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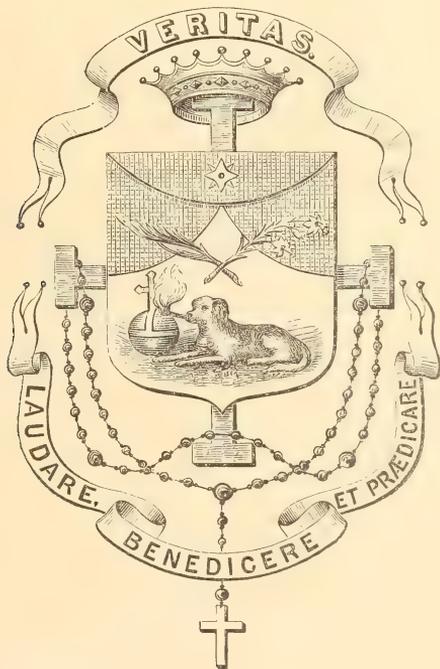
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Faithfully Yours

Thomas N. Burke O.P.

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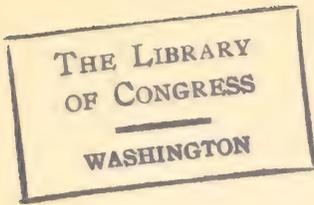
LECTURES AND SERMONS

BY THE
VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.



NEW YORK:
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To His Grace

THE MOST REV. JOHN MAC HALE,

ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

Clarum et venerabile Nomen.

THE GREAT ARCHBISHOP OF THE WEST;

THE LOVER OF THE POOR;

THE DEFENDER OF THE WEAK;

THE SHIELD OF THE PERSECUTED;

THE HONOR OF IRELAND'S PRIESTHOOD:

THE JOY AND THE GLORY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE AT HOME AND ABROAD

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE HUMBLY AND LOVINGLY

Dedicated.



PREFACE.



FEEL that some apology is due to my readers for the appearance of this book. I certainly never should have permitted the publication of these lectures if it were in my power to prevent it; but as parties, strangers to me, had announced their intention of publishing them in book form, for their own benefit, I thought it incumbent on me to anticipate this by publishing the lectures myself. First, that they might have the benefit of my own revision (however hasty and imperfect), and secondly, because I considered that my Order had the best, and in fact, the only just title to any profits that might arise from the sale of the book. There is no pretension to anything like style in these lectures, as they are merely, with some exceptions, the newspaper reports, hastily revised. If, however, there be anything in them contrary to the teachings of the Catholic Church, that, I am the first to condemn and repudiate.

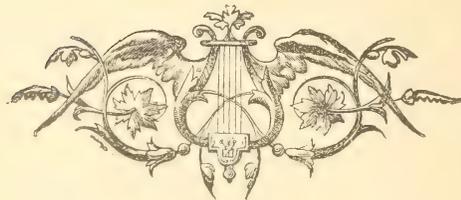




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OF THE

VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

ST. PATRICK.

[Delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on Sunday, March 17th, 1872.]

“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 : and their children for their sakes remain for ever ; their seed and their glory shall not be forsaken. Let the people shew forth their wisdom, and the Church declare their praise.”—*Eccles.* 44.



WE are assembled to obey the command of God expressed in my text. One of the great duties of God's Church, to which she has ever been most faithful, is the celebration of her saints. From end to end of the year the Church's saints are the theme of her daily thanksgiving and praise. They are her heroes, and therefore she honors them ; just as the world celebrates its own heroes, records their great deeds, and builds up monuments to perpetuate their names and their glory. The saints were the living and most faithful representatives of Christ our Lord, of his virtues, his love, his actions, his power, so that He lived in them, and wrought in them, and through them, the redemption of men ; therefore the Church honors, not so much the saint, as Christ our Lord in the saint ; for, in truth, the wisdom of saintliness which she celebrates, wherever it is found, is nothing else, as described to us in Scripture, than “a vapour of the power of God, and a certain pure emanation of the glory of the Almighty God ; * * * the brightness of eternal light, and the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the image of His goodness ; * * *

and through nations she conveyeth herself into holy souls, she maketh the friends of God and prophets." Nor does the Church's honor of the saints derogate from that of God, as some say; otherwise the Lord, who is jealous of His divine power and glory, would never command us to praise the saints as he does in the words of my text, and in many other parts of the Holy Scriptures: "Praise ye the Lord in his saints," "God is wonderful in His saints," etc., etc. Nay, so far from lessening our love and praise of God, the saints are the very channel through which praise is most acceptably given to Him, and if the Scriptures command us to praise the Lord in all His works, how much more in His saints—the masterpieces of nature and grace! Let no one, therefore, suppose that we are assembled to-day to dishonor God by honoring his saint: let no one imagine that we are come together to bless and praise other than Our God Himself, "the Father of lights," "for every best and every perfect gift" which He has given us through our great Apostle, St. Patrick. He was "a man of renown," for his work and his name are known and celebrated by all men; "and our father in his generation," for he "begat us to God by the Gospel." He was, moreover, "a man of mercy," for, when he might have lived for himself and for the enjoyment of his own ease, he chose rather to sacrifice himself, and to make his life cheap and of no account in his sight, and this through the self-same mercy which brought the Lord Jesus Christ forth from the bosom of the Father, namely, mercy for a people who were perishing. His "godly deeds have not failed," for the Lord crowned his labors with blessings of abundance. "Good things continue with his seed," for the faith which he planted still flourishes in the land. "His posterity are a holy inheritance," for the scene of his labors, grown famous for holiness, obtained among the nations the singular title of "the Island of Saints." "And his seed hath stood in the covenants," for it is well known and acknowledged that no power, however great, has been able to move them from the faith once delivered to the saints. "His children for his sake remain forever," for he blessed them, as we read, that they should never depart from the fold of the "one Shepherd" into which he had gathered them, and his prayer in heaven has verified for 1500 years his prophetic blessing on earth. "His seed and his glory shall not be forsaken," for "they are the

children of saints, and look for that life which God will give to those that never change their faith from Him." Seeing, therefore, that all the conditions of the Inspired Word have been so strikingly fulfilled in our saint, is it wonderful that we should also desire to fulfill the rest of the command, "Let the people shew forth His wisdom, and the Church declare His praise?" I propose, therefore, for your consideration—first, the character of the saint himself; secondly, the work of his Apostleship; and thirdly, the merciful providence of Almighty God toward the Irish Church and the Irish people. The light of Christianity had burned for more than four hundred years before its rays penetrated to Ireland. For the first three hundred years of the Church's existence the sacred torch was hidden in the catacombs and caves of the earth, or, if ever seen by men, it was only when held aloft for a moment in the hands of a dying martyr. Yet the flame was spreading, and a great part of Asia, Armenia, Egypt, Spain, Italy, and Gaul had already lighted their lamps before that memorable year 312, when the Church's light, suddenly shooting up, appeared in the heavens, and a Roman Emperor was converted by its brightness. Then did the spouse of Christ walk forth from the earth, arrayed in all the "beauty of holiness," and her "light arose unto the people who were seated in darkness and in the shadow of death." The Christian faith was publicly preached, the nations were converted, churches and monasteries were everywhere built, and God seemed to smile upon the earth with the blessings of Christian faith and Roman civilization. A brief interval of repose it was; and God, in His mercy, permitted the Church just to lay hold of society, and establish herself amongst men, that she might be able to save the world, when, in a few years, the Northern barbarians should have swept away every vestige of the power, glory, and civilization of ancient Rome. It was during this interval, between the long-continued war of persecution and the first fall of Rome, that a young Christian was taken prisoner on the northern shores of Gaul, and carried, with many others, by his captors, into Ireland. This young man was St. Patrick. He was of noble birth, born of Christian parents, reared up with tenderest care, and surrounded from his earliest infancy with all that could make life desirable and happy. Now he is torn away from parents and friends, no eye to look upon him with pity, no heart to feel

for the greatness of his misery ; and in his sixteenth year, just as life was opening and spreading out all its sweets before him, he is sold as a slave, and sent to tend cattle upon the dreary mountains of the far north of Ireland, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness ; and there for long years did he live, forgotten and despised, and with no other support than the Christian faith and hope within him. These, however, failed him not ; and so at length he was enabled to escape from his captivity and return to his native land. Oh, how sweet to his eyes and ears must have been the sights and sounds of his childhood ! how dear the embraces, how precious the joy of his aged mother when she clasped to her “ him that was dead, but came to life again ! ” Surely he will remain with her now, nor ever expose himself to the risk of losing again joys all the dearer because they had once been lost. Not so, my brethren. Patrick is no longer an ordinary man ; one of us. A new desire has entered into his soul and taken possession of his life. A passion has sprung up within him for which he must live and devote his future. This desire, this passion, is to preach the Christian faith in Ireland, and to bring the nation forth “ from darkness into the admirable light ” of God. In the days of his exile, even when a slave on the mountain-side, he heard, like the prophet, a voice within him, and it said, “ Behold, I have given my words in thy mouth. Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms, to root up and pull down, and to waste and destroy, and to build and to plant. Gird up thy loins and arise, and speak to them all that I command thee. ” And when he was restored to his country and to those who loved him, the same voice spoke again, for he heard in a dream the voice of many persons from a wood near the western sea, crying out, as with one voice, “ We entreat thee, O holy youth, to come and walk still among us. ” “ It was the voice of the Irish, ” says the saint in his Confessions, “ and I was greatly affected in my heart. ” And so he arose, and once more leaving father and mother, houses and lands, went forth to prepare himself for his great mission. Having completed his long years of preparatory study, he turned his face to Rome, to the fountain-head of Christianity, the source of all jurisdiction and Divine mission in the Church, the great heart whence the life-blood of faith and sound doctrine flows even to her most distant members, the new Jeru-

salem and Sion of God, of which it was written of old, "from Sion shall the law go forth, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem;" and here in Rome St. Celestine the First laid his hands upon Patrick and consecrated him first bishop of the Irish nation.

And now he returns to our shores a second time; no longer a bondsman, but free, and destined to break the nation's chains: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free:" no longer dragged thither an unwilling slave of men, but drawn by irresistible love, the willing slave of Jesus Christ; no more a stripling, full of anxious fears; but a man, in all the glory of a matured intellect, in the strength and vigor of manhood, in the fullness of power and jurisdiction; with mind prepared and spirit braced to bear and brave all things, and with heart and soul utterly devoted to God and to the great enterprise before him. Oh, my brethren, what joy was in heaven at that hour when the blessed feet of the Bishop Patrick touched the shores of Ireland—the ancient "Isle of Destiny." This was her destiny surely, and it is about to be fulfilled—that she should be the home and the mother of saints—of doctors and holy solitaries, and pure virgins and martyrs robed in white, and of a people acceptable before the Lord. That the Cross of Christ should be the emblem of her faith forevermore, of her faith and of her trial, of her tears and sorrow, and of her victory, "which conquereth the world." O golden hour amongst the hours! when the sands of the Irish shore first embraced softly and lovingly the beautiful footprints of him who preached peace and good things; when Moses struck the rock, and the glistening waters of salvation flowed in the desert land; when the "Name, which is above all names," was first heard in the old Celtic tongue, and the Lord Jesus, entering upon his new inheritance, exclaimed, "This is My resting-place forever and ever; here shall I dwell because I have chosen it."

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, of prayer, of purity, in a word, of the violence which seizes on heaven, is not con-

genial to fallen man. His pride, his passions, 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 amongst 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 fullness of the Godhead corporally," is an abyss of all perfections, 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, amongst 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, amongst 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; prevented 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 twofold knowledge, namely, the knowledge of God and of ourselves. This was the double knowledge for which the great St. Augustine prayed: "Lord, let me know thee, and know myself, that I may love thee and despise my-

self;" 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 all be one day judged. Looking into himself he found only misery and weakness, wonderfully strengthened, not by himself, but by God; poverty and nakedness, clothed and enriched, not by himself, but by God; and, fearful of losing the Giver in the gifts, he put away from him the contemplation of what God had made him, and only considered what he was himself. Thus was he always the most humble of men. Even when seated in glory and surrounded by the love and admiring veneration of an entire people, never was his soul moved from the solid foundation of humility, the twofold knowledge; and so he went down to his grave a simple and an humble man. And yet in this lowly heart there burned a mighty fire of love, a devouring zeal for the souls of his brethren. Oh! here indeed does he shine forth "likened unto the Son of God;" for like our Divine Lord and Master, Patrick was a "zealous lover of souls." He well knew how dear these souls were to the sacred heart of Jesus Christ—how willingly the Lord of glory had spent Himself, and given His most sacred and precious blood for them: how it was the thought of their salvation that sustained Him during the horror of His passion; in the agony of His prayer; when His sacred flesh was torn at the pillar; when the cruel thorns were driven into His most holy brows; when, with drooping head and wearied eyes, and body streaming blood from every open wound, He was raised up on the cross to die heart-broken and abandoned, with the anger of God and the insults of men poured upon him. Patrick knew all this, and it filled him with transports of zeal for souls, so that, like the great apostle, he wished to be as accursed for them; and to die a thousand times rather than

that one soul, purchased so dearly, and the offspring of so much love and sorrow, should perish. Therefore did he make himself the slave and the servant of all, that he might gain all to God. And in his mission of salvation no difficulties retarded him, no danger frightened him, no labor or sacrifice held him back, no sickness subdued him, no infirmity of body or mind overcame him. Old age came upon him, yet he spared not himself, nor did he for a moment sit down to count his years, or to number his triumphs, or to consider his increasing wants; but his voice was clear and strong and his arm untiring, though he had reaped a harvest of many years and had borne "the burthen of the day and the heat;" and his heart was young, for it was still growing, in the faith of those around him. Even to the last day of his life "his youth was renewed like the eagle." He repeatedly journeyed throughout the length and breadth of the land, caring and tending with prayer, and blessing, and tears, the plants which he had planted in this new vineyard of God: and grace was poured abroad from his lips, and "virtue went forth from him," until the world was astonished at the sight of a whole nation converted by one man, and the promise made of old was fulfilled in Patrick, "I will deliver to you every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, and no man shall be able to resist thee all the days of thy life." And now we come to the question, What did St. Patrick teach, and in what form of Christianity did he expend himself for God? For fifteen hundred years, my brethren, Christianity meant one thing, one doctrine, one faith, one authority, one baptism; now, however, in our day, this same Christianity, though as undivided, as true, as exclusive, as definite as ever, is made to signify many things; and men, fondly imagining that our ancestors had no greater unity than ourselves, ask what form of doctrine did St. Patrick preach to the Irish people? I answer: He preached the whole cycle of Catholic truth as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be to the end of time. He taught them that Christ's most sacred body and blood are really and truly present in the Blessed Eucharist, so that we find an Irish writer of the same century (Sedulius) using the words "we are fed on the body and the members of Christ, and so we are made the temples of God;" again, the language used by the Irish Church at the time, as even the Protestant Bishop Usher acknowledges, concerning

the Mass, was "the making of the body of the Lord." In support of the same truth we have the beautiful legend of St. Bridgid—which, even if its truth be disputed, still points to the popular faith and love whence it sprang—how, when a certain child, named Nennius, was brought to her, she blessed him, and prophesied that his hand should one day give her the Holy Communion; whereupon the boy covered his right hand and never again let it touch any profane thing, nor be even uncovered, so that he was called "*Nennius na laumh glas*," or, Nennius of the clean hand, out of devotion and love to the most Holy Sacrament. St. Patrick taught the doctrine of penance and confession of sins and priestly absolution; for we find, amongst the other proofs, an old penitential canon of a synod held under the saint himself in 450, in which it is decreed that "if a Christian kill a man, or commit fornication, or go in to a soothsayer after the manner of the Gentiles, he shall do a year of penance; when his year of penance is over, he shall come with witnesses, and afterwards he shall be absolved by the priest." He taught the invocation of saints, as is evident from numerous records of the time. Thus, in a most ancient life of St. Bridgid we find the words, "There are two holy virgins in heaven who may undertake my protection—Mary and Bridgid—on whose patronage let each of us depend." In like manner, we find in the synods of the time laws concerning the "oblations for the dead;" in the most ancient Irish missals Masses for the dead are found with such prayers as "Grant, O Lord, that this holy oblation may work pardon for the dead and salvation for the living;" and in a most ancient life of St. Brendan it is stated that "the prayer of the living doth much profit the dead." But, my brethren, as in the personal character of the saint there were some amongst his virtues that shone out more conspicuously than the others, so in his teaching there were certain points which appear more prominently, which seemed to be impressed upon the people more forcibly, and to have taken peculiar hold of the national mind. Let us consider what these peculiar features of St. Patrick's teaching were, and we shall see how they reveal to us what I proposed as the third point of this sermon, namely, the merciful providence of God over the Irish Church and people. They were the following: Fidelity to St. Peter's chair and to 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, fidelity 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, attachment 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 or 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 of 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 fold, 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 people 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 bounds of obedience and love, and infused into their souls that supernatural instinct, which, for fifteen hundred 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. *Teampóil Mhuire* (*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 "the Blessed Virgin," but by the still more endearing name of *Muire Mathair* (*Muire Mathair*), "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* (*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—St. Bridgid—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 people. 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 are 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.

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 amongst 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." Hence, every Catholic looks upon the priest as a supernatural man; supernatural in the unction of his priesthood, in his office, his power, his life, his duties, and most sacred in his person as the anointed of the Lord. This was the idea of the priesthood which Saint Patrick impressed upon the Irish people. The very name by which the priest has ever been known in our language, and which has no corresponding word in the English tongue, signifies "a sacred man and a giver of sacred things." Such is the exalted dignity of the priesthood, such the knowledge and matured sanctity required for, and the tremendous obligations and duties imposed upon it, that we generally find the first priests of a newly converted people strangers; men who in Christian lands were brought up and educated for their high mission. It would seem as if the young Christianity of a people, like a vine but newly planted, were unable yet to bear such full matured fruit of holiness. But it was not so in Ireland, my brethren. There we behold a singular instance of a people who immediately produced a national priesthood. The priests and bishops of Ireland, who assisted and succeeded St. Patrick in his great work, were almost to a man Irishmen. So congenial was the soil on

which the seedling of Christianity fell, that forthwith it sprung up into the goodly tree of all holiness and power; and so the aged apostle saw around him, in "the ring of his brethren," those whom he had himself baptized, anointed, and consecrated into the ministry of God's altar and people. Taken thus from the heart of the people they returned to them again laden with divine gifts, and, living in the midst of them, joyfully and contentedly ministered unto them "in all things that are of God." A community of joy and sorrow, of good and of evil, was thus established between the priesthood and the people of Ireland; an intercourse the most familiar yet most reverential; an union of the strictest kind, founded in faith, fidelity, and affection, and cemented by centuries of tears and of blood.

For more than a thousand years the work of St. Patrick was the glory of Christendom. The Virgin Church of Ireland, unstained even by one martyr's blood, became the prolific mother of saints. Strange indeed, and singular in its glory, was the destiny of Innisfail. 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 three hundred 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—" *Trian-more*," or the town proper; " *Trian-Patrick*," or the cathedral close; " *Trian-Sassenagh*," or the Latin quarter, the home of the foreign students. To the students the evening star gave the signal for retirement, and the morning sun for awaking. When, at the sound of the early bell, says the historian, "two or three thousand of them poured into the silent streets and made their way towards the lighted church, to join in the service of matins, mingling, as they went or returned, the tongues of the Gael, the

Cimbri, the Pict, the Saxon, and the Frank, or hailing and answering each other in the universal language of the Roman Church, the angels in heaven must have loved to contemplate the union of so much perseverance with so much piety." And thus it was, not only in St. Patrick's own city of Armagh, but in Bangor, in Clonard, in Clonmacnoise, in Mayo; of the Saxons in Tagmahon and Beg-Erin, on the Slaney; in famed Lismore, on the Blackwater; in Mungret, on the lordly Shannon; in the far-off Islands of Arran, on the Western Ocean; and in many another sainted and historic spot, where the round tower and the group of seven churches still remain, silent but eloquent witnesses of the sanctity and the glory of Ireland's first Christianity. The nations, beholding and admiring the lustre of learning and sanctity which shone forth in the holy isle, united in conferring upon Ireland the proudest title ever yet given to a land or a people; they called her "the Island of Saints and Doctors."

The voice of history clearly and emphatically proclaims that the intellectual supremacy and guidance of the Christian world belonged to Ireland from the sixth to the ninth centuries. But, although religion may flourish in the halls of the university, and be fairly illustrated in the peaceful lives of the saints, yet, there is one crown, and that, indeed, the very countersign of faith,—"*victoria quæ vincit mundum fides,*"—which can only rest on the brows of a church and a nation which has been tried in the arena of persecution and war; and that crown is victory. The bay-tree may flourish by the river-side; the cedar may rear its majestic head on the mountain-top; leaf and fair flower, and the fullness of fruit may be there; but it is only in the dark hour, when the storm sweeps over the earth, and every weak thing yields to it, and is carried away by its fury, that the good tree is tested, and its strength is proved. Then do men see whether it has struck its roots deep into the soil, and so twined them about the hidden rocks that no power can tear them out. The good ship may sail before the prosperous gales, and "walk the waters" in all her beauty and majesty; but it is only on the morning after the storm, when the hurricane has swept over the face of the deep, when the angry waves have beaten upon her, and strained to its utmost every element of her strength—seeking to destroy her, but in vain,—that the sailor knows that he can trust to the

heart of oak, and sleep securely in his noble vessel. Thus it is with the Church in Ireland. Her beauty and her sanctity were known and admired both of God and man; but her Lord was resolved that she should wear such crown of victory as never was placed on a nation's brows; and therefore, at two distinct periods of her history, was she obliged to meet and conquer a storm of persecution and of war unequalled in the world's annals. The first of these great trials came upon Ireland at the beginning of the ninth century, when the Northmen, or Danes, invaded the country in mighty force. They came not only as the enemies of Ireland's nationality, but much more of her faith; and we invariably find that their first and most destructive fury was directed against the churches, monasteries, and schools. The gloomy and terrible worship of Odin was to replace the religion of Christ; and for three hundred long years the whole land was covered with bloodshed and confusion, the nation fighting with heroic courage and perseverance, in defence of its altars and homes; until, at the close of the eleventh century, Ireland rose up in her united strength, shook off the Pagan and fierce invaders from her virgin bosom, and cast them into the sea. The faith and religion of Christ triumphed, and Ireland was as Catholic, though far from being as holy, at the end of the eleventh as she was at the end of the eighth century. Now we can only realize the greatness of this result by comparing it with the history of other nations. Behold, for instance, how completely the Mussulman invasions destroyed the Christianity of those ancient peoples of the East who had received the faith from the lips of the apostles themselves; how thoroughly the Saracens succeeded, in a few years, in destroying the Christian faith of the north of Africa,—that once famous and flourishing Church, the Alexandria of St. Mark, the Hippo of St. Augustine, the Carthage of St. Cyprian. History attests that nothing is more subversive of the religion of a people than long-continued war; and of this great truth we have, without going to the East or to Africa, a most melancholy proof in the history of England. "The Wars of the Roses," as the strife between the Houses of Lancaster and York was called, cover a space of only thirty years, from 1455 to 1485. This war was not directed at all against religion, but was simply a contention of two great rival Houses struggling for the sovereignty; and yet it so demoral-

ized the English people that they were prepared to accept, almost without a struggle, the monstrous form of religious error imposed upon them at the so-called Reformation,—an heretical Church with a tyrant, an adulterer, and a murderer for its head. Contrast with these and many other such terrible examples the glory of a nation that emerged from a contest of three hundred years, which was really a religious war, with faith unimpaired, and untarnished by the least stain of superstition or infidelity to God.

It is not necessary for us to-day to recall the sad events that followed the Danish invasion of Ireland. The crown of empire fell from Ireland's brows, and the heart broke in the nation's bosom.

"The emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of the stranger."

It is, however, worthy of remark that although Ireland never was united in her opposition to her English invader, as she had been at Clontarf, still the contest for national existence was so gallantly maintained that it was four hundred years since the first Norman invasion, before the English monarch ventured to assume the title of "King of Ireland." It was in 1169 the English first landed, and it was on the 19th of June, 1541, that the royalty of Ireland was first transferred to an English dynasty, and the Lordship of the Island of Saints conferred on one of the most wicked and inhuman monsters that ever cursed the earth, King Henry VIII. And now a new era of persecution and sorrow opened upon Ireland. The nation was commanded to give up its faith and religion. Never, since the beginning of the world, was an all-important question more solemnly put; never has it been more triumphantly and clearly answered. The question was: Were the Irish people prepared to stand by their ancient faith, to unite in defence of their altars, to close with the mighty persecuting power of England, and fight her in the cause of religion? Solemnly and deliberately did Ireland take up the gage and accept the great challenge. The issue seemed scarcely doubtful. The world refused to believe that a people who could never be united in the defence of their national existence would unite as one man in defence of religion; or that the power which had succeeded in breaking Ireland's sceptre and wresting her crown should be utterly defeated in its might-

iest and most persistent efforts to destroy Ireland's ancient faith. Yet so it was to be. The "Island of Saints and Doctors" was destined to be a land of heroes and martyrs, and the sacred cause of Ireland's nationality was destined to be saved in the victory which crowned her wonderful and glorious battle for her faith. This is not the time nor the occasion to dwell upon the details of that terrible struggle in which the whole strength of earth's mightiest people was put forth against us; which lasted for three hundred years; which was fought out on a thousand battle-fields; which deluged Ireland with the best blood of her children, and reduced her fairest provinces, over and over again, to the condition of a waste and desert land. But the Celt was entrenched in the citadel of God; the light of divine truth was upon his path, the power of the Most High nerved his arm, and the spirit of Patrick hung over him, like the fiery cloud that overshadowed the hosts of Israel upon the plains of Edom and Madian.

Ireland's preservation of the Catholic faith has been a puzzle to the world, and men have sought to explain in many different 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; whilst 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, amongst 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 igno-

rant 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 banners was inscribed with the emblem of their faith, "the green, immortal Shamrock;" the brightest names in their history were all associated with their religion—"Malachi 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 sunset—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 threatenings 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 amongst 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 not believe that adherence to ancient usage 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; whilst 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 those points of Catholic teaching 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 Antipopes, 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 Saint 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.

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 "*Miden dheelish*," 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. Oh, how harshly upon the ears of such a people grated the detestable voice which would rob Mary of her graces, and rob the world of the light of her purity and the glory of her example! Never was the Mother of God so dear to Ireland as in the days of the nation's persecution and sorrow. Not even in that bright day when the Virgin Mother seemed to walk the earth, and to have made Ireland her home, in the person of their own St. Bridget, was her name so dear and the love of her so strong, as in the dark and terrible time when, church and altar being destroyed, every cabin in the land resounded with Mary's name, invoked in the Holy Rosary, the great devotion that saved Ireland's faith.

The third great leading feature of our holy religion assailed by Protestantism was the sweet and tender doctrine of prayer and love for the dead. That which is opposed to divine truth is always, when we analyze it, an outrage on the best instincts of man. Remembrance of those who are gone, and a desire to help them, to communicate with them, seems natural to us all; and the more tender-hearted and affectionate and loving a people are, the more deeply will they realize and appreciate the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, and prayer for the dead. How terrible is the separation of death, as seen from the Protestant point of view! In the Catholic church this mystery of death is despoiled of its worst bitterness. It is only a removal from our bodily

sight, as if the loved one were only gone on a journey for a few days, to return to us again. Our intercourse with him does not cease ; nay, we can do more for him now than ever we could in life, and by our prayers obtain for him the relief and consolation that will never be forgotten during the long day of eternity in Heaven. To a people like the Irish, naturally affectionate, and strongly attached to each other, the Christian doctrine of prayer for the dead must always be grateful. Our history served to deepen this portion of our Catholic devotion, for it was a history of sorrow and of national privation ; and sorrow softens and enlarges the heart. A people who had lost so much in life turned the more eagerly and lovingly to their dead. I remember once seeing an aged woman weeping and praying over a grave in Ireland ; and when I questioned her, endeavoring to console her, she said, " Let me cry my fill ; all that I ever had in this world are here in this grave ; all that ever brought me joy or sorrow is here under this sod ; and my only consolation in life is to come here and speak to them, and pray for them, and weep." We may imagine, but we cannot realize, the indignation of our fathers, when the heartless, sour-visaged, cold-blooded men of Geneva came to them to tell them, that henceforth they must be " unmindful of their dead, like others who have no hope." This doctrine may do for the selfish, light-hearted, thoughtless worldling, who loves nothing in death, and who in life only loves for his own sake ; but it would scarcely be acceptable to a generous, pure, and loving race, and withal a nation of mourners, as the Irish were, when the unnatural doctrine was first propounded to them.

Finally, the new religion was represented to the Irish people by men who grotesquely represented themselves as successors of the apostles. The popular mind in Ireland had derived its idea of the Christian priesthood from such men as Patrick, Columba, of Iona, and Kevin, of Glendalough. The great majority of the clergy in Ireland were at all times monastic—men who added to the character and purity of the priest the sanctity and austerity of the Cenobite. The virtues of Ireland's priesthood made them the admiration of other lands, but the idols of their own people. The monastic glories of ancient Lismore and Bangor were still reflected from Mellifont and Bective ; the men of Glendalough and ancient Armagh lived on in the

Franciscan and Dominican abbeys throughout the land; and the Catholic Church presented, in the 16th century, in her Irish clergy, the same purity of life, sanctity and austerity of morals, zeal, and learning, which illumined the world in ages gone by. Steeped as our people were in sorrow, they could not refrain from mirth at the sight of the *holy* "apostles" of the new religion, the men who were to take the place of the Catholic bishops, and priests, and monks, to teach and illustrate by their lives the purer gospel which had been just discovered—the Mormonism of the 16th century. English renegade monks, English apostate priests, English drunken brawlers, with a ferocious English army at their back, invaded the land, and, parading themselves, with their wives or concubines, before the eyes of the astonished and disgusted people, called upon the children of St. Patrick and St. Columba to receive them as "the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." Their religion was worthy of them—they had no mysteries to dispense to the people; no sacrifice, no penance, no confession of sin, no fasting, no vows to God, no purity, no counsels of the Gospel, no sacrament of matrimony, no priesthood, no anointing of the sick, no prayer for the dead. Gracious God! They came to a people whom they had robbed of their kingdom of earth, and demanded of them also the surrender of the Kingdom of Heaven! Was ever heard such audacity! What wonder that Ireland took her own priest, her "*soggarth aroon*," to her bosom! Never did she know his value till now. It was only when she had seen his hideous counterpart that she realized all that she possessed in the humble child of St. Francis and St. Dominick. The sunshine is all the more welcome when we have seen the blackness of the night; the sweet is all the sweeter when we have tasted bitterness; the diamond shines all the brighter when its dull, glassy counterfeit is set beside it; and the Angel of Light has all the purer radiance of heaven around him, after the affrighted eye has caught a glimpse of the Spirit of Darkness. As strangers, the ministers of Protestantism have lived in Ireland for three hundred years; as strangers they live in the land to-day. The people and their clergy, united, "have fought the good fight, have kept the faith," and we have lived to see the triumph of that faith in our own day.

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? Surely the divine life, which is the soul of the Church, of which the external worship and ceremonial are but the expression. But if they will close their eyes to all this, at least there is a fact before them—the most glorious and palpable of our day—and it is, that Ireland's Catholicity has risen again to every external glory of worship, and triumphed over every enemy. Speaking of our Lord, St. Augustine says, "In that He died He showed Himself man; in that He rose again He proved Himself God." Has not the Irish Church risen again to more than her former glory? The land is covered once more with fair churches, convents, colleges, and monasteries, as of old; and who shall say that the religion that could thus suffer and rise again is not from God? This glorious testimony to God and to His Christ is thine, O holy and venerable land of my birth and of my love! O glory of earth and Heaven, to-day thy great apostle looks down upon thee from his high seat of bliss, and his heart rejoices; to-day the angels of God rejoice over thee, for the light of sanctity which still beams upon thee; to-day thy troops of virgin and martyr saints speak thy praises in the high courts of heaven. And I, O Mother, far away from thy green bosom, hail thee from afar—as the prophet of old beholding the fair plains of the promised land—and proclaim this day that there is no land so fair, no spot of earth to be compared to thee, no island rising out of the wave so beautiful as thou art; that neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars of heaven, shine down upon anything so lovely as thee, O Erin!



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ON

O'CONNELL.

[On the occasion of the removal of the remains of Ireland's Liberator to their final resting-place in Glasnevin, beneath the Round Tower and Sepulchre, which a grateful country raised to her best and noblest son, this oration was delivered under an improvised canopy, before an audience of fifty thousand persons.]

“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 hands 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 reneweth 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, Daniel 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 obstacle to all advancement in the path of worldly 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. Amongst the victims of this religious and intellectual slavery was one who was marked amongst 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 a 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 lawgiver 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.” Into 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 amongst 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; whilst, on the other hand, Ireland 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 and 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 said 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 as 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 words 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,
Though 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 legal 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 dust at the sound of Israel's trumpet, 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 of 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 principle 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 himself, 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 the Liberator of Ireland, but even the œcumenical title of the Liberator of Christ's Church. "Were it only 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 the 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, whilst 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, beloved, 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 whilst it expiated, chastening whilst 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 apostles' 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 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 fullness. Catholic Emancipation was but the first installment 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 placna 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 amongst 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."

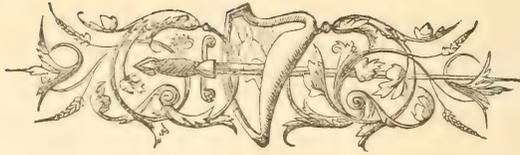
He is gone, but his fame shall live for ever on the earth as a lover of God and of his people. Adversaries, political and religious, he had many, and like a

"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 SOLEMN TRIDUUM.

[Preached in the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough Street, Dublin, on Sunday, September 12th, before His Eminence Cardinal Cullen and a majority of the Episcopate of Ireland, on the occasion of the Solemn Triduum to offer thanks to God for the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland.]

The Gospel of this day, the seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost, is taken from Matthew xxii. 35-46. "At that time: The Pharisees came to Jesus; and one of them a doctor of the law, asked Him, tempting Him: Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said to him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment. And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets. And the Pharisees being gathered together, Jesus asked them, saying; What think you of Christ, whose Son is He? They say to Him, David's. He saith to them: How then doth David in spirit call Him Lord, saying: The Lord said to my Lord, Sit on my right hand, until I make Thy enemies Thy footstool? If David then call Him Lord, how is He his son? And no man was able to answer Him a word: neither durst any man from that day forth ask Him any more questions."



AY it please your Eminence,—Beloved brethren. In the important portion of the Gospel which I have just read for you we find Christ our Lord declaring the great truth, that His religion is a religion of love, its commandments and all its spirit resting upon two great duties of love—first to God, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind;" secondly; to your neighbor, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." We are assembled here to-day, my brethren, for a specific purpose, and that is, in all humility and gratitude, to give thanks to Almighty God at His own altar, in the oblation to Him of his Divine and Adorable Son, for the great benefit which we have received, for the great blessing which has been conferred upon us as a nation, in the redress of a long-standing wrong. It may seem that this very assembling,—that this putting forth our voices in praise, is

a violation of the Gospel of love which is upon our lips this day ; yet it is not so. Nay, more—it is out of our love of God and of our faith ; it is out of our love of our neighbor, not only of those who are in the household of the faith with us, but also of those who, separated from us by the disunion of religious belief, have not the same sacrifice, nor the same sacraments, nor the same doctrines as ours, yet are our neighbors—it is, I say, out of our love of God and of man that the Holy Church of Christ, speaking to us by the voice of our chief pastor here, assembles us this day for the purpose of offering our thanks to God. Our love of God necessarily obliges us to rejoice when we see the cause of God, the cause of religious truth, the cause of right and justice, proclaimed before all men ; yet in our love of God we do not forget the great duties that are involved in the precept, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” These duties are three—first, ardently to desire our neighbor’s spiritual and temporal welfare ; secondly, to forgive freely, generously, nobly, all injuries we have received at our neighbor’s hands ; thirdly, tenderly to respect our neighbor’s feelings, even as we would have our own feelings, nay, our own prejudices, respected and considered. We do not violate the command of God in assembling before His altar to-day, for I claim for the Catholics of Ireland—during the last twelve months especially—this glory, that never have a people shown themselves more generous, more tender, more respectful to the feelings of others than they have. A great question was brought before the Legislature of the kingdom—involving what certain members of the community considered to be their special rights and legitimate privileges, but what the vast, the overpowering majority of the Irish people looked upon as a great evil, a great insult, and a great wrong. That question was agitated warmly, passionately ; it was viewed in all its relations, held up before the world in its past history, in its present influence, in its future consequences ; but the Catholics of Ireland viewed it not as a great political question, but rather as a great religious question. They knew that, far more than in all political questions, in religious questions men’s feelings are tender, men’s prejudices are strong, and accordingly a most singular instance has been offered to the world by the Catholics of Ireland, of forbearance, of generosity, of calmness, that amounted almost to the apathy of which we

were accused by those who disputed the great question before the nation. We stood aside. We seemed to be rather the unconcerned spectators than the people whose vital interests were at stake, and whose very existence for the future was to be decided. The Catholic bishops and clergy of Ireland spoke no word of threat—no word of violence. The Catholic people of Ireland were silent and respectful. No agitation shook the land—no menace was heard from them; the great question went forward, disputed and argued upon its own merits, and whilst every Irish Catholic heart beat with anxiety, whilst united prayers went up before the altar of God from every Catholic household in the land, whilst the people were stirred even to their very hearts' core, yet they subdued their excitement, they suppressed the violence of their emotions, they were silent; and their only motive for this extraordinary calmness and silence was their respect for the convictions, the prejudices, and, above all, the feelings of their Protestant fellow-countrymen. When judged solely upon its merits, its past history, its present relations, its future consequences upon society in Ireland, the alien church was condemned; and it was decreed, in the spirit that animated Magna Charta of old, still permeating all that is glorious in the constitution of Britain, that all men should be equal in the land. When this greatest of victories over injustice and wrong was achieved, there was heard no voice of triumph or of exultation,—no insulting vaunt over the conquered,—no loud boast that henceforth the Catholics of Ireland should have it all their own way. Oh, no, not a word. Our people were silent—silent in their gratitude. The silence of excited and anxious hopes passed into Christian calmness of hopes fulfilled. Hence, if any voice of insult, if any voice of threat has been heard in Ireland during the contest and in the moment of victory, I assert that that voice of insult and threat has not come from Catholic bishop, priest, or layman—that it has not come from any organ of Catholic opinion. I repeat, whenever the voice of excitement, of insult, of threat, of violence, was heard, it came not from us. We were silent in the hour which we might, perhaps, be tempted to call an hour of national triumph for Catholic Ireland,—we were silent out of respect for the feelings of our Protestant fellow-countrymen,—giving them credit for all consistency and all earnestness in their opposition to us,—giving

credit to Protestantism for its spirit of justice and fair-play, as it is called,—recognizing with gratitude the advocacy of those of that creed who lent a hand to wipe out a great and long-standing wrong, and apparently forgetful of the mighty fact that it was Ireland's faith—that it was Ireland's patience—that it was Ireland's fortitude, planted in the hearts of the people by the grace of Almighty God, that achieved this wonderful assertion of the people's right—to perfect equality and freedom in the land in which God created them, and which He willed should be theirs. As it was, during the twelve months of suspense,—as it was, when the great act of redress was proclaimed to be the law of the land, so it is to-day; for, indeed, it would be strange if those who were so temperate, so calm, so respectful outside should come before the altar of God to speak words of vain boasting or of triumph over their fellow-men. No, we are far more grateful to God than jubilant of ourselves; and no man can say, reading the future history of Ireland, that in the tremendous crisis through which we have passed our people ever lost the calmness, the tenderness, the generosity of the Christian charity which should animate every man in his relations with his neighbor. Before I leave this point, let me remind you that we are not a phlegmatic race, that we are not accustomed to conceal our feelings. The Irish heart is susceptible, the Irish temperament is sanguine, even demonstrative. We are a people who have never been silent or contented under a great wrong, or under a great sorrow. We are a people not prone to suppress our emotions in the moment of national grief or joy. Therefore, the influence that was at work to restrain the exuberance of the national joy, that was able to keep an excited and excitable people calm during a period when strong emotion throbbed through every pulse in the land, must have been a powerful influence; the principle and motive must have been great,—and they were no other, I say again, than respect and tenderness and generosity, springing from true Christian charity and love of our neighbor. In the same spirit we assemble here to-day to extend our sympathy and our respect to all in the land,—to offer to all the tribute which charity obliges a man to give to his neighbor—for our love for our neighbor obliges us, not only to respect his feelings, not only not to hurt them, and even to be generous to his prejudices, but it also

obliges us to forgive nobly and generously whatever injuries we may have received at his hands. Such is the spirit of the Christian religion. Revenge,—deep-seated, thoughtful revenge,—revenge brooding over a wrong that has been committed, and waiting only for the proper moment to avenge that wrong—this is not the spirit of Christ, nor of the spouse of Christ, the Holy Catholic Church. She, during the two thousand years of her history upon earth, has received little else than injury and insult at the hands of the world. Her whole history may be said to be of slights, wrongs, injuries, and insults, received and nobly forgiven by the holy Church of God. She is constantly going forth to seek the souls and secure the salvation even of her most ungrateful children and bitterest enemies. She knows no spirit of revenge. If the man who was her greatest enemy during his life—who had robbed her of all she had in this world, and robbed her, still more, of the souls of her children—if that man turns to her in the hour of death, and stretches out his hand to her for succor, she, forgetting all his insults, all his injuries, hastens to his side, and strives to save his soul and secure him for heaven and the joys of God. So we are come here to-day to give thanks for the great benefit we have received, which will result in this, that we can extend to our Protestant fellow-citizens and fellow-countrymen the hand of friendship and of brotherly love. For three hundred years ascendancy in religion has been the curse and the division of this country of ours; ascendancy in religion, by which a small minority of the people—scarcely one-tenth of them—holding all the religious endowments of the country, holding all the political power of the country, holding the keys of the Legislature, demanded to be recognized as the church of the country; and nine-tenths of the people—the vast majority of the nation—were excluded from all recognition, from all consideration in the laws, from all the possessions and endowments granted for religious purposes—excluded from place and power, excluded from a thousand prerogatives and privileges; and who can wonder that this proud, massive ascendancy, pressing thus on the great body of the people, should create a spirit of bitterness, of alienation, of contempt on part of the privileged few, and of a strong temptation to indignation and rage on part of the thousands, the millions, thus excluded and despised,—a spirit that found its way into

every relation of life,—and, above all, a spirit which was a perfect obstacle to that Christian friendship, to that social union, to that equality which is the next greatest blessing when the grace of religious unity is not there. Friendship exists only between equals—a man does not make a friend of his servant or of his slave. All the value of friendship, all the value of the union that springs from it, depends on the equality of the two men who join hands for some common purpose, and who have a mutual sympathy—the tribute of one man to the other. Therefore, so long as the baneful ascendancy, now happily swept away, existed in this land, there could not be between the Catholic and the Protestant equality of friendship; for the Protestant was legally, civilly, socially, in almost every relation, superior to his Catholic fellow-countryman. The consequence was a spirit of disunion pervading everywhere in social life, and unfortunately too in the public councils, with most evil influence on the destinies of the country which was the common mother of all, Catholic and Protestant alike. To-day this long-maintained ascendancy has been swept away; and to-day, while we offer our thanks to God that this fatal source of disunion, this curse on our land, has disappeared, we at the same time offer to our Protestant fellow-citizens the sacred tribute which our love of our neighbor obliges us to give—namely, a true, a noble, a generous, a forgetful forgiveness of the past. But, perhaps, men may say, What have we to forgive? During the time the question of the dis-establishment and dis-endowment of the Protestant Church was before the Parliament, if we consulted the Protestant press of the country, we might be inclined to think that all the injury was inflicted by us on them, and consequently that it is they who have to forgive, not the Catholics. Let us go back, if we have to answer the question, What have we to forgive? What have the Catholics of Ireland to forgive? We shall have to turn back page after page of a blood-stained history of wrong and of crime for three hundred years,—we shall have to recall these sad annals to which history produces no equal,—we shall have to turn back on that history, written in the tears and in the blood of our afflicted and down-trodden people, who have suffered more wrong, who have endured more injury than any people of whom history bears its record since the creation of the world. What have we to for-

give? Three hundred years ago the Irish people were united in faith as one man—the Irish people, out of whose faith and love came the splendor of that holy religion which was as dear to them as their life—out of whose faith and love came the noble cathedrals and colleges, and monasteries and churches which covered the land, and made Ireland, even in the hour of her national fall, the glory of Christendom, the land of saints, Catholic amongst all the Catholic. This was the state of the land three hundred years ago. Chieftains and people alike were Catholic to their hearts' core. The daily Mass, the sacrifice, the sacraments of the Catholic Church, were the very spiritual life of Ireland, and in every clime the voice of the Irish missionary was heard perpetuating the glorious faith of Jesus Christ, so cherished by their nation and countrymen at home. Thus was Ireland, with her Church full of faith and zeal, endowed and splendidly gifted, when suddenly she is called upon, by a power humanly far superior to her own, to perform an act of religious apostasy, to forswear and abandon the faith which for twelve hundred years had been engrained into the very blood of her children. The Irish people were called upon to pull down the image of Jesus Christ from its place—to tear open the tabernacle, and take out the Son of God and trample him under their feet; they were called on to put away every symbol that told the world of their Christianity; they were called upon to give up the Holy Sacraments of the Church, so that the young man or the young maiden could no longer kneel to receive the pardon of Jesus Christ in the confessional—the aged man, dying, no longer should have the holy oils of the Church to strengthen him in his last hour—that the Irish grave no longer should be hallowed by the shadow of the Cross, nor consecrated by the prayers of a faithful and loving people. All these were the Irish people called upon to give up, and with sacrilegious hands to pull down the glorious temples which our fathers and our saints had built up in the land of their ancestors. Ireland solemnly refused. The people, represented by their bishops and their clergy—speaking by the voice of their chieftains—standing as one man, cemented and united together by the glorious bond of unity of belief, declared that they would rather die than surrender one doctrine of their holy religion, or give up one essential practice of the faith of their fathers. Then did

the world behold the strange and terrible sight of one nation, powerful—even then, perhaps, the most powerful nation in the world—sitting in council, and deliberately weighing Ireland's fate in the balance—and the conclusion, deliberate and calm, of that mighty nation under whose bondage we had fallen was, that Ireland should renounce the Catholic faith or the Irish people be exterminated. Think not for a moment that I am giving way to excitement of thought or imagination, or indulging in a mere rhetorical exaggeration. I assert and will prove that the calm, quiet, well-considered determination at which England arrived three hundred years ago was either to make us Protestants or to destroy us utterly, and that the world beheld the strange spectacle of a whole nation girding up its loins and standing to be martyred for the faith that was in them. This was the spirit that animated the viceroys and rulers of the land from the days of Elizabeth, when the English armies came over to Ireland, and this the spirit that animated the great northern chieftains as they rose up in arms for the national faith. England's army, no longer Catholic, overspread the land; laws were made which were deliberately directed either to the destruction of Ireland's faith or the extermination of her people. To be a priest was death—to celebrate Mass was death—to shelter a priest was ruin and exile—to make provision for the Catholic faith was to surrender all worldly goods, and go forth houseless and beggared—to be found assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was confiscation and exile. Then did Ireland behold her faithful bishops and clergy driven from their cathedrals, and their churches, and their colleges—her priests hunted over the land like wild beasts, and a price set on their heads—all the externals of her holy religion utterly abolished—no symbol of her Christianity permitted in the land; and then did Elizabeth and her English Protestant legislature calmly and coolly undertake the gigantic warfare in which she failed—a warfare by which either Ireland should be Protestantized or the Irish people destroyed. We resisted. Every hamlet in the land, almost every family, had its martyrs—and you ask us what we have to forgive? Ask the martyred dead. The first wave of religious persecution swept over the land in 1558, under Elizabeth. In the October of 1585, Richard Creagh, Archbishop of Armagh, was poisoned in the Tower of London,

after great and prolonged sufferings, nobly endured for the Catholic faith. In the preceding year, Dublin witnessed a fearful sight. Dermod O'Hurly, Archbishop of Cashel, who was arrested at Carrick-on-Suir, was brought into the city a prisoner, in September, 1583, and kept bound there in chains in a dark and loathsome prison, up to Holy Thursday of the following year. He was offered a free pardon and promotion in the Church if he denied the spiritual power of the pope, and acknowledged the queen's supremacy. He had resolved, he said, never to abandon, for any temporal reward, the Catholic Church, the Vicar of Christ, and the true faith. The holy prelate was then bound to the trunk of a large tree with his hands and feet chained, and his legs forced into log boots reaching up to the knees. The boots were filled with salt butter, oil, hemp, and pitch, and the martyr's body stretched on an iron grate over a fire, and cruelly tortured for more than an hour. The pitch, oil, and other materials boiled over; the skin was torn off the feet, and even large pieces of flesh, so as to leave the bones quite bare. The muscles and veins contracted; and when the boots were pulled off, no one could bear to look at the mangled body. He was then carried back to the same dark and noisome dungeon, to make him suffer still greater torments, if such could be devised. Finally, he was sentenced to be dragged to the place of execution, there to be hanged, his head cut off, his body quartered, and the quarters hung up on the four gates of the city. The holy martyr was accordingly executed in Stephen's Green, on Friday, the 6th of May, 1584.* A few years later, the faithful citizens of Dublin beheld the heroic Bishop of Down and Connor, Cornelius O'Dovany, led through their streets to the same place of execution. For three years had he lain in the dungeons of Dublin Castle and suffered the horrors of starvation. At length came the sentence that "Cornelius Dovany, Bishop of Down and Connor, should be taken back to prison, and then drawn in a cart to the place of execution, there hanged on the gallows and cut down whilst alive, embowelled, his heart and bowels burned, his head cut off, and his body divided into four parts." When he was led to execu-

* See Rothe, "A. Brodin," p. 448; Stanihurst and Mooney; O'Sullivan, "Hist. Cath. Mgr. Moran," p. 132; O'Reilly, "Memorials," who also gives the State papers attesting and proving these acts of cruelty.

tion, the people poured out in a dense crowd from every door into the streets, and in the sight of the councillors, and to the indignation of the viceroy, fell on their knees and begged his Pontifical blessing as he passed. The moment the bishop mounted the first step of the ladder and his head was seen above the crowd, a great shout of groans burst from all the spectators. Thus were our archbishops and bishops slaughtered in the midst of a heart-broken people, and we are asked, What have we to forgive?

The hand of persecution spared not the priests and religious, but fell upon them as heavily as on the prelates of the Church. The annals of Elizabeth's reign teem with the records of their sufferings; and, as Peter Talbot, the learned Archbishop of Dublin, observes, "They are written in bloody characters; they are deeply stained with the innocent and noble blood of many learned and loyal subjects, only because they would not abjure the faith of their Christian ancestors." "It exceeds all belief," says another historian of the time, O'Mahony, "to what persecutions our Irish Catholics were subjected; many of our bishops suffered death, and all of them were obliged to seek their safety in concealment or flight; very many priests, both secular and religious, and innumerable individuals of both sexes, as well nobles as plebeians, were also put to death—to say nothing of confiscation of property, exile, imprisonment, and other like evils—all of which our country suffered, as is known to heaven, and as I myself have partly witnessed." To take one of numberless instances of our sufferings at this time. About the year 1580, a band of English Protestant soldiers entered the monastery church of St. Mary of Maggio, in the diocese of Limerick, whilst the Cistercian monks were at prayer in the choir. "Like hungry wolves," says the historian, "they flung themselves on the defenceless religious; in a few moments forty glorious names were added to the long list of Ireland's martyrs, and the sanctuary flowed with their blood."

Years passed away, and Ireland undergoes again a persecution from England that gathered strength and consistency from intense religious hatred. The sect of the Puritans—the most violent of all the forms in which Protestantism has shown itself—arose and gained strength in England; and it was represented by a great and powerful man, who succeeded in taking the reins

of government into his hands. This spirit of Puritanism looked with eyes of more than human hatred upon the spectacle of Irish fidelity; and seeing that all the penal laws, all the terrors of Elizabeth and Edward VI. were not equal to the destruction of the Irish clergy and the Irish faith, Cromwell came over to this country, at the head of a great army, to effect that in which his predecessors had failed—namely, either to destroy the religion of the Irish people or destroy the Irish people themselves. Now, I assert that Cromwell's whole determination was to utterly and entirely exterminate the Irish race; and I will call up in evidence one of the greatest enemies of Ireland, yet one of the greatest writers of the day—I mean the English statesman and historian, Macaulay. Macaulay, speaking of Cromwell and of his coming to Ireland, says—"He had vanquished them (the Irish people); he knew that they were in his power; and he regarded them as a band of malefactors and idolators, who were mercifully treated if they were not smitten with the edge of the sword. His administration in Ireland was an administration on what are now called Orange principles, followed out most ably, most steadily, most undauntedly, most unrelentingly, to every extreme consequence to which those principles lead, and it would, if continued, inevitably have produced the effect which he contemplated—an entire decomposition and reconstruction of society. He had a great and definite object in view, to make Ireland thoroughly English—to make Ireland another Yorkshire or Norfolk." And he adds, "The native race were driven back before the advancing van of Anglo-Saxon population, as the American Indians or the tribes of Southern Africa are now driven back before the white settlers. Those fearful phenomena which have almost invariably attended the planting of civilized colonies in uncivilized countries, and which had been known to the nations of Europe only by distant and questionable rumor, were now publicly exhibited in their sight. The words, 'extirpation,' 'eradication,' were often in the mouths of the English back-settlers of Leinster and Munster—cruel words, yet in their cruelty containing more mercy than much softer expressions which have since been sanctioned by universities and cheered by parliaments; for it is in truth more merciful to extirpate a hundred thousand human beings at once, and to fill the void with a well-governed population, than to misgovern

millions through a long succession of generations." Again, speaking of a distinguished Englishman who had settled in Ireland, Macaulay says, "He troubled himself as little about the welfare of the remains of the old Celtic population as an English farmer on the Swan River troubles himself about the New Hollanders, or a Dutch boor at the Cape about the Caffres." The determination, therefore, was to sweep away the Irish clergy and utterly exterminate the Irish people. They failed; but they ask us what we have to forgive? What have we to forgive? I, standing here, appearing in this habit, which may recall the traditions and recollections of nearly seven hundred years, of an order united in interest, and bound together with the Irish people—what have I to forgive? In the year 1650 there were six hundred Dominicans in Ireland. In the year 1660, nearly ten years later, out of the six hundred how many were left?—one hundred and fifty; and four hundred and fifty priests were either massacred, burned, or taken, put into the slave-ship, and sent to Barbadoes and Jamaica, where they died, after working in the sugar-plantations as slaves—working out their unhappy lives under the lash of the slave-driver; and they were the best, the most devoted, the noblest of Irishmen.

In this fatal interval, whilst the whole island streamed with Catholic blood, we read, amongst many others, of a certain Dominican—Father Richard Barry—who was publicly burned on the Rock of Cashel, in the midst of a horror-stricken and most afflicted people.

A few years later the troubled wave of conquest, swollen with the same religious hatred, swept over Ireland. Cities, of treaties violated, opened their gates to the invaders, and had the stones of their streets wetted with the best blood of their women and their children. Penal laws were again enacted and re-enacted, making it death to preach or to administer the sacraments to Catholics; and these laws did their work. Catholic priests filled all the prisons of Ireland, and you ask us what we have to forgive? Yet more than this. It was not only war against one faith, but it was war against everything that could sustain that faith. Two things were regarded as great sustaining powers of Catholic faith in Ireland, namely—the wealth of the people, and the education of the people. The help—the assistance of wealth—was cut off. The noble families of the

land were driven forth beggars into exile, deprived of all their land and of all their property, for their religion. The whole province of Ulster was "planted," as it is called, by colonists from the north of England and from Scotland, who brought their Protestantism with them, and the original holders of the soil, because they were Catholics, were driven back farther into the island. Cromwell gave orders that the Irish Catholics should depart from their homes, and a few barren mountains in Connaught, overlooking the Western Sea, were assigned to them as their only hold on the land. They were to choose between "hell," through a cruel death, or exile in the distant and barren tracts of the West. Thus were the whole people driven forth from the land which was theirs; thus was a great and monstrous wrong inflicted, not upon one, or upon two, or upon a thousand, but upon the whole nation; and the people, unable to resist, gave up all rather than the faith which the Almighty God had given them. The second great sustaining power of our faith was education. Our people, from the beginning, were lovers of knowledge—they cultivated knowledge. Irish teachers were to be found in every university in Europe. The greatest doctor of the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas, had for his teacher in that philosophy in which he excelled, an Irishman. When kings and emperors wanted to found great universities, they sent to Ireland for the first scholars of the age, and they got them; and thus was knowledge, and the love of knowledge, spread by Irishmen all over the world. England saw that in Ireland flourished the strongest faith, side by side with the very highest intellectual culture; and in order to destroy that faith, if possible, by destroying education, she made it penal for a Catholic father to have his son instructed—thinking that by brutalizing the people by ignorance, she would reduce them to an acceptance of her own errors. Ireland uneducated—Ireland shut out from the schools—Irish youth uninstructed betook themselves to the halls of learning, retaining their holy religion; and because that is an intellectual religion—an eminently intellectual religion—it kept the fire of intellectual knowledge and the sacred light of education still burning in the land in spite of all the penal laws—in spite of all the brute terrors brought to bear for its extinction. You have asked us what we have to forgive? The Catholic Church to-day, after standing in her own blood,

and pouring forth the best blood of her children for more than two hundred years, sees the chains fall from her noble and queenly figure; and the Catholic Church to-day, forgetting all the evils that were inflicted upon her—forgetting all her injuries—turns with disdain from the offer of a portion of that which was once her own—from a portion of that which was confiscated from her three hundred years ago; and to those who would endow her and enrich her with a portion of that which was once all her own, she says, “For three hundred years I have lived in the land, and I have suffered with my people—for three hundred years the love of the Irish people has been a sufficient endowment for me—for me, who, having food and clothing, am content to labor and, if necessary, to die—for three hundred years I have found my endowment in the hearts of my people—I prize them more than all the wealth this world could lay at my feet; and therefore, I say, whatever portion of this church property might be mine I am willing to give up to the Irish people for their national purposes. I will cast my bread, as of old, upon the running waters, and I will lean on the faith and generosity of Irish hearts for my existence in this land.” And, my brethren, whilst she thus speaks to us, she turns to her enemies—she turns to those who for three hundred years have laid the scourge of persecution upon her—and says, “I am willing to forget all, I am willing never to remind you, or remind my own people, of a single injury I have sustained; I forgive you with all my heart and soul, and I only ask you to join hands with me and say, Let us be united in all the civil bonds of friendship and equality, for our own welfare and the good of our common country.” This is the language which we hold to-day; and if I took a review before you of our past wrongs, it is not to fling them into the faces of those who inflicted them. Oh, no! It is to tell them that we exercise the virtue of forgiveness—of love of our neighbor. We have much to forgive—more than any people on the face of the world. We have much to forgive, and therefore our love which prompts us to forgive must be correspondingly great. We offer them the pledge of our friendship if they will accept it. Finally, my brethren, our love of our neighbor obliges us to ardently desire his spiritual and temporal welfare, and it is this also that brings us here to-day. I do not conceal that one great feeling which fills the Catholic heart is the hope that the great

measure of redress which has just passed will prepare the way, and open the road, to obtain for Ireland again, at no distant day, the heavenly blessing of religious unity. It was for unity in faith that Christ our Lord prayed to His Father the evening before He suffered. It was for unity in faith that He offered His prayers for His apostles at the Last Supper. It was for unity of faith, and that men might be of one mind, that He established His Church upon earth, and set upon that Church the seal of infallibility of doctrine, that all men might know His word, and have confidence in accepting it from her lips. This unity was the blessing of Ireland for twelve hundred years: from the day she took Catholic truths from the teachings of her own apostle, down to the sad and terrible day when she was told that the Church was no longer one, and that she must disunite herself from Peter's Chair. We know, as Catholics, that the Holy Catholic Church is the one depository of divine truth, the one infallible witness to God's creed upon earth. We know this. Our Protestant fellow-countrymen will not receive it. We respect their very error, but we would not love them, we could not love them as our neighbors, we could not fulfill the Gospel in their regard, if we did not ardently and earnestly pray to Almighty God to open their eyes to this great truth, that it is necessary to be in body as well as in spirit members of the Catholic Church in order to be pleasing to God, and have that faith without which it is impossible to be saved. We hope that our aspirations for religious unity will be forwarded by the destruction of the fatal ascendancy which so long reigned amongst us. Therefore do we hail it out of the love we have for our Protestant fellow-citizens; therefore do we hail it as the dawning of the day when once more this land will partake of the blessings of religious unity—when all Irishmen will come to kneel at the same altar—shall receive into faithful and loving hearts the same sacramental God, and be united as brothers in the land by every bond of love, not merely civic friendship, but in the higher national bond of union, which is identity of faith. We say that we hope this day is dawning, and we see the first stroke of its coming light on the horizon of our history in this great act of amelioration which is passed. We could not be loving man—we could not have either love of our neighbor, which is the mark of Christians, if we did not hail this blessing as the first

light of a coming glorious day—if we did not cry out to God in thanksgiving for the past, “Oh, come, O Lord! come in the unity of faith—oh! come in the strength of that love which triumphed in the sacrifice on the Cross!—oh, come, and delay not! beam on all those who are in darkness or in the shadow of death; fill them with the light of thy presence and of thy grace: beam on their intellects with the light of faith; beam on their hearts with the ardor of divine love;” that so, my brethren, we may all unite, bound together in faith, in hope, and in charity; and thus, seeking first that union which is the kingdom of God, all other things, all temporal blessings, all greatness, which might hereafter follow, if we were a united people, according to the Word of our Heavenly Father, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all other things shall be added unto you.”





“THE CHRISTIAN MAN THE MAN OF THE DAY.”

[Delivered in St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, on March 22d, 1872.]

MY friends, I have selected as the subject on which to address you, the following theme:—“The Christian Man the Man of the Day.” You may, perhaps, be inclined to suppose that I mean by this, that, in reality, the Christian man was the actual man of the day. That he was the man whom our age loved to honor; that he was the man who, recognized as a Christian man, received, for that very reason, the confidence of his fellow-men, and every honor society could bestow upon him. Do not flatter yourselves, my friends, that this is my meaning. I do not mean to say that the Christian man *is* the man of the day. I wish I could say so. But, what I do mean is, that the Christian man, and he alone, must be the man of the day; that our age cannot live without him; and that we are fast approaching to such a point that the world itself will be obliged, on the principle of self-preservation, to cry out for the Christian man. But to-day he is not in the high places; for the spirit of the age is not Christian. Now, mark you, there is no man living who is a greater lover of his age than I. And, priest as I am, and monk as well, coming here before you in this time-honored old habit; coming before the men of the nineteenth century as if I were a fossil dug out of the soil of the thirteenth century, I still come before you as a lover of the age in which we live; a lover of its freedom, a lover of its laws, and a lover of its material progress. But, I still assert that the spirit of this nineteenth century of ours is not Catholic. Let me prove it. At this very moment the Catholic Church, through her bishops, is

engaged in a hand-to-hand and deadly conflict, in England, in Ireland, in Belgium, in France, in Germany, ay, and in this country, with the spirit of the age; and for what? The men in power try to lay hold of the young child, to control that child's education, and to teach him all things except religion. But the bishops come and say: "This is a question of life and death, and the child must be a Christian. Unless he is taught of God, it is a thousand times better that he were never taught at all; for knowledge without God is a curse, and not a blessing." Now, if our age were Christian, would it thus seek to banish God from the schools, to erase the name of God clean out of the heart of the little ones, for whom Jesus Christ, the Son of God, shed his blood? Another proof that the spirit of our age is anti-Christian, for whatever contradicts Christ is anti-Christian. Speaking of the most sacred bond of matrimony, which lies at the root of all society, at the fountain-head of all the world's future—Christ has said, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." But the Legislature, the spirit of this age of ours, comes in and says: "I will not recognize the union as of God, and I will reserve to myself the right to separate them." They have endeavored to substitute a civil marriage for the holy sacrament which Jesus Christ sanctified by His presence, and ratified by His first miracle—the sacrament which represents the union of Christ with His Church. "I will not let God join them together," says the State. "Let them go to a magistrate, or a registrar." Let God have nothing to do with it. Let no sanctifying influence be upon them; leave them to their own lustful desires, and to the full enjoyment of wicked passions, unchecked by God. Thus the State rules, in case of marriage, and says: "I will break asunder that bond." And it made the anti-Christian law of "divorce." "Whom God joins together," says the Master of the world—whose word shall never pass away, though heaven and earth shall pass away—"let no man separate." God alone can do it; the man who dares to do it shakes the very foundation of society, and takes the key-stone out of the arch. But the State comes, and says: "I will do it." This is the legislation—this is the spirit of our age. I do not mean to say that there were not sins and vices in other ages; but I have been taught to look back from my earliest childhood,

backward full six hundred years, to that glorious thirteenth century, for the bloom and flower of sanctity prospering upon the earth. Still, I have been so taught as not to shut my eyes to its vices; and yet, the spirit of that age was more Christian than the spirit of this. The spirit that had faith enough to declare that, whatever else was touched by profane hands, the sanctity of the marriage sacrament was to remain inviolate—when all recognized its living author as the Son of God. It had faith enough to move all classes of men as one individual, and as possessing one faith, and one lofty purpose. And this is not the spirit of our age. Whom do we hear are the men who invent and make our telegraphs and railroads, and all the great works of the day? We hear very little about Catholics being anything generally but lookers-on in these great matters; that Catholics had nothing to do with them, and that they came in simply to profit by the labor of others. And yet, don't we know that nearly every great discovery made upon this earth was made by some Catholic man or other; and some of the greatest of them all made by old monks in their cloisters. And as the spirit of the day makes the man of the day, I cannot congratulate you, my friends, that the man of the day is a Christian man. Now, I am here this evening, to prove to you, and to bring home to your intelligence, two great facts—remember them always: First—The man the world makes independent of God, is such an incubus and curse, that the world itself cannot bear him, that the world itself cannot endure him; for, if he leaves his mark upon history, it is a curse, and for evil. Secondly—The only influence that can purify and save the world, is the spirit of that glorious religion which alone represents Christianity. Call me no bigot if I say, that the Catholic Church alone is the great representative of Christianity. I do not deny that there is goodness outside of it, nor that there are good and honest men who are not of this Church. Whenever I meet an honest, truthful man, I never stop to inquire if he is Catholic or Protestant; I am always ready to do him honor, as the noblest work of God. But this I do say—all this is, in reality, represented in the Catholic Church. And I further assert that the Catholic Church alone has the power to preserve in man the consciousness that God has created him. And, now, having laid down my opening

remarks, let us look at the man of the day, and see what he is.

Many of you have the ambition to become men of the day. It is a pleasant thing to be pointed at and spoken of as a man of the day. "There is a man who has made his mark." There is a man of whom every one speaks well; the intelligent man, the successful man, the man who is able to propound the law by expressing his opinion—able to sway the markets; the man whose name is blazoned everywhere. You all admire this man. But let us examine him in detail—for he is made for mere show, a mere simulacrum of a man. Let us pick him in pieces, and see what is in this man of the day—whether he will satisfy God or man—see whether he will come up to the wants of society or not. Man, I suppose you will all admit, was created by Almighty God for certain fixed, specific purposes and duties. Surely, the God of wisdom, of infinite love—a God of infinite knowledge and freedom, never communicated to an intelligent human being power and knowledge like his own, without having some high, grand, magnificent, and God-like purpose in view. A certain purpose must have guided Him. Certain duties must have attached to the glorious privileges that are thus imprinted in man's soul as the image of God. And hence, my friends, there are the duties man owes to the family, the duties of the domestic circle, the duties he owes to society, to those who come within the range of his influence, within the circle of his friendship, to those with whom he has commercial or other relations, the duties he owes to his country and native land, his political duties; and, finally, over them all, permeating through them all, overshadowing all that is in him, there is his great duty to Almighty God, who made him. Now, what are man's duties in the domestic circle? Surely, the first virtue of man in this circle is the virtue of fidelity, representing the purity of Jesus Christ in the man's soul; the virtues of fidelity, stability, and immovable loyalty to the vows he has pledged before high heaven, and to all the consequences these vows have involved. God created man with a hearty disposition to love and to find the worthy object of his love; and to give to that object the love of his heart is the ordinary nature of man. A few are put aside—among them the priest and the monk and the nun, to whom God says: "I, myself, will be your love;" and they know no

love save that of the Lord Jesus Christ. Yet they have the same craving for love, the same desire, and the same necessity. But to them the Lord says: "I, myself, will be your love, your portion, your inheritance." These, I say, are those who are wrapt in the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is not the time nor the occasion for me to dwell upon the infinite joy and substantial happiness of the days of those who have fastened their hearts upon the great heart of Jesus Christ; but, for the ordinary run of mankind, love is a necessity; and the Almighty has created that desire for love in the hearts of all men; and it has become sanctified and typical of the union of Christ with His Church—typical of the grace that Christ poured abroad upon her. This love and union must lie at the very fountain-head of society, it must sanctify the very spring whence all our human nature flows; for it is out of this union of two loving hearts that our race is propagated, and mankind continued to live on earth. What is the grace that sanctifies it? I answer, it is the grace of fidelity. Understand me well; there is nothing more erratic, nothing more changeable than this heart of man; nothing wilder in its acts, in its propensities, than this treacherous heart of man. I know of no greater venture that a human being can make than that which a young woman makes, when she takes the hand of a young man, and hears the oath from his lips that no other love than hers shall ever enter his heart. A treacherous, erratic heart is this of man; prone to change, prone to evil influences, excited by every form of passing beauty. But from that union spring the obligations of father and mother to their progeny. Their children are to be educated; and as they grow up and bloom into the fullness of their reason, the one object of the Christian father and mother is to bring out of these children the Christianity that is latent there. Christ enters into that young soul by baptism; but He lies sleeping in that soul, acting only upon the blind animal instincts of infancy; and, as the child wakes to reason, Christ that sleeps there must be awakened and developed, until that child comes to the fullness of his intellectual age, and the man of God is fully developed in the child of earth. Education is nothing unless it brings out the Christ in the man. This is the true end and object of all education. Now, how does the man of the day fulfill this end? how does he fulfill these duties to his wife and to

his children, these duties which we call the domestic duties? This "clever" man of the day—how does he fulfill them? He, perhaps, in his humbler days, before he knew to what meridian the sun of his fortune would one day rise, took to himself a fair and modest wife. Fortune smiled upon him. The woman remained content only with her first and simple love, and with fidelity to the man of her choice and the duties which that love brought with them. But how is it with the man of the day? Shall I insult the ears of the Christian by following the man of the day through all the dark paths of his iniquity? Shall I describe to you the glance of his lustful eye, forgetful of the vows he has made to the one at home? Can I tell you of the man of the day, following every passing form, a mere lover of beauty; without principle, without God, without virtue, and without a thought of the breaking hearts at home? Shall I tell you of the man of the day trying to conceal the silvering hand of age as it passes over him, trying to retain the shadow of departed youth—and why? Because all the worst vices of the young blood are there, for they are inseparable from the man of the day. Sometimes, in some fearful example, he comes out before us in all his terrible deformity. The world is astonished—the world is frightened for a moment; but men who understand all these things better than you or I come to us, and say, "Oh! this is what is going on; this is the order of the day." There is no vestige of purity, no vestige of fidelity. Mind and imagination corrupted; the very flesh rotting, defiled by excess of unmentionable sin. And if children are born to the wicked and faithless adulterer, the time comes when the State assumes that which neither God nor man intended it should assume—namely, the office of instructor; when the State comes and says, "I will take the children; I will teach them everything excepting God; I will bring them up clever men, but infidels, without the knowledge of God." Then the man of the day turns round to the State, and says, "Take the labor off our hands; these children are incumbrances; we don't want to educate them; you say you will." But the Church comes in, like a true mother—like the mother of the days of Solomon; and with heartbreaking accent says to the father, "Give me the child, for it was to me that Christ said, 'Go and teach; go and educate.'" But the father turns away. He will

not trust his child to that instructor who will bring up this child as a rebuke to him in his old age, for his wickedness, by its own virtue and goodness. The spirit of our age not only tolerates this, but actually assists all this. This man may tell his wife that she is not the undisturbed mistress of her house. He may come in with a writing of "divorce" in his hand, and turn his wife out of doors. Yes; when her beauty and accomplishments are not up to the fastidious taste of this man of the day, he may call in the State to make a decree of "divorce," and depose the mother of his children, the queen of his heart.

Let us now pass from the domestic to the social circle. He is surrounded by his friends and has social influence. He has a duty, to lay at least one stone in the building up of that society of which the Almighty created him a member, and of which He will demand an account in the hour of death. Every man is a living member of society. He owes a duty to that society. What is that duty? It is a duty of truthfulness to our friends, a good example to those around us, a respect and veneration for every one with whom we come in contact, especially the young. Even the pagans acknowledge this in the maxim, "*Maxima debetur puero reverentia.*" The man of the day opens his mouth to vomit forth words of blasphemy, or sickening obscenity, and before him may be the young boy, growing into manhood, learning studiously from the accomplished jester's lips the lesson of iniquity and impurity that will ruin his soul. Hear him, and follow him into more refined and general society. What a consummate hypocrite he is, when he enters his own house, dressed for the evening, with a smile upon his face, and with words of affection upon his adulterous lips, he addresses himself to his wife, or to his daughter, or to his lady friends! What a consummate hypocrite he is! Ah! who would imagine that he knows every mystery of iniquity and defilement, even to its lowest depths! Ah, who would imagine that this smiling face has learned the smile of contempt for everything that savors of virtue, of purity, and of God! Who would imagine that the man who takes the virgin hand of the young girl in his, and leads her with so much confidence and so much gladness to the altar, who would imagine that that man's hand is already defiled with the touch of everything abominable that the demon of impurity could present to him! Take him in his relations

with his friends. Is he a trustworthy friend? Is he a reliable man? Will he not slip the wicked publication into the hands of his young friend to instruct him in vice? Will he not pass the obscene book from hand to hand, with a pleasant look, as though it were a good thing, although he knows the poison of hell is lurking between its leaves? Is he a reliable man? Is he trustworthy? Go down and ask his friends will they trust him, and they will turn and laugh in your face, and tell you he is as "slippery as an eel."

This is the man of the day—this boasted hero of ours—in a social way. Pass a step further on. Take him in his relations to his country, to its legislature, to its government. Take him in what they call the political relations of life. What shall I say of him? I can simply put it all in a nutshell. I ask you, friends, in this, our day, suppose somebody were to ask you to say a good word for him as for a friend; suppose somebody were to ask you the character of the man, and suppose you said: "Well, he is an honest man; a man of upright character in business; a man of well-ascertained character in society; a good father, a good husband—but, you know—he is a politician?" I ask you, is there not something humiliating in the acknowledgment—"He is a politician?" Is it not almost as if you said something dishonorable, something bad? But there ought to be nothing dishonorable in it. On the contrary, every man ought to be a politician—especially in this glorious new country, which gives every man a right of citizenship, and tells him, "My friend, I will not make a law to bind and govern you without your consent and permission"—why, that very fact makes every man a politician among us. But if it does, does it not also recognize the grand virtue which underlies every free government—which makes every man a sharer in its blessings because he enhances them by his integrity—which makes politics something, not a shame and a disgrace, but something to be honored and prized as the aim of unselfish patriotism? What is that? It is a love, but not a selfish love, of his country; a love, not seeking to control or share its administration for selfish purposes—not to become rich—not to share in this or take that—but to serve the country for its good, and to leave an honorable and unblemished name in the annals of that country's history. Is this the man

of the day? I will not answer the question. I am a stranger amongst you, and it were a great presumption in me to enter upon a dissertation on the politics of America. But this I do know, that if the politicians of this country are as bad, or half as bad as their own newspapers represent them, then it is no credit to a man to be accounted a politician. Some time ago a fellow was arrested in France for having committed several crimes, and whilst he pleaded guilty to the various counts of the indictment, he added, as an extenuating circumstance, "but thank God I am no Jesuit." This man had been reading the French infidel newspapers, and he thought a priest something worse than himself. Bad as he was, he thought it was only due to his character to say that he was no Jesuit. "In the lowest depths, there's a lower still," and this criminal imagined that he had not reached the lowest and worst depth of crime as long as he could say that he was no Jesuit. If a man were arraigned for any conceivable crime in this country, he might urge, as an extenuating circumstance, "'Tis true; I did it; but I am no politician!" Thank God, there are many and honorable exceptions. If there were not many honorable exceptions what would become of society? Why, society itself would come to a stand-still. But there are honest and independent men, and no word of mine can be regarded as, in the slightest degree, reflecting on any man, or class of men. True, I know no one—I speak simply as a stranger coming amongst you, and from simply reading the accounts that your daily papers give.

Now, I ask you, if the man of the age, or the day, be such—(and I do not think that I have overdrawn the picture; nay more—I am convinced that in the words I have used you have recognized the truth—perhaps something less than the whole truth—of "the man of the day" in his social, political, and domestic relations)—I ask you—not as a Catholic priest at all, but as a man—as a man not without some amount of intelligence—as one speaking to his fellow-men as intellectual men—can this thing go on? Should this thing go on? Are you in society prepared to accept that man as a true man of the day? Are you prepared to multiply him as the model man? Are you prepared to say: "We are satisfied; he comes up to our requirements?" Or, on the other hand, must you say this: "It

will never do: if this be the man of the day, there is an end to society; if this be the man of the day, it will never do; we must seek another style—another stamp of man, with other principles of conduct, or else society comes to a deadlock and standstill.” And to those two propositions I will invite your attention. Go back three hundred years ago. When Martin Luther inaugurated Protestantism, one of the principles upon which he rested his fallacy was to separate the Church from all influence upon human affairs. Protestantism said: “Let her teach religion, but let her not be mixing herself up with this question or that.” The Church of God, my dear friends, not only holds and is the full deposit of truth, not only preaches it, not only pours forth her sacramental graces—but the Church—the Catholic Church—mixes herself up with the thousand questions of the day—not as guiding them, not as dictating or identifying herself with this policy or that, but as simply coming in to declare, in every walk of life, certain principles and rules of conduct. Here let me advert to the false principle that, outside of the four walls of her temples, she has nothing to do with man’s daily work. This principle was followed out in France in 1792–3, when not only was the Church separated from all legitimate influence in society, but she was completely deposed, for the time being. And now, the favorite expression of this day of ours is: “Oh, let the Catholic priests preach until they are hoarse; let them fire away until they are black in the face; but let us have no Catholicity here, Catholicity there, the priest everywhere! We will not submit to it, like the Irish, getting the priest into every social relation; taking his advice in everything; acting under his counsel in everything. We will not submit to be a priest-ridden people. We will not submit to have the priest near us at all, outside of his church. If he stays there, well and good; let those who want him go to him, but outside the church-walls let every man do as he pleases.” For the last century all the Catholic nations of Europe—in fact, the whole world—have, more or less, acted upon this principle. Let us see the advantages of all this. Has the world, society, governments, legislatures, gained anything? To the Church they say, “Stand aside; don’t presume to come into the Senate or the Parliament. We will make laws without you. Don’t be preaching to me about God; I can get along without

you." The world has tried its hand, and it has produced that beautiful man I have described to you—the man of the day—the accomplished man—the gentleman—the man in kid gloves—the man who is so well dressed—the man with the gemmed watch and gold chain—the man with the lacquered hair and well-trimmed whisker. Don't trust his word—he is a liar! Don't trust him. Oh, fathers of families, children, don't have anything to say to him! He is a bad man. Keep away from him. Close the doors of your government house—of your House of Representatives—against him. This is the man whom the Church knows not as her creation; whom the world and whom society have to fear. If this is the best thing that the world has created, surely it ought to be proud of its offspring! Society lives and can only live upon the purity that pervades the domestic circle and sanctifies it; upon the truthfulness and integrity that guard all the social relations of life and sanctify them; and upon the pure and disinterested love of country upon which alone true patriotism depends. Stand aside, man of the day! You are unfit for these things. Stand aside. *O simulacrum!* O counterfeit of man, stand aside. Thou art not fit to encumber this earth. Where is the truthfulness of thy intellect, thou scoffer at all religion? Where is the purity of thy heart, thou faithless husband? Where is the honesty of thy life, thou pilfering politician? Stand aside! If we have nothing better than you, we must come to ruin. Stand forth, O Christian man, and let us see what we can make of thee! Hast thou principles, O Christian man? He advances, and says: "My first principle is this: that the Almighty God created me responsible for every wilful thought, and word, and act of my life. I believe in that responsibility before God. I believe that these thoughts, and words, and acts shall be my blessedness or my damnation for eternity." These are the first principles of the Christian man. Give me a man that binds up eternity with his thoughts, and his words, and his acts of to-day. I warrant you he will be very careful how he thinks, how he speaks, and how he acts. I will trust that man, because he does not love honesty for the sake of man, but for the love of his own soul; not for the love of the world, but for the love of God. Stand forth, O Christian man, and tell us what are thy principles in thy domestic relations, which, as father and hus-

band, thou hast assumed. He comes forth and says: "I believe, and I believe it on the peril of my eternal salvation, that I must be as true in my thought and in my act to the woman whom I made my wife, as you, a priest, are to the altar of Jesus Christ. I believe that, as long as the Angel of Death comes not between me and that woman, she is to be queen of my heart, the mother and mistress in my household; and that no power, save the hand of God, can separate us, or break the tie that binds us." Well said! thou faithful Christian man. Well said! Tell us about thy relations to thy children. The Christian man answers and says: "I believe and I know that if one of these children rises up in judgment against me, and cries out neglect and bad education and bad example against me, that alone will weigh me down and cast me into hell forever." Well said, O Christian father! You are the man of the day, so far. With you the domestic hearth and circle will remain holy. When your shadow, after your day's labor, falls across your humble threshold, it is the shadow of a man loving the God of all fidelity, and of all sanctity, in his soul. What are your relations to your friends, O Christian man? He answers: "I love my friend in Jesus Christ. I believe that when I speak of my friend, or of my fellow-man, every word I utter goes forth into eternity, there to be registered for or against me, as true or false. I believe that when my friend, or neighbor and fellow-man, is in want or in misery, and that he sends forth the cry for consolation or for relief, I am bound to console him, or to relieve him, as if I saw my Lord Himself lying prostrate and helpless before me." "Who are thy enemies, O man of faith?" He answers, "Enemies I have none." "Do you not hold him as an enemy who harms you?" "No, I see him in my own sin, and in the bleeding hands and open side of Jesus Christ, my God; and whatever I see there I must love in spite of all injustice." "What are your political relations?" He answers and says, "If any one says of another, he is a man who fattened upon corruption, no man can say so of me. I entered into the arena of my country's service, and came forth with unstained hands. Whatever I have done, I have done for love of my country, because my country holds upon me the strongest and highest claims after those of God."

Heart and mind are there. Oh, how grand is the character

that is thus built up upon Faith and Love! Oh, how grand is this man; so faithful at home, so truthful abroad, so irreproachable in the senate or the forum! Where shall we find him? I answer, the Catholic Church alone can produce him. This is a bold assertion. I do not deny that he may exist outside the Catholic Church; but if he does it is as an exception; and the exception proves the rule. I do not deny much of what I have said, if not all, to that glorious name that shall live forever as the very type of patriotism, and honor, and virtue, and truth—the grand, the majestic, the immortal name of George Washington, the father of his country! But, just as a man may find a rare and beautiful flower, even in the field, or by the roadside, and he is surprised and says, “How came it to be here? How came it to grow here?” When he goes into the garden, the cultivated spot, he finds it as a matter of course, because the soil was prepared for it, and the seed was sown. There is no surprise, no astonishment, to find the man of whom I speak—the Christian man—in the Catholic Church. If you want to find him, as a matter of course—if you want to find the agencies that produce him—if you want to find the soil he must grow in, if he grows at all, you must go into the Catholic Church, decidedly. Nowhere out of the Catholic Church is the bond of matrimony indissoluble. In the Catholic Church, the greatest ruffian, the most depraved man that ever lived, the most faithless woman that ever cursed the world, if they are faithless to everything, they must remain joined by the adamantine bonds that the Church will not allow any man to break. Secondly, the only security you have for all I have spoken of as enriching man in his social and political relations, is in conscience. If a man has no conscience, he can have no truth; he loses his power of discerning the difference between truth and falsehood. If a man has no conscience, he loses all knowledge and all sense of sin. If a man has no conscience, he loses, by degrees, even the very abstract faith that there is for good in him. Conscience is a most precious gift of God; but, like every other faculty in the soul of man, unless it be exercised, it dies out. The conscience of man must be made a living tribunal within him, and he must bring his own soul and his own life before that tribunal. A man may kneel down, he may pray to God, he may listen to the voice of the preacher

attentively and seriously; but in the Catholic Church alone, there is one sacrament, and that sacrament the most frequent, and the most necessary, after baptism—and that is the sacrament of penance; the going to confession—an obligation imposed under pain of mortal sin, and of essential need to every Catholic at stated times; an obligation that no Catholic can shrink from without covering himself with sin. This is at once a guarantee for the existence of a conscience in a man, and a restraining power, which is the very test, and the crucial test, of a man's life. A Catholic may sin, like other men; he may be false in every relation of life; he may be false in the domestic circle; he may be false socially; he may be false politically; but one thing you may be sure of, that he either does not go to confession at all, or, if he goes to confession, and comes to the holy altar, there is an end to his falsehood, there is an end to his sin; and the whole world around him, in the social circle, the domestic circle, the political circle, receives an absolute guarantee, an absolute proof that that man must be all that I have described the Christian man to be—a man in whom every one, in every relation of life, may trust and confide. This is the test. Don't speak to me of Catholics who don't give us this test. When a Catholic does not go to the sacraments, I could no more trust in him than in any other man. I say to you, don't talk to me about Catholics who don't go to the sacraments. I have nothing to say of them, only to pray for them, to preach to them, and to beseech them to come to this holy sacrament, where they will find grace to enable them to live up to the principles which they had forsaken. But give me the practical Catholic, the intellectual man! Give me the man of faith. Give me the man of human power and intelligence, and the higher power, divine principle and divine love! With that man, as with the lever of Archimedes, I will move the world.

Let me speak to you, in conclusion, of such a man. Let me speak to you of one whose form, as I beheld it in early youth, now looms up before me; so fills, in imagination, the halls of my memory, that I behold him now as I beheld him years ago, majestic in stature, an eye gleaming with intellectual power, a mighty hand uplifted, waving, quivering with honest indignation; his voice thundering like the voice of a god in the tem-

pest, against all injustice and all dishonor. I speak of Ireland's greatest son, the immortal Daniel O'Connell. He came. He found a nation the most faithful, the most generous on the face of the earth; he found a people not deficient in any power of human intelligence or human courage; chaste in their domestic relations, reliable to each other, and truthful—and, above all, a people who, for centuries and centuries, had lived, and died, and suffered, to uphold the Faith and the Cross. He came, and he found that people, after the rebellion of Ninety-Eight, down-trodden in the blood-stained dust, and bound in chains. The voice of Ireland was silent. The heart of the nation was broken. Every privilege, civil and otherwise, was taken from them. They were commanded, as the only condition of the toleration of their existence, to lie down in their blood-stained fetters of slavery, and to be grateful to the hand that only left them life. He brought to that prostrate people a Christian spirit and a Christian soul. He brought his mighty faith in God and in God's Holy Church. He brought his great human faith in the power of justice, and in the omnipotence of right. He roused the people from their lethargy. He sent the cry for justice throughout the land, and he proved his own sincerity to Ireland and to her cause, by laying down an income of sixty thousand pounds a year, that he might enter into her service. He showed the people the true secret of their strength himself. Thundering to-day for justice in the halls of the English Senate, on the morrow morning he was seen in the confessional, and kneeling at the altar to receive his God—with one hand leaning upon the eternal cause of God's justice, the other leaning upon the Lord Jesus Christ. Upheld by these and by the power of his own genius, he left his mark upon his age; he left his mark upon his country! This was, indeed, the "Man of his Day!" the Christian man, of whom the world stood in awe—faithful as a husband and father; faithful as a friend; the delight of all who knew him! faithful in his disinterested labors! with an honorable, honest spirit of self-devotion in his country's cause! He raised that prostrate form; he struck the chains from those virgin arms, and placed upon her head a crown of free worship and free education. He made Ireland to be, in a great measure, what he always prayed and hoped she might be, "The Queen of the Western Isles, and

the proudest gem that the Atlantic bears upon the surface of its green waters." Oh, if there were a few more like him! Oh, that our race would produce a few more like him! Our O'Connell was Irish of the Irish and Catholic of the Catholic. We are Irish and we are Catholic. How is it we have not more men like him? Is the stamina wanting to us? Is the intellect wanting to us? Is the power of united expression in the interests of society wanting to us? No! But the religious Irishman of our day refuses to be educated, and the educated Irishman of to-day refuses to be religious. These two go hand in hand. Unite the highest education with the deepest and tenderest practical love of God and of your religion, and I see before me, in many of the young faces on which I look, the stamp of our Irish genius; I see before me many who may be the fathers and legislators of the Republic, the leaders of our race, and the heroes of our common country and our common religion.





“THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE MOTHER OF LIBERTY.”

[Delivered in St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, March 3, 1872.]

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 amongst 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. But 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 Tuesday 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 as something which no man can gainsay—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; lay them 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 analysing 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 the nation’s banners as they are flung out upon the breeze over the soldier’s head; and he is cheered in his last moments by the sacred sound of liberty! It is a word dear to us all—our boast. 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 amongst 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. Now-a-days, 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;—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 a damnable heresy to assert that He is there at all;—speaking of all these, 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 is 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 false; but you know it is a religious falsehood; and it is so respectable and religious to have a multitude of sects, and it shows what a good people we are!" The very definition of intellectual freedom 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 for the very seeking." 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 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 sects that call themselves religious—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. What can be more striking than the contrast which Protestantism presents to the Catholic Church in this respect. In England, whenever any question of doctrine or discipline is raised, the Anglican bishops seem lost in utter perplexity, not knowing what to say. Be the difficulty great or small, it is all the same. From baptismal regeneration or sacerdotal power and office, down to the question of lighting a candle or the cut of a surplice, they don't know what to say, and their shifting and vacillating words are those of men without power, authority, light, or knowledge. The final decision, whenever it comes, is from "the Queen in council," echoing the sentence which popular tumult may dictate, and narrowing by each successive decision the amount of positive belief and of Christian practice; now lopping off a sacrament, now mutilating the liturgy, now denying some ancient and hitherto accepted point of Christian faith as "not necessarily involved or enforced in the formularies of the Church of England," now dissolving some indissoluble bond which God himself made, constantly insisting on "the wise latitude and toleration of the Church," but never by any chance asserting a single dogma of belief, or maintaining a single point of ancient Christian morality; so that no man knows what to believe or what he is strictly obliged to do. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, comes out on a question affecting the existence of God, Heaven, the Revelation of Scripture, the Divinity of Jesus Christ. 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, 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 settled. 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 else 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 and forcibly before you, and told you how many other lies were thus told—how this thing was proved to be false, and that thing 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 amongst 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 an infidel!” 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, a poor man from the county Galway—my own county—went over to England, to earn the rent by reaping the harvest. He happened to go into a Protestant church, thinking it was Catholic, and everything that he saw there confirmed him in the idea; for, as it was a ritualistic church, he saw the altar, the tabernacle, the lights, the vestments, everything, in fact, apparently Catholic. Our poor friend said his prayers, and felt quite at his ease and at home, until the sermon began, when, to his great astonishment, he heard the preacher insisting on our Lord’s presence in the Blessed Sacrament, and at the same time lament the want of belief in this mystery, especially on the part of so many bishops and priests. The preacher went on to speak of our belief in Christ’s presence as if it were an act of piety rather than of absolute necessity and faith. The moment the Irish Catholic heard the strange lament over the bishops and priests, and the hesitating, faltering, almost apologetic assertion of the mystery, he picked up his hat and made for the door, for he at once understood that he was in a Protestant and not a Catholic church. 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 detected the false religion by his knowledge of the true? 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 amongst you that if the knowledge of the truth, the possession of the truth, the grasping of the truth, creates 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—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. 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 overruling or coercing action of any authority, or of any power that is not legitimately appointed to govern and rule the will. We are bound to obey the laws and legitimate authorities that govern us, nor is there in this obedience anything unworthy of freedom, seeing that law and authority are the protectors of our rights and liberties. But 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 obeys 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—that is, 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 destroy his overruling 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 to command our wills. Who has a right to command the will of man? Almighty God, who made it. Every human law 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 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 powers 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. 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 dared 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? 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 matter 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 and 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." The passions within us—oh! those terrible passions! the strong, the unreasoning, the lustful desires of youth—the strong, unreasoning, revengeful pride 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 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 amongst us who hasn't his own little world of iniquity within him. Not one! There is not a man amongst 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. So long as man is able to keep them down, to subdue them—so long as a man is able to keep himself humble, pure, chaste, temperate, in spite of them, that man is free, because he controls and keeps down

those servants, his passions, which 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, fortified by divine grace; 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, 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 said: “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 a while, 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, clutched it, 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 amongst 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 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 literally 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 book 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—and I could make you believe it. 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 an 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 amongst 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 their 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 tells 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 Garibaldi 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, now-a-days, 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 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 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 CHURCH, THE MOTHER AND INSPIRATION OF ART.”

[Pronounced on Sunday evening, March 10th, 1872, on the occasion of the completion of the Dominican Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, in Lexington Avenue, New York, of which Very Rev. M. A. Lilley, O. P., is pastor.]

DEARLY beloved brethren: This morning I told you that the Holy Catholic Church was the spouse of the Lord Jesus Christ, described to us in Scripture as endowed with a twofold beauty, namely, interior, of which the Psalmist says, “All the beauty of the king’s daughter is from within,” and exterior, of which he spoke when he said, “The queen stood at His right hand, 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 holds as most precious 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; those features of divine external beauty which we 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 thy 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 the 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 existing in the Catholic Church, and attested by undoubted his-

torical evidence—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 effect 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 ourselves. 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 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 amongst 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 amongst 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 amongst 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 amongst 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 amongst 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 climbs slowly over the eastern hills, filling the valleys with rosy light, and gladdening the face of nature—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 fulfill the human idea of perfect loveliness, and to fling over all the still higher loveliness which is caught from heaven. This is called “the Ideal” in art. We rarely find it in nature. We seek it in highest art. 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 chastened, refined, and idealized by the artist's inspiration, breathing purest soul, enforcing some high lesson, and persuading by the spiritual influence which pervades the whole work. Amongst 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, whilst the eye is charmed with the beauty of proportion.

But in the fourth and fifth centuries—after the foundation of the Church had been firmly laid, after the promulgation of the Christian religion—when the Roman Empire had bowed down her imperial head before the glory of the Cross of Christ, it was in the designs 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 amongst them; and down they came, Goths and Visigoths, Huns and Vandals, onward sweeping in their resistless 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 capitol 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. Whilst she did this she carefully gathered together all that

remained of the traditions of ancient Pagan science and art. Whilst 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 has of the arts of Greece and Rome, was treasured up for a thousand years in the cloisters of the Catholic Church!

And now, her twofold mission began. Whilst her preachers evangelized—whilst they followed the armies of the Vandal and the Goth, from field to field, and back to their fastnesses of the North—whilst 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 amongst you as well informed as I am in the history of our civilization, and I ask you to consider that amongst the debris of the ruin of ancient Rome and of ancient Greece, although we possess noble monuments of the ancient architecture, we have but 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. 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 you 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 hear it for the first time. When the tired 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, whilst he heard the solemn, plaintive chant of the Church, whilst he heard the low-blended notes of the accompanying organ, skilfully touched by the Bene-

dictine's hand—would his rugged heart be melted into sorrow, and the humility 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 in captivating form—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 the 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 combined halo of virginity and of heavenly maternity. 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. To obtain 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 now, after so many 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 personification 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 remain 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 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 superstructure. The idea was to raise it as high towards heaven as possible—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, 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! The people require instruction; put sermons in stones. Let the material edifice be an epic of faith and of praise to God. Let everything that the eye sees be symbolical of the divine.

“Shut then in the petals of the flowers,
Round the stems of all the lilies twine,
Hide beneath each bird's or angel's pinion,
Some wise meaning or some thought divine.
Place in stony hands that pray forever,
Tender words of peace, and strive to wind
Round the leafy scrolls and fretted niches
Some true loving message to your kind.”

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 those 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, and he turns to the land of the noonday 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 amongst them all, as the sun flings his Italian light upon the scene—amongst 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 ? But whilst 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 up 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 idealisation 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 fullness 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, Palæstrina sang before Pope Marcellus, in Rome. 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 masterpieces of painting, such as have never been equalled

by any that since came forth—masterpieces 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 whilst he brought out the divine sorrow in the Virgin Mother, for the Saviour on the cross—whilst 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 works that Raphael ever painted were those which he painted in his youth, whilst 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. When, 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 judgments 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 sprung 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 built the marvellous mediæval churches 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 inspiration of the arts—music, painting, and architecture—came from the Catholic Church, and that the most attractive of them all were 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 Venice, of Genoa—all gained their municipal rights and rights of citizenship (rights that were established for protection, and to insure equality of the law) under the Church's protection. 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 nearly 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 amongst 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 speaking to you rather as an historian than as a priest; 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 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. 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, to foster 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, architecture has decayed and fallen away. No great cathedral has been built. No great original has appeared. No new idea has been ex-

pressed 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 grovelling 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 wretched 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 subjects 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 of Urbino, disappeared. 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—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 were dealt with in this debased form—in this low and empty inspiration. Look, for instance, at the Magdalens, 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;" 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 amongst 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, are almost equalled by the

glories of the nineteenth. But a short distance from this, you see, in the middle of this great city, rising in its wonderful beauty, that which promises to be, and is to be, of all the glories of this country, 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's days, and where, in the very cell in which I dwelt, I beheld from Angelico's own hand a 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, oh 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. Amongst the traditions of one of the old cities of 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. Oh, 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 GROUPINGS OF CALVARY.”

ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST.

[Delivered on Sunday, March 24th, in the Dominican Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York.]

ITOLD 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 are derived. 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 then 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 court of his condemnation, He turned his face toward 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 accompanied Him with stolid indifference to the place of His execution. They were pagans. They were men who had never heard the name of God. They were men who, had they heard it, must have heard it 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 nations who know not the Lord of Truth. In paganism, in the darkness and wickedness of their infidelity, they know 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 comes, 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 prayers 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 foolhardy and audacious men made to Him. He had reduced them to such shame that no man ever dared 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 despised 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 powerful 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 destroy 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 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, whilst 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 beholds a terrible

sight ; he sees passing before his eyes his Lord, his Master, in whose innocence he believes, though he has betrayed Him ; his Lord, his Master, torn with scourges from head to foot, crowned with thorns, covered with blood ; 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 uplifted his despairing 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 men who surrounded Him then, exact counterparts of those whom we meet to-day.

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 form 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, the Scripture says, "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 fragrance and brightness of the Virgin, and of the Virgin's Son, seems to shine even in the body of man as well as in the spirit, "filling the whole being," says St. Ephrem, "with the odor of its sweetness." 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 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 opening 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 cup the dews of heaven, like diamond drops, in its heart of purest whiteness. So did our Lord behold the fair soul of John. Jesus Christ spoke in that virgin ear the words of invitation; and into that virgin soul He dropped those graces of Apostleship, and of love, and of tenderness, and of strength, that, lying there amongst those petals of glory, brought forth in the soul of the young man all that was radiant of 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, that God made Himself visible 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!" *Solus virgo virginem agnoscit.* 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 precedence and supremacy; by being appointed the Vicar and representative of his Master; in other words, "the Head of the Apostles." 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. But 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. 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? No! The first place of love, 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 other 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 other 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, not yet confirmed in love, wavered in his allegiance and denied his Master; 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? It had 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 ingenious, talented, and enlightened youth. Would you know of how much love this heart is capable? 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. But measure, if you can, the ardor of pure love for Jesus Christ. I address the heart of the young man, and he cannot see it! The truth 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 of man, and which God alone can satisfy.

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 had listened to the words of the Divine Master, and sweeter were they than the music which He heard in heaven, and which he describes in the Apocalypse, where he says: "I heard the sound of many voices, and of 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 Naim, "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 walls resounded to the

God-like voice 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. "*Petrus autem sequebatur eum a longe.*" 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 Master. 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 presence of their 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 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, “Thou also wast with 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 would, 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 the 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! 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 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 publicly known. We read in the gospels that the Apostles were all poor men, taken out of the crowd by our Lord. The only one amongst 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—to the high-priest. He was so well known to him, and to his guards, and to his officers, and to his 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 doorkeeper and bring in Peter. He was well known to the chief magistrates—well known to the men in power—well known to the chief senators. “Oh, John! John! be prudent! 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 Jesus Christ in this hour. Consult your own interests. Don't be rash. There is no knowing what may happen you." 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 Mass quietly; and let the world know nothing about it!" Oh, how noble the answer of him whom all the world knew! How noble the soul of him who stood by the Lord, 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 Master. 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 ear of Christ. We know not how much the drooping humanity 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 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. 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 by his dying Lord! Little did he know of the crowning glory that was reserved to him at the foot of the Cross. How his heart must have throbbled within him 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 received the command: "Son, 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 man whose glory it was to be—that he was 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, whilst from the crucified Lord the drops of blood fall down upon them and cement the union between His Church and His Holy Mother, in which the mystery of the Incarnation is made perfect by completest adoption and brotherhood with the Son of God.

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. 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 her Divine Son; 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 blood-stains with her tears—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 love. 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, whilst 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 Philippi, 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! 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 man. 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, whilst 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 lowly house of Nazareth, and of how Joseph had died and Jesus had labored for her in his stead. From Mary's lips he heard the secrets—the wonderful secrets of her Divine Son; until, filled with inspiration, and rising to the grandest 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 the life she lives in Ephesus with her second, her adopted son, St. John the Evangelist. He passed to heaven, first amongst 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 toward his Lord and his God; living in Christian purity—in the Christ-given strength of divine love—and in that glorious world-despising assertion of the divinity and of the love of Jesus Christ; 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."



“CHRIST ON CALVARY.”

[Preached on Good Friday evening, March 29th, 1872, in the Dominican Church, New York, to the largest audience ever assembled within its walls. Not only was the church packed with the earnest multitude; outside the doors were congregated hundreds who could not gain admission, yet lingered in the hope of catching even the echoes of the voice of the preacher.]

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

THESE words are found in the Lamentations of the prophet Jeremiah. There was a festival, dearly beloved brethren, 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, amongst 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 robes of sorrow. 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. In like manner, dearly beloved brethren, in the inundation, the deluge of suffering and sorrow that came upon the Son of God, made man, we find that the flood 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; 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. 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 Gomorrha; the balls of fire floating in the air, thick as the descending flakes in the snowstorm; the hissing of the flames as they came rushing down from heaven, like the hail that comes

down in the hailstorm ; 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 howling 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 from 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 hand 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 ruder 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 Godhead, 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 an 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 prayer, before the Lord, His Father, to obtain pardon and mercy for mankind. Now, he goes there, now, 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 ever were 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 amongst them was He, the Lord God, to go? Amongst 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 sudden and awful trial of his Master, He murmured unto him, “My soul is sorrowful unto death! Stand by Me,” He says, “and watch with Me, and pray!” The man—the man, 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, “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 Gomorrha, 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 the Son of God, 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. He saw us there in our quality of sinners, with every sin that ever we committed—as if it were a stone in our uplifted hand flung 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.

* *Vide Newman*, "Mental Sufferings of our Lord in his Passion."

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! 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, betray 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 stamping 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 toward 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 the river's 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 of 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 our 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, 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 to set Him at liberty, if He

be innocent. The Scribes and the Pharisees 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, 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 amongst 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 people’s 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 him-

self, "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 Prætorium, 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! 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 amongst 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 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 scoffed 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 which they had pre-

pared 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, Oh Pilate,—Oh wise and compromising Pilate,—now, indeed, you have gained your end! You have proved yourself the friend of Cæsar. 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 Cæsar. You said I was afraid to punish Him! Behold Him now! Is there a man amongst 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 their 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 Barabbas?" And they cried out "Barabbas! give us Barabbas! 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 Barabbas 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, fainting with infirmity, 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 toward 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 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, follows Him. A few of his faithful followers 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 pierced 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 ex-

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, to the feet of her Lord and Master; they are now bathed with other tears—with the tears of blood that save the world; 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 ex-

pressed 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. Clothed 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, 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 awaited 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 up 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 loud 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 was 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.





TEMPERANCE.

[Discourse delivered before the Convention of the New Jersey Catholic Total Abstinence Union, in St. John's Church, Paterson, on Thursday, April 25th, 1872.]



MY FRIENDS: I have more than once had the honor of addressing a congregation of fellow-Catholics and fellow-countrymen since I came to the United States. I have spoken to them on various subjects, all of them important, but never have I been entrusted with a more important subject than that of the Christian and Catholic virtue of temperance. I cannot forget that most of you, if not all of you, are of my own race and my own blood. It is a race of which none of us need be ashamed. Perhaps our brightest glory, next to that of our Catholic faith, is the drop of Irish blood that is in our veins. And I have more than once asked myself, What is it that condemns this race, whom God has blessed with so much intellect and genius, upon whom He has lavished so many of His highest and holiest gifts, crowning all with that gift of national faith, that magnificent tenacity that, in spite of all the powers of earth or hell, has clung to the living Christ and His Church—what is it that has condemned this race to be in so many lands the hewers of wood and the drawers of water? “*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*” Where is the nation, or the land, on the face of the earth, that has not witnessed our exile and our tears? And how is it that, whilst this man or that man rises to eminence and prosperity, we so often, though, thank God, not always, find that the Irishman, by some fatality or other, is destined to be a poor man, a struggling man? Well, there may be many reasons for this undoubted fact. It may be our generosity, and I admit that it enters largely as a reason. It may be a certain—if I may use the ex-

pression in this sacred edifice—a certain devil-may-care kind of a spirit—“come day, go day, God send Sunday”—that doesn’t take much heed or much concern to the scraping together of dollars in this world. But amongst the causes of our depression there certainly is one, and that is the fatal vice of intemperance. Now, mark me, my friends, I do not say that we drink more than our neighbors. I have lived amongst English and Scotchmen, and I believe that, as a race—as a nation—the Scotchmen drink more than the Irishmen. I have often and often seen a Scotchman at it, and he could drink three Irishmen blind. But, somehow or other, people of other lands have a trick of sticking to the beer or the porter, and that only goes into their stomachs and sickens them; whilst the Irishman goes straight for the poteen or the whiskey; and that gets into his brain and sets him mad.

Now, my friends, I want to speak to you as a glorious, most honorable body of Catholics—mostly of Irishmen—banded together as one man, for one purpose; and that purpose is to vindicate the honor of our manhood, of our religion, and of our nationality, by means of the glorious virtue of self-restraint, or of temperance. And I say that I congratulate you as a society, as the component elements of a largely-spread association or society, because in this our day everything goes by association. In every department, in every walk of commercial or social life, we have what in this country are called “rings,” circles, associations, societies. Get up a railway; you must have a “ring.” Open a canal; you work it by a “ring.” Start a political idea; you bring it prominently before the people by a “ring.” Elect an officer to some public office; it must be done by a “ring.” The world that we live in nowadays is a world of associations; and, unfortunately for us, most of these associations are in the hands of the devil. God must have His; the Church must have hers; and men must save themselves, in this our day, just as so many lose themselves, by association. And, therefore, it is necessary, for the purpose of strengthening oneself in good resolutions, and of spreading the light of good example around him, that in such a society as this, a man should act on his fellow-man by association. Now, if you wish to know the glorious object for which you are associated in this grand temperance movement; if you wish to know the magnificent purpose which

you should have in view, all you have to do is to reflect with me upon the consequence and the nature of intemperance, against which you have declared war. Let me depict to you, as well as I can, what intemperance is—what drunkenness is; and then I shall have laid a solid foundation for the appeal which I make to you, not only personally to persevere in this glorious cause of temperance, but to try, every man of you, like an evangelist of this holy gospel, to gather as many as you can of your friends and associates, and of those whom your influence reaches, to become members of this most salutary and honorable body. No man can value a virtue until he knows the deep degradation of the opposite vice.

Now, man has three relations: namely, his relations to God who made him, and who redeemed him upon the Cross; his relations to his neighbor; and his sacred relations to himself. Consider the vice of intemperance—how it affects this triple relation of man. First of all, my friends, what is our relation to God? I answer, if we regard Almighty God as our Creator, we are made in His image and likeness; if we regard Him as our Redeemer, we are His brothers, in the human nature which He assumed for our salvation. Consider your relations to God as your Creator. The Almighty God, in creating all His other creatures on the earth, simply said, "*Fiat*,"—Let it be—and the thing was made. "Let there be light," said the Almighty God, breathing over the darkness; immediately, in the twinkling of an eye, the glorious sun poured forth his light; the moon took up her reflection, which she was to bear for all ages of time; and every star appeared, like glittering gems, hanging in the newly-created firmament of heaven. God said, "Let there be life," and instantly the sea teemed with its life; the bird took living wings and cleaved the air; the earth teemed with those hidden principles of life that break forth in the spring-time, and cover hill and dale with the verdure that charms the human eye. But, when it was the question of creating man, Almighty God no longer said, "Let him be;" but he said—taking counsel, as it were, with Himself—"Let us make man in our own image and likeness." And then "Unto His own image He made him, forming his body from the slime of the earth"—the body which is as nothing; and breathing from His divine lips the breath of life, which, in the soul of

man, bears the image of God, in being capable of knowledge, in being capable of love, in the magnificent freedom of will in which God created man. Behold the image of God reflected in man. God is knowledge; God is love—the purest, the highest, the holiest, and most benevolent love—eternal and infinite love. God is freedom. Man has power of knowledge, in his intellect; power of the highest and purest love in his heart, in his affections; freedom in action. In these three we are the image of God.

Now, my friends, it is a singular fact that the devil may tempt a man in a thousand ways. He may get him to violate the law of God in a thousand ways; but he cannot rob him of the Divine image that the law of God set upon him, in reason, in love, and freedom. The demon of pride may assail us; but the proudest man retains those three great faculties in which his manhood consists; for man is the image of God. The image of God is in him; his intelligence, love, and freedom are the quintessence of his magnificent human nature that the devil must respect. Just as of old the Lord gave to the devil the power to strike His servant, Job; to afflict him; to cover him with ulcers; to destroy his house and his children; but commanded him to respect his life—not to touch his life,—so Almighty God seems to say to the very devils of hell: “You may lead man, by temptations, into whatsoever sins; but you must respect his manhood; he must still remain a man.” *To all except one!* There is one devil alone—one terrible demon, alone, who is able not only to rob us of that Divine grace by which we are children of God, but to rob us of every essential feature of humanity, in taking away from us the intelligence by which we know, the affection by which we love, the freedom by which we act as human beings, as we are. Who is that demon? Who is the enemy not only of God but of human nature? Who is the powerful one who, alone, has the attribute, the infernal privilege, not only of robbing the soul of grace, but of taking from the whole being—from the time he asserts his dominion there—every vestige and feature of humanity? It is the terrible Demon of Intemperance. He, alone, can lift up his miscreated brow and insult the Almighty God, not only as the author of grace, but as the very author of nature. Every other demon that tempts man to sin may exult in the ruin of

the soul; he may deride and insult Almighty God for the moment, and riot in his triumph; insult Him as the author of that grace which the soul has lost. The demon of drunkenness, alone, can say to Almighty God: "Thou, alone, O Lord, art the fountain—the source—the Creator of nature and of grace. What vestige of grace is here? I defy you, I defy the world, to tell me that there is a vestige even of humanity!" Behold the drunkard. Behold the image of God, as he comes forth from the drinking saloon, where he has pandered to the meanest, vilest, and most degrading of the senses—the sense of taste. He has laid down his soul upon the altar of the poorest devil of them all—the devil of gluttony. Upon that altar he has left his reason, his affections, and his freedom. Behold him, now, as he reels forth, senseless and debauched, from that drinking-house! Where is his humanity? Where is the image of God? He is unable to conceive a thought. He is unable to express an idea, with his babbling tongue, which pours forth feebly, like a child, some impotent, outrageous blasphemy against heaven! Where are his affections? He is incapable of love; no generous emotion can pass through him; no high and holy love can move that degraded, surfeited heart. The most that can come to him is the horrible demon of impurity, to stir up within him every foulest and grossest desire of animal lust. Finally, where is his freedom? Why, he is not able to walk! not able to stand! he is not able to guide himself! If a child came along, and pushed him, it would throw him down. He has no freedom left—no will. If, then, the image of the Lord in man be intelligence—in the heart and in the will—I say this man is no man. He is a standing reproach to our humanity. He is a deeper and bitterer degradation to us even than the absurd theory of Darwin, the English philosopher, who tells us that we are descended from apes. I would rather consider my ancestor an ape than see him lying in the kennel, a drunken man. Such a one have I seen. I have seen a man in the streets, lying there drunk—beastly drunk; and I have seen the very dogs come and look at him—smell him—wag their tails, and walk off. They could walk, but he could not.

And is this the image of God? Oh, Father in heaven! far be it from me to outrage Thee by saying that such a beast as this

is Thy image! No; he is no longer the image of God, because he has lost his intelligence. What says the Holy Ghost,—“Man when he was in honor understood not—he hath been compared to senseless beasts and made like to them,” no longer the image of God, for his intelligence is gone—but only a brute beast.

And if such be the outrage that this demon of intemperance is able to put upon God, the Creator, what shall we say of the outrage upon God as the Redeemer? Not contented with being our Creator and our Sovereign Lord and Master,—with having conferred upon us the supreme honor of being in some degree like unto Him,—Almighty God, in the greatness of His love, came down from heaven and became man; was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man. He became our brother, our fellow and companion in Nature. He took to Him our humanity in all its integrity, save and except the human person. He took a human soul, a human body, a human heart, human affections, human relations—for He was truly the Son of His Virgin Mother. And thus He became, says St. Paul, “the first-born amongst many brothers.” He who yesterday was but a worm, a mere creature of God, a mere servant of God, and nothing more,—to-day, in the sacred humanity of our Lord, becomes associated in brotherhood with Christ, the Son of the Eternal God. As such He can share our sorrows and our joys: we may give Him human pain and human pleasure. If we are all that true men ought to be—all that Christian men ought to be—the honor and glory goes to Christ, the author and finisher of our faith, who in His sacred humanity purchased grace for us at the cost of His most precious blood. If, on the other hand, we degrade ourselves, cast ourselves down, lie down at the feet of the devils, and allow them to trample upon us—then, my dear friends, the dishonor falls not only upon us, but through us upon the nature and humanity that Christ our Lord holds, as He is seated at the right hand of His Father. Our shame falls upon Him, because He was man; and so our honor, our sanctity, is reflected back from Him, because it can only come to us from His most sacred humanity. Therefore, I add, that this sin of drunkenness has a particular and a special enormity in the Christian man; for, what we are, Christ, the Son of God, became. We are men; He became man. If we degrade ourselves to the level of the beasts of the field, and beneath

them, then we are degrading, casting down, that sacred humanity which Christ took to Him at His Incarnation. The Son of God respected it so much—He respected human nature so much—that He took it with Him into heaven, and seated it at the right hand of God. The drunkard disrespects the same nature so much, that he drags it down and puts it beneath the very beasts of the field. Therefore, a special and specific dishonor does this sin, above all others, do to our Lord and Redeemer. More than this, the Son of God became man, in order that He might bring down from heaven the mercy and the grace that was necessary for our salvation. The mercy of God, my friends, is His highest attribute, surpassing all His works. The greatest delight of God is to exercise that mercy. “It is natural to Him,” says the great St. Thomas Aquinas—and, therefore, it is the first of His works; for it is the first prompting of the nature of God. The mercy of God prompted Him to become man. Now, the greatest injury that any man can offer to Christ our Redeemer, is to tie up His hands and to oblige Him to refuse the exercise of His mercy. This is the greatest injury we can offer to God; to tell the Almighty God that He must not—nay, that He cannot—be merciful. There is only one sin, and one sinner, alone, that can do it. That one sin is drunkenness; that one sinner is the drunkard—the only man that has the omnipotence of sin, the infernal power to tie up the hands of God, to oblige that God to refuse him mercy. I need not prove this to you. You all know it. No matter what sin a man commits—if, in the very act of committing it, the Almighty God strikes him—one moment is enough to make an act of contrition, to shed one tear of sorrow, and to save the soul. The murderer, even though expiring with his hands reddened with his victim’s blood, can send forth one cry for mercy, and in that cry be saved. The robber, stricken down in the very midst of his misdeeds, can cry for mercy on his soul. The impure man, even while he is revelling in his impurity, if he feel the chilly hand of death laid upon him, and cry out, “God be merciful to me a sinner!”—in that cry may be saved. The drunkard alone—alone amongst all sinners—lies there dying in his drunkenness. If all the priests and all the bishops in the Church of God were there, they could not give that man pardon or absolution of his sins, because he is incapable of it,—because he is

not a man! Sacraments are for men, let them be ever so sinful—provided that they be men. You might as well absolve the four-footed beast as lift your priestly hand, my brethren, over the drunkard! I remember once being called to attend a dying man. He was dying of *delirium tremens*; and he was drunk. I went in. He was raving of hell, devils, and flames; no God! no mercy! I stood there. The wife was there, breaking her heart. The children were there weeping. Said I, “Why did you send for me for this man? What can I do for him? He is drunk! He is dying; but he is drunk! If the Pope of Rome were here, what could he do for him, until he gets sober?” The one sin that puts a man outside the pale of God’s mercy! Long as that arm of God is, it is not long enough to touch with a merciful hand the sinner who is in the state of drunkenness. And this is the greatest injury, I say again, that a man can offer to God, to say to Him, “Lord, You may be just. I know that You don’t wish to exercise Your justice; but You may. You may be omnipotent; You may have every attribute. But there is one that You must not have, and must not exercise in my regard. I put it out of Your power. And that is the attribute that You love the most of all—the attribute of mercy.” Thus the Father in heaven sees—Christ sees—in the drunkard, His worst and most terrible enemy. If, then, I say to you, as Christian men, and as Catholic men, if you love the God who created you—if you love the God who redeemed you—if you respect the sacred image of God, which is in you—and if you respect the mercy of God, which alone can save you—oh, my friends, I ask you for all this, not, indeed, to be sober men—for, thank God, you are that already—but to be zealous, to be burning with zeal to make every man, and especially every Catholic man, sober and temperate as you are, by every influence and every power which you may bring to bear upon him. I say that, in this, every Catholic man ought to be like a priest. When it is a question of confession or communion—when it is a question of any other Christian virtue—it is for us priests to preach it; it is for us to impress it upon you; but, when it is a question of the virtue which is necessary for our common humanity; when it is a question of putting away the sin that robs a man even of his human nature and his manhood—every man of you is as much a priest of that manhood as I am, or any man who is within this sanctu-

ary. We are priests of the Gospel; you, my friends, as well as we, are priests of humanity.

Consider next the relation of man as to his neighbor. We are bound to love our neighbor—every man—I don't care who he is, or what he may be—he may be a Turk, he may be a Mormon, he may be an Infidel—but we must love him; we are bound to love him. For instance, we are bound to regret any evil that happens to him; because we are bound to have a certain amount of love for all men. Well, in that charity which binds us to our neighbor, there is a greater and a lesser degree. A man must love with Christian charity all men. But there are certain individuals that have a special claim on his love,—that he is bound, for instance, not only to love but to honor, to worship, to maintain. And who are they? The father and the mother that bore us; and the wife that gave us her young heart and her young beauty; the children that Almighty God gave us. These, my friends—these gifts of God given to you—the family, your wife, your children—have the first claim upon you, and they have the most stringent demand upon that charity concentrated, which, as Christians, you must still diffuse to all men. Any man that fails in his fraternal charity is no longer a child of God; “for if any man say he loves God, and love not his neighbor, he is a liar, and the truth is not in him.” Any man that hates his fellow-man, or injures him wilfully, is no child of God.

Amongst those, I say, whom we are bound to love, are the wife—the children. And this is precisely the point wherein the drunkard, the intemperate man, shows himself more hard-hearted than the wild beast. The woman that, in her youth, and modesty, and purity, and beauty, put her maiden hand into his before the altar of God, and swore away to him her young heart and her young love; the woman who had the trust in him to take him for ever and for aye; the woman who, if you will, had the confiding folly to bind up with him all the dreams that ever she had of happiness, or peace, or joy in this world; the woman that said to him, “Next to God and after God, I will let thee into my heart—and love thee and thee alone;” and, then, before the altar of God received the seal of sacramental grace upon that pure love—this is the woman, and her children and his children, to whom the drunkard brings the most terri-

ble of all calamities—poverty, blighted beauty, premature old age, misery, a broken heart, sleepless eyes, ragged, wretched poverty of the direst form—the woman whom he swore to love, and to honor, and to cherish, and to render her the homage of his true and manly affection! Oh, my friends, every other sin that a man may commit may bring against him the cry of some soul scandalized; but the drunkard's soul must hear the accusing voice of the passionate cry of misery wrung from the broken heart, and the curse laid at the foot of the altar where the sacramental blessing was pronounced when the young heart of the wife was given away! Such a one did I meet. Hear me. I was on a mission, some years ago, in a manufacturing town in England. I was preaching there every evening; and a man came to me one night, after a sermon on this very subject of drunkenness. He came in—a fine man; a strapping, healthy, intellectual looking man. But the eye was almost sunk in his head. The forehead was furrowed with premature wrinkles. The hair was white, though the man was evidently comparatively young. He was dressed shabbily; scarce a shoe to his feet, though it was a wet night. He came in to me excitedly, after the sermon. He told me his history. “I don't know,” he said, “that there is any hope for me; but still, as I was listening to the sermon, I must speak to you. If I don't speak to some one my heart will break to-night.” What was his story? A few years before he had amassed in trade twenty thousand pounds, or one hundred thousand dollars. He had married an Irish girl—one of his own race and creed, young, beautiful, and accomplished. He had two sons and a daughter. He told me, for a certain time everything went on well. “At last,” he said, “I had the misfortune to begin to drink: neglected my business, and then my business began to neglect me. The woman saw poverty coming, and began to fret, and lost her health. At last, when we were paupers, she sickened and died. I was drunk,” he said, “the day that she died. I sat by her bedside. I was drunk when she was dying.” “The sons—what became of them?” “Well,” he said, “they were mere children. The eldest of them is no more than eighteen; and they are both transported for robbery.” “The girl?” “Well,” he said, “I sent the girl to a school where she was well educated. She came home to me when she was sixteen years of age,

a beautiful young woman. She was the one consolation I had; but I was drunk all the time." "Well, what became of her?" He looked at me. "Do you ask me about that girl?" he said, "what became of her?" And, as if the man was suddenly struck dead, he fell at my feet. "God of heaven! God of heaven! She is on the streets to-night—a prostitute!" The moment he said that word, he ran out. I went after him. "Oh, no! Oh, no!" he said; "there is no mercy in heaven for me. I left my child on the streets!" He went away, cursing God, to meet a drunkard's death. He had sent a broken-hearted mother to the grave; he sent his two sons to perdition; he sent his only daughter to be a living hell; and then he died blaspheming God!

Finally, consider the evil that a man does to himself. Loss of health, first. You know the drunkard's death. You hear what it is. I have over and over again, on my mission—twenty-five years a priest, naturally enough, I must have met all sorts of cases—I have, over and over again, had to attend many dying from drink; and I protest to you, I have never yet attended a man dying of *delirium tremens*, that, for a fortnight after, I was not struck as with an ague at what I had witnessed. On one occasion, a priest attended a man. He had sense enough to sit up in the bed and say, "You are a priest?" He said, "Yes, I am." "Oh," he said, "I am glad of it. Tell me; I want to know one thing. I want to know if you have the Blessed Sacrament with you?" "I have." The moment he said so, the man sprang out of the bed, on to the floor, crying out like a maniac: "Oh! take away that God! take away that God! That man has God with him. There is no God for me!" He was dead before the priest left the room, crying out to the last, "There is no God for me!"

The drunkard loses health, loses reputation, loses his friends, loses his wife and family, loses domestic happiness, loses everything; And in addition to this, brings upon himself the slavery that no power on earth, and scarcely—be it said with reverence—any power in heaven, can seem to be able to destroy; all this is the injury that man inflicts upon himself by this terrible sin—the worst of all, as you may easily imagine. What a glorious mission yours is! You have raised the standard in defiance to this demon that is destroying the whole

world. You have declared that your names shall be enrolled as a monument against the vice of drunkenness. You have, thereby, asserted the glory of God in His image—man. The glory of your humanity is restored by the angel of sobriety and temperance; the glory of Christ rescued from the dishonor which is put upon Him by the drunkard, amongst all other sinners; the glory of the Christian woman retrieved and honored, as every year adds a new, mellowing grace to the declining beauty which passes away with youth; the glory of the family, in which the true Christian son is the reflection of the virtues of his true and Christian father. Finally, the glory of your own souls, and the assurance of a holy life and a happy death. All this is involved in the profession which you make to be the Apostles and the silent but eloquent propagators of this holy virtue—Temperance. Therefore do I congratulate you on the part of God who created you. I congratulate you for the regard that you have for the image of that God, on the part of that God who redeemed you. I, His most unworthy but anointed minister, have to congratulate you on the respect which you have for the humanity which the Lord Himself took to Him. On the part of your family and your friends, and of the society of which you form so prominent a feature, I congratulate you for the happiness and domestic comfort which this virtue will insure to you and to yours. On the part of dear, and faithful, and loved old Ireland, as an Irish priest, I congratulate you for your manly effort to raise up our people and our race from a vice which has lain at the root of all our national misfortunes and misery. On the part of your bishop—holy, loving, laborious, and earnest—whose joy and whose crown you are—I congratulate you for the comfort and the joy that you will bring to him, to enable him to bear up the burden of the spiritual solicitude of your souls and of the Church. As a priest, for every highest and holiest cause—for every purest source from which human joy can come—I congratulate you, my dear friends, and I ask you to persevere in this glorious effort in the cause of temperance—the first, the greatest of moral virtues—the grandest virtue which enshrines and preserves in it the integrity of our humanity, and prepares that humanity to receive the high, the Divine gifts of grace here, and of glory hereafter in the everlasting kingdom of God.

Finally, so deep is the interest I take in this subject, that I shall be only most happy, on every occasion, when my services can be of any benefit or comfort to you, to render those services to you in the sacred cause of temperance.

The effect of Father Burke's splendid address upon the vast congregation is indescribable.

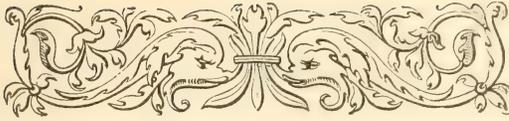
As he proceeded, the audience, by one impulse, stood up in their seats, and crowded up through the aisles, as if each one were anxious to get near the speaker, as if to fix his very features on their memories. Bishop Bayley listened with the closest attention to every word the good priest uttered, and seemed highly pleased and edified; and at the conclusion of the address warmly congratulated Father Burke, as did also the reverend pastors present. On the occasion of his lecture in the evening, the bishop expressed the opinion, that if Father Burke's words upon this subject could be laid before the eyes of every man, and woman, and child in the community, they would be almost sufficient to banish the demon of intemperance from every Catholic household in the land. This is, indeed, a remarkable and generous compliment to the great preacher's effort.

The regular business of the Convention was now entered upon, the bishop opening the proceedings with prayer.

Mr. O'Brien, the President, on calling the Convention to order, stated that the following resolution had been offered for adoption:

Resolved, That the delegates and citizens here present earnestly beg of Father Burke to bear with him when he goes from our midst, and to take with him, back to the old land, the warmest thanks of our hearts for the service and the honor he has done the Catholics of the State of New Jersey by his magnificent discourse before the "Total Abstinence Union" this day; and that we, in the name of our fellow-Catholics of adjoining counties, urgently request of him to meet our people in aggregate mass Convention, at some central and convenient point, to enable them to profit by the wisdom and genius with which he has treated the temperance question.

The President supplemented the resolution with grateful reference to the generous action of their distinguished visitor, and of their own bishop and clergy; and then called for the sense of the assembly upon the subject of the resolution, when there arose all over the church one solid and resounding "aye," loud enough, as it were, to carry the thanks which it embodied to Father Burke's native hills, in the mother-land beyond the sea.



THE ATTRIBUTES OF CATHOLIC CHARITY.

[Delivered in the Church of Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken, N. J., on Thursday, April 25th, 1872, in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, in charge of the Sisters of the Poor.]



MY dear Friends : We all read the Scriptures ; but of the many who read them, how few there are who take the trouble of thinking profoundly on what they read ! Any one single passage of the Scriptures represents, in a few words, a portion of the infinite wisdom of the Almighty God. Consequently, any one sentence of those inspired writings should furnish the Christian mind with sufficient matter for thought for many and many a long day. Now, we, Catholic priests, are obliged, every day of our lives, in our daily office, to recite a large portion of the divine and inspired Word of God, in the form of prayer. Never was there a greater mistake than that made by those who think that Catholics do not read the Scriptures. All the prayers that we, priests, have to say—seven times a day approaching the Almighty God—are all embodied in the words of the Holy Scriptures ; and not only are we obliged to recite them as prayers, but we are also obliged to make them the subject of our daily and our constant thought. I purpose, therefore, in approaching this great subject of the Attributes of Christian Charity, to put before you a text of Scripture which many of you have, no doubt, read over and over again—viz. : the first verse of the Fortieth Psalm, in which the Psalmist says : “Blessed is the man that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor.”

Now, if you reflect, my dear friends, you will find that, at first sight, it seems strange to speak of that man as “blessed”

that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor; there seems to be so little mystery about them; they meet us at every corner; put their wants and their necessities before us; they force the sight of their misery upon our eyes; and the most fastidious and the most unwilling are obliged to look upon their sorrows, and to hear the voice of their complaint and their sufferings. What mystery is there, then, in the needy and the poor? What mystery can there be? And yet, in the needy, and the poor, and the stricken, there is so profound a mystery that the Almighty God declared that few men understand it; and "blessed is he that is able to fathom its depths." What is this mystery? What is this subject—the one which I have come to explain to you? A deep and mysterious subject; one that presents to us far more of the wisdom of the designs of God than might appear at first. What is the mystery which is hidden in the needy and the poor, and in which we are pronounced "blessed" if we can only understand it thoroughly, and, like true men, act upon that understanding? Let me congratulate you, first, that, whether you understand this mystery or not, your presence here to-night attests that you wish to act upon it; that yours are the instincts of Christian charity; that the needy and the poor and the stricken ones of God have only to put forth their claims to you, at the pure hands of these spouses of our Lord, and you are ready, in the compassion and the tenderness of heart which is the inheritance of the children of Christ, to fill their hands, that your blessings may find their way to the needy and the poor.

And yet, although so prompt in answering the call of charity, perhaps it will interest you, or instruct you, that I should invite your consideration to this mystery. What is it? In order to comprehend it, let us reflect. The Apostle, St. Paul, writing to his recently-converted Christians, lays down this great rule for them: That, for the Christian man, there are three virtues which form the very life and essence of his Christianity; and these are—not the virtues of prudence, nor of justice, nor of highmindedness, nor of nobleness, nor of fortitude—no; but they are the supernatural virtues of Faith, Hope, and Love. "Now, there remain to you, brethren," he says, "Faith, Hope, and Charity—these three; but the greatest of these is Charity." The life of the Christian, therefore, must be the life of a believer—a "man

of Faith." It must be a hopeful life—an anticipative life—a life that looks beyond the mere horizon of the present time into the far-stretching eternity that goes beyond it—a life of hope; but, most of all, it must be a life of divine love. Those are the three elements of the Christian character. Nowadays, it is the fashion to pervert these three virtues. The man of faith is no longer the simple believer. Faith means a bowing down of the intellect to things that we cannot understand, because they are mysteries of God. But the idea of religion, nowadays, is to reason and not believe. The Apostle, if he were writing to the men of this nineteenth century, would be obliged to say: "Brethren, now there remain to you argument and reason;" but not faith; for faith means, in the mind of the same Apostle, the humbling, unto full humiliation, of intelligence, before the mystery which was hidden for ages with Christ in God. "Faith," says St. Paul, "is the argument of things that appear not." The Catholic Church, nowadays, is called the enslaver of the intelligence—the incubus upon the mind of man. And why? Because she asks him *to believe*. Mind—men of intelligence who listen to me—because she asks a man to believe; because she says to him, "My son, I cannot explain this to you; it is a mystery of God;" and there is no faith where there is no mystery. Where there is the clear vision, the comprehensive conviction of the intelligence, arising from argumentation and reason, there is no sacrifice of the intellect—there is no faith.

Hope, nowadays, has changed its aspect altogether. Men put their hopes in anything rather than in Christ. It is only a few days ago I was speaking to a very intellectual man. He was a Unitarian—a man of deep learning and profound research. Speaking with him of the future, he said to me: "Oh, Father, my future is the ennoblement of the human race; the grandeur of the 'coming man'; the perfect development, by every scientific attainment, by every grand quality that can ennoble him, of the man who is to be formed out of the civilization and the progress and the scientific attainments of this nineteenth century." That was his language; and I answered him and said: "My dear sir, my hope is to see Christ, the Son of God, shining forth in all my fellow-men here, that He may shine in them forever hereafter. I have no other hope."

The charity of to-day has changed its aspect. It has become

a mere human virtue. It is compassionate, I grant you; but not with the compassion that our Lord demands from His people. It is benevolent, I am willing to grant you. We live in an age of benevolence. I bow down before that human virtue; and I am glad to behold it. I was proud of my fellow-men, seeing the readiness and generosity with which, for instance, they came to the relief of the great burned city on the shores of the northern lake. I am proud when I come here to hear New York and Jersey City and Hoboken called "cities of charities." It is the grandest title that they could have. But when I come to analyze that charity—when I come to look at that charity through the microscope that the Son of God has put in my hands, viz. :—the light of divine faith—I find all the divine traits disappear, and it remains only a human virtue; relieving the poor, yet not recognizing the virtue that reposes in them; alleviating their sufferings, touching them with the hand of kindness, or of benevolence, but not with the reverential, loving hand of faith and of sacrifice.

On the other hand, loudly protesting against this spirit of our age, which admits the bad, and spoils the good; which lets in sin, and then tries to deprive of its sacramental character the modicum of virtue that remains—protesting against all this, stands the great Catholic Church, and says: "Children of men, children of God, Faith, Hope, Charity, must be the life of you; but your Faith and your Hope must be the foundation of your Charity; for the greatest of these virtues is Charity."

And why? What is Faith? Faith is an act of human intelligence; looking up for the light that cometh from on high—from the bosom of God, from the eternal wisdom of God. Recognizing God in that light, Faith catches a gleam of Him, and rejoices in its knowledge. Hope is an act of the will, striving after God, clinging to His promises, and trying, by realizing the conditions, to realize the glory which is the burden of that promise. Charity, alone, succeeds in laying hold of God. The God whom faith catches a glimpse of—the God whom hope strains after—charity seizes and makes its own. And, therefore, "the greatest of these is charity." When the veil shall fall from the face of God, and when we shall behold Him in heaven, even as He is and as He sees us, there shall be no more

faith; it shall be absorbed in vision. When that which we strain after, and hope for, to-day, shall be given us, there shall be no more hope. It shall be lost in fruition. But the charity that seizes upon God to-day, shall hold for all eternity. Charity, alone, shall remain, the very life of the elect of God. And, therefore, "the greatest of these is charity."

Are there amongst you, this evening, any who are not Catholics? If there be, you may imagine that because I come before you in the garb of a Dominican friar of the thirteenth century—with seven hundred years not only of the traditions of holiness, but even of historic responsibility on my shoulders, in virtue of the habit that I wear—you may imagine that I come amongst you, perhaps, with an estranged heart and embittered spirit against those without the pale of my holy, great, loving mother, the Church of God—for which, some day, God grant it may be my privilege to die. But no! If there be one here to-night who is not a Catholic, I tell him that I love in him every virtue that he possesses. I tell him "I hope for you, that you will draw near to the light, recognize it, and enter into the glorious halls illuminated by the Lamb of God—the Jerusalem of God upon earth, which needs not the sun nor the moon, 'for the Lamb is the lamp thereof.'" And most assuredly I love him. But I ask you, my friends, have you faith? Have you simple belief—the bowing down of the intelligence to the admission of a mystery into your minds—acknowledging its truth—whilst you cannot explain it to your reason? Have you faith, my beloved?—the faith that humbles a man—the faith that makes a man intellectually as a little child, sitting down at the awful feet of the Saviour, speaking to that child, through His Church? If you have not this faith, but if you go groping for an argument here or an argument there, trying to build upon a human foundation the supernatural structure of divine belief—then, I ask you, how can you have hope? seeing that Almighty God stands before you and says: "Without Faith it is impossible to please me; without Faith it is impossible to approach me; without Faith you must be destroyed; for I have said it—and my word cannot fail—he that believeth not shall be condemned." And if you have not Faith and Hope—the foundation—how can you have the superstructure of divine Charity? How can we believe God unless we know him? How can we

love Him unless in proportion as we know Him? "Oh, God," exclaimed the great St. Augustine, "let me know Thee, and know Thee well, that I may love Thee and love Thee well!"

Now, these being the three virtues that belong to the Christian character, let us see how far the mystery which is in the needy and the poor enters into these considerations of Faith, Hope, and Love. Certain it is that the charity which the Almighty God commands us to have—that is to say, the love which He commands us to have for Himself—is united to the other commandment of the love that the Christian man must have for his neighbor. Certain also it is, that the poorer, the more prostrate, the more helpless that neighbor is, the stronger becomes his claim upon our love. Thirdly: it is equally certain from the Scriptures that the charity must not be a mere sentiment of benevolence, a mere feeling of compassion, but it must be the strong, the powerful hand extended to benefit, to console, and to uplift the stricken, the powerless, and the poor. "For," says St. John, "let us not love in word, or in tongue, but in deed and in truth." And he adds: "He that hath the substance of the world, and shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his bowels from him; how doth the charity of God abide in him?" Therefore, your charity must be a practical and an earnest charity. Such being the precept of God with respect to the needy and the poor, let us see how far faith and hope become the substratum of that charity which must move us towards them. What does faith tell us about these poor? If we follow the example of the world, building up great prisons, paying physicians, paying those whom it deems worth while to pay for attending the poor, the sick, and the sorrowful—if we consult the world, building up its work-houses, immuring the poor there as if poverty was a crime—separating the husband from the wife, and the mother from her children—we see no trace here of Divine faith. And why? Because Divine faith must always respect its object. Faith is the virtue by which we catch a gleam of God. Do we catch a gleam of Him in His poor? If so, they claim our veneration, tenderness, and love. Now, I assert, that the poor of God, the afflicted, the heart-broken, the sick, the sorrowful—represent our Lord Jesus Christ upon this earth. Christ, our Lord, declared that He would remain upon the earth and would never

leave it. "Behold," He said, "I am with you all days unto the consummation of the world." Now, in three ways Christ fulfilled that promise. First of all, He fulfilled it in remaining with His Church—the abiding spirit of truth and holiness—to enable that Church to be, until the end of time, the infallible messenger of Divine truth; that is to say, the light of the world—the unceasing and laborious sanctifier of mankind. "You are the light of the world," says Christ; "you are the salt of the earth. You are not only to illumine, but you are to preserve and to purify. In order that you may do this, I will remain with you all days." Therefore is He present in the Church. Secondly, He is present in the adorable sacrament of the altar, and in the tabernacles of the Church—really and truly—as really and truly as He is upon the right hand of His Father. Therefore He said, "I will remain." And He indicated how He was to remain when, taking bread and wine, he transubstantiated them into His body and blood, saying, over the bread, "This is my Body," and over the wine, "This is my Blood." But in both these ways Christ, our Lord, remains invisibly upon the earth. No man sees Him. We know that He is present in the Church; and, therefore, when the Church of God speaks, we bow down and say, "I believe," because I believe and I know that the voice that speaks to me re-echoes the voice of my God, the God of Truth. When Christ, our Lord, is put upon that altar, lifted up in the hands of the priest—lifted up in holy benediction, we bow down and adore the present God, saying: "I see Thee not, O Lord, but I know that behind that sacramental veil Thou art present, for Thou hast said; Lo, I am here! This is my Body! This is my Blood!"

But, in a third way, Christ our Lord remains upon earth—visibly, and no longer invisible. And in that third way he remains in the persons of the poor, the sick, and the afflicted. He identifies Himself with them. Not only during the thirty-three years of His mortal life, when He was poor with the poor, when He was sorrowful and afflicted with the sorrowful, when He bore the burden of their poverty and the burden of our sins on His own shoulders—not only was His place found amongst the poor—He who said "the birds of the air have their nests, the beasts of the field and the foxes have their holes—but the Son

of Man hath no place whereon to lay His head!" not only was He poor from the day that He was born in a stable, until the day when, dying naked upon the Cross for pure charity, He got a place in another man's grave—but He also vouchsafed to identify Himself with His poor until the end of time, as if He said: "Do you wish to find Me? Do you wish to touch Me with your hands? Do you wish to speak to Me words of consolation and of love? Oh, Christian man, go seek the poor and the naked, the sick, the hungry, and the famishing! Seek the afflicted and the heart-broken, and in them will you find Me; for, Amen, I say unto you, whatsoever you do unto them, that you do unto Me!" Thus does Christ, our Lord, identify Himself with the poor and the Church. He remains in the world, in His Church, commanding that we shall obey her—for He is God. In His sacramental presence we may adore Him: He is God. In His poor—in the afflicted, naked, hungry, famishing, that we may bend down and lift Him up—He is God still! A most beautiful example of how the saints were able to realize this do we find recorded in the life of one of the beautiful saints of our Dominican Order—a man who wore this habit. He was a Spanish friar. His name was Alvarez of Cordova. He was noted amongst his brothers for the wonderful earnestness and cheerfulness with which he always sought the poor and the afflicted, to succor and console them. Well, it happened upon a day that this man of God, absorbed in God and in prayer, went forth from his convent to preach to the people, and, as he journeyed along the high-road, he saw, stretched helplessly by the roadside, a man covered with a hideous leprosy—ulcerated from head to foot—hideous to behold; and this man turned to him his languid eyes, and, with faint voice, appealed to him for mercy and succor. The sun, in all its noonday fervor, was beating down fiercely upon that stricken man's head. He was unable to move. Every man that saw him fled from him. The moment the saint saw him he went over to him and knelt down by his side, and he kissed the sores of the leprous man. Then taking off the outer portion of our habit—this black cloak—he laid it upon the ground, and he tenderly took the poor man and folded him in the cloak, lifted him in his arms, and returned to his convent. He entered the convent. He brought the leper to his own cell, and laid him on his own little

conventual bed. And, having laid him there, he went off to find some refreshment for him, and such means as he could for consoling him. He returned with some food and drink in his hands, laid them aside, went over to the bed, and there he found the sick man. He unfolded the cloak that was wrapped around him. Oh! what is this that he beholds? The man's head wears a crown of thorns; on his hands and his feet are the mark of nails, and forth from the wounded side streams the fresh blood! He is dead; but the marks of the Lord are upon him; and then the saint knew that the man whom he had lifted up from the roadside was Christ, his God and his Saviour! And so, with the eyes of faith, do we recognize Christ in His poor. What follows from this? It follows, my friends, that the man who thus sees his God in the poor, who looks upon them with the eyes of faith, who recognizes in them something sacramental, the touch of which will sanctify him who approaches them—that that man will approach them with tenderness and with reverence—that he will consult their feelings—that he will seek to console the heart while he revives the body, and while he puts meat and drink before the sick man or the poor man, he will not put away from his heart the source of his comfort. He will not separate him from the wife of his bosom or the children of his love. He will not relieve him with a voice unmindful of compassion; bending down, as it were, to relieve the poor. No, but he will relieve him in the truth of his soul, as recognizing in that man one who is identified, in the divinity of love and of tenderness, with his Lord and Master. This explains to you the fact, that when the high-minded, the highly-educated, the noblest and best of the children of the Catholic Church—the young lady with all the prospects of the world glittering before her—with fortune and its enjoyments around her—with the beauty of nature and of grace beaming from her pure countenance—when the young lady, enamored of heaven, and of the things of heaven, and disgusted with the world, comes to the foot of the sanctuary, and there kneeling, seeks a place in the Church's holy places, and an humble share in her ministrations, the Church takes her—one of these—her holiest, her best, her purest; and she considers that she has conferred the highest honor upon the best of her children, when she clothes her with the sacred habit of religion, and tells her to go and take her

place in the hospital, or in the poor-house, or in the infirmary, or in the orphanage, and sit down and minister to the poor; not as relieving them, but as humbly serving them; not as compassionating them, but as approaching them with an almost infinite reverence, as if she were approaching Christ Himself. Thus do we see how the Catholic virtue of charity springs from heaven. All tenderness of heart, all benevolence, all compassion, may be there; as no doubt it is, in these hearts, in these consecrated ones, who, in order that they might love Christ and His poor all the more tenderly, all the more strongly, vowed to the Saviour, at His altar, that no love should enter into their bosoms, no emotions of affection should ever thrill their hearts, except love for Him; for Him, wherever they found Him: and they have found Him in His poor and in His sick. All the tenderest emotions of human benevolence, of human compassion, of human gentleness, may be there; all that makes the good Protestant lady—the good infidel lady, if you will—so compassionate to the poor; yet, whilst the worldling, and those without the Church bend down to an act of condescension in their charity, these spouses of the Son of God look up to the poor, and in their obedience seek to serve them; for their compassion, their benevolence, their divinely tender hearts are influenced by the divine faith which recognizes the Son of God in the persons of the poor and the needy, the stricken and the afflicted.

This is the Catholic idea of charity in its associations. What follows from this? It follows, that when I, or the like of me, who, equally with these holy women, have given our lives, and our souls, and our bodies to the service of the Son of God, and of His Church, when we come before our Catholic brethren to speak to them on this great question of Catholic charity, we do not come as preaching, praying, beseeching, begging. Oh, no! But we come with a strong voice of authority, as commanding you, “If you would see the Father’s brightness, remember the poor, and, at your peril, surround them with all the ministrations of charity and of mercy.”

And how does hope enter into these considerations? Ah, my friends, what do you hope for at all? What are your hopes, I ask the Christian man, the benevolent brother? I don’t care what religion you are of: Brother, tell me your hope; because, hope from its very nature goes out into the future; hope is a

realizing, by anticipation, of that which will one day come and be in our possession. What are your hopes? Every man has his hopes. No man lives without them. Every man hopes to attain to some position in this world, or to gain a certain happiness. One man hopes to make money and become a rich man. Another man aspires to certain dignities, hopes for them, and labors assiduously until he attains them. Another man centres his hopes in certain passions, and immerses himself in the anticipations of sensual delights. But I don't care what your hopes are; this I ask you: Are your hopes circumscribed by this world, or do they go beyond the tomb? Is all hope to cease when the sad hour comes that will find each and every one of you stretched helpless on his bed of death, and the awful angel, bearing the summons of God, cries out, "Come forth, O soul, and come with me to the judgment-seat of Christ!" Is all hope to perish then? No! no! but the Christian's hope then only begins to be realized. No; this life is as nothing compared with that endless eternity that awaits us beyond the grave; and there all our hopes are; and the hope of the Christian man is that when that hour comes that shall find his soul trembling before its impending doom, awaiting the sentence—that sentence will not be, "Depart from me, accursed," but that it will be, "Come, my friend, my blessed one, come and enjoy the happiness and the joy which was prepared for thee!"—this is our hope. Accursed is the man who has it not. Miserable is the wretch that has it not! What would this life be—even if it were a life of ten thousand years, replete with every pleasure—every enjoyment—unmixed by the slightest evil of sickness or of sorrow, if we knew that at the end of those ten thousand years, the eternity beyond, that should never know an end, was to be for us an eternity of sorrow and of despair! We should be, of all men, the most miserable; "for," says the Apostle, "if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men the most miserable." "But, Christ is risen from the dead; our hope;" and we look forward to the day when "we shall be taken up in the clouds to meet Christ in the air, and so shall we be always with the Lord;" translated from glory unto glory, until we behold His face, unshrouded and unveiled, and be happy for ever in the contemplation of God. This is our hope; yours and mine. But, remember, that although the Al-

mighty God has promised this, and our hope is built upon the fidelity with which He keeps His word, still no man can expect the reward, nor can build up his hope on a solid foundation, unless he enters into the designs of God, and complies with the conditions that God has attached to His promises of glory. What are these conditions? Think how largely the poor and the afflicted enter into them! "Come," the Redeemer and Judge will say, "Come unto me, ye blessed of my Father! This is not the first time that you have seen me. I was hungry, and you gave me to eat! I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink! I was naked, and you clothed me! I was sick, and you visited me, and consoled me!" And then the just shall exclaim: "Lord! when did we ever behold Thee, oh, powerful and terrible Son of God! when did we behold Thee naked, or hungry, or sick?" And He, answering, will call the poor—the poor to whom we minister to-day; the poor whom we console, and whose drooping heads we lift up to-day—He will call them, and say: "Do you know these?" And they will cry out: "Oh, yes; these are the poor whom we saw hungry, and we fed them; whom we saw naked, and we clothed them; whom we saw sick, and we consoled and visited them. These are the poor that we were so familiar with, and that we employed Thy spouses, O Christ, to minister unto, and to console!" Then He will answer, and say: "I swear to you that, as I am God, as often as you have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto Me!" But if, on the other hand, we come before him, glorying in the strength of our faith; magniloquent in our professions of Christianity; splendid in our assumption of the highest principles; correct in many of the leading traits of the Christian character—but with hands empty of the works of mercy; if we are only obliged to say with truth, "Lord, I claim heaven; but I never clothed the naked; I never fed the hungry; I never lifted up the drooping head of the sick and the afflicted." Christ, our Lord, will answer and say: "Depart from me! I know you not; I do not recognize you. I was hungry, and ye would not feed me in my hunger; I was naked, and you would not clothe me in my nakedness; I was thirsty and sick, and you would not relieve me, nor console me in my sickness." And the reprobate will answer: "Lord, we never saw Thee hungry, or naked, or sick." And

then, once more, will He call the poor, and say: "Behold these; to these did you refuse your mercy, your pity, your charity; and I swear to you that, as I am God, in the day that you refused to comfort, and to succor, and to console them, you refused to do it unto me. Therefore, there is no heaven for you." The golden key that opens the gate of heaven is the key of mercy; therefore He will say: "As often as you are merciful to the poor, you are merciful to Me. I have said: Blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy."

Who, therefore, amongst you, believing in these things, does not at once see that there is no true faith that does not recognize Christ in His poor, and so succor them with veneration; who does not see that his hope is built upon the relations which are established between him and the poor of God? Thus, out of this faith and out of this hope springs the charity with which we must relieve them. Now, mark how beautifully all this is organized in the Catholic Church. There is a curious expression in the Scriptures—it is found in the Canticles of Solomon—where the spouse of the King—that is to say, the Church of God—amongst other things, says: "My Lord and my King has organized charity in me." "*Ordinavit in me caritatem.*" Thus it is not the mere temporary flash of enthusiasm—it is not the mere passing feeling of benevolence, touched by the sight of their misery, that influences the Catholic Church; but it is these promises and these principles of the Christian faith, recognizing who and what the poor are, and our Christian hope, building up all the conditions of its future glory upon this foundation. Therefore it is, that in the Catholic Church, alone, is found the grand, organized charity of the world. Nowhere, without her pale, do you find charity organized. You may find a fair and beautiful ebullition of pity, here and there, as when a rich man dies and leaves, perhaps, half a million of dollars to found an hospital. But it is an exceptional thing, my dear friends; as when some grand lady, magnificent of heart and mind—like, for instance, Florence Nightingale—devotes herself to the poor; goes into the hospitals and the infirmaries for the wounded. It is an exceptional case, I answer. If you travel out of the bounds of that fair and beautiful compassion that runs in so many hearts, and if you go one step farther into the cold atmosphere of political or State charity, there is not one

vestige of charity there ; it becomes political economy. The State believes it is more economical to pick up the poor from the streets and lanes, to take them from their sick-beds, transferring them into poor-houses and hospitals, and, whilst there, overwhelming them with the miserable pity that patronizes, making its gifts a curse and not a blessing, by breaking the heart whilst it relieves the body. Such is "State charity." I remember once, in the city of Dublin, I got a sick-call. It was to attend a poor woman. I went, and found, in a back lane in a city, a room on a garret. I climbed up to the place. There I found, without exaggeration, four bare walls, and a woman seventy-five years of age, covered with a few squalid rags, and lying on the bare floor ; not as much as a little straw had she under her head. I asked for a cup to give her a drink of water. There was no such thing to be had ; and there was no one there to give it. I had to go out and beg amongst the neighbors, until I got a cupful of cold water. I put it to her dying lips. I had to kneel down upon that bare floor to hear that dying woman's confession. The hand of death was upon her. What was her story ? She was the mother of six children ; a lady, educated in a lady-like manner ; a lady, beginning her career of life in affluence and in comfort. The six children grew up. Some married ; some emigrated ; some died. But the weak and aged mother was alone, and apparently forgotten. And now, she was literally dying, not only of the fever that was upon her, but—of starvation ! As I knelt there on the floor, and as I lifted her aged, gray-haired head upon my hands, I said to her, "Let me, for God's sake, have you taken to the workhouse hospital ; at least you will have a bed to lie upon !" She turned and looked at me. Two great tears came from her dying eyes, as she said : "Oh, that I should have lived to hear a Catholic priest talk to me about a poor-house !" I felt that I had almost broken this aged heart. On my knees I begged her pardon. "No," she said, "let me die in peace !" And there, whilst I knelt at her side, her afflicted and chastened spirit passed away to God ; but the taint of the "charity of the State" was not upon her.

Now, passing from this cold and wicked atmosphere of political economy, through the purer and more genial air of benevolence, charity, and tenderness—of which there is so much, even outside the Church—we enter into the halls of the Catholic

Church. There, amongst the varied beauties—amongst the “consecrated forms of loveliness” with which Christ adorned His Church—we find the golden garment of an organized charity. We find the highest, the best, and the purest devoted to its service and to its cause. We find every form of misery which the hand of God, or the malice of man, or their own errors, can attach to the poor, provided for. The child of misfortune wanders through the streets of the city, wasting her young heart, polluting the very air that she breathes—a living sin! The sight of her is sin—the thought of her is death—the touch of her hand is pollution unutterable! No man can look upon her face and live! In a moment of divine compassion, the benighted and the wicked heart is moved to turn to God. With the tears of the penitent upon her young and sinful face, she turns to the portals of the Church; and there, at the very threshold of the sanctuary of God, she finds the very ideal of purity—the highest, the grandest, the noblest of the Church’s children. The woman who has never known the pollution of a wicked thought—the woman whose virgin bosom has never been crossed by the shadow of a thought of sin—the woman breathing purity, innocence, grace—receives the woman whose breath is the pestilence of hell! Extremes meet. Mary, the Virgin, takes the hand of Mary, the Magdalene; and, in the organized charity of the Church of God, the penitent enters in to be saved and sanctified.

The poor man, worn down and broken by poverty, exposed in his daily labor to the winds and the rains of heaven, with failing health and drooping heart, lies down to die. There, by his bedside, stands the wife, and round her, her group of little children. They depend upon his daily labor for their daily bread. Now, that hand that labored for them so long and so lovingly, is palsied and stricken by his side. Now, his dying eyes are grieved with the sight of their misery. His ears are filled with the cry of the little ones for bread. The despair of their doom comes to embitter his dying moments. He looks from that bed of death out upon the gloomy world. He sees the wife of his bosom consigned to a pauper’s cell, to await a pauper’s grave; and, for these innocent faces that surround him, he sees no future but a future of ignorance and of crime; of punishment without hope of amendment; and of the loss of their souls in

the great mass of the world's crimes and misdeeds. But, whilst he is thus mournfully brooding, with sad and despairing thoughts, what figure is this that crosses the threshold and casts its shadow on the floor of the house? Who is this, entering noiselessly, modestly, silently, shrouded and veiled, as a being of heaven, not of earth? He lifts his eyes and he beholds the mild and placid face of the Sister of Mercy, beaming purity, mixed with divine love, upon him. Now the sunshine of God is let in upon the darkness of his despairing soul. Now he hears a voice almost as gentle, almost as tender, almost as powerful as the voice of Him who whispered in the ear of the Widow of Naim, "Oh, woman, weep no more!" And she tells him to fear not: that her woman's hand will insure protection for his children—and education, grace, virtue, heaven, and God. I once remember I was called to attend a man, such as I have endeavored to describe to you. There were seven little children in the house. There was a woman, the mother of those children, the wife of him who was dying there. Two years before, this man had fallen from a scaffold, and was so shattered that he was paralyzed; and for two years he had lain upon that bed, starving as well as dying. When I was called to visit this man, I spoke to him of the mercy of God. He looked upon me with a sullen and despairing eye. "This is the first time," he said, "that you have come to my bedside." Said I: "My friend, this is the first time that I knew you were sick. Had I known it, I would have come to you before." "No one,"—this was his answer—"no one cares for me. And you come now to speak to me of the mercy of God! I have been on this bed for more than two years. I have seen that woman and her children starving for the last two years. And do you tell me that there is a God of mercy above me!" I saw at once it was a case with which I could not deal. I left the house on the instant, and went straight to a convent of the Sisters of Mercy that was near. There I asked the Mother Superior, for God's sake, to send one or two of the nuns to the house. They went. Next day I visited him. Oh, what a change I found! No longer the dull eye of despair. He looked up boldly and cheerfully from his bed of sorrow, no longer murmuring against the mercy of God, but with the deep thankfulness of a grateful heart. "Oh," said he, "I am so happy, Father, that I sent for you,—not so much for

anything you can do for me ; but you sent me two angels of God from heaven ! They came into my house ; and, for the first time in two long years, I learned to hope ; to be sorry for my want of resignation ; and to return, with love, to that God whom I dared to doubt !” Then he made his confession, and I prepared him for death. Patient he was, and resigned ; and, in his last moments, when his voice was faltering—when his voice became that of the departing spirit—his last words were : “ You sent to me the angels of God, and they told me that when I should be in my grave they would be mothers to my children !” Oh, fair and beautiful Church, that knows so well how to console the afflicted, to bind up the wounds of the breaking heart, to lift up the weary and the drooping head. Every form of human misery, every form of wretchedness—whether sent from God as a warning or a trial, or coming from men’s own excesses and folly, and as a punishment for their sins—every form of human misery and affliction, as soon as it is seen, is softened and relieved by the gentlest, the tenderest, the sweetest agency—the touch of God through His consecrated ones. And it seems to the sufferer as if the word of the promise to come were fulfilled in time—the word which says : “ The Lord Himself will wipe away every tear from the eyes of His elect, and there shall be no more weeping, nor sorrow, nor any pain, for the former things have passed away.”

And thus, my friends, we see how beautifully charity is organized in the Catholic Church. Not one penny of your charity is wasted. Every farthing that you contribute will be expended wisely, judiciously, and extended to its farthest length of usefulness in the service of God’s poor and stricken ones. And, lest the poor might be humbled whilst they are relieved, lest they might be hurt in their feelings whilst consoled with the temporal doles that are lavished upon them, the Church of God, with a wisdom more than human, appoints as her ministers of the poor, those who, for the love of Christ, have become poor like them. Behold these nuns ! They are the daughters of St. Francis. Seven hundred years ago now, almost, there arose in the city of Assisi, in Umbria, in Italy, a man so filled with the sweet love of Christ—so impregnated with the spirit of the Son of God, made man—that, in the rapture of his prayer, the “ *stigmata* ”—the marks of the nails upon the hands and feet, of the

thorns upon the brow, of the wounds upon the side of the Redeemer—were given to Francis of Assisi. Men beheld him and started from the sight, giving glory to God that they had caught a gleam of Jesus Christ upon the earth. He was the only saint of whom we read, that, without opening his lips, but simply coming and walking through the ways of the city, moved all eyes that beheld him to tears of tenderness and divine love: and he “preached Christ and Him crucified,” by merely showing Himself to men. These are the daughters of this saint, inheriting his spirit; and he, in the Church, is the very ideal saint of divine and religious poverty. He would not have a shoe to his foot. He would not have a second coat. He would not have in his bag provision even for to-morrow; but waited, like the prophet of old, that it should come to him from God, at the hands of his benefactors—the very ideal saint of poverty; and, therefore, of all others, the most devoted in himself, and in his children, to God’s poor. When there was a question of destroying the religious orders in Italy, and of passing a law that would not permit me, a Dominican, or these nuns, Franciscans, to dwell in the land—just as if we were doing any harm to anybody; as if we were not doing our best to save and serve all the people—Cæsare Cantu, the celebrated historian, stood up in the assembly and said: “Men! before you make this law, abolishing all the religious men and women in the land, reflect for an instant. If any man amongst you, by some reverse of fortune, become poor; if any man amongst you, in this enlightened age, is obliged to beg his daily bread; wouldn’t you feel ashamed? wouldn’t you feel degraded to have to go to your fellow-man to ask him for alms? For me, if God should strike me with poverty, I would feel it a degradation. But I would not feel it a degradation to go to a Dominican or a Franciscan, and ask him, a brother pauper, to break his bread with me.”

It is fitting that the voice which speaks to you this evening—although it comes from one wearing the habit of St. Dominic—should speak to you in the language of St. Francis of Assisi, who was the bosom friend of the great Dominic of Guzman. United in life and in love as the Fathers were, their children are united in that spiritual love which is the inheritance of God’s consecrated ones on earth. And, therefore, it is a privilege and

a glory to me to speak to you this evening on behalf of my Franciscan sisters. Yet, not in their behalf do I speak, but in behalf of the poor; nor in behalf of the poor, but in behalf of Christ, who identifies Himself with the poor; nor in behalf of Him, but in your own behalf; seeing that all your hopes of the glory of heaven are bound up with the poor of whom I speak. It is your glory, and the glory of this special charity, that it was the first hospital founded in this State; that at a time when men, concentrating their energies to amass wealth, immersed in their business, trying to heap up accumulations, and gather riches and large possessions, never thought of their poor; or, if the poor obtruded themselves, brushed them out of their path, and told them to be gone; then there came the Church of Christ into the midst of you. She sought not money, nor land, nor possessions. She brought these poor nuns, vowed to poverty, despising all the things of the world, and leaving them behind them; she built up her hospital for the sick; she brought her children of St. Francis of Assisi to minister to them, in mercy, in faith, and hope; and in the gentleness of Divine charity, to-night the Franciscan nuns say to you, "Blessed is the man that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor!"

I hope I may have thrown some light into the mind of even one amongst you, this evening, and let him see how blessed is the man who knows his position concerning the needy and the poor. I hope that those to whom my words give no light, may, at least, be given encouragement to persevere. Persevere, Catholics of Hoboken and Jersey City, in maintaining these Sisters, in filling their hands with your benefactions, in enabling them to pursue their calm but glorious career of charity and of mercy. I know that in thus encouraging you, I am advancing the best interests of your souls; and that the mite that you give to-day, which might be given for pleasure, or sinfulness—shall return to you one day in the form of a crown—the crown of glory which will be set upon your heads, for ever and for ever, before the Throne of God, by the hands of the poor of Christ. Again I say to you, will you hear the voice from the Throne: "Whatever you do to the poor, you do it unto Me!" Oh, may God send down His angel of mercy! may the spirit of His mercy breathe amongst us!

may the charity which guides your mercy—the charity, springing from an enlightened and pure faith, and from a true and substantial hope—bring your reward ; that so, in the day when Faith shall perish with time—when Hope shall be lost, either in joy or sorrow—either in the fruition of heaven or in the despair of hell—that on that day you may be able to exclaim, when you first catch sight of the unveiled glory of the Saviour, “ Oh, Christ, of all the beauties of God, it is true, ‘ the greatest is Charity.’ ”





THE HISTORY OF IRELAND, AS TOLD IN HER RUINS.

[Delivered in the Cooper Institute, New York, on the evening of April 5th, 1872.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Before I approach the subject of this evening's lecture, I have to apologize to you, in all earnestness, for appearing before you this evening in my habit. 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. 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. 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. 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.

And now, my friends, the most precious—the grandest—in-heritance 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 primeval 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. 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. 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 forever.

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 three hundred years of blood, to build up a house, however humble, for their God; 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. 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.

And now what venerable ruin is this which rises before our eyes, moss-crowned, embedded 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 angels 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 Orders—for I see the lancet windows, the choir where the religious were accustomed to chant—yet popular, and much frequented by the people—for I see, outside the choir, an ample space; the side-aisles are uncumbered, 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 amongst you, scenes that have been familiar to your eyes in the dear and the green old land? Are there not those amongst 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. 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. 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 stanch'd, by the wise counsels of the old Franciscan and Dominican friars. All this, and more, would these walls tell, if 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, on the road of our history, passing, as we go along, under the frowning, dark feudal castles of the Fitzgeralds, of the De

Laceys, the De Courcys, 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—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. 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. 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 had never seen before.

We will pass on. And now, a mountain-road lies before us. The land is filled again, for three centuries, with desolation and with bloodshed and with sorrow. The hillsides, 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 onset, the lithe, active, mail-clad, fair-haired, blue-eyed warriors of the North meet the dark, stal-

wart 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 amongst 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 mingling 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 noblest interpretation of Christian morality and Christian perfection. 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 the 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.

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, amidst 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.”

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 nineteenth 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. 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 whilst he admires its varied beauties, and his very heart within him is ravished by its loveliness, he beholds, high above its green banks, amidst the ruins of ancient Lismore, a venerable round tower lifting its gray 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.” Or he has taken his departure from the Island of Saints, and when his ship's prow is turned toward the setting sun, he beholds upon the headlands 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. 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 the 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. This is not the time nor the place to enter into an archæological 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, 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 whilst 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; 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.

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 reveal, they are the most ancient amongst the records of the most ancient nations, and distinctly tell the glorious tale of the early civilization of the Irish people. For, my friends, remember that, amongst the evidences of progress, of civilization, amongst 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 amongst 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. 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 established 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. 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 pur-

poses; 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. 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. 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 envelop 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 ruinae!*"—the very ruins of it have perished. The mounds are there, the old moat is there, showing the circumvallation 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 shamrock blooms upon it, and the old peasants will tell you, this is the "Croppy's Grave." 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. Surrounded on all sides by the soldiers, the officer 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." 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 gray 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."

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; 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 persecution ; as it ever lived in the hearts of the Irish race.

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. Seldom 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 amongst 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. 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. 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. 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. 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 the 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, nor 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. 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. 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 highest development in hymns and canticles of praise—the expression of their glorious faith. 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. 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. 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 ; 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. 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.

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 three hundred 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. 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 amongst the people. Finally, after three hundred years of invasion, Brian, on that Good Friday of 1014, cast out the Danes forever, 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.

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 Monastereven, 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. 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. 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 religious 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 twelfth century, and, until the fifteenth 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'Neill, 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. 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 fifteenth 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 fifteenth century hated him with an additional hatred, as the enemy of Ireland's faith and Ireland's religion. 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." 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. 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.

Well, that mild, scrupulous, holy man, Henry the Eighth, in the middle of the fifteenth century got a scruple of conscience! Perhaps it was whilst he was saying his prayers—he began to get uneasy, and to be afraid that, maybe, his wife wasn't his wife at all! 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. So he wrote to the pope, and he said he was uneasy in his mind—he had a scruple of conscience; and he 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." Well, Henry threw the pope over. He married the young woman whilst 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. 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 the priests are not leading good lives. 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 own pockets. There was a beautiful simplicity about the whole plan. 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 us, *Soggarth Aroon.*” 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. 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 *Bhreachir*, 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 Franciscans, 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. Twenty thousand men it took Elizabeth, for as many years as there were 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 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.

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 passed—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.

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. It was thus they restored the Black Abbey in Kilkenny, a Dominican house; they restored the Dominican Convent in Waterford, Multifarnham, 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 pro-

vince 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 begone—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 forty-three thousand acres of the best land of these convents in fee. Trinity College, in Dublin, got thirty thousand acres. There were certain guilds of traders in London—the “skimmers,” “tanners,” the “drysalters;” 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 one thousand, one thousand five hundred, to two thousand 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. 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. 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." 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!" 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." 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?" 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. 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. I mention these facts just

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 Irishman of to-day need be ashamed, or hang his head. 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 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 amongst us, and punishes us for having these slaves amongst 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. 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 amongst 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 amongst 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. They knew his liking for a good beefsteak, and they actually sent him the best beef in the world—Irish beef. 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!" 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. But they had taken good care to eat the meat before they voted it a nuisance.

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. 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 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.

And now, my friends, it is for me simply to draw one conclusion, and to have done. Is there a man amongst 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 purer 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? We glory in them, and we glory in 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.” Never, in our darkest hour, was that idea adapted to the Irish mind, or adopted by the will of the Irish people. 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. 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. 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. 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. 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. And, if I were now in the position of addressing Irish Orangemen, I would say, "Men of Erin, three cheers for the Church disestablishment!" 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!" 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." 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, some time 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. 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. 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. 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!”





THE SUPERNATURAL LIFE, THE ABSORBING LIFE OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

[Delivered in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York, on Friday, April 26th, 1872.]

THE occasion of my addressing you this evening arises from the fact that many who were kind enough to take tickets for the lecture at Cooper Institute, were prevented from being present, by the great crowds of kind sympathizing friends that greeted me on that occasion. While, therefore, I am bound in justice to do my best to meet the requirements of those who were kind enough to purchase tickets for that lecture, I also wish to apologize to you for any inconvenience that you may have suffered on that evening from having been excluded. I do not desire, on this occasion, to go over the same subject or the same ground as on the evening at Cooper Institute, but I will endeavor to lead you into the inner spirit that animated the great struggle for Ireland's faith and for Ireland's nationality. To those amongst you who, like myself, are Irish, the subject will be pleasing and interesting from a national point of view. To those amongst you who are not Irish, the subject will still be interesting, for I know of no more interesting subject to occupy the attention of any honorable or high-minded man, than the contemplation of a people in a noble struggle for their life, both in their religion and in their national existence.

Now, first of all, my dear friends, consider that there are two elements in every man—two elements of life—namely, the natural and the supernatural, the temporal and the everlasting, the corporeal and the spiritual. If we reflect a little upon the

nature of man, we shall find that not only did the Almighty God endow us with a natural life, a bodily existence, but that, in giving to us the spiritual essence of the soul which is our interior principle of life, and stamping upon that soul his own divine image and likeness, as he tells us, it was the intention of the Almighty God that every man should live not only by the real, natural, and corporeal life of the body, but by the spiritual and supernatural life of the soul. The body has its requirements, its necessities, its dangers, its pleasures; and so, in like manner, the soul of man has its requirements, its necessities, its dangers, its pleasures; and he is indeed a mean specimen of our humanity who does not live more for the intellectual and the spiritual objects of the soul, than for the mere transitory and material objects of the body. Yet, between the material and the supernatural, the corporeal and the spiritual, there is a strict analogy and resemblance. In the body, a man must be born in order to begin his existence in this world, and the first necessary element of life is that birth, which is the beginning of life. Then, when the little infant is born into the world, he requires daily food that he may grow and wax strong every day until he comes from childhood to youth and from youth to the fullness and the strength of his manhood. But when he has attained to this full growth and strength, still does he require food every day of his life in order to preserve him in that health and strength which he enjoys. Yet with all this incipience of being and birth, with all this sustenance of daily food, from out the very nature of the body, from out a thousand causes that surround him, every man of us must at some time or other feel bodily disease and infirmity. Then the remedy—the cure—is necessary, in order to restore us to our health and vigor once more.

Behold the three great necessities of the bodily or corporeal life in man. To begin to exist, he must be born. To continue his existence, in the full maintenance of his health and strength, he must be fed; and to restore him, whenever, by disease or infirmity, he falls away from the fullness of that existence, he must apply proper remedies. As it is with the body, so it is with the spirit. As it is in the order of nature, so it is in the order of grace. The soul also must be born into its supernatural life. The soul must be strengthened by supernatural food in order to maintain its celestial strength in that super-

natural life. The soul, whenever it fails, or falls away from that strength and that supernatural existence, must be provided with remedies, in order that it may return once more to the fullness of its supernatural manhood. And this is precisely the point where the world fails to comprehend, I will not say the gifts of God, but even the wants of man. If there be one evil greater than all others in this nineteenth century of ours, it is that men content themselves with that which is merely natural. They seek all that is required for the strength and the enjoyment of the natural life, and they do not rise, and they refuse—deliberately refuse—to rise, even in thought, even in conception, to the idea of the supernatural life, and the supernatural requirements of man. The absence of the supernatural idea, the absence of the supernatural craving or appetite, the contentment with being deprived of the supernatural element, is the great evil of our day; and I lay that evil solemnly, as a historian as well as a priest, at the door of Protestantism. Not only did Protestantism assail this, that, or the other specific doctrine of the Church of God, but Protestantism killed and destroyed the supernatural life in man. In order to see this, all you have to do is to reflect what are the three elements of the supernatural life. What do I mean when I speak of the supernatural element of life? I mean this: that we are obliged to live not only for time, but for eternity; not only for this world, but for the world that is to come; not only for our fellow-men, but, above all, for our God, who made us. Know that no man can live for God unless he lives in God. Let me repeat this great truth again: No man can live for God unless he lives in God; and in order to live in God, he must be born unto God. He must begin to live in God, if he is to live in him at all—just as a man must be born into this world naturally, if he is to live in this world. If, then, God in his wisdom, in his mercy, in his grace, in his divine and eternal purposes, be the supernatural life of man, it follows that the supernatural birth of the soul lies in its being incorporated in Jesus Christ, engrafted upon him—as St. Paul says, let into him—and he makes this comparison: When the gardener has a wild olive-tree—stunted, crooked, sapless—bearing, perhaps, a few wild berries, without oil or without sap in them—what does he do? He cuts off a branch of the wild olive-tree, and he engrafts it into the bark and into the

body—the trunk—of a fully-matured olive, of a fruitful tree, and then the sap of the fruitful tree passes into the wild and heretofore fruitless branch, and it brings forth the fullness of its fruit, because of the better life and sap that was let into it. So, observed St. Paul, the Apostle, we, as children of nature, and in a merely natural life, are born of a wild olive-tree—the sinful man; but Christ, our Lord, the man from heaven, came down teeming and overflowing with the graces of God, with the sanctity of God, and then, taking us from the natural stem, he grafted us upon himself, the true olive-tree; and thus we are let into Jesus Christ, until that grace, which is the essence of the divine nature of God in all perfection, is participated unto us; wherefore, St. Peter does not hesitate to call grace a kind of participation of the divine nature. Thus, my dear friends, this engrafting upon Christ is the spiritual and supernatural birth and beginning of that supernatural life that is in man. How is this effected? I answer: By the sacrament of baptism; and here, upon the very threshold of supernatural life, I find, to my horror and to my astonishment, that one of the first fruits of Protestantism is the denial of baptismal regeneration, the denial of baptismal grace, and the practical refusal to administer the sacrament. It was not so in the first days of Protestantism; it was not so for many a long year. The necessity of a supernatural and a spiritual birth was recognized even when other things were denied; but to-day it has come to this, that the genius and the spirit of popular Protestantism is opposed to the idea of baptismal regeneration. It goes now by the name of figment of baptismal regeneration. They scoff at it, and it is only a few years since that a Protestant clergyman in England refused to baptize the children who were born in his parish, and grounded his refusal upon an avowal that he did not believe in the necessity of baptism, or that it brought any good or grace to the young soul. At first the Protestant world was alarmed. The Protestant Bishop of Exeter suspended this clergyman. The clergyman appealed to the head of the Protestant Church of England—namely, to Queen Victoria and her council: the Queen, good woman, didn't mind him at all; she knew nothing about the matter. She had her family and her children to look after, and her husband was alive at the time: she didn't mind him at all; she took no notice of him, but the council did; and they came together, these men—

they might have been Jews, they might have been infidels, they might have been anything you like ; and when I say this I do not mean the slightest disrespect to the Jews or infidels ; but I simply say they might have been men who did not believe at all in Christianity nor in Christ. They came together, and they decreed that baptismal regeneration, or the spiritual birth in Christ, was no part of Protestant teaching. Consequently, the Bishop got an order from the council to remove his suspension, and the clergyman triumphed. There was a solemn act, a declaration of faith on the part of what they call the Head of the Church, and a submission on the part of the Church itself to the principle that Protestantism, as such, as a religion, refused to acknowledge even the very beginning of the supernatural life, which is baptism. But when a man is baptized into Christ, and begins to live the supernatural life, the next thing that is necessary for him, just as in the natural life, is to receive his food. What food has God prepared for him? He has prepared a two-fold kind of food ; the teaching of His truth, upon which the intelligence of the child is to be fed, and His own divine presence, in the sacrament of the Eucharist, which is the food of the Christian soul in its supernatural life, necessary for that life, and without which man can have no life in him. "Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man," says Christ, "and drink of His blood, you shall not have life in you." Here again Protestantism is the destruction of the supernatural life, in its denial of Christ's presence in the Blessed Sacrament. But even with this sacramental food, high and holy as it is, great and infinite in its power and strength—such is the atmosphere in which we live, such is the corruption in the midst of which our lot is cast, so numerous are the scandals and the bad examples around us, that there is still danger that the Christian man in his supernatural life may fail, and fall away somewhat, and perhaps even entirely, from that principle of divine grace, and from Jesus Christ who is the life of us all. This failing, this falling away, is accomplished by sin. Sin is the evil, sin is the infirmity, sin is the disease, the fever of the soul, and therefore it was necessary for the Son of God, when He made Himself the supernatural life of our souls, not only to give us a beginning of life in baptism, not only to give us the food and strength of that life in Holy Communion, but also to provide a remedy for taking away sin,

and restoring the soul to its first strength and purity again. This He did in the day when, instituting the Sacrament of Penance, He gave to His Apostles the power to lift up omnipotent hands over the sinner's head, and apply to him the graces of Jesus Christ through sacramental absolution, and in that application of grace, to wipe away his sins. Once more do I encounter in Protestantism the ruin of man's spiritual life, in its denial of the mercy of God, which reaches the soul in the Sacrament of Penance.

Now, my friends, in these three consist the supernatural life, and you see how analogous, or how like it is to the natural life. I was born into this world, I was born unto God by baptism, I was fed in my infancy, in my youth, in my manhood; I am fed with the supernatural life at the altar. I have been lifted up from the bed of sickness, from the impotency and weakness of disease, and the racking pain of fever, by the powerful and the skillful hand of a physician who knew how to purge and cleanse my bodily frame from the elements of that disease. I have been lifted up from the bed of sin by the wise, and skillful, and absolving hand of God's grace.

Let us go one step further. If a man, born into the world, an infant, a child, is denied his food, if in his sickness he is denied the help of a physician or the remedies which are necessary for him, what follows? It follows that he dies. And so, in like manner, my Catholic friends, baptism alone will not save us; baptism alone will not preserve in us the life which it has begun in us. We must keep that life by Holy Communion; we must restore that life, repair its losses, in the Sacrament of Penance, or else we inevitably die. Oh! if I could only drive this thought into the minds and into the hearts of those Catholic brethren of mine who seem to think that a man can live without confession or communion. You might as well, my friends, expect to live without tasting food; you would be dead after three or four days; and so I say to you, the man who neglects confession and communion must die.

Again, not only is the spiritual life of man analogous to the natural—not only is it like the natural—but it acts upon the natural. The supernatural life in man acts upon him, upon his daily actions, upon his natural desires and tendencies, shapes and influences his life, and preserves him in the integrity of his being

--for, mark what I tell you, that man only lives half a life, and that the least half, who lives exclusively by the natural life, and neglects the supernatural. The integrity of man's life embraces both, and begins with the supernatural; and that supernatural agency at work within him—that union with God, that life in God, by divine grace acts upon his natural life. Hence the difference between a good and a bad man. You take these two: one of them believes, the other does not believe. One bows down his head with adoration and love at the name of Jesus Christ, the other scoffs and laughs when he hears that name, and blasphemes. One restrains his passions and his natural inclinations, keeping them within strict virtue and purity, the other lets them out and lets his soul go out like water from him; lets his heart become liquefied within him under the heating influence of every evil passion, and flow from him in every form of impurity and sin. How unlike are the proud, yet base-minded, dishonest, impure, luxurious men of the world, and the prayerful, pure-minded father of a family in the Catholic Church, faithful to his paternal obligations, faithful to the wife of his bosom, faithful as the guardian and educator of his children, living for his Church, and for prayer, and for the sacraments, and living for them and for his family, and for his children, far more than for himself. Take him and put him side by side with this man with whom we are all so familiar in this day of ours, the loose-living, licentious debauchee—the man who lives as if he were not a married man at all, neglects his wife, goes in the pursuit of every pleasure, comes home jaded, disgusted, surfeited with sin, until every highest and holiest purpose of life is forgotten or only affords him disgust. Home has no charms for him. The pure-minded woman, the modest woman, that gave him her heart and her love, is despised by him, until at last he puzzles his brain to try to break loose from his obligations as a husband and a father. Whence this difference between the two men? The difference arises from the fact that the supernatural life acts upon the man who is united with God, shapes his life, restrains his passions, purifies his nature, directs his intentions, shapes and forms all his actions; and thus we see that the supernatural life acts upon the natural, and is, as it were, the soul of a man's true existence.

One thought more, my friends. What is a nation, a people,

a State? Why, it is nothing more than a collection of individuals. The man good or bad, the man faithful or unfaithful, the man pure or impure, is multiplied by three or four millions, or ten millions, or twenty millions, and there you have a nation. Therefore you see clearly, that whatever the man—the average man—is, that the nation will be; that if the average man leads a supernatural as well as a natural life, then there will be a supernatural national life, as well as a natural life. Then the nation will live for something higher and better and holier and more lasting than this world; for the nation is only the man multiplied. And here again is one of the mistakes of this nineteenth century of ours, in our unreasoning and unthinking minds. We separate these two ideas, and we look upon a nation or a people as something distinct from the individuals who compose it. It is not so. Men are not surprised to find a nation doing an unjust act, declaring an unjust war, seizing upon their neighbor's property, depriving some neighboring people of their liberties and their rights. Why, what is it? It is a national act, but it brings a personal responsibility home to every man, and the nation that does this is simply a multitude of robbers, a multitude of unjust men, and the Almighty God will judge that national sin by bringing it home to every man that took a part in it or who refused to offer his heart and hand in manful resistance. When, therefore, we consider a nation and a nation's life, we have a right to look for the supernatural as well as the natural, and if the supernatural be in the individual it will be in the nation. Nay, more, just as the supernatural life acts upon the natural in the individual man, so also in the life of a nation the supernatural will act upon the natural action of the nation—will shape their policy, will animate their desires, will give a purpose to their grand national action, will create public opinion, public sympathy and antipathy; and we may explain the life of a nation by the supernatural. And, as we have seen, that where in the individual man there is the supernatural life in God, and for God, and with God, there that supernatural life preserves the integrity of the man's whole being, preserves him in purity, preserves him in health and in the integrity of his body; so, also, in the nation, the supernatural life of a people preserves the honor, the integrity, the strength, purity, and vigor of their natural and national life.

Now, you may well ask me, what does all this tend to, what are you driving at? Simply this, my friends: I told you that I invited you to enter with me into the inner soul of the Irish people. I want to explain to you one great fact, and it is this: How comes it to pass that a nation, the most oppressed of all the nations on the face of the earth, not for a day, nor for a year, but for centuries; a nation deprived of its rights, its constitutional rights habitually suspended; a nation in which the immense body of the people had no rights at all, recognized nor enforced by law; a nation trampled under foot, trampled down into the blood-stained earth by successive wave after wave of invasion, and by ruthless and remorseless persecution—how comes it to pass that this people has preserved the principle of its national existence; that it never consented to merge its name, its history, its national individuality, into that of a neighboring and a powerful nation? All that England has been doing for centuries, sometimes animated, perhaps, with a good intention, very often with a bad one, has been to try to so mix up Ireland and England together that the Irish would lose sight of their past national history, that they would lose sight of the great fact that they are a distinct nationality, humble, subject, obedient to law, bowing down under the yoke that was imposed upon them in spite of them—a conquered nation, but a nation still, and unto the end of time. How has this come to pass? Now, if you will reflect upon it, you will find that it is a mystery. You will find, my friends, if you carefully read the history of nations, that whenever one nation has succeeded in conquering another, provided that other lay upon their frontier, that, after the lapse of ages, the conquering nation has succeeded in absorbing the very national existence of the race that it conquered. Thus, for instance, we see how completely Rome succeeded in absorbing and amalgamating all the neighboring petty kingdoms of Italy. She infused them into herself, so that all became one Roman empire. It was nothing but Rome. It was never called the empire of Rome and Tuscany, or the empire of Rome and Naples, or the empire of Rome and Gaul—never; but the empire of Rome. England has never been able to call the two islands by one name. It is Great Britain and Ireland, and it will be so to the end. Nay, more; we have there at our very door in that green old cluster of islands that rise out of the

eastern Atlantic—we have a kingdom, not quite so ancient as Ireland, but a kingdom that lasted for centuries after Ireland's nationality seemed to be destroyed—namely, the kingdom of Scotland. They were the same race—they were Celts, as we were—the same origin. In the remoter ages Scotland derived its inhabitants from the Celtic race. The same language, almost; I have conversed with Highlanders, and almost understood every word of their language, it is so like my own native tongue. They preserved their line of kings, they preserved their magnificent nationality, splendid in its history, splendid in its virtues; they had saints in their line of kings—that glorious line of Scottish monarchs crowned in Holyrood, the ancient palace of the laird, by the heroic chieftains that stood around them. Strong as she was once in her language, strong in her position, strong in her religion and in her ideas of nationality, what is Scotland to-day? A mere destroyed nation—a province of Great Britain. Every tradition of Scottish nationality seems to have perished as a distinct nation; and the only thing that a Scotchman of to-day sees to remind him of the olden time is the crumbling walls where once the monarch of the Scottish race sat enthroned. How can you explain this? Scotland never was subjected to the same miseries that have been the fate of Ireland. I am only speaking history, and I am speaking that history without the slightest passion. I am only analyzing and trying to explain a great fact. I am speaking history without the slightest disrespect for one people or another. If you were all Englishmen, or all Scotchmen, I should still be obliged, as a truth-telling and a historical man, to state the facts as I am stating them. How can we explain these phenomena? I answer: The true explanation lies here, that the supernatural life became so much the absorbing life of the Irish people that it acted upon their natural life and preserved the principle of their nationality. Ireland was born unto Christ fourteen hundred years ago. The film of Paganism fell from her eyes, and lifting up those eyes in the eagerness of her contemplation, she beheld the transcendent beauty of Jesus Christ. She opened her arms—this nation—and called Him to her bosom, and she has never parted with Him from that day to this. He has been her life, generation after generation, and all her children have been born individually unto him by baptism, and so, for more than

one thousand years, she lived, until three hundred years ago she was called upon to give up her life. England had already died. Protestantism arose three hundred years ago. It became the national religion of the English people; and the first principle of Protestantism was to deny the Eucharistic food, which is the principle of supernatural life and strength, and the Sacramental grace, which is the only food of the soul. Now, if we take a man, and shut him up in a room, and refuse him his food, he will starve and die. If you take a man stricken down with fever, or with cholera, or with some terrible disease, and refuse him medical assistance, the man must die. The first principle of Protestantism was to deprive men and nations of the food and the medicine of the supernatural life; and when the question was solemnly put to Ireland and to Scotland, "Will you consent to die?" Scotland gave up her Catholic faith, and died. Ireland clung to that faith, laid hold of that religion with a grasp firm, decided, and terrible in its clutch, and refused to die. Scotland gave up the supernatural in order to preserve the natural. Ireland sacrificed the natural, her property, prosperity, wealth, let everything go for that faith which she had maintained for one thousand years. And I assert that there, in that supernatural life, in that supernatural principle, lies the whole secret of Ireland's nationality.

Take an average Irishman—I don't care where you find him—and you will find that the very first principle in his mind is, "I am not an Englishman, because I am a Catholic." Take an Irishman wherever he is found, all over the earth, and any casual observer will at once come to the conclusion, "Oh; he is an Irishman, he is a Catholic!" The two go together. But you may ask me, "Wouldn't it be better for Ireland to be as Scotland is—a prosperous and a contented province—rather than a distressed and a discontented nationality?" Which of these two would you have the old land to be, my Irish fellow-countrymen? To which of these two would you prefer to belong? to Ireland as a prosperous and a contented province, forgetful of her glorious national history, deprived of her religion, no light upon her altars, no God in the sanctuary, no sacramental hand to be lifted over the sinner's head—Ireland banishing the name of Mary—Ireland canny and cunning, fruitful and rich, but having forsaken her God—Ireland blaspheming Patrick's

name, Patrick's religion—turning away from her graves and saying: "There is no hope any more—no hope, no prayer;" but rich—canny, cunning, and commonplace. Can you imagine this? Oh no! The Irishman, wherever he is, all the world over, the moment he sees the altar of a Catholic church, says:

"Cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be,
Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee."

Ireland a province! No; rather be the child of a nation, rather be the son of a nation, even though upon my mother's brows I see a crown of thorns and on her hands the time-worn chains of slavery. Yet upon that mother's face I see the light of faith, of purity, and of God; and far dearer to me is my mother Ireland, a nation in her sorrow to-day, than if I beheld her rich, and commonplace, and vulgar, and impure, and forgetful of herself and of God.

Again, a nation does not exist for a day, nor for a year, nor for a century. A nation's life is like the life of the Almighty God. A nation's history is in the past, and her life is in the far distant future. When that future comes—and it is coming in the order of things, in the order of nature—it will not bring ruin to Ireland. I don't profess to say that I desire it very ardently; I am a loyal subject; I don't wish to speak treason, even though I might here in this land; I do not wish to say a single word that might on my return to Ireland be put before me as treason; but I say that, in the ordinary course of things, nations as great as England is and has been have been broken up in the course of time, and I suppose that the most ardent and patriotic Englishman in the world does not expect his British Empire to last forever. Greece did not last forever. Assyria, Rome, Carthage did not last. A very loyal Englishman indeed, speaking of the Catholic Church, said: "The Church of Rome saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New

Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand in a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul." Now, I say that when that disruption comes, Scotland wrecks and goes down; but out of that very ruin, that will shake to pieces this great Empire of Britain, Ireland, in virtue of her nationality and religion will rise into the grandeur and fullness of the strength and glory of that future which she has secured to herself by being faithful in the past. To-day she is in the dust; she has been in the dust for ages; but I ask you to look into history, study the past. When Holofernes came down upon Judea, and summoned the Jewish people, if they wished to preserve their lives and fortunes, to submit, be a province of the Assyrian Empire, to give up their religion and kneel at strange altars, if Judea in that day had consented, if she had said, "Well, we believed that we were the people of God; now oppression has come upon us, and we must yield;" if Judea foreswore her ancient faith, if she consented to forsake her ancient ideas of nationality, if she consented to lose her distinctness of race, and to merge herself in a stronger nation, but a stranger in blood, in race, in religion, oh, where would be the glories that followed that day; where would be Judas Maccabeus; where would be the glory of that family who led the people of God; where would be all the subsequent distinctness of Jewish glory that followed that noble resistance, when a daughter of Judea was able to go forth, and with her woman's hand cut off the invader's head? The Assyrian Empire broke into pieces, but Judea remained, because the people had the grace to say in that day, "You say you will destroy us unless we give up our faith, unless we consent to become a province of your empire, unless we merge our distinct nationality in yours. Speak not so, for we are children of the saints, and we look forward to the promises which the Lord hath made to that people who never changes its faith in Him." Ireland looks forward to whatever of prosperity, whatever of freedom, whatever of glory is in store for her. She will not seek it before its time, with rash or rebellious hand. She has learned too well the lesson of patience. She will not seek it until God, in the revolution of ages, sends it to her; but it will certainly come, because that nation has preserved its national existence by preserving its supernatural life in God. It will not always be night. The clouds will not always lie there. It will

not always be that the Irishman is uncertain of the footing that he has in the land, until he lies down in the grave. It will not always be, as I heard once an old woman say, weeping in a churchyard, "I had land, I had a place in this country, I had a house. Oh, God! they took them all from me, and nothing remains but this grave." It will not always be thus. Justice, glory, power, are in the hands of God. Glory and power are the gifts of God to every nation. To some that glory and that power is given, even after they have forsaken the Lord their God; but when it comes to dear old Ireland, it will be a reward for her faith, and for her love of Jesus Christ.





THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE SAL- VATION OF SOCIETY.

[Delivered in the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Brooklyn, in aid of the Hospital in charge of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.]

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 amongst you who think I am an unwontedly courageous man to make so wild and so rash an assertion. And 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 elevation, 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. Now-a-days, 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 remorse. He saves himself from those moments of uneasiness and self-reproach 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, if 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 more complacently, 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 vengeance. He can pursue his misdeeds all the more at his own ease. And so, for this, amongst 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 few millions more or less, is, humanly speaking, of little account to her. 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, then, 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; 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, namely, that the Church Catholic 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. Let us consider the first; Society requires to be saved because it cannot save itself.

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 it 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 philosopher 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 mine in society—gets a lot of his friends around 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),—a man who claims to speak and to be represented by living voice in our churches and pulpits, says: “Oh, man! son 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 the ape—and that it was by the merest accident—the accident of progression, eating a certain kind of food, commingling with the comeliest of the monkey tribe, 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 happen to be men.” 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 the 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 under the name of free-love! Just as the intellectual development of our society, emancipated from the Church, has arrived at the glorious discovery of "Spiritualism," so the moral development of this age of ours has arrived at the deep depth of free-love. Oh, grand and holy nineteenth century, I hail thee! Thou art the parent of divorce. A brave century, that ventured to destroy the bond that God Himself had made, and commanded no man should sunder. Thy married daughters must have recourse to the arts of the courtesan and the drugs of the murderer in order to preserve their charms, and so keep a slender and frail hold on the adulterous hearts of thy brave married sons. The old names of husband and wife are wiped out of thy enlightened vocabulary. They have perished; they are designations of the past. Oh, thou base and filthy age of low desire and luxury, of dishonesty and Mormonism, it is well for thee that the holy Catholic Church, the spouse of Christ, the salt of the earth, is in the midst of thee, rebuking thee with fearless and unchanging voice, sweetening thy polluted atmosphere with the fragrance of her virtues, atoning for thy vices with fast, prayer, and sacrifice; else, surely, thou Sodom of the centuries, the Lord would consume thee with the fire of his wrath!

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 day. 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. This age of ours gives us statesmen who make secret treaties to rob their neighbors, kings who shed their people's blood for the mere whims of personal ambition, or else to carry out the schemes of a wily, dishonest diplomacy; robber-

monarchs, at the head of robber-armies, plundering their honest and unoffending fellow-sovereigns ; millions of armed men watching each other because right and justice have ceased to be sufficient protection to men or nations ; the people oppressed and plundered to serve the purposes of the lustful ambition of men in power ; venality and corruption everywhere overflowing. 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 medebitur ?* 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 made the nations of the earth for health ;" 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 nominabitur in vobis*"—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 of 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 Rome, the mistress of the world—was raised against her. There was blood upon her virgin face. There was blood upon her holy bosom—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 raised it. Arts and sciences perished, when the Goth and Vandal, Visigoth, and Ostragoth, and Hun swept down like a swarm of locusts, over the old Roman Empire, and all the land subject to Roman sway. A man justly called the "Scourge of God" led the Huns. Alaric was at the head of his Visigoths. He swept 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! 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 sculpture—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 veneration 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 ancient learning as well as of that of the time—an artist—a painter—a musician—a man of letters—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 Dominicans, her Franciscans, to teach philosophy and theology, whilst 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, amongst 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. 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 were 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 preserved 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 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 archbishops. 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. 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 no 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 consist 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 certainty deeply seated 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 kind of reckless 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 irresponsible 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 passion, answering with quick response every impression of eye and ear, and liable to change its estimate and judgment by the ever-varying evidence of the senses. 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 confirming 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 imagination or enter into his 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 will be true to its promise? who can insure to her that love, ever inconstant in its own nature, and acted upon by a thousand influences, calculated first to alienate, then to destroy it? 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 blood 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 that 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 fountain-head, 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 grace—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 the prophet of old came into the city of Jericho, they showed him the stream that ran by the city walls; and they said to him: “Behold, the situation of this city is very

good, as thou, my lord, seest ; but the waters are very bad and the ground barren." He did not attempt to heal the stream as it flowed thereby ; but he said, " Bring me a new vessel and put salt into it ; and when they had brought it, he went to the spring of the waters and cast the salt into it and said : Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters, and there shall be no more in them death or bitterness ; and the waters were healed unto this day." Thus he purified the fountain-head of the spring of the 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, the sacramental salt of divine grace 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 spring season. Childhood 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 break. 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 forever. 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 privilege of the mother. She has the children under her eye and under her care the livelong 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 inquiry” 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 motives 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 confession. He is told that, every time his eyes, wandering through the church, rest 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, rouses 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 whilst a servant is doing anything, the servant will endeavor to do it well, and he will keep his eye upon the master whilst the master is present. So a soldier, when he is ordered to charge, turns his look upon his superior officer, whilst 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 this aspect, are, first of all, absolutism, and injustice, and oppression in rulers; and, secondly, a spirit of rebellion, even against just and established government, amongst 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 privileges, 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, if 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 amongst 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 was acknowledged supreme by 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 its 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 ægis of the Church's protection; that never were the Italians so free as they were in the mediæval Republics of Genoa, Pisa, Lucca, and 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 an Archbishop of Canterbury, with the knights of the realm closed around him, told a tyrant 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 amongst 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, for instance, the account of the Elder's deathbed. 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 remind the erring 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 reassuring 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 three 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, whilst 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 divorce 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 a 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 amongst them—warned them that there was an anathema upon the measure—upon those who proposed it—upon those who aided it. Is it not strange that the womanhood of the world does not fly to the Catholic Church for protection of their honor and dignity? Would it not be much better for those sturdy females who are looking for woman's rights, claiming the suffrage, and going about the country lecturing, to turn their attention to the infamous law of divorce, and if they will be agitators, to agitate for its abolition?

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 you 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 to keep him from sinning, independent altogether of the higher argument of an offended God—of the crucified Lord bleeding again at the sight of our sins. Most assuredly they are. 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 that you may not enter into temptation"—who is called upon 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 fulfils his duties as a father, or as a husband, as the case may be. The man who is obliged to do this, is more likely to serve God in purity and watchfulness than the man who never, from the cradle to the grave, is obliged to ask himself, "How do I stand with God?" 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 iniquity; and society rises up and exclaims that its very heart within it is rotted 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 an 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. The necessary consequence of this was, that the head of the State became also the head of the Church; the essential Catholic bond of the Church, which is communion with the pope, her head, being broken and dissolved. The two powers were concentrated in him—one as Governor—head of the State, the other as Ruler and head of the national Church. 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! The man who led his armies in the battle-field was 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 VIII. 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 an absolute monarchy. The very kings of the Catholic countries imitated their Protestant brethren 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, revolution, rebellion, uprising against authority became the order of the day; until at length the world is overrun with secret societies, which swear eternal enmity to the altar and 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. Persecuted, despised, to-day, she will yet come to us with her light of truth—with her sanctifying influences—with her glorious dominion over king and subject, to save them from the ruin which they have brought upon their own heads. That 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—it will bring peace, security, holiness, and joy to society. I see thee, O glorious spouse of Christ! O 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, as of old I saw upon the seven hills a glorious city arise 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, O, 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; 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 as in a new life!





THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

[Sermon delivered May 3d, in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer.]

“Thou art all fair, O my beloved, and there is no spot or slightest stain in thee.”

THESE words are found in the Canticles of Solomon, and the holy Catholic Church applies them to the soul and body of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In the Scriptures the king addresses his spouse by these words. The king represents no other than the Almighty God, and surely, if among all the daughters of men, we ask ourselves, and who was the spouse of the Almighty God? we must immediately answer the Virgin Mother, who brought forth the eternal God, made man. Wherever, therefore, the Scriptures and inspired writings of the old law speak words of love, and denote attributes belonging to a spouse, these are directly applicable to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Now, among the many gifts and graces which the prophet beheld in her, and upon which he congratulates her, are these: he tells us that he saw her at the king's right hand in golden garb, surrounded with variety; that everything of beauty and loveliness was upon her; but, in addition to this, he tells us that a vision of such perfect purity, such perfect immaculateness rose before his eyes, that, filled with the Holy Ghost and the joy of God, he exclaimed, “Thou art fair, O my beloved, and there is no spot or slightest stain in thee.”

Behold, then, dearly beloved, the first great grace that the Virgin of Virgins received at the first moment of her existence. When we reflect upon the relationship which the incarnation of our divine Lord established between the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Almighty God—namely, that she should be the Mother of

God, that He, taking his sacred humanity from her, should be united to her so as to be the flesh of her flesh and the bone of her bone—that He was to be altogether hers, as the child belongs to the mother at birth—and in this new relation of His humanity He was not to suffer the slightest diminution of His own infinite sanctity which belonged to Him as God—when we reflect upon all this, and see the awful proximity in which a creature is brought to Almighty God in this mystery of man's redemption, the very first thought that strikes the mind is, I know God must have forfeited something of His holiness, or else the creature that He selected for His mother must have been all pure, all holy, and so fit to be the Mother of God—either God must have forfeited some of His holiness coming to one personally a sinner, taking tainted blood, the nature that belonged to us that He took in her, that which was a broken, a disfigured, and deformed nature, tainted with sin, and steeped, if you will, in sin—for what, after all, is the record of man's history but a record of sin—or Mary must have been sinless. But if the Almighty God took that nature from one who bore in her own blood the personal taint of the universal sin, we must conclude that the Almighty God thereby compromised His own infinite holiness—nay, that He did more than this, that He contradicted His own word, for the word of God is, that nothing defiled, nothing tainted, shall come near to Almighty God. The soul that departs from this world with the slightest taint of sin upon it must pay to the last farthing, and purge itself unto perfect purity before it can catch a glimpse of God in heaven. And if this immaculateness and purity be necessary in order even to behold God, Oh, think of the purity, then, of the immaculateness, that must have been necessary in order not only to behold God, but to take Him into her bosom, to give Him the very human life that He lived, to give Him the very nature that He took, and united to Himself in the unity of His own divine person—to give Him that humanity that He literally made Himself. What infinite purity, what perfect innocence and immaculateness did these involve, unless, indeed, we are willing to conclude that the Almighty God came into personal contact with the sinner, and so allowed something not undefiled to come into contact with Him. But no; the mystery which brought so much suffering, so much humiliation, so much sadness and sorrow to the

eternal Son of God, brought Him no compromise with sin, brought Him no defilement of His own infinite sanctity, not in the least lowering Him from that standard of infinite holiness which is His essence and nature as God. And, therefore, it was necessary that, coming to redeem a sinful race, the individual of that race from whom He took His most sacred humanity, should be perfectly pure and immaculate. More than this, we know that the Almighty God never yet called any creature to any dignity or to any office without bestowing upon that creature graces commensurate with the greatness, the magnificence, and the duties which he imposed upon him. Hence it is that we find when he was about to create the Prophet Jeremiah, when he was about to make him a prophet, to put his divine inspiration into his mind, when he was about to send this man to announce his vengeance to the people, the Scriptures expressly tell us that he sanctified that man in his mother's womb before he was born, and that the infant prophet came into this world without the slightest taint of sin. Hear the words of Scripture: "The word of the Lord came to me, saying, Before I formed thee in thy mother's womb I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee and made thee a prophet unto the nations." So, in like manner, when the Almighty God created a man who was to arrive at the highest dignity of the prophets—namely, not only to proclaim the coming of God, but to point out God amongst men in the person of Jesus Christ—John the Baptist, created for this high and holy purpose—created to be amongst men what Gabriel the archangel was to Mary—namely, the revealer of the divine counsels, God sanctified him in his mother's womb, and John the Baptist was born without sin. If the Almighty God sanctifies a man before his birth, anticipates the sacramental regeneration of circumcision, sanctifies him before the sacrament, as in the case of Jeremiah and John the Baptist, simply because that man was called to the office of proclaiming the word of God, Oh, dearly beloved, surely there must have been some distinctive sanctity, some especial grace in reserve for Mary, as much higher than the grace of the prophet or of the prevision of the Baptist, as Mary's office transcends theirs. Jeremiah had but to announce the word of God revealed to him. Mary it was who was to bring forth the word of God incarnate in her immaculate womb.

John the Baptist was to point Him out and say, "Behold the Lamb of God." Mary was to hold Him in her arms and say to the world, "This Lamb of God, who is to save all mankind, is my Son." And therefore it is, that as her office exceeded that of prophet, preacher, and precursor, as her dignity so far transcended anything that heaven and earth could ever know or imagine in a creature, so the Almighty God reserved her alone amongst all that He created upon this earth, that she should be conceived, as well as born, without sin—that that stream of sin which touched us all, and in its touch defiled us, should never come near and soil the immaculate Mary—that that sin which has mixed itself up in our blood in Adam, and, upon the stream of that blood, found its way into the heart-veins of every child of this earth, could never flow in the immaculate veins that furnished to Jesus Christ the blood in which He washed away the world's sin. Therefore the Almighty God for this took thought and forethought from all eternity. "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his ways, before he made anything from the beginning;" that is to say, in the divine and eternal counsels of the Almighty God, Mary arose in all the splendor, in all the immaculate whiteness of her sanctity and purity, the first, the grandest, and the greatest of all the designs of the eternal wisdom of God, because in her was to be accomplished the mystery of mysteries, the mystery that was hidden from ages with Christ in God—namely, the incarnation of the eternal Word. Thus did the prophet behold her as she shone forth in the eternal counsels of God, when he looked up in that inspired moment at Patmos, and saw the heavens opened and all the glories of God revealed, there in the midst of the choirs of God's angels, there in the full blaze and effulgence of the light descending from the Father of Light, and exclaimed, "I beheld, and lo! a great sign appeared in heaven—a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon beneath her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Who was this woman? Mark what follows, and you will know for yourselves. "And she brought forth a man-child who was to rule all nations with an iron rod; and her son was taken up to God and to His throne." Whom can she be but the woman that brought forth that man-child, Jesus Christ, the Son of God? Thus did the prophet behold her, the sign and promise of victory and of

glory. And how significant are the mysterious words which follow, "and the serpent cast out of his mouth after the woman water, as it were a river, that he might cause her to be carried away by the river. And the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth and swallowed up the river which the dragon cast out of his mouth." The earth indeed swallowed up these fatal waters. The whole world was saturated with them, but they never touched the woman. And we behold in this mystery the immaculate conception, for I can call it nothing else than a mystery of Divine grace, and which is a triple triumph, namely, the triumph of God, the triumph of human nature, and Mary's own triumph and glory. Consider these things, my friends. First of all, let us consider God's triumph in Mary. Recollect, dearly beloved, the circumstances that attended the fall and the sin of man. God made us in a perfect nature, perfect in its organization, perfect in its beautiful harmony, perfect in its origin, perfect in its eternal destiny, perfect in the freedom and the glory with which he crowned the unfallen man. "Thou hast made him little less than the angels, thou hast crowned him with honor and glory." Then came sin into this world, and spoiled the beautiful work of God. All the fairest work of God was destroyed by Adam's sin. The integrity of our nature was injured. The harmony of our creation was disturbed. Bad passions and evil inclinations were let loose, and the soul, with its spiritual aspirations, its pure love, and unshackled freedom, became their slave. But although the devil triumphed over God in thus breaking, destroying, defiling and spoiling God's work in man, yet his triumph was not perfect. God wished still to vindicate Himself. God would not give His enemy a total and entire triumph over Him in the destruction and spoiling of His work. God took Mary aside and said, For her let there be no sin; for her let there be no soiling influence, for her no taint. He took her, in His eternal designs, into the bosom of His own infinite sanctity and omnipotent power, and whilst all our nature was destroyed, in her it retained its original purity, integrity, and beauty, in the one soul and body of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Thus we see the triumph of God; and here, it is worthy of remark, dearly beloved, that although in Scripture we often read of God's designs being frustrated, of God's work being overturned and spoiled by sin or some evil

agency—yet it is never totally spoiled. God never gives a complete triumph to His enemy. Thus, for instance, in the beginning, at the time of the deluge, all mankind were steeped in sin, and God, looking down from heaven, said: "I am sorry that I created this race, for My spirit is no longer among them." Yet, even then did the Almighty God reserve to Himself Noah and his children, and out of the whole race of mankind these were saved in purity and in sanctity, that God might not be utterly conquered by the devil. Again, when the Almighty God prepared to rain down fire upon Sodom, He could not find ten holy men in the land. And yet, in the universal corruption, Lot and his family were saved. They were holy, where all else was unholy, and they preserved God in their hearts. Again, when the tribe of Benjamin was destroyed from amongst the other tribes of Israel, a few were saved, that God's work might not be utterly destroyed. And so the prophet, speaking of the Jewish people, says: "If the children of Israel were as the sands of the sea, yet a remnant shall be saved."

Thus it is that we find, invariably, that the Almighty God allows, in His wisdom and in His vengeance, the devil to go to a certain point, and to revel in destruction so far; but yet, suddenly He stays him. God stretches out His hand, and says to him: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." This ought to be a great lesson to us in this our day. True, it seems to us in this our day that this devil of pride, this devil of infidelity, this devil of revolution, this devil of self-assertion, is let loose among the nations to play riot with the Church of God, to strike the crown from off the Pontiff's head, to pervert the ancient, faithful nation which has upheld him for centuries and make it the bitterest enemy of the Church, and to deprive the Head of the Church, for a time, of power. To-day, this devil runs riot in the world, shutting up Catholic Churches, expelling Jesuits, tainting the fountains of education, loosening the sacred bonds of marriage and of society, blaspheming Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, persecuting His priests and bishops and representatives upon earth. But we know that, at some moment or other, and when we least expect it—perhaps right in the mid career of its apparent glory—the terrible, invisible hand will be put forth, and a voice will be heard, "No more—back! So far, in my vengeance, and so far, even in my mercy, I have allowed you. Back! Let there be peace."

And so the Almighty God triumphed even in the fall of Adam, which brought death into the world, polluted the blood, stirred up the passions, destroyed the equilibrium and harmony of human nature, and caused the very beasts of the forests to assume the savageness that they have to this day. All nature was tainted except that of Mary. Her, the hand of the omnipotent Lord held high above all attacks and attempts of her enemies, and in Mary God has triumphed, in that in her His glory has been preserved, she never having been tainted with or spoiled by sin. It is, also, the triumph of our nature. My friends, if Mary had not been conceived without sin, we might have been redeemed, we might have saved our souls, as we hope to do now; we might have gone up into the glory of heaven; but a perfect human being we never could have seen. Heaven would be a congregation of penitents if Mary were not there—tears upon their faces—but no tear upon thine, O Immaculate Mother! The blood of Jesus Christ upon the hands of all—no blood of Thy divine Son upon Thy immaculate hands, Oh Mary! The unfallen man would have been a thing of the past. Even in heaven, the representative of what God had made in Adam would be wanting if Mary were not there, and, therefore, our nature has triumphed in her. We may all look up to her in heaven, we may all contemplate her, and we may glorify our humanity in Mary without the slightest fear of pride or blasphemy against God, because the humanity that is in Mary, being conceived without sin, is worthy of all honor and of all glory. I will not compare her in her immaculate conception with sinners; I will compare her with the saints, and behold how she towers above them. All sanctity, whether it be wrought out by years of penance, by fasting and mortification, by laborious efforts for the conversion of souls, by utter consecration and sacrifice to God, by martyrdom, by any form of sanctity, attains to but one thing, and that is perfect sinlessness and perfect purity of soul. Perfect sinlessness and perfect purity of soul mean perfect union by the highest form of divine love with Almighty God. God so loves us, dearly beloved, that He wishes to have us all together united to Him by that intimate union of the strongest and most ardent love. How is it that that union is not effected? Because of some little imperfection, some little sinfulness, some little crookedness in our souls, which

keeps us from that perfect union of love with God. Now, the aim of all the saints is to attain to that ardent and perfect union with God by purging from their souls, from their bodies, from their affections, and from their senses, every vestige or inclination or even temptation to sin. When they have attained to that, God crowns their sinlessness with a perfect union of love, and they have attained to the acme or summit of their desires. It is here—precisely where all the saints have ended—here, precisely where all the saints, tired and fatigued with the labors of the upward journey, knelt down in blessed rest on the summit of Christian perfection—that Mary's sanctity begins; for in her immaculate conception, she was conceived without sin—no thought or shadow of thought to sin allied was ever allowed to fall upon the pure sunshine of her soul. No temptation to sin was ever allowed to quicken the pulsations of her sacred heart. Nothing of sin was ever allowed to approach her. Entrenched in the perfect sinlessness of her immaculate conception, the moment she was conceived, she surpassed in sanctity—that is to say, in perfect sinlessness, and, consequently, in perfect union of love with God—all of the saints and angels in heaven. This is the meaning of the words in Scripture, where the prophet says: "Wisdom built unto itself a house, and the foundation thereof is laid upon the summits of the holy mountain. The Lord loveth the threshold of Sion more than the palaces and tabernacles of Judah." You know that every word of Scripture has a deep and God-like meaning. What meaning can these words have? Apply this to Mary's sanctity, we find the first moment of her existence upon the summit of the holy mountain—that is to say, her very first step in life—is dearer to the Lord than the palaces and tabernacles of Judah; that is, all the edifices of sanctity that were ever built up on this earth. This was the beginning—the conception of the woman who was destined to be the mother of God, made man. But, you may ask me, in that case, If she never sinned, even in Adam, surely she stood in no need of a Redeemer; surely she was the only one for whom it was not necessary that God should become man; God became man to redeem sinners—to save them; if this woman did not require redemption or salvation, why does she say in the Magnificat, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour?" Well, my

friends, she owes as much to the blood of Calvary as we do, and more. He was more her Saviour than ours. Whence came the grace of her immaculate conception? whence came the power that kept her out of the way when all the rest of mankind was swept into this current of sin? It was her divine Son, foreseen in the years of his humanity—foreseen by the eye of God's justice in the agony of His crucifixion; it was the blood that was shed upon Calvary to save us that saved Mary from ever being tainted with sin. Do you not know that the Almighty God may save in any way He likes? Do you not know, my friends, that the Almighty God is not bound to save this soul or that, in this or that particular way? For instance, the Almighty God appointed circumcision as the only way by which original sin was to be removed under the old law, and yet we know that He saved and sanctified Jeremias and John the Baptist without circumcision, and before; because, although circumcision was the ordinary way, Almighty God did not tie His hands, nor oblige Himself never to apply an extraordinary way. And so, wherever there is a human spirit made fit for heaven, that saving and that fitness is purchased by the blood of Jesus Christ, and by that alone. It saved Mary, as it saved us, only in a different manner; it saved us by falling upon our sinful heads in baptism—literally washing away the stain that was already there; it saved Mary by anticipating baptism, by removing her from the necessity of the sacrament, by anticipation. In us this blood of Jesus Christ is a cleansing grace; in Mary it was a preventing grace. She is saved as much as we are. For instance, suppose a wise prophet—a man that had a knowledge of the future—were to stand on the sea-shore, and see a number of persons about to embark on board a ship, leaving for a distant port, and that he said to one of them, "That ship is going to be shipwrecked; do not go on board," and the person followed his advice and was saved; the others went out on the ship, and it is wrecked, as was foretold; the prophet is there, by some mysterious means, and saves them all. He is as much the savior of the person who stayed on shore as of those he saved on the vessel after it was wrecked. And so it is with God. He took Mary aside, and His spirit overshadowed her, and He saved her. Oh, how gloriously does God save her! how magnificently He vindicated Himself in her! how kindly

and mercifully he preserved one specimen of our pure and unbroken nature in her! Well might He hold her forth, as it were, in His hand, to frighten the devil, even on the day of his triumph, when he said: "The woman, O spirit of evil, whom thou knowest well, will crush thy head." Mary was the terror of hell from the beginning, because hell was afraid, from the beginning, of the pure, unfallen nature of man, and that was saved only in her.

Let us, therefore, meditate upon these things, and, giving thanks to God for all He did, for the greatest boon of mercy to our race—in that God so sanctified a creature that she might be worthy to approach him—endeavor, in our own humble way, by purifying our souls, putting away from us our sins, and by weeping over the follies and errors that we have allowed to come upon our souls, thus fit ourselves, that at some immeasurable distance we too may be able to approach him and Mary, the Holy Mother of God.





THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

[Sermon delivered in St. Andrew's Church, New York, May 19th, 1872.]

“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 forsake their own national existence, but also to conform to the religion and the rites of the Assyrians. This great army the Scripture describes to us as invincible. Their horses covered the plains ; their soldiers filled the valleys ; there was no power upon the earth that was able to resist them, until at length they came before a mountain-city 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 most beautiful to behold, she lived altogether a secluded life, absorbed in prayer with God. When she saw the outlying army of the Assyrians—when she heard the proud claim 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 her 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, whilst

he was sunk in his drunken slumbers, she entwined her hand in 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 sang to her in 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 unto 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 Scripture makes 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 our people," namely: the Blessed 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, there is no such thing as past and future as we behold it in the course of time. All that we consider in the past in this world's history is before the Almighty God at this moment, as if it were at this moment taking place; all that we consider 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 measure of our life and of the world's history—everything comes in succession, event follows event, and 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 enormous 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 himself personally by sin, and in that personal pollution was to pollute our whole nature, because our nature came from him; just as when the man poisons the fountain-head of the river, goes up into the mountains, finds the little spring from which the little 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 become 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 our 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, in iniquity was I conceived, and in sin did my mother conceive me." 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 preserved to him 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: "Thou art all fair, oh, my beloved, and there is no stain on thee." Who is she? Is she multiplied? Is she found here and there amongst 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." 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 one to whom shade of 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, who was made incarnate in her. The language of the Church is: "He was incarnate of the Holy Ghost and 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 to be 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 Jeremiah 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 God's herald amongst men and 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 at once 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 sin 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 the 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 for 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, whenever the human soul is found perfectly free from sin, without spot or stain of sin, without the slightest inclination or temptation to sin—wherever 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 the 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 hermit 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 venal 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 perfect union with God. That which all the saints tend to, that which all the virgins and saints in the Church sigh for, that which they consider 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 love. And this is the meaning of the word of Scripture: “The foundations of her are laid upon the holy mountain. 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.

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 all 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 its 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, that, and the 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. The Suffering Church, or the Militant Church, it is still the same 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: "But you are come to Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the spirits 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 all that heaven or earth ever held or had of noble, generous, self-sacrificing, and devoted, now crowned with the immortal, everlasting glory of the presence of God. And of that assemblage of the Church Triumphant, Mary is the glory. And why? Because, as the Scripture tells us expressly, the angels of God take interest 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 joy in heaven for one sinner doing penance, rather than for ninety-nine just who need not penance." 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 they 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 place 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 who was destined, in her progeny, to people heaven with saints, and to fill the thrones that were left empty there by the desertion of the rebel angels. Their glory was, that their nine 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 empty 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 made upon the earth, was to be the mother of the race that was to fill up their choirs, and to fulfill 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 office 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 silvery beauty over the eastern hills, tells the silent and the darkened world that the bright sun is about to follow it and to 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 the saints was come, and that the woman was created who was to do what had failed in Eve—to people heaven 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 they beheld in Mary 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 rest. Therefore is she 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 heaven's God, was raised into the place of her glory. "The morning stars praised the Lord together, and all the suns of God made a joyful melody." 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, that Gem of God, represents the Church Triumphant, so by the name of Israel the inspired one meant the Church Militant, the Church in the desert of this earth, the Church passing through the Red Sea of the martyr 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 abounded sin might be destroyed and grace abound still more. "For this I am come," He says, "that where sin

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 triumphed over sin 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 sin 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 the joy of the Church then 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 mine; 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, 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? Ireland's greatest consolation. 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 privation, 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 ex-

pression 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 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, the knowledge of the divine commission that her Son 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 broken heart.

Finally, she is the honor of our people. Dear friends, the Almighty God, when He created us, invested His own divine honor in man. He gave to man a mighty intelligence, a high and 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 earth 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 their 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 glorious 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. The serpent

came hissing his triumph in the ears of a 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 twofold rebellion man lost all that God had given him of grace and of supernatural goodness. All of divine honor that Almighty God reflected in man, all of divine glory that He had participated 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 race of mankind was corrupted 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 saint, nor angel in heaven, nor 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 an 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 works to be stroyed utterly—never. When mankind fell from God and from grace, so that the image of God and the spirit of God disappeared from amongst them, 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 whilst 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 the rest were lost. When the Almighty God resolved to destroy for impurity the whole 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 overmuch, 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 could be in us, of all that was in Adam before his sin, of all that God intended man 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 but that for His incarnation, but for His suffering and passion and death, Mary could not have received the grace of her immaculate conception—no 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 the immaculate conception has 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 the prevision of his merits before his Eternal Father. The merits of the Son of God not yet incarnate, 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 are 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 fount. 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 the penitent. Every other soul that enters heaven enters as a Magdalen—at least as a 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 her sin. Thus do we behold, dearly beloved, 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 stood before the woman who was ready to be delivered; but he was cast forth; and his place was not found any more 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, 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 fair, 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 forever, as the very type of purity, innocence, and virtue, whom the Almighty God so filled up 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, oh Mary, for thou art full of grace;” and when she trembled at his words he assured her, saying: “Fear not, oh, Mary, for thou hast found grace before the Lord.” Oh, how grand was her finding! Grace was lost by the first woman, Eve, and the daughters 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 that thou shalt be the mother of God, and that He that is to be born of thee is to be called the Son of the Most High. Yet, oh, woman, fear not, for I say to thee that thou hast 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 confiding love of a child. Oh, mother mine—oh, mother of the Church of God—oh, mother of all the nations—oh, mother that kept the faith in Ireland, that through temptation and suf-

fering never lost her love for thee—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, upon thy head a crown of twelve stars, God's brightest gift, I hail thee, oh 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 POPE.

THE CROWN WHICH HE WEARS, AND OF WHICH NO MAN
CAN DEPRIVE HIM.

[Delivered in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Wednesday, April 24th, for the benefit of the orphans in charge of the Sisters of Mercy.]

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. 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 it. 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.

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 He 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. 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 likens it unto a city, which was built upon the mountain-side, so that all men might behold it. And again unto a candle set upon the candlestick, so that it might shed its light throughout the whole house, and that every one entering the house might behold it. And again, "the Kingdom of God is like unto a net cast out 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 was 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 in 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 very 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 consistency, 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. Yet 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, 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 in the different Protestant Churches in the various countries of Europe, we shall find some amongst them, that I believe here, in America, would be called “sore-heads.” Harry the Eighth was a remarkable sore-head. 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.

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 filled the mind and 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 emphatically, 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 purposes known and carry them out, and with the extension of them to spread herself and be faithful to them 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 your works, 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 upon 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. 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 Praxiteles, 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 amongst men, but acknowledged amongst them—crowned

amongst 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 heaven 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 race and nature. 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 of the world, 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 twofold 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 Me, 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 un-failing, ever watchful head of His Church, and is as much to-day the head of the Church as He was eighteen hundred years ago. Christ to-day is the real head, the abiding head. He arose 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. Oh! my friends, what a consoling thought this un-failing promise of the words of the Redeemer. Oh! what a consolation has this world in Him who said: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but 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 the Magdalen 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 apostleship; 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 this

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 in the presence of the other eleven, 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, more than any of the others, was reprovèd by his Lord, in the severest terms; St. Peter, more than any of the others who remained faithful, showed his weakness until the confirming power of the Holy Ghost came upon him. Still Peter was the one chosen, and here are the three words which Christ spoke. First of all He said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will 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 John the Baptist, and some of them say you are Elias, and some Jeremias, or one of the prophets." 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." 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, O Peter," He says, in the presence of the others, "to thee, O 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, "Simon, Simon,

behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for *thee that thy faith* fail not; and thou, being once converted, *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 this supremacy of Peter gives the lie to Jesus Christ.

Then, on another solemn occasion 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.

The Apostles, not yet fully realizing their Master's glory, were sad and discouraged, and some short time after, the Lord appeared to them on the shores of the Sea of Tiberias, where they had fished all the night, but caught nothing. "There were together Simon Peter, and Thomas, and Nathaniel, and the sons of Zebedee, and two others of His disciples . . . and Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these? He saith to Him, yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith to him, feed My lambs. He saith to him again, Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me? He saith to Him, yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith to him, feed My lambs. He saith to him the third time, Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me? Peter was grieved because He had said to him the third time, lovest thou Me? and he said to Him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. He said to him, feed My sheep." 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 arose 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 Eliseus of old to Elias: “Oh! thou chariot of Israel! and its charioteer,” wilt thou leave us? 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 looking up to heaven; this Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come, as you have seen Him going into heaven.” And the eleven disciples bent their knees to Peter, the living representative of the supremacy, the truth, and the purity of Jesus Christ.

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 this 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 denied 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 toward 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 toward 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 catacombs, 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 mistress, 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 roughshod 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. 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 glory which is our portion in this nineteenth century. 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 one 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! Then did the Pope of Rome clothe himself with a new power, independent of that which he had 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 vision of the student of history, looking back into the past, and beholding him as he passes amongst the long file of kings and warriors of the earth! Oh, my friends, no sword dripping with blood is seen in the hand of the Pope-King, but only the sceptre of justice and of

law. No cries of a suffering and afflicted people surround him, but only the blessings 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, re-proving them in their errors, and restraining them 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 purposes 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 one in her stead, the injured woman appealed to Rome, and from Rome came the voice of Rome's king, saying to him, "Oh, 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 thank my God that I am breathing an air in which a free man may speak the language of freedom.

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 from the foam of the rolling billows, I beheld thee, goddess, in all thy 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 another 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 who 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 resolved to assert the omnipotence of those rights—that people can never be enslaved. Now, is not this the definition of liberty? I am sure that it comes home like conviction to every man in this house. Let me know what rights I have, and let no man be allowed to infringe upon 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 I then enjoy the glorious gift of freedom.

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, lawless barons, entrenched 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 that 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 thy brethren; 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—that the bishops of the Church did not rise up and proclaim, “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, 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.

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 called by a voice that she is bound to obey to accept a lie, if it be true that nothing false in doctrine or un-
sc and 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 de-

cision, 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 certain doctrine to her—upon a body that can never believe a lie, that can never act upon a lie, whose destiny it 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; that the same spirit of truth which preserves the body preserves the head, and that the pope, as head of the Church, is infallible.

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, the 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 un-

heard of. She cannot find a 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 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 around 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." She always believed it; it was always her 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 the 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 *Muire 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 yet 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 until 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, everything in her points to that Divine Presence as their life and centre, but it was sixteen hundred years before the Church defined transubstantiation as an article of faith, and then only because Calvin denied it. He was the first heretic to deny 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 of 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. 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, cannot 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, cavilling, questioning spirit of our day that the Church was obliged to do this. It was because, guided by a wise Providence, and 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 amongst 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.

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. 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 more in our pockets. One man alone was necessary to this world from the beginning, and that one man was the man whom we behold upon 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 from 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 the 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 ever it 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 a subject, not of an ordinary man, or an ordinary bishop, a voice as of a king amongst 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.

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 villany, and the inconstancy of man ; to break 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 clemency and mercy, and justice and law. And, therefore, he must come back ; he must come and seat himself upon the throne again. The day will come when all the Christians 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 now hated and detested vision of the hand of the pontiff brandishing the thunders of the Vatican.

That day must come, and with it will come the dawn of a better day, and of peace. And I believe, even now, in this future day, in this coming year, when we shall behold the Pope of Rome 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, the mighty, the young, the glorious, and the free America will present herself. 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 this 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 envelop 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 recuperative power and majesty and greatness of the Almighty God, as reflected in his Church.





ON THE FIRST BEATITUDE.

[Delivered at the Advent Conferences in the Catholic University, Dublin.]

“Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.”



WE are come together to consider the things that regard our eternal interests—to consider what we owe to God, to our neighbor, and to ourselves. We meet to reflect on the Divine law, the reasons and the extent of its obligations, and our own fulfilment of them.

Blessing of being
Catholics.

In all this we have not to seek for the truth, but only to reflect upon it, and apply it to ourselves.

We have an infallible guide in truth—the Church—the pillar and the ground of truth. We are not forced, thank God, to fall back upon our own judgment, like those of whom St. Peter speaks, “blind and groping.” But to you I say, in the words of the same Apostle, “I will begin to put you in remembrance of these things, though indeed you know them and are confirmed in the present truth; but I think it meet to stir you up by putting you in remembrance.”

Not so with others, to whom an entrance has not been ministered into “the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.” They are obliged to inquire into everything, to attempt to prove everything, even first principles and the mysteries of revelation, and they are tempted to reject even the holiest truths of God, which are discussed before that most fallible tribunal—the reason of man. Of such, a great man formerly intimately connected with your university, complains, whilst yet a Protestant, in the introduction to one of his works. “Unhappy is it,” he says, “that we should be obliged to discuss and defend what a Christian people were intended to

enjoy; to appeal to their intellects instead of 'stirring up their pure mind, by way of admonition;' to direct them towards articles of faith which should be their place of starting, and to treat as mere conclusions, what in other ages have been assumed as first principles." "Surely life is not long enough to prove everything which may be made the subject of proof; and though inquiry is left partly open, in order to try our earnestness, yet it is in a great measure, and in the most important points, superseded by revelation, which discloses things which reason could not reach—saves us the labor of using it when it might avail, and sanctions thereby the principle of dispensing it;" but he adds, "We have succeeded in raising clouds which effectually hide the sun from us; we have nothing left but to grope our way by reason as we best can—our necessary, because now our only guide. . . . We have asserted our right of debating every truth, however sacred, however protected from scrutiny heretofore; we have accounted that belief alone to be manly which commenced in doubt, that inquiry alone philosophical which assumed no first principles, that religion alone rational which we have created for ourselves;" and the end, my brethren, "loss of labor, division, and error have been the threefold gain of our self-will, as evidently visited in this world—not to follow it into the next." Such was the testimony of a singularly deep and candid mind, even before it was yet enlightened by the pure rays of divine truth. * But for us, we seek not to find out what is the truth. That we have already found. Our great Mother holds it, and propounds it, and we say to her in the words of the Apostle, "I know whom I have believed, and I am certain that she is able to keep that which hath been committed unto her," (*Scio cui credidi et certus sum quia potens est depositum meum servare.*) the sacred deposit of all truth. But we inquire, "that we may be able to comprehend with all the saints, what is the breadth, and length, and height, and depth of that divine truth." To know also, "the charity of Christ, which surpasseth all knowledge," *i. e.*, to pursue the truth into all the details of its practical teaching in the moral law, where our faith reveals itself in charity "unto all the fulness of God." This is the great object of the Catholic preacher, after the example of our Divine Lord himself; for it is worthy of remark, that His first Sermon on the Mount, in

which we might naturally expect an exposition of Christian dogma, was a moral sermon, sketching out the great features of the Christian character, by which His followers should be individually known amongst men to the end of time. Let us consider them :

First—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

The first word spoken by our Lord was, "Blessed." "Much people followed Him," says the Evangelist, "from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from beyond the Jordan, and seeing the multitude, He went up into a mountain;" this was His pulpit—befitting the preacher and His message. He was "the desired of the everlasting hills," and it was written, "Get Thee up into a high mountain; Thou that bringest good tidings to Sion; lift up Thy voice, Thou that bringest good tidings to Jerusalem; lift it up, fear not; say to the cities of Juda, behold your God," and opening His mouth, He taught them. The mouth of God, closed for four thousand years, and when last it spoke, it was to curse the first sinner and the earth in his work, "Cursed is the earth in thy work;" "the earth is infected;" (Isaias) "for the Lord hath spoken this word, . . . therefore shall a curse devour the earth." Now, it was fitting that Christ's first word should be a revoking of this curse, for, as St. Paul loves to bring out, He was the antithesis of Adam. "As by the disobedience

Christ, the Antithesis of Adam.

of one man, many were made sinners; so also, by the obedience of one man, many shall be made just, . . . therefore, as by the offence of one, unto all men to condemnation; so also, by the justice of one, unto all men to justification of life." And yet, if we look into the blessing, we shall find that the curse pronounced upon the world is rather confirmed than revoked by it, for it says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," *i. e.*, Blessed are they who in some sense or other are alienated and separated from the world.

Mark that Christ begins with the spirit. First, because "God is a spirit, and they that adore Him must adore Him in spirit and in truth." Hence, the Apostle says: "God is my witness, whom I serve in my spirit." And secondly, because the spirit or seat of the affections is that portion of man's soul which guides and

Why Christ begins with the Spirit.

influences all the action of his life. There are two great portions—divisions—powers—faculties in the soul of man: first, the apprehensive or intellectual; and second, the affective or appetitive. To the first belongs the memory; and the office of this first great portion of the soul is to apprehend and preserve ideas, and from them to form knowledge. The second great division of the soul, which we have called the spirit (for the very word *suspirare* signifies desire), contains the intellectual appetite or will, the affections and desires; and as this will of man, which is led not only by the intellect but still more forcibly by the passions or desires, according to the saying of the poet, "*trahit sua quemque voluptas,*" determines his every act, for that act alone is human which proceeds from it, it follows that the portion of the soul which holds this will and these affections and desires is the source and spring of all moral life in man. Christ our Lord, therefore, began with the spirit, because He wished to change the face of the earth. "Send forth Thy Spirit, and they shall be created, and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth." The Spirit of God was to go forth and to take the place of the human spirit, and Christianity was to effect this, that men should no longer be led by their own spirit—*i. e.*, their own natural affections and desires—but by the Spirit of God. According to the word of the Apostle, "Whosoever are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God," and thus they should "put on the Lord Jesus Christ; for if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." But to Christians he says, "Know you not that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Blessed, then says the Saviour, are the poor in spirit. Some commentators apply this word to those who are really poor, either by privation in the world or by the high voluntary poverty of holy religion which we find in the cloister. That the text bears such an application is abundantly proved from St. Luke, who adds in the context, "Woe to you who are rich, for you have your consolation." Still, the text bears a much more extended application, and, therefore, others interpret poverty of spirit to mean humility, the foundation, and, at the same time, the crown of all virtues. This interpretation is also true, and the most adopted by the holy fathers. But we can find even more in this beatitude than the canonization of humility. As it was the first feature of the Christian character

propounded by the Saviour, so, upon reflection, we find in this beatitude the first foundation of Christian life—namely, Faith; for truly the man who is poor in spirit means the man of faith. What is poverty? Poverty means privation—an emptiness—an absence of something—a casting away from us and a renunciation of something. Poverty of spirit, then, would mean a casting away of desires—affections—appetites—seeing that the spirit of man is the seat of all these. But does Almighty God demand of us a relinquishing of all affections and desires? In other words, does He demand of us a destruction of this great portion of our being? Certainly not. God is not a destroyer, nor is destruction pleasing to Him. It is not, then, so much the destruction as the transfer of our desires, hopes, affections, which Almighty God demands of us by poverty of spirit. There are two kinds of possessions—the temporal and the eternal—the visible and the invisible—the things of the present and those of the future—the goods of sense and those of faith. Now, man is naturally inclined to seek the things of this world rather than those of the world to come. He depends so much upon his senses, even for the things which belong to the soul, such as knowledge and even faith; he is so completely surrounded by sense that he is naturally inclined to rest in sense, to seek his happiness in the present enjoyment of sense, and to put away from him all consideration of future and unseen things. Much more are we unwilling to make any sacrifice for the sake of the unseen—to relinquish the visible for the invisible—to deprive ourselves of present enjoyment because of blessings to come. We all love ourselves faithfully—intensely. We love ourselves better than anything else—better than our neighbor—than virtue—than God.

Now, Christ our Lord, by redemption, made us the sons of God; “and he gave them power to become sons of God.” As such we must be different from the old, the natural man, in spirit—*i. e.*, in thoughts, in desires, in affections, in views, in conduct. This the Apostle clearly points out when he says, “the first man was of the earth—earthly; the second man from heaven—heavenly. Such as is the earthly such also are the earthly, and such as is the heavenly such also are they that are heavenly. Therefore, as we have borne the image of the earthly, let us bear also the image of the heavenly.” But before we can thus put

on the image of the heavenly man, so as to be made conformable to the Lord Jesus Christ—in a word, before we become Christians, we must cast away from us the old man, the human spirit, and hence poverty of spirit is the beginning, the foundation, of the Christian character. Faith is “the substance of things to be hoped for,” consequently, future blessings; “the conviction of things that appear not,” consequently, things not to be apprehended by the senses; for, says the Apostle, “*Per fidem ambulamus, et non per speciem.*” The man of faith is he who has views and desires beyond and above this world and sense, who makes not the things of sense the last and great object of his wishes and desires; who uses not at all the things that are, when they cross or impede his eternal interest (in other words, when they are sinful), and in the things which he uses has something in view beyond what is seen, and makes all that is created subservient to the uncreated, all that is temporal conducive to that which is eternal, all that is of earth serviceable for that which is heavenly. Such is the man of faith. Oh, glorious man, like to the Son of God!





ON THE SECOND BEATITUDE.

[Delivered at the Advent Conference in the Catholic University, Dublin.]

“Blessed are the meek of heart, for they shall possess the land.”

THIS is the next feature of the Christian character brought out by our divine Lord. The Christian must be not only a man of faith—living for divine purposes—influenced by supernatural motives—grasping at the invisible beneath the forms of things that appear; but he must also be imbued with the virtue of meekness. Remember, gentlemen, that Christianity means perfection—the very perfection of man—of human nature in all its natural properties and powers—and, far beyond this—the perfection of human nature in all the supernatural gifts of divine grace. Life, according to St. Thomas Aquinas, is spontaneous motion. There are two kinds of motion—one produced by something external or extrinsic to the thing moved—as when the powerful attraction of the sun moves the inanimate earth. The other is caused by something internal or intrinsic, as when the human body is moved by the living soul or principle of motion within it. This St. Thomas calls intrinsic or spontaneous motion. If you reflect on the definition you will find it comprehensive and pertinent, for surely our idea of life is motion of some kind, and we naturally look upon perfect stillness as death. Now, all motion bears in its very essence the idea of a starting-point, of a point to be reached, and of an effort to pass from one to the other. Now, the Catholic Church teaches us that God is the starting-point of man—that God is the point to be attained by him, and that our Lord Jesus Christ—God made man—is the way, the form, the model, the means, to conduct him to his end. “I am Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the end;” He says, and elsewhere, “I am the way, the truth, and the life;” for, says the Apostle,

“there is but one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Jesus Christ.” The life thus proposed to us clearly involves all supernatural perfection of grace, for in “Christ abode all the fullness of the divinity corporally.” But, by an eternal law, that which is perfect in the highest order involves all the perfection of the lower; therefore, in seeking to be made conformable to the image of the Son of God, we come by all that is most perfect in the order of nature, and thus “godliness is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.” Let us see how far the virtue of meekness conduces to the natural and supernatural perfection of man. First, then, what is meekness?

Meekness is the virtue or power by which the passion of anger is so moderated and restrained as not to rise within us except when necessary and in the measure which is necessary. It is then, as you perceive, an exercise of power in the reason of man over the inferior appetites and powers of the soul. Man, as you know, is made up of body and soul—of matter and spirit—each with its own nature and its own powers—wonderfully united, and acting on each other in the one being. The soul has its own affections and desires, its own rational appetite, which is the will, guided and influenced by reason. But as this soul is joined to a material body, and depends for its impressions upon sense, there is also a sensual appetite; and depraved desire and passion in excess assail the soul. These sensitive appetites manifest themselves in two great master-passions in man, viz., concupiscence and anger; concupiscence, which prompts us to seek that which is or which we conceive to be desirable—anger, which disturbs and excites the soul, when that which is desirable is removed, or when we are impeded in its pursuit. Here then is man—as far as we have to deal with him—made up of intellect, will, passion of concupiscence and anger; and, besides the theological virtues, which entirely regard the supernatural perfection of man, we have the cardinal virtues, which may be said to regard his natural perfection, and they affect these four powers or passions; for prudence is in the intellect, justice in the will, temperance regards the passion of concupiscence, and fortitude that of anger. The more these virtues govern and influence their respective powers, the more perfect is man, in the order of na-

What is Meekness?

ture. "It belongs to human virtue," says St. Thomas, "to make a man perfect by reducing his every act to the dominion of reason, which is done in three ways. 1st, The reason itself is rightly ordered, and this is done by the intellectual virtues or powers. 2d, Reason thus ordered or perfected becomes the guide and ruler of all human affairs, through the medium of the virtue of justice; and, 3d, All impediments to such guidance or government of reason are removed, 1st, by the virtue of temperance, which restrains the will when it is drawn aside in pursuit of that which right reason forbids, and, 2d, by fortitude, which overcomes, by strength of mind and will, the difficulties that arise in the way of virtue, just as a man by strength and energy of body conquers and repels all bodily difficulties." Thus we behold how all natural perfection in man consists in the perfect and absolute dominion of a well-ordered reason or mind. Perfection means order, for, observes the Angelic Master, the perfection and beauty of all creation consists in order. Now, our idea of order is that inferior things should be subject to things superior, and that what is supreme should govern all; but as the intellect or reason is the supreme power in man, it follows that man's natural perfection must consist in the dominion of this reason over all the inferior powers of the soul and all the passions and inclinations of the man.

Thus it was with the first man as he came from the hands of God—a perfect being. "God made man right," says the Preacher; and elsewhere, "He filled him with the knowledge of understanding, and He created in him the science of the spirit, and filled his heart with wisdom." In that happy time, before sin found its entrance into the newly-created world, all was perfection, because all was order. The inferior animals and beings were perfectly subject to man. "Let us make man," says the Lord, "to our image and likeness, and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth." The senses, and all the inferior appetites in man himself, were under complete control of the will, which, in its turn was ruled by a reason that was in perfect subjection to God. But when this order was disturbed by sin—when man's reason and will refused their obedience to God—then the inferior appetites and passions, in their turn, refused to be subject

to the reason, and the creation of God, and the stubborn earth itself, rebelled against man. In losing the supernatural gifts of grace and innocence, man lost also the very natural integrity and perfection of his being. Such was the connection between nature and grace, that when grace departed the integrity of nature was also lost, and humanity remained not only robbed and stripped of its divine clothing, but also mutilated and powerless. From all this it follows, first, that the passion which most directly and powerfully assails the dominion of reason—blinds it, overpowers it, casts it from its throne—is the greatest impediment to man's natural perfection. And, secondly, that the virtue or power which masters this passion—binds it down under the dominion of the mind, directs its energy, whilst it destroys its inordinate tendency—is the greatest safeguard of reason, and consequently most directly conducive to man's natural perfection. Now, gentlemen, that passion is anger, and that virtue is meekness. Well then may we conclude that Christ our Lord, in restoring to us the supernatural, and enabling us to acquire this virtue, has also given us back the integrity and natural perfection which Adam had lost. What is anger? Anger is de-

What is Anger? fined: An inordinate desire of revenge. The sensitive appetite, excited, inflamed by injury, real or imaginary, acts upon the will, inclining and inducing it to desire of revenge. It is no longer reason guiding and directing the will, but the sensitive appetite, *i. e.*, an inferior power of the soul, directing a superior—consequently, an inversion of order. The very nature of anger is to act and desire without right reflection. Hence, nothing is more common than to plead anger as an excuse for irrational acts. We say, a man did such a thing under the great excitement of anger, consequently he cannot be held accountable—we must excuse him. Yes—excuse him; but the very plea put forward in his defence shows how completely reason is destroyed, for the time being, by this passion, for, as the poet says, "*ira furor brevis est*"—it is a temporary madness. We sometimes hear the phrase, "maddened by anger;" and the very law speaks of the murder committed in anger, as manslaughter—one animal slaughtering another. We never speak of a man as maddened by pride, maddened by lust—but maddened by anger. A man in anger is recognized as an unreasoning animal. He no longer answers to the definition of

man, "*animal rationale.*" In fact, if right reason were supposed to rule him, we should cease to look upon him as angry, for it is not the excitement, but the inordinate, unreasoning excess of it, amounting to perturbation of mind and subversion of reason, which constitutes the sin of anger. There is an excitement which has all the appearance of anger, and which even leads to terrible results, and yet is sinless, because under the control of a well-ordered mind. St. Chrysostom says: "He that is angry without cause, sins; but he who has sufficient cause, sins not. *Nam si ira non fuerit nec doctrina proficit nec judicia stant—nec crimina compescuntur.*"

Such was the indignation of Moses, "the meekest of men." He saw an Egyptian strike one of the Hebrews, his brethren . . . he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand. And again, "When he came nigh to the camp he saw the calf and the dances, and, being very angry, he threw the tables out of his hand and broke them at the foot of the mount . . . and standing in the gate of the camp he said: If any man be on the Lord's side let him join with me; and all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him, and he said to them, Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel; put every man his sword upon his thigh; go and return from gate to gate through the midst of the camp, and let every man kill his brother and friend and neighbor. And the sons of Levi did according to the words of Moses, and there were slain that day about three and twenty thousand men." And yet what says the Holy Ghost? "Moses was a man exceeding meek above all men that dwelt upon earth." Such again was the noble indignation of Mathathias . . . "a priest of the sons of Joarib;" for when "there came a certain Jew in the sight of all to sacrifice to the idols upon the altar in the city of Modin, according to the king's commandment. And Mathathias saw and was grieved, and his veins trembled, and his wrath was kindled *according to the judgment of the law*, and running upon him he slew him upon the altar." We can go far higher for an illustration of the word of the Psalmist, "Be ye angry and sin not." "And Jesus went up to Jerusalem; and He found in the temple them that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting. And when He had made as it were a scourge of little cords, He drove them all out of the temple . . . and the money of the changers He poured

out, and the tables He overthrew." But in all these and the like examples, a high and perfect motive of reason governed and directed the acts; as in Moses, the inspiration of God; in Mathathias, the "judgment of the law;" and in our blessed Lord, a devouring zeal for the glory and honor of His Father's house. There is then, as you perceive, a good and a bad anger; an anger justifiable and unjustifiable. Hence Aristotle says, "He is worthy of praise or of blame, who is sometimes angry." When is anger sinful, when is it not? It is sinful, first, when we desire vindication or revenge for its own sake, and not for the lawful end of correction of our neighbor; or when we wish to see the innocent punished or to have excessive punishment inflicted on the guilty; or when we wish to subvert the legitimate order and course of justice; in a word, when the desire is contrary to right reason. Secondly, anger is sinful when the motion or excitement is allowed to become too vehement, so as to be rage, either internal or external, for thus it takes the place of reason; and St. Gregory the Great says, "All care must be taken lest anger, which should be the handmaid of virtue, be allowed to predominate in the mind; lest she should become mistress, who, like an obedient servant, should stand behind reason." But no passion more completely destroys reason, as we have seen, than inordinate and sinful anger; nay, more, it deforms even the exterior man, making him like to a demon; hence St. John Chrysostom says, "Nothing is more frightful than the face of an infuriated man;" for, says St. Gregory, quoting indeed from Seneca, "The excited heart throbs—the body trembles—the senseless tongue pours forth incoherent words—the inflamed countenance fires with rage—the furious eyes sparkle again!" and, concludes the mild philosopher, "What must the angry soul be whose external image is so foul and deformed!"

Glories of meekness.

If such be anger, how high and glorious must that virtue be which conquers, moderates, and restrains it—which either represses it altogether, so as to preserve perfect peace of soul and body, or permits it to rise only as far as reason permits or demands, and thus makes a virtue of what may be so hideous a vice—and such is meekness. Many persons, particularly the young, look upon meekness as something unnecessary and superfluous—a virtue of the cloister, or of females, and of the old. And thus blinded and

misled, they allow an evil, impetuous temper and passion to enslave them. And yet, surely, there is no virtue more manly or ennobling than that which enables a man to govern himself and his own passions. How can a man rule others who is unable to rule himself? how can a man associate with others who is powerless and unable to live with his own soul in peace? He truly is fitted to be an *Anax Andrōn*—a king of men—who has learned by meekness to keep the little kingdom of his own soul and body in the proper order of subjection to reason. Every virtue is a power—the very word virtue means power; and what is more terrible in its power than meekness? We admire the strength of Samson, quietly turning aside into the vineyard and tearing the lion as he would have torn a kid in pieces: far more wonderful is the strength of him who can seize the demon of anger, and chain him down as the archangel chained Lucifer. St. Thomas asks the question whether meekness be the greatest of moral virtues? After some distinctions he answers: “In one sense, meekness has a peculiar excellence amongst the virtues; for as anger, on account of its impetuosity and suddenness, deprives the soul (more than any other passion) of freedom and of the power of judgment, so meekness, which governs anger, preserves unto man (beyond all other virtues) the possession of himself;” hence Ecclesiasticus saith, “My son, keep thy soul in meekness and give it honor according to its deserts. Who will justify him that sinneth against his own soul? Who will honor him that dishonoreth his own soul?” How powerless is the angry man when he is confronted by one who holds his soul and his temper in meekness! How futile was the rage of the Pharisees and priests in presence of the meekness of Jesus Christ! We have seen how far this virtue contributes to our natural perfection; let us now consider its supernatural excellence. The perfection of man in the supernatural order of grace is to be made like to the Lord Jesus Christ, by grace here—by glory hereafter. “Those whom He foreknew and predestinated to be made conformable to the image of His Son, the same also He called, and whom He called the same also He justified, and whom He justified the same also He glorified.” The resemblance of grace here reveals itself in virtues, and foremost of these is meekness, because our divine Lord Himself puts it first, saying, Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart.”



THE CHURCH.

[Sermon delivered in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, Rome, on the Second Sunday of Advent, 1865.]

Text.—The Epistle of the day, Romans xv. 4–13.



FAITH, as we have seen, is an absolute, firm, immutable belief in all that God has revealed, of which the sole motive is the truthfulness of God. Being such, it must, of necessity, as we have seen, be simple, firm, universal, and courageous; and in this day's sermon I engaged to prove that the Holy Roman Catholic Church was the only true messenger of God, in that in her only do we find these four essential qualities of true faith.

But it may be asked, Where is the necessity of a Church at all? Have we not the Scriptures, in which God has given us all that he has revealed? What do you mean by a Church? What are the duties and functions of a Church? What grounds have you for calling on us to admit the existence and authority of such an institution? All these questions must be answered before you say a single word on the peculiar claims or arguments of the Church Catholic.

First. What is the definition of a Church? A Church is a living body or congregation, united together by a common belief in the same doctrines, by having the same rites and usages, and by admitting the same government and authority. These three are necessary in the very idea of a Church. A common belief, else there can be no real and interior union. The same rites and usages, else there can be no exterior union; and one government and authority, without which no society, human or divine, can possibly exist. The definition of the Catholic Church is, "The congregation of all the faithful—believing the

same truths—having the same sacraments and sacrifices, and under one and the same visible head.”

Second. What are the duties and functions of a Church? They are, my brethren, principally to preserve unity of doctrine, that all “be of one mind;” holiness and purity of doctrine, “that with one mind and one mouth all may glorify God;” catholicity of doctrine, which means universality—by teaching “all truth,” and to all peoples, to Jew and Gentile, in every clime, from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof, making known the name of Jesus Christ, and apostolicity of doctrine, *i. e.*, doctrine handed down from the Apostles in an unbroken chain, and guaranteed by their power and jurisdiction, equally and connectedly transmitted to their successors. The duties and functions of a Christian Church, if there be such an institution, are naturally and necessarily to teach men what to believe and what to do; what to practise and what to avoid; to prepare them for heaven and for God; to make them in mind and in action, Christians—friends of God, and worthy to be admitted into His kingdom.

Third. But it may be said, Where is the necessity of this Church, or living teaching authority, as you call it? Have we not the written law and word of God, preserving His revealed word, and pointing out the path of holiness and salvation; in a word, doing the very things that you say fall within the duties and functions of the Church? To this I answer, True, we have the written word of God. But no society is or ever has been founded on a written code, without a living authoritative voice to explain and enforce it. The written word does not explain itself. If left to itself, it is interpreted according to the different judgments, whims, caprices of its readers; and being thus varied and changed, it practically ceases to be the voice of God, which is unchangeable—the way of salvation, which is one and not many—the rule of faith, which must be firm and authoritative. God has, therefore, placed this written revealed word in the hands of the Church, lest “the unlearned and unstable wrest it to their own destruction.” Again, although all that is in the Scriptures is revealed truth, still it is not the whole truth. It pleased Almighty God to reveal many truths to the Church, which are not found expressly stated in the Scriptures. Hence, although the written word is the principal portion of

the Christian's rule of faith, it is not all the rule. The true and entire rule of faith, is the word of God revealed—written and unwritten; for we are told by the Apostle (2 Thess. ii. 14) that “we must stand fast, and hold the traditions which we have learned, whether by word or by epistle,” *i. e.*, writing. All that is written in Scripture is good and true, “profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice;” but nowhere in the Scriptures do we find a single word to justify us in asserting that the Bible alone is the rule of faith. The existence of the Christian Church, therefore, is a necessity. First, to preserve and interpret the written word, to teach men its true meaning, which is one, holy, unchangeable as the mind of God, which it expresses. Second, the Church is a necessity, to preserve and teach us the revelation which we have received, not by writing but by word; to guard in all their purity those sacred traditions and truths which she received from her Lord and His Apostles, “which, if they were written, every one (says St. John), the world, itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written.” For, as we are told in the Acts of the Apostles, our Lord continued “for forty days appearing to them and speaking of the Kingdom of God,” whereby is meant the Holy Church.

But if we had no other proof of the necessity of an authoritative voice to explain the sacred text of Scripture, would not our own experience show us this necessity? Behold the numberless opinions, and religious sects, and absurd systems of belief and practice which have sprung up wherever the voice of the Church is not heard and received. So great is their number, so bitter their mutual hatred, so absurd their pretensions and practices, so miserably vain and narrow-minded their spirit, that they would bring Christianity into contempt, if they were not confronted by the True Church, the Mighty Catholic Mother of the faithful, who upholds the divine word in all its unchanging majesty of truth, and in all its beauty of holiness.

Having thus seen what a Church means, what are its duties and functions, and what its necessity, we come to the grand question, Is the existence of such a Church—One—Holy—Catholic—Apostolical—contemplated in Scripture, and where is she to be found? I answer, that such a Church is clearly recognized in Scripture, and that she is to be found only in that congregation

which has never changed her faith nor failed in doctrine; which teaches all righteousness, to the exclusion of the least sin; which is to be found everywhere, and which can trace her power and jurisdiction to the Apostles; that is, the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

The unity of the Church is recognized in Scripture, for, says the Apostle, we have "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all;" wherefore he commands them to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. Here, St. Paul compares the oneness of faith to that of God, and as God is necessarily and essentially one, so faith is also one. And in the wonderfully beautiful and touching prayer of Jesus Christ for His Church, the first grace He asked of His Father was this unity. "These things Jesus spoke, and lifting up His eyes to heaven He said, Holy Father, keep them in My name whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one, as we also are. . . . I have given them Thy word I have manifested Thy name to the men whom Thou hast given Me and they have kept Thy word. . . . Sanctify them in truth. Thy word is truth. As Thou hast sent Me into the world, I also send them into the world. And for them do I sanctify Myself, that they also may be sanctified in truth. And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me. That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them, that they may be one, as we also are one." (John xvii.) Now, it cannot be argued that Christ here prayed only for the union of charity amongst all who profess Christianity, for He speaks of being one in truth—*i. e.*, in faith. Elsewhere, the Apostle speaks of those who profess Christianity, and yet are to be shunned. "Now, I beseech you, brethren, to mark those who make dissensions and offences, contrary to the doctrines which you have learnt, and to avoid them," "for your obedience is published in every place. I rejoice, therefore, in you." Now, if we are told to avoid a man, how can we be said to be one with him? Nay, more, the Apostle, in the same place, calls those heretics who, "by pleasing speeches and good words, seduce the hearts of the innocent" from the one doctrine,

Satan; for he says, "May the God of Peace crush Satan under your feet speedily." But are we to be one with Satan? Certainly not. Therefore, I conclude that, although we are to hate no one—nay, we are bound to love all men as our neighbor, even though they differ from us in faith—still, the charity which is to make us one with them in God must be founded in the truth—*i. e.*, in the unity of the one true faith. Thus do we clearly see that the Church recognized in Scripture has the mark of unity set upon her, whereby men may know that she is from God.

The next great feature of the Christian Church, recognized in Scripture, is holiness. Holiness is twofold—holiness of doctrine, and holiness of life and practice. Both belong to the Church. Her teaching must be holy. Now, holiness of doctrine means, first, the exclusion of all that is sinful, even in the least degree; second, the inculcation and enforcing of all that is most perfect in holiness. The Church cannot tolerate, much less teach, the least thing that is sinful, for Christ, says the Apostle to the Ephesians, "loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish;" as was written of this spouse of God, "Thou art all fair, oh, my beloved, and there is no stain in thee." The Church must not only be free from the least sinfulness in her doctrine, but she must also teach and inculcate all that is most perfect in holiness. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect;" for, says the Apostle, "We preach, admonishing every man, and teaching every man in *all* wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." (Col. i.) No feature, therefore, of holiness, can be neglected or put aside in the teaching of God's Church. But that which she teaches she must also exhibit in her life, for Christ our Lord describes her to us as the "salt of the earth and the light of the world;" and He continued: "A city seated on a mountain cannot be hid, neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all that are in the house. So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven." (Matt. v.) The mark of holiness must therefore be found, not only in the teaching of Christ's Church, but must be also found embodied in her life, cherished in her, and made a

part of her visible self. She must be not only the preacher of sanctity, but the mother of saints. All that is high and heroic and most perfect must not only find a place in her teaching, but must belong to her life and form her spirit. She must “minister in her faith, virtue, and in virtue, knowledge, and in knowledge, abstinence, and in abstinence, patience, and in patience, godliness, and in godliness, love of brotherhood, and in love of brotherhood, charity”—“in all manner of conversation holy, because it is written, you shall be holy, for I am holy.” (Peter, i, 16.) Thus do we behold how the Church of Christ must be holy in faith and in morals, in doctrine and in life.

The Church contemplated in Scripture must, moreover, be universal. The Jewish Church was founded for a particular people; it might be called a national Church—the Church of Israel. It, moreover, was not destined to last forever, but only for a time. The Church described by our Lord in the new law was a contrast to the Jewish Church in both these respects. It was to be universal as to place and perpetual as to time. Universal as to place. Its doctrines were for all mankind. “And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world, for a testimony to all nations.” (Matt. xxiv. 14.) “And He said to them, Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” (Mark xvi.) Behold, again, from St. Matthew, the Church’s Catholicity—*i. e.*, universality of doctrine: “And Jesus spoke to them, saying, All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.” In these words of Jesus Christ the Church is described as universal in place, in doctrine, and in time.

Finally, the Church of Christ is described to us in Scripture as having power and jurisdiction. “As the Father sent me, so I send you,” says Jesus Christ; but the Father sent Him with power: “the people were in admiration at His doctrine, for He was teaching them as one having power, and not as their Scribes and Pharisees;” therefore He also sent His Apostles with power: “and having called His twelve disciples together, He gave them power;” and St. Luke: “then calling together the twelve

Apostles, He gave them power and authority." And what manner of power did He give them? Even His own power. My brethren, "the Son of Man hath power to forgive sin;" and to them He said, "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." But, my brethren, power and authority are commissions from God. They must, therefore, be transmitted by the act of those who have received them from God. There must, therefore, be in the Christian Church an actual, clear, living connection with the Apostles. The power which the Son of God received from the Father, He gave to these Apostles for the salvation of men. It did not expire with these Apostles (else the work of salvation would have been interrupted and destroyed), but was handed down by them to their successors in the ministry, as we gather from many parts of the Scripture (notably from St. Paul's first Epistle to Timothy, chapters iii. and iv.). It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that the men who exercise that power and jurisdiction to-day, be able to prove to us that they are the legitimate descendants of the Apostles; that they come down from them in unbroken line, of succession uninterrupted, of doctrine unchanged, of power always exercised, and jurisdiction always claimed. If the line be broken, even in one single point, the hidden spirit, the sacramental power, is gone, even as the electric flash dies, and is lost forever, when the conducting wire is broken even in one smallest point; if one link in the chain of apostolical succession be wanting, heaven and earth are separate once more; the man who teaches and guides is only a vain pretender; he who says that he can forgive sin is a blasphemer; "the silver cord is broken, and the golden fillet shrinks back . . . the dust returns into its earth whence it was," powerless for all healing and divine purposes; "and the spirit," once so fully and freely poured out, "returns to the God who gave it."

We thus clearly see that *a Church, one, holy, Catholic, and Apostolic*, is contemplated, recognized, and described to us in the Scriptures.



THE INCARNATION.

[Sermon delivered in the Catholic University, Dublin, on the Fourth Sunday of Advent, 1864.]

“And all flesh shall see the salvation of God.” (Luke iii. 6.)

THE salvation of which the Evangelist speaks was accomplished in the wonderful mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God. For four thousand years the world was sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. “The hand of the Lord was not shortened that it could not save, neither was His ear heavy that it could not hear.” “But your iniquities (said the prophet) have divided between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you.” And they looked for judgment, and there was none; for salvation, and it was far from them. Meantime, the prophets sighed and prayed for the coming of Him who was the expectation of nations, and who should bring salvation. “For Sion’s sake I will not hold my peace, and for the sake of Jerusalem I will not rest, till her Just One come forth as brightness, and her Saviour be lighted as a lamp. . . . Look down from heaven, O Lord,” he continues, “and behold from Thy holy habitation and the place of Thy glory; where is Thy zeal and Thy strength and the multitude of Thy mercies. . . . Send forth, O Lord, the Lamb, the ruler of the earth . . . to the mount of the daughter of Sion . . . for Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer, from everlasting is Thy name.” And when the fullness of the time was come, “God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son,” who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man. And this is the salvation which all

flesh hath seen, for the Gentiles have walked in His light, and kings in the brightness of His rising. We are now, dearly beloved brethren, in the holy season of Advent, during which Holy Church prepares us by prayer and fasting for the coming of the Son of God made man. It is, therefore, fitting that we should, on this day, turn our minds to the consideration of the great mystery which we commemorate—namely, the Incarnation of the Son of God.

What is the fact commemorated? Man was created by Almighty God in rectitude, in innocence, in justice, and consequently in power. He was made little less than the angels; he was crowned with honor and with glory; but he did not understand he was compared to senseless beasts, and made like to them. He fell from God, and lost all the graces, the innocence, the justice in which he had been created. And in order to restore to him all that he had lost, to raise him up even higher than the point from which he had fallen, God becomes man, takes to Him our humanity, and unites it to Himself in His own divine person. The Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the eternal and adorable Son, "who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man. He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross." "The invisible things of God are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made," says the Apostle; and, concludes St. John Damascus, in the mystery of the Incarnation we clearly see the four great attributes of Almighty God—namely, goodness, wisdom, justice, and power. We behold in this mystery the infinite goodness of Almighty God, for He despised not the lowliness of His own creatures, though fallen, for He took humanity unto Himself. We see the justice of Almighty God, for as man had fallen under the power of the devil and sin and death, it was just that these tyrants should in their turn be crushed and conquered by a man, and this was done by the Man, Jesus Christ, who cast out the devil, who took away the sin of the world, and who, by His death and resurrection, conquered death, so that it can have no more dominion over Him. In the mystery of the Incarnation, continues St. John, we discern the supreme wisdom of Almighty God, who, in His own

person, paid in most fitting manner a debt which was infinite ; and finally, we behold in this mystery the power of God, for nothing can be greater than that God should become man. But not only do we see the divine attributes in the mystery of our Lord's Incarnation, but we find still further, that these very attributes are the reason why the mystery was accomplished. For when St. Thomas wishes to prove that it was fitting that God should become man, he grounds his argument on the infinite goodness of God ; for, says the Angelic Doctor, whatever belongs to the nature of any person or thing is fitting for it, as it is fitting that man should reason because it belongs to his nature. Now, it is in the very nature of goodness that it should communicate itself to others ; therefore it is the very nature of supreme goodness that it should communicate itself in a supreme—that is, in a most intimate manner. But what communication can be more intimate than that which we find in our Lord's Incarnation, when, to use the words of St. Augustine, He so joined to Himself our created nature that one person was the union of three things—the Eternal Word, the human soul, and human flesh. Therefore, concludes the master, it was fitting that God should be made man. O Almighty God, infinite in mercy, in wisdom, in power, it is easy for us now to say it was fitting that Thou shouldst come to us, and that Thou shouldst raise us up to Thee ; but had not Thy mercy and Thine infinite love prompted Thee to do this, what mind could have conceived it as possible, what daring intelligence could have imagined it ? The Angelic Doctor goes on to ask, was it necessary that God should be made man ? To this St. Augustine answers, that certainly other means were not wanting by which the omnipotence of God might have restored our fallen humanity, but that no other means was so admirably suited to the end of healing our infirmity and misery as the Incarnation of the Son of God. When we consider what is required of man in order to his eternal happiness, we shall understand better this saying of St. Augustine. First, then, Almighty God demands of man faith, hope, and charity, for, says the Apostle, “without faith it is impossible to please God,” and elsewhere he says, “for we are saved by hope,” and again, “if I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, . . . and if I should know all mysteries and all knowledge, . . .

and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Now, man is assisted in the exercise of these three necessary virtues by the Incarnation of the Son of God. First, in faith, for through this mystery God Himself comes to us, remains in the midst of us, and instructs us in our faith with His own words. Wherefore, St. Augustine observes, "in order that man might walk more confidently towards truth, the Eternal Truth Himself, taking our human nature, establishes in His own person and grounds our faith." In hope, which is raised up and strengthened by this mystery. "Nothing was so necessary," says St. Augustine, "in order to strengthen our hope, than that man should know how much God loved him;" for this love and mercy of God is the groundwork of our hope. "But what greater sign of love could God give us than to take to Him our nature and espouse our humanity." And, therefore, when the same great father would assign the first great reason that moved Almighty God to this, he says that it was charity—a charity not merely burning in the heart of our Creator, but a charity which would extend itself to our hearts also; for, says the saint, "what greater cause can be given for the coming of our Lord than that He should reveal His love in us." Man had become the slave of his senses, which led him away from God; and behold, God, yearning for the love of this fallen creature, presents Himself to us in sensible shape, that we might be led to love Him. Man had filled his heart with the love of creatures, thereby forgetting God and salvation; and behold God, longing for the possession of that heart of man, becomes a creature, that so He might entice us to love Him. But, besides the three theological virtues, man required also to be instructed in moral virtues, and in order to this, God would give us His own infallible example, thereby to guide us in the fulfillment of the moral law and the precepts of virtue. Before His coming, mankind was led away by the false maxims of an ungodly wisdom. They followed the schools and studied the lives of philosophers who, by word and example, set up a false standard of moral virtue, and who were as "blind men leading the blind." They could not be followed with safety; "their end was destruction." Man, says St. Augustine, was not to be followed, who could be seen and heard. God was to be followed, but he could not be seen. In order, then, that man might have one whom he could

see and hear as man, and whom he could follow as God, the Lord God Himself became man." Oh, wonderful work of condescending love and mercy!

But the love of God for man in the Lord's Incarnation does not stop here. By uniting our nature to Himself, He communicates to it the full participation of His divinity, which is the very supreme blessedness of man and the great end of human life; so that, by the mystery of the Incarnation, we are made "partakers of the divine nature," for, says St. Augustine, "God became man, that man might become God;" according to the words of the Psalmist, "I have said you are Gods." The extraordinary dignity thus conferred upon mankind, arises out of the hypostatical or personal union of our nature with the divine nature in Him. Man is made up of body and soul, and from the union of body and soul—of spirit and matter—results a human person. Now, our blessed Lord, in His Incarnation, took a human body and a human soul, with all their distinct faculties and powers; and yet, from the union of these two elements there did not result a human person, as in the case of all other creatures, but at the moment of His divine conception, the Word—the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity—substituted His own divine person for the human; so that, although there was a human body formed from the most pure blood of the Virgin Mother, and a human soul created by the breath of God—yet the fruit of Mary's womb was not a human but a divine person. Therefore is she truly the Mother of God, because the person who was born of her was divine. In our blessed Redeemer, then, we find all that is God and all that is man united in one person. Hence, there are in Him two natures—the human and the divine—two wills, the divine and the human—two relations, one the eternal, by which He is the Son of God—the other the temporal, by which He is the Son of the ever-blessed Virgin, and yet only one person. And as the actions and sufferings are attributed not to the nature but to the person, therefore the actions and sufferings of our Lord were of infinite value and merit, because the person who acted and suffered was divine. By this personal union God so united to Him our humanity as that He espoused it for ever, making it as it were a portion of Himself, never again to be separated from Him; so that even when He died upon Calvary, although soul and body were separated for a time, yet the

divinity and humanity remained united, and the angels of heaven adored their God, even when He hung dead upon the cross. And thus, as God and man united, will He come to judge the world, and thus, as God and man united in one person, will He reign in heaven for all eternity, "Jesus Christ yesterday, and to-day, and the same forever." This most intimate union is the effect of God's infinite love for man. God is not satisfied with redeeming, but He will raise up and honor those whom He redeems. "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou shouldst visit him," and the Lord God answers in the adorable mystery of the Incarnation, "Man is something less than My angels—behold, I will make him the angels' king. Man has lost his throne in heaven—behold, I will place him on a throne above the cherubim. Man has become the slave of the devil—behold, I will make the devils bow down and adore him—I will be his Jesus, his Saviour, and at the name of Jesus, every knee shall bend in heaven, and on earth, and in hell. With the Lord there is mercy, and with Him plentiful redemption, so that where sin abounded, grace hath abounded still more. But in order to accomplish this mercy, see what it cost the Eternal Son of God. "He emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant." He, "who, being the brightness of the Father's glory and the figure of His substance, upholding all things by the word of His power . . . sat on the right hand of the majesty on high," came down from that high throne—put away His glory—shrouded His brightness—annihilated His majesty—emptied Himself of His power, and became a servant, a slave—the last and lowliest of a fallen and degraded race. He to whom from all eternity the Father said, "Thou art My Son, to-day have I begotten Thee," becomes the son of an humble, obscure virgin, so that the Jews sneered at His teaching and said, "Is not this the son of Joseph and of Mary?" He of whom it was said in heaven, "Let all the angels of God adore Him," and "thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever," becomes as a worm of the earth, a castaway even amongst men, without a friend to cherish Him, or a place wherein to lay His head. (O God, exclaimed the prophet, who foresaw all this, "who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed—for we have seen Him—despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with in-

firmity." In the year that king Ozias died, says the prophet, "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and elevated; and His train filled the temple. Upon it stood the seraphims; the one had six wings and the other had six wings; with two they covered His face, and with two they covered His feet, and with two they flew. And they cried one to another and said, Holy, Holy, Holy, the Lord God of Hosts, all the earth is full of His glory. And the lintels of the doors were moved at the voice of them that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. And I said, woe is me because . . . I have seen with my eyes the King, the Lord of Hosts." Now, Christians, behold in spirit the poor little trembling babe in the wretched stable at Bethlehem—behold upon Calvary the victim on the cross, despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity. This is the King of heaven, the Lord God of Hosts, whom the prophet saw, and to this has his love for man reduced Him in the adorable mystery of His Incarnation. How then should we not love Him. How should we not deny ourselves for love of Him. How should we not for love of Him restrain our passions, extinguish the lusts of a rebellious flesh, and respect our bodies and the purity of that human nature which is now common to us and to our God, in which, by dishonoring ourselves, we outrage the infinite purity of Jesus Christ, and make the slave of passion, of sin, and of the devil, and of death, that humanity which now reigns in heaven, and which the angels of God adore.





ACTIVITY OF FAITH.

[Sermon delivered in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, Rome, on the Third Sunday of Lent, 1869.]

THE Catholic Church is a puzzle to the world. Men reproach her for her ambition, in desiring the first place, and brooking no rival. Not content with laboring for her own children, she is constantly trying to convert others to her faith, and disturbing the world in her search after proselytes ; thrusting her theology and her disputes under people's noses, distracting men from their business, disturbing the peace and quiet of families, compromising Christian nations with the heathen by the efforts of her missionaries. She won't leave the Chinaman to smoke his opium in peace or the Japanese to hug himself in his isolation, but she must provoke them to acts of cruelty and persecution. She must be building churches, founding missions, establishing orders, spreading convents, fighting, disputing, criticizing, and even anathematizing. The world tries to silence and quiet her, now by contempt, now by threats, now by getting angry and making nasty laws, and yet she will persist in making herself heard and felt. Every now and then, an English or American paper will come out with a cry of alarm : Hallo ! where are we ? These Catholics are going to devour us. Look at England ! Ten years ago there were only so many bishops, so many churches, so many monasteries, and now they are doubled or trebled. Look at America ! Why, we are all going to be made Romans whether we will it or not, etc., etc. Contrast the Catholic Church's perpetual turmoil with the placid quiet of the Oriental Churches. Compare her fierce ambition with the modest bearing of the Church of England, etc. And turning from the Church to individuals,

the world complains that we Catholics are always at work, intriguing as they say—disturbing. Look at these Jesuits—you find them everywhere; we are constantly offended by the sight of Catholic priests, Catholic books, Catholic crucifixes, Catholic nuns. Every one received into the Church seems to be suddenly changed and deteriorated, filled with an unquiet spirit, a longing, a thirst to bring in others. Such a man as a Protestant was a quiet, gentlemanly fellow, not bothering his own head or his friends about religion; doing the genteel thing, going to church on Sunday; but he got bitten by those ritualists, and he's gone over to Rome and gone regularly mad. He's constantly talking about religion, he goes to mass at strange hours in the morning, he can't get on without his priest, men say that he has lost interest in many things, and hint that he is thinking of joining one of the orders and going to get murdered in the Chinese missions, or to kill himself slaving in the slums and hospitals of some great city. On the other hand, we children of the Church, also, are struck with the amazing energy of our mother. We know her to be the oldest institution in the world, yet we see in her no sign of old age. Old age means and brings with it a cessation of growth, a wasting away, a decline of strength, an apathy and neglect of the purposes of life, a second childhood. But the Church is acknowledged, even by her enemies, to be as fresh and vigorous as she was two thousand years ago. She still grows, and the aged mustard-tree puts forth leaf and branch, flower and fruit, in every land. She questions every comer, examines every doctrine, prescribes for every moral disease, denounces and punishes every crime, with as keen an interest and as vital an energy as in the days when the Apostolic Council sat in Jerusalem, when John the Evangelist denounced Cerinthus, when Paul excommunicated the incestuous Corinthian, when Peter preached in Corinth and in Rome. The secret of all this is faith, and it is to this that I invite your attention to-day. Friends admire and enemies decry the activity of the Catholic Church and of her children, but friends and enemies alike admit it. We are accused of many things, but no one dreams of accusing the Church of apathy, of indifference. Nay, our very activity is the foundation for those charges of ambition, of intrigue, of restless zeal, of troublesome intermeddling, etc., which are made against us; and yet, if we reflect upon the nature

of divine faith, we shall find that this very activity is one of its essential attributes, one of the signs whereby it may be known to exist amongst men. For, my brethren, faith, as we have seen, is the image of God, the reflection in the intelligence of man of that truth which is God himself. And consequently, faith must not only be one, as we have seen, because God is essentially One, but it must also be active, because God is pure, essential, and eternal action. God is pure action. "*Deus est actus purus,*" says St. Thomas, the prince of Catholic theologians. This is a high and mysterious saying. Let us consider it. In every being created we find elements of composition or division, but God is simple, essential, and eternal unity. Of creatures, the angels come nearest to God, in that they are pure spirits, and yet even in the angels we find power as distinguished and separated from action. They received the power or capability of loving before they loved, the power of comprehension before they comprehended, etc. But as God is eternal and all perfect, therefore He never began to comprehend or to love, as His very essence and existence is comprehension and love. He never received nor could receive any perfection, as He was from eternity all perfect, and so the very nature and essence of God brings with it of necessity that He is pure action. What an idea does not this give us of the greatness, the infinite perfection of God. "From eternity and of old before the earth was made," before the heavens were established, before the angels were created, during an eternity that had never begun, God, alone, was never for a moment idle or inactive, but ever contemplating, ever loving, infinitely glorified in His own perfection, infinitely happy in the contemplation of Himself.

And when time began with things created, mark how the Almighty God set the stamp on all things of that essential life and action which is His own essence. From the angels down to the humblest form of things that exist, the whole creation teems with motion and life. The planets, the sea, the earth—all moves and lives with its own peculiar life—for motion, spontaneous, is the very definition of life. Whatever moves spontaneously is said to live; but there are many degrees in life, and the more the motion of life is ruled and governed by intelligence, the nearer does that life approach to the essential life, which is God; and so of things on this earth, the life of man is

the highest and the most Godlike, in that man beyond all other beings here, is moved and guided by intellect and the freedom of his will. But, if we are able to perceive so clearly, even in the natural order, and in the universal motion and action of things material, the reflection of that pure essential action, which is the life of God, how much more may we not look for this element of activity, when we pass to the supernatural order, and come still nearer to God. When we consider man no longer in his mere natural resemblance, but in the far higher and more intimate resemblance of divine grace; when we look upon the human intelligence, no longer quickened to vital intellectual action by natural knowledge *only*, but urged and impelled by the supernatural knowledge of all divine things, brought into immediate contact with that divine intelligence, which is an eternal and pure act of comprehension, and in that contact of faith made like to God, who is action itself; here, indeed, may we look for and hope to find in man an element of strength, of endurance, of progress, and untiring action, as far beyond the mere life and motion of nature as the strong light of faith is beyond all mere natural knowledge, as the resemblance of grace is beyond that of nature. To sum up then, the life of God is one eternal, essential, pure, active intelligence. All that lives, moves, and acts (for life is motion and action) so far participates of the essential life of God. Man is said to live with a most perfect life, because intellectual, and so nearer to God in resemblance. Man again is capable of receiving a far higher degree of intellectual resemblance to the divine life of God by faith, which brings him into closest union of intelligence with his Maker; and so we conclude that if God be pure action, *actus purus*, if approach to God by resemblance of life be action, if the nearer we approach to God, the more do we share in the life which is essential action, that virtue which brings us to the highest resemblance with God, the Father of light and intelligence, must also be an element of the highest activity in man, and that virtue is faith. When, therefore, men acknowledge the untiring energy of the Catholic Church when they reproach her for that very zeal and energy, disguising it under the names of ambition, of restlessness, of a spirit of intermeddling, etc., they unconsciously proclaim the note of a divine life infused into the Church by faith. The Catholic Church is the

congregation of all the faithful. She must, therefore, reflect their united life. But the Apostle tells us that the just man lives by faith, *i. e.*, faith is the principle of his supernatural life, the root of justification, *ergo*, the faith is the life of the Church. But as the definition of life is motion, and the proof of life is action, it follows that the faith which is the Church's life must ever move her forward, and prove its existence by constant and powerful action on the world. And unto this did Jesus Christ institute His Church, and place her in this world, that she might "go forth unto her work and to her labor until the evening." That she might toil and "bear the burden of the day and the heat," still energetically doing the work of Him who sent her, after His own divine example, who said, "the Father worketh even until now, and I work." And the Church's work in this world is nothing more than the continuation of Christ's own life and work. She must preach and teach at all times, "in season and out of season," for "He was teaching daily in the temple," and He commanded her to "teach all nations and to preach the Gospel to every creature." And so the Church, which sent the Apostles and their successors to the ends of the earth, sends forth her preachers and missionaries as vigorously to-day as she did in the days of old, when Thomas, the Apostle, penetrated to farthest India, when Paul disputed at Athens, when Dionysius, the Areopagite, converted the Northern Gauls, later on, when Patrick brought the word to a land which the all-conquering Roman had never seen, when the children of Patrick spread the faith amongst the islands of the northern seas, preached the Gospel to the wild sons of the German forests, brought back into Italy itself, the land whence they had received their Apostle, new forms of Christian holiness and grace. The Church is as vigorous to-day as when she sent Augustine to England, as when St. Hyacinth penetrated into the fastnesses of Red Russia and Tartary, as when her missionaries followed in the wake of the discoverers of another world, crossing the trackless and unknown ocean to gain souls to Christ. Every land has heard her voice, and hears it still, "*in omnium terram,*" etc. She has been at all times persecuted, she is persecuted everywhere to-day. Fiercely persecuted, robbed, plundered, proscribed, put to death, in Russia, in Sweden, Denmark, Norway, in many parts of Ger-

many, in Italy, Spain, Portugal, in China and Japan, in Mexico and South America; fettered by unjust laws or barely tolerated in England, Ireland, France, Austria, Prussia, Turkey, North America. The whole world is against her, yet it cannot silence the voice which Christ commanded to speak, and to speak loudly, unto the end of all time. In times past her missionaries landed on the shores of persecuting England, only to encounter certain imprisonment, exile, or death. To-day the same missionaries are thrown upon the coast of China or Japan, to plant the mustard-seed, if only in one heart, and then die and fertilize it with their blood. And how strange that the nations should fear one so weak, whose only shield is faith, whose only weapon is "the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God;" should fear her, and yet take from her mouth the word of faith which she preaches, and which is so opposed to the natural instincts and passions of man. For the Church will not conceal nor soften down nor modify one iota of her message of truth. She cannot compromise with any age or people, no matter what she lose or gain. Christ, our Lord, might have got on much better with the Scribes and Pharisees, if He winked at their sins and was silent. Had He been a false prophet, He would have done so, as Balaam did with Balac, the son of Sephor. Or He would have escaped the furious jealousy of Herod, the timorous fears of Pilate, had He denied His kingly dignity or concealed it. The people would not have taken up stones to cast at Him, had He compromised the assertion of His divinity. So, in like manner, the Church would have avoided much persecution if she compromised with Constantius or other Greek emperors the question of consubstantiality, with Paleologus the question of images, if she ceded to Russia the question of the primacy, if she had permitted to Frederick of Germany the right of investiture, or had winked at the adultery of Henry the Eighth of England.

The second feature of Christ's work, and evidence of the life that was in Him, was the virtue that went out from Him unto all, healing both soul and body, "*virtus de illo exibat et sanabat omnes.*" Instance the paralytic man: "Thy sins are forgiven thee," "take up thy bed and walk."

And here again we behold the energy of unfailing life in the Holy Catholic Church. In the administration of the seven sac-

raments, she is ever seeking to purify, to save, to sanctify society and the individual. As her zeal for the preaching of the faith is stirred up in her, from her knowledge of its necessity, so her untiring zeal in the ministration of the sacraments arises out of her knowledge of the necessity of divine grace.

For truly these are the two great wants of our age—faith and divine grace. Our age abounds in learning, well diffused, and science brought home to the people through a thousand channels. But learning and science are not faith, and the sin of our age lies in failing to see that no knowledge, however extended or profound, can be incompatible with the simple obedient bowing down of the intelligence to divine truth and to the voice of its messenger. Faith is the queen of all science: in the loftiness of its object, which is God; in the certainty of its knowledge, which rests on the truth of God; in the manner of acquiring it, which is by gift and revelation of God; and yet the studious man of our day who spends his life in the pursuit of truth, rejects the primary truth of all, and, imposing upon his intellect a burden which it was never intended or designed to bear, seeks to arrive by reason at that which can only be attained by listening to the voice of authority, the true knowledge of God and of all that He has revealed to man. A man who would not think of appealing to his reason, but to authority, to prove the existence of China and the manners and customs of the Chinese, must, forsooth, repudiate authority and appeal only to his reason to discover and to prove the things of heaven and the dealings of Almighty God. “But faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God,” and, therefore, the Catholic Church will speak “in season and out of season” the word by which alone men can be saved, the word which she alone possesses, “the word of God, the word of faith which we preach.” She asks no man to believe her until she has proved her mission, for “how shall they preach unless they be sent?” That mission she proves by tracing in an unbroken chain of doctrine and jurisdiction the power she possesses to-day up to the day when the hands of Christ were upon the head of Peter. Not a single link in that chain is wanting; and the preacher and teacher in the Catholic Church is sent by Pius, who is of Gregory, who was of Pius, who was of Leo, and so on from one to another until we say

who was of Clement, who was of Cletus, who was of Linus, who was of Peter, who was of Christ, who was of God.

It is no self-commissioned pretender whose voice we hear when we listen to the words of the Catholic Church. Mission is the test of authority, and that mission the Catholic Church alone possesses and can prove. What wonder, then, that her voice should be ever heard, since it is her destiny to lift up that voice to instruct and warn men and nations. What wonder that with an energy which the world calls restlessness and ambition, but which we know to be inseparable from divine life, she addresses herself to us on all questions of faith and morality, and will permit no man to be lost until she has wearied him with her importunities to be saved. With the same constancy and energy with which she appeals to those without to be enlightened, does she appeal to her own children to be sanctified. To every Catholic sinner she cries without ceasing, "Return to the Lord thy God," "Confess thy sins and give glory to God," "Come and eat of the bread and drink of the wine which I have mixed for you." Her priests are constantly in her confessionals and on her altars. The burden of her message is, "Arise and walk as children of the light;" and if her own children refuse to hearken to the voice of the sanctifier, they are as far from salvation as the man in the outer darkness who refuses the light, and they, the children of the kingdom, shall behold strangers entering in and sitting down with Abraham and Isaac and the prophets, whilst they shall be cast into outer darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Oh, my beloved, to you I say "that have obtained equal faith with us employing all care, minister in your faith virtue, and in virtue knowledge, and in knowledge abstinence, and in abstinence patience, and in patience godliness, and in godliness love of brotherhood, and in love of brotherhood charity. For if these things be with you and abound, they will make you to be neither empty nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."



MUSIC IN CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

[Sermon preached at the opening of an organ in the church of Our Lady the Star of the Sea, Dublin, on Sunday, September 4th, 1859.]

THE Holy Father tells us that the good Samaritan, mentioned in this day's Gospel, is a figure of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer, the Restorer, the Comforter; and the poor wounded man whom He found by the way-side signifies our human nature, which He came to heal, and which he found by the way-side robbed and despoiled of its highest gifts, lying prostrate after its fall, and unable to rise, wounded and bleeding from the effects of sin, and dying the death which knew no hope of future joy, but only opened upon eternal sorrow. And our Lord Jesus Christ bent Him down over this wounded man, and approached near to him, when He took upon Himself our nature. He examined the wounds and bound them up, pouring in wine and oil, and thus giving comfort, and infusing new life and strength through the very wounds themselves, from which man's life-blood had been flowing. He touched the heart; He restored strength and animation to the soul; He gave back life, by applying Himself to the body—nay, more, to those very parts of the body which were most deeply wounded. Thus the wounds which before were the cause of death, become now the occasion of life; they, from which the heart's blood was flowing away, are now made the channels through which the life-restoring wine and oil are received; and man is saved by means of the very wounds through which he was lost. There is a mystery in all this. It is not without reason that the holy fathers so unanimously apply to our blessed Redeemer the parable of "The Good Samaritan." They saw in this parable a faithful representation

of God's dealing with man in the great work of redemption. For, my brethren, man fell from God by means of his senses; he preferred the pleasures of sense and sensible things to God's holy law; and when Almighty God punished man for his sin—depriving him of original grace and innocence—the curse fell largely upon those very senses which rebelled against reason, which became man's greatest obstacle and curse, leading him away from the service, and even the knowledge of the true God, and plunging him into every abyss of crime and error. Man's sense was changed. The eye of unfallen man was pure, “and they were both naked, to wit, Adam and his wife, and were not ashamed.” He looked upon the face of God and conversed with Him. The ear of unfallen man rejoiced at hearing the voice of God, and listened with rapture to the harmonious music of the angels in the groves of Eden; but after his fall he said to the Lord, “I heard thy voice, and I was afraid.” And in course of time, still led away by the senses, “they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of corruptible man, and of birds, and of fourfooted beasts, and of creeping things;” and this because “God had delivered them up to reprobate sense.” Man's senses, then, were the great open wounds through which his soul was destroyed, and his true life taken away. But when the Lord Jesus came—the Good Samaritan—He poured the oil and wine of His grace into man's soul through those very senses; He applied Himself to the wounds of man; and, therefore, faith, which is the root of justification, comes by hearing; and sacramental grace, by which alone we can be saved, is infused into the soul by the external agency of sensible things. The very nature of man requires this; for such is the intimate moral union of soul and body in man, that it is impossible to reach the soul save through the senses of the body; if you wish to influence the mind of man, and touch his heart either for good or evil, you must appeal to his bodily senses. God Himself respects His own divine disposition in this regard, making the senses the ordinary channels of His highest graces; and the Church of God—the only true interpreter of His will—whose mission it is to raise fallen man up to God, to purify and to preserve his soul, and to make him perfect by charity, makes use of everything that strikes and captivates the senses, in order, thereby, to reach man's soul, to touch his

heart, and to offer to God the homage of the entire creature, as well of the body as of the soul. This will explain to us why the Catholic Church uses so much of external grandeur in her ceremonies. The lights and ornaments of the altar, the vestments of the priests, the smoke of incense, the pealing notes of the organ, the lofty dome, the graceful arch, the pictures and statues—all these things are intended by the Church as means whereby to reach the hearts and souls of her children, by instructing, ennobling, touching, and captivating their senses. Now, the mission of the Church in this world is to win man to God; in order to do this she must take him as he is, and treat him according to his nature, leading him up from natural things to supernatural—from sensible things to spiritual—from the things that are made to the invisible things of God, and to a knowledge of “His eternal power and divinity.” She must turn to God all the powers of man’s soul, all the affections of his heart; and therefore she seizes upon all that is beautiful in this world, and makes it subservient to this great end. Hence, the fine arts have always found their most generous protection, as they found their highest inspiration, in the Catholic Church. Painting and sculpture were exclusively hers until the heretical spirit of the sixth century turned them to the sinful service of this world, and then they fell, nor found in their wretched imitations of Paganism anything that could make up to them for the fair Christianity which they had abandoned. But painting and sculpture, after all, can hardly be called the offspring of the Church, though she consecrated, refined, and exalted them. They flourished in ancient times, and Greece and Rome beheld them in all their glory. But there is another of the fine arts which God seems to have consecrated in a peculiar manner to the services of the sanctuary, and which may be said to be especially the child of the Church, and this is music. Thus we read, that when King David brought the ark of God into the city of Sion, “he spoke to the chiefs of the Levites to appoint some of their brethren to be singers, with musical instruments—to wit, on psalteries, and harps, and cymbals, that the joyful noise might resound on high;” and, again, when Solomon consecrated the temple, we are told how “the Levites, with their sons and their brethren, sounded with cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, and with them one hundred and twenty priests

sounding with trumpets; so when they all sounded together, both with trumpets, and voice, and cymbals, and organs, and with divers kinds of musical instruments, and lifted up their voice on high, the sound was heard afar off, so that when they began to praise the Lord, and to say, 'Give glory to the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever;' the house of God was filled with a cloud." And so for succeeding ages the sound of cymbal and organ, and the voice of the singers, was heard in the great temple of Jerusalem; but when temple and nation were alike destroyed, and the sorrowful Jeremias wept over their ruin, this was the burthen of his song; "The ancients have ceased from the gates, the young men from the choir of the singers; therefore is our heart sorrowful, therefore are our eyes become dim." And when the Church, the great civilizer of the world, came to build up society, and to restore civilization upon the ruins of the times and things which had passed away, she found amongst the relics of ancient society masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture, but of their music they had left us nothing save a dim and obscure tradition. But as music is pre-eminently the science of the soul, Christianity, which opened to man's soul its proper object, thereby exalting and enlarging the soul, soon awoke the inspiration of music, and in the dim catacombs strains were heard which ravished with delight even Pagan ears, for, whilst organs pealed, Cecilia's angelic voice was heard, and they sang to the Lord a new canticle, and His praise was in the Church of the saints. And when persecution had ceased, and the Church had come forth from the catacombs to spread herself over the earth, new forms of beauty appeared in all the arts, and Christian music was so sweet as to penetrate, as St. Augustine relates of himself, the hearts, and move the souls of its hearers. But a great revolution was at hand. Millions of barbarians swept down from the North of Europe and Asia, destroying all before them. They swept away the last vestiges of ancient Paganism and ancient civilization, and there was only one power able to resist them, and finally to absorb them into itself—and that was the Christian Church, which converted and civilized them. In those days of ruin and calamity the arts and sciences, as well as ancient literature, were saved by the Church; they took refuge in her bosom, and for a thousand years they found a home in

her cloisters. Then the painter, and the architect, and the musician, as well as the profound scholar and man of letters, were all centred in the monk. Then did Pope St. Gregory, himself a monk, produce those plaintive, yet majestic chants, which bear his name; then did the loud hosanna roll through the long-drawn aisles which the architect brothers had built, and the full tide of sacred song swelled through those wonderful mediæval churches and cloisters, whose very ivied ruins still command our admiration, and move us to tears. And there the tired Crusader, exhausted after his Eastern wars, would refresh his soul with holy song, and at the midnight hour would come the proud, fierce baron to matins, and there hearken to the tender notes of the organ, so skillfully touched by the Benedictine's hand, till, in the very depths of his soul, he would be moved to the humility of Christian sorrow and the heroism of Christian forgiveness. Thus far, music, in the hands of the Church, was turned to its highest and holiest end; but when, in the sixteenth century, the heretical spirit of the age encroached upon the domain of the Church, this noble science was also debased, and directed to other and inferior purposes. It received many great developments, it is true, but they were all for this world, and not for God. The cymbal and harp were no longer used only to kindle in men's souls high and holy emotions; the sweetness of the human voice sang no longer exclusively of God; the music of earth ceased to be the echo of the harmony of heaven; and mere pleasure of sense, and the kindling of human passion and bad desire, and the celebration of worldly greatness, and often the representation of sin and shame, has become the end and aim of this noble and heaven-born art. All the power of music has remained, but it has become worldly, and, therefore, is penetrated with the curse wherewith the world was cursed. It is, at the present day, one of the most powerful instruments in the hands of the devil to lead souls into the dissipation and vanity of this wicked world. But, amid all this evil, there is one musical instrument which remained faithful to its grand calling, nor lent itself to the frivolities, and that, indeed, the prince of musical instruments of modern times—and this is the organ. Of all other instruments the organ was (if I may use the phrase) born in the Church, and for Church purposes; and from its very formation, and the solemnity of its

beauty, the world has not been able to tear it from the sanctuary. It disdains to lend itself to the world's light-polish purposes; its voice is not heard in the gilded theatre or bright saloon; but its grand, inspiring notes mingle now, as of old, with the prayer and the sacrifice, and are borne up toward heaven with the smoke of incense and the aspirations of religious love. And as music, more than any other sensible thing, touches the heart, and inspires and raises up the soul, the organ is a most necessary and indispensable appendage to the Catholic Church. For the great object of Catholic worship is to absorb the entire man, body and soul, mind and affections, and to bring him into the presence of God. Jesus Christ is really and corporally present, and therefore we prostrate not only our minds but also our bodies before Him. Then the great organ, so varied, yet so harmonious, is symbolical of the mystic body of Christ, *i. e.*, the faithful. The organ is made up of a multitude of different notes, of pipes and of stops—each varying one with another, yet all blending into one sweet and solemn harmony; and so the Catholic congregation is made up of a multitude of Christians, differing each from the other in thoughts, in tastes, in condition of life; in their views and worldly aspirations; in age, in manner; yet from all these varied elements there arises one solemn act of worship, as they blend together in the union of faith, and in the unanimous voice of praise. They enter the church, bringing their worldly cares and distractions with them; the young, filled with thoughts of the vanities with which they are surrounded, and which appear to them so true and pleasing; the old, groaning under their infirmities, and absorbed in themselves; the rich, with thoughts perhaps of ambition, or how they may acquire still more; the poor, with discontented hearts and impatient reflections on their daily wants; and so they kneel before the altar. And now music is heard, and the soft high notes of the organ float in the air like the breathing of angels, and steal into the distracted ears and hearts of those around, powerfully, yet almost insensibly, gathering in their wandering thoughts; and the music swells, and increasing in its strength, filling the holy house until the very air trembles, and men's hearts beat quicker, and heads are bent down, and tears flow, and hearts and souls are moved; and cares, and distractions, and misery, and self are forgotten; and the glorious organ has done its work well, for now all are

absorbed in the presence of the living God. I have not in this exaggerated the power of instrumental music as a means for moving the soul and bringing it into the presence of God. For, my dearly-beloved brethren, there is a strange and powerful connection between the human soul and music. As the soul is a spirit, and music, of all the beauties or pleasures of sense, approaches nearest to the conditions of pure spirit, it may be said to be the language of the soul; it is soonest and most understood by the soul; it calms the troubled soul—soothing its peace and enhancing its joy. Thus we find that when Saul, the King of Israel, was troubled by the evil spirit, “David took his harp and played with his hand, and Saul was refreshed, and was better, for the evil spirit departed from him.” St. Hildegarde, whose prophecies and visions are approved of by the Church, speaking of the human soul, says, “the soul is a harmony.” And surely the soul of man, as it came first from the hands of God, resembles a beautiful musical instrument upon which God Himself breathed, that it might return to Him here a continual hymn of praise, until its voice should be united in heaven to that of the angels; for the Scriptures and the holy fathers love to describe the kingdom of heaven as the mansion of everlasting harmony and song of joy; where the souls of the virgins “sing a new canticle to the Lamb;” where the souls of the just, made perfect, ever sing, “Holy, holy, holy, to the Lord God of Sabaoth;” and where, from the throne of God, proceed ravishing sounds, and the very atmosphere is music. “I saw,” says St. Hildegarde, in the vision which she calls “the Symphony of the Virgin Mary,” “I saw a very pure atmosphere, in which I heard a ravishing harmony of musical sounds; harmonies of joy from on high, concords of different voices, concerts of souls which are vigorously persevering in the love of truth.” When St. Mary Magdalen had retired into the desert, she heard every day, for forty years, the angelic voices pouring out the richness of their harmony in hymns to God. And when the most glorious soul of the Queen of Heaven had quitted this earth, the Apostles who watched at her grave heard, for three days and three nights, the voice of the angelic host, and when the music had ceased they opened the tomb, but the virgin body was not there, it was already seated upon the highest throne in heaven after God’s, whither the immaculate one was borne, amidst trium-

phant songs of the nine choirs of angels. And "The morning stars praised the Lord together, and all the sons of God made a joyful melody." We gather from Scripture that the angels express their joy in song. "And when He had opened the book, the four living creatures, and the four-and-twenty ancients fell down before the Lamb, and they sung a new canticle; and I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne." And again, when at the birth of Christ the angel announced tidings of great joy, there was heard a multitude of the angelic host, and they sang, "Glory be to God on high." Music, then, is the expression of angelic joy. But if there be the melody of joy amongst the angels in heaven for one sinner doing penance, and entering into the kingdom of God, what must have been the song when the Refuge of Sinners—when she, through whom all sinners are saved, entered therein. If for the least of Christ's little ones hymns of glory are sung, and heaven resounds with praise, what must have been the melody when the Queen of Angels—the first, the highest, the purest, the holiest of all creatures, was assumed, body and soul, into eternal bliss, and heaven first beheld her glory who was to be its Queen for ever. Mary quitted this earth for God; Mary took her departure, accompanied by angels, who filled the air with music; and as she passed the angel of every bright star in the firmament and the angels of the sun and moon paid her homage, rejoiced, and gave glory to God, and swelled the tide of heavenly song, "and the morning stars praised the Lord together, and all the sons of God made a joyful melody," until the vaults of heaven rang again with their shouting, as the Mother of Jesus met her Son, never, never again to be parted from Him. The Apostles caught but a faint echo of the heavenly music, yet their souls were ravished with joy. O Mary, resplendent pearl, the pure light of heaven is poured into thee. We come to-day in thine own house to offer thee the tribute of our praise, and the instrument which will never sound, but for thy Son and for thee. Bless us, O most pure and brilliant Queen, and bless this our offering. May its music be to us as the voice of the angels who bore thee to heaven; ever raising our thoughts to thee, O Star of our pilgrimage, and to the glories of thy Eternal Son, to whom be honor, praise, and glory, for ever and ever.



CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

[Lecture delivered in St. Peter's Church, Barclay Street, New York, on Thursday evening, May 23d, 1872.]



I PROPOSE to speak to you, my dear friends, this evening, on the question of "Catholic Education." My attention was attracted this morning to a notice in one of the leading papers of this city, in which the writer warned me, that if I was not able to find a solution for this difficult question of education, which would be acceptable to all classes, I might please my co-religionists, but that I could not please the public. Whilst I am grateful to the writer of that article, or to any one else that gives me advice, I have to tell you, my friends, and the writer of that notice, and everybody else, that I am not come to this country, nor have I put on this habit, to please either the public or my co-religionists, but to announce the truth of God, in the name of His holy Church. He who accepts it, and believes it, and acts upon it, shall be saved: he that does not choose to believe, Christ, our Lord, Himself says, shall be condemned. God help us! God pity the people whose religious teachers have to try and please their co-religionists and the public! Great Lord! how terrible it is when the spirit of farce and of unreality finds its way, even into the mind of the man who is to proclaim the truth by which alone his fellow-men and himself can be saved. But it was remarked, and truly, in the same article, that "this is one of the most—perhaps, *the* most—important questions of the day." No doubt it is. I don't suppose I could have a more important theme for the subject of my thoughts, or of my words, than that of education. This is a question that comes home to every man amongst us. No man can close his mind against it. No man can shut

it out from his thoughts. No man in the community can fold his arms and say, "This is a question which does not concern me, consequently, upon which I am indifferent." No: and why? Because every man amongst us is obliged to live in society; that is to say, in inter-communion with his fellow-men. Every man's happiness or misery depends, in a large degree, upon the state of society in which he lives. If the associations that surround us are good, and holy, and pure; if our children are obedient, if our servants are honest, if our friends are loyal, and our neighbors are peaceable, if the persons who supply us with the necessaries of life are reliable—how far all these things go to smooth away all the difficulties, and annoyances, and anxieties of life! And yet, all this depends mostly upon education. If, on the other hand, our children are rude, disobedient, and willful; if those around us be dishonest, so that we must be constantly on our guard against them; if our friends be false, so that we know not upon whose word to rely; if everything we use and take to clothe ourselves be bad, and adulterated, or poisonous—how miserable all this makes life! And yet, these issues, I say again, depend mainly upon education. Therefore, it is a question that comes home to every man, and from which no man can excuse himself, or plead indifference or unconcern.

Now, first of all, my friends, consider that the greatest misfortune that Almighty God can let fall upon any man is the curse of utter ignorance, or want of education. The Holy Ghost, in the Scriptures, expressly tells us that this absence of knowledge, this absence of instruction and education, is the greatest curse that can fall upon a man; because it not only unfits him for his duties to God, and for the fellowship of the elect of God, and for every Godlike and eternal purpose, but it also unfits him for the society of his human kind; and therefore, the Scripture says so emphatically—"Man, when he was in honor" (that is to say, created in honor,) "lost his knowledge." He had no knowledge. What followed? He was compared to senseless beasts and made like to them. What is it that distinguishes man from the brute? Is it the strength of limb? No! Is it gracefulness of form? No! Is it acute sensations—a sense of superior sight, or a more intense and acute sense of hearing? No! In all these things many of the beasts that roam the forest exceed us. We have not the swiftness of the stag; we have

not the strength of the lion ; we have not the beautiful grace of the antelope of the desert ; we have not the power to soar into the upper air, like the eagle, who lifts himself upon strong pinions and gazes on the sun. We have not the keen sense of sight of many animals, nor the keen sense of hearing of others. In what, then, lies the difference and the superiority of man ? Oh, my dear friends, it lies in the intelligence, that can know, and the heart, which, guided by that intelligence, is influenced to love for intellectual motives, and in the will, which is supposed to preserve its freedom by acting under the dominion of that enlightened intellect and mind. For, mark you, it is not the mere power of knowing that distinguishes man from the brutes, and brings him to the perfection of his nature. It is the actual presence of knowledge. It is not the mere power of loving that distinguishes man from the lower creatures. No. For if that love be excited by mere sensuality, by the mere appeal to the senses, it is not the high human love of man, but it is the mere lust of desire and passion of the brute. It is not the will that distinguishes man in the nobility of his nature from the brute ; but it is the will, preserving its freedom, keeping itself free from the slavery and dominion of brute passions, and answering quickly—heroically—to every dictate of the high and holy and enlightened intelligence that is in man. What follows from this ? It follows that if you deprive him of intelligence or knowledge, if you leave him in utter ignorance and withdraw education, you thereby starve, and, as far as you can, annihilate the very highest portion of the soul of man ; you thereby dwarf all his spiritual powers ; you thereby leave that soul, which was created to grow, and to wax strong, and to be developed by knowledge—you leave it in the imbecility and the helplessness of its natural, intellectual, and spiritual infancy. What follows from this ? It follows that the uneducated, uninstructed, ignorant, dwarfed individual is incapable of influencing the affections of the heart with any of the higher motives of love. It follows that if that heart of man is ever to love it will not love upon the dictate of the intelligence, guiding it to an intellectual object, but, like the brute beast of the field, it will seek the gratification of all its desires upon the mere brutal, corporeal evidence of its senses. What follows moreover ? It follows that the will which was created by the Almighty God in freedom, and which, by the

very composition of man's nature, was destined to exercise that freedom under the dictate of intelligence, is now left without its proper ruler, an intelligent, instructed intellect; and, therefore, in the uninstructed man the allegiance of the will—and its dominion—is transferred to the passions, desires, depraved inclinations of man's lower nature. And so we see that in the purely and utterly uninstructed man there can be no loftiness of thought, no real purity of affection, nor can there be any real intellectual action of the will of man. Therefore, I conclude that the greatest curse Almighty God can let fall upon a man is the curse of utter ignorance, unfitting him thereby for every purpose of God and every purpose of society.

First, then, my dear friends, I assert that want of education, or ignorance, unfits a man for his position, no matter how humble it be, in this world and in society. For all human society exists amongst men, and not amongst inferior animals, because of the existence in men of intelligence. All human society or intercourse is based upon intellectual communication, thought meeting thought; intellectual sympathy corresponding with the sympathy of others. But the man who is utterly uninstructed; the man who has never been taught to write or to read; the man who has never been taught to exercise any act of his intelligence; the poor, neglected child that we see about our streets—growing up without receiving any word of instruction—grows up, rises to manhood, utterly unfit to communicate with his fellow-men, for he is utterly unprepared for that intercommunion of intelligence and intellect which is the function of society. What follows? He cannot be an obedient citizen, because he cannot even apprehend in his mind the idea of law. He cannot be a prosperous citizen, because he can never turn to any kind of labor which would require the slightest mental effort. In other words, he cannot labor as a man. He is condemned by his intellectual imbecility to labor merely with his hands. Mere brute force distinguishes his labor; and the moment you reduce a man to the degree and amount of mere corporeal strength, the moment you remove from his labor the application of intellect, that moment he is put in competition with the beasts; and they are stronger than he; therefore he is inferior to them. Take the utterly uninstructed man; he it is that is the enemy of society. He cannot meet his fellow-

men in any kind of intellectual intercommunion. He is shut out from all that the past tells him in the history of the world; from all the high present interests that are pressing around him; from all his future he is shut out by his utter destitution of all religious education as well as civil. What follows from this? Isolated as he is—flung back upon his solitary self—no humanizing touch; no gentle impulse; no softening remembrance even of sorrow or trouble; no aspiration for something better than the present moment; no remorse for sin; no consolation in pain; no relief in affliction; nothing of all this remains to him: an isolated, solitary man, such as you or I might be, if in one moment, by God's visitation, all that we have ever learned should be wiped out of our minds; all our past lost to us; all the hopes of the future cut off from us; such is the ignorant man; and such society recognizes him to be. If there be a man who makes the State, and the Government of the State, to tremble, it is the thoroughly uninstructed and uneducated man; it is the class neglected in early youth, and cast aside; and utterly uninstructed and undeveloped in their souls, in their hearts, and in their intellects. It is this class that, from time to time, comes to the surface, in some wild revolution, swarming forth in the streets of London, or the streets of Paris, or in the streets of the great continental cities of Europe; swarming forth, no one knows from whence; coming forth from their cellars; coming forth from out the dark places of the city; with fury unreasoning in their eyes, and the cries of demons upon their lips. These are the men that have dyed their hands red in the best blood of Europe, whether it came from the throne or the altar. It is the thoroughly uninstructed, uneducated, neglected child of society that rises in God's vengeance against the world and the society that neglected him, and pays them back with bitter interest for the neglect of his soul in his early youth. Therefore it is, that statesmen and philosophers cry out, in this our day, "We must educate the people." And the great cry is, Education. Quite true, and right!

And if the world demands education, much more does the Catholic Church. She is the true mother, not merely of the masses, as they are called, but of each and every individual soul amongst them. She it is to whose hands God has committed the eternal interests of man, and, therefore, it is with a zeal far

greater than that of the world the Catholic Church applies herself to the subject and question of education. Why so? Because if, as we have seen, all human society is based upon knowledge, upon intercommunion of intellect—of which the uninstructed man is incapable—the society which is called the Church—the supernatural and divine society—is also much more emphatically founded upon the principles of knowledge. What is the foundation, the bond, the link, the life and soul of the Catholic Church? I answer—faith. Faith in God. Faith in every word that God has revealed. Faith, stronger than any human principle of belief, opinion, or conviction. Faith, not only bowing down before God, but apprehending what God speaks; clasping that truth to the mind, and informing the intelligence with its light; admitting it as a moral influence into every action and every motive of a man's life. It is the soul and life of the Catholic Church. Faith! What is faith? It is an act of the intelligence, whereby we know and believe all that God has revealed. Faith, then, is knowledge? Most certainly! Is it an act of the will? No; not directly—not essentially—not immediately. It is, directly, essentially, and immediately, an act of the intellect, and not of the will. It is the intellect that is the subject wherein faith resides. The will may command that intellect to bow down and believe; but the essential act of faith is an act of the intelligence, receiving light and accepting it—and that light is knowledge; therefore, the Catholic Church cannot exist without knowledge.

More than this, the world has many duties which it imposes upon man, which require no education, little or nothing of instruction; for instance, the duty of labor, where one man, educated and instructed, taking his position at the head of the works or the engineering, is able to direct ten thousand men; there, amongst these ten thousand, no great amount of instruction or education is necessary or required; but the Catholic Church, on the other hand, imposes a great many tasks upon her children, every one of them requiring not only intellect but highly-trained and well-educated, intellect. Look through the duties that the Church imposes upon us. Every one of these duties is intellectual. The Church commands us to pray. Prayer involves a knowledge of God, a knowledge of our own wants, and a knowledge how to elevate our souls to God; for

prayer is the elevation of the soul; and the uninstructed soul cannot elevate itself to the apprehension of a pure spiritual being. The Church commands us to prepare for confession. That involves a knowledge of the law of God, in order that we may examine ourselves, and see wherein we have failed; that involves a knowledge of ourselves, in order to study ourselves, that we may discover our sins. Preparation for confession involves a knowledge of God's claim to our love, in order that we may find motives for our sorrow. The Church commands us to approach the Holy Communion. That approach involves the high intellectual act whereby we are able with heart and with mind to realize the unseen, invisible, yet present God, and to receive Him. We see the strong act of the intellect realizing the unseen, and transcending the evidence of the senses, so as to make that unseen, invisible presence act upon us more strongly—agitate us more violently—than the strongest emotion that the evidence of the senses can give.

The Church commands us to understand what her sacraments are; and that is a high intellectual act, whereby we recognize God's dealings with man through the agency of material things. In a word, every single duty the Catholic Church imposes is of the highest intellectual character.

Again: though the world demands knowledge and education as the very first element in its society, still the motive power that the world proposes to every man is self-interest; the appeal that the world makes, through the thousand channels through which it comes to us, is all an appeal to self. All the professions, all the mercantile operations, all the duties and pleasures of life, all appeal to the individual to seek his own self-aggrandizement—his own self-indulgence—to make life happy and pleasant to himself. Not so with the Church; her foundation is faith; and the motive she puts before every man is not self, but charity. Just as self concentrates the heart of man, narrows his intellectual and spiritual horizon, makes him turn in upon his own contracted being, and so narrows every intellectual and spiritual power within him; charity, on the other hand, which is the motive propounded by the Church, enlarges and expands the heart of man, enlarges the horizon of his intellectual view, and lifts him up above himself. Like a man climbing the mountain-side, every foot that he ascends he sees the horizon enlarging

and widening around him. So, also, every Catholic, the more he enters into the spirit of his holy religion, the more does he perceive the intellectual, moral, and spiritual horizon enlarging—taking in more interests and manifesting more beauties of a spiritual order. So it is with the Church of God. She depends more upon education than even the world, both from the fundamental principle of faith, which is an act of the intellect, and the motive of action, which is charity, which is an expansion of the intellect, and also from the nature of the duties which she imposes upon her children, and which are all of the highest intellectual character.

And yet, my friends, strange to say, amongst the many oddities of this age of ours, there is a singular delusion which has taken hold of the Protestant mind, that the Catholic Church is opposed to education; that she is anxious to keep the people ignorant; that she is afraid to let them read; that she does not like to see schools opened, and that she is afraid of enlightenment. They argue so blindly and yet so complacently that when you find a good-natured and good-humored Protestant man or woman calmly talking about these things, it is difficult to keep from laughing; it is easy enough to keep your temper, but very hard to keep from laughing. For instance, talking about Spain or Mexico; calmly and complacently telling how the whole country is to become Protestant as soon as the whole people “learn how to read, you know!” and “begin to reason, you know!” “If we can only get good schools amongst them.” Then they believe the infernal lies told them; for instance, the lie is told that, in Rome, since Victor Emanuel entered it, thirty-six schools had been opened—taking it for granted there were no schools there before! I lived twelve years in Rome, under the Pope, and there was a school almost in every street; not a child in Rome was uneducated; nay, more—the Christian brothers and the nuns went out in the streets of Rome regularly, every morning, and went from house to house, and up-stairs in the tenement houses, amongst the poor people, picking up the children; or if they found a little boy running about in the streets he was taken quietly to school. They went out regularly to pick up the children out of the streets; and yet these men who are interested in blinding the foolish Protestant mind, come with such language as this—for it is the popular idea, which

they wish to perpetuate, that the Catholic Church is afraid of education. No, my friends, the Catholic Church is afraid of one man more than any other, and that is the ignorant man. The man who brings disgrace upon his religion is the thoroughly ignorant man, if he is a professed Catholic; and the man impossible to make a Catholic of is the thoroughly ignorant Protestant. The more ignorant he is the less chance there is of making a Catholic of him. The truth is, in this day of ours the great conversions made to the Catholic Church in this country and Europe, from Protestantism, all take place amongst the most enlightened and highly-educated and cultivated people. Why? Because the more the Protestant reads, and the more he knows—the nearer he approaches to the Catholic Church, the true fountain-head and source of education. Why is this accusation brought against the Catholic Church that she is afraid of this and afraid of that? I will tell you why. Because she insists, in the teeth of the world, and in spite of the world's pride and ignorance and bloated self-sufficiency—the Catholic Church insists, as she has insisted for eighteen hundred and seventy-two years, on saying, "I know how to teach; you don't; you must come to me; you cannot live without me. Don't imagine you can live by yourselves, or you will fall back into the slough of your own impurity and corruption." The world does not like to hear this. The Catholic Church insists that she alone understands what education means; the world does not like to hear that. But I come here to-night to prove it, not only to you, my Catholic friends, my co-religionists, but if there be one here who is not a Catholic to him also, and so to please the public if they choose to be pleased; but if my co-religionists or the public choose to be displeased, the truth is there personified in the Church, and that truth will remain after the co-religionists and the indignant public are all swept away.

There are three systems of education that are before us in this country. There are three classes of men who are talking about education; namely—those who go for what is called a thoroughly secular system; those who go for a denominational system, as far as it is Protestant; and the Catholic, who goes in for Catholic education. Let us examine the three. There is a large class in England and in America who assume the tone of the philosopher, and who, with great moral dignity, and infinite

presumption, lay down the law for their neighbors, and tell them, "There is no use quarrelling, my dear Baptists and Methodists, and you, pestering Catholics; on the other hand, you want your schools—every one wants their own school; let us adopt a beautiful system of education, that will take in every one, and leave your religious differences among yourselves; let us do away with religion altogether. The child has a great deal to be taught independent of religion. There is history, philosophy, geography, geology, engineering, steam works; all these things can be taught without any reference to God at all. So let us do this; let us adopt non-sectarian education." Now, my friends, these are two big words: non-sectarian—a word of five syllables—and education; nine syllables altogether. Now, when people adopt great big words, in this way, you should always be on your guard against them; because, if I wanted to palm off something not true, I would not set it out in plain English, but try to involve it in big words; for, as the man in the story says, "if it is not sense, at least it is Greek." So, these two words, non-sectarian education, if you wish to know what they mean, turn it into English. Non-sectarian education, in good old Saxon English, means *teaching without God*: five syllables. Teaching your children, fathers and mothers, and educating them without God! Not a word about God, no more than if God did not exist! He can be spoken of in the family; He may be preached in the temple, or in the church; but there is one establishment in the land where God must not come in; where God must not be mentioned—and that establishment is the place where the young are to receive the education that is to determine their life, both for time and eternity; the place where the young are to receive that education upon which eternity depends. The question of heaven or hell, for every child there, depends upon that education, and that education must be given without one mention of the name of the God of Heaven!

Try to let it enter into your minds what this amiable system is. This beautiful system is founded upon two principles, which lie at the bottom of it; namely—The first principle is, that man can attain perfection without the aid of Jesus Christ at all. This system of education does not believe in Christ. It is the Masonic principle; the principle of the Freemasons over again,

namely: that God has made us so, that without any help from Him at all, without any shadow of grace, or sacrament, or religion, we can work out perfection in ourselves; therefore, we are independent of God. It is the last result of human pride; and hence, the secular education which does not take cognizance of God, says, we can bring up these children to be what they ought to be, without teaching them anything about God. The second principle upon which it is based is, that the end of human life, under the Christian dispensation, is not what Christ, our Lord, or St. Paul, supposed it to be, but something else. The Scriptures declare that the end of the Christian's purposes in this life should be to incorporate himself with the Lord Jesus Christ, and to grow into the fullness of his age and his manhood in Christ; to put on the Lord—the unity, the love, the generosity, and every virtue of our Divine Lord and Saviour. This is to be the end of the Christian man; the purpose of his life, on which all depends. Now, these principles are expressly denied on the part of those who teach without God. Can they teach without God—the Almighty God, who has them in the hollow of His hand? The principle is absurd in itself. To teach human sciences without God is an impossibility. For instance, can you teach history without God? The very first passage of history says: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;" and, therefore, in this system of education, the professor of history, the teacher, must say: "My dear children, I am going to teach you history; but I must not begin at the beginning; for there we find God, and He is not allowed in the school!" Can you teach philosophy without God? Philosophy is defined to be the pursuit after wisdom. It is the science that traces effects to their causes; and the philosopher proceeds from the existence of the first cause; and that first cause is God; therefore the philosophy that excludes God must begin with the second cause: just as if a man wanted to teach a little boy how to cast up sums, and he said, "We will begin with number two; there is no number one." The child would turn round and say, "Is not number two a multiplication of number one? How can there be a number two unless there is a number one to be multiplied?" Can a man teach the alphabet and leave out the first letter A, and say, let us begin with the letter B? Such is the attempt to teach philosophy or history without

God. Can they teach geology without God? Can they exclude from their disquisitions upon the earth, and the earth's surface, and the soil of the earth—can they exclude the Creator's hand? They attempt to do it; but in their very attempt they preach their infidelity. Hence, no man can teach geology without being either a profound and pious believer in revelation, or an avowed and open infidel. In a word, not one of these human sciences is there that does not, in its ultimate result and analysis, fall back upon the first truth—the fountain of all truth—the cause of all certainty—and that is God.

But, putting all these considerations aside, let us suppose we gave our children to these men to instruct them; they say, the parents can teach at home any form of religion they like. Let us suppose we give our children to the instruction of these men. Do they know how to educate them? They don't know what the word education means. What does it mean? It means, in its very etymology, to bring forth, to develop, to bring out what is in the mind. That little child of seven years is the father of the man. It is only seven years of age, but it is the father of the man that will be in twenty years time. Now, to educate and bring out in that child every faculty, every power of his soul, that he will require for the exercise of his manhood tomorrow—that is the true meaning of the word education. In the human soul there are two distinct systems of powers, both necessary for the man, both acting upon and influencing his life. First of all, is the intelligence of a man; he must receive education. But there is, together with that pure intellect or intelligence, there is the heart that must also be educated; there are the affections; there is the will; and as knowledge is necessary for the intellect, divine grace is necessary for the heart and for the will. If you give to your child every form of human knowledge, and pour into him ideas in abundance, and develop and bring forth every faculty of his intellect, and let nothing be hid from him in the way of knowledge, but do not mind his heart, and do not educate his spirit and affections—how is he to subdue his passions? Do not speak to him of his moral duties, which are to be the sinews of his life, and do not attempt at all to strengthen, and teach the will to bow to the intellect; do not speak to him of his duties, nor the things that he must practice—what will you have at the end of the education? An intel-

lectual monster. Fancy a little child, five or six years old. Suppose all the growth was turned into his head, and the rest of his body remained fixed; in a few years you would have a monster; you would have a little child with the head of a giant upon him. Don't attempt to purify the affections, and you will develop, indeed, the intellect, but the other powers will be in such disproportion that you have made an intellectual monster. You have made something worse, you have made a moral monster! It is quite true, knowledge is power. But all power in creation requires restraint in order to be useful. Without such restraint, it is hurtful and destructive. The horse will serve you only as long as you can keep him in hand with bit and bridle. The locomotive is useful only as long as the engineer's hand controls it. The lightning, which unrestrained would destroy you, becomes the messenger of your thoughts when guided and restrained by the electric wire. You have given that man power by giving him knowledge. But you have not given him a single principle to purify, and influence, or restrain that power, so as to use it properly. Therefore, you have made a moral monster. And, now, that man is all the more wicked, and all the more heartless, and all the more remorseless and impure, in precisely the same proportion as you succeed in making him cultured and learned. This is the issue of this far-famed system of non-sectarian education.

There is another system of education, and it is that of our separated brethren in this land, who say that they are quite as indignant as we are, and as horrified at the idea of an utterly Godless education; that they do not go in for a Godless education; on the contrary, they mean to have God everywhere. They are trying now to put Him in the American Constitution if they can succeed. They also build their schools; and they think that Catholics are the most unreasonable people in the world because we do not consent to send our children to them. They say, "What objection can you have to the Bible? Don't you believe in it as well as we do?" They say, "Cannot you send your children to us on the platform of our common Christianity? There are a great many things that we believe together." They say, "We will not ask to teach the children one iota against the Catholic worship; nor ask them to participate in any religious teaching, only as far as they hold that general

truth in common with our Protestant children." So they ask us to stand with them on the platform of a common Christianity? Well, my friends, a great many Catholics are taken by this, and think it is very unreasonable, and that it is almost bigotry in the Catholic Church to refuse it. Well, let us but examine what the platform of our common Christianity allows; what does it mean? Here is a Protestant school, carried out on Protestant principles. Let us suppose that they shut up the Protestant Bible, and put it aside, but carry on the school on Protestant principles as far as they go in common with the Catholic faith; the Catholic is invited to share the school with them. First of all, my friends, how far do we go together? I don't know if there be any Protestant here; if there is I don't wish to say a harsh, disrespectful, or unpleasant word; but let us consider how far we can go together—the Protestants and Catholics! Well, they answer, first of all, "We believe in the existence of God." Thanks be to God, we do!—the Protestants and Catholics are united on that; both believe there is a God above us. The next great dogma of Christianity is—"We believe in the Divinity of Christ." Stop, my friends! I am afraid that we must shake hands and part. I am afraid the platform of our common Christianity is too narrow. Are you aware that it is not necessary for a Protestant to believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ? A great many Protestants do believe it, most piously and most fervently; a great many Protestants believe in it as we do. It is most emphatically true, however, that there are clergymen of the Church of England preaching in Protestant churches throughout England, who deny the Divinity of Jesus Christ; and it is emphatically true that at this very moment the whole Protestant world is trying to get rid of the Athanasian Creed, because that creed says whoever does not believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Therefore, I must fling back this assertion. I cannot grant it. I wish to God I could. No, my friends, if, to-morrow, the Anglican clergy who have written against the Divinity of our Lord, and against the inspiration of the Scriptures, and against all forms of religion, in works that are printed, asking all the pious Protestants of England to believe in their ideas—professors of England enjoying their yearly salaries; preaching religion (God save the mark!)—if one of these men were to appear on trial to-

morrow, the Queen and her Council would decide that the Divinity of Christ is not a necessary doctrine. You go one step beyond the existence of God, and the platform is overthrown; and the Catholic and the Protestant child can no longer stand side by side. Into that Protestant school goes a Protestant child, to be taught his religion. Everything that his religion requires him to believe he is taught, but the Catholic child, before he can go in to receive his instruction, must leave behind him, outside the door, his belief in the Sacraments, Confession, the Holy Communion, prayers for the dead, the Blessed Virgin, all the saints, the duty of self-examination and of prayer; in a word, all the specific duties, all the principles of the Catholic religion must be forgotten and ignored by that Catholic child before he can come down low enough to take a seat on the platform with his little Protestant brother. Is it any wonder that we should not like to do it? If you should live in a beautiful house, well furnished, with every convenience, and your neighbor was living in a damp cellar, where it was cold and dark; and if he asked you to come down and live with him, you would answer, "I am much obliged, my dear friend; but I prefer not." If you had a good dinner of roast beef, and your neighbor had only a salt herring; and he requested you to eat with him, you would answer, "No, I can't do it." And so, when they ask us to come down from the heights of our Catholic knowledge, to go out of the atmosphere of the sacraments and of the divine presence of Jesus Christ, the atmosphere of responsibility to God, realized and asserted in confession and communion; and from the intercessory prayer of Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ, and of the saints; and ask us to forget our dead, ask us to give up everything that a Catholic holds dear, that we may have the privilege of standing upon the miserable platform of "our common Christianity," with our Protestant brethren; we must say that we are much obliged to them, but beg to decline their offer. I say it is a meagre meal that they offer us; but inasmuch as we have something a great deal better and more luxurious at home, we beg leave to be excused; and if they choose to come to us, let them step up to our Catholic schools and find all that they can find in their Protestant schools and a great deal more; but if they choose not to do it, we cannot help it, we cannot go down to them, never!

Now, on the principle of Catholic education, the Catholic Church says: "I know how to educate; there is no single power in that child's soul, not a single faculty, either intellectual, moral, or spiritual, that I will not bring forth into its full bloom. That child requires knowledge for its intelligence; and every form of human knowledge; so that we can compete with every other teacher in the world." This the Church provides, so that she fears no competition, but can hold her own in every branch of secular education. Some time ago there was a Commission issued by the British Government, to examine the schools of Ireland. They thought to convict our Catholic schools of inefficiency; at least they thought that we paid so much attention to religion, that we did not give the children enough secular knowledge. Their Commissioners went through the land, and solemnly reported, in the House of Commons, that they found that no schools in Ireland imparted so much secular knowledge as the Christian Brothers and the Nuns. They had to say it. The teachers in the other schools declared that secular knowledge was their first object, and religion, if admitted at all, a secondary thing. The Christian Brothers said: religion first, and secular knowledge afterward. The other schools admitted a miserable modicum of religion, in order to induce the child to receive secular education; but the Christian Brothers admitted secular knowledge, in order to induce in the child's heart and soul religion. And yet, in the rivalry, the Catholic Church was so completely ahead—even in imparting secular knowledge—that our enemies, on this question of secular education, were obliged to acknowledge that there is nothing at all in Ireland like the schools of the Christian Brothers and of the Nuns.

The Church says, "Let no fountain of human knowledge be denied. Let every light which human knowledge and science can bring, be thrown upon that intelligence. I am not afraid of it. I desire that the child may have intelligence; the more I can flood that intellect with the light, the better guarantee I have that the man will be a true and fervent, because an eminently intellectual, Catholic." But the Church adds, "that child's heart requires to be instructed; that child's affections require to be directed; that child's passions must be purified; that child must be made familiar with the things and joys of heaven before he becomes familiar with the sights and joys of

earth." Therefore, she takes the child, before he comes to the age of reason, and makes his young eyes to be captivated with the images, and sweetness, and spiritual beauties of Jesus and Mary; and draws, and makes that young heart full of love for the Redeemer before the appeal of passion excites the earthly love; before the mystery of iniquity that is in the world is revealed to his reason. Therefore, she draws that child, and familiarises his mind with the words of faith, and the language of heaven and prayer; intermingling with his amusements and studies an element of devotion and of religion. Because she recognizes, that as much as the world stands in need of intellectual men, far, far more does it stand in need of honest men, pure men, high-minded men. Because she knows if knowledge is not intermingled with grace, that knowledge without grace becomes a curse instead of a blessing. It was the curse of the world that it was so intellectual in the era of Augustus, because, says St. Paul, "They refused to admit God into their knowledge; and God gave them up to a reprobate sense." What follows? Every faculty of the mind, of the affections, as well as of the intellect, is brought out in that child; so that the whole soul is developed, and has fair play, and is brought forth, under the system of Catholic education.

Which of these three systems, think you, is the most necessary for the world? Ah! my friends, I was asked to please the public as well as my co-religionists. I wish to God I could please the public with such a doctrine as this, and propound the truth; and say to the public, to every father and mother in America, Protestant and Catholic—when God gave you that child, it was only that, by your action and by your education, that child might grow into the resemblance of Jesus Christ; it was only that Christ, the Son of God, might be multiplied in men, that men are born at all. What do you imagine we came into this world for? To become rich? It is hard for the rich man to be saved! To become great and wondrous before the world's eyes? Oh, this greatness is like the mist which the rays of the morning sun dispel. No! God made us for eternity; and, now, eternity depends upon our bringing out in our hearts, in our affections, in the interest and harmony of our lives, in the simple faith and belief of our souls, in every highest virtue—bringing out within us and clothing ourselves with the

Lord Jesus Christ. And, now, I ask again, which of the three systems of education is likely to do this? Would to God that I could please the public of America, when I preach Jesus Christ, and Him alone. Now, surely it is to our schools that we can apply His word who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." And if the public are not pleased when they hear His name; when they hear how they are to implant Him in their children's lives—all I can do is to pray for the public, that the Almighty God may open their blind eyes, and let in the pure light into their darkened intellects.

I know, my friends, that it is hard upon the Catholics of this country to be constantly called upon to build one set of schools for Catholics, and to be obliged, as citizens, to build another set, and furnish them, for persons wealthier or better off than themselves. It is a hardship; and I don't think the State—with great respect to the authorities—ought to call upon you to do it. But, still, great as the hardship is, when you consider that your children receive in the Catholic schools what they cannot receive elsewhere; when you consider that your own hopes for heaven are bound up in these children, and that the education they need they can receive only in the Catholic school, and nowhere else—you must put up with this disadvantage, and make this sacrifice, among many others, to gain heaven. For it is written, "The kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the violent shall bear it away."





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. 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 that I could find no theme on which, as an Irishman, to address my fellow-countrymen, more fitting than that of music. I remember that, amongst 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, amongst 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; 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 “field 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. 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.

Amongst 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 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 heart. This 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. But, in 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, amongst the descendants of Cain, a man named Tubal, “who was the father of those who play upon organs and musical instruments.” It was fitting 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, that when the mother sees her child's lips open and emit the high, inarticulate cry of joy, 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 some sweet song of her native land.”

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 amongst 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 skillful 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 their exultation before the Lord God, as in the day when the glorious temple of Jerusalem was opened, 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, in unison with their royal Prophet King, as he played upon his harp of gold. Thus it is, that amongst 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 evidences 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. 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 woman murmured it, whilst she rocked the child; as the milkmaid 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 amongst 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 fill the halls of the memory, the ones we may have loved in the past, with the friends whom we never expected to think of again.

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 used 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.
 Filled 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 even 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—went down to evangelize South America, to preach to 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 the missionaries who were in a boat sailing down one of the great rivers, took a musical instrument and began to play an old, sacred melody, 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.

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 emotion 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.

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 and 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 godlike, and the grandest that can be cultivated by man on this earth.

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 fortunes—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 amongst the songs of the nations. Now, amongst 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 pre-eminence among all peoples. 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. Italy is acknowledged to be the queen of that lighter, more pleasing, more 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 national melody, to such a body of national music, as the Irish. 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 plough; 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. 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 amongst 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. The peasants of Tuscany and of Campagna, when, after their day's work, they meet, in the summer's 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 to the country merrymakings and you will be sure to find the old fiddler, or old white-headed piper, an infinite source of the brightest and most sparkling music.

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—white-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 oars 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.

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 system of jurisprudence, established the reign of law, 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 Druidical worship whose gloomy mysteries they surrounded with the sacred charm of music. 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 amongst his fellow-men, and enthroned in the fame of the bardic verse; or that, even if he was borne back dead upon his shield from the battle-field, 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. 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 of the land. The minstrels of Erin filled the land with the sound of their songs; and the very atmosphere of Ireland was impregnated with music. And when God gave to our native land one of His highest gifts—a true poetic child; second to none in brilliancy of imagination, in sympathy with nature, in tenderness of heart, and in wonderful copiousness of metaphor and of purest language; the poet found the road to fame and immortality opened to him in the grand old music of Erin. He had only to translate into our language of to-day the thoughts, and to wed them to the melody of the olden time, and whilst many a now honored name shall be forgotten, Ireland's Tom Moore shall live for ever in his Irish melodies. He took into his gifted hands the dear harp of his country, the long silent harp of Erin, he swept its chords to the ancient lay, and “gave all its notes to light, freedom, and song.”

“Sing, sweet harp, oh sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds in this sad memory
Long buried dreams shall raise.
Some lay that tells of vanished fame
Whose light once round us shone,
Of noble pride now turned to shame,
And hopes forever gone.
Sing, sad harp, thus sing to me—
Alike our doom is cast;
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.”

His doom was indeed cast with Ireland's harp and Ireland's music, and that doom is immortality.

Addressing that loved harp, he exclaims:

“Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee;
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long;
When 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 even 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,
 Has 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. 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 Gadelius were to inherit a beautiful island in the West. This became a dream of hope to him and to his sons ; 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 waves 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, amongst 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 Fionnuala, 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,
Fate 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 genius, 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." 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.

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 sanctity continued 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 friends 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.

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. Oh, 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 skillfully 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.

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 by his powerful pleading saved the minstrelsy of Ireland. 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.

But the piety and the peace that shone upon the land by the glory of Ireland's virtue in these by-gone days was 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; 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 offensive word; no hand of Ireland was

put forth to take from her defenceless body one single gem or jewel that shone thereon. The poet describes her as meeting a foreign knight, a stranger from a distant land, who came to behold the far-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 eighth century. The Danes landed on the coast of Wexford, and the fate of the country was imperilled ; the religion of the country was threatened ; the piety of the country almost extinguished ; and, for three hundred years, the question was one 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 near 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, was flung out, the Gael were victorious, and six thousand dead bodies of the Danes covered the Vale of Glenamana. 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 fought in that neighboring vale, which saw the glorious King Malachi the Second return victorious, wearing

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

the evening that saw the laurels of Wicklow sprinkled with the red blood of the Danish foe. For, as the poet says,—

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

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 Boroimhe,—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. We can well imagine on the field of Clontarf, when Brian went forth to the battle, the chief of his bards, Mac Liag, accompanying him to the field, going before him as he reviewed his army, and bringing forth with trembling fingers the spirit of the national music, which braced the arms of the hero. That minstrel had to take back with him the dead body of his aged and loved master; 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 deserted halls of Kincora, and filled it with his lamentation over the body of Ireland's greatest king. 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
 It's 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 fair fame of our womanhood. She was an Irish princess, named Dearbhorgal, who was married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, but eloped with Dermot MacMurchad, King of Leinster. O'Ruark, at the time, was absent upon a religious pilgrimage of devotion. His return to his abandoned home, and his despair, are commemorated in song. The whole nation was roused, 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. 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 enfold 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 throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

'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 doubt thee in thought !
While now—oh, degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen's 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 cōme 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. Yet the cause was a losing one, though not a lost one. Well might Ireland's patriots weep when they saw division in the camp and division 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'Neill, 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 crouched 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 the 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 throb again to the sound of their glorious harps. Spenser, the English poet, reproached them, because they sang only of love. Alas! they had scarcely any other subject left them. 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 harp 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.’”

From the day that the Norman invader first set foot on the soil of Ireland—we have the testimony of history 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 arrest any harper that came into the camp, because they came only as spies, to find out the strength and disposition of their forces ; yet, O glory of Ireland ! so sweet was the performance of these men, so melodious their music, that, in spite of the royal decrees, the English soldiers, officers, and generals, used to go out to look for these harpers and bring them into the camp. Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote a History of Ireland—was obliged to admit there was no such music heard in the world. “ This people, however,” he says, “ deserves to be praised for their successful cultivation of music, in which their skill is beyond comparison superior to that of every nation we have seen.” The statutes of Kilkenny in 1367, forbade the Irish minstrels to enter the English pale, and made it penal to give them shelter or entertainment ; and yet King Henry the Sixth complains that his Irish subjects persist in paying “ *grandia bona et dona,*” great gifts and offerings, in exchange for Irish music, and so he ordered his marshal in Ireland, to imprison all the harpers he could lay hands on. Queen Elizabeth, following in the footsteps of her *holy* and accomplished father, imitating him in everything, even in her immaculate purity, 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 when the national war became a religious war, 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. That is number one. IRELAND IS A CATHOLIC NATION; and so will she remain. 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 could reduce 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. They robbed us of liberty as well as of property; they robbed us of life; they took the best sons 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. 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. 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 six hundred of my own brave brethren—Dominicans—brave, true men, Irishmen all. Elizabeth of England, wherever you are tonight, I believe you have the blood of these six hundred 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. The Irish—men and women—declared that their religion and their faith was dearer to them than their lives. The Irish peasant man—pure, strong, warlike, determined,

high-minded, true to his God, true to his native land, true to his fellow-men, knelt 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 cheered my way,
Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay ;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burned,
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 honored, while thou wert wronged and scorned ;
Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorned ;
She wooed 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.”

All 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, who died in 1738 ; and we have in Jameison's letters from Scotland the testimony of a man who says, that the Scotch, 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.

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 modern composers have a knowledge that this music has a melody of its own which cannot be equalled. Some of these melodies are as ancient as Ireland's Christianity; others are said to date from remote pagan times. So fair and beautiful is the melody of "Eileen a Roon," which was composed in the thirteenth century, by the minstrel O'Daly, that the immortal Handel 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. 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 of that measure, as experience has proved, was fear. That is the principal motive for any concession we receive from England. 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 though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on 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 gross; 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 most 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 natural and untaught expression 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.”

But that which is a simple theory of the spheres of the lower 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 amongst 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. In vain would Ireland’s song be the brightest of all earthly melody, unless that song were to be perpetuated in the higher 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 celestial choir? Yes, Ireland’s minstrels sang the apostolic song of faith, 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. 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—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; 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. 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. I have come here amongst 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. 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. If such a one there be, if such an Irishman 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 to me.

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. Although 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. He and the men whose hearts beat with such high hope for Young Ireland—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's Poems;” and it would seem to me that before my young eyes I saw the dash of the Brigade at Fontenoy. 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, *Λαίη Θεαρῖς Ἀβά*—as the English hosts were swept away, and, like snow under the beams of the hot 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. 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.

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? Oh, may it come! O God, make our cause thy cause! I speak as a priest as well as an Irishman; I claim, in my prayer, 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.





THE RESURRECTION.

“And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James and Silome, bought 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 one to 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.”



EARLY BELOVED BRETHERN :—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 thorn-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 the 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, John, she returned to her sad home in Jerusalem; and all, having adored, silently dispersed, for the evening was coming that brought the Sabbath. One only 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. Whilst 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 women 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 has 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 hand 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 waive 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 whilst 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, silent, dark 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 the 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 upon 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 pious 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 amongst the dead? He is not here! He is risen!" And then their hearts were filled with a mighty joy; for the Master is risen; whilst the soldiers, frightened and crestfallen, went into Jerusalem, loudly 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 again 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 more 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 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 for evermore. Is not this a message of great joy and triumph? And truly I may say to you, in the words of St. Paul, "*Gaudete in Domino iterum 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 centering 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 was for our own sorrows and 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 into glory—to see Christ in the air—to be like unto Him in glory; and so shall we be with the Lord for ever. 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 will 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 fulfillment 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 for ever, 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 overmuch 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 whilst every other religion, whilst every

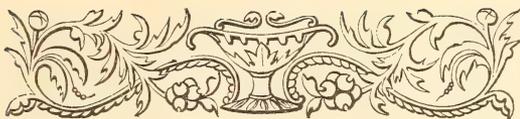
false religion, puts away sadness and sorrow, puts away the precept of fasting, and says that men may pander to, and feed, and cherish their bodies, the Catholic Church, alone, from the very first day of its existence, drew the sword of the spirit—the sword of mortification—and declares through her monks, 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 that 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 amongst 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 amongst 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 amongst

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 whilst 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 great 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!”





THE POPE'S TIARA—ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

[Lecture delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, under the auspices of the Council of the Catholic Union, Circle of New York; the proceeds of the lecture to be sent to the Pope.]

MAY it please your Grace : Ladies and Gentlemen : The subject on which I propose to address you is : “ The Pope’s Tiara, or Triple Crown ; it 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.

Amongst the promises and prophetic words that we read in Scripture concerning our divine Lord and Redeemer, we read that it was prophesied 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, amongst 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 amongst 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 amongst 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 centring in the person of the sovereign of 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 the word of Christ. 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; and 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 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 humane kind, which the Church has conferred upon this world, and upon society.

The first circlet 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. 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. But you remember this was the sign of love. 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 amongst 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 amongst 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.

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 pope 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. 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.

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 prophesy 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 indued 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 Philip, 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, is 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.

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, amongst the rulers of the nations, that would give her a strong voice and a powerful action in the guidance of human society. 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. 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, amongst the nations who have embraced the Cross—where, amongst 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, whilst 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, than 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. 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, amongst his last words to them were these: "If ever a difficulty arises amongst 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 amongst you, go to Rome—to the mother of the nations—and Peter will instruct you thereon!" 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.

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.

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 toward 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, whilst 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! 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; whilst 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 proffered 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 amongst 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. Whence came his influence or his power over them?

Ah, it came from this ; that, with all their crimes, they still had received from God the gift of faith, and they knew—the very worst amongst 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 could cut them off from the Church. The faith that was in the hearts of these rude kings was also disseminated amongst 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 on 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.

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 whilst they were in the midst of their festivity, in came one of the king's officers with a long list of the 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 that 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 him 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. 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. How did the pope vindicate, by his temporal power and authority, the influence that it gave him amongst 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.” 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. 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.” Modern historians say, “Oh, 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? 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.”

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—Pius IX., 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. 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. He is extraordinary in that he has outlived the years of Peter. Well do I remember 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. 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. 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 savior 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 de-

served 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!" 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. 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. 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. From under his hand have gone forth those holy ones who have languished in the dungeons of China and of Japan. From under his hand 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. If we admire the love of Rome that shines forth in the character of St. Leo the Great, who was the pope amongst them all that ever loved Rome and the Romans so tenderly as the heart of Pius IX. loved them? 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.” 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 Emmanuel, the robber, a city of polished and shining marble. 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, "O 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. 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? 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 unto 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!" 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." 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. 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. The third circlet, for a time, is plucked from the pope's brow; 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. 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. 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. And it is no small subject of praise and of thankfulness to us, that when eight hundred men amongst

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, “*Tu es Petrus!*” O Pius! Peter speaks in thee, and Christ, the Lord, speaks in Peter. 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. 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 his 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.

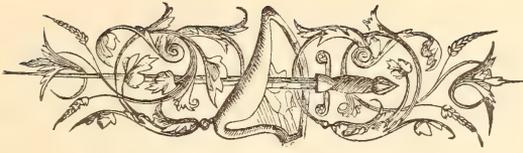
And what shall be the future of this tiara? We know that the crown of universal pastorship and the crown of supremacy are his; that no man can take from him that which has grown unto him under the hand of Jesus Christ. We know that he may be in exile to-morrow—that he may be without a home, persecuted 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. 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;” 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 amongst us that does not know that this usurpation of Rome is only a question of a few days—only a question of a few days—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. 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. 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. 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. 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. 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. This hall is crowded; and, from my priestly, Catholic, and Irish heart, I am proud of it. 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. 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; 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; that it was given as Ireland always has given when she gave—given with a free hand and a loving and generous heart. 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.”

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.





GOOD WORKS WITH FAITH NECESSARY TO SALVATION.

[Delivered at the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, May 2d, 1872.]

“ And to the disciple Jesus said: Son, behold thy mother.”

DEARLY beloved: On last evening I endeavored to describe to you the beautiful harmony and analogy between the things of nature and the spiritual things of grace, so admirably developed and illustrated in the dedication of this month of May to the Blessed Virgin Mary; and I told you then that on this evening I would endeavor to unfold to you the place and the position which the mother of our Divine Lord holds in the plan of man's redemption. Now, there are two great classes that occupy the world to-day, of men who differ in their apprehension of the design of God as revealed in the redemption of man. The first are those who say, or who seem to say, that we did not stand in need of redemption at all. They deny the fall of man—they deny the inherent sinfulness of man. Consequently, they deny the necessity of the incarnation of the Almighty God. They deny the necessity of sacraments or their efficacy, and they say that man has, within himself, in the very elements of his nature—that by the mere development of his natural powers he may attain to all the purposes of God, and to the full perfection of His being. Such, for instance, is the doctrine of the wide-spread sect of Socinius. Such, in a great measure, are the ideas of a number of wide-spread sects—the Unitarians, Humanitarians, believers in human nature alone—Progressists, men who look to this world, and to its scientific attainments, and to its great developments, as effected by man and reflected in the spirit and in the intelli-

gence of man, for all the perfection of humanity and of society. This class takes in all those who refuse any definite form of religion at all—who put away from them all idea of the necessity of any fixed faith. This idea represents the vast multitude of mankind, found everywhere, and nowhere more numerous than here, in this very land; the men who, with the most accurate ideas on business, on commercial transactions, on law, on politics, etc., are only found to be following, in an inaccurate comprehension, careless, indefinite and not only ignorant of, but willing to be ignorant of every specific form of defined faith, or belief in revelation at all. They do not give enough to God in their thoughts, in their minds, in the acknowledgments of their souls, in this question of man's redemption. There are, on the other hand, a vast number who profess Christianity, and who, if you will, give too much to God in this matter of redemption; who say that when the Son of God became man, he effected the redemption of mankind so completely, that he wiped away the world's sin so utterly, that all that we have to do is to lean upon Him—to govern ourselves by faith, with His justification, His merits, and that without any concurrent labor of our own, without any work on our part, but only the easy operation of "believing on Christ," as they put it, that we can be saved. And hence we hear so much about justification by faith; and hence we hear so much ribald abuse of the Catholic sacraments—of fasting, of the Holy Mass, of all the exterior usages and sacramental appliances of the Holy Catholic Church; all mocked at, all derided as contrary to the spirit of all true religion; which simply is, according to them, to believe with all your soul in Jesus Christ, in His redemption, in His atonement, and all sins are cleansed. A man may have a thousand deeds of murder upon his soul; a man may have loaded himself with every most hideous form of impurity; a man may have injured his neighbor on the right hand and on the left, and may have enriched himself upon the spoils of his dishonesty—there is no law either of the relations of God to man, or man to his fellow-man—but only "believe on God and you are saved." Hence we hear of so many who go out to these camp-meetings and these prayer-meetings, and there work themselves into a state of excitement, and say, "Oh, I have found the Lord Jesus, I have found him!" There is no more question about that—they are confirmed; they

are the elect ; they are the perfect ; they are the regenerated, and there is an end to all their previous sins. They need not shed a tear of sorrow, but only believe on the Lord. They need not make an act of contrition, they need not mortify their bodies, but only believe on the Lord. It is a smooth and a very easy, a remarkably easy doctrine, and, if it only led to heaven, it would be indeed a sweet and an easy way, by which we could enjoy ourselves here as long as we like in the indulgence of every vile passion, and afterwards turn and lean upon the Lord, and thus get into heaven. Between these two extremes, the extreme of unbelief and the mistaken view and zeal of what appears to be an over-fervent faith, but which in reality is not faith at all—because faith means the apprehension of the truth, and not a distorted view of this text or that, of Scripture—between these two stands the Holy Catholic Church of God, and she tells us, as against the first class, the Humanitarians, that we are a fallen race, that sin is in our blood, that sin is in our nature, that that nature is deformed, disfigured by sin ; that the very fountain-head of our humanity was corrupted in Adam, and just as, if you disturb the fountain-head of the stream, or if you poison it, the whole current that flows from it is muddy and disturbed, or poisonous, so the whole stream of our humanity that flows from the sin of Adam is tainted and disfigured and poisoned by sin ; consequently, that we stood in need of a Redeemer who would atone for our sins, and would, by sacrificing himself, and making himself a victim, wipe away the sin of mankind. But, on the other hand, the Holy Catholic Church teaches us, as against the second class, that two wills, two actions, are necessary for man's salvation, namely, the will of God, and the will of the man who is to be saved ; that we must unite our will with God, and determine to be saved, otherwise that will of God, which is never wanting, will not alone avail for the sanctification or the salvation of any man ; that we must not only will with God our salvation, but that we must work with God in the work of our salvation ; according to the words of St. Paul, " In fear and trembling we must work out our salvation." That although the gift of salvation, comes from God, and is His gift, yet that He will not give it except to the man who strains himself to lay hold of it, according to that other word of the Apostle, " Lay hold of eternal life." God is amply sufficient to save us ; God is willing

to save us. We can only be saved by His graces, but if we do not with our hands lay hold of these graces, and correspond with them, there is no salvation for us. Just as if you saw a man fallen into the sea, and you threw him a rope, by which, if he lay hold of it, you can take him into your boat, or land him on to the land; you are willing to save him, you are anxious to save him; you have put actually into his hands the means by which he may be saved, but if he refuses to lay hold of that measure of salvation, if he refuses the gift that you offer him, of life, you cannot force him, and so he is lost by his own fault. Now, as it requires for the salvation of every man amongst us, two wills, two distinct actions, the will and the action of God, our will and our action corresponding with Him, so, also, in the redemption two things were necessary in order that man might be saved. First of all, dearly beloved, it was necessary to find some victim, whose very act was of such infinite value in the sight of God, that he might be available for the salvation of mankind, and capable of atoning to God's infinite honor and glory, which was outraged by sin. A victim must be found whose very act is of infinite value, and why? Because the atonement which he comes to make is infinite; because no creature of God, acting as a creature, with a finite merit and power, and the circumscribed action of a creature, can ever atone to the Almighty God for sin, which is an infinite evil. The first thing, therefore, that is necessary, is an infinite power of atonement, an infinite power of merit in the victim for man's sin. The second thing that is necessary for redemption is a willingness and a capability on the part of their atoner to suffer, and by his sufferings, and by his sacrifices, and by his atonement, wash away the sin. Where shall this victim of infinite merit, yet a victim, be found? If we demand the first condition, namely, the power of restoring to God that infinite honor and glory which was outraged by sin, if we demand this, we may seek in vain throughout all the ranks of God's creatures; we may mount to the heaven of heavens and seek throughout the choirs of God's holy angels, we shall never find him, because such a one is seated upon the throne of God himself. God alone is infinite in His sanctity, in His graces, and, if He will consent to be a victim, in His power of atonement, God alone can do it. Man could place the cause there, man could commit the sin; the hand of

God alone can take that sin away by atonement; and yet, strange to say, dearly beloved brethren, God alone cannot do it, because God alone cannot furnish us with the second privilege of the atoner, namely, the character of a victim. How can God suffer? How can God be moved? How can God bleed and die? He is happiness, glory, honor, and greatness itself. How can He be humble who is above all things? Infinitely glorious in His own essence. How can He be grieved who is the essential happiness of heaven? He must come down from heaven, and He must take a nature capable of suffering and pain, and of the shedding of blood; he must take a nature capable of being abused and crushed and victimized, or else the world can never find its Redeemer; yet he must take that nature so that everything that he does as a victim, and everything that he suffers as a victim in that nature, must be attributed to God. It must be the action of God; it must be the suffering of God, or else it never can be endowed with the infinite value which is necessary for the atonement of man's sin. Behold, then, the two great things that we must find, that God found in the plan of His redemption; God furnished one, the earth furnished the other; God furnished the infinite merit, the infinite grace, the infinite value of the atonement in His own divine and uncreated word, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity: but when it was a question of finding a victim—of finding a nature in which this word should operate, in finding the nature in which this word was to be grieved, and to be bruised, and to bleed, and to weep, and to pray for man—God was obliged to look down from heaven and find that nature upon the earth. Therefore, my dearly beloved brethren, heaven and earth united in producing Jesus Christ, and it is as necessary for us to believe in the reality of the divinity that, coming down from heaven, dwelt in Him, as it is for us to believe in the reality of the humanity which was assumed and absorbed by Him into His divine person. A man may exalt the divinity at the expense of the humanity, and he may say: "He was divine, this man, Jesus Christ, but, remember, He was not a true man; He only took a human body for a certain purpose, and then, casting it from Him, went up into the high heaven of God." The man who says this is not a Christian, because he does not believe in the reality of the human nature of Jesus Christ. Heretics have

said this, and the Church cut them off with an anathema. Or we may exalt His humanity at the expense of His divinity, and say, "He was a true man, but He was not united to God by personal union; He was not a divine person, but a human person; He was a true man, this man who was crucified for our sins—true, and holy, and perfect—but not God." Heretics have said this, and say it to-day. Even Mahomet acknowledged that the Lord Jesus Christ was the most perfect of men, but He was not God. The man who says this is not a Christian, because he does not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. Now, I think, that from what I have said, you must at once conclude that in the plan of man's redemption, the divinity was as necessary as the humanity; that the humanity was as necessary as the divinity; that the world could never be redeemed without the divinity; that man alone could not do it; that the world could never be redeemed without the humanity, for God alone could never suffer. What follows from all this? It follows, my dearly beloved, in logic and in truth, that for the world's redemption, Mary on earth was as necessary as the Eternal Father in heaven; that in the decrees and councils of God—in the plan of God—the Mother of His humanity was as necessary as the Father of His divinity, and that she rises at once in the designs of God to the magnificent part that was assigned her in the plan of redemption, namely, that the world could not be redeemed without her, because she gave the human nature of Jesus Christ, without which there was no redemption for man.

Who died upon the cross? The Son of God. Whose hands were these that were nailed to that hard wood? The hands of the Son of God. What person is this that I behold all covered with wounds, and bleeding, and crowned with thorns? Who is this sorrow-stricken person? That is the Second Person of the adorable Trinity! The same God, begotten in Him consubstantial to the Father, who was from the beginning, and by whom all things were made. And if this be the Son of God, what right has that woman to look up to Him with a mother's eyes? What right have these dying lips to address her as mother? Ah! because, my dearly beloved, He was as truly the Son of Mary as He was the Son of God.

And now, as I wish to take my own time, and to enter fully into all these things in successive meditations, let me conclude

with only one remark. Since I came to the use of reason, and learned my catechism, and mastered the idea that was taught me of how God in heaven planned and designed the redemption of mankind, the greatest puzzle in my life has been—a thing that I never could understand—has been, how any one, believing what I have said, could refuse their veneration, their honor, and their love to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of Jesus Christ; for it seems to me that nothing is more natural to the heart of man than to be grateful, and that, in proportion to the gift which is received from any one, in the same proportion do we find our hearts springing with gratitude within us, and a strange craving and a strange, dissatisfied feeling to find out how we can express that gratitude that we feel. And is this a sacred feeling? Most sacred; natural, but most sacred. We find in the Scriptures the loud tone of praise, honor, and veneration, and the gratitude that the inspired writers poured forth towards those who were great benefactors of mankind, and especially to the women of the Old Testament. How loud, for instance, are the praises that the Scriptures give to the daughter of Jephtha, because she sacrificed herself according to her father's vow for the people. How loud the praises which celebrated the glorious woman, Deborah, who in the day of distress and danger headed the army of Israel, drew the sword, and the Scriptures say that all the people praised her forevermore, and they sang, "Blessed be God, because a mother has arisen in Israel." How loud the praises of Esther, of whom the Scripture tells us that the Jews celebrated an annual festival in her honor because she interceded with the King Ahasuerus and saved the people from destruction. How loud the praises of Judith, who, coming forth from the city upon the rocky summit of the mountain, with her womanly hand slew the enemy of Israel and of Israel's God, Holofernes, and, returning in triumph, the ancients of the city came forth and cried out, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, and thou; thou art the glory of Israel; thou art the glory of Jerusalem thou art the joy of Israel; thou art the honor of our people." And yet, what did Deborah, or Esther, or Judith—what did any of these or any other man or woman on the face of the earth do for us compared with what Mary did? Judith cut off the head of Holofernes, Mary set her heel on the head of the serpent that was the destruction of our race; Esther pleaded for the

people before the Assyrian monarch and saved them from temporal ruin ; Mary pleaded, and pleads to the King of Kings, to the King of Heaven, and saves the people from destruction ; Jephtha's daughter gave her life ; Mary brought down the life, indeed, from heaven, and gave it to us. And yet, strange to say, those who are constantly talking about "the Bible, the Bible, the Bible, the open Bible, the Bible free to every man," those who call themselves Bible men, those in whose oily mouths this Bible is always, every text of it, coming forth as if you taught a parrot in its cage to recite it, understanding it as much as the bird would—these are the very people who tell us that we may join with the Jews of old in the praises of Esther and praises of Deborah, that we may cry out in tones of admiration for Mary, the sister of Moses, for Rachel, but that we must not say a word to express our gratitude, our love, our veneration and our honor for the woman, the woman amongst women, the spiritual mother of all our race, because her child was our first-born brother, the woman that gave us Jesus Christ, the woman that gave to him the blood that flowed from his veins upon Calvary and saved the world—for this woman no word, save a word of reproach, an echo of the hisses of hell, an echo of the sibilation of the infernal serpent that was crushed by God. Christ honored her ; we must not unite with him in her honor. Christ obeyed her ; we must not unite with him in obeying her. Christ loved her ; we must not let one emotion of love into our heart. Who are the men that say this ? I have heard words from their lips which they would not permit any man to say of their own mothers, and they had the infernal hardihood to say these words of the mother of Jesus Christ, of the Son of God ; and, my friends, I believe we can in nowise better employ this month of May and its devotions than in making reparation to our Lord and Saviour and to his holy Mother for the insults that fall upon him when they are put upon her. The deepest insult that you could offer to any man would be to insult his mother, and the more perfect the child is and the more loving, the more keenly will he feel that insult. He, with his dying lips, provided for Mary his mother a son, a second son, the purest and the most loving amongst men. It shows how he thought of her at his last moments ; how she was the dearest object that he left upon this earth ; and that which is dear to the heart of Jesus Christ should

always be dear to your hearts and minds. Next to the love, eternal, infinite, essential, that bound him in his divinity to his eternal Father, next to that in strength, in intensity, in tenderness, was the love that bound him to the Mother who came in closest relation with him. And, oh! Lord Jesus Christ, teach us to love what thou lovest, and so revere and honor that which thou didst condescend to honor.





THE PEACE OF GOD.

[Delivered in the chapel of the "Xavier Alumni Sodality," on Sunday, May 7th, 1872.]

"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 xx. 19 to 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 to 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 amongst 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 amongst 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 amongst 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 utterly 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 season 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 redemption ; reconciling the human intelligence with the light of God’s truth ; opening up the minds, and letting the stream of the 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 this 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 amongst 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 con-

science, 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, I 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 woman, 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; en-

riches 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 it 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 to 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 by-ways and highways of the human heart.” See how delicately 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 or 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 villainy, of robbery, and mur-

ders, 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 seedlings 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 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, overshadow 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 Goliah, 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” of 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 toward 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, O 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 nearly all of them belong to the devil. It is fitting that 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 tell 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 amongst 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 EXILES OF ERIN.

[Lecture delivered at the Academy of Music, New York, May 22d, 1872.]



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: One of the strongest passions, and the noblest that God has implanted in the heart of man, is the love of the land that bore him. The poet says, and well :

“ Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land ? ”

The pleasure of standing upon the soil of our birth ; the pleasure of preserving the associations that surrounded our boyhood and our youth ; the pleasure—sad and melancholy though it be—of watching every gray hair and every wrinkle that time sends even to those whom we love, these are amongst the keenest and the best pleasures of which the heart of man is capable. Therefore it is that, at all times, exile from native land has been looked upon by men 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 amidst the everlasting snows of the Upper Alps, who sees no form of beauty in nature except her grandest and most austere and rugged proportions, yet so dearly loves his arid mountain-home, that it is heart-breaking to him to be banished from it, even though he were placed to spend his exile in the choicest and most delicious quarters 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 the mother-land as to a fair and beautiful land ; a climate temperate

and delicious; soil fruitful and abundant; scenery, now rising into the glory of magnificence, now sinking into the tenderest pastoral beauty; a history the grandest of all the nations of the earth; associations the tenderest, because the most Christian and the purest. And all these, and more, aggravate the misery and enhance the pain which the Irishman, of all other men, feels when he is exiled from his native land.

And yet, my friends, amongst 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 our people. The first of those is that we are a warrior and warlike race—quick, impulsive, generous, fraternal, and fond of a fight for the sake of a 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 contented with their prosperity, and very often attain to the end of their aims more directly and more successfully by negotiations, the Celt, wherever he is, is always ready to resent an insult or an injury, and to create one for the sake of resenting it, very often when it is not intended. How strangely has not this great fact been brought out in relation to the great Celtic nation of France—France, which is of the same race, the same stock, and the same blood as Ireland—France, to whom in weal or woe the heart of Ireland has always throbbed sympathetically; exulting in her joys, or lamenting or 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 every time, in war with their more prudent and more cold-blooded neighbors around them. Now, if you look through history, you will invariably find that France (or the Celt) was always the first to fling down the glove, or draw the sword and cry out “War!” Even in the late fatal war, things were so managed and so arranged that, while Bismarck was smiling and shrugging his shoulders, and “invisibly washing his hands in imperceptible water,” the French, the moment they saw that war was possible, that moment, unprepared as they were—not stopping to calculate or reflect—they rushed to the front. They are trodden in the earth to-day; but that gallant flag of France has gone down without dishonor, as long as it was upheld by the heroic hands of the Celt.

As it was with our French cousins, so, for good or bad luck, as you will, has it been with 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, if we had not the Dane and the Saxon to fight with, we picked quarrels and fought with one another.

Now the second great feature of our destiny, as traced in our history, is 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 the course of circumstances, or apparently of their own free will, to leave. The Irish Exile is a name recognized in history. The Irish Exile is not a being of yesterday or of last year. We turn over these honored pages of history; we come to the very brightest pages of the national records, and still we find, emblazoned upon the annals of every nation of the earth, the grand and the most honored names of the EXILES OF ERIN. It is therefore to this theme that I invite your attention this evening. And why? Because, my friends, I hold, as an Irishman, that, next to the Gospel I preach and to the religion that I love, come the gospel and the religion of my love for Ireland and my glory in her. Every point in her history that is a record of glory, brings a joy to your heart and to mine. The argument that builds up the temple of Irish fame upon the foundations of religion and valor, every argument, I say, is an argument to induce in your hearts and mine the strong, stormy feeling of pride for our native land. Why should we not be proud of her? Has she ever, in that long record of our history—has she ever 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 her own conscience, to undo the chains and to strike them off the limbs of the slave? Never! Has she ever drawn that sword, which she has wielded for centuries, in an unjust or 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 the defense of the highest

and holiest and best of causes—the altar of God, and the altar of the nation.

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 and exile of her children upon them. The first of these goes 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 and embraced it, and put it into her blood, and into the lives of her children; and she became Catholic under the very hand of an Apostle such as no nation on the earth ever did, or ever will know, until 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 in Tara. Wise and saintly counsellors guided them; 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 golden treasure; and no man would insult her virtue, or bring a blush to her virgin cheek; nor attempt to rob her of the rich and valuable things that she wore. Then the Irish heart, enlarged and expanded by the new element of Christian charity, which was infused in the nation with its religion—the Irish mind, before so cultivated in all pagan literature, now enlightened with the higher and more glorious rays of faith—this heart and mind of Ireland looked out with pity upon the nations who were around them 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, which I call the exodus, or going forth of faith. Revelling in all the beauty of her grandeur, enjoying the blessings of peace, the light of divine truth, the warmth of holy charity, enjoying that learning, until she became the great school-house and university of the world—all the nations around sent their youth to Ireland to be instructed. Then, these Irish and saintly masters of all human and divine knowledge found, by the accounts given by those youthful scholars, that there was neither religion, nor faith, nor learning in the countries around them. England, now in the 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. In their hatred to their Saxon invaders, these British bishops, priests, and monks took the most cruel form of vengeance that ever was known to be exercised against a nation. They actually refused to preach the Gospel to the Saxons, for fear the Saxons might be saved, and get into heaven with themselves. Ireland, evangelized; Ireland, enlightened; Ireland, warmed with the rays of divine charity, cast a pitying look upon the neighbor country; and in the sixth and seventh centuries, numbers of Irish monks went forth and travelled into Scotland and through the land of England, and everywhere preached the Gospel of Christ, spreading from the north of England to the remote north of Scotland. We find them in every land of Europe. We find them, for instance, in the valleys of Switzerland, which was evangelized by the Irish St. Gall, whose name still marks a town in that country, 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, *Fridolene* or *Fridolind*; he went through the length and breadth of Europe, until he was known to all men for the greatness of his learning and the power of his preaching, and for the wonderful sanctity of his life. He was called "*Fridolene* the Traveller," for he went about from nation to nation evangelizing the name of Christ. We find Columbanus going forth in that seventh century, penetrating into the heart of France, preaching the Gospel to the people of Burgundy; thence passing over the Alps he descended into the plains of Lombardy. In that very land where St. Ambrose and other lights of the Church had shone, Columbanus preached the Gospel, and appeared as a new vision of sanctity and goodness before the Italian people, who were converted by the sound of his voice. At the same time St. Killian penetrated into Germany, and evangelized Franconia. But the greatest of all these saints and Irish exiles of the seventh century was the man whose name is familiar to you all—whose name is enshrined amongst the very highest saints of the Church's calendar—whose name and whose history has furnished the material for the Count Montalembert, the greatest writer of our age, who found in the name of the Irish St. Columba, or Columbkille, the theme for the very highest and

grandest piece of history that our age has produced. The history of this saint is striking for his extraordinary sanctity, and yet brings out fully, forcibly, and wonderfully the strength as well as weakness of the Irish character. St. Columbkille was a descendant of Nial of the Nine Hostages, who founded in Ulster the royal house of O'Neill. His name was O'Neill, and he was a near relation to the King of Ulster. He consecrated himself to God in his youth, and became a monk. Speedily he arose in the fame of his learning and his sanctity. He studied in Armagh, in Mungret, near Limerick, on the Shannon; and went at last to the Island of Arran, outside of Galway Bay; and there, as he himself tells us, he passed years of his life in prayer and study. Well, as you are aware, at this early period, there were no books, because there was no art of printing; and every book had to be written out patiently in manuscript. Books were then of such value that the price of a copy of the Scriptures would purchase a large estate. At this time a celebrated Irish saint, St. Finnian, had a precious copy of the Book of Psalms, written out in goodly characters upon leaves of parchment. St. Columba wanted a copy of this book for himself; and he went to St. Finnian and begged the privilege of the book to take a copy of it. He was refused; the book was too precious to be trusted to him. Then he asked at least to be allowed to go into the church where the book was deposited; and there he spent night after night, privately writing out a clean copy of it. By the time St. Columbkille had finished his copy, somebody, who had watched him at the work, went and told St. Finnian that the young man had made a copy of his psalter. The moment St. Finnian heard of it, he laid claim to this copy as belonging to him. St. Columbkille refused to give it up; and appealed to King Dermott, the Ard-ri, at Tara. The king called his counsellors together; they considered the matter, and passed a decree that St. Columbkille should give up the copy; because, the original belonging to St. Finnian, the copy was only borrowed from it, and should go with it; and the Irish decree began with the words, "Every cow has a right to her own calf." Now, mark the action of Columbkille; a saint, a man devoted to prayer and fasting all the days of his life; a man gifted with miraculous powers; and yet, under all that, as thorough-bred an Irishman as ever lived. The moment he heard

that the king had resolved on giving back his precious book, he reproached him, saying: "I am a cousin of yours; and there you went against me!" He put the clanship—the "sheanachus"—upon him. The king said he could not help it. What did St. Columbkille do? He took his book under his arm and went away to Ulster to raise the clan of the O'Neills. He was himself the son of their king; they were a powerful clan in the country; and the moment they heard their kinsman's voice they rose as one man; for who ever asked a lot of Irishmen to get up a row and was disappointed? They arose; 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 flooded with blood. It was only then that St. Columbkille perceived the terrible mistake he had made. Like an Irishman, he first had the fight out, and then he began to reflect on it afterward. In penance for that great crime, his confessor, a holy monk named Manuel, condemned him to go out of Ireland and exile himself, and never again to return to the land of his birth and of his love. Nothing is more beautiful or more tender than the letter St. Columbkille wrote to his kinsmen in Ulster. "My fate is sealed," he says, "my doom is sealed. A man told me that I must exile myself 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 went to an island among the Hebrides, on the northern coast of Scotland. There, in the mist and storms of that inhospitable 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. That school, founded under the eyes and under the influence of St. Columbkille, became the great mother and fountain-head of that grand monasticism which was destined to evangelize so many nations, and to Christianize all Scotland and the northern parts of England. We shall return to St. Columbkille again, in the course of the lecture, when I come to gather up the three great periods of exile, in speaking of the one love which characterized them all.

The next century following, the Irish monk, St. Cataldus, penetrated through the length and breadth of Italy, preaching

everywhere; until at length the Pope of Rome made him Bishop of Sarento, in the south of Italy. Another Irish monk, Romauld, went out in the eighth century and evangelized Brabant and the Low Countries. Two Irish monks, Clement and Albinus, were so celebrated throughout the schools of Europe in the eighth century, that they were known by the name of the "Disseminators of Wisdom," or the "Philosophers." In a word, the Irish monks of the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries were the greatest evangelists, and the greatest apostles, and the most learned men that the world then possessed. They gave to their island home the strange title amongst the nations of the "Island of Saints;" and the sanctity that made Ireland the bright glory of Christendom, they poured abroad upon their apostolic labors, until they brought that message which sanctified Ireland, home to every people in the then known world.

For two hundred years after Ireland's Catholicity was preached to her by St. Patrick, no Catholic missionary was ever heard to preach the name of Christ to the Saxons of England. St. Patrick came to Ireland in the year 432. St. Augustine came to England, for the first time, to preach to the Saxons, in the year 596. Nearly two hundred years intervened; during which time St. Columbkille and his children had evangelized the Scots and Picts of the north; and when the Roman monk, St. Augustine, and his Benedictines came, they landed in the south of England. England was then divided into seven kingdoms, under the Saxons; and thirty-six years after the death of St. Augustine, we find that the Benedictine monks, who came from Rome, had only preached to one nation out of the seven, what is now the county of Kent—whilst the Irish monks had evangelized and preached the Gospel to all of the other kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy. Therefore, I claim that from Ireland, and Ireland's monasticism, many of the nations of Europe, and more especially the Scots and the kingdom of Northumbria (comprising all England north of the Humber), lit their lamps, and entered into the glorious light of Christ. Then the light that was in Ireland shone forth from her. As when the clouds part and let the strong rays of the noonday sun flood the darkened world, filling it with light and joy and worship, so the clouds of ignorance and paganism parted, and forth from the pure, ardent light of Ireland's Catholicity came the faith which illumined, and brightened, and evan-

gelized, and saved all the surrounding countries during that first great exodus of Ireland's faith.

Is there anything in all this to be ashamed of? There are nations in the world that must go up to the fountain-head of their history, and touch, not heroes, not saints, but robbers and the vilest men of the earth. It is worthy of remark, that nearly every nation, when it goes up to the fountain-head of its history, has to be very quiet and very humble, indeed. The Romans, for instance, who conquered the whole world, when they trace their history to its fountain-head, come to a day when the foundations of Rome were laid by Romulus and Remus; and we find that the first inhabitants of Rome were the banditti and robbers who escaped from the neighboring cities, and came for refuge into Rome—the offscourings of Tuscany and Latium, and all the surrounding countries. We find, when it was a question of propagating the Roman people, the very first thing these robbers did was an act worthy of them: they rushed out, and, by force and violence, took the wives and daughters of their peaceable neighbors. We find that Romulus, the founder of Rome, with his own hand, shed his brother's blood, as Cain did that of Abel. As it was in the first days of Roman history, so it is with nearly every nation. What is English history? It takes us back to the time when troops of half-naked barbarians roamed over the hills and valleys. Then came the Saxon, to take every liberty from them, to rob the ancient Briton of his country, and his land of freedom. What is this but the fountain-head of history traced up to its barbarism and injustice. But trace up the far more ancient history of Ireland. No man, even the noblest of all on the earth, can point to such an ancestry as ours. Trace up that history to the days when the Druids stood in Tara; when the crowned monarch on the throne, with the Brehons, sat to administer justice—and listen to the glories of their song. Trace it up to the very fountain-head, and you will find civilization, and law, and power, and virtue, and glory. Come down but a day from out those pagan recesses of our earliest history—come down but a day on the road of time, and you step into the full light of Ireland's Christian holiness and glory, when she was the light of the world and the glory of the Church of Christ.

Now, my friends, we pass to the second exodus; and here,

alas! it is not the voluntary exile going forth from his native land, reluctantly and regretfully, yet impelled by the high and celestial motives that animate the heart of the Apostle and the missionary; it is not the saint looking back with tearful eyes upon the land which he sacrifices and abandons for the possession of higher aims—the souls of men on earth and the higher place in heaven. No! the second exodus in Ireland was one of the most terrible in her history. We know that from the days when the English invasion took shape and form—we know that in proportion as the English got firm hold of the land—in proportion as they divided and consequently defeated chieftain after chieftain, king after king—that in proportion as they encroached upon the Irish soil, there was, at last, no room upon that soil for a man who loved his native land. And this, my friends, is one of the worst consequences of national conquest; this is one of the most terrible consequences of a nation being subdued and enslaved: for, the moment the foreigner or the invader sets his foot firmly on the soil, that moment one of the highest aims and virtues—namely, the virtue of patriotism—becomes treason and a crime. But yesterday, the people of Alsace and Lorraine gloried in the name and in the glory of their beloved France. To-day, if the man of Alsace or Lorraine only lifts his hat to the statue of France, or says in public “Long live ancient and glorious France,” he is taken and put into prison, and tried as a malefactor and arraigned as a traitor before the tribunals of the country. And why? Because the curse of a foreign invasion and an unjust occupation is on the land. If Germany, instead of being the conqueror, were the conquered land, and the French unjustly and wickedly took possession of the provinces within the empire, then the German would not be able to love his native land, or to express the emotions of his heart without treason. So it is in Ireland; patriotism became a crime in proportion as the English power advanced, and the words of the poet are unfortunately verified:

“Unprized are her sons till they've learned to betray,
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them to dignity's way
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.”

What wonder then, that we find a people, naturally warlike,

naturally high-spirited, a people whose spirit was never crushed, nor never knew how to bend, even under centuries of oppression and persecution—never; “the spirit of Ireland,” says Tom Moore, “may be broken, but never would bend;” what wonder, I say, that this people, this warlike population, with its high-minded and time-honored nobility, when they found that they could not love their country at home, where there were interminable and everlasting battles; that they turned their faces to other lands, and sought elsewhere the distinction and military glory which their nationality and religion deprived them of in their native land? So, we find that, as early as Elizabeth’s time, and even in that of Henry VIII., Irishmen had begun to emigrate; and the armies of Spain, and Austria, and France 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 the corpses of those who defended it.

Amongst many other risings, Ireland rose almost to a man in the year 1641. The Confederation of Kilkenny was formed, and the Catholics of Ireland, unable to bear longer the cruel, heartless, and bloody persecution of Elizabeth and her successors, banded together as one man. All the ancient nobility of Ireland, all the Catholic chieftains—the O’Neills, the O’Donnells, the McDermotts, in the North; and McCarthy Mor, in the South; the O’Reillys, in Cavan; the Clanricarde Burkes of Connaught; the Geraldines of Leinster—in a word, all the Irish chivalry and nobility came together, and they formed a National Confederation for the national defence. 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, the grandest soldier of his age—came over—leaving his post at the head of the Spanish army, then the bravest and finest in Europe—and landed on the shores of Ireland. His name was the immortal Owen Roe O’Neill. He rallied the Irish forces, and met on many a well-fought field the armies of England. Thanks be to God! though they poisoned him, they could not conquer him with the sword. Thanks be to God! there is one Irishman upon whose grave may be written—“Here lies a man who never drew the sword for Ireland on the battle-field without scattering his enemies like chaff before the wind.” He met, at Benburb, on the banks of the Boyne, the

English General, Monroe, with a large and well-disciplined army. O'Neill formed his men into one solid column, flanking them with his artillery, and giving the word to advance, straight to the very heart of the English army he pierced like an insurmountable wedge. The columns of the English army swarmed upon every side; from every quarter they came. Still on the Irish went, until they gained the brow of Benburb Hill; nor was all the chivalry of England able to stand against them. When they gained the brow of the hill, O'Neill, on looking around, could see the enemy flying on every side, as from the avenging angel of God.

On that day, Ireland rang with the name of O'Neill, and was reminded of the great Hugh, who, at the famous "Yellow Ford," met the English Field-Marshal Bagenal, at the head of a large army. He not only routed him, but exterminated his army, and scarcely left a man to go home to their strongholds around Dublin, to tell, with blanched lips, the tale that they had been destroyed by the Irish.

Cromwell landed in Ireland; and Owen Roe O'Neill, at the head of his army, advanced from the North to measure swords with the Roundhead of England. Ah! well they knew the mettle the man was made of; and they sent a traitor into his camp to put poison into the Irishman's wine!

In the death of Owen Roe O'Neill, the great Confederation of Ireland was broken; so that, with divided counsels, they scarcely knew whom to obey; until on the 12th of May, 1652, eleven years after the Confederation was established, Galway, the last stronghold of the Irish, had to yield. The cause was lost—lost again! and the Irish nobility, and the rank and file of the Irish army, rather than remain at home and serve as soldiers with Cromwell, went to France, Austria, and Spain, and left their mark upon the history of Europe, as that history is proud to record.

On the 27th of October, 1652, Limerick fell. Forty years later, Ireland is in arms again. This time the English king is at their head—King James the Second. I wish to God he had been a braver man; he would not then have deserved the name of "*Sheamus ahooka!*" He was too fond of taking out his handkerchief, and putting it to his eyes, and crying out to the Irish soldiers—"Oh! spare my English subjects!" and when

the Irish dragoons were sweeping down upon Schomberg, on the slopes of the Boyne—when the Irish dragoons would have driven the Brunswickers into that river, and the history of Ireland would have taken from the beautiful Boyne the name of reproach it has to this day—James was the first to give orders, “Stop a little! don’t let them make so desperate a charge!” Any man that knows the history of his country knows that, if we study the actions and valor of the Irish army at that very Boyne—at Athlone—at Aughrim—although they lost the field, they did not lose their honor; but they crowned their loss with immortal glory. At length the campaign drew to a close; and when 1691 came—forty years after the former siege of Limerick—the heroic city is once more surrounded by the flower of the English army; while within its walls were ten thousand Irishmen, with Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, at their head. A breach was made in the walls; three times the whole strength of the English army was hurled against the defenders of the walls of Limerick. Three times within that breach arose the wild shout of the Irish soldiers; and three times was the whole might of Orange William’s army swept away from that breach. In the third of these assaults, combatants appeared who are not generally seen, either on the battle-field or at the hustings in Ireland. The Irish women are not what you call “Women’s rights people.” 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 for” the English in the last assault. The brave, dark-eyed mothers and daughters of Southern Ireland stood, shoulder to shoulder, with their brothers and fathers. In the breach they stood; and, whilst the men defended Irish nationality, in that terrible hour, the women of Ireland raised their strong hands in defence of Ireland’s purity and Ireland’s right. Well they might! for never had womanhood a more sacred, pure, and honorable cause to defend, than when the women of Limerick opposed the base and evil-minded invaders of their country.

Well, Limerick yielded. King William and his generals found they could not take the city; so they made terms with Sarsfield and his men, to the effect, that the Irish army were to go out with drums beating, colors flying, and with arms in their hands; free to stay in Ireland, if they wished; or to join the

service of any foreign power they pleased. The Treaty of Limerick granted the Catholics of Ireland as much religious liberty as they enjoyed under the Stuarts. That treaty was won by the bravery of the Irish soldiers within the shattered walls of Limerick. The Treaty of Limerick granted the Irish merchants the same privileges and the same rights as the English merchants had. But, as soon as Sarsfield and his thirty thousand soldiers were gone, before the ink was dry upon the treaty, it was broken. The Lord Justices that signed it returned to Dublin, and a certain Mr. Dopping (he was the Protestant Bishop of Meath) preached a sermon; and the subject of that sermon was, on the sin of keeping their oaths with the Catholics! The treaty was broken ere the ink upon it was scarce dry; and a period of confiscation and misery most terrible followed.

Meantime, Sarsfield and his poor companions took themselves to France. "Exiles of Hope," they went in the hope that they would one day return with their brave French allies, and sweep the Saxons from off the soil of Erin. By the time Sarsfield arrived in France (1691), there were thirty thousand Irishmen in the service of King Louis. There were, at the same time, some ten thousand in the service of Spain, and an equal number in the service of Austria; and it is worthy of notice that the Irishmen of Leinster and of Meath joined the service of Austria, with their leaders, the Nugents and the Kavanaghs—names still perpetuated in the Austrian army. I myself knew a Field-Marshal Nugent, of Irish descent, in the Austrian army. The men of the North went to Spain, under the O'Reillys and the O'Donnells. At that very time Austria and Spain were fighting against France. So that, whilst there were thirty thousand Irishmen in the French army, there were nearly twenty thousand in the other armies. There the bone and sinew and the blood of Ireland were engaged in the work—the unhappy work—of slaughtering one another! Oh, how sad to think that the bravest soldiers that ever stood—the bravest in the world—that they should be thus employed, fighting for causes of which they knew nothing, and for monarchs who cared nothing about them; and the hands which should have been joined for Ireland, in some glorious effort for Irish purposes, were actually imbrued in their brothers' blood on many a battle-field in Europe. Sars-

field, shortly after his arrival with his Connaught men and Munster men, took service with King Louis of France. He first crossed swords with the English at the siege of a town of Flanders. There he so behaved with his Irishmen, and so thoroughly cleared the field, so completely swept away the English that were opposed to him, bearing down upon them when they first wavered, with the awful dash of Lord Clare's dragoons, that Sarsfield was created a Marshal of France. We find him again at the Battle of Landen. He is at the head of the Irish Brigade, and opposed to him is King William—Orange William—whom he had often met upon many a field before. Now the close of a hard-fought day is approaching. The English, with their Dutch auxiliaries, are in full flight. Sarsfield, with his sword in hand, was at the head of his troops; when suddenly a musket-ball struck that heroic breast, and he falls upon the field of glory. When the film of death was coming over his eyes, he placed his hand unconsciously to the wound, and withdrawing it covered with his heart's blood, he cried: "O God, that this blood were shed for Ireland!"

The fortunes of the French were now in the ascendant, from the year 1691 to 1696. Then the powerful Duke of Marlborough arose with Prince Eugene, at the head of the Austrian army; and France began to suffer reverses. The star of France began to go down. Marlborough conquered on many a glorious field, and with the English soldiers drove the French before him, at Malplaquet, at Oudenard, at Ramillies, and other places. But it is a singular thing, which history records, that, in every one of these battles, in which the French were defeated, the English, often in the hour of their victory, had to fly before the Irish Brigade. So the poet says:

When on Ramillies' bloody field,
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The victor Saxnos backward reeled,
Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons."

Yes, the French army on that day were routed; but there was one division of that army that retired from the field victorious, and with the English standards which they had captured in their hands. And this was the Irish Brigade.

Years followed years, but the strength of the exiles was still

kept up by the hope that they would one day return to Ireland, and strike a blow for their dear old land. Years followed years—Sarsfield was in his grave more than forty years. France was still playing a losing game in the war of the Spanish succession. Marshal Saxe arose, and with King Louis XIV. laid siege to Tournay, in Flanders. He had seventy-five thousand men under his command. Whilst he was still besieging the city, the Duke of Cumberland, the son of George II.—one of the most awful wretches that ever cursed the face of the earth with his presence; a man whose heart knew no pity; a man who mowed down the poor Highlanders at Culloden; a man whose heart knew no love, whose passions knew no restraint; whose name to this day is spoken by every Englishman in a whisper, as if he was ashamed of it—he commanded fifty-five thousand men, mostly English, with some Dutch auxiliaries; and marched at the head of this tremendous army to raise the siege of Tournay. When the French king heard of the approach of the English he took forty-five thousand men from the siege, and leaving eighteen thousand to continue it, went on with the rest, including the Irish Brigade, to meet the Duke of Cumberland. They met him on the slopes of Fontenoy. The French general took his position upon the village of Fontenoy. It was on the crowning slope of this hill, which extended on every side, he stretched his line, on one side, to the village called St. Antoine, on the other side, through a wood called De Barri's wood; and there entrenched, and strongly established, he waited his English foe. Cumberland arrived at the head of his English army, and the whole day long assaulted the French position, in vain. He sent his Dutchmen to attack St. Antoine; twice they attacked the village, and the lines—and twice were they driven back with slaughter. Three times the English themselves advanced to the village of Fontenoy; three times were they driven back by the French. They tried to penetrate into De Barri's wood, on the left, but the French artillery were massed within; and again and again were they driven back; until, when the evening was coming, the Duke of Cumberland, seeing the day was going against him, assembled all the veteran and tried soldiers of his army, and formed a massive column of six thousand men, six pieces of cannon in front of them, and six on either side of them. They were placed under command of Lord John Hay; and

he adopted the same tactics which Owen Roe O'Neill adopted at Benburb. Forming the six thousand men in a solid column, he gave orders to march right through the village of Fontenoy—right through the centre of the French—until they got into their rear—and then to turn and sweep them off the field. The word was given to march; and this I will say—Irishman as I am to the heart's core—I have read as much of the world's history as the majority of men; and I must say that, never in the annals of history have I read of anything more glorious than the heroism of these six thousand Englishmen that day. The French closed in around them; they battered the head of the column with cannon; but that column marched on like a wall of iron. These Englishmen marched through the French lines; their men fell on every side, but as soon as a man fell, another stepped into his place. On they marched like a wall of iron, penetrating into the French lines. In vain the French *tirailleurs* hung upon their flanks; in vain did the French army oppose them; they penetrated it like a wedge; in vain did the King's Household Cavalry charge upon them; they were scattered by the English fire; until at length, King Louis (taught in the school of misfortune) turned his rein to fly. Marshal Saxe stopped him. "Not yet, my liege," he said. "Come up, Lord Clare, with your Irish. *Ἔα ἡ βελαία*, clear the way!" Oh! to hear the wild cheer with which the Irish Brigade rushed into the fight that day! This glorious victory is thus recorded by one of Ireland's greatest poets, the illustrious and immortal Thomas Davis:

Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And, twice, the lines of Saint 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 Barri's wood the British 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 adown 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 their 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 look 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 those proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse 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, must'ring 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 hill-side 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 fought and won !

So they fought, serving in France, in Spain, and in Austria ; but the hope that kept them up was never realized.

The French Revolution came, and the Irish Brigade was dissolved. That French Revolution opened the way for the third exodus from Ireland. The Irish got a ray of hope when the wild cry of freedom resounded on the battle-fields of Europe. The fever of the French Revolution spread to Ireland, and created the insurrection of '98. '98, and the men of '98, were extinguished in blood. Bravely they fought, and well ; and had Sarsfield himself, or the heroic Lord Clare, been at New Ross, or at the foot of Tara's Hill, on 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, had an additional argument to turn his eyes to some other land. The making of our laws was 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 ; and some of the very first acts of the United Parliament, when it was transferred to England, were for the destruction of the commerce and trade of Ireland. Some of the first things they did were to repeal the acts of the glorious epoch of 1782, when the " Irish Volunteers," with arms in their hands, were able to exact justice from the Government of England.

But now, Ireland turned with wistful eyes. From her western slopes she looked across the ocean ; and, far away in the west, she beheld a mighty country springing up, where the exile might find a home, where freemen might find air to breathe, and where the lover of his country might find a country worthy of his love. We may say that the emigration to America took shape and form from the day 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 any man can have is that of having a voice in the government and the making of his own laws. By the Act of Union, a debased, corrupted, and perjured Protestant Irish Parliament declared, in the face of the world, that Irishmen did not know how to make laws for themselves ; and if they did not, no man can blame Castlereagh for taking them at

their own word. 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 itself that voted for its own transfer and its own destruction. In vain did Grattan rise—the immortal Henry Grattan; in vain did he thunder forth in the cause of justice and of Irish nationality. In vain did every honest man lift up his voice. The corrupt legislature played into the hands of Pitt and Castlereagh, and Castlereagh carried his measure; and went on rejoicing under his titles and honors, and increasing in power, and dignity, and wealth; until, one fine morning, he tried the keen edge of a razor on his own throat. He cut his jugular artery, and inflicted on himself a tremendous inconvenience. Whatever things he had to fear in this world, I am greatly afraid he did not improve his position by hurrying into the other. But what was so 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 any scoundrel makes his bow and goes out of it.

Well, my friends, it is of these early exiles—the exiles of '98—the exiles who went in the preceding years, under William's persecutions—the exiles who were banished by Cromwell, when one hundred thousand men—and among them four hundred and fifty priests of my own Order—were sent as slaves to the Barbadoes, and there died in the sugar plantations; it was of these exiles that the Scottish poet, Campbell, wrote his famous verses on the "Exile of Erin." The lines of this famous poem are of a time anterior to our own. He speaks of the Irish exile as one who was playing upon a harp. Now, up to about seventy years ago, the harp was a common instrument in Ireland; and the aged harpers lived down to the days of Carolan, who died a few years before the troubles of '98 began. We can, therefore, enter into the sentiment of the poet, who thus describes our unfortunate countryman, driven by force and oppression from all that he loved and cherished on 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 hill.
 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.

“ Oh, 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 for me !
Ah ! never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

“ O Erin ! my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more.
Oh, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me ?
Ah ! 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 ?
Ah, my sad heart, long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

“ But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw :
Erin, an exile bequeathes thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, Erin go Bragh !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its 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 exiles was that of faith, that that faith might be disseminated throughout the earth ; and as the second emigration was that of the warrior, going forth full of hope—a hope that was never realized—so, the last emigration from Ireland was the emigration of love. It was the tearing of loving hearts from all that they cherished, all that they loved in this world ; the injustice and the tyranny of the land possessors of Ireland ; the injustice of the wicked government of England, gloating over the work of the “ Crowbar Brigade ; ” the people taken from their homesteads and flung into the ditches to die like dogs ; no law protecting them ; no rights of their own to be asserted ; no rights, save the right to suffer ; to be evicted and

to die. Ah, who amongst us has ever seen the parting of the old man from his sons and daughters; who amongst us has ever heard the heart-broken cry go forth when those loving hearts were separated; who amongst us, that has seen and heard, can ever forget those things! No; the youth of Ireland, the bone and sinew, fled. Many aged men and women remained in the land, and sat down upon their family graves to weep, and to die with broken hearts. But one emotion, one glorious passion ruled the emigrant of faith of fourteen hundred years ago, the emigrant warrior of two hundred years ago, and the emigrant of love of the present day; one glorious feeling, one absorbing passion, and that was, their love for Ireland. Hear the lament of St. Columbkille, one of Ireland's greatest saints, greatest poets, and greatest sons, who banished himself, in penance, to the far-distant island of Iona. He tells us that, when he wished to calm the sorrow of his heart, he generally sat upon the high rocks of the island, and turned his eyes to catch a glimpse of the faint outline of the shore of Ireland. "Death," he exclaimed, in one of his poems—"Death in faultless Ireland is better than life without end, in Albin."

"Death, in faultless Ireland, is better than life without end, in Albin;
What joy to fly upon the white-crested sea, and watch the waves break upon the Irish
shore!

What joy to row in my little boat, and land upon the whitening foam of the Irish
shore!

Ah! how my boat would fly if its prow were turned to my Irish oak-groves;
But the noble sea now carries me to Albin, the land of the raven.

My foot is in my little boat, but my sad heart bleeds; and there is a gray eye which
ever turns to Erin.

Never, in this sad life, shall I see Erin, or her sons and daughters again.

From the high prow I look over the ocean; great tears are in my gray eyes, as I turn
to Erin; where the song of the birds is so sweet; where the monks sing like
the birds; where the young are so gentle, and the old so wise; where the 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, returning to Ireland —

"Young traveller, take my heart with thee, and my blessing; carry them to Com-
ghaill of eternal light.

Carry my heart to Ireland—seven times may she be blessed—my body to Albin.

Carry my blessing across the sea; carry it to the Irish. My heart is broken in my
bosom.

If death should come upon me suddenly, it will be because of my great love of the
Gael."

One consolation vouchsafed to him was, that he had two visions from God. He foretold that, many hundred years after his death, his body should be carried back to Ireland, to rest forever in the soil that he loved. This prophecy he himself announced in these words: "They shall bury me first at Iona; but by the will of the living God it is in Down that I shall rest in my grave, with Patrick and Bridget the immaculate—three bodies in one grave." And so, in the tenth century, when the Danes swept over Iona, the monks took St. Columbkille's venerated body, and brought it to Ireland, and laid it in the Cathedral in Downpatrick, with Patrick and Bridget; and there, as the old poem tells us—

"Three saints one grave do fill,
Patrick, and Bridget, and Columbkille."

The love he had for Ireland was a spirit common to all Irish saints. Whilst they were crowned with the highest dignities of the Church in foreign lands, still, as we have the record in the history of St. Aidan, the first Archbishop of Northumbria, the founder of the famous Lindisfarne, whenever they wished to enjoy themselves a little, they came together and celebrated in the Irish language, with sweetest verse, to the sound of the timbrel and the harp, the praises of their native land.

Nor less was the love which the brave exiles of 1691 bore to Ireland. We see that, when the cry of battle came forth; when, with the shock of arms, they met upon the battle-field, never was the stout heart of the Saxon enemy smitten with fear within him, until he heard, ringing forth in the Irish tongue, "Remember Limerick, and dash down the Sassenagh!" And well they loved their 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 vet'ran 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 them afraid,
So pale grew 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 *general'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."

Nor is the Irishman of to-day—whether a voluntary or an involuntary exile from the dear green island of the ocean—ashamed of the love of the warrior for Ireland. It is not, perhaps, the beauties of the land that we remember; it is not, perhaps, the green hill-sides, crowned with the Irish oak, made so beautiful in their clothing of the Irish fern, that rise before our eyes, and excite the tenderest emotions of our souls; it was not the beauties of Avoca that captivated the poet when he sang—

"Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or rill—
Oh, no!—it was something more exquisite still.

"'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

So, perhaps, it is not the material beauty of Ireland—the green hill-side, or the pastoral beauty of glade or of valley;—it is not, perhaps, the running brook, the mill-pond, the green field, the mossgrown old abbey, around which we played in our youth—not so much these that command our love; but it is the holy, tender associations of all that we first learned to love, that we first learned to venerate; the pure-minded, holy, gentle, loving mother, the wise, strong, and considerate father; the tender 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 for his blessing. These, and such as these, are the motives of our love for Ireland. And that love is as keen, as strong, in the heart of the Irishman, far away from his native land to-day, as it was in the heart of St. Columbkille; as it was in the valor of the Irish Brigade man as he rose to toast his heroic motherland. Well is the emigrant of to-day, the Irish Exile, described and depicted in the beautiful verses which recall his leaving his native land :

“ 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 ev'ry 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 dear.

* * * *

“ When I slumber in the gloom
Of a nameless foreign tomb,
By a distant ocean's boom,
 Innisfail !
Around thy em'rald 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
 Thro' 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 has outlived every other in the heart of the true Irishman, it is the inborn love for Ireland, for Ireland's greatness, and for Ireland's glory. Our fathers loved it, and knew how to prize it, to hold it—the glory of the faith that has never been tarnished; the glory of the national honor that has never bowed down to acknowledge itself a slave. And, my friends, the burden and the responsibility of that glory is yours and mine to-night. The glory of Ireland's priesthood; the glory of St. Columba; the glories of Iona and of Lindisfarne weigh upon me with a tremendous responsibility, to be of all other men what the Irish priest and monk must be, because of that glorious history; the glory of the battle that has been so long fighting and is not yet closed; the glory of that faith that has been so long and so well defended and guarded; the glory of that national virtue that has made Ireland's men the bravest and Ireland's women the purest in the world—that glory is your inheritance and your responsibility this night. I and you, men, feel as Irishmen, and as Catholics, that you and I to-night are bound to show the world what Irishmen and Catholics have been in the ages before us, and what they intend to be in the 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 who, 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 of perfidy has ever been placed. 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 lie the secret of your honor and of your national power and purity. Mark my words! Let Ireland in America be faithful, be Catholic, be practical, be temperate, be industrious, be obedient to the laws; and the day will dawn, with the blessing of God, yet upon you and me, so that when returning to visit for a time the shores from which we came, we shall land upon the shores of a free and glorious and unfettered nation.



THE CONFESSIONAL: ITS EFFECT ON SOCIETY.

[Lecture delivered at St. Joseph's Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday, May 5th, 1872.]

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN: Amongst 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, "the 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 cheerful 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, and the mechanical and entire expulsion of all evil from this world, nothing remains but to say that 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 from the Apostles to 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 fullness 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, He is Jesus Christ, the anointed Saviour!—the same Saviour to-day as eighteen hundred years ago, through his Church;—yesterday, to-day, and the same for ever. That the Apostles had the power of transmitting all that they received from Christ to their successors, 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 amongst 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 were 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 penance.

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 fountain open unto the House of David and unto the dwellers in Jerusalem; unto the 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, O dearly beloved brethren, when we had abandoned the Almighty God, ungrateful for all that

He had conferred upon us, He might have left us a fallen and 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. 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. But 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 God, 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 conversion would not be free, would not be worthy of 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 co-operation with God's grace; and he that is damned, goes down to hell of his own free-will. Therefore, the Lord says, "Thy perdition is from thyself, O Israel!" 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 cannot, 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, whilst 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 spoke the language of hell—cursing and blaspheming. He 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 for ever.

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 great 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 a wonderful achievement! This would be power! And what this would be is precisely 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 whilst 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 upward 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 in the confessional!

But how wonderfully are His love and mercy blended in this action of Christ. We know 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 lived 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!" 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 home to him, then comes the awful moment. A judge, in solemn dignity, tells him 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, appear before the Son of God, and say: "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 even 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 waters close, and the pebble is lost forever. No human eye shall ever 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 forever. 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 thee 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 in to 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 at such a cost—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, comes 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: "Of these am I guilty before my God; oh, my God, with sorrow I confess them!" The only sentence is: "You are acquitted! 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, whilst 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, when that door opens, and rejoices when 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. Is 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 is 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 fulfill 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 Divine grace. This two fold mission is 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." " 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 the 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 men 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 men 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, “O God, woe is me, because my pilgrimage here is prolonged!” 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 and the sacraments 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 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.” “ Well, but you do not believe in it.” “ No,” he said, “ I know I do not believe in it ; but so long as my Catholic people do 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 will ; 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 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; 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 guard 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 touching 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 carry them before the judgment-seat of Christ. Ah, cruel and cruel, indeed, was the heart of him who devised this infernal scheme! Oh, cruel Luther! Oh, Luther, when thou didst 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 burthen by sharing it with another. Even if that friend has no power to relieve him,

even if he have nothing to give him but 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 to tempt us against telling one’s sins. Well you know that that man has no power even to remember; well you know that you can meet that man an hour afterward, 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!

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.

Whilst 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, preserving them in their purity by the frequent application of grace, which destroys those sins at the beginning, and, by frequenting confession and holy communion, build up our souls upon the grace of graces, and strength of strengths, until we are gathered, in the fullness of the years of our manhood, into the joy of our Lord Jesus Christ.





THE BLESSED EUCHARIST.

[Preached in St. Michael's Church, New York, on Sunday morning, June 2d, 1872.]

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, whilst 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 amongst 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, for that grace, surpassing all graces, which the Almighty God has given to His Church, in the abiding presence of Jesus Christ amongst us.

Most of you, I dare say, know that what I propose to you to-day is to consider that presence as the fulfillment of the designs of God, and the fulfillment 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 fulfillment, 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 man He might see the likeness of Himself. In the second of these epochs—that of redemption—we find God assuming and absorbing our human nature into Himself; so that God and man became one and the same divine person, in order that God might see no longer *the image* of Himself in man; but that He

might see Himself actually and truly in man. In the third of these epochs, the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, we have God coming home to every individual ; entering into our hearts and souls ; bringing all that He is and all that He has to each and every man amongst us ; that the man-God in whom God and man were united, might be visible before the Father's eyes in the heart, in the soul, in the life of every man. The creation, therefore, was a design of mercy, which produced only an image or likeness. The redemption was a higher design of mercy, which produced God in man. The Holy Communion was the consummation of these designs of mercy, which propagated that God until He was made present in every man. Behold the designs of God ! First, then, is the creation. God, in the beginning, created all things, heaven and earth. He made the earth, with all its beauty. He made the firmament of heaven, with all its wonderful harmony and order. At his creative word—“*fiat*”—let it be—light sprang forth from darkness ; order came forth in silent beauty from chaos and confusion ; every star in heaven took its place in the firmament of God ; the sun blazed forth in his noonday light and splendor ; the moon took up her reflected light and illumined with her silver rays the shades of night. All the spheres of God began their revolution through space, to that exquisite harmony of the divine commandment and the divine law. And they all surrounded that spot of creation which was earth, and destined to be the habitation of man. This earth the Almighty God clothed with its manifold forms of beauty. He gave to it the revolving seasons—the freshness of the spring, the deep shade of the summer, the fruitful over-teeming of the autumn ; and every season took up its strain of joy and abundance and delight, at the command of God. But all these things, every form of life that existed, existed by the one word, “*fiat*,” of the Almighty God. But now, when the heavens above are prepared ; now, when the spheres are all in their places ; now, when every creature of God has received its commission, its faculty of life, light, splendor, and beauty ; the whole earth, heaven, and the firmament are made. Yet no image of God is there ; for there is no intelligence there—and God is knowledge ; there is no power of love there—and God is the highest and most intimate love ; there is no freedom there, but only the necessity of 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 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 one of 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 with 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 infinite beauty of God; because of his intellectual appreciation, he decided freely to serve God in his life. That free decision from the intellect was a God-like act, of which no other creature upon this earth was capable. Therefore, the Almighty God appealed to that act as the great test and proof of man.

Thus we see in the beginning the 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 left this world in all its material yet unintellectual 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 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 its 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 should no longer reflect 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 amongst 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 make 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. But no! God resolves to do more for the reparation of man than man had ever done in the ruin of himself by sin. God resolves to send His only begotten Son, who, incarnate of the Holy Ghost, and 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, co-equal, and consubstantial Son. Therefore, He is no longer the image, but the Man-God. He is no longer the likeness of God, but 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 fagots, and flinging us into hell, and in His greatness and justice 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 nature. 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 fulfillment 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 soul; 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 the infant grow into a youth; and, by the corruption of his nature, 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 actual sinners, yet individually tainted by sin. 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 of us, 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 come 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 un-fallen; and to that all-pure, and un-fallen 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 concerns 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 shall not 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. But 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 us! First, he destroyed our nature in Adam; now, 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 amongst 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 a 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; now 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 personal 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 see 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, overlaid 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 growing 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 the Second Divine Person of the adorable Trinity; not merely human, though truly human; but man and God united in one. And that union consummated, not in man, 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; hear ye 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 present upon your lips and mine, and on those of the little child that comes up to this altar; so that the mere image of God 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 indeed a human person; but God is in him.

And this is the supreme want of man. That which is the fulfillment 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: “Well, I hope to become a wealthy man; to be the founder of a grand family in the land.” Do 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 may one day 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 holiness. 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 his soul is effected in man by neglecting to bring Christ out in him. For it is written—our vocation, our calling, our justification—that is to say, our sanctification, our ultimate glory—all depend upon one thing—making ourselves, by divine grace, conformable to Jesus Christ. For God foreknew and predestinated 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 glorified."

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 theorizing upon God;—the world that tells us its 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 in the matter of religion—these men who write articles in the newspapers upon commercial subjects with so much wisdom—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, they are simply fools—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 blinds 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

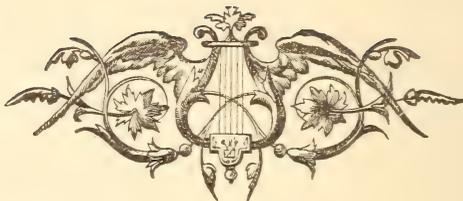
blood in our veins, the passions and the senses of our bodies, rise up against us to enslave us, and say: "You must not become like to the Son of God! The Son of God was infinite purity. I will not allow you to possess your soul in purity! I will not allow you to develop the spiritual existence that 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 have been the meanest slaves to their own passions. The grandest names upon the rolls of history—the greatest heroes—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, whilst 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 in-

felleet, 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 effected in the Incarnation—by God uniting Himself in our nature in Christ—that he also effects our sanctification 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 amongst 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 world around him, the flesh within, and the devil that is beneath him, unless Jesus Christ be with 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 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 receiv-

ing 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 live in His Christian holiness, and have Christ brought forth in him, that man should be, at least, a monthly communicant.





THE MONTH OF MARY.

[The opening sermon of a course for the month of Mary, delivered in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York, Wednesday evening, May 1st, 1872.]

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 out in Mary. And first of all I have to remark to you, as I have done more than once 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 to 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, in 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 king-

dom 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," he said, "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 the 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, in 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 promise, 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 to 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 spiritual 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 to be 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 Gods, and all 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 nowadays 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 to 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; to make that man like to God; to make him as the Son of God. "I have said, Ye are Gods, 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 Catholics." They refuse the humility of this. They won't take the truth. They must find it for themselves; and the man who seeks 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 to Him that human nature in which man was made even as 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—behold, suddenly, the morning star rises, 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 fullness of Mary's time. Therefore it is, that she enters so largely into the scheme and plan of redemption, that the Almighty God willed it, 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; and so, also, side by side with His 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 whilst 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 early times of the prophet—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 rang from their lips, the "All Hail!" that they gave to you, Mother in heaven, spread throughout the 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 her children, than when she proclaimed, in the fifth century, that Mary was the Mother of God, and, in the nineteenth 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 to the Mother 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 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 the use of 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 of 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 the 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; they 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! With what love—with what instinct—it spread itself! 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 breathe a prayer to God to send rain upon the land. Whilst 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 round, 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 whilst 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 in 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 women 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 prayer, 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, whilst 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 CHURCH THE TRUE EMANCIPATOR.

[Delivered in St. Stephen's Church, New York, in aid of the mission to the colored race in this country.]

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 freedom of the glory of the children of God." There-

fore He came. Amongst all the other titles that belonged to Him is that pre-eminently 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 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 unflinching, 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 that 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 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 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 God, is the worst form of untruth, for it is a lie involving insult to God and destruction to man, 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 is which is poured into the soul from the Almighty God, through the eyes of the mind, opening to 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?—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, be reproduced 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 sacramental influence, instituted by the Lord, endowed with a peculiar power for this purpose—the cleansing of the soul—and be tinged, 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 off

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, unprepared to use it properly? 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, let us 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 an 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 the world. All the wisdom of the ancients, all the learning 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 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 Media; 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, Pedanius Secundus, was murdered by one of his slaves, 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 tells 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.”

This 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 amongst 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 sackcloth 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 other 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 indeed admits that the Catholic Church, in her genius, 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, 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 amongst society; trying to save every man from injustice; and, in the meantime, preparing mankind by faith and by sanctity for the gift of free-

dom—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—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 unexpected privation and 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 amongst all the other dissensions that were tearing the heart of the world in those days, to throw in the element of dissension, 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, and the false idea of civil liberty is that it consists in unfettered freedom for every man to do as 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," of the new evangelical Church of Italy, 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; "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." It will follow from this that the more any nation or people approach to unity of thought, the more they approach to liberty, provided that one thought represent the truth of Jesus Christ.

Civil liberty is also misunderstood. Many imagine, now-a-days, 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 civil 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!" when 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 sickle, the spade, every implement of labor, and sit down idly, to famish and starve in the land.

Now, amongst 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 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 ; whilst, 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 benefited 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—governors and rulers of 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 had evidence of it. What use have they made of this gift of freedom? Ah! children as they were, though grown into the fullness 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 fullness 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 bellow 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 amongst 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 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 amongst 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 amongst you—perhaps a vast majority amongst 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 brethren, I wear the habit of the venerable and holy Bartholomew Las Casas, the first Dominican that ever landed in America, in the very train of Christopher Columbus himself—the first man that raised his voice to proclaim for 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 rivetted 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 amongst these poor children and strangers who are in the land.



CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

[Lecture delivered in the Cathedral, Newark, N. J., on Monday evening, June 3d, 1872, in aid of the Hospital, in charge of the Sisters of the Poor.]

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

DEAR FRIENDS :—Amongst 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 (*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 endeavor 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." 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, "Behold what manner of charity the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called and should be 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 love one another;" and "if any man says he loveth God, and loveth not his neighbor, the truth is not in him." But elsewhere the same Evangelist tells us that "he that hath the substance of this world, and shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his bowels from him, how doth the charity of God abide in him." Therefore, the sign by which we shall know whether 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 in mercy, and in commiserations." 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 be on your forehead, and the works of charity in your hands.

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 in to Him, just as Mary Magdalene 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

their 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. Again, when He was approaching the city of Naim, 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 old age taken from her, as she followed her only child to the grave. But the moment her voice fell upon the Saviour’s ear—the moment 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 arose, 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; “Lord, if Thou hadst 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 “and Jesus wept.” The very Jews who stood around were amazed to see the compassion of the Man. They were not used to such tenderness, and they said to one another, “Behold! 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 entered into all their wants and ministered to them; whilst 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 tongue 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 silence 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, 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 exceeding beautiful, because of My beauty which I put upon thee,” saith the Lord. Christ we find fulfilling this when He said to His disciples, all power in Heaven and on 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, or any such thing, but all perfect in her supernatural beauty ; and so, fitted to be the spouse of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Amongst these beauties was the beauty of charity, like His own—because it is written, “ I will espouse thee to me 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 there remain to you 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 unto Him, for they shall be ministered unto by Him.

Now, where shall we find Him, so that our ministration shall 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, "blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor," for 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 our service to Jesus Christ. 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 your iniquity by works of mercy to the poor." Do you look forward to eternal light and glory? Isaias says, "Deal thy bread to the hungry and bring the needy and 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; and thy justice shall go before thy face, and the Lord shall fill thy soul with brightness and give thee rest continually." What wonder, then, that when the very point to which every Christian man is tending—namely the moment of judgment, comes before our eyes—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?" the angel of mercy should appear to decide the great question, and to open or close 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 amongst 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 three hundred 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 caves of the earth—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, when they 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. Lau-

rence 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 of 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 appointed to her as the business and purpose of her life, the sole object of her existence, 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 whatever else she deems necessary, 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 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 God." The Church of God says, "Are you will-

ing 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, at the feet of the poor." 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 first 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 the 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 help to the poor, it deals it with a grudging and imperious hand. When the political economist, or the statesman, 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, whilst 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 instances of such a state of feeling of our people with regard to this system. 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 amongst 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 care 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 gentlest 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 whilst relieving; to bind up the wounds of the heart whilst 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 amongst 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 amongst them, an Irishman, over eighty 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.

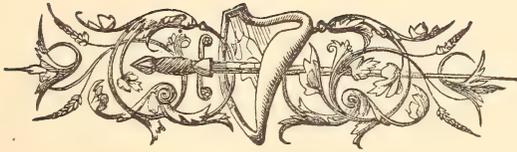
Finally, the work of mercy with God is universal, and so it is with the Church. Every form of human misery, every form of human suffering finds its remedy prepared in the Catholic Church, and in her alone. The father and the mother die, and the poor orphan child is left alone, the most helpless of all God's creatures. The orphan sends forth its wail of misery, and from that voice of the child not yet able to speak, the Almighty God hears the complaint; as the prophet of old said: "Father and mother have abandoned me, but thou, oh Lord, art the Father of orphans." 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 amongst 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 passions. Who will save that young soul from the pollution of the world's example? that young heart from the destruction of sin? 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 the 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, gives herself up 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 voluntary 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 confessional of the Catholic Church, she lifts up her despairing hands and voice, and cries out, "Can there be mercy for one so abandoned; 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, "Depart from me; touch me not, for I am pure:" and well would it be for the world if it had so much grace as to say this. 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 touched 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 the hand of Mary, the Virgin; the only one that can touch the Magdalen, and in that touch purify. When the Magdalen arose, He sent her to His Blessed Virgin Mother, 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 make your own; and if you do not make it your own, I can give 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 Abraham 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 Scripture tells 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 IRISH PEOPLE IN THEIR RELATION TO CATHOLICITY.

[Delivered in St. Bridget's Church, New York, on Thursday evening, June 6th, 1872.]



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 amongst 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 subjected 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 par-

ticulars, the same forms the nation and the race, because the nation is but an assemblage of individuals.

Now, I ask you, amongst 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 adhere to God or abandon him; to produce all this which is called character—is it not perfectly true that the most powerful influence 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 duties and 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. Amongst 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 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. If, on the other hand, the religion be bright, if it open a glimpse of heaven, founded upon an intellectual principle; if it lifts up a man's hopes; tells him in all his adversities and his misfortunes to look up; gives him a well-founded hope 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. 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 inwards, as if both were occupied watching where the bridge ought to be; 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 man equal to its own requirements, and tries to make him everything that it 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 man. 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 shall 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 industrious, is not temperate, he never goes ahead: he does no good for society, 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; but 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 to God directly, but only 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 honesty 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 business, our stores, our ships, our bales of cotton, 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 suffrage to our lips. We see them no longer; but we know that they still live in that invisible world that "eye hath not seen;" and, therefore, we are "not unmindful of our dead, like others who have no hope." Now, the virtue of faith, in the Christian character, is the power that God gives, by divine grace to a man to

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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 hast believed ; 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 of a man to make that invisible surround him by its influences in time, that he may enjoy its possession in eternity. 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 a 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 unflinching, undying confidence, in every promise of God, as long as the man himself fulfills 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 Lord, and unites his own sorrows to those of the Son of 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, and quick, zealous, and self-sacrificing in promoting its influence and its glory; to love his neighbor as he loves himself; especially to love those who have the first claim upon him; the father and mother that bore 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 sustenance, 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.

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 our observation of 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 pre-eminently 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, probably, 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 Ogygia, 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 island; 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 in an island they called Innisfail, 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, undulated 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. 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 sides, 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 all 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 her glorious kings. 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. 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 to 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 proved 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 mes-

sage 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." 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 her Apostle 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.

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.

Well, I need not tell you the thrice-told tale how the epoch of our national history seems to run in cycles of three hundred years. For three hundred 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 three hundred long years, every year saw fresh arrivals; fresh armies poured in upon the land; and for three hundred 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. 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 where it had rested for three hundred 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. The fight went on. Every valley in the land tells its tale. There are many amongst 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 earth, 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 Jehosophat, 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 for a grave! Ah, gracious God! that we could say the same of every invader that ever polluted the virgin soil of Erin! Well did Brian Boroimhe 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, Malachi the Second, 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 feet of Irish soil it took to bury a Dane. For, in the Valley of Glenamara, 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 six thousand Danes stretched dead in the valley. Well, my friends, three hundred 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 four years of war here in America and you know how much evil it did. Just fancy three hundred years of war! War in every county, every province, every valley of the land, war everywhere for three hundred 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. And, yet, at the end of three hundred 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 eighty-three 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 Boromhe, 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. Yet O'Brien, the immortal monarch and King of Ireland, was as skilled with the harp as he was with the battle-axe; and as 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—so 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 amongst 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 battlefield—a Christian warrior and minstrel—the very type of the Irish character was that man that, 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.

Then came another three hundred years of invasion, and Ireland again fights for her nationality—until the sixteenth century, just three hundred years ago—and then she was told that after fighting for nearly four hundred 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 Eighth came to Ireland, with the same cry; but the cross and the altar are up to-day in Ireland, and Harry the Eighth, I am greatly afraid, is—down.

Three hundred long years of incessant war, with four hundred years before of incessant war, making the Irish people one thousand years engaged in actual warfare—seven hundred years with the Saxon and three hundred years before that with the Dane. Where is the nation upon the face of the earth that has fought for one thousand years? Why, one would imagine that they should 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. The sword of Ireland, that was drawn a thousand years ago, at the beginning of the ninth century, still remains out of the scabbard, and has not been sheathed down to the end of the nineteenth century. Did ever anybody hear the like? And yet, here we are, glory be to God! Here we are as fresh and hearty as Brian Boromhe on the morning of Clontarf, or as Hugh O’Neil was at the Yellow Ford, or as Owen Roe O’Neill was at the field of Benburb, or as Patrick Sarsfield was in the trenches of Limerick, or as Robert Emmett in the dock at Green street.

Now, my friends, let me ask you—what did the Irish people fight for, for six hundred years? For three hundred years they fought with the Dane; for three hundred years they fought with England. The Danes invaded and desolated the whole land; the English, three times since Harry the Eighth—taking it down to the present—landed in Ireland and spread destruction and desolation upon it. This Irish people fought for six hundred years; what did they fight for? They fought for six hundred 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 six hundred years. 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. 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 here, though I never saw Him;”—that man is pre-eminently a man of faith. The Irish nation for six hundred years answered the Saxon and the Dane thus: We will fight until we die for our God who is upon our altars. Now, I ask you to find amongst 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 six hundred 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 to prove it to me, I will give up what I have said—namely, that the Irish are the most Christian 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. 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. If he sees a butterfly upon a stalk in the field, he thinks it is a *Leprechaun*. 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 also, and that gave it a bad name. 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 nightfall without running for dear life. This superstition, if you will—this Irish superstition—is at least a proof of the faculty of realizing the unseen. Remember that, wherever superstition—especially of a spiritual character—exists, there is proof that there is a character formed to realize the unseen.

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 fulfillment; 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. 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 "England, Scotland, and Ireland," 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 never acknowledged that she was ever anything else except a nation. 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—men said to Tobias—to the man who "was mindful of the Lord with all his heart, and when all ate of the meats of the Gentiles, he kept his soul, and never was defiled with their meats;" men, I say, said to him, "Where is thy hope?" Tobias answered, "Speak not so; for we are the children of saints, and look for that life which God will give to those that never change their faith from 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 their altar, so they wisely and very constantly refused to lay down their hope. The 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—whilst the nations around were amazed at the tenacity of that people with two ideas—namely, that they were Catholic, and a Nation—Ireland never lost sight of her hope. 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. 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. 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. 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 see old time-worn flags and banners. If you will ask the sexton to explain these flags to you, 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." 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." 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 strongly upon it. 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."

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 curse upon Oliver Cromwell would be like throwing an additional drop of water on a drowned rat. 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 most glorious Catholic faith." 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 three 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? Eng-

land 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!" 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 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, the Irish people, who never have been serfs, refused to be the slaves of ignorance; and Ireland was always an educated nation. 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, going from one farm-house to the other, with a "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.

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 as good a 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'Neills, 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, still 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 ages of 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 amongst the shamrocks once more.

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 to resound, pleasantly tinged with the old Irish roll and brogue? He has a little touch of it, and he is not ashamed of it. 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 grandmother did not have it, because they did not speak English at all. 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, when he hears the touch of the brogue on my tongue he will let me in the more willingly." 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, are worthy of their sires. They have done great things in this country ; but, my friends, it is Ireland, after all, that has done the lion's share of the work. 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.

Have we not a proof of their love ? Ah ! my friends, who is it that remembers the old father and mother at home ? Who is it 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 him of those long in their graves ? Who is it that is only waiting to earn his first ten dollars, in order to send it 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. These things are matters of observation and experience, just as the past is a matter of history. And, therefore, I say that Irishmen to-day are not unworthy 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. This is the secret of Ireland's power, the

faith that has never changed, the hope that never despairs, the love that is never extinguished ; 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 looks 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. 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 Fredericksburg, fighting her battles ; they gave her a sample of it all through those terrible campaigns ; she knows what they are, and begins to prize them. Fear not, when you do justice 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, your holy religion will do the rest, and uniting you like one man in faith, animating you in hope, inflaming your hearts in charity, will make you a mighty influence in this great land—be men ; even in this land, I say, be Irishmen. Then the day will come when this great Irish element in America will enter largely into the council-chambers of this mighty nation, and will shape her policy, will form her ideas and her thoughts in a great measure, pressing them in the strong mold 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. 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, in their religion and their love, in the influence which that faith and enlightenment will assuredly bring them, that Ireland hopes.

Suppose that for Ireland some coercion bill is going to pass, and some tyrant 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 when I speak of what you can do for your mother-land, and what Ireland hopes and expects from you.

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 be—and leave the rest to God.





THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE TRUE REGENERATOR OF SOCIETY.

[Delivered in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday, May 26th, 1872.]

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 regeneration. Reflect to what things we apply this word, to regenerate. When a system which was once good has degenerated, and becomes bad, men say that it ought to be regenerated; which means that it ought to be reformed. When a race becomes demoralized—when bad blood gets into it, to weaken the intellect and heart—when it seems to be fading away—it must be regenerated; that is to say, it must 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? What are the patient’s sufferings? 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 rectum,*" 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 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 friends, not as enemies but as friends—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. The beauty of man's nature 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 the heart 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 were subject 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 amongst 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 hole in the earth, 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 power acknowledged them; the very obedience brought strength to him who obeyed; and every inferior faculty of his soul, and every affection of his heart, was governed by and 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 any disease, without any infirmity! Thus, 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—would be 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 amongst the gifts that God gave to man, there was this—He gave him a free will—a freedom of will, which God Himself respected. He said to the unfallen creature: “Before thee, O 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, O man, which of those two thou wilt 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, powerful, 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; much less, 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 pursuit and enjoyment of it to allow the erratic heart to spread itself out like

water upon the pathway of sin and of sinful desires. 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 looked 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 fierce passions that poisoned every affection of his heart; and he must fain accept as rulers, 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. The face of nature grew hard and stubborn. Upon the rose, that bloomed 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 its smell, and to warn him away, so as 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 thy 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 he heed the voice of fallen man, no more than he 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; and 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 amongst the children of men;" until, as it went on, men 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 acknowledged, 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. Amongst 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? "*Deliciae meae esse cum filiis hominum.*" My delight is to be with the sons of men. 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 hid 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 knowl-

edge of himself 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, as he responded to every concord of that perfectly attuned sound, 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. Hearing 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 ignorance: and there was no light, no life, no truth amongst men; and the intellectual and moral atmosphere was darkened; all, all 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." And the Lord said, 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 an immortal spirit that refused philosophy for its food. There was no nourishment for the heart of man; and yet they boasted of their progress and of their civilization, as men boast now-a-days 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 no

substitute for religion ; this human philosophy is separated from God ; and, from the simplicity of his faith, God alone could give divine knowledge, his voice was not heard, and the world in its wisdom knew not God.

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 gift of a strong, abiding, vigorous, efficacious command over every passion, over every inclination, and have given empire to 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 society of God, the knowledge of God, but—most terrible loss of all—he lost the grace which the Almighty God had bestowed 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 mind, the monotony of life, the hardening of the heart, the rebellion of the passions, 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 in his Father's eyes. 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. He departed in wrath—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 earth 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 Almighty God 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 fullness of God in her Divine Son. He was to come forth, when He was thirty years of age, in the fullness 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 opens his lips and speaks: "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 commiseration 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—the very effect of sin. "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 amongst 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 fullness 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 newborn 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, O ye sinners; for I am not one who requires much. Come to Me, O 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 the way, the truth, and the life. 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. He 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 amongst 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 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 the knowledge we had lost, 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 man's eyes were opened—he sought out Christ and said to Him, Who is the Lord, that I may believe in Him? Then Christ said, “It is He that talketh with thee.” And he, filled with divine light, said, “I believe, Lord, and falling down he adored him.” 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 grace. Now, I want to insist upon this. Our age shuts its eyes to this great feature of the Catholic Church. Men now-a-days 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! And in their pursuit of truth, I am willing to admit and to believe that, in very many cases, they are animated by a real, high-minded, pure-minded, earnest desire 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 thinking that he has the possession 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; yet 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 absolute certainty of divine 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 man stands in need of something besides the truth, namely, grace. Truth alone—even to the mind 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 this 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—truth is the proper object and virtue of the intelligence, grace is the virtue and power which acts upon the affections and the will—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: “By the grace of God I am what I am.” Nay, more, if you have not that grace, which is divine charity, you have not vivifying faith. Hear the word of inspiration, which says: “If I should have all knowledge and have not charity it profiteth me 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 desires, 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 even divine knowledge, alone, the passions of man. The grace of God—the grace of God obtained by prayer—is necessary in order to preserve the heart and soul pure in the tumultuous temptations of man’s earthly life. This grace Christ gave us in the sacraments: these therefore are necessary to man. Behold, then, in what the generation of this world consists. It consists in restoring, through Christ, grace to every man amongst 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 God, when He does a thing, to do it perfectly and super-abundantly—so, when He came with the remedy for Adam’s

sin, He brought a remedy, which left us much greater and more honored than even the unfallen 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 accused 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 came 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, and, although, in truth, I did not mention a word about the Church, I still meant 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 amongst men only thirty-three 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; “Jesus Christ yesterday, 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 word.” 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 Him-

self 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 Galilee, so He changed the wine into His heart's blood in the Eucharist. 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 as 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; and so it is with the 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 forever, 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 obey 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 fullness of unchanging truth and the possession of the divine sceptre was to be bound to the Catholic Church forever? 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. When 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 paralytic man: "Thy sins are forgiven thee!" at once they said: "Who is the 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 in this would have been a blasphemer if He had not been God. Not alone in the forgiveness of sin has Almighty God himself 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 knelt 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 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 "go, teach and 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 in the 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 general admission 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 meaning as applied by the Church—this is baptism—this is the regeneration. Great God! the inconsistency of men, 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 could 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 be poison: who is to hold men accountable if they violate the law—if they escape the human 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, and 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; society gets on very well!” 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 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 licentious

men 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, my words are not of the slightest weight; 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, 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 regenerates 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 for ever. 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 CHURCH AND THE WANTS OF SOCIETY.

[Delivered in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on Sunday Evening, June 2, 1872,
for the benefit of St. Augustine's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.]

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?"

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 that 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 said: "I think," said he, "the great want of our age is to remove the tax on leather."

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 amongst 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. 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, in these three relations, the three great wants of our age. Our age is wanting in these three; they do not sufficiently exist; 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. And so with supply and demand in everything. Wherever there is not a supply there is a 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 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 proposition, 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 intellectual 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 that 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, 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 comes up 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. I amused myself on Monday morning by spending half an hour reading the New York Sunday papers. 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. There was a holy Quaker stood up in one of these assemblies, who shook his head, sighed, and "groaned to the Lord." And then, when he had "groaned to the Lord," and "joined himself to the Father," what do you think did he 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 this, he was worthy of eternal damnation!" And so, broken up into a thousand various sects, 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. Ask them, How do you know that 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 many Scriptures instead of one—yours, and yours, and yours. 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! Why, then, you are a Pope! What right have you to complain of the Catholics when they say the Pope is infallible? 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! If you claim this infallibility, 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: “I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not to confirm thy brethren”—because we say that man is infallible, in his guidance of 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 around 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! 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! Now, it comes to this, or it comes to nothing at all. 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." 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 the 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 mostly find that they are discussing elementary and fundamental truths; the atonement of the Son of God; the wonderful condescension 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 now-a-days 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 amongst 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 revelations to be based on it. Another will 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 infidel-

ity; 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. Some of the very first dignitaries of the Church in England to-day, are men suspected of an utter want of belief in the revealed Word of God. And yet there are Anglican clergymen, high in position and dignity, and in the pulpit every Sunday teaching the people the Gospel—God bless the mark. 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 sins—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 pathways of purity, at least into those of public decency and morality. 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. I find in this one act—the act of divorce—the legislation that severs the bond that God has made—the legis-

lation 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. I find this demon of impurity thus destroying the mother's hold upon her children—taking from the wife's brow 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, 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, 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 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: “that the tribe of Benjamin should be destroyed” and all the cities and villages of Benjamin were consumed with devouring flames. So that a whole tribe, and a whole nation was wiped out of Israel, 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, whilst we, Catholics, were weeping at the foot of the Cross; whilst we, Catholics, knelt there with Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the Virgin Mother, and the glorious friend, St. John—whilst 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 whilst she blasphemed against purity, and advocated the detestable principles of free and indiscriminate love!

My friends, do not 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 vile, whatever is wicked, whatever is unwomanly, unmaidenly, or impure, is as foreign to American society as to any in this

world. 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. These things, and such as these, are a sorrow, not only to us Catholics, but equally to 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.

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,) people were plain and simple-minded, and it was easy to get through the world; but, now, as the old people say, “everybody is so mighty sharp, and so cunning, and they are so 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; now-a-days, you must look sharp, or you will get shoddy.” 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. Now-a-days they make them, so that when the wet weather comes in, in a few days they come apart. In former days a man knew what he was going to eat; now he must look very sharp, indeed! His food may be adulterated, or before he knows it, he may be half poisoned by what he is eating. So much for commercial honesty.

What shall we say of international honesty? Shocked as we have been at the mutual accusations and recriminations of powerful statesmen and rulers in this our day. As for instance when Napoleon and Bismarck accused each other of designs upon Belgium and the world was astounded at their revelations. We have beheld the unjust invasion of Denmark, the iniquitous usurpations of Victor Emanuel, the fraudulent designs of Russia upon Turkey, in a word, the principle practically estab-

lished that right, justice, treaties solemnly made and ratified, are in this day no security against invasion and spoliation. International law seems abolished, else why have, as in Europe, five millions of men under arms. This is international honesty, in this our day. Do we not see that among all the nations there is no longer 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 and energetically, because France is now down in the dust, and England's hands are tied behind her back. So much for international honesty.

What shall we say of political principle—of political honesty? we hear nothing, now-a-days, but accusations against this man and that man; this "Ring" and that "Ring." Nothing but confusion! Impeachment here; accusation there! One day a judge is impeached. Another day some other high official. So many thousand dollars embezzled. Such and such crimes committed. 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? 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 in every relation in which he stands to his fellow-man, and to society: and if morality and honesty were so enjoined on each and every one of us, 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 came here this evening, my friends, to point out the wants of society to you, 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. She, alone, can create faith. She, alone, can create purity. She, alone, can guarantee honesty. And thus, 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.

Any man who believes this—who believes that these are the words of the God of Truth—is bound, as a reasonable being, 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!” 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 comes 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 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 fountain 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? “Faith comes by hearing,” says St. Paul, “and hearing by the Word of God. How shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach unless they 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 whilst 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 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!" And in the midst of all this stands the living Church; the voice that spoke 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 to the consummation of the world!

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 divine faith—light, example, and grace. The body has its passions, its inclinations, its base desires. It has what are called, now-a-days, 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 amongst the people because she creates a perfect type of purity in her priesthood and in her sanctuary. 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 imagination: that no act unworthy 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. 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.

Still more, the Church of God, the Catholic Church, in her

system of education, ensures 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 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 into the young soul her 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 in that innocent heart that has never thought a thought unholy, does she place her Divine Lord in all the strength, 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 ensures 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 in this world, 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. 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 legislature that comes in and pretends to sever and destroy this sacred bond, to such a one 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! 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. 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. 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 most inviolable, has secured unto the world, in addition to the gift of faith, the magnificent gift of chastity.

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. 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. This 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. 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 unless 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 against God only, 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 be absolved 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, and I will vote for you ; we can thus make twelve hundred dollars and divide them between us.” “ Well,” said the other, “ I cannot do that, but I'll tell you what I will do. If you give me a 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, scot-free. You have no restitution to make !” Who is it that catches the thief ? Why, for one thief the State lays hold 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, as indeed of every priest actively engaged on the mission, that sums amounting in the aggregate to something enormous are constantly being restored through the Confessional. 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. I once met when on the English mission a Protestant clergyman, who assured me that he made it a point to employ Catholic servants, and always insisted on their going to the sacraments. When I observed to him that he spoke like one who believed in the efficacy of the sacraments, he replied: "I cannot say that I believe in their efficacy, but I know that so long as my people go to Confession and Communion, my property and my children are safe in their hands." This is the Catholic Church; the reality of religion. 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—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. We hear men speaking of "hanging on to the Lord;" of "grasping the Lord;" of "laying hold of the Saviour;" but if their hands are 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. 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, amongst 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. 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. 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. 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? 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? 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! 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 ministrations and her sacraments—if we are only that, then shall we be worthy of the esteem and love of our American fellow-citizens. 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 you, 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 the American citizen. 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. 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. The country that has given you a home, will give you power and influence. 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. 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, brings into her battle-fields the strong, brave, and stalwart arms that were never yet idle when a blow was to be struck for freedom. 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. Great, indeed, will be this nation's future history. 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, I see the energy, the might, the patriotism, and the fidelity of Ireland. 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, to 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; but 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. Then, my friends, the ancient land, my home, will look with hopeful eyes across the wide 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! 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!"



THE DIVINE COMMISSION OF THE CHURCH.

[Preached in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York, on Sunday morning,
June 16th, 1872.]

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.



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 and minutely recorded from time to time by the Evangelists.

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. Whilst 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—whilst the people stood reverently listening to the law of the divine Redeemer—sat the Saviour, in Peter's boat, instructing the multitude. After He had enlightened their minds with the treasures of the divine wisdom which flowed from Him, he turned to Peter and said to him: "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." Peter, answering, said: "Master, 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 Church, was the action of Jesus Christ as recorded in this day's gospel. 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 you to be fishers of men:" "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught."

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 furthest 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 them—if she is assuredly able to override 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 any ocean into which that ship was afraid 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 wisdom 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 nets 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 in 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, a voice of God resounding on the earth; but it is only heard in the unerring Church; therefore we may say with truth, "*Vox ecclesiæ 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 can be 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 are persecuting her to-day? The most powerful man of the world says to the Catholic Church, "You must remodel your teachings; you must alter some of your dogmas and some of your first 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 can do all this, but you cannot make me change my teaching; I am the messenger and the voice of God, and God is truth!" Christ speaks in Peter's boat. It is true that 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, and refuse to change our teaching or to adapt it to the ever varying views of men. If the Church preach not the truth, then what use is the Church to the world ? 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. I come to preach to you the very words of Christ : "He that will not hear the Church, let him be as a heathen and a publican." If I come then and say, "It is not necessary to hear 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 pre-figured in our Divine Lord's action in this day's Gospel. Peter, He said, launch out thy boat into the deep ; and let down 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 Him. 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 his 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 in the Lord; it is all right;" whilst 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, and recognize his miseries. She tears away the bandages with which his self-love conceals the wound; and then, with her sacramental power she cuts out all that proud and corrupt flesh; she cleanses the wound with the saving blood of Jesus Christ; she brings him forth, from out that slough, that cesspool, of impurity and wickedness, 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 table. To act thus 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 struggles; 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 the storm, 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 eternity illumined by the sunshine of His blessedness. And there will be every beauty and happiness. 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.





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