman-French language, and took to the Irish, took Irish wives, and were glad to get them, and adopted Irish customs, until in 200 years after the Norman invasion we find that these proud descendants of William Fitz Adhelm, the Earls of Clanricarde, changed their names to MacWilliam Burkes *oughter* and *eeghter* (or the upper and lower sons of William) in the time of Lionel, Duke of Clarence; and as they called themselves by the name, so they adopted the language and customs of the country. During the four hundred sad years that followed the Norman invasion down to the accession of Henry VIII., Mr. Froude has nothing to say but that Ireland was in a constant state of anarchy and confusion, and it is too true. It is perfectly true. Chieftain against chieftain! It was comparative peace before the invasion, but when the Normans came in they drew them on by craft and cunning. The ancient historian Strabo says: "The Gauls always march openly to their end, and they are therefore easily circumvented." So when the Normans came and the Saxons, they sowed dissensions among the people, they stirred them up against each other, and the bold, hot blood of the Celt was always ready to engage in contest and in war. What was the secret of that incessant and desolating war? There is no history more painful to read than the history of the Irish people from the day that the Norman landed on their coast until the day when the great issue of Protestantism was put before the nation, and when Irishmen rallied in that great day as one man. My friends, the true secret is that early and constant effort of the English to force upon Ireland the feudal system, and consequently to rob the Irish of every inch of their land and to exterminate the Celtic race. I lay this

down as the one secret, the one thread, by which you may unravel the tangled skein of our history for the 400 years that followed the Norman invasion. The Normans and the Saxons came with the express purpose and design of taking every foot of land in Ireland and exterminating the Celtic race. It is an awful thing to think of, but we have evidence for it. First of all, Henry II., whilst he made his treaties with the Irish king, secretly divided the whole of Ireland into ten portions, and allowed each of these portions to one of his Norman knights. In a word, he robbed the Irish people and the Irish chieftains of every single foot of land in the Irish territory. It is true they were not able to take possession. It is as if a master robber were to divide the booty before it is taken. It is far easier to assign property not yet stolen than to put the thieves in possession of it. There were Irish hands and Irish battle-blades in the way for many a long year, nor has it been accomplished to this day. In order to root out the Celtic race and to destroy us, mark the measures of legislation which followed.

First of all, my friends, whenever an Englishman was put in possession of an acre of land he got the right to trespass upon his Irish neighbors, and to take their land as far as he could, and they had no action in a court of law to recover their land. If an Irishman brought an action at law against an Englishman for taking half of his field or for trespassing upon his land, according to the law from the very beginning, that Irishman was sent out of court, there was no action, the Englishman was perfectly justified. Worse than this, they made laws declaring that the killing of an Irishman was no felony. Sir John Davis tells us how, upon a certain occasion at the assizes of Waterford, in the 29th of Edward I., a certain Thomas Butler brought an action against Robert de Almay to recover certain goods that Robert had stolen from him. The case was brought into court. Robert acknowledged that he had stolen the goods, that he was a thief. The defence that he put in was that Thomas, the man he had plundered, was an *Irishman*. The case was tried. Now, my friends, just think of it! The issue that was put before the jury was *whether Thomas, the plaintiff, was an Irishman or an Englishman?* Robert, the thief, was obliged to give back the goods, for the jury found Thomas was an Englishman. But if the jury found that Thomas was an Irishman, he might go without the goods there was no action against him. We find upon the same authority, Sir John Davis, a description of a certain occasion at Waterford where a man named Robert Welsh

killed an Irishman. He was arraigned and tried for manslaughter, and he, without the slightest difficulty, acknowledged it. "Yes, I did kill him; you cannot try me for it, for he was an Irishman." Instantly he was let out of the dock, on condition, as the Irishman was in the service at the time of an English master, he should pay whatever he compelled him to pay for the loss of his services, and the murderer might go scot free. "Not only," says Sir John Davis, "were the Irish considered aliens, but they were considered enemies, insomuch that though an Englishman might settle upon an Irishman's land there was no redress, but if an Irishman wished to buy an acre of land from an Englishman, he could not do it. So they kept the land they had, and they were always adding to it by plunder; they could steal without ever buying any. If any man made a will and left an acre of land to an Irishman, the moment it was proved that he was an Irishman the land was forfeited to the Crown of England, even if it was only left in trust to him, as we have two very striking examples. We read that a certain James Butler left some lands in Meath in trust for charitable purposes, and he left them to his two chaplains. It was proved that the two priests were Irishmen, and that it was left to them in trust for charitable purposes; yet the land was forfeited because the two men were Irishmen. Later, on a certain occasion, Mrs. Catharine Dowdall, a pious woman, made a will, leaving some land, also for charitable purposes, to her chaplain, and the land was forfeited because the priest was an Irishman. In the year 1367, Lionel, third son of Edward III., Duke of Clarence, came to Ireland, held a parliament, and passed certain laws in Kilkenny. You will scarcely believe what I am going to tell you. Some of them were as follows: "If any man speak the Irish language, or keep company with the Irish, or adopt Irish customs, his lands shall be taken from him and forfeited to the Crown of England." "If any Englishman married an Irishwoman," what do you think was the penalty? He was sentenced to be half hanged, to have his heart cut out before he was dead, and to have his head struck off, and every right to his land passed to the Crown of England. "Thus," says Sir John Davis, "it is evident that the constant design of English legislation in Ireland was to possess the best Irish lands and to extirpate and exterminate the Irish people."

Citizens of America, Mr. Froude came here to appeal to you for your verdict, and he asks you to say, Was not England justified in her treatment of Ireland because the Irish people would not submit? Now, citizens of America, would

not the Irish people be the vilest dogs on the face of the earth if they submitted to such treatment as this? Would they be worthy of the name of men if they submitted to be robbed, plundered, and degraded? It is true that in all this legislation we see this same spirit of contempt of which I spoke in the beginning of my lecture. But, remember, it was these Saxon churls that were thus despised, and ask yourselves what race they treated with so much contumely, and attempted in every way to degrade, whilst they were ruining and robbing. Gerald Barry, the liar, speaking of the Irish race, said: "The Irish came from the grandest race that he knew of on this side of the world, and there are no better people under the sun." By the word "better" he meant more valiant and more intellectual. Those who came over from England were called Saxon "hogs," or churls, while the Irish called them *Buddagh Sassenach*. These were the men who showed in the very system by which they were governed that they could not understand the nature of a people who refused to be slaves. They were slaves themselves. Consider the history of the feudal system under which they lived. According to the feudal system of government the king of England was lord of every inch of land in England; every foot of land in England was the king's, and the nobles who had the land held it from the king, and held it under feudal conditions the most degrading that can be imagined. For instance, if a man died and left his heir, a son or daughter, under age, the heir or heiress, together with the estate, went into the hands of the king. He might, perhaps, leave a widow with ten children; she would have to support all the children herself out of her dower, but the estate and the eldest son or the eldest daughter went into the hands of the king. Then, during their minority, the king could spend the revenues or could sell the castle and sell the estate without being questioned by any one; and when the son or daughter came of age, he then sold them in marriage to the highest bidder. We have Godfrey of Mandeville buying for twenty thousand marks from King John the hand of Isabella, Countess of Gloucester. We have Isabella de Linjera, another heiress, offering two hundred marks to King John—for what?—for liberty to marry whoever she liked, and not to be obliged to marry the man he would give her. If a widow lost her husband, the moment the breath was out of him the lady and the estate were in the possession of the king, and he might squander the estate or do whatever he liked with it, and then he could sell the woman. We have a curious example of this. We have Alice, Countess of War-

wick, paying King John one thousand pounds sterling in gold for leave to remain a widow as long as she liked, and then to marry any one she liked. This was the slavery called the feudal system, of which Mr. Froude is so proud, and of which he says, "It lay at the root of all that is noble and good in Europe." The Irish could not understand it, small blame to them! But when the Irish people found that they were to be hunted down like wolves—found their lands were to be taken from them, and that there was no redress—over and over again the Irish people sent up petitions to the King of England to give them the benefit of the English law and they would be amenable to it, but they were denied and told that they should remain as they were—that is to say, England was determined to extirpate them and get every foot of Irish soil. This is the one leading idea or principle which animates England in her treatment of Ireland throughout those four hundred years, and it is the only clue you can find to that turmoil and misery and constant fighting which was going on in Ireland during that time. Sir James Cusick, the English commissioner sent over by Henry VIII., wrote to his majesty these quaint words: "The Irish be of opinion amongst themselves that the English wish to get all their land and to root them out completely." He just struck the nail on the head. Mr. Froude himself acknowledges that the land question lies at the root of the whole business. Nay, more, the feudal system would have handed over every inch of land in Ireland to the Norman king and his Norman nobles, and the O'Briens, the O'Tooles, the O'Donnells, and the O'Conors were of more ancient and better blood than that of William, the bastard Norman.

The Saxon might submit to feudal law and be crushed into a slave, a clod of the earth; the Celt never would. England's great mistake—in my soul I am convinced that the great mistake, of all others the greatest—lay in this, that the English people never realized the fact that in dealing with the Irish they had to deal with the proudest race upon the face of the earth. During these wars the Norman earls, the Ormonds, the Desmonds, the Geraldines, the De Burghs, were at the head and front of every rebellion; the English complained of them, and said they were worse than the Irish rebels, constantly stirring up disorders. Do you know the reason why? Because they as Normans were under the feudal law, and therefore the king's sheriff would come down on them at every turn with fines and forfeitures of the land held from the king; so by keeping the country in disorder they were always able to be sheriffs, and they preferred the

Irish freedom to the English feudalism; therefore they fomented and kept up these discords. It was the boast of my kinsmen of Clanricarde that, with the blessing of God, they would never allow a king's writ to run in Connaught. Dealing with this period in our history, Mr. Froude says that the Irish chieftains and their septs, or tribes, were doing this or that, the Geraldines, the Desmonds, and the Ormonds. I say: "Slowly, Mr. Froude! that the Geraldines and the Ormonds were not the Irish people; so don't father their acts upon the Irish; the Irish chieftains have enough to answer for." During these four hundred years I protest to you that, in this most melancholy period of our sad history, I have found but two cases, two instances that cheer me, and both were the action of Irish chieftains. In one we find that Turlough O'Connor put away his wife; she was one of the O'Briens. Theobald Burke, one of the Earls of Clanricarde, lived with the woman. With the spirit of their heroic ancestors, the Irish chieftains of Connaught came together, deposed him and drove him out of the place. Later on we find another chieftain, Brian McMahon, who induced O'Donnell, chief of the Hebrides, to put away his lawful wife and marry a daughter of his own. The following year they fell out, and McMahon drowned his own son-in-law. The chiefs, O'Donnell and O'Neill, came together with their forces and deposed McMahon in the cause of virtue, honor, and womanhood. I have looked in vain through these four hundred years for one single trait of generosity or of the assertion of virtue amongst the Anglo-Norman chiefs, and the dark picture is only relieved by these two gleams of Irish patriotism and Irish zeal in the cause of virtue, honor, and purity.

Now, my friends, Mr. Froude opened another question in his first lecture. He said that all this time, while the English monarchs were engaged in trying to subjugate Scotland and subdue their French provinces, the Irish were rapidly gaining ground, coming in and entering the pale year by year; the English power in Ireland was in danger of annihilation, and the only thing that saved it was the love of the Irish for their own independent way was of fighting, which, though favorable to freedom, was hostile to national unity. He says, speaking of that time, "Would it not have been better to have allowed the Irish chieftains to govern their own people? Freedom to whom? Freedom to the bad, to the violent—it is no freedom." I deny that the Irish chieftains, with all their faults, were, as a class, bad men or violent. I deny that they were engaged, as Mr. Froude says, in cutting their people's throats, that they

were a people who would never be satisfied. Mr. Froude tells us emphatically and significantly that the "Irish people were satisfied with their chieftains"; but people are not satisfied under a system where their throats are being cut. The Irish chieftains were the bane of Ireland by their divisions; the Irish chieftains were the ruin of their country by their want of union and want of generous acquiescence to some great and noble head that would save them by uniting them; the Irish chieftains, even in the days of the heroic Edward Bruce, did not rally around him as they ought. In their divisions is the secret of Ireland's slavery and ruin through those years. But, with all that, history attests that they were still magnanimous enough to be the fathers of their people, and to be the natural leaders, as God intended them to be, of their septs, families, and namesakes. And they struck whatever blow they did strike in what they imagined to be the cause of right, justice, and principle, and the only blow that came in the cause of outraged honor and purity came from the hand of the Irish chiefs in those dark and dreadful years.

I will endeavor to follow this learned gentleman in his subsequent lectures. Now a darker cloud than that of mere invasion is lowering over Ireland; now comes the demon of religious discord, the sword of religious persecution waving over the distracted and exhausted land. And we shall see whether this historian has entered into the spirit of the great contest that followed, and that in our day has ended in a glorious victory for Ireland's Church and Ireland's nationality, and which will be followed as assuredly by a still more glorious future.

SECOND LECTURE.

DELIVERED IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER
14, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

WE now come to consider the second lecture of the eminent English historian who has come among us. It covers one of the most interesting and terrible passages in our history, and takes in three reigns—the reign of Henry VIII., the reign of Elizabeth, and the reign of James I. I scarcely consider the reign of Edward VI., or of Philip and Mary, worth counting. Mr. Froude began his second lecture with a rather startling paradox. He asserted that Henry VIII. was a hater of disorder. Now, my friends, every man in this world has his hero ; and, consciously or unconsciously, every man selects some character out of history that he admires until at length, by continually dwelling on the virtues and excellences of his hero, he comes to almost worship him. From among the grand historic names written in the world's annals every man is free to select whom he likes best, and using this privilege, Mr. Froude has made the most singular selection of which you or I ever heard. His hero is Henry VIII. It speaks volumes for the integrity of Mr. Froude's own mind. It is a strong argument that he possesses a charity most sublime that he is enabled to discover virtues in the historical character of one of the greatest monsters that ever cursed the earth. But he has succeeded in this, to us, apparent impossibility, and discovered, among other shining virtues, in the character of the English Nero a great love for order and hatred of disorder. Well, we must stop at the very first sentence of the learned gentleman and enquire how much truth there is in it, and how much only a figment of imagination. All order in the state is based on three grand principles, my friends : first, the supremacy of the law ; second, respect for liberty of conscience ; and, third, a tender regard for that which lies at the foundation of all human society—namely, the sanctity of the marriage tie.

The first element of order in every state is the supremacy of the law, for in this lies the very quintessence of human

freedom and of order. The law is supposed to be, according to the definition of Aquinas, "the judgment pronounced by profound reason and intellect, thinking and legislating for the public good." The law is therefore the expression of reason—reason backed by authority, reason influenced by the noble motive of the public good. This being the nature of law, the very first thing that is demanded for the law is that every man shall bow down to it and obey it. No man in any community has any right to claim exemption from obedience to the law, least of all the man at the head of the community, because he is supposed to represent the nation and nation's spirit, and to give to the people an example of virtue and of obedience to the law. Was Henry VIII. an upholder of the law? was he obedient to England's law? I deny it, and I have the evidence of history to back me in that denial, and to prove that Henry VIII. was one of the greatest enemies of freedom and law that ever lived in this world, and consequently one of the greatest tyrants. I shall only give one example out of ten thousand which might be taken from the history of the time. When Henry VIII. broke with the Pope, he called upon his subjects to acknowledge him (bless the mark!) as the spiritual head of the Church. There were three abbots of three Charter-houses in London—the Abbot of London, the Abbot of Ascium, and the Abbot Belaval. These three abbots refused to acknowledge Henry as the supreme spiritual head of the Church. They were arrested and held for trial, and a jury of twelve citizens was impanelled to try them. The first principle of English law, the grand palladium of English legislation and freedom, is the perfect liberty of a jury. A jury must be free not only from coercion, but from prejudice and prejudgment. A jury must be impartial, and free to record the verdict at which their impartial judgment has arrived. Those twelve men refused to convict the three abbots of high treason. Their decision was grounded on this, it has never been known in England that it was high treason to deny the spiritual supremacy of the king. Henry sent word to the jury that if they did not find the accused guilty he would visit upon the jury the penalties which he had intended for the abbots. Thus did he defy the rights guaranteed to the English people in the charter of England's liberties, the Magna Charta, and trample upon the first grand element of English jurisprudence—the liberty of the jury. Citizens of America, would any of you like to be tried for treason by twelve men of whom the President of the United States had said that they must find you guilty or the penalties of treason would be visited to

them. Where would be the liberty and law with which you are fortunately blessed, if your trials by jury were conducted after the pattern of Mr. Froude's lover of order and hater of disorder, Henry VIII.? When Henry prohibited the Catholic religion among his subjects, what did he give them instead? Certainly not Protestantism, for to the last day of his life if he could have laid hands on Luther, he would have made a toast of him. *He heard Mass upto his death, and after his death a solemn High Mass was celebrated over his inflated corpse, that the Lord might have mercy on his soul.* Ah! my friends, some other poor soul, I suppose, got the benefit of that Mass.

The second grand element is respect for conscience. The conscience of man, and consequently of a nation, is supposed to be the great guide in all the relations that individuals or the people bear to God. Conscience is so free that Almighty God himself respects it. It is a theological axiom that if a man does wrong when he thinks he is doing right, the wrong will not be attributed to him by Almighty God. Was this man Henry a respecter of conscience? One of ten thousand instances of his contempt for liberty of conscience—let me select one. He ordered the people of England to change their religion, and to give up that grand system of dogmatic teaching which is in the Catholic Church, where every man knows what to believe, what to do, and what to avoid. And what religion did Henry offer to the people of England? He simply said to them: Every man in the land must agree with me in whatever I decide in religion. More than this, his Parliament—a slavish Parliament, every man afraid of his life—passing a law not only making it high treason to disagree with the king in anything that he believed, but that no man should dispute anything which the king should even believe at any future time. No man was allowed to have a conscience. “I am your conscience,” he said to the nation; “I am your infallible guide in what you have to believe and what you have to do, and any man who disputes my infallibility is guilty of high treason, and I will stain my hands in his heart's blood.”

The third great element of order is the great keystone of the arch of society—the sanctity of the marriage vow. Whatever else is interfered with, that must not be touched, for the Lord says, “Whom God joins together let no man put asunder.” No power in heaven or in earth, much less in hell, can dissolve the tie of marriage. But the hero, this “lover of order and hater of disorder,” had so little respect for the sanctity of marriage that he put away from him, brutally, his lawful wife, and took in her stead, while she was yet living, a woman sup-

posed to be his own daughter. He married six wives. Two he repudiated, divorced; two he beheaded; one died in childbirth; the sixth and the last, Catherine Parr, found her name among the list of destined victims in Henry's book, and would have had her head cut off had the monster lived a few days longer. I ask you if it is not too much in face of these facts, taken from history, for Mr. Froude to come before an enlightened and intelligent American public and ask them to believe the absurd paradox, that Henry VIII. was an admirer of order and a hater of disorder.

But Mr. Froude may say this is not fair; I said in my lecture that I would have nothing to do with Henry VIII.'s matrimonial transactions. Ah! Mr. Froude, you were wise. But at least Mr. Froude says, In his relations to Ireland "I claim that he was a hater of disorder," and the proofs he gives are as follows:

First he says that one of the curses of Ireland is absentee landlords, and he is right. Henry VIII., he says, put an end to that absenteeism in the simplest way imaginable. He took the estates from the absentees and gave them to other people who were willing to live on them. That sounds very plausible. Let us analyze it. During the Wars of the Roses between Lancaster and York, which preceded the Reformation in England, many old Anglo-Norman families settled in Ireland crossed over to England and joined in the fight. It was an English question, and an English war, and the consequence was that many English settlers in Ireland abandoned their estates to take part in it. Others again left Ireland because they had large English properties, and preferred to reside in England. When Henry VIII. ascended the throne, the English pale consisted of about one-half of the counties of Louth, Meath, Wicklow, Dublin, and Wexford. According to Mr. Froude, Henry did a great act of justice in taking the estates of the English absentees and parcelling them out among his own favorites and friends. It is a historic fact that the Irish people, as soon as the English settlers retired, came in and repossessed themselves of these estates, which were their own property. And mark, my friends, that even had the Irish people no title to that property as their ancient and God-given inheritance, they had the right which is everywhere recognized, *Bona derelicta sunt primi capientis*—which, in plain English, means that things abandoned belong to the man who is first to get hold of them. But much more just was the title of the Irish to the lands abandoned by the English. The lands were their own. They had been unjustly dispossessed

of them, and they had the right to regain them. They therefore had two titles. The land was theirs because they found it untenanted, theirs because they had once owned it and never lost the right of it. But Henry, being a lover of order, dispossessed the absentees of their estates and turned the property over to other Englishmen, men who would live in Ireland and on the land, and Mr. Froude claims that in so doing he acted well for the Irish people. But the doing of this involved the driving of the Irish people a second time from their own property. Suppose that the President of the United States should seize your property and give it to a friend of his, and say to you, "Now, my friend and fellow-citizen, remember I am a lover of order; I have given you a resident landlord." Such was the benefit which Henry conferred on Ireland in turning out the Irish owners to give place to English resident landlords.

In 1520 Henry sent the Earl of Surrey to Ireland. Surrey was a brave soldier, a stern, rigorous man. Henry thought that by sending him over and backing him with an army he would be able to reduce to order the disorderly elements of the Irish nation. That disorder reigned in Ireland I readily admit. But in tracing that disorder to its cause I claim that the cause is not to be found in any inherent restlessness of the Irish character, though they are fond of a fight, I grant that; but the main cause was the unjust and inhuman legislation of English rulers for four hundred years, and to the presence in Ireland of the Anglo-Norman chieftains, who were anxious to foment disturbance in order that they might escape the payment of their dues to the king. Surrey came over and found—brave, accomplished general as he was—that the Irish were too much for him. He said to Henry: "The only way to subdue this people is to conquer them utterly; to go in with fire and sword." This, Surrey felt, could not be done, for the country was too extensive, the situation too unfavorable, and the population too determined to be subjected. Then Henry took up a policy of conciliation. Mr. Froude gives the English monarch great credit for trying to conciliate the Irish. He did it because he could not help it. There is a passage, my friends, in the correspondence between Surrey and Henry which speaks volumes. The earl says that when he arrived in Ireland he found the people in the midst of war and confusion; but the people who were really the source of the confusion he declared to be not so much the Irish as the Anglo-Norman lords in Ireland. Here is the passage:

"The two Irish chieftains, McConnal Oge and McCarty

Ruah, or Red McCarty, are more favorable to order than some Englishmen here."

In the letter of one of Ireland's bitter enemies is found the answer to Mr. Froude's repeated assertion that the Irish are so disorderly and so averse to good government that to reduce them to order you have to sweep them away altogether. The next feature of Surrey's policy was to set chieftain against chieftain. He writes :

"I am endeavoring to perpetuate the animosity between O'Donnell and O'Niall in Ulster. It would be dangerous to have both agree and join together."

Well may Mr. Froude say that when the Irish are a unit they will be invincible, and no power on earth can keep us slaves. Surrey says :

"It would be dangerous if both should agree and join together. The longer they continue in war the better it shall be for your gracious majesty's poor subjects here."

Mark the spirit of that letter, showing as it does the whole policy of England's treatment of Ireland. He does not speak of the Irish as subjects of the King of England. There is not the slightest consideration for the unfortunate Irish who are being baited against each other. Let them contend the longer in war, the more will be swept away, and "the better it will be for your gracious majesty's poor subjects here." The whole object of Henry's policy and Henry's legislation was to protect the settlers and exterminate the Irish.

Sir John Davidson, Attorney-General to James I., writing of English legislation, said that for hundreds of years it had been merciless to Ireland.

Then the Earl of Surrey having failed to reduce the Irish, Henry, according to Mr. Froude, tried home rule in Ireland. Here Mr. Froude tries to make a point for his hero. Irishmen, he says, admire this man who tried the experiment of home rule in your country, and finding you were not able to govern yourselves, he had to take a whip and drive you. One would imagine that home rule means that Irishmen should have the management of their own affairs, and make their own laws. For home rule means this or nothing. Home rule must be a delusion and a snare or it means that the Irish people have a right to assemble in parliament, govern themselves, and make their own laws. But Henry's home rule meant first this : the appointment of the Earl of Kildare to be Lord Lieutenant and Deputy. Henry did not say to the Irish nation : "Send your representatives to national parliament and make your own laws ;" he did not call on the Irish chieftains to govern the

country, on O'Brien, O'Neill, McCarty, or O'Donnell, on the men who had the right by inheritance and lineage to govern Ireland. He said to the Anglo-Norman lords, the most quarrelsome, unnatural, and restless class that I have ever read of in history: "Take the government in your own hands." And see the consequences. The Norman lords are no sooner left to govern than they make war on Ireland. The first thing that Kildare does is to summon an army and lay waste the territories of his Irish fellow-chieftains around him, and after a time the Anglo-Normans fell out among themselves. The great Anglo-Norman family of the Butlers were jealous of Kildare, who was a Fitzgerald. They procured his imprisonment for treason, and in truth Kildare did carry on a treasonable correspondence with Francis I. of France and Charles V. of Germany. When Kildare was lodged in the Tower of London, his son, Silken Thomas, revolted, because he believed that his father was about to be put to death. King Henry declared war against him, and Thomas against the king. The consequence of the war was that the whole province of Munster and a part of Leinster were ravaged, people destroyed, and villages burned, until there was nothing left to feed man or beast; and this was the result of Henry's "home rule." Kildare's appointment as Lord Deputy led to the almost utter ruin of the Irish people.

Perhaps you will ask me, Did the Irish people take part in that war so as to justify Henry VIII.? I will answer by saying they took no part, for it was an English business from the beginning to the end. The Irish chieftains took no interest in that war. We read that only O'Carroll, and O'Moore of Ossory, and another—that these were the only Irish chieftains that took part in the matter at all. These three chieftains of whom I speak were of very small importance, and by no means represented the Irish people of Munster or any other Irish province. And yet from this very fact we are made to believe that the Irish people joined and agreed with the party of whom Henry VIII. was the head.

Mr. Froude goes on to say, "The Irish people got to like Henry VIII." If they did, I do not admire their taste. "He pleased (he might have said blessed) them," said Mr. Froude, "and they got fond of him." Then he goes on to show the reason why it was that "Henry never showed any disposition to dispossess the Irish people of their lands or to exterminate them." Honest Henry! I take him up on that point. Is that true, or is it not? Fortunately for the Irish historian, the state papers are open to us as well as to Mr.

Froude. What do the state papers of the reign of Henry VIII. tell us? They tell us that a project was formed during the reign of this monarch to bring the whole Irish nation into Connaught, which meant dispossession, or, in other words, extermination. Of this fact there is no question. Henry VIII. had a proclamation issued to that effect. The Council governing Ireland sanctioned it, and the people of England desired it so much that the paper on this subject ends with these words:

"In consequence of certain promises brought to pass, there shall no Irish be on this side of the waters of Shannon unprossecuted, unsubdued, and unexiled. Then shall the English pale be well two hundred miles in length and more."

More than this, we have the evidence of the state papers of the time of Henry VIII., meditating and contemplating the utter extirpation, the utter sweeping away and destroying, of the whole Irish race; for we find the Lord Deputy of the Council of Dublin writing to his majesty, and here are his words:

"They tell him that his project is impracticable. The land is very large, by estimation as large as England; so that to inhabit the whole with new inhabitants the numbers would be so great that there is no prince in Christendom that would conscientiously allow so many subjects to depart out of his realms."

Not enough of English subjects to fill up the place of the Irish. Humanity indeed! Extirpate the whole race! was the cry. But this could not be done, considering the great difficulty the new inhabitants would have to contend with. But then the document goes on to say:

"This is a difficult process (this extermination) considering the misery those Irishmen can endure—viz., both hunger, cold, and thirst, and these a great deal more than the inhabitants of any other land."

They sought utterly to banish from Ireland the people of that land. Great God! This (Henry VIII.) is the man that Mr. Froude tells us is the friend of Ireland. This is the man who is "the great admirer of order and the hater of disorder." Certainly he was about to create a magnificent order of things, for his idea was, if the people are troublesome and you want to reduce them to quiet, "kill them all." Just look at it. It is just like those nurses who do the baby farming in England—on the principle of farming out children. When the child is a little cross or disagreeably unmanageable, they give him a dose of poison and it quiets him. Do you know the reason

why Henry VIII. pleased them? for there is no doubt about it, they were greatly pleased with this great English monarch. While he made an outward show of conciliating them, he was meditating the utter ruin and destruction of the Irish race, and he had the good sense to keep it to himself, and it only comes out in his state papers. He treated the Irish with a certain amount of courtesy and politeness. Henry was a man of learning, accomplished, and of very elegant manners. A man with a bland smile, who could give you a cordial shake hands. It is true the next day he might have your head cut off, but still he had the manners of a gentleman. It is a strange fact that the two most gentlemanly kings of England were the two greatest scoundrels that ever lived on the earth—namely, Henry VIII. and George IV. Accordingly, he dealt with the Irish people with a certain amount of civility and courtesy. He did not go on, like all his predecessors before him, saying: "You are the king's enemies; you are to be all put to death; you are without the pale of the law; you are barbarians and savages and I will have nothing to say to you." Henry said: "Let us see. Can't we arrange all difficulties and live in peace and quietness?" And the Irish people were charmed with his kind manner. Ah! my friends, it is true there was a black heart beneath that smiling face, and it is also true that the very fact that Mr. Froude acknowledges, that Henry VIII. had a certain amount of popularity in the beginning among the Irish people, proves that if England only knew how to treat Ireland with respect and courtesy and kindness, it would long since have gained possession of the fidelity of that unhappy country, instead of embittering it by the injustice, the tyranny, and the cruelty of her laws. And that is what I meant when on last Tuesday evening I said that the English contempt for Irishmen is a real evil that lies at the root of all, and the bad spirit that exists between the two nations, for the simple reason that the Irish people are too intellectual, too pure, too noble, too heroic to allow themselves to be humbled and enchained, and their pride to be despised.

And now, my friends, Mr. Froude went on to give us a proof of the great love the Irish people have for Harry the Eighth. He says they were so fond of this king that actually, at the king's request, Ireland threw the Pope overboard. Why was it that they threw the Pope overboard? We will see. Now, Mr. Froude, fond as we were of our glorious Harry the Eighth, we were not so enamored of him as you think. We had not fallen so deeply in love with him as to give up the Pope for him. What are the facts of the case? Henry,

about the year 1530, got into difficulties with the Pope. He commenced by asserting his own authority as head of the Catholic Church, and picked out an apostate monk, who had neither a character for conscientiousness nor virtue, and had him consecrated the first Archbishop of Dublin—George Brown. He sent Brown to Dublin with a commission to get the Irish nation to follow in the wake of the English, and to throw the Pope overboard and acknowledge Henry's supremacy. Brown arrived in Dublin. He called the bishops together and said: "I think you must change your allegiance. You must give up the Pope and take Henry, King of England, in his stead." Cramer, the Archbishop, said, "What blasphemy is this that I hear? Ireland will never change her faith, renounce her Catholicity; and she would have to renounce it by renouncing the head of the Catholic Church." And the bishops of all Ireland followed the Primate, all the pastors of Ireland followed the Primate, and George Brown wrote the most lugubrious letter to Thomas Cromwell, and in it he said, among other things, "I would return to England, only I am afraid the king would have my head taken off. I am afraid to return to England." Three years later, however, Brown and the Lord Deputy summoned a parliament, and it was at this parliament of 1537, according to Mr. Froude, that Ireland threw the Pope overboard. Now, what are the facts? A parliament was assembled, and from time immemorial in Ireland whenever a parliament was assembled there were three delegates, called proctors, from every district in Ireland, who sat in the House by virtue of their office. When the parliament was called, the first thing they did was to banish the three proctors and deprive them of their seats in the House. Without the slightest justice, without the slightest show or pretence of either right, or law, or justice, the proctors were excluded, and so the ecclesiastical element of Ireland was precluded from the parliament of 1537. Then, partly by bribes and threats, the Irish little boroughs that surrounded Dublin took an oath that Henry was head of the Church, and Mr. Froude calls this the apostasy of the Irish nation. With that strange want of knowledge, for I can call it nothing else, he imagines that the Irish remained Catholics, even though he asserts they gave up the Pope. They took, he says, the oath—bishops and all—and thereby acknowledged Henry VIII.'s supremacy. But, nevertheless, they did not become Protestants, they still remained Catholic; and the reason why they didn't take to Elizabeth was because she wanted to entail on them the Protestant religion as well as the oath of supremacy.

The Catholic Church and its doctrines they abided by, and they believed then, as they do now, that there is no man a Catholic who is not in communion with the Pope of Rome. Henry VIII., who was a learned man, had too much logic, and too much theology, and too much sense to become what is called a Protestant. He never embraced the doctrines of Luther, but held on to every idea of Catholic doctrine to the very last day of his life, except that he refused to acknowledge the Pope, and on the day that Henry VIII. refused to acknowledge the Pope he refused to be a Catholic. To pretend that the Irish people were so ignorant as to imagine that they could throw the Pope overboard and still remain Catholic is to offer to the genius and intelligence of Ireland a gratuitous insult. It is true that some of the bishops apostatized. They took the oath of supremacy to Henry VIII. Their names will ever be held in contempt by the Irish people.

Five bishops only apostatized. The rest of Ireland's episcopacy remained faithful. George Brown, the apostate Archbishop of Dublin, acknowledged that of all the priests in the diocese of Dublin he could only induce three to take the oath of spiritual allegiance to Henry VIII. There was a priest in Connaught, Dominic Tirrell, and he took the oath of allegiance simply because he was offered the diocese of Cork. Alexander Devereaux, Abbot of Dunbary, was given the diocese of Ferns, in the County of Wexford, in order to induce him to swear allegiance to the English king. These are all the names that represent the national apostasy of Ireland. Out of so many hundreds eight were found wanting, and still Mr. Froude tells us the Irish bishops and priests threw the Pope overboard. He (Mr. Froude) makes another assertion, and I regret he made it. I refer to it because there is much in the learned gentleman to admire and esteem. He asserts that the bishops of Ireland in those days were immoral men; that they had families; that they were not like the venerable men we see in the episcopacy of to-day. Now, I assert there is not a shred of testimony to bear up Mr. Froude in this wild assertion. I have read the history of Ireland—national, civil, ecclesiastical—as far as I could, and nowhere have I seen even an allegation which lays a proof of immorality against the Irish clergy or their bishops at the time of the Reformation. But perhaps when Mr. Froude said this he meant the apostate bishops. If so, I am willing to grant him whatever he charges against them, and the heavier it is the more pleased I am to see it going against them.

The next passage in the relation of Henry VIII. to Ire-

land goes to prove that Ireland did not throw the Pope overboard. My friends, in the year 1541 a Parliament assembled in Dublin and declared that Henry VIII. was King of Ireland. They had been four hundred years and more fighting for the title, and at length it is conferred by the Irish Parliament upon the English monarch. Two years later, in gratitude to the Irish Parliament, Henry called the Irish chieftains together at Greenwich to a grand assembly, and on the first day of July, 1543, he gave the Irish chieftains their English titles. O'Neill of Ulster got the title of Earl of Tyrone; the glorious O'Donnell the title of Earl of Tyrconnel; Ulric McWilliams Burke, Earl of Clanricarde; Fitzpatrick received the name of Baron of Ossory, and they returned to Ireland with their new titles. Henry, however, open-handed, poor generous fellow—and he was really very generous—gave those chieftains not only the titles, but a vast amount of property—only it happened to be stolen from the Catholic Church. He was an exceedingly generous man with other people's goods. He had a good deal of that spirit of which Artemus Ward makes mention. He (Artemus Ward) says he was "quite contented to see his wife's first cousin go to the war." In order to effect the reformation in question in Ireland, Henry gave to these worthy earls with their English titles all the abbey lands and convents and churches within their possessions. The consequence was he enriched them, and to the eternal shame of the O'Neill and O'Donnell, McWilliams Burke, and the Fitzpatrick of Ossory, they had the cowardliness and weakness to accept those things at his hand. They came home with the spoil of the monasteries, but the Irish people were as true as they were before the day when the Irish chieftains proved false to their country. Nowhere in the previous history of Ireland do we find the clans rising against their chieftain. Nowhere do we hear of the O'Neill or O'Donnell dispossessed by his own people. But on this occasion when they came home mark what followed. O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, when he arrived in Munster, found half his dominions in rebellion against him. With reference to McWilliams Burke, Earl of Clanricarde, when his people heard that their leader had accepted the abbey lands, the first thing they did was to set up against him another man, with the title of McWilliam Ulric de Burgh. O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, was taken when he came home by his own son, and put into confinement and died there, all his people abandoning him. O'Donnell of Tyrconnel came home, and his own son and all his people rose against him and drove him out from the

midst of them. Now, I say in the face of all this Mr. Froude is not right in saying that Ireland threw the Pope overboard. These people came home not Protestants but schismatics, and very bad Catholics, and Ireland would not stand it.

Henry died in 1547, and I really believe that with all the badness of his heart, had he lived a few years longer his life would not have been a curse but a blessing to Ireland, for the reason that those who came after him were worse than himself. He was succeeded by his infant son, Edward VI., who was under the care or guardianship of the Duke of Somerset. He was a thoroughgoing Protestant. Somerset didn't believe in the people's supremacy, and was opposed to anything that favored the Catholic Church. He sent over his orders to put his laws in force against the Church. Consequently the churches were pillaged, the Catholic priests were driven out, and, as Mr. Froude puts it, "the implements of superstition were put down." The implements of superstition, as Mr. Froude calls them, were "Jesus Christ crucified," the statues of his Blessed Mother, and his saints. All these things were pulled down and destroyed. The ancient statue of Our Lady at Trim (County Meath) was broken. The churches were burned, and torn down, and, as Mr. Froude puts it, "Ireland was taught that she must yield to the new order of things or stand by the Pope." "Her national ideas become for evermore inseparably linked with the Catholic religion." Glory to you, Mr. Froude! He has not forgotten to mention the fact that from that time to the present hour Ireland's independence and Ireland's religion became inseparably and irrevocably one. If the learned gentleman were present, I have no doubt that he would rise up and bow his thanks to you for the hearty manner in which you have received his sentiments. And I am sure that, as he is not here, he will not take it ill of me when I thank you in his name. Bloody Mary was a Catholic, without a doubt. She persecuted her Protestant subjects. Speaking of her in his lecture, Mr. Froude says: "There was no persecution of Protestants in Ireland, because there were no Protestants to be persecuted." And he goes on to say: "Those who were in Ireland when Mary came to the throne fled." I must take the learned historian to task on this. The insinuation is, that if the Protestants had been in Ireland the Irish would have persecuted them. The impression he desires to leave on the mind is that we Catholics would be only too glad to stain our hands in the blood of our fellow-citizens on the question of religion. But what are the facts? The facts are that during the reign of Edward VI., and

during all the years of his father's apostasy from the Catholic Church, there were sent over to Ireland as bishops men whom even English historians have convicted and condemned of almost every crime. As soon as Mary came to the throne these gentlemen did not wait to be ordered out; they went out of their own accord. They thought it was the best of their play to clear out at once. But so far as regards the Irish people, I claim for my native land that she never persecuted on account of religion. I am proud, in addressing an American audience, to be able to lay this high claim for Ireland. The genius of the Irish people is not a persecuting genius. There is not a people on the face of the earth so attached to the Christian religion as the Irish race. There is not a people on the face of the earth so unwilling to persecute or shed blood in the cause of religion as the Irish. And here are my proofs: Mr. Froude says that the Protestants made off as soon as Queen Mary came to the throne, but Sir James Ware in his annals tells us that the Protestants were being persecuted in England under Mary, and that they actually fled over to Ireland for protection. He gives even the names of some of them. He tells us that John Harvey, Abel Ellis, Joseph Edmunds, and Henry Hall, natives of Cheshire, in England, came over to Ireland to avoid persecution in England, and they brought with them a Welsh Protestant minister named Thomas Jones. These four gentlemen were received so cordially, were welcomed so hospitably, that they actually founded a highly respectable mercantile family in Dublin. But we have another magnificent proof that the Irish are not a persecuting race. When James II. assembled his Catholic Parliament in Ireland in 1689, after they had been robbed and plundered, imprisoned and put to death for their adherence to the Catholic faith, at last the wheel gave a turn, and in 1689 the Catholics were up and the Protestants were down. That Parliament assembled to the number of 228 members. The Celtic or Catholic element had a sweeping majority. What was the first law that they made? The very first law that the Catholic parliament passed was as follows:

"We hereby declare that it is the law of this land of Ireland that neither now nor ever again shall any man be persecuted for his religion."

That was the retaliation that we took on them. Was it not magnificent? Was it not a grand, a magnificent specimen of that spirit of Christianity, that spirit of forgiveness and charity without which, if it be not in a man, all the dogmatic truths that ever were revealed won't save him. Now, coming to Good

Queen Bess, as she is called. I must say that Mr. Froude bears very heavily upon her, and speaks of her really in language as terrific in its severity as any that I could use, and far more, for I have not the learning nor the eloquence of Mr. Froude. He says one little thing of her, however, that is worthy of remark :

“ Elizabeth was reluctant to draw the sword, but when she did draw it she never sheathed it until the star of freedom was fixed upon her banner, never to pale.”

That is a very eloquent passage ; but the soul of eloquence is truth. Is it true strictly that Elizabeth was reluctant to draw the sword ? Answer it, ye Irish annals. Answer it, O history of Ireland ! Elizabeth came to reign in 1558. The following year, in 1559, there was a Parliament assembled by her order in Dublin. What do you think of the laws of that Parliament ? It was not a Catholic Parliament, nor an Irish Parliament. It consisted of 76 members. Generally speaking, parliaments in Ireland used to have from 220 to 230 members. This Parliament of Elizabeth consisted of 76 picked men. The laws that that Parliament made were, first :

Any clergyman not using the Book of Common Prayer [the Protestant Prayer-Book], or using any other form, either in public or in private, the first time that he is discovered, shall be deprived of his benefice for one year, and suffer imprisonment in jail for six months ; for the second offence he shall be put in jail at the queen's pleasure—to be let out whenever she thought proper. For the third offence he was to be put in close confinement for life. This is the lady that was unwilling to draw the sword, and this was the very year she was crowned queen—the very year. She scarcely waited a year. This was the woman reluctant to draw the sword. So much for the priests ; now for the laymen.

If a layman was discovered using any other prayer-book except Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book, he was to be put in jail for one year ; and if he was caught doing it a second time, he was to be put in prison for the rest of his life. Every Sunday the people were obliged to go to the Protestant church, and if any one refused to go, for every time that he refused he was fined twelve pence—that would be about twelve shillings of our present money—and besides the fine he was to endure the censures of the church. “ The star of freedom,” says Mr. Froude, “ was never to pale. The queen drew the sword in the cause of the star of freedom ! ” But, my friends, freedom meant whatever was in Elizabeth's mind. Freedom meant

slavery tenfold increased, with the addition of religious persecution to the unfortunate Irish. If this be Mr. Froude's ideal of the star of freedom, all I can say is, the sooner such stars fall from the canopy of heaven and of the world's history the better. The condition of the Irish Church: in what state was the Irish Church? Upon that subject we have the authority of the Protestant historian, Leland. There were 220 parish churches in Meath, and after a few years' time there were only 105 of them left with the roofs on. "All over the kingdom," says Leland, "the people were left without any religious worship, and under the pretence of obeying the orders of the state they seized all the most valuable furniture of the churches, which was actually exposed to sale without decency or reserve." A number of hungry adventurers were let loose upon the Irish churches and upon the Irish people by Elizabeth. They not only robbed them and plundered their churches, but they shed the blood of the bishops and priests and of the people of Ireland in torrents, as Mr. Froude himself acknowledges. He tells us that after the second rebellion of the Geraldines, such was the state to which the fair province of Munster was reduced that you might go through the land from the farthest point of Kerry until you came into the eastern plains of Tipperary, and you would not as much as hear the whistle of a ploughboy or behold the face of a living man. But the trenches and ditches were filled with the corpses of the people, and the country was reduced to a desolate wilderness. The poet Spenser describes it most emphatically. Even he, case-hardened as he was—for he was one of the plunderers and persecutors himself—acknowledged that the state of Munster was such that no man could look upon it with a dry eye. Sir Henry Sidney, one of Elizabeth's deputies, speaks of the condition of the country as follows:

"Such horrible spectacles are to be beheld as the burning of villages, the ruin of towns, yea, the view of the bones and skulls of the dead, who, partly by murder and partly by famine, have died in the fields. It is such that hardly any Christian can behold with a dry eye."

Her own minister—I take his testimony of the state to which this terrible woman reduced unhappy Ireland. Stratford, another English authority, says:

"I knew it was bad, and very bad, in Ireland, but that it was so terrible I did not believe."

In the midst of all this persecution, what was still the reigning idea in the mind of the English Government? To root out and to extirpate the Irish from their own land, added

to which was now the element of religious discord and persecution. It is evident that this was still in the minds of the English people. Elizabeth, who, Mr. Froude says, never dispossessed any Irishman of an acre of land, during the war which she waged in the latter days of her reign against O'Niell threw out such hints as these :

"The more slaughter there is the better it will be for my English subjects, the more land they will get."

This is the woman whom Mr. Froude tells us never confiscated and never listened to the idea of confiscation of property. This woman, when the Geraldines were destroyed, took the whole of the vast estates of the Earl of Desmond and gave them to her English settlers. She confiscated millions of acres. And in the face of strict truths, recorded and stamped by history, I cannot see how any man can come forward and say of this atrocious woman that whatever she did she intended it for the good of Ireland.

In 1602 she died, after reigning forty-one years, leaving Ireland at the hour of her death one vast slaughter-house. Munster was reduced to the state described by Spenser. Connaught was made a wilderness after the rebellion of the Clanricardes, or the Burke family. Ulster, through the agency of Lord Mountjoy, was left the very picture of desolation. The glorious Red Hugh O'Donnell and the magnificent Hugh O'Neill were crushed and defeated after fifteen years of war, and the consequence was that when James I. succeeded Elizabeth he found Ireland almost a wilderness.

Mr. Froude, in his rapid historical sketch, says that all this fruit brought revenge, and he tells us that in 1641 the Irish rose in rebellion. So they did. Now, he makes one statement, and with the refutation of that statement I will close this lecture. Mr. Froude tells us that in the rising under Sir Phelim O'Neill in 1642 there were thirty-eight thousand Protestants massacred by the Irish. This is a grave charge, and if it be true, all I can say is that I blush for my fathers. But if it be not true, why repeat it? Why not wipe it out from the records? It is true that Ireland rose under Sir Phelim O'Neill. At that time there was a Protestant parson in Ireland who called himself a minister of the Word of God. He gives his account of the whole transaction in a letter to the people of England, begging of them to help their fellow Protestants of Ireland. Here are his words :

"It was the intention of the Irish to massacre all the English. On Saturday they were to disarm them, on Sunday to seize all their cattle and goods, and on Monday they were to cut all

the English throats. The former they executed; the third—that is, the massacre—they failed in.”

Pettit, another English authority, tells us that there were 30,000 Protestants massacred at that time. A man of the name of May foots it up at 200,000. I suppose he thought, in for a penny in for a pound. But there was an honest Protestant clergyman in Ireland who examined minutely into the details of the whole conspiracy, and of all the evils that came from it. What does he tell us? “I have discovered,” he said—and he gives proof, state papers and authentic records—“that the Irish Catholics in that rising massacred 2,100 Protestants; that other Protestants said that there were 1,600 more; and that some Irish authorities themselves say there were 3,000, making altogether 4,600.”

This is the massacre that Mr. Froude speaks of. He tosses off so calmly, 38,000 Protestants were massacred—that is to say, he multiplies the original number by ten; whereas Mr. Warner, the authority in question, says that there were 2,100, and I am unwilling to believe in the additional numbers that have been sent in.

After all the sufferings and persecutions which Ireland had endured at the hands of English Protestants, I ask you to set these two authorities before your mind. Contrast them and give me a fair verdict.

Is there anything recorded in history more terrible than the persistent, undying resolution, so clearly manifested, of the English Government to root out, to extirpate, and destroy the people of Ireland? Is there anything recorded in history more unjust than this systematic constitutional robbery of a people whom the Almighty God created in that island, to whom he gave that island, and who had the aboriginal right to every inch of Irish soil? On the other hand, can history bring forth a more magnificent spectacle than the calm, firm, united resolution with which Ireland stood in defence of her religion, and gave up all things rather than sacrifice what she conceived to be the cause of truth? Mr. Froude does not believe that it is the cause of truth. I do not blame him; every man has a right to his religious opinions. But Ireland believed that it was the cause of truth, and Ireland stood for it like one man.

I speak of all these things only historically. I do not believe in animosity. I am no believer in bad blood. I do not believe with Mr. Froude that the question of Ireland's difficulties must remain without a solution; I do not give it up in despair; but this I do say, that he has no right, nor has any other man the right, to come before the audience of America,

that has never persecuted in the cause of religion--of America, that respects the rights even of the meanest citizen upon her soil—and to ask that American people to sanction by their verdict the robberies and persecutions of which England is guilty !

THIRD LECTURE.

DELIVERED IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER
19, 1872.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I now approach, in answering Mr. Froude, some of the most awful periods of our history, and I confess that I approach this terrible ground with hesitancy, and with an extreme regret that Mr. Froude should have opened up questions which oblige an Irishman to undergo the pain of heart and anguish of spirit which a revision of those periods of our history must occasion. The learned gentleman began his third lecture by reminding his audience that he had closed his second lecture with a reference to the rise, progress, and collapse of a great rebellion which took place in Ireland in 1641—that is to say, somewhat more than two hundred years ago. He made but a passing allusion to that great event in our history, and in that allusion—if he has been reported correctly—he said simply that the Irish rebelled in 1641. This was his first statement, that it was a rebellion ; secondly, that this rebellion began in massacre and ended in ruin ; thirdly, that for nine years the Irish leaders had the destinies of their country in their hands ; and, fourthly, that those nine years were years of anarchy and mutual slaughter. Nothing, therefore, can be imagined more melancholy than the picture drawn by that learned gentleman of these nine sad years. And yet I will venture to say, and I hope I shall be able to prove, that each of these four statements is without sufficient historical foundation. My first position is that the movement of 1641 was not a rebellion ; second, that it did not begin with massacre, although it ended in ruin ; thirdly, that the Irish leaders had not the destiny of their country in their hands during these years ; and, fourth, whether they had or not, that these years were not a period of anarchy and mutual slaughter. They were but the opening to a far more terrific period. We must discuss these questions, my friends, calmly and historically. We must look upon them rather like the antiquarian prying into the past than with the living, warm feelings of men whose blood boils up with the burnings of so much injustice and so much bloodshed.

In order to understand this question fully and fairly, it is necessary for us to go back to the historical events of the time. I find, then, that James I., the man who planted Ulster—that is to say, confiscated utterly and entirely six of the finest counties in Ireland, an entire province, rooting out the aboriginal Irish and Catholic inhabitants, even to a man, giving the whole country to Scotch and English settlers of the Protestant religion, under the condition that they were not to employ even as much as an Irish laborer on their grounds, that they were to banish them all—this man died in 1625, and was succeeded by his unfortunate son, Charles I. When Charles came to the throne, bred up as he was in the traditions of a monarchy which Henry VIII. had rendered almost absolute, as we know—whose absolute power was still continued in Elizabeth under forms the most tyrannical, whose absolute power was continued by his own father, James I.—Charles came to the throne with the most exaggerated ideas of royal privileges and supremacy. But during the days of his father a new spirit had grown up in Scotland and in England. The form which Protestantism took in Scotland was the hard, uncompromising, and highly cruel form of Calvinism in its most repellant aspect. The men who rose in Scotland in defence of their Presbyterian religion rose not against Catholic people, but against the Episcopalian Protestants of England. They defended what they called the kirk or covenant. They fought bravely, I acknowledge, for it, and they ended in establishing it as the religion of Scotland.

Now, Charles I. was an Episcopalian Protestant of the most sincere and devoted kind. The Parliament of England, in the very first years of Charles, admitted persons who were strongly tinged with Scottish Calvinism. The king demanded of them certain subsidies and they refused him; he asserted certain sovereign rights and they denied them. While this was going on in England from 1630 to 1641, what was the condition of affairs in Ireland? One fertile province of the land had been confiscated by James I. Charles I. was in need of money for his own purposes, and his Parliament refused to grant any. Then the poor, oppressed, and down-trodden Catholics of Ireland imagined, naturally enough, that the king, being in difficulties, would turn to them and extend a little countenance and favor if they proclaimed their loyalty and stood by him. Accordingly, the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Falkland, desiring sincerely to aid his royal master, hinted to the Catholics, who had been enduring the most terrible penal laws from the days of Elizabeth and James I., that perhaps, if they

should now petition the king, certain graces or concessions might be granted them. These concessions simply involved permission of riding over English land and to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. They sought for nothing more, and nothing more was promised them. When their petition was laid before the king, his royal majesty issued a proclamation in which he declared that it was his intention, and that he had plighted his word, to grant to the Catholics and people of Ireland certain concessions and indulgences, which he named "graces." No sooner does the newly-founded Puritan element in England and the Parliament that were in rebellion against their king—no sooner did they hear that the slightest relaxation of the penal law was to be granted to the Catholics of Ireland than they instantly rose and protested that it should not be; and Charles, to his eternal disgrace, broke his word with the Catholics of Ireland after they had sent him £120,000 in acknowledgment of his promise. More than that, it was suspected that Lord Falkland was too mild a man, too just a man, to be allowed to remain as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and he was recalled, and after a short lapse Wentworth, who was Earl of Strafford, was sent there as Lord Lieutenant. Wentworth on his arrival summoned a Parliament, and they met in the year 1634. He told them the difficulties that the king was in; he told them how the Parliament in England was rebelling against him, and how he looked to his Irish subjects as loyal. He perhaps told them that amongst Catholics loyalty was not a mere sentiment, that it was an unshaken principle, resting on conscience and religion. And then he assured them that Charles, the King of England, still intended to keep his word, and to grant them their concessions. Next came the usual demand for money, and the Irish Parliament granted six subsidies of £50,000 each. Strafford wrote to the king congratulating his majesty that he had got so much money out of the Irish, for he said: "You and I remember that your majesty expected only £30,000, and they have granted £50,000." More than this, the Irish Parliament voted the king 8,000 infantry and 1,000 horse to fight his rebellious enemies. The Parliament met the following year, 1635, and what do you think was the fulfilment of the royal promise to the Catholics of Ireland? Strafford had got the money. He did not wish to compromise his master the king, and he took upon himself to fix upon his memory the indelible shame and disgrace of breaking his word, which he had plighted, and disappoint the Catholics of Ireland.

Then, in 1635, the real character of this man came out, and what do you think was the measure he proposed? He instituted a commission for the express purpose of confiscating, in addition to Ulster—that was already gone—the whole province of Connaught, so as not to leave an Irishman or Catholic one square inch of ground in that land. This he called the Commission of Defective Titles. The members of the commission were to enquire into the title of property, and to find a flaw in it if they could, in order that the land might be confiscated to the Crown of England. Remember how much of Ireland had already been seized, my friends. The whole of Ulster had been confiscated by James I. The same king had taken the County of Longford from the O'Farrells, who had owned it from time immemorial; Wexford from the O'Tooles, and several other counties from the Irish families who were the rightful proprietors of the soil. And now, with the whole of Ulster and the better part of Leinster in his hand, this minister instituted a commission for the purpose of obtaining the whole of the province of Connaught and of rooting out the native Irish! He expelled every man that owned a rod of land in the province and reduced them to beggary, starvation, and to death. Here is the description of his plan as given by Leland, a historian who was hostile to Ireland's faith and Ireland's nationality. Leland thus describes this project: "It was nothing less than to set aside the title of every estate in every part of Connaught, a project which when proposed in the late reign was received with horror and amazement, and which suited the undismayed and enterprising genius of Lord Wentworth. Accordingly he began in the County Roscommon." He passed thence to Sligo, thence to Mayo, and then to Galway. The only way in which a title could be upset was to have a jury of twelve men, and according to their verdict the title was valid or not. Strafford began by picking his jury and packing them, the old policy that has been continued down to our own time—the policy of packing and the prejudging of a jury. He told the jury before the trials began that he expected them to find a verdict for the king, and finally, by bribing and overawing, he got juries to go for him, until he came into my own county, Galway. And, to the honor of old Galway be it said, as soon as the commission arrived in that county they could not find twelve jurors there base enough or wicked enough to confiscate the lands of their fellow-subjects. What was the result? The County Galway jurors were called to Dublin before the Castle Chamber. Every man of them was fined £4,000, and put in prison to be kept

until the fine was paid. Every square inch of their property was taken from them, and the high sheriff of Galway, being a man of moderate means, and having been fined £1,000, died in jail because he was not able to pay the unjust imposition. More than this, not content with threatening the juries and coercing them, my Lord Strafford went to the justices and told them that they were to get four shillings on the pound for the value of every single piece of property that they confiscated, and he boasted publicly that he had made the chief baron and the judges attend to this business *as if it were their own private concern!* This is the kind of rule the English historian comes to America to ask the honest and upright citizens of this free country to endorse by their verdict, and thereby to make themselves accomplices of English robbery. In the same way this Strafford instituted another tribunal in Ireland which he called the Court of Wards, and do you know what this was? It was found that the Irish people, gentle and simple, failed to become Protestants. I have not a harsh word to say to any of the Protestants, but I do say that every high-minded Protestant in the world must admire the strength and fidelity with which Ireland, because of her conscience, clings to her ancient faith, believing it true. This tribunal was instituted in order to get the heirs of Catholic gentry and to bring them up in the Protestant religion, and it was to this court of awards that was owing the significant fact that some of the most ancient and best names in Ireland—the names of men whose ancestors fought for faith and fatherland—are now Protestants and the enemies of their Catholic fellow-subjects. It was by this, and such means as this, that the men of my name became Protestants. There was no drop of Protestant blood in the Red Earl or the Dun Earl of Clauricarde. There was no drop of such blood in the heroic Burkes who fought in the long 500 years before this time.

There was no Protestant blood in the O'Briens of Munster or in the glorious O'Donnells and O'Neills of Ulster; yet they are Protestants to-day. Let no Protestant American citizen imagine that I speak with disdain of his religion, but as a historian it is my duty to point out the means, which every high-minded man must brand as nefarious, by which the aristocracy of Ireland were led to change their religion. The Irish meantime waited, and waited in vain, for the fulfilment of the king's promise and the concession of "the graces," as they were called. At length matters grew desperate between Charles and his Parliament, and in the year 1640 he again gave his promise to the Irish people, and he called a Parlia-

ment which gave him four subsidies, 8,000 men and 1,000 horse, to fight against the Scotch, who had rebelled against him. Strafford rejoiced that he had got those subsidies and this body of men, but no sooner did he arrive in England than the Parliament, now in rebellion, took him, and in the same year, 1640, Strafford's head was cut off, and he would be a strange Irishman that would regret it.

Meantime the people of Scotland rose in armed rebellion against their king. They marched into England, and what do you think they made by the movement? They secured full enjoyment of their religion, which was not Protestant, but Presbyterian. They got £300,000, and got for several months £850 a day to support their army. Then they retired into their own country, after achieving the purpose for which they revolted. Meantime the loyal Catholics of Ireland were being ground in the very dust. What wonder, I ask you, was it that they counselled together and said: "The king is afraid of the Parliament, though personally inclined to grant graces which he has plighted his royal word to grant. The evidence is that if free he would grant these concessions he has promised. But the king is not free," said the Irish, "for his Parliament has rebelled against him. Let us rise in the king's name and assert our rights." They rose in 1641 like one man—every Irishman and Catholic in Ireland rose. On the 23d of October, 1641, they all rose, with the exception of the Catholic lords of the pale. I will give you the reason of their rising, as recorded in the "Memoirs of Lord Castlehaven," a lord by no means prejudiced in favor of Ireland:

"The Irish rose for six reasons; first, because they are generally looked down to as a conquered nation, seldom or never trusted after the manner of free-born subjects."

Here, dear friends, is the first reason given by this English lord, that the Irish people rose after the English people treated them contemptuously. When will England learn to treat her subjects or friends with common respect? When will those proud, stubborn Anglo-Saxons condescend to form and cherish an acquaintance with those around them? I said it in my first, repeated it in my second, lecture, and say it in this, that it was the contempt as much as the hatred of Englishmen for Irishmen that lies at the root of the bitter spirit and antagonism that exists between those two nations. The second reason given by my Lord Castlehaven is that the Irish saw that six whole counties in Ulster were escheated to the crown and never restored to the natives, but bestowed by James I. on his countrymen, the Scotch. The third reason was that in

Strafford's time the crown laid claim to Roscommon and Galway, and to some parts of Tipperary, Wicklow, and other portions of the land. The fourth reason was that, according to the English accounts of the day, war was declared against the Roman Catholics, a fact which to a people so fond of their religion as the Irish was no small matter, no small inducement to make them sober and quiet, for as a race the Irish people are very fond of standing by their religious tenets and adhering to their religious opinions. The fifth reason was that they saw how the Scots, by making a show of pretended grievances and taking up arms against their oppressors, in order to procure the rights to which they were justly entitled, procured the rights which they sought, secured the privileges and amenities due to a nation anxious to assert its own cause, its own independence; they secured £500,000 by their visit to England. And the last reason, that they saw such a misunderstanding exist between the king and the Parliament, and they consequently believed that the king would grant them anything that they could in reason demand, or at least as much as they could expect. I ask you were not those sufficient grounds for any claim which the Irish might have made at the time? I appeal to the people of America. I speak to a generous people, who know what civil and religious liberty means. I appeal here from this platform to-night for a people whose spirit was never broken and never will be. I appeal here to-night for a people not inferior to the Saxon, or to any other race on the face of the earth, either in gifts of intellect or bodily energy. I appeal here to-night and I address myself to the enlightened instincts of this great land for a people who have been downtrodden and persecuted as our forefathers were, and I think it my duty, not as a minister, but as a historian, to stand up and state my reasons, believing that I have sufficient justification to do so, and considering the fact of the accumulated wrongs that have been heaped upon Ireland, I don't think I would be doing justice to myself or to my country if I didn't take advantage of this opportunity to reply to the wrongs that have been heaped upon her. An English Protestant writer of the times, of that very year 1641, says that they had sundry grievances and grounds of complaint touching their estates and consciences, which they pretended to be far greater than those of the Scots, for they thought that if the Scotch acted thus to save a new religion, it was a reason that they should not be punished for the exercise of the old.

There was another reason for the revolt, my friends, and a very potent one. It was this: Charles had the weakness and

the folly—I cannot call it anything else—to leave at the head of the Irish Government two lord justices, Sir John Bernoe and Sir William Parsons. These were both ardent Puritans and partisans of the Parliament. They thought that he would be embarrassed with the fight in the Parliament and by the men in Ireland, so these men lent themselves to promote the resistance. Six months before this revolt broke out Charles sent them word that he had received notice that the Irish were going to rise. They took no notice of the king's advertisement. The lords of the pale, who refused to join the Irish in the uprising, betook themselves to the justices in Dublin for protection, and it was refused them. They were refused permission to go into the city and escape the Irish rebellion, and the moment the Irish chieftains came near the settlers of the English king their castles were declared forfeited as well as their estates, and so the Lords of Gormanstown and Trimbleton and others were forced to join hands with the Irish, and draw their swords in the glorious cause they so applauded and maintained. They were forced to this. Moreover, the Irish knew that their friends and fellow-countrymen were earning distinction and honor and glory upon all the battle-fields of Europe, in the service of Spain, France, and Austria, and they held, not without reason, that these their countrymen would help them in the hour of their need. Accordingly, on the 23d of October, 1641, they arose. What was the first thing they did, according to Mr. Froude? The first thing was to massacre all the Protestants they could lay hands on. Well, my friends, this, as I will endeavor to show, is not the fact. The very first thing that their leader, Sir Phelim O'Neill, did was to issue a proclamation, on the very day of the rising, in which he declares :

“We rise in the name of our lord the king; we rise to assert the power and prerogative of the king; we declare we do not wish to make war on the king or any one of his subjects; we declare, moreover, that we do not intend to shed blood except in legitimate warfare, and that any man of our tribes that robs, plunders, or sheds blood shall be severely punished.” Did they keep this declaration of theirs? Most inviolably. I assert in the name of history that there was no massacre of the Protestants, and I will prove it of Protestant authority. We find a despatch from the Irish Government to the Government in England, dated 25th of that same month, in which they give an account of the rising of the Irish people. There was complaint as to how the Irish dealt with their Protestant fellow-citizens. They took their cattle, horses, and

property, but not one single word or complaint about one drop of blood shed. And if they took their cattle, horses, and property, you must remember that they were taking back what was their own. A very short time afterwards the massacre began, but who began it? The Protestant Ulster settlers fled from the Irish. They brought their lives with them at least, and they entered the town of Carrickfergus, where they found a garrison of Scotch Puritans. Now, in their terror the common people fled to Carrickfergus, and upon a little island near by they took refuge. They congregated there for purposes of safety to the number of more than three thousand. The very first thing this garrison did, they sailed out of Carrickfergus in the night-time and fell in among these innocent and unarmed people, and they slew man, woman, and child, until they left three thousand dead bodies. And we have the authority of Leland, the Protestant historian, that this was the first massacre committed in Ireland on either side. This was the first massacre! How, in the name of Heaven, can any man be so learned as Mr. Froude and make such untruthful assertions as he has advanced? How can he, in the name of history, assert that these (the Irish people) began by massacring thirty-eight thousand of his fellow-countrymen, his fellow religionists, when we have in the month of December, four months after, a commission issued to the Dean of Kilmore and seven other Protestant clergymen to make sedulous enquiry about those who were murdered? Here are the words of Castlehaven:

"The Catholics were urged into rebellion, and the lord justices were often heard to say that the more in rebellion the more lands would be derived (or pilfered) from them."

It was the old story, the old adage of James I.: "Root out the Catholics, root out the Irish, and give Ireland to English Protestants and Puritans, and you will regenerate the land." But from such regeneration of my own or any other land good Lord deliver us. "This rebellion," says Mr. Froude, "began in massacre and ended in ruin." It ended in ruin the most terrible, and if it began in massacre, Mr. Froude, you must acknowledge as a historical truth that the massacre was on the part of your countrymen and your chief justices. Thus the war began. It was a war between the Puritan Protestants of Ulster and other parts of Ireland, aided by constant supplies that came over to them from England. It was a war that continued for eleven years, and it was a war in which the Irish chieftains had *not* the destinies of the nation in their own hands, but were obliged to fight, and fight like men, in order to try to achieve a better destiny and a better future for their people.

Who can say that the Irish chieftains did hold the destinies of Ireland in their hands during those nine years or more, when they had to fight against hostile forces, one after the other, that came successively against them inflamed with religious bigotry, hatred, and enmity that the world has scarcely ever seen the like of? Then Mr. Froude adds that these were years of anarchy and slaughter. Let us see what evidence history has of the facts. No sooner had the English lords of the pale—who were all Catholics—joined the Irish than they turned to the Catholic bishops in the land. They called them together in a synod, and on the 10th of May, 1642, the bishops of Ireland, the lords of Ireland, and the gentry and commoners and estated gentlemen of Ireland met together and founded what was called the Confederation of Kilkenny. Amongst other members, they selected for the Supreme Council three archbishops, two bishops, four lords, and fifteen commoners. These men were to meet and remain in permanent session, watching over the country, making laws, watching over the army, and above all, preventing cruelty and murder. A regular Government was formed. They actually established a mint and coined their money for the Irish nation. They established an army under Lord Mountcashel, under Preston, and under the glorious Owen Roe O'Neill. During the first month they gained some successes. Most of the principal cities of Ireland opened their gates to them. The garrisons were carefully saved from slaughter, and the moment they laid down their arms their lives were as sacred as any man's in the ranks of the Irish armies. Not a drop of unnecessary blood was shed by the Irish. In reference to that Supreme Council, I defy any man to prove that there was a single act of that Supreme Council for the purpose of promoting bloodshed or slaughter. Now, after a few months success the armies of the confederation experienced some reverses. The English armies came upon them, and the command was given to Sir Charles Coote, and I want to read some of that gentleman's exploits for you. Sir Charles Coote's exploits in Ireland are described by Clarendon in these words: "Sir Charles, besides plundering and burning the town of Clontarf at that time, did massacre sixteen of the towns-people, men and women, besides suckling infants, and in that very same week fifty-six men, women, and children in the village of Bullock, being frightened at what was done at Clontarf, went to sea to shun the fury of a party of soldiers who came out from Dublin under command of Col. Clifford. Being pursued by the soldiers in boats, they were overtaken and thrown overboard." An order given out by the authori-

ties then in power commanded to kill, slay, and destroy all belonging to the said rebels, their adherents, and relatives, and to destroy the towns and houses where the rebels had been harbored. This order was given out at the Castle of Dublin, the 23d of February, and signed by six precious names. The Irish were not only pursued on the land, but even on the sea; and there was a law passed that if any Irishmen were found on the sea, the officers of his majesty's cruisers were ordered to tie them back to back and throw them into the sea, and the king, however much he might wish to do so, had no power to interfere without being charged with favoring the rebels of Ireland.

The captains that committed these acts of cruelty at sea, instead of being punished for it, were actually rewarded, and in 1634 a Captain Swanley was called into the English House of Commons, and a vote of thanks was given him and a chain of gold worth £200 was presented to him. Another one, a Captain Smith, got one worth £100. In fact, I am ashamed and afraid to mention all the atrocities inflicted upon the Irish people at this time. Infants were taken from their dead mothers' bosoms and impaled upon the bayonets of the soldiers, and Sir Charles Coote saw one of his soldiers playing with a child, throwing it into the air and then spitting it upon his bayonet as it fell, and he laughed and said he enjoyed such frolic. They brought children into the world before their time by the Cæsarian operation of the sword, and the children thus brought forth in misery they sacrificed in the most cruel manner. Yes, such are the facts, my friends. I am afraid—I say again I am afraid—to tell you the hundredth part of the cruelties of those terrible men, put by them upon our race. Now, I ask you to compare this with the manner in which the Irish troops and Irish people behaved. A garrison of seven hundred English surrendered at Naas, and the Irish commandant surrendered them up unharmed and uninjured, on condition that under the like circumstances the English would do the same with him. An Irish party capitulated a few days afterward. The governor of the town and all the party were arrested and put to death. Sir Charles Coote, coming down into Munster, slaughtered every man, woman, and child he met on his march, and among others was Philip Ryan, whom he put to death without the slightest hesitation. This occurs in Cart's "Life of Ormond." Great numbers of the English, miraculously preserved in those days through the instrumentality of the Irish, were suffered to go into the County of Cork by the courtesy and kindness of the inhabitants of Cashel.

In 1649 Cardinal Renocini was sent over by the Pope to preside over the Supreme Council of the Confederation of Kilkenny; and about the same time news came to Ireland that the illustrious Owen Roe O'Neill had landed in Ireland on the coast of Ulster. This man was one of the most distinguished officers of the Spanish service, and he landed with an army with which he met the English general and engaged in a battle which raged from the early morning until the sunset, and the evening saw England's army flying in confusion, and thousands of her best soldiers were stretched upon the field, while the Irish chieftain stood victorious on the field which his genius and valor had won. Shortly after this, partly through the treachery of the Irish Protestants and partly through the agency of the English lords, the confederation began to experience the most disastrous defeats, and the cause of Ireland again was all but lost.

In the year 1640 Oliver Cromwell arrived in Ireland. Mr. Froude says, and truly, that he did not come to make war with rose-water, but with the thick, warm blood of the Irish people. And Mr. Froude prefaces the introduction of Oliver Cromwell in Ireland by telling us that the Lord Protector was a great friend of Ireland, that he was a liberal-minded man and intended to interfere with no man's liberty of conscience; and he adds that if Cromwell's policy had been carried out in full, probably I would not be here speaking to you of our difficulties with Ireland to-day. He adds, moreover, that Cromwell had formed a design for the pacification of Ireland which would have made future troubles there impossible. What was this design? Lord Macaulay tells us what this design was. Cromwell's avowed purpose was to end all difficulties in Ireland, whether they arose from the land question or from the religious question, by putting a total and entire end to the Irish race, by extirpating them off the face of the earth. This was an admirable policy for the pacification of Ireland and the creation of peace; for the best way and the simplest way to keep any man quiet is to cut his throat. The dead do not speak; the dead do not move; the dead do not trouble any one; and Cromwell came to destroy the Irish race and the Irish Catholic faith, and so put an end at once to all claims for land and to all disturbances arising out of religious persecutions. But, I ask this learned gentleman, does he imagine that the people of America are either so ignorant or so wicked as to accept the monstrous proposition that a man who came into Ireland with such a purpose as this can be declared a friend of the real interests of the Irish people? Does

he imagine that there is no intelligence in America, that there is no manhood in America, that there is no love of freedom in America, or love of religion and of life in America? And the man must be an enemy of freedom, of religion, and of life itself, before such a man can sympathize with the blood-stained Oliver Cromwell. These words of the historian I regret, for they sound like bitter mockery in the ears of the people whose fathers Cromwell came to destroy. But he says the Lord Protector did not interfere with any man's conscience. The Irish demanded liberty of conscience, "I interfere with no man's conscience, but if you Catholics mean having priests and the Mass, you cannot have this, and you never will have it as long as the English Parliament has power to prevent it." What did these words mean? Grant Catholics liberty of conscience, their conscience telling them that their first and great duty is to hear the Mass; grant them liberty of conscience, and then deny them priests to say Mass for them. But Mr. Froude says, "You must go easy. I acknowledge that the Mass is a very beautiful rite, but you must remember that Cromwell thought it to mean a system that was shedding blood all over Europe, a system of a Church that never knew mercy, that slaughtered people everywhere, and therefore he was resolved to have none of it." Oh! my friends, if the Mass was a symbol of slaughter, Oliver Cromwell would have had more sympathy with the Mass. And so the historian seeks to justify cruelty in Ireland against the Catholics by alleging cruelty on the part of Catholics against their Protestant fellow-subjects in other lands. Now, this he has repeated over and over again in many of his writings, and at other times and in other places, and I may as well at once put an end to this. Mr. Froude says: "I hold the Catholic Church accountable for all the blood that the Duke of Alva shed in the Netherlands." But Alva fought in the Netherlands against an uprising against the authority of the state, and the Catholic Church had nothing to do with Alva shedding the blood of the rebels. If they happened to be Protestants, that is no reason to father their blood upon the Catholic Church.

Mr. Froude says that the Catholic Church is responsible for the blood that was shed in the massacre of St. Bartholemew by Mary de Medicis in France. I deny it. The woman that gave that order had no sympathy with the Catholic Church; she saw France divided into factions, and by intrigue and villany she endeavored to stifle opposition among the people. Tidings were sent to Rome that the king's life was in terrible

danger and that that life had been preserved by Heaven, and Rome sang a "Te Deum" for the safety of the king and not for the blood of the Huguenots. Amongst the Huguenots there were Catholics that were slain because they were of the opposite faction, and that alone proves that the Catholic Church was not answerable for the shedding of that blood. The blood that was shed in Ireland at this particular time was shed exclusively on account of religion; for when, in 1643, Charles made a treaty or a cessation of hostilities with the Irish through the Confederation of Kilkenny, the English Parliament, as soon as they heard that the king had ceased hostilities for a time with his Irish Catholic subjects, at once came in and said that the war must go on; we won't allow hostilities to cease; we must root out these Irish Papists, or else we will incur danger to our Protestant friends. The men of 1643, the members of the Puritan Houses of Parliament in England, have fastened upon the Protestant religion even to this day the formal argument and reason why Irish blood should flow in torrents—lest the Protestant religion might suffer. In these days of ours, when we are endeavoring to put away all sectarian bigotry, we deplore the faults committed by our fathers on both sides. Mr. Froude deplores that blood that was shed as well as I do; but, my friends, it is a historical question, arising upon historic facts and evidences, and I am bound to appeal to history as well as my learned antagonist, and to discriminate and put back the word which he puts out—that "toleration is the genius of Protestantism." All this I say with regret. I am not only a Catholic, but a priest; not only a priest, but a monk; not only a monk, but a Dominican monk, and from out the depths of my soul I repel and repudiate the principle of religious persecution of any kind in any land.

Speaking of the Mass, Mr. Froude says that the Catholic Church has learned to borrow one beautiful gem from the crown of her adversary—she has learned to respect the rights of others. I wish that the learned gentleman's statement would be more proved by history, and I much desire that in speaking those words he had spoken historic truths; but I ask him, and I ask every Protestant, in what land has Protestantism ever been in the ascendant without persecuting Catholics who were around them. I say it not in bitterness, but I say it simply as a historic truth. I cannot find any record of history, any time during these ages up to a few years ago—any time when the Protestants in England, in Ireland, in Sweden, in Germany, or anywhere else, gave the slightest toleration, or even permission to live, where they could take it from their

Catholic fellow-subjects. Even to-day where is the strongest spirit of religious persecution? Is it not in Protestant Sweden, Protestant Denmark? And who to-day are persecuting? I ask, Is it Catholics? No; but Protestant Bismarck in Germany. Oliver Cromwell, the apostle of blessings in Ireland, landed in 1649, and besieged Drogheda, defended by Sir Arthur Aston and a brave garrison. Finding that their position was no longer tenable, they asked in the military language for the honors of war if they surrendered. Cromwell promised to grant them quarter if they would lay down their arms. They did so, and the promise was kept until the town was taken. When the town was in his hands, Oliver Cromwell gave orders to his army for the indiscriminate massacre of the garrison and every man, woman, and child in that large city. The people, when they saw the soldiers slaying around them on every side, when they saw the streets of Drogheda flowing with blood for five days, flocked to the number of one thousand aged men, women, and children, and took refuge in the great church of St. Peter's in Drogheda. Oliver Cromwell drew his soldiers around that church, and out of that church he never let one of those thousand innocent people escape alive. He then proceeded to Wexford, where a certain commander named Stratford delivered the city over to him. He massacred the people there also. Three hundred of the women of Wexford with their children gathered around the great market cross in the public square of the city. They thought in their hearts, cruel as he was, he would respect the sign of man's redemption and spare those who were collected around it. How vain the thought! Three hundred poor, defenceless women, screaming for mercy under the cross of Jesus Christ, Cromwell and his barbarous demons slaughtered without permitting one to escape, until they were ankle-deep in the blood of the women of Wexford.

Cromwell retired from Ireland after he had glutted himself with the blood of the people, winding up his word by taking 80,000, and some say 100,000, of the men of Ireland and driving them down to the south ports of Munster, where he shipped them—80,000 at the lowest calculation—to the sugar plantations of the Barbadoes, there to work as slaves; and in six years from that time, such was the treatment that they received, out of 80,000 there were only twenty men left. He also collected six thousand Irish boys, fair and beautiful stripling youths, put them on board ships and sent them off also to the Barbadoes, there to languish and die before they came to manhood. Great God! is this the man that has an

apologist in the learned, the frank, the courteous, and gentlemanly historian who comes in oily words to tell the American people that Cromwell was one of the bravest men that ever lived, and one of the best friends to Ireland?

Father Burke then reviewed at length the campaign conducted by William of Orange in Ireland against his father-in-law, James the Second. When William arrived in England with 15,000 men, James fled. Mr. Froude asserts that he abdicated. I challenge him to prove it. There is no historical evidence to show that King James ever relinquished his title to the crown of England. But the English people proved false to him, and he came to Ireland, where the people rose to advocate his rights—fools that they were to espouse again the cause of a Stuart king! The opposing armies met at the battle of the Boyne. Mr. Froude asserts that the Irish troops made no stand there. I regret that he has so far forgotten truth and candor as to say that the Irish race ever showed a taint of cowardice. What are the facts? We have full and definite historical testimony to prove that William's army at the Boyne mustered 51,000 veteran troops, perfect in discipline, well equipped, and well clothed, with fifty pieces of artillery, besides mortars. The Irish army that opposed them was composed of 23,000 raw Irish levies, hastily organized, imperfectly drilled, badly armed, and having only six pieces of ordnance altogether. The English army was commanded by a lion, William of Orange, who led them on in person. The Irish army was commanded by a stag, *Shemus*, with the historic name, who stood on a hill two miles away from the scene of conflict, with a guard of picked soldiers around him! Mr. Froude says that the Irish troops made no stand on that occasion. We have the testimony of an English general who participated in the conflict, and he tells us that these raw Irish troops charged down *ten distinct times* on the overwhelming force that met them. Ten distinct times did they rush with fiery valor upon the ranks of the bravest soldiers in Europe. And when compelled to retreat, they did so in good order, commanded by their officers, and not like men who fled before they had struck a blow.

Father Burke then went on to paint a vivid picture of the sieges of Limerick and Athlone, describing the heroism of Sarsfield and his companions in arms; the memorable destruction of the bridges over the Shannon, twice torn down in the face of the artillery fire of all the English batteries; the famous defence of "the Breach" at Limerick, where the

women fought beside their husbands, sons, and fathers, and he paid a noble tribute to the high honor of Sarsfield, who kept his plighted word in the treaty so inviolably as became an Irishman, while the English tore the same treaty to shreds ere it was forty-eight hours signed. After presenting one more instance of Protestant toleration in the person of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, who on the Sunday succeeding the capitulation of Limerick preached that historic sermon "On the sin and the sinfulness of keeping an oath plighted to Catholics."

I feel, my friends, that I have detained you too long upon a subject so dreary, and so desolate a ground to travel over. I, for my part, never would have invited you, citizens of America, or my fellow-countrymen, to enter upon such a desolate waste, to renew in my heart and in yours this terrible story, if Mr. Froude had not compelled me to lift the veil and to show you the treatment that our fathers received at the hands of the English. I do it not at all to excite national animosity, and not at all to excite bad blood. I am one of the first who would say "Let bygones be bygones," "Let the dead bury the dead;" but if any man, I care not who he be, how great his reputation, how grand his name in any walk of learning—if any man dares to come, as long as I live, to say that England's treatment of the Irish was just, was necessary, was such as can receive the verdict of the honest people of any land, or dares to say that either at home or abroad Irishmen have ever shown the white feather—if I were on my death-bed, I would rise to contradict him.

FOURTH LECTURE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I have perceived in the public newspapers that Mr. Froude seems to be somewhat irritated by the remarks made as to his accuracy as a historian. Lest any word of mine might hurt in the least degree the just susceptibilities of an honorable man, I beg beforehand to say that nothing is further from my thoughts than the slightest word either of personality or disrespect for one who has won for himself so high a name as the English historian. Therefore I merely hope that it is not any word which may have fallen from me, even in the heat of our amicable controversy, that has given the least offence to that gentleman. Just as I would expect to receive from him, or from any other learned and educated man, the treatment which one gentleman is supposed to show to another, so do I also wish to give him that treatment.

Now, my friends, we come to the matter in hand. The last thing I did was to traverse a great portion of our previous history in reviewing the statements of the English historian, and one portion I was obliged to leave almost untouched. One portion of that sad history is included in the reign of Queen Anne, that estimable lady of whom history records the unwomanly vice of an overfondness for eating. Anne ascended the English throne in 1702, after the demise of William of Orange, and she sat upon that throne until 1711. As I before remarked, there was, perhaps, sufficient reason that the Roman Catholics of Ireland, trodden as they were in the very dust, should expect some quarter from the daughter of the man for whom they had shed their blood, and the granddaughter of the other Stuart king for whose cause they had fought with so much bravery in 1449. But the Irish Catholics got from this good Lady Anne a return quite of another kind from what they might with reason have expected. Not content with the breach of the articles of Limerick of which her royal brother-in-law, William, had been guilty—not content with the atrocious penal laws which kept the Catholics of Ireland in grovelling misery, Anne went further. She appointed a new Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Ormond, and no sooner did he assume

his powers than the Irish Protestants fell on their knees before him and begged him to save them from their foes, the desperate Catholics. Great God! A people who had been robbed, persecuted, decimated, until there was hardly a miserable remnant left, without a vote in the election of the humblest board, without a voice in the transaction of the humblest business, without power, influence, or recognized existence—and of this people the strong Protestant body in Ireland complained as being dangerous. And so well were these complaints heard, my friends, that we find edict after edict coming out, declaring that no Papist shall be allowed to inherit land or possess land, or even have it under a lease; declaring that if a Catholic child wished to become a Protestant, that moment that child became the owner and the master of his father's estate, and his father remained only a pensioner or tenant for life upon the bounty of his own apostate son; declaring that if a child, however young, even an infant, became a Protestant, that moment that child was to be removed from the guardianship and custody of the father, and was to be handed over to some Protestant relation. Every enactment that the misguided ingenuity of the tyrannical mind of man could suggest was put in force. "One might be inclined," says Mr. Mitchell, "to suppose that Popery had already been sufficiently discouraged, seeing that the clergy had been banished, the Catholics were excluded by law from all honorable and lucrative employments, carefully disarmed and plundered of almost every acre of their ancient inheritance. But enough was not already done to make the Protestant interest feel secure. Consequently laws were sanctioned by her Majesty Queen Anne that no Catholic could go near a walled town, especially Limerick or Galway. In order that they might be sure not to get near a walled town, they were to remain several miles away, as if they were lepers whose presence would contaminate their select and pampered Protestant fellow-citizens."

All through Queen Anne's reign police and magistrates were hounded on to persecute, and informers were tempted with ample bribes. A price was paid for executing these atrocious laws, and the Catholic people of Ireland were followed up as if they were ferocious and untamable wolves. But, my friends, Mr. Froude pretends to justify this persecution, and on two grounds. I may not hope to change Mr. Froude's opinion, but I hope to convince the people of this country that there was no excuse for the shedding of the Irish people's blood by unjust persecution, upheld by legal enactment. Not a word of sympathy has he for the people thus treated—not a

word of manly protest against the shedding of that people's blood—by unjust persecution and by the robbery of legal enactment; but he says there were two reasons for the ferocious action of the British Government. The first is, he says, that after all these were only retaliation for the terrible persecution that was suffered by the Protestant Huguenots in France. He says: "The Protestants of Ireland were only following the example of Louis XIV., who revoked the Edict of Nantes." Let me explain this somewhat to you. The Edict of Nantes was a law that gave religious liberty to the French Protestants as well as the French Catholics. It was a law founded in justice; it was a law founded in the sacred rights that belong to man; but this law was revoked, and consequently the Protestants of France were laid open to persecution. But there is this difference between the French Protestants and the Catholics of Ireland—the former had not their liberty guaranteed to them by treaty; the Irish Catholics had their liberty guaranteed them by the Treaty of Limerick, a treaty which they won by their own brave hands and swords. The Edict of Nantes was unjustly revoked, but that revocation was no breach of any royal word plighted to them. The Treaty of Limerick was broken to the Catholics of Ireland, and in the breach of it the King of England, the Parliament of England, the aristocracy of England, as well as the miserable Irish Protestant faction at home, became perpetrators in the history of the world. Here are the words of the celebrated Edmund Burke on the subject of the revocation of this very edict: "This act of injustice," says the great Irish statesman, "which let loose on the monarchy of Louis XIV. such a torrent of invective and reproach, and which threw a dark cloud over the splendor of a most illustrious reign, falls far short of the case of Ireland." Remember that he is an English statesman, of Irish birth, and a Protestant, who speaks. But, my friends, the privileges which the Protestants of France enjoyed and lost by the revocation were of a far wider character than the Irish Catholics ever pretended to aspire to. The Edict of Nantes condemned those who returned to Protestantism having once renounced it. Its revocation did not subject the Protestants to any such persecution as that visited on the Irish Catholics. The estates of Protestants were only subject to confiscation when they quitted the kingdom. There was none of the complicated machinery I have referred to in my description of the Irish persecution. Then it should be remembered that the revocation of the Edict of Nantes did not by any means affect as large a body of people as the penal laws in Ireland, when one portion of the population was living

on the spoils of a much more numerous portion. Side by side with the Protestants of France compare the Irish people, ruined, beggared, and hunted to the death; and the English historian says: "We have only served you as your coreligionists in France served us." The other reason he gives to justify this persecution was that the Irish Catholics were in favor of the Pretender. Now, to that statement I can give and do give a most emphatic denial. The Irish Catholics had had quite enough shedding of their own blood. They had no interest whatever in the succession, nor cared they one iota whether the Elector of Hanover or the son of James II. succeeded to the throne of England, for they knew whether it was a Hanoverian or a Stuart that ruled in England the prejudice of the English people would make him, whoever he was, a tyrant over them and over their nation.

Thus the persecution went on, law after law being passed to make perfect beggary and ruin of the Irish people, until at length Ireland was reduced to such a state of misery that the very name of an Irishman was a reproach, and until at length a small number of the glorious race had the weakness to change their faith and to deny the religion of their fathers. The name of an Irishman was a reproach. My friends, Dean Swift was born in Ireland, and he is looked upon as a patriotic Irishman, yet he said: "I no more consider myself an Irishman because I happened to be born in Ireland than an Englishman chancing to be born in Calcutta would consider himself a Hindoo." He went so far as to say that he would no more think of taking the Irish into account than he would think of consulting swine. Macaulay gloats over the state of the Catholics in Ireland, and even Mr. Froude views not without some complacency their misery. Macaulay calls them "Pariabs." He said they had no existence, no liberty, even to breathe in the land, and that land their own! and that even the Lord Chancellor in an English court and in an Irish court, laying down the law of the kingdom coolly and calmly, said that *in the eye of the law no Catholic was supposed to exist in Ireland*. Chief Justice Robinson made a similar declaration: "It appears plain that the law does not suppose any such person to exist as an Irish Roman Catholic;" and yet at that very time we find that Irishmen proclaimed their loyalty, and said: "Look at the Catholics of Ireland, how loyal they are!" Yet, according to Mr. Froude, we were all at this very time for the Pretender. We find at this very time an Irishman of the name of Phelim O'Neill, one of the glorious old line of Tyrone, changed his religion and became a Protestant, but at the same time, seeing

the strangeness that any O'Neill should be a Protestant, changed his name also and called himself Mr. Felix Neill. A good deal has been said and written about names and their sounds. Felix made his name rhyme with "slippery eel," and an old friar wrote some famous Latin verses about him, calling him "Infelix Felix, who had forgotton the ship, the salmon, and blood-red Hand, and blushed when called O'Neill in his own land!" But, my friends, the English or Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, seeing how that they had got every penal law they could ask for, seeing that the only thing that remained for them was utterly to exterminate the Irish race—and they had nearly accomplished it, and would have killed them all, only that the work was too much, and that there was a certain something in the old blood and in the old race that still terrified them when they approached it—and seeing that there were so few Catholics, they thought that now at least their hands were free, and nothing remained for them but to make Ireland, as Mr. Froude said, a "garden." They set to work and had their own Parliament, and a Catholic could not go near them. But they were greatly surprised to find that, now that the Catholics were crushed into the very earth, England began to regard the very Cromwellians themselves as objects of hatred. What! they, the sons of the Puritans; they, the brave men who had slaughtered so many of the Catholic religion; is their trade, commerce, and Parliament to be interfered with? Ah! now indeed Mr. Froude finds tears and weeps them over the injustice and folly of England, because England interfered with the commerce and trade of the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. These Protestants were first-class woollen manufacturers, because the wool of the Irish sheep was so fine. The English Parliament made laws that the English traders were not to make any more cloth to go into foreign markets to rival their English fellow-workmen. Mr. Froude attributes these laws, in his lecture, to the "*accident*" that England at that time happened to be under the dominion of a slavish set of money-jobbers, and paltry, pitiful merchants—a mere accident according to him—an action, he says (and with some truth), which so discontented the Protestant faction in Ireland that many of them emigrated to America, and there they carried their hatred with them, which was one day to break up the British Empire.

I have another theory on this great question. I hold that it was no accident of the hour at all that made England place her restrictive laws upon the Irish woollen trade. I hold that it was the settled policy of England. These men who

were now in the ascendancy in Ireland, imagined that because they had ruined and beggared the ancient race that they would, therefore, be regarded as friends by England. I hold that it was at that time, and in a great measure is to-day, the fixed policy of England to keep Ireland poor, to keep Ireland down, to be hostile to Ireland, no matter who lives in it, whether Protestant, whether Norman, Cromwellian, or Celt. The law restricting the trade on woollens was passed. The planters and the sons of planters were beggared, simply because they had a part in Ireland and an interest in the welfare of the country. The inimitable Swift, speaking on this very subject, quoted the fable of Pallas and Arachne. Pallas heard that a certain young virgin named Arachne could spin well. Pallas met her in a trial of skill, and finding herself surpassed, changed her to a spider, and sentenced her to spin for ever from her own bowels and in a small compass. "I always pitied poor Arachne," said Swift, "and could never love the goddess for this cruel and unjust sentence. Ireland has been treated worse than Arachne. She had permission to spin from her own bowels, which we have not." This sentence was fully executed upon us by England, but with greater severity. They left us no chance for spinning and weaving. The Irish wool was famous. The English were outbid for it by the French. So a law was passed forbidding its exportation; they took it themselves and paid their own price for it. The dean goes on to say that oppression makes a wise man mad, and that the reason why the men in Ireland are not mad is that they are not wise. But oppression, in time, might teach a little wisdom to even these. We call Swift a patriot. How little did he think of the oppression that beggared and ruined our people, that drove them from their lands, from every pleasure of life and from their country, and all because they had Irish names and blood, and would not give up the faith that their conscience told them was right! Now, my friends, Mr. Froude in his lecture comes at once to consider the consequences of that Protestant emigration from Ireland. He says the Protestant manufacturers of Ireland and the workmen were discontented and came to America, and then he begins to enlist the sympathies of America upon the side of the Protestant men who came over from Ireland. If he stopped here, I would not have a word to say to the learned historian. When the Englishman claims the sympathy or this or any other land for men of his blood and of his religion, if they are deserving of that sympathy, I, an Irishman, am always the first to grant it to them with all my heart. And

therefore I do not find the slightest fault with this learned Englishman when he challenges the sympathy of America for the Orangemen of Ireland who came over here. If these men deserve the sympathy of America, why not let them have it? But Mr. Froude went on to say that while he claimed sympathy for the Protestant emigrants from Ireland, as lovers of American liberty, the Catholics, on the other hand, were crawling to the foot of the throne and telling King George III. that they would be only too happy to go out at his command and shed American blood in his cause. Is that statement true or not? This learned historian quoted a petition that was presented to the king in the year 1775 by Lord Fingal and other noblemen. In that petition he states Lord Fingal and several other Catholic noblemen spoke in the name of the Irish people, pronouncing the American revolution an unnatural rebellion, and expressing a willingness to go out for the suppression of American liberty. First I ask at what time were Lord Fingal, Lord Hope, Lord Kenmare, and the other Catholic lords of the pale authorized to speak in the name of the Irish people? Their presence in Ireland, although they kept the faith, was a cross, a hindrance, and a stumbling-block to the Irish nation, and the Irish people know it well. I do not doubt Mr. Froude's word, but being only anxious to satisfy myself by strict research, I have looked for this petition. I find a petition in Currey's collection signed by Lord Fingal and a number of Catholic noblemen, and in which they protest their loyalty in terms of the most slavish adulation. But I am not able to discover a single word about the American revolution, or expressing any desire to destroy the liberation of America. *Not one word.* I have sought, and my friends have sought, in every document that was at our hands for this petition. I could not find it. There is a mistake somewhere. It is strange that a petition of so much importance should not have been published among the documents of the time. The learned historian's resources are far more ample than mine, resources of time, talent, and opportunity. No doubt he will be able to explain this. This petition must have passed through Sir John Blackier's hands, then to the Lord Lieutenant, from him to the Prime Minister, and from him to the king. We have an old proverb which shows how we manage these things in Ireland: "Speak to the maid to speak to the mistress to speak to the master."

Now we come to the year 1775. The Catholics of Ireland had no voice in the government; they could not so much as vote for a parish beadle, much less for a member of parlia-

ment. And does Mr. Froude tell the American people that these unfortunate people would not have welcomed the cry that came from across the Atlantic? It was the cry of a people who proclaimed the truest liberty of men and of nations; who proclaimed that no people upon the earth should be taxed without representation, and who gave the first blow, right across the face, to English tyranny that that tyrant had received for many years—a blow before which England reeled, and which brought her to her knees. Does he mean to tell you, citizens of America, that such an event as this would be distasteful to the poor Irish Catholics in Ireland? It is true that they had crushed them as far as they could, but they had not taken the manhood out of them. Now, here are the facts of this. Lord Howe, the English general, in that very year of 1775, writes home to his Government from America, and says: "Send out German troops from England," which, in other words, meant Hessians. I don't make use of this feeling with the slightest tincture of disrespect. I have the greatest respect for the German element in this country. Certain it is, however, that in those days Hesse Cassel and Hesse Darmstadt—the people of those States—were hired out by every other country to fight their varied battles. "Send me out German troops," said Lord Howe, "for in a war against America and the American people I cannot depend on the Irish people, because a subjugated but unsubdued race are too much in unison—they have too much sympathy for the people of America. The Irish," said he, "*are not to be depended upon.*" They sent out four thousand troops from Ireland. But listen, my friends, to this—but listen to this: Arthur Lee, the agent of America in Europe, writes home to his Government in 1777, and says that "the resources of our enemy are annihilated in Germany, and their last resort is to the Catholics of Ireland. They have already experienced their unwillingness to go. Every man of a regiment raised there last year obliged them to ship him tied and bound." Honor to the Irish Catholic soldiers' hearts that when they were to be sent to America to cut the throats of and scalp the American people they swore they would not do it, and they had to tie them and carry them on board. But Lee goes on to say, "And more certainly they will desert more than any other troops." Lowder tells us that the war against America was not over popular, even in England. But in Ireland he says the people assumed the cause of America from sympathy. Let us leave Ireland and come to America. Let us see how the great man who was building up a magnificent dynasty in

this country regarded the Irish people. I refer, my friends, to the immortal patriot and Father of his Country, George Washington. In 1790 George Washington received an address from the Catholics of America, signed by Bishop Carroll, of Maryland, and a great many others. In reply to that address, the response this magnificent man (Washington) makes, is in these words: "I hope to see America free and ranked among the foremost nations of the earth in examples of justice and liberality, and I presume that you, fellow-citizens, will not forget the patriotic part which you Irish took in the accomplishment of our rebellion and the establishment of our Government, and in the valuable assistance which we received from a nation professing the Catholic religion." In the month of December, 1781, the friendly Sons of St. Patrick in Philadelphia elected Washington a member of their society. These men were great friends of the great American Father of his Country. When his army lay at Valley Forge, twenty-seven members of this society subscribed between them, in 1780, 103,500 pounds sterling of Pennsylvania currency for the American troops. George Washington accepted the affiliation with their society. "I accept with singular pleasure the ensign of so friendly a society as that of the Sons of St. Patrick, a society distinguished for the firmest adherence to our cause." During that time what greater honor could be bestowed by Washington than he bestowed upon the Irish?

When Arnold, whose name is handed down for eternal execration, proved a traitor, Washington was obliged to choose the very best soldiers in the army to send to West Point. From his whole army they selected the celebrated Pennsylvania Line, as they were called, and these troops were mainly made up of Irishmen. Nay, more; not merely of Protestant Irishmen, or of those who in that day were called Scotch Irish, which designated Mr. Froude's friends who emigrated from Ulster. Look over the muster-roll of this regiment, and we find such names as Duffy, McGuire, and O'Brien. These are names, not of Palatines, or the Scotch planters in Ireland, but of thoroughbred Irishmen. They fought and bled for Washington, and he loved them.

And now, my friends, I want to give you a little incident in the history of that celebrated corps (the Pennsylvania Line), to let you see how their hearts and hands were in relation to America. During the American Revolution, as Mr. Carey informs us, these Irish-American soldiers, who were avenging at the same time the wrongs of the country of their birth and those of the country of their adoption, became disheartened at

what they conceived to be the neglect of the Government towards them. Everywhere around they saw the people in wealth, and comfort, and affluence, while they themselves were spilling their blood for the country which would relieve neither their nakedness nor their hunger. On the frozen roads they marked their march with the blood that trickled from their shoeless feet, and they were half naked in the midst of winter. They petitioned; they appealed to Congress; they remonstrated; and at last, stung beyond endurance by their suffering, they mutinied. When the English commander heard this, he was overjoyed, and he wrote home to England, saying that the Rebellion (as he called it) would soon be crushed. Lord Howe sent his agents to confer with the mutinous Pennsylvania Line, giving them a free card to make any terms whatever that could induce the starving Irish soldiers to go over to the British side. The Pennsylvania Line seized and bound the agents of the British general and sent them to the tent of Washington!

There was no Judas, no Arnold among them. They defied the tempters while they trampled on their shining gold, and these miserable wretches, the English spies, paid the forfeit of their lives for attempting to seduce these illustrious heroes. About Irishmen and Irish patriotism there was no falsehood.

Mr. Froude seems to think that the American people look upon the Irish nation with a certain amount of disrespect and disesteem. On this question, and in reference to our people, take the testimony of George W. Parke Custis, the adopted son of Washington. He says: "The Irishmen at that time and before, even though they were themselves struggling for emancipation, lent all their support to this country." This is what the great American gentleman says of them in reference to an appeal which they made for aid: "And why is this imposing appeal from poor Ireland, whose generous sons in the days of our infancy, and during our struggle for independence, shared in our glory and shared in our misfortunes, and shared in our successes. They shared in all the storms of political strife that beset this once unhappy but now happy land. Yes; the Irish people, in the fervency of their enthusiasm, have always in their heart cherished one great idea of respect for this country, and in the magnificent outpouring of their hearts their lips have never ceased to utter in time of need the musical ejaculation, 'God save America!' This is true, because we have always received from Ireland more help and needed assistance than we ever received from any European nation." Again he says:

"To-day the grass has grown green over the grave of many a poor Irishman who died for America before any one here assembled was born. In the war of the Revolution in this country, Ireland furnished one hundred men to any single man furnished by any foreign nation."

The same high authority, the adopted son of Washington, ever entertained the heartiest sympathy and admiration for the veteran Irish soldiers of the Revolution. He was accustomed to welcome them into his own house, there to treat them with kindness and esteem; and he tells us of one aged survivor whom he invited in, and who, while holding the hospitable glass offered to him, said: "Let me drink to General Washington, who is a saint in heaven this day." On another memorable occasion the same eminent American pays the following tribute to Ireland:

"Recall to your minds the recollections of the heroic times when Irishmen were our friends, and when they were throughout the whole world, no matter where scattered, the friends of our interest, the supporters of our independence. Look to the period that tried the souls of men on this soil, and you will find that the sons of Erin rushed to our ranks, and amongst the clash of steel there was many a John Byrne who was not idle." He does not say Gibbs, or Spragg, or any Cromwellian name of the kind. Let me tell you who this John Byrne was. A certain Irish prisoner was put on board of a ship and there left in chains in the bow of a ship, pestilence being on board; he was more than half starved, and was scarcely alive when summoned on deck to have sentence pronounced, in consequence of the cruelty inflicted on him. And then the English commander offered him plenty of money and liberty if he would give up the cause which he had espoused, which cause was the American cause, and join the British army. With a hand scarcely able to lift up he opened his mouth and uttered vehemently with all the force he could command, "Hurrah for America!" In the presence of such facts as these, testified to by no less eminent men than George Washington and his son, Mr. Froude might as well speak to the hurricane above his head as try to erase from the Irish people the sympathy of America! Dr. McNeven, in the year 1809, speaking of the war with England, says in relation to this circumstance:

"One of the matters charged on the Irish, and one of the many pretexts for refusing redress to the Catholics of Ireland, was that 16,000 of them fought on the side of America. Many more thousands are ready to maintain the Declaration of American Independence."

Now, my friends, there are other testimonies to justify our race. We have the testimony of American literary gentlemen, such for instance as that of Mr. Paulding, and here are his words :

"The history of Ireland exhibits from first to last a detail of the most persevering, galling, grinding, insulting, and systematic oppression found anywhere except among the helots of Sparta. There is not a national feeling that has not been insulted, and not a national right that has not been trodden under foot. As Christians the people of Ireland have been denied the exercise of the Catholic religion, venerable for its antiquity, admirable for its unity, and the chord by which the people are bound together in harmony. As men the Irish people have been deprived of the common rights of British subjects, under the pretext that they were incapable of enjoying them, which pretext had no other foundation except their resistance to oppression. England has denied them the means of improvement, and then insulted them with the imputation of barbarism."

Another distinguished American—Mr. Johnson, for instance—says he has never observed such severity as that exercised over the Catholics of Ireland. This is a gentleman whose name stands high in the literary record of America. Take again the unanimous address of the Legislature of Maryland. Those American legislators say : "A dependency of Great Britain, Ireland, is lying languishing under an oppression reprobated by humanity and discountenanced by just policy. It would argue ignorance of human rights to submit patiently to this oppression. The Senators have witnessed the struggle of Ireland, but with only poor success. Rebellions and insurrections have gone on with but little instances of tranquility. America has opened her arms to the oppressed of all nations. No people have availed themselves of the asylum with more alacrity or in greater numbers than the Irish. High is the meed of praise which the Irish feel for the gratitude of America. As heroes and statesmen they honor their adopted country." Until such glorious words as these are wiped out of the record of American history, until the generous sentiments that have inspired them have ceased to be a portion of the American nature, then, and not before then, will Mr. Froude get the verdict which he seeks from America. I have looked through the American archives, and I find that the foundation of that sympathy lies in the simple fact that the Catholics of Ireland were heart and soul with you in that glorious struggle. I find a letter from Ireland in September, 1775, to a friend in

New York, in which the gentleman writing says: "Most of the people here wish well to the cause in which you are engaged. They are receiving recruits throughout this kingdom, but the men are told that they are only going to Edinburgh to learn military discipline and are then to return." They had to tell them a lie first, well knowing that if they told them the truth they would never enter the ranks of the British army to fight against Americans. In 1775 the Duke of Richmond makes this statement: "Attempts have been made to enlist Irish Roman Catholics, but the Ministry know well that these attempts have been unsuccessful." A certain Major Roche was sent down to Cork to recruit, and he made a speech to them beginning, "The glorious nationality to which they belonged, the splendid monarchy that governed them;" in fact, almost the very words that Mr. Froude alleges to have been used by Lord Fingall were used by Major Roche to these poor men, and he then held the golden guinea and the pound before them, but none could be induced to fight against their American brothers. Writing to the House of Commons in the year 1779, Mr. Johnson says: "I maintain that the sons of the best and wisest men in this country are on the side of the American people, and that in Ireland there was a large majority on the side of the Americans." In the House of Lords, in the same year, the Duke of Richmond says: "Attempts have been made to enlist the Irish Roman Catholics. These attempts have proved unsuccessful." We find again the American Congress, in the memorable year 1775, taking action in the matter. Congress sent over the Atlantic waves assistance to the down-trodden Catholic Irish.

I now come to another honored name and find the testimony of Verplanck. When the Catholic Emancipation was passed there was a banquet in New York City to celebrate the event, and this distinguished American proposed a toast: "The Penal Laws: *requiescat in pace*—may they rest in peace. And now that they are gone, I have a good word to say for them." What was that good word? Here it is: "Both in that glorious struggle for independence and in our more recent contest for American rights those laws gave to America the support of hundreds and thousands of brave hearts and strong arms." Two of America's greatest statesmen, Henry Clay and William H. Seward, have given substantial proof of their sympathy for Ireland, and have shown that Ireland always deserved it of America. I now come to another important question in this discussion—the volunteers of '82. The cause of the formation of the volunteers was the determination of

the English Government to send over to Ireland regiments of Hessians to take the place of the soldiers that had been sent from there to America, and the Protestant Irish said that they would have none of them, and from this sprang the volunteers of '82. Mr. Froude had had little to say of them, and consequently in answering him he would restrict himself also in that regard. In 1776 Ireland began to arm, but the movement was altogether Protestant. But we find that the Catholics of Ireland, ground as they were to the dust, no sooner did they hear that their Protestant oppressors were anxious to do something for the old land than they came to them and said: "We forgive everything you ever did to us; we leave you the land, our country, and our wealth, and our commerce; all we ask of you is put a gun into our hands for one hour of our lives." This they were refused, and, my friends, when the Catholic Irish—when they found that they would not be allowed to enter the ranks of the volunteers, they had the generosity out of their poverty to collect money and hand it over to clothe and feed the army of their Protestant fellow-citizens. Anything for Ireland. Anything for the man that would lift his hand for Ireland, no matter of what religion he was. The old generous spirit was there, the love that never could be extinguished was there, self-sacrificing, ample love for any man, no matter who he was, that was a friend to their native land. But after a time our Protestant friends and volunteers began to think that these Catholics were capital fellows; somehow centuries of persecution could not knock the manhood out of them, and accordingly we find in 1780 there were 50,000 Catholics amongst the volunteers, every man of them with arms in his hand.

Mr. Froude says that Grattan—the immortal Grattan—whilst he wished well for Ireland, whilst he was irreproachable in every way, public or private, that at this time he was guilty of a great mistake; that England had long ruled Ireland badly, but she had been taught a lesson by America, and she was now anxious to govern Ireland well, and no sooner was an abuse pointed out than it was immediately remedied; and the mistake Grattan made was, instead of insisting on just legislation from England, he insisted on the independence of Ireland, and that the Irish people should make their own laws; that the energies of the nation, which were wasted in political faction, could have been husbanded, and England would have been induced to grant just and fair laws; but he goes on the assumption, my dear American friends—the gentleman goes on the assumption that England was willing to redress grievances,

to repeal the bad laws and make good ones, and he makes this assertion by saying that she struck off the wrists of the Irish merchants the chains of their commercial slavery and restored to Ireland her trade. You remember that this trade was taken away from them. Now, I wish for the honor of England that she was as generous, or even as just, as Mr. Froude represents her, and as he no doubt would wish her to be; but we have the fact before us that in 1779, when a motion was made to repeal the laws restricting the commerce of Ireland, the English Parliament, the English king, and the English Lord Lieutenant of Ireland opposed it to the very death. They would not have it; not a fetter would they strike off even of the chains of the Protestants and planters of Ireland; and it was only when Grattan rose up in the Irish Parliament and insisted that Ireland should get back her trade, it was only then that England consented to listen, because there were 50,000 volunteers armed outside. The policy of trade interference still continued, and serious as it was, it was but an iota of the wrongs inflicted. No Irishmen were recognized but Protestant Irishmen. All others were men excluded from the bench, the bank, the exchange, the university, the College of Physicians, and so on. When, then, the English king and Parliament and aristocracy were bound to have this thing go on, it was a righteous act for Grattan to rise in the Senate and swear before heaven that it should cease. As firmly was the oath that it should not cease retorted, and while Grattan worked within he had 50,000 volunteers drawn up in the streets of Dublin to give weight to his arguments. Bitter then was the sorrow of the English when a member whose position should have taught him better—Hussey de Burgh—seconded Grattan's motion, and Ireland's commercial and legislative freedom were asserted. Protestant bigotry, the many-headed monster, had now begun to think it would be proper to reform the state, but Henry Grattan said: "I never will claim this while thousands of my countrymen are in chains; give them the power to return members to Parliament, and put an end to the nomination boroughs; let the members represent the people, and you will have reformed your Parliament and have established the liberties which the volunteers have won." The English would not hear of reform, because they wanted to have a venal and corrupt Government.

It was to this fact and not to any misstatement that we owe the collapse of that magnificent resurrection in the movement of 1800. When William Pitt came to office his first step was to put an end to this difficulty and unite the two Parliaments

into one. This being the programme, how was it to be worked out? Mr. Froude stated that the rebellion of '98 was one of those outbursts of Irish ungovernable passion and of Irish inconstancy. Mr. Froude said that rebellion arose out of the disturbance of men's minds created by the French revolution, which set all the world ablaze, and the flames spread no doubt to Ireland, and that the Irish Government was so hampered by the free Parliament their hands were bound. The rising of 1798 took place on the 23d of May, and on that day the United Irishmen arose. As early as 1797 the country was beginning to be disturbed, and during the months of February and March Lord Moira said in the House of Lords:

"I have seen in Ireland the most absurd and disgusting tyranny that any nation ever groaned under. I have myself seen it practised and unchecked, and the effects that resulted were such as I have stated to your lordship. I have seen in that country a marked distinction between the English and the Irish. I have seen troops full of this prejudice, and every inhabitant of that is, and is a rebel to the British Government."

Their treatment of the Irish was cruel in the extreme. They persecuted them until Irish blood could stand no more, until Irishmen would have been poltroons and servile cowards to have yielded without a determined and forcible assertion of their rights. (The lecturer continued his description of the outrages encouraged by English tyranny and practised by the troops, and closed that portion of the narrative with the remark, which brought great outcries of enthusiasm from the audience): And all this occurred before the rising actually took place, and this course was pursued with the view of provoking the great rebellion which followed. I ask you, in all this goading of a people into rebellion, if the infamous Government which then ruled Ireland was not to blame. Were the Irish responsible when the myrmidons of England were let loose upon them, violating every principle of honor and decency? Did they not goad them into the rebellion of 1798? Mr. Froude says several hot-headed priests put themselves at the head of the people. There was Father John Murphy, who came home from his duties one day and found his house burned, his chapel destroyed, and his unfortunate parishioners huddled about the blackened walls of the chapel. "Where are we to fly?" they cried. Father John Murphy got some pikes, put them in their hands, and himself at their head. Here you see, Mr. Froude, there are two sides to every story. I have endeavored to give you some portions of the Irish side

of this story, resting and bearing my testimony upon the records of Protestant and English writers, and upon the testimony which I have been proud to put before you of the noble and generous American people. I have to apologize for the dryness of the subject and the imperfect manner in which I have treated it, and also for the unconscionable length of time which I have tried your patience. On next Tuesday evening we shall be approaching ticklish ground—Ireland since the Union, Ireland to day, and Ireland as my heart and brain tells me that she will be in some future time.

FIFTH LECTURE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

On this day a paragraph in a newspaper, the *New York Tribune*, was brought under my notice, and the reading of it caused me much pain and anguish of mind. It recorded an act of discourtesy to my learned antagonist, Mr. Froude, supposed to have been offered by Irishmen in Boston. In the name of the Irishmen in America I tender to the learned gentleman my best apologies. I beg to assure him for my Irish fellow-countrymen in this country that we are only too happy to offer to him the courtesy and hospitality which Ireland has never refused, even to her enemies. Mr. Froude does not come amongst us as an enemy of Ireland, but he professes that he loves the Irish people, and I believe him. When I read in the report of his last lecture, which I am about to answer to-night, that he would yield to no man in his love for the Irish people, I was reminded of what O'Connell said to Lord Derby on a similar occasion. When the noble lord stated in the House of Lords that he would yield to no man in his great love for Ireland, the "*Tribune*" arose and said : " Any man that loves Ireland cannot be my enemy ; let our hearts shake hands." I am sure, therefore, that I speak the sentiments of every true Irishman in America when I assure this learned English gentleman that as long as he is in this country he will receive from the hands of the Irish citizens of America nothing but the same courtesy, the same polite hospitality and attention which he boasts he has received from the Irish people in their native land. We Irishmen in America know well that it is not by discourtesy, or anything approaching to rudeness or violence, that we expect to make our appeal to this great nation. If ever the reign of intellect and of mind was practically established in this world, it is in glorious America. Every man who seeks the truth, every man who preaches the truth, whether it be a religious or a historical truth, will find an audience in America ; and I hope that he never will find an Irishman to stand up and offer him discourtesy or violence because he speaks what he imagines to be the truth.

So much being said in reference to the paragraph to which I have alluded, I come to the last of Mr. Froude's lectures and to the last of my own. First, the learned gentleman, in his fourth lecture, told the people of America his views of the rebellion of 1782 and the subsequent Irish rebellion of '98. According to Mr. Froude, the Irish made a great mistake in 1782 by asserting the independence of the Irish Parliament. "They abandoned," says this learned gentleman, "the paths of political reform, and they clamored for political agitation." Now, political agitation is one thing and political reform is another. Political reform, my friends, means the correction of great abuses, the repealing of bad laws, and the passing of good measures for the welfare and well-being of a people. According to this learned gentleman, the English were taught by their bitter American experience that coercion would not answer with the people, and that it was impossible to thrust unjust laws upon a people or nation. According to Mr. Froude, England was only too willing, too happy, in the year 1780 to repeal all the bad laws that had been passed in the blindness and bigotry of bygone ages, and to grant to Ireland real redress of all her grievances. "But the Irish people," says Mr. Froude, "instead of demanding from England a redress for their grievances, insisted upon their national and Parliamentary independence. And they were fools in this," he says; "for that very independence led to internal contention, from contention to conspiracy, from conspiracy to rebellion, and from rebellion to tyranny." Now, I am as great an enemy of political agitation as Mr. Froude or any other man. I hold, and I hold it by experience, that political agitation distracts men's minds from more serious and more necessary avocations of life; that political agitation distracts men's minds away from their business, and from the safer pursuits of industry, while it creates animosity and bad blood between citizens; that it affords an easy and profitable employment to worthless demagogues, and that it brings very often to the surface the vilest and meanest element of society. All this I grant. But at the same time I hold that political agitation is the only resource left to a people who are endeavoring to exact good laws from an unwilling and tyrannical government. May I ask the learned historian what were the wars of the seventeenth century in France, in Germany, and in the Netherlands—the wars Mr. Froude admires so much, and for which he expresses so much sympathy? What were they but political agitations, taking the form of armed rebellion, in order to extort from the government of the time what the people believed to be

just measures of toleration and liberties of conscience? With these wars that were waged by the people in armed rebellion against France, Spain, and in the Netherlands, against the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Mr. Froude has the deepest sympathy, *because they were wars made by Protestants against Catholic Governments.* The men who made these wars were innovaters, and they were revolutionists in every sense of the word. They wanted to overthrow and overturn not only the altar, but the established form of government. But when the Irish, who alone stood in defence of their ancient religion, their altars, their lives, their property—not their freedom, because that was long gone—though the Irish did this, the learned gentleman has not a word to say, except those which express the greatest disdain and disapprobation. And now, my friends, we come to consider whether Mr. Froude is right when he says “that the Irish only clamored for political agitation.”

Now mark! In 1780 the Irish people, and more especially the Protestant portion of the Irish people, demanded of the English Government the repeal of certain laws that restricted and almost annihilated the trade and commerce of Ireland. These laws had been passed under William III.; they were levelled at the Irish woollen trade; they forbid the exportation of manufactured cloth from Ireland, except under a duty that was equivalent to a prohibition tariff. They went so far as to prohibit the Irish people from selling the very fleece—their wool—selling it to any foreign power except England. England then fixed her price, and as Mr. Froude himself said, “although the French might be offering for Irish wool, the Irish merchant could not sell to them, but he was obliged to sell to the English merchant at his own price.” When the Irish people demanded this just measure, I ask was England willing to grant it? Was England, as Mr. Froude says, only anxious to discover unjust laws in order to repeal them, and to discover grievances in order to redress them? I answer, No! England nailed her colors to the mast. She said: “I never will grant a repeal of restriction duties on Irish trade. Ireland is down, and I will keep her down.”

The proof lies here, that the English Government resisted Grattan's demand for the emancipation of Irish industry until Henry Grattan brought 50,000 volunteers, and the very day he rose in the Irish Parliament to proclaim that she demanded her rights and no more the volunteers in College Green and Stephen's Green, in Dublin, planted their cannon right before the English House of Commons, and had written over the

mouths of their cannon, "Free trade for Ireland, or ——" If England was so willing to redress every Irish grievance—if the Irish people had only to say: "Look here, there is this law in existence, take it away, for it is strangling and destroying the industry of the country"—if England was willing to take away the thing—and this Mr. Froude says she was—if she was willing to hear a defect only to remedy it, why, in the name of God—why, in that day of 1780—why did she hold out until at the cannon's mouth she was compelled to yield the commercial independence of Ireland? Is it any wonder that the Irish people thought, with Henry Grattan, that if every measure of reform was to be fought for, the country would be kept in a perfect state of revolution? If the Irish people would have to say: "Whatever we are to get, we must be ready with our torches lighted and cannons loaded," is it any wonder that they should have said: "It is far better for us to leave our Parliament free and independent to take up the making of our own laws, and, consulting our interests, and in peace, quietness, and harmony, to take thought for the needs of Ireland and legislate for them. And this is what Mr. Froude calls clamoring for political agitation. Thus we see, my friends—and remember this evening, fellow-countrymen, that I am moved to especially appeal to America, for I expect my verdict this evening as Mr. Froude got his, and it is not from Dr. Hitchcock. It is not the puny crow of a barn-door fowl, but it is the scream of the American eagle that I expect to hear. Thus we see that the action of 1782, by which Grattan obtained and achieved the independence of the Irish Parliament, did not show any innate love of Irishmen for political agitation; but in the action of the British Government, that forced them on, they gave them only two alternatives: remain subject to my Parliament and I will never grant you anything except at the cannon's mouth; or take your own liberty and legislate for yourselves. Oh, Henry Grattan, you were not a Catholic, and yet I, a Catholic priest, here to-night call down ten thousand blessings on your name. It is true that that emancipated Parliament of 1782 failed to realize the hopes of the Irish nation. Perfectly true. The Parliament of 1782 was a failure, I grant it. Mr. Froude says that that Parliament was a failure because the Irish are incapable of self-legislation. It is a serious charge to make now against any people, my friends. I, who am not supposed to be a philosopher, and because of the habit that I wear am supposed not to be a man of very large mind—I stand up here to-night and I assert my conviction that there is not a nation or a

race under the sun that is not capable of self-legislation, and that has not a right to the inheritance of freedom. But if the learned gentleman wishes to know what was the real cause of that failure, I will tell him. The emancipated Parliament of 1782, although it enclosed within its walls such honored names as Grattan and Flood, yet did not represent the Irish nation. There were nearly three millions and a half of Irishmen in Ireland at that day. Three millions were Catholics and half a million Protestants, and the Parliament of 1782 only represented the half-million. Nay, more; examine the constitution of that Parliament and see who they were, see how they were elected, and you will find that not even the half-million of Protestants were fairly represented in that Parliament.

For the House of Commons held three hundred members, and of these three hundred there were only seventy-two elected by the people; the rest were nominees of certain great lords and certain large landed proprietors. A man happened to have an estate the size of a county, and each town sent a man to Parliament. The landlord said, You elect such and such a man, naming him. These places were called rotten boroughs, nomination boroughs, pocket boroughs, because my lord had them in his pocket. Have any of you Irishmen here present ever travelled from Dublin to Drogheda? There is a miserable village, a half a dozen wretched huts, the dirtiest, filthiest place I ever saw—and that miserable village returned a member for the Irish Parliament. Did that Parliament of 1782 represent the Irish people? The 3,000,000 of Catholics had not so much as a vote. The best, the most intellectual, Catholic in Ireland had not even a vote for member of Parliament. Had the Parliament represented the Irish nation, they would have solved the problem of Home Rule in a sense favorable to Ireland and very unfavorable to the theories of Mr. Froude.

The Irish people knew this well, and the moment that the Parliament of 1782 was declared independent of the Parliament of England, was declared to have the power of originating its own arts of legislation, and to be responsible to no one but the king, that moment the Irish clamored for reform. They said: "Reform yourselves." Let the people represent them fairly, and you will make a great success of our independence. The volunteers, to their honor, cried out for reform. In their first meeting at Dungarvan, where they were 95,000 strong, the only thing they demanded was reform. The United Irishmen—who, in the beginning, were not a secret society, or a treasonable society, but open, free, loyal

men, embracing the first names and the first characters in Ireland—the United Irishmen originated as a society embracing the first intellect in Ireland for the purpose of forcing reform on the Parliament. It may be interesting to the citizens of America who have honored me with their presence this evening, it may be interesting to my Irish fellow-countrymen, to know what were the three precepts on which the United Irishmen were founded. Here they are: The first resolution of that society was that “the weight of English influence in the government of this country is so great as to require cordial union among all the people of Ireland to maintain that balance which is essential to the preservation of our liberties and to the extension of our commerce.”

Resolution No. 2: “That the only constitutional means by which this influence of England can be opposed is by complete, cordial, and radical reform of the representation of the people in Parliament.” Resolution No. 3: “That no reform is just which does not include every Irishman of every religious persuasion.” There you have the whole programme of the formidable Society of United Irishmen. I ask the people of America if there is anything treasonable, anything reprehensible, anything deserving imprisonment, punishment, or death, in such resolution? But England opposed and hindered the reform. England said the Parliament must remain representatives of a faction and not of the nation—the corrupt and venal representatives of only a small portion of the Protestant faction. On the 29th of November, 1793, Flood introduced into the Irish Parliament a bill of reform. The moment it was read a member rose to oppose it. That member was Barry Yelverton, afterward Lord Avonmore, the Attorney-General of Ireland, who gave to the bill an official and Government opposition. The bill was defeated by 159 to 77. Every one of the 159 voted with the bribe in their pockets. Then Attorney-General Yelverton rose and made a motion that it be declared that this House maintain its just rights and privileges against all encroachments whatsoever, the just rights and privileges being the representation of five-sixths of the Irish people. But, says Mr. Froude, from confusion grew conspiracy, and from conspiracy grew rebellion. By conspiracy he means the Society of United Irishmen and by rebellion the rising of '98. In my last lecture I showed by the evidence of such illustrious men as Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, that the rising of '98 was caused by the British Government, which goaded the Irish into rebellion. I think I have to-night shown that the Society

of United Irishmen was not a conspiracy, but a union of the best intellects and best men in Ireland for a splendid and patriotic purpose, which they aimed to attain by loyal and legitimate means. But the United Irishmen were formed to effect a union among all Irishmen, and this was enough to excite the suspicions of England, whose policy for centuries has been to maintain divisions in Ireland. Well did Mr. Froude say that on the day when Irishmen were united they will be invincible. The Prime Minister of England, William Pitt, resolved on three things: First, to disarm the volunteers; second, to drive the United Irishmen into conspiracy; and third, to force Ireland into a rebellion and have it at his feet. I am reviewing this historically, calmly, and without expression of feeling. But I think a philosopher is the last man in the world who ought to write history. Mr. Froude ought not to write history. A historian's duty is to detail dry facts, and the less he has to do with theories the better. I believe the learned gentleman is too much of a philosopher to be a good historian, and too much of a historian to be a good philosopher. The first of Pitt's three designs was accomplished in 1785. His next move was to send to Ireland a standing army of 15,000 men, and to obtain from the Irish Parliament a grant of £20,000 to enable him to organize a regular militia. Between the army and the militia he caught the volunteers in the centre and disarmed them. On the day when the last volunteer laid down his arms the hopes of Ireland were for the time laid down with him. In 1793 the Parliament passed two bills, the Gunpowder Bill and the Committee Bill. A public meeting of United Irishmen was held in Dublin to protest against the outrageous course pursued by certain agents of the Government in entering houses, and penetrating into private chambers, under pretence of searching for gunpowder, alleged to be concealed there. The Hon. Simon Butler, president, and Oliver Bond, secretary, of the meeting, were imprisoned five months and fined £300 for their part in the demonstration. The United Irishmen were obliged to seek refuge from persecution in secrecy, and were thus forced to become conspirators.

But the first really treasonable project in which they took part was in 1794, when the Rev. William Jackson, a Protestant clergyman, came over to Ireland, commissioned by the French Convention. Mr. Jackson was a true man, but he was accompanied by a certain John Cocquaine, an English lawyer of London, and the agent of Pitt, Prime Minister of England. Thus did the Society of United Irishmen become

the seat of conspiracy, and this was the action of the English Government. Before that it was perfectly legitimate and constitutional. Ah! but it had an object which was far more formidable to the English Government than any action of treason. The English Government is not afraid of Irish treason, but the English Government trembles with fear at the idea of Irish union. The United Irishmen were founded to promote union among Irishmen of every religion, and the Englishman has said in his own mind, "Treason is better than union;" it will force them to become treasonable conspirators in their projects, and union will be broken up. It is well that you should hear, my American friends, what was the oath that was demanded of the United Irishman. Let us suppose I was going to be sworn in: "I, Thomas Burke, in the presence of God, do pledge myself to my country that I will use all my abilities and influence in the attainment of an imperial and adequate representation of the Irish nation in Parliament; and as a most absolute and immediate necessity for the attainment of this chief good of Ireland, I will endeavor as much as lies in my ability to forward and perpetuate the identity of interests, the union of rights, and the union of power among Irishmen of all religious persuasions." I protest before high Heaven to-night that, priest as I am, if I were asked in 1779 to take that oath, I would have taken it and tried to keep it. Remember, my friends, that it was no secret oath; remember that it was an oath that no man could refuse to take unless he was a dishonorable man and a traitor to his country. The founder of this society was Theobald Wolfe Tone. I admit that Mr. Tone was imbued with French revolutionary ideas, but he certainly never endeavored to impress these views upon the society until Mr. William Pitt's, the Prime Minister, influence forced that society to become a secret organization. The third object of the Premier of the Government, namely, to create an Irish rebellion—was accomplished by the cruelties and abominations of the soldiers, who were quartered upon the people and destroyed them. They violated the sanctity of Irish maidenhood and womanhood, burned their villages, plundered their farms, demolished their houses, until they made life even more intolerable than death itself, and compelled the people to rise in the rebellion of 1798. Now, you may ask what advantage was this to William Pitt, the Premier, to have conspiracy and rebellion in Ireland? I answer you that William Pitt was a great English statesman, and that meant in those days a great enemy of Ireland. He saw Ireland with her Parliament, free and independent, making

her own laws, consulting her own interests, and he said to himself: "Ah! this will never do. This country will grow happy and prosperous; this country will be powerful, and that won't subserve my purposes, my imperial designs. What do I care for Ireland? I care for the British Empire." And he made up his mind to destroy the Irish Parliament and to carry the Act of Union. He knew well as long as Ireland was happy, peaceful, and prosperous he never could effect that. He knew well that it was only through the humiliation and destruction of Ireland that he could do it; and, cruel man as he was, he resolved to plunge the kingdom into rebellion and bloodshed in order to carry out his infernal English state policy. And yet, dear friends, especially my American friends, my grand jury—for I feel as if I were a lawyer pleading the case of a poor defendant, that has been defendant in many a court for many a long century; the plaintiff is a great, rich, powerful woman; the poor defendant has nothing to commend her but a heart that has never yet despaired, a spirit that never yet was broken, and a loyalty to God and to man that never yet was violated by any act of treason—I ask you, O grand jury of America! to consider how easy it was to conciliate this poor mother Ireland of mine, and to make her peaceful and happy. Pitt himself had a proof of it in that very year of 1794.

Suddenly the imperious and magnificent Premier seemed to have changed his mind and to have adopted a policy of conciliation. He recalled the Irish Lord Lieutenant Westmoreland, and he sent to Ireland Earl Fitzwilliam, who arrived on the 4th of January, 1795. Lord Fitzwilliam was a gentleman of liberal mind, and a most estimable character. He felt kindly to the Irish people, and before he left England he made an express compact with William Pitt that if he were made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he would govern the country with principles of conciliation and kindness. He came. He found in Dublin Castle a certain Secretary Cooke, a petty tyrant, and he found the great family of Beresfords, who for years and years had monopolized all the public offices and emoluments, and held uncontrolled sway over the destinies of Ireland. He dismissed them all, sent them all to the right about, and he surrounded himself with men of liberal minds and large, statesman-like views. He began by telling the Catholics of Ireland that he would labor for their emancipation. A sudden peace and joy spread throughout the nation. Every vestige of insubordination and rebellion seemed to vanish out of the Irish mind; the people were content to wait; every

law was observed; peace, happiness, and joy was for the time being the portion of Irish people. How long did it last? In an evil hour Pitt returned to his old designs; Earl Fitzwilliam was recalled on the 25th of March, and Ireland enjoyed her hopes only for two short months. When it was ascertained that Lord Fitzwilliam was about to be recalled, there was scarcely a parish in Ireland that did not send in petitions, resolutions, and prayers to the English Government to leave them their Lord Lieutenant. All to no purpose; the policy was changed; Pitt had made up his mind to carry the Union. On the day that Lord Fitzwilliam left Dublin the principal citizens of Dublin took the horses from his carriage, and they drew the carriage themselves down to the water's side. All Ireland was in tears. "The scene," says an historian of the time, "was heartrending; the whole country was in mourning." How easy it was, my American friends, to conciliate these people whom two short months of kindness could so have changed. Oh! if only the English Government, the English Parliament, the English people—if they could only realize this for ever so short a time, the mine of affection, the glorious heart, the splendid gratitude that lies there in Ireland, but to which they have never appealed and never touched! They have turned the very honey of human nature into the gall and bitterness of hate. The rebellion broke out, and it was defeated, and, as Mr. Froude truly says, "the victors took away all the old privileges and made the yoke heavier." By the old privileges, people of America, Mr. Froude means the Irish Parliament, which was taken away. I hope, citizens of America, that this English gentleman who has come here to get a verdict from you will be taught by that verdict that the right of human legislation is not a privilege, but the right of every nation on earth. Then, in the course of his lecture, going back to strengthen his argument, he says: "You must not blame England for being so hard on you Irishmen. She took away your Parliament, and inflicted on you a heavier yoke than you before bore. She could not help it, it was your own fault; what made you rebel?"

This is the argument which the learned gentleman uses. He says the penal laws never would have been carried out only for the revolution in Ireland in 1600. Now, the revolution of 1600 meant the war that Hugh O'Neill made in Ulster against Queen Elizabeth. According to this learned historian, the penal laws were the result, effect, and consequence of that revolution. Remember he fixes that date himself, 1600. Now, my friends, what is the record of history? The penal

laws began to operate in Ireland in 1534. In 1537 the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, who was an Englishman, was put into jail, and left there for denying the supremacy of Harry VIII. over the Church of Rome. Passing over the succeeding years of Harry VIII., passing over the enactments of Somerset, we come to Elizabeth's reign. And we find that she assembled a Parliament in 1560, forty years before Mr. Froude's revolution. Here is one of the laws of the Parliament: "All officers and ministers ecclesiastical" (that took *us* in) "were bound to take the oath of supremacy, and bound to swear that Queen Elizabeth was Popess; that she was the head of the Church; that she was the successor of the Apostles; that she was the representative of St. Peter, and through him of the Eternal Son of God." Queen Elizabeth! My friends, all were obliged to take this oath under pain of forfeiture and total incapacity. Any one who maintained the spiritual supremacy of the Pope was to forfeit for the first offence all his estates, real and personal; and if he had no estate, and if he was not worth twenty pounds, he was to be put for one year in jail. For the second offence he was liable to the penalty of premunire, and for the third offence guilty of high treason and put to death. These laws were made, and commissioners appointed to enforce them. Mr. Froude says they were not enforced. But we actually have the acts of Elizabeth's Parliament, appointing magistrates and officers to go out and enforce these laws. And these were made forty years before the revolution which Mr. Froude alludes to as the revolution of 1600. How, then, can the gentleman ask us to regard the penal laws as the effects of the revolution? In my philosophy, and I believe in that of the citizens of America, the effect generally follows the cause. But the English philosophical historian puts the effects forty years ahead of the cause, or, as we say in Ireland, he put "the car before the horse." But, my friends, Mr. Froude tells us, if you remember, in his second lecture that the penal laws of Elizabeth were occasioned by the political necessity of her situation. Here is his argument, as he gives it. He says: "Elizabeth could not afford to let Ireland be Catholic, because if Ireland were Catholic, Ireland must be hostile to Elizabeth." I may tell you now, and I hope the ladies here will pardon me for mentioning it, that Queen Elizabeth was not a legitimate child. Her name in common parlance is too vile for me to utter or for the ladies here to hear. Suffice it to say that Elizabeth's mother was not Elizabeth's father's wife. The Queen of England knew the ancient abhorrence that Ireland

had for such a vice. She knew that abhorrence grew out of Ireland's Catholicity, and therefore she could not allow Ireland to remain Catholic, because Ireland would be hostile to her if Ireland remained Catholic. The only way the amiable queen could root out Catholics in Ireland was by penal laws—making it a felony for any Irishman to remain in Ireland a Catholic. Therefore the English historian says that she passed these laws because she could not help herself, and that she was coerced by the necessity of her situation. Now, I ask you, if Elizabeth, as he states in his second lecture, was obliged to pass these penal laws whether she would or not, why does he say that those penal laws were the effects of Hugh O'Neill's revolution? If they were the result of Elizabeth's necessity, then they were not the result of the immortal Hugh O'Neill's brave efforts.

His next assertion is that after the American war England was only too well disposed to do justice to Ireland; and the proof lies here: He says that "the laws against the Catholics were almost all repealed before 1798." Very well; now I ask you, dear friends, to reflect upon what these large measures of indulgence to the Catholics were of which Mr. Froude speaks. Here they are: In the year 1771 Parliament passed an act to enable Catholics to take a long lease on fifty acres of bog. My American friends, you may not understand this word, bog. We in Ireland do. It means a marsh; it is almost irreclaimable; it means a marsh which you may be draining until doomsday, still it will remain the original marsh. You may sink a fortune in it in arterial drainage, in top dressing, as we call it in Ireland. Let it alone for a couple of years, then come back and look at it, and it has asserted itself, and it is a bog once more. However, the Parliament was kinder than you imagine. For while they granted to the Catholic the power to take a long lease of fifty acres of bog, they also stipulated that if the bog was too deep for a foundation, he might take half an acre of arable land and build a house. Half an acre! Not more than half an acre. This holding, such as it was, should not be within a mile of any city or town. Oh! no; and mark this: if half the bog was not reclaimed, that is five and twenty acres, within twenty-one years, the lease was forfeited! Dear friends, the Scriptures tell us that King Pharaoh of Egypt was very cruel to the Hebrews because he ordered them to make bricks without straw. But here is a law that ordered unfortunate Irishmen to reclaim twenty-five acres of bog in twenty-one years, or else lose his land. Beggarly as this concession was, you will be astonish-

ed to hear that the very Parliament that passed it was so much afraid of the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland that, in order to conciliate them for this slight concession, they passed another bill granting £10 additional to £30 already offered for every Papist priest duly converted to the Protestant religion. In October 1777 the news reached England that General Burgoyne had surrendered to General Gates. The moment that the news reached Lord North, who was Prime Minister of England, he immediately expressed an ardent desire to relax the penal laws on Catholics. In January, the following year, 1778, the independence of America was acknowledged by glorious France. And the moment that piece of news reached England the English Parliament passed a bill for the relaxation of the laws on Catholics. In May of the same year the Irish Parliament passed a bill—now mark!—to enable Catholics to lease land—to take a lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. So it seems we were to get out of the bog at last.

They also in that year repealed the unnatural penal law which altered the succession in favor of the child who became a Protestant and gave him the father's property. They also repealed the law for the persecution of priests and the imprisonment of Popish schoolmasters. In the year 1793 they gave back to the Catholics the power to elect a member of Parliament, to vote, and they also gave them the right to certain commissions in the army. That is, positively, all that we got. And this is what Mr. Froude calls "almost a total repeal of the laws against Catholics." We could not go into Parliament; we could not go on the bench; we could not be magistrates; we were still the hewers of wood and drawers of water. And this loyal and benign Englishman comes and says: "Why, you fools, you were almost free!" Well, people of America, if these be Mr. Froude's notions of civil and religious freedom, I appeal to you for Ireland not to give him the verdict. "The insurrection of '98," continues the learned gentleman, "threw Ireland back into confusion and misery, from which she was partially delivered by the Act of Union." The first part of that proposition I admit; the second I emphatically deny. I admit that the unsuccessful rebellion of '98 threw Ireland back into a state of misery. Unsuccessful rebellion is one of the greatest calamities that can befall a nation, and the sooner Irishmen and Irish patriots understand this the better it will be for them and their country. I emphatically deny that by the Act of Union there was any remedy for these miseries; that it had any healing remedy whatever

for the wrongs of Ireland ; that it had anything in the shape of a benefit or blessing. I assert that the Union of 1800, by which Ireland lost her Parliament, was a pure curse for Ireland from that day, and nothing else, and it is an evil that must be remedied if the grievances of Ireland are ever to be redressed. I need not dwell upon the wholesale bribery and corruption by which the infernal Castlereagh, that political apostate, carried that detestable Act of Union. Mr. Froude has had the good sense to pass by that dirty subject without touching him, and I can do nothing better. He says : "It was expected that whatever grievances Ireland complained of would be removed by legislation after the Act of Union." It was expected, it is quite true. Even Catholics expected something. They were promised in writing by Lord Cornwallis that Catholic emancipation would be given them if they only accepted the Union. Pitt himself assured them that he would not administer the Government unless Catholic emancipation was made a Cabinet measure. The honor of Pitt, the honor of England, was engaged ; the honor of the brave though unfortunate Lord Cornwallis was engaged ; but the Irish were left to meditate in bitterness of spirit upon the nature of English faith. Now let me introduce an honored name that I shall return to by and by. At that time the Parliament of Ireland was bribed with money and titles, and the Catholic people of Ireland were bribed by the promises of emancipation if they would consent to the Union. Then it was that a young man appeared in Dublin and spoke for the first time against the Union and in the name of the Catholics of Ireland, and that man was the glorious Daniel O'Connell. Two or three of the bishops gave a kind of tacit negative consent to the measure, in the hope of getting Catholic emancipation. I need hardly tell you, my friends, that the Catholic lords of the pale were only too willing to pass any measure the English Government would require. O'Connell appeared before the Catholic Committee of Dublin. Here are his words. Remember they are the words of the Catholics of Ireland :

"SIR : It is my sentiment, and I am satisfied it is the sentiment not only of every gentleman that hears me, but of the Catholic people of Ireland, that if our opposition to this injurious, insulting, and hated measure of Union were to draw upon us the renewal of the penal laws, we would sooner boldly meet the persecution and oppression, which would be testimony of our virtue, and throw ourselves once more under the mercy of our Protestant brethren, than give our assent to the political murder of our country. I do know that although

exclusive advantages may be ambiguously held forth to the Irish Catholic to seduce him from the sacred duty which he owes to his country, I know that the Catholics of Ireland still remember that they have a country, and that they will never accept of any advantage as a sect which would debase and destroy them as a people."

Shade of the great departed, you never uttered truer words! Shade of the great O'Connell, every true Irishman, priest and layman, subscribes to these glorious sentiments, wherever that Irishman is this night!

Now, Mr. Froude goes on in an innocent sort of a way: "It is a strange thing after the Union was passed that the people of Ireland were still grumbling and complaining. They were not treated unjustly hard." These are his words. Good God! People of America, what idea can this gentleman have of justice? What loss did this Union, which he admired so much—what loss did it inflict on Ireland? He seems to think that it did absolutely nothing, and I ask you to consider two or three of the losses. First of all you remember, my dear friends, that Ireland before the Union had her own national debt, as she had her own military. She was a nation. And the national debt of Ireland in the year 1793 did not amount to three millions of money. In the year 1800, the year of the Union, the national debt of Ireland amounted to twenty-eight millions of money. They increased it nine-fold in six years. How? I will tell you. England had in Ireland, for her own purpose, at the time of the Union 126,500 soldiers.

Pretty tough business that of keeping Ireland down in those days! She didn't pay a penny of her own money for them. In order to carry the Union, England spent enormous sums of money on spies, informers, members of Parliament, etc. She took every penny of this out of the Irish treasury. There were eighty-four rotten boroughs disfranchised at the time of the Union, and England paid to those who owned those boroughs—who had the nomination of them—one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling. O'Connell, speaking on this subject, says it was really strange that Ireland was not asked to pay for the knife with which, twenty-two years later, Castlereagh cut his throat. If the debt of Ireland was swollen in these few years from three million to twenty-six million, I ask you to consider what followed. In January, 1801, the year of the Union, four hundred and fifty and one-half million was the debt of England, and to pay the interest on that it required seventeen million seven hundred and eight thousand

and eight hundred pounds. They had to raise eighteen millions to pay the interest on four hundred and fifty millions in that year. Such was the condition of England.

In the year 1817, sixteen years after, the same debt of England had risen from four hundred and fifty millions to seven hundred and thirty-five millions, nearly double, and they had an annual debt of twenty-eight millions. You see they doubled their national debt in sixteen years, during which Pitt waged war with Napoleon, for they had to pay Germans, Hessians, and all sorts of people to fight against France. At one time William Pitt was supporting the whole Austrian army. The Austrians had men, but no money. In Ireland the debt in 1801 was twenty-eight and one-half millions; consequently the annual taxation was one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. That was in 1801. In 1817 the same Irish debt, which sixteen years before was only twenty-eight millions, had risen to one hundred and twelve millions seven hundred and four thousand pounds, and the taxation amounted to four millions one hundred and five thousand pounds sterling. In other words, in sixteen years the debt of England was doubled, but the debt of Ireland was made four times as much as it was in the year that the Union passed. You will ask me how did that happen. It happened from the fact that being united to England, having lost our Parliament, the Chancellor of the Exchequer took and kept the money, and the Irishmen kept the bogs. Ireland lost the privilege of keeping her money and accounts, and that is the way the debt accumulated against us in sixteen years. Ireland was so little burdened with debt at the time of the Union, compared with England, that the English had the presumption to ask us to take share and share alike of the taxation. We owed only twenty millions, and they owed four hundred and fifty millions. Why should we be asked to pay the interest of that debt? They were rich and could bear the taxation. Ireland was poor and she could not bear it. It is easier to pay interest on twenty pounds than on four hundred. Castlereagh, in the British Parliament, said that Ireland should pay one-seventh of the taxes of England. "We will," he said, "tax them share and share alike, so as to bring this (Irish) debt within one-seventh of the English debt." We Irish were obliged to pay interest on the four hundred and fifty millions that they had incurred before the Union had taken place. "But," says Mr. Froude, "consider the advantages to the nation of having this Union; you have the same commercial privileges that the English had." To this I answer in the words of the illustrious, of the honest,

of the high-minded John Mitchel: "It is true that the laws regulating trade are the same in the two islands. Ireland may export flax and woollen clothing to England; she may import her own tea from China and sugar from Barbadoes; the laws which make these penal offences no longer exist; and why? Because they are no longer needed. England, by the operation of these old laws, has secured Ireland's ruin in this respect. England has a commercial marine; Ireland has it to create. England has manufacturing skill, which in Ireland has been destroyed. To create or recover at this day these great industrial and commercial resources, and that in the face of wealthy rivals, is manifestly impossible without one or the other of these conditions—an immense command of capital, or effective duties by Government. Capital has been drained to England from Ireland, and she is deprived of the power to impose protective duties." It was these things the Union imposed on Ireland. "Don't unite with us, sir," says Dr. Samuel Johnston, when addressed upon the subject in his day; "we shall rob you."

In the very first year this Union was fixed Mr. Forster stated in the English house of Parliament there was a falling off of 5,000,000 yards in the export of linen. The same gentleman, three years later, said that, in 1800, the net produce of the Irish revenue was £2,000,800, while the debt was £25,000,000. Three years later, after three years' experience of the condition of things, the debt had increased to £53,000,000, while the revenue had diminished by £11,000. Ireland was deserted; that absenteeism which was the curse of Ireland in the days of Swift had so increased by that time that Dublin had the appearance of a deserted city, and all the cities of Ireland became as places in a wilderness. At this very day, in Dublin, the Duke of Leinster's city palace is turned into a museum of Irish industry. Another large palace has become a draper's shop. Tyrone House is a school-house, and the house of the Earl of Bective was pulled down there a few years ago, and was rebuilt as a Scotch Presbyterian house for the people, and six months ago, when I made a visit to the place, I was surprised to see the marvellous change in contrasting the present condition of the city with her former state. Her fashion and trade, her commercial activity and intellect, her enterprise and political superiority over England, are gone, and Ireland may fold her hands and sigh over the ruin which is left to her. And all this is the result of the Union. The crumbling of her liberty and the ruin of the trade of Ireland, the destruction of her commerce, the utter

uselessness of the harbors of Limerick and Galway, the ruin of the palaces of Dublin, announce to us the ascendancy of England and the transfer of Ireland's intellect elsewhere. What do we get in return for all this? Absolutely nothing. Every Irish question that comes now into the House at London is defeated; and the moment the Irish member steps up in the House to present anything he is to be coughed down, and sneered down, and crowded down, unless, indeed, he has the lungs of an O'Connell and turns on his opponents like an African lion, with a roar putting down their beastly bellowing. Pitt promised emancipation, and six months after the Union was passed he retired from office under the pretence that the king would not grant emancipation; but the true reason why Pitt retired was that his Continental policy had failed. The people of England were tired of his wars and were clamoring for peace. He was too proud to sign even a temporary peace with France; and when he retired it was under the pretext that he would not be allowed to carry Catholic emancipation. Some time later, with the Addington administration, he returned to office a second time, when he proved that he was as great an enemy to the Catholics of Ireland as ever poor old, fleshy, mad George IV. was. It was only after twenty-nine years of heroic effort that the great O'Connell rallied the Irish nation, and he succeeded for a time in uniting all the Catholics as one man, as well as a great number of our noble-hearted Protestant fellow-Irish. When O'Connell came knocking at the doors of the British Parliament with the hand of a united Irish people, when he spoke with the voice of eight millions of people, then, and only then, even as the walls of Jericho crumbled to the sound of Josue's trumpet, did the old bigoted British House of Commons tremble, while its doors burst open to let in the gigantic Irishman that represented the Catholics of Ireland. The English historian cannot say that England granted Catholic emancipation willingly; she granted it as a man would yield up a bad tooth to a dentist. O'Connell put the forceps into that false old mouth, and the old tyrant wriggled and groaned. The bigoted profligate who then disgraced England's crown shed his crocodile tears upon the bill. The face that was never known to change color in the presence of any vicious deed or accusation of vice, that face grew pale, and George IV. wept for sorrow when he had to sign that. The man who beat the great Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, the man who was declared to be the invincible victor and the greatest of warriors, stood there with that bill in his hand, and said to the King of England,

"I wouldn't grant it, your majesty, any more than you; it is forced from you and me. You must sign this paper, or prepare for civil war and revolution in Ireland." I regret to be obliged to say it, but really, my friends, England never granted anything from love, from a sense of justice, or from any other motive than from a craven fear of civil war and serious inconvenience to herself.

Now, having arrived at this point, Mr. Froude glances, in a masterly manner, over the great questions that have taken place since the day that emancipation was demanded. He speaks words the most eloquent and compassionate over the terrible period of '46 and '47—words reading which brought tears to my eyes, words of compassion that he gave to the people who suffered, for which I pray God to bless him and to reward him. He speaks words of generous, enlightened, statesman-like sympathy for the peasantry of Ireland, and for these words, Mr. Froude, if you were an Englishman ten thousand times over, I love you. He does not attempt to speak of the future of Ireland. Perhaps it is a dangerous thing for me too; yet I suppose that all we have been discussing in the past must have some reference to the future, for surely the verdict that Mr. Froude looks for is not a mere verdict of absolution for past iniquities. He has come here, though he is not a Catholic—he has come to America like a man going to a confession. He has cried out loudly and generously, "We have sinned," and the verdict which he calls for must surely regard the future more than the past. For how, in the name of common sense, can any man ask for a verdict justifying the rule of iniquity, the heartrending record of murder, injustice, fraud, robbery, bloodshed, and wrong, which we have been contemplating in company with Mr. Froude? It must be for the future. What is that future? Well, my friends, and first of all my American grand jury, you must remember that I am only a monk, not a man of the world, and do not understand much about these things. There are wiser heads than mine, and I will give you their opinions. There is a particular class of men who love Ireland—love Ireland truly and love her sincerely. There is a particular class of men who love Ireland, and think in their love for Ireland that if ever she is to be freed it is by insurrection, by rising in arms—men who hold that Ireland is enslaved, if you will.

Well, if the history which Mr. Froude has given, and which I have attempted to review, if it teaches us anything it teaches us, as Irishmen, that here is no use appealing to the sword or

to armed insurrections in Ireland. Mr. Froude says that to succeed there are two things necessary—namely, union as one man and a determination not to sheathe that sword until the work is done. I know that I would earn louder plaudits, citizens of America, and speak a more popular language in the ears of my auditors, if I were to declare my adhesion to this class of Irishmen. But there is not a living man that loves Ireland more dearly than I do. There are those who may love her more fervently, and some love her with greater distinction. But there is no man living that loves Ireland more tenderly or more sincerely than I do. I prize, citizens of America, the good-will of my fellow-Irishmen; I prize it next to the grace of God. I also prize the popularity which, however unworthy, I possess with them. But I tell you, American citizens, for all that popularity, for all that good-will, I would not compromise one iota of my convictions, nor would I state what I do not believe to be true; and I say that I do not believe in insurrectionary movements in a country so divided as Ireland. There is another class of Irishmen who hold that Ireland has a future, a glorious future, and that that future is to be wrought out in this way. They say, and I think with justice and right, that wealth acquired by industry brings with it power and influence. They say, therefore, to the Irish at home: "Try to accumulate wealth, lay hold of the industries and develop the resources of your country. Try in the meantime and labor to effect that blessed union without which there never can be a future for Ireland. That union can only be effected by largeness of mind, by generosity, and urbanity amongst fellow-citizens, by rising above the miserable bigotry that carries religious differences and hatred into the relations of life that do not belong to religion." Meanwhile, they say to the men of Ireland, Try and acquire property and wealth. This can only be done by developing assiduous industry, and that industry can only be exercised as long as there is a truce to violent political agitation. Then these men—I am giving you the opinions of others, not my own—these men say in America: Men of Irish birth, and of American birth but of Irish blood, we believe that God has largely entrusted the destinies of Ireland to you. America demands of her citizens only industry, temperance, truthfulness, obedience to the law; and any man that has these, with the brains that God has given to every Irishman, is sure in this land to secure a fortune and grand hopes. If you are faithful to America in these respects, America will be faithful to you. And in proportion as the great Irish element in

America rises in wealth, it will rise in political influence and power—the political influence and power which in a few years is destined to overshadow the whole world, and to bring about, through peace and justice, far greater revolutions in the cause of honor and humanity than have ever been effected by the sword. This is the programme of the better class of Irishmen. I tell you candidly to this programme I give my heart and soul. You will ask me about the separation from the Crown of England. Well, that is a ticklish question, gentlemen. I dare say you remember that when Charles Edward was pretender to the crown of England during the first years of the House of Hanover, there was a verse which Jacobite gentlemen used to give :

“God bless the king, our noble faith’s defender,
Long may he live, and down with the Pretender;
But which be Pretender and which be the king,
God bless us all, that’s quite another thing!”

And yet, with the courage of an old monk I’ll tell you my mind upon this very question. History tells us that empires, like men, run the cycle of the years of their life, and then die. No matter how extended their power, no matter how mighty their influence, no matter how great their wealth, no matter how invincible their army, the day will come, inevitable day, that brings with it decay and disruption. It was thus with the empire of the Medes and Persians. It was thus with the empire of the Assyrians, thus with the Egyptians, thus with the Greeks, thus with Rome. Who would ever have imagined, for instance, 1,500 years ago, before the Goths first came to the walls of Rome—who would have imagined that the greatest power that was to sway the whole Roman Empire would be the little unknown island lying out in the Western Ocean, known only by having been conquered by the Romans—the *Ultima Thule*, the Tin Island in the far ocean. This was England. Well, the cycle of time has come to pass. Now, my friends, England has been a long time at the top of the wheel. Do you imagine she will always remain there? I do not want to be one bit more disloyal than Lord Macaulay; and he describes a day when a traveller from New Zealand “will take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul’s.” Is the wheel of England rising or is it falling? Is England to-day what she was twenty years ago? England twenty years ago, in her first alliance with Napoleon, had a finger in every pie in Europe. Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston were busybodies of the first order. England to-day has no more to say to the affairs

of Europe than the Emperor of China has. You see it in the fact—I am only talking philosophically—you see it in the fact that a few months ago the three great Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia came together in Berlin to fix the map of Europe, and they did not even have the courtesy to ask England in to know what she had to say about it. The army of England to-day is nothing—a mere cipher. The German Emperor can bring his 1,000,000 men into the field. England can scarcely muster 200,000. An English citizen, a loyal Englishman, wrote a book called, “The Battle of Dorking,” in which he describes a German army marching on London. This Englishman was loyal; and why should I be more loyal than he? England’s navy is nothing. Mr. Reed, chief constructor of the British army, has written an article in a London paper, in which he declares and proves that at this moment the British fleet would be afraid to go into Russian waters, not being able to meet the Russians. Why should I be more loyal than Mr. Reed?

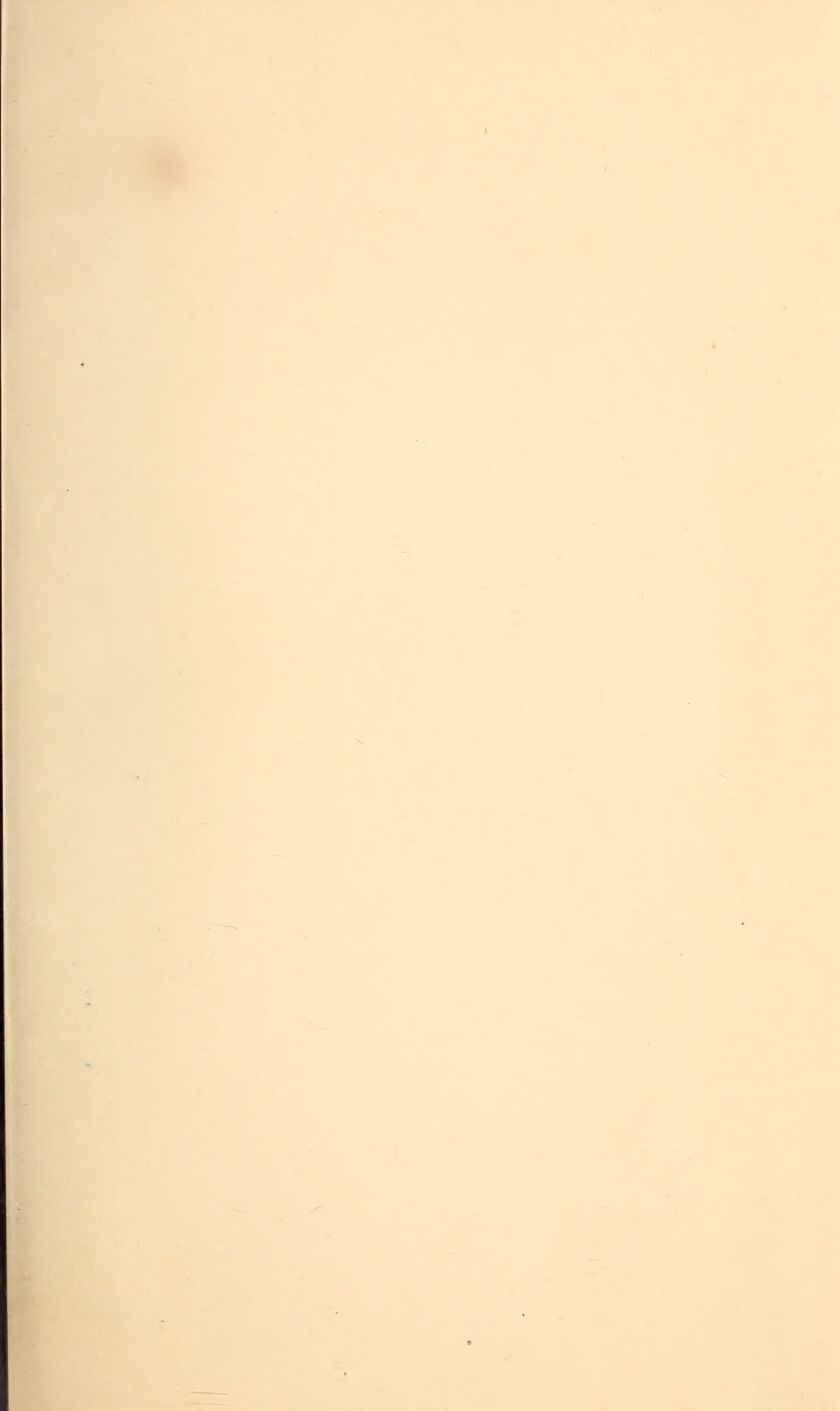
An empire begins to totter and decay when it abandons its outlying provinces, as in the case of the Roman Empire when it abandoned Britain. England to-day says to Canada and Australia: “Oh! take your Government into your own hands; I don’t want to be bothered with it any more.” England that eighty years ago fought for the United States bitterly, as long as she could put a man into the field. How changed it is! Secondly, an empire is crumbling to decay when she begins to buy off her enemies, as in the case of the Roman Empire when she began to buy off the Scythians, the Dacians, and other barbaric forces that were rising upon her. England a few days ago was presented with a little bill by America. John Bull said: “Jonathan, I owe you nothing”; and he buttoned up his pocket and swore he wouldn’t pay a cent. But America said: “Well, John, if you don’t like to pay, you can take one of these,” presenting a pair of swords, and putting the hilt of one of them into Johnny Bull’s hand. “Take whichever you like, John.” John Bull paid the bill. My friends, it looks very like as if the day of Lord Macaulay’s New Zealander was rapidly approaching. In that day my position is, Ireland will be mistress of her own destinies, with the liberty that will come to her, not from man, but from God, whom she never deserted. There is another nation that understands Ireland, whose statesmen have always spoken words of brave encouragement, of tender sympathy, and of manly hope for Ireland in her dark days, and that nation is the United States of America—the mighty land placed by

the Omnipotent hand between the far East on the one side, to which she stretches out her glorious arms over the broad Pacific, while on the other side she sweeps with uplifted hand over the Atlantic and touches Europe. A mighty land, including in her ample bosom untold resources of every form of commercial and mineral wealth; a mighty land, with room for three hundred millions of men. The oppressed of all the world over are flying to her more than imperial bosom, there to find liberty and the sacred right of civil and religious freedom. Is there not reason to suppose that in that future which we cannot see to-day, but which lies before us, that America will be to the whole world what Rome was in the ancient days, what England was a few years ago, the great storehouse of the world, the great ruler—pacific ruler by justice of the whole world, her manufacturing power dispensing from out her mighty bosom all the necessities and all the luxuries of life to the whole world around her? She may be destined, and I believe she is, to rise rapidly into that gigantic power that will overshadow all other nations.

When that conclusion does come to pass, what is more natural than that Ireland—now I suppose mistress of her destinies—should turn and stretch all the arms of her sympathy and love across the intervening waves of the Atlantic and be received an independent State into the mighty confederation of America? Mind, I am not speaking treason. Remember I said distinctly that all this is to come to pass after Macaulay's New Zealander has arrived. America will require an emporium for her European trade, and Ireland lies there right between her and Europe with her ample rivers and vast harbors, able to shelter the vessels and fleets. America may require a great European storehouse, a great European hive for her manufactures. Ireland has enormous water-power, now flowing idly to the sea, but which will in the future be used in turning the wheels set to these streams by American-Irish capital and Irish industry. If ever that day comes, if ever that union comes, it will be no degradation to Ireland to join hands with America, because America does not enslave her States; she accepts them on terms of glorious equality; she respects their rights, and blesses all who cast their lot with her. Now I have done with this subject and with Mr. Froude. I have one word to say before I retire, and that is, if during the course of these five lectures one single word personally offensive to that distinguished gentleman has escaped my lips, I take this word back now; I apologize to him before he asks me, and I beg to assure him that such a

word never came wilfully from my mind or from my heart. He says he loves Ireland, and I believe according to his lights he does love Ireland; but our lights are very different from his. But still the Almighty God will judge every man according to his lights.





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