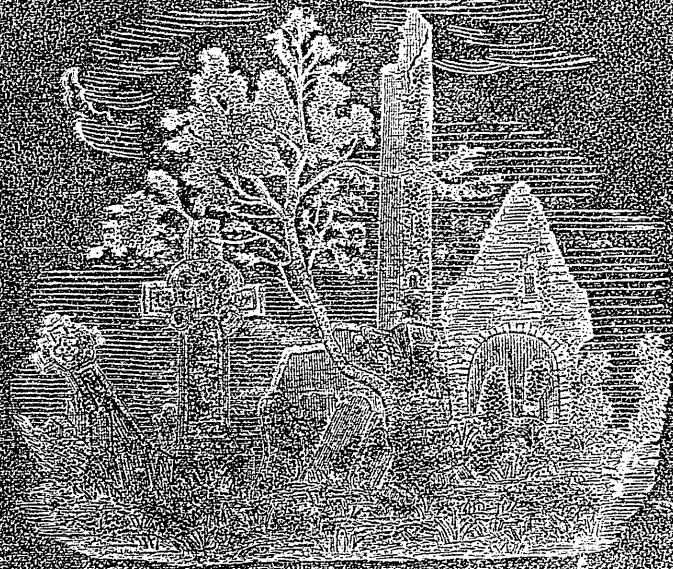

LECTURES

ON

FAITH & FATHERLAND.

BY THE VERY REV

THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

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NOTE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

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PREFACE BY FATHER BURKE.

"I 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."

LECTURES AND SERMONS

OF THE

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

ST PATRICK.

"Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation; * * * these men of mercy, whose godly deeds have not failed; good things continue with their seed. Their posterity are a holy inheritance; and their seed hath stood in the covenants: and their children for their sakes remain for ever; their seed and their glory shall not be forsaken. Let the people show forth their wisdom, and the Church declare their praise."—*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 honours 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 honours, 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 honour 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 dishonour God by honouring 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 labours 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 labours, 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 fulfil the rest of the command, "Let the people show 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 six-

teenth 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 Jerusalem and Sion of God, of which it was written of old, "from Sion shall the law go forth, and

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 labours 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 myself;" and this did our saint possess in an eminent degree. This knowledge of God convinced him of the utter worthlessness of all things besides God, and even of God's gifts, except when used for Himself; and therefore he did all things for God and nothing for self, and of "his own he gave Him back again;"

he lost sight of himself in advancing the interests and the cause of God; he hid himself behind his work in which he laboured 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 time 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 labour 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 definitive 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 this 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 "whosever shall fall upon that stone shall be bruised; and upon whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder." He taught them that in the day when they separated from Peter they separated from Christ, as did the foolish men in the Gospel: "After this many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him. Then Jesus said to the twelve, Will you also go away? And Simon Peter answered Him: Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Thus it was, my brethren, that He bound them to "the rock of ages," to Peter's chair, with firmest bonds of obedience and love, and infused into their souls that supernatural instinct which, for 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. Teampoill 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 Saint 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 baptised, 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; a 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—"*Trianmore*," 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 fulness 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 demoralised 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 mightiest 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 ignorant of the Christian character, as illustrated in the history and traditions of their native land.

We may also admit to a slight extent the conservatism of the Irish character and its veneration for antiquity. Oh, how much our fathers had to love in their ancient religion! Their history began with their Christianity; their glories were all intertwined with their religion; their national banners were 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 neighbours. 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, Maypole 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, endeavouring 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 labour 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 splendour 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!

"THE CHRISTIAN MAN THE MAN OF THE DAY."

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 honour; that he was the man who, recognized as a Christian man, received, for that very reason, the confidence of his fellow-men, and every honour 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-honoured 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 endeavoured 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 labour 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 honour, 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 fulfil this end? how does he fulfil 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 fulfil 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 labour 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 his 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 savours 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 dishonourable, something bad? But there ought to be nothing dishonourable 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 honoured 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 honourable 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 honourable exceptions. If there were not many honourable 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 favourite 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 everything? 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 husband, 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 for ever." 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 labour, 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 neighbour 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 honour, 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 tempest, against all injustice and all dishonour. 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 labours! with an honourable, 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 prettiest gem that the Atlantic bears upon the surface of its green waters." Oh, if there were a few more like him! Ah, 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.

TEMPERANCE.

My friends: I have more than once had the honour 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 it is 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 expression 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 neighbours. I have lived amongst Englishmen 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 honourable body of Catholics—mostly of Irishmen—banded together as one man, for one purpose; and that purpose is to vindicate the honour 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 honourable 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 neighbour; 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 sets 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 degrad-

ing 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 honour 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 honour 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 honour 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 dishonour 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 a man; and so our honour, 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 dishonour 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 sanctuary. 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 neighbour. We are bound to love our neighbour—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 neighbour, 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 honour, 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 neighbour, 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 terrible 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 honour, 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 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 dishonour which is put upon Him by the drunkard, amongst all other sinners; the glory of the Christian woman retrieved and honoured, 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 ensure 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 honour 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.

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 high-mindedness, 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 civilisation 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 recognising 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. Recognising 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 Cathoic, 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, recognise 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 neighbour. Certain also it is that the poorer, the more prostrate, the more helpless that neighbour 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 workhouses, 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 you will 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 succour 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 succour. The sun, in all its noonday fervour, 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 marks 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 recognising 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, enamoured 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 honour 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 reference, 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 labours 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 Almighty 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 succour, 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 succour 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 neighbours, 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 ladylike 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 labour 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 labour for their daily bread. Now, that hand that laboured 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 Nain, "Oh, woman, weep no more!" And she tells him to fear not: that her woman's hand will ensure 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 endeavoured to describe to you. There were seven little children in the house. There was a mother, 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 had 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 your 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.

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

ness, 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 grey 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 for ever.

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 realised 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 there-

fore 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 unincumbered, and the side chapels with altars—the mind of the architect clearly intending an ample space for the people; yet it is not too large a church; for it is generally one that the preacher's voice can easily fill. Outside of it runs the square of the ruined cloister, humble enough, yet most beautiful in its architecture. But now, church and cloister alike are filled with the graves—the homes—of the silent dead. Do I recall to the loving memory of any one 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 stanched, 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 splendour 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 hill-sides, on either hand of our path, are strewn with the bodies of the slain; the valleys are filled with desolation and ruin; the air resounds to the ferocious battle-cry of the Dane, and to the brave battle-cry of the Celt, intermingled with the wailing of the widowed mother and the ravished maid; the air is filled with the crash and the shock of battle. In terrible onset, the lithe, active, mail-clad, fair-haired, blue-eyed warriors of the North meet the dark, stalwart Celt, and they close in mortal combat. Toiling along, pilgrims of history as we are, we come to the summit of Tara's Hill, and there we look in vain for a vestige of Ireland's ruins. But now, after these three hundred years of our backward journey over the highway of history, we breathe the upper air. The sunshine of the eighth century, and of Ireland's three centuries of Christianity, is upon our path. We breathe the purer air; we are 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, all are 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 love 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 are moved to mighty acts; and these men, who came from every clime to the university of the world—to the great masters of the nations—go back to their respective countries and tell the glorious tale of Ireland's strength and Ireland's sanctity—of the purity of the Irish maidens—of the learning and saintliness of the Irish priesthood; of the wisdom of her kings and rulers; of the sanctity of her people; until at length, from out the recesses of history, there comes, floating upon the breezes of time, the voice of an admiring world, that proclaims my native land, in that happy epoch, and gives to her the name of the island of heroes, of saints, and of sages.

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 all these towers, for what purpose were they built? There is no record or 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 Worshippers 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 illuminated 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 of 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 these round towers, the Church—the Catholic Church in Ireland—made use of them for religious purposes; that she built her cathedrals and her abbey churches alongside of them; and we often find the loving group of the "Seven Churches," lying closely beside, if not under the shadow of, the round towers. 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 times, 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 ruinæ!*" 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 therabouts, 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 grey heads, who were blooming maidens in '98—came from every side; and they all knelt round the "Croppy's Grave;" and just as the priest began the Mass, and the one hundred thousand on the hill-sides and in the vales below were uniting in adoration, a loud cry of wailing pierced the air. It was the Irish mothers and the Irish maidens pouring out their souls in sorrow, and wetting with their tears the shamrocks that grew out of the "Croppy's Grave:"

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

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 sympathy 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 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 consequeuce 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 for ever, and from the plains of Clontarf drove them into Dublin Bay. Well, behind them they left the ruins of all the religion they had found. They left a people, who had, indeed, not lost their faith, but a people who were terribly shaken and demoralized by three hundred years of bloodshed and of war. One-half of it—one-sixth of it—would have been sufficient to ruin any other people; but the element that kept Ireland alive—the element that kept the Irish nationality alive in the hearts of the people—the element that preserved civilization in spite of three centuries of war, was the element of Ireland's faith, and the traditions of the nation's by-gone glory.

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 for ever 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 splendour 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 shores 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 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 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 and 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-bye, 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 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 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 favour. 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 favour. 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 *Bhreahir*, 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 Pro-

testantism 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 set 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 selfsame game went on. The English determined that they would make one part of Ireland, at least, Protestant, and that the fairest and the best portion of it, as they imagined—namely, the province of Ulster. Now, mark the simple way they went about it. They made up their minds that they would make one province of Ireland Protestant, to begin with, in order that it might spread out by degrees to the others. And what did they do? They gave notice to every Catholic in Ulster to pack up and 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 "skinners," "tanners," the "dry-salters;" 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 English-

men. 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 labouring man, unless that labouring 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 honour, 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 neighbour. 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 very 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 beef-steak, 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 conscience 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 rumoured 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 honour 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 vigour, 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 moon of Freedom shall beam round thee yet!"

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

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 of Cooper Institute, but I will endeavour 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 honourable 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 require-

ments, 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 fulness 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 vigour 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 fulness 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 supernatural 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 fulness 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 fulness 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 engrafted 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 a 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 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 teachimg. 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. Bet 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 twofold 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, ye 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 full 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 skilful, 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 neighbour's property, depriving some neighbouring 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 honour, the integrity, the strength, purity, and vigour 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 neighbouring 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 neighbouring 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 land, 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 thy 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 the 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 for ever. Greece did not last for ever. 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 the Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour 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 fulness 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 SALVATION OF SOCIETY.

My friends: The subject which, as you know, has been announced to you, and which I purpose to treat before you this evening, is the proposition that "The Catholic Church is the Salvation of Society." Perhaps there are some 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 endeavoured 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 its 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 labours 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 comliest of the monkey tribe, endeavouring, 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 a 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 neighbours, 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 and 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, endeavours 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 venerating hand all that remained out of the ruin of ancient literature, of ancient poetry, of ancient history, in the languages of Greece

and of Rome. She gathered them lovingly and carefully to her bosom. She laid them up in her sacred recesses—in her cloisters. She applied, diligently, to the study of them, and to the diffusion of them, the minds of the holiest and best of her consecrated children; until, in a few years, all that the world had of refinement, of learning, of all that was refining and gentle, was all concentrated in the person of the lowly monk, who, full of the lore of Greece and Rome—full of ancient learning as well as 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 honour 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 splendour 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 labour 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 splendour 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 part 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 ever-

more; 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 success-position—even if he became an emperor—she must rise with him, and that he can never discard her; and, consequently, she feels that her children are her own for ever. Now, the element of sanctity in the family, even when the husband is a good man—even when he is a sacrament-going man, as every Catholic man ought to be—yet the element of sanctity in the family, and for the family, lies with the woman. It is the privilege of the mother. She has the children under her eye and under her care the live-long day. She has the formation of them—of their character—their first sentiments, thoughts, and works, either for good or evil. The seed to be planted—the formation of the soul—is in the mother's hands; and therefore it is that the character of the child mainly depends on the formation which the mother gives it. The father is engaged in his office, in keeping his business, or at his work, all the day long. His example, whether for good or bad, is not constantly before the eyes—the observant eyes—of the child, as is the example of the mother. And so it is, my friends, that all depends upon the mother; and it is of vital importance that that mother should blend in herself all that is pure, holy, tender, and loving, and that she be assured of the sanctity of her position, of which the Church assures her by the indissoluble nature of the marriage tie.

Again, the Church of God follows the child into the school, and she puts before the young eye, even before reason has opened—she puts before the young sense the sight of things that will familiarize the mind of the child with heaven and with heavenly thoughts. She goes before the world, anticipates reason, and tries to get the start of that "mystery of 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 endeavours to mix up sacramental graces, lessons of good, pictures of divine things, holy statues, little prayers, singing of hymns—all these religious appliances —and endeavours 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 endeavour 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 depises 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 fulness 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 fogets 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 endeavoured 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 honour 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 endeavour to serve God with greater purity, with greater carefulness—will endeavour 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 neighbour—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 honourable 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—Catherine, 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 a 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!

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

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 have 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 of that 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 neighbours 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 wilful; 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 on 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 honour" (that is to say, created in honour), "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 superi-

ority 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 in-

clinations 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 labour which would require the slightest mental effort. In other words, he cannot labour as a man. He is condemned by his intellectual imbecility to labour merely with his hands. Mere brute force distinguishes his labour; and the moment you reduce a man to the degree and amount of mere corporeal strength, the moment you remove from his labour 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 labour, 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, the 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 of 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 funda-

mental 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-humoured 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 Emmanuel 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 Pretestant reads and the more he knows, the nearer he approaches 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 neighbours, 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 fulness 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 to-morrow—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 moral duties, nor the things that he must practice—what will you have at the end of the education? An intellectual 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 forgotton 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 neighbour 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 neighbour 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." Thus 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 seldoms 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 of 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 skilful men sought and brought him the youth David, and he sat in the presence of the king; and when the spirit came upon Saul and troubled him, David took his harp and played upon it; and the spirit departed, and the king was calmed, and his mighty sorrow passed away. So, in like manner, when the people of

old would express their joy or 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 milk-maid chanted it, as she milked the cows in the evening; it is one of the traditions of our young hearts, and of our young senses. Then, when we leave the Green Land, and go out 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 valour 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 laboured 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 milk-maid, 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 merry-makings 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 on 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 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 recognising 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 kings 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 favourite 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 honoured 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 for ever gone.
Sing, sad harp, thus sing to me—
Alike our doom is cast;
Both lost to love and 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 the ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the waves were 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 laboured 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 honour 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 splended 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 honour 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 honoured, how magnificently and grandly appreciated, when the kings of the land sought to bestow their highest dignities upon the child of song! In this degenerate age, if a thing is worth scarcely anything, our phrase is, "'tis scarcely worth a song!" but, fourteen hundred years ago, a song in Ireland, if it was well written, and set to original music, and the harper could skilfully sweep the chords of his lyre, and excite joy or pleasure in the heart of his monarch —that harper received a crown of gold, broad lands, and titles of nobility.

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 bygone days was so manifest, that, as if they knew it but had no fear, the kings and 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 honour 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 honour, 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 neighbouring 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, MacLiag, 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 the 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 honoured 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 Dearbhorgil, who was married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, but eloped with Dermod 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 throbbed 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 come to divide, to dishonour,
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 honours—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 honours to enslave him,
The noblest honours 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 right 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 to-night, 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 honoured, whilst thou wert wronged and scorned;
Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorned;
She wooed me to temples, while thou lay 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 recognised 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 Jamieson'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 that 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 popularised 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 though 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 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, Lam Dearg Abu—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, 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 burnt 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 POPE'S TIARA—ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

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; its Past, its Present, and its Future." We read of a celebrated orator of Greece, that the grandest effort he ever made was in a speech which he pronounced upon a crown. I wish I had, to-night, the genius or the eloquence of Demosthenes; for my theme, my crown, is 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 honoured 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 univer-

sal 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-honoured 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-honoured 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 splendour 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 Celes-

tine, 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 favouring 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, dishonoured, 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 the 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 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 splendour 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 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 dis-

seminated 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 honoured 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 honour 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 bade 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 honour with his love and with his fidelity the woman whom he had sworn before the altar to worship and to protect as long as he 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 honour, the integrity, the position of the Christian woman—the Christian mother, who is the source, the fountain-head of all the 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 dishonour; 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 the 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. The 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 saviour of his people and of his country! To-day he must not show his face in the very streets of Rome; and in the very halls of the deserted Vatican he hears the echoes of the shouts of those that cry, "Blessed be the hand that shall be imbrued 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 the change of popular friendship, and of popular opinion? The greatest enemy that the pope has on 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, "Hosannah 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 cesspool 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 honoured 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 furthest 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 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 re-

cesses 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 rights, 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 baptised 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 world '*non possumus*'—I cannot do it." This is the man that to-day wears, and so gloriously wears, the time-honoured 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 gene-

rally 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 object 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 represented 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 honoured of these eight hundred—one of the foremost in dignity and 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 an 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 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 honour, 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 Ire-

land 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 favour 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.

THE EXILES OF ERIN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: One of the strongest passions, and the noblest that God has imparted 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 and 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 neighbours 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 dishonour, as long as it was upheld by the heroic hands of the Celt.

As it was with our French cousins, so, for good or for 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 honoured 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 honoured 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 valour, 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 birth-right 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 defence 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 neighbour 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 were 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-righ, 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 the 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 among the nations of the "Island of Saints;" and the sanctity that made Ireland the bright glory of Christendom, they poured abroad upon their apostolic labours, 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 evangelized, 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 neighbouring 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 neighbours. 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 soul, 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-honoured nobility, when they found that they could not love their country at home, where there was 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 they well 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 on 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 ahocka!*" 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 valour of the Irish army at that very Boyne—at Athlone—at Aughrim—although they lost the field, they did not lose their honour; 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 honourable 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, colours 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. Sarsfield, 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 Saxons 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 intrenched, 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 they were 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 English 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. Fag an bealac, 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 grew 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. The 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 honours, 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 ancient 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 devotion,
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 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 Comghaill 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, 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 *generale'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 valour 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 honour 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 dishonour or 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 honour 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 CATHOLIC CHURCH THE TRUE EMANCIPATOR.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I am come before you this evening to assert a proposition which would require no proof, if all men were of one mind regarding the claims of the Catholic Church to be the Church of Christ. I assert for the Catholic Church that she is the true emancipator of the slave; and I say again, that if men were of one mind touching her claims to be the true Christian Church, this proposition would require no proof; for, any man who believes in the agency of Christ as perpetuated in His Church, must at once conclude that one of the highest and greatest of the duties of that Church is the duty which her divine founder, Himself, came to accomplish—viz.: the work of emancipation. He came and found, not this race, or that, not this class or order of men, or that, but all mankind, and all races of men, enslaved in the direst form of slavery; a slavery that entered into their very souls; a slavery that not only destroyed their freedom of will, but also clouded, and thereby destroyed, the clearness of their intelligence; a slavery that bound them helpless at the feet of the most cruel of all masters, for that master was no other than the devil, the prince and ruler of all mankind, the enslaver of the intellect, of the will, and of the soul of man. The prophet of old had foretold of our divine Lord and Redeemer, that He came to break the chains of man's slavery, to emancipate him, to take him from out that deep and terrible servitude into which he was fallen, and to endow him once more with "the freedom of the glory of the children of God." Therefore 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 unfailing, 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 multitudes 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 the 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 the 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, 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 principle. He says: "Whosoever are servants under the yoke, let them account their masters worthy of all honour, 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 the slave the common servitude to the one God; and then he lays down the third great element, by which he relieves slavery of its degradation, when he says: "There is, in Christ, neither bondsman nor freeman, neither Jew nor Gentile, neither barbarian nor Scythian, but Christ, the Lord, in all; and ye are all one in Jesus Christ."

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

Church began to be known and had commenced to make her influence felt among the nations—among the very first ordinances that she made, were some for the relief of the slave. She commanded, for instance, under the 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 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 action, 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 freedom—she laboured 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 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 neighbour 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 neighbour 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 labour, 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 labour—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 coloured 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 labour 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 fulness of material manhood—children as they were, without education, without knowledge—what use could they make of their freedom! What use do you and I make of our freedom?—we who are born free, we whose education and everything surrounding us, from our infancy, all tend to make us respect and use well that freedom. Is there that purity, that self-respect, that manly restraint over a man's passions—is there that assertion of the dominion of the soul over the inferior nature stamped upon the Christian society and the white society of the world to-day, that would lead them to imagine that it is so easy for a poor child of slavery to enter into the fulness of his freedom? I fear not. Well, my friends, still they are there before us. The dreams

of the political economist will not teach them to use their freedom. The vain, ambitious, and, I will add, impious purposes and theories propounded by those that would insinuate that the coloured 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 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 colour to his arguments. You have sent teachers to them, teachers who began their lesson, began their teaching, by declaring that, after they had laboured 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 overgrown, 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 in 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 coloured 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 riveted upon the soul. Freedom is a sacred thing; but like every sacred thing, it must be seated in the soul of man. Bodily freedom is as nothing unless the soul be emancipated by the holy Church of God. Your presence here this evening attests your sympathy with this great work; and, O my friends, as you have contributed materially, I ask you to contribute also intellectually and spiritually—intellectually, by the sympathy of your intelligence with the labour 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.

THE IRISH PEOPLE IN THEIR RELATION TO CATHOLICITY.

MY FRIENDS: the subject on which I have the honour 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 particulars, 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. 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, sniffling, 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 rounded 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 fellowmen—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 fellowmen 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 fellowmen. 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 neighbours; but my neighbours 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 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 unfailing, undying confidence, in every promise of God, as long as the man himself fulfils the conditions of these promises. The consequence is, that the Christian man, by virtue of this hope that is in him, is lifted up beyond all the miseries and sorrows of this world, and he looks upon them all in their true light. If poverty comes upon him, he remembers the poverty of Jesus Christ, and he says, in his hope, "Well, the Lord passed through the ways of poverty into the rest of His glory, so shall I rest as He did, I hope for it." If sickness or sorrow come upon him, he looks upon the trials and sorrows of our 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 neighbour 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 honour 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 estab-

lished 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 valour, 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-honoured 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 Archminstrel of the royal monarch of Tara—up rose this man in the might of his intellect, in the glory of his voice and his presence, and lifting up his harp in his hand he said: "Hear me, oh high king and chieftains of the land! I now declare that this man, who comes to us, speaks from God—that he brings a message from God. I bow before Patrick's God. He is the true God, and as long as I live this harp of mine shall never sound again save to the praises of Christianity and its God." 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 honour 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 it is a "rath," and Ireland is full of them. Do you know what that means? When the day of 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 us, 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 Glenamana, 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 undis-

covered) 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 honour of his wife, for the honour 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 armour, with a battle-axe in one uplifted hand, and the crucifix in the other—the heroic figure of Brian Boroimhe, 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 battle-field—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 Boroimhe 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 their 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 nation 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 intimate 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 *Leprechawn*. 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 fulfilment; a confidence never shaken, that never loses itself, that never loosens its hold upon God, that never, for an instant, yields to depression or despair. I ask you if that virtue is found stamped upon our Irish character? Tell me, first of all, as I wish to prove it, during this thousand years' fighting for Ireland, were 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 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 colours 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 neighbour 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 these traits are more magnificently brought out? England told Ireland, a few years ago, that the Irish husbands might divorce their Irish wives. Nothing was heard from one end of the land to the other but a loud shout of a laugh. "Oh, listen to that! So a man can separate from his wife! The curse of Cromwell on ye!" 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 neighbouring 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, rsising 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 honour, 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 honours 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 honour to every Catholic race. All honour 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 mould of Catholicity and of justice. And when that day comes to us, I would like to see who would lay a "wet finger" on Ireland. 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 despatch 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 to be—and leave the rest to God.

THE CHURCH.

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 has 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 neighbour, 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 for ever, 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 for ever, 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.

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