



CONQUESTS

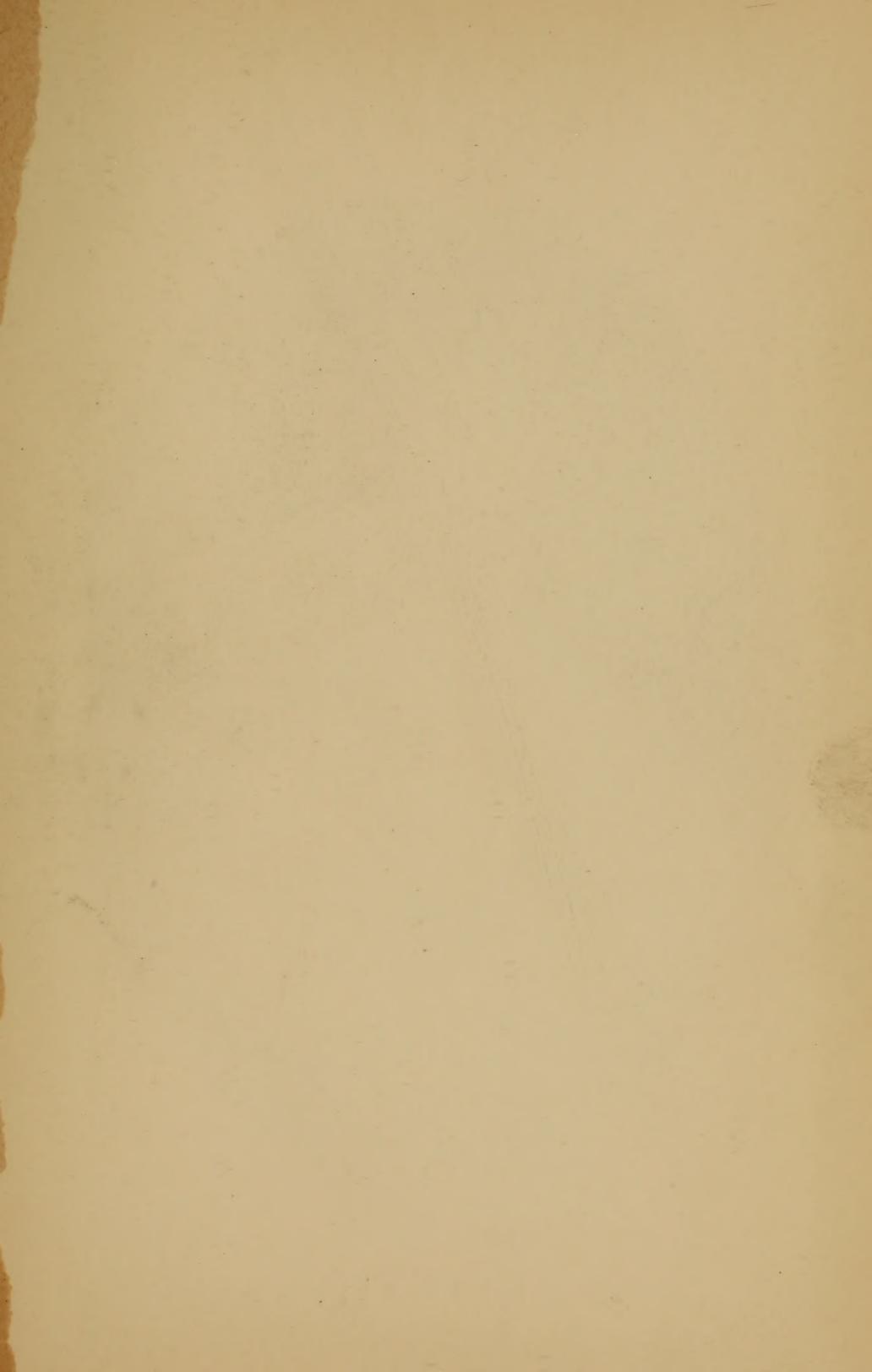


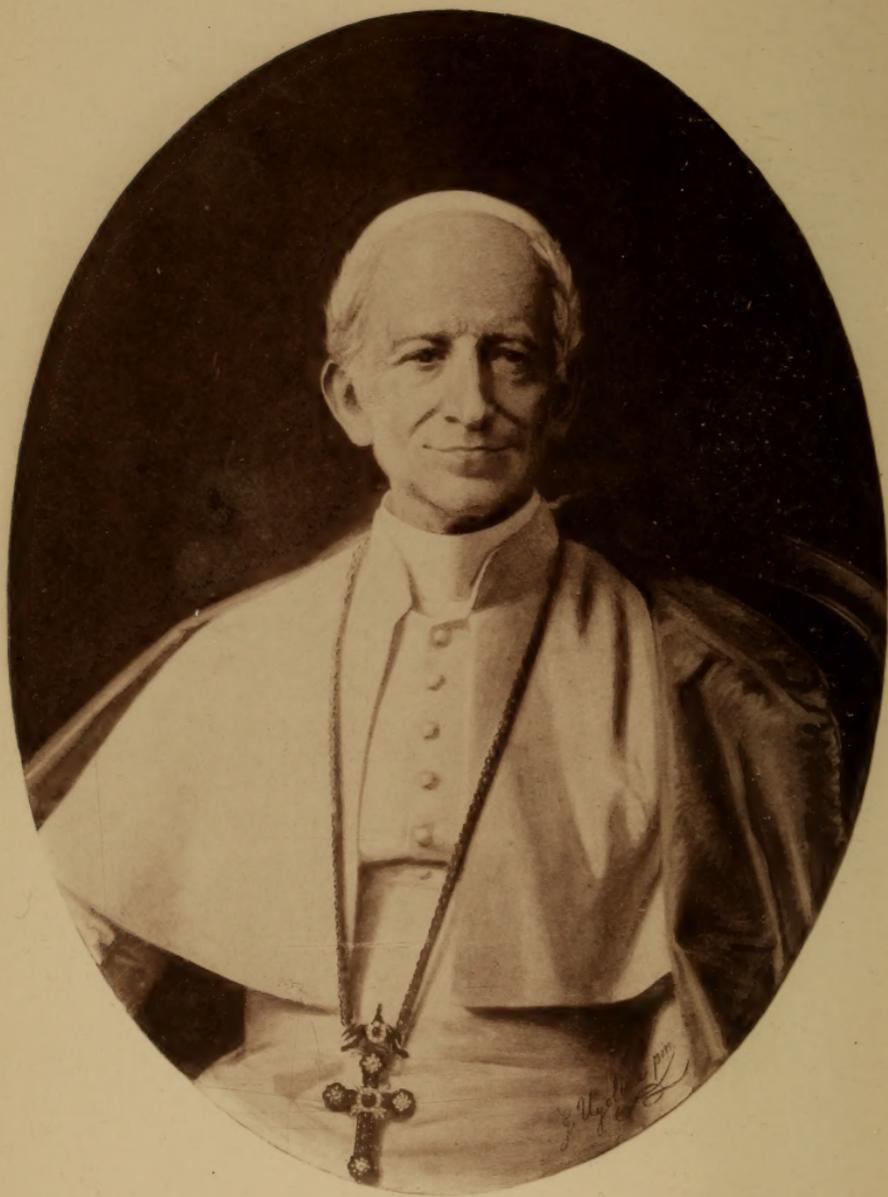
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LEO XIII.

CONQUESTS OF OUR HOLY FAITH;

—OR,—

TESTIMONIES

—OF—

DISTINGUISHED CONVERTS.

—BY—

JAMES J. TREACY,

*Editor of "Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens," "Tributes
of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty
of Catholicity," Etc.*

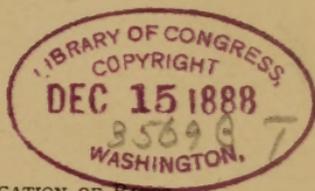
OUR HOLY FATHER, POPE LEO XIII., has been graciously pleased to impart his Apostolic Benediction, for the second time, to the Author of this Book. His Holiness has also deigned to honor Mr. Treacy with the present of an exquisitely executed CAMEO, representing St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour, the work of a distinguished Roman Artist.

FR. PUSTET,

PRINTER TO THE HOLY SEE AND THE S. CONGREGATION OF RITES.

FR. PUSTET & CO.,

NEW YORK AND CINCINNATI.

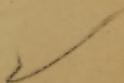


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— TO —

JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL.D.,

— THE —

DISTINGUISHED HISTORIAN OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA;

— THE —

*Fearless and Able Defender of Her Fame and Glory Against the
Shafts of Ignorance, Misrepresentation, and Malevolence,*

This Book is Inscribed,

WITH THE RESPECT AND ESTEEM OF

The Editor.

PREFACE.

The centuried history of the Church is a history of grand, glorious, and marvellous CONQUESTS. With the Banner of the Cross gleaming before her, and the Torch of Truth shining in her hand, she marches through the ages, a real, though unbloody conqueror. On and on she moves, spreading around her joy, peace, and unity,—advancing civilization—encouraging and embellishing art—taming and even refining the savage children of the forest—directing and helping Science—purifying and elevating the standard of human morality, and lifting fallen men from earth to heaven. Now she is bathed in the blood—the holy blood—of her martyrs; now she is refulgent with the light—the beautiful and sacred light—of her virgins and scholars. In almost every land, from the rising to the setting of the sun, the red storms of persecution have swept over her, again and again, only to find her coming out of the conflict—coming out of the fiery furnace—coming down from her Cross—unstained, un-

weakened, unconquered,—mightier, brighter, purer, holier. The Ten Persecutions utterly failed to subdue her. The Cæsars—the proud and haughty Cæsars—fell powerless at her approach, or, in the person of Constantine the Great, bowed humbly and lovingly before her august presence. The heresiarchs, from Simon Magus to Martin Luther—Her enemies from Luther's time till now—have always felt in their souls that her origin was Divine, that her mission was Divine, that her teaching was Divine. Scoffers and mockers, and false prophets,—Pantheists, Materialists, and Atheists,—all, all the unfortunate children of error, may speak and write as they will, but the Roman Church—ONE, HOLY, CATHOLIC, and APOSTOLIC—guided and protected by the Spirit of Truth—blessed by the right hand of the God of all Power and Majesty—remains, and will ever remain, undefiled, unchangeable, united, and ever victorious. Amidst the changes and crumbling of dynasties—amid the dismemberment of empires—amid the destruction of nations—her triumphant song of victory has never for an instant been hushed, the loud and solemn ring of her exultant *Te Deum* has never been silenced!

Not to refer to the early stages of her miraculous march, when many of the greatest philosophers, artists, poets, and orators of Pagan Rome and classic Greece acknowledged that Truth, and Beauty, and Inspiration were hers, what must we think of her triumphs for the last three hundred years? Has she gained no new CONQUESTS? Has the sway of her sceptre been lessened? Has the number of her children diminished? Have the glory, the purity, the majesty of her APOSTOLIC YOUTH departed, or even paled?

Answer these questions, O Newman of the deep but crystal intellect—answer them, thou Sage, whose pen has been touched with celestial fire—answer them, thou, who, Samson-like, couldst tear down the pillars of a false and haughty temple! Answer them, Manning, thou fearless champion of every just cause! Answer them, Faber, thou delight and inspiration of pure and holy souls! Answer them, O Parsons, from the depths of thy prison-cells or from the sacred heights of thy Novice-Home on the classic banks of the Dyle! Answer them, De Vere, thou chastest of chaste poets! Answer them, Hay, Digby, Dalgairns, Chalonier, Marshall! Answer them, Schlegel, thou

poet, critic, philosopher—answer them, thou glory of European Literature! Answer them, O Stolberg, De Haller, Hurter, Papin, Latour, Brunswick, Ratisbonne! Answer them, Lucas, Ward, Brownson—ye dauntless and mighty crusaders of the Catholic Press! Answer them, Ives, and Hecker, and Stone, and Hewit, Preston and Doane! Answer them, ye favored millions who, in every age and clime, having been led by the Spirit of God out of the coldness, and uncertainty, and darkness of error and heresy, found rest, and light, and peace, and joy in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church.

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THE CHURCH THE CHAMPION OF THE PEOPLE.

In the temporal order, the authority claimed by the Church is nothing but the assertion over the state of the Divine sovereignty, which she represents, or the subjection of the prince to the Law of God, in his character of prince as well as in his character of man. That the prince or the civil power is subject to the law of God, no man who admits Christianity at all dares question; and, if the Church be the Divinely commissioned teacher and guardian of that law, as she certainly is, the same subjection to her must be conceded. But this, instead of being opposed to civil liberty, is its only possible condition. Civil liberty, like all liberty, is in being held to no obedience but obedience to God; and obedience to the state can be compatible with liberty only on the condition that God commands it, or on the condition that he governs in the state, which he does not and cannot do, unless the state holds from his law

and is subject to it. To deny, then, the supremacy of the Church in temporals, is only to release the temporal order from its subjection to the Divine sovereignty, which, so far as regards the state, is to deny its authority, or its right to govern, and, so far as regards the subject, is to assert pure, unmitigated civil despotism. All authority divested of the Divine sanction is despotic, because it is authority without right, will unregulated by reason, power disjoined from justice. Withdraw the supremacy of the Church from the temporal order, and you deprive the state of that sanction, by assertion that it does not hold from God and is not amenable to His law; you give the state simply a human basis, and have in it only a human authority, which has no right to govern, which I am not bound to obey, and which it is intolerable tyranny to compel me to obey. "Let every soul," says the blessed Apostle Paul, the Doctor of the Gentiles, "be subject to the higher powers; for there is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God,.....Wherefore be subject of necessity, not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake." (Rom. iii. 1-5). Here the obli-

gation of obedience is grounded on the fact that the civil power is the ordinance of God, that is, as we say, holds from God. But, obviously, this, while it subjects the subject to the state, equally subjects the state to the Divine sovereignty. Take away the subjection of the state to God, and you take away the reason of the subjection of the subject to the state; and we need not tell you that to subject us to an authority which we are not bound to obey is tyranny. See, then, what you get by denying the supremacy of the Church in temporals!

The Church and the state, as administrations, are distinct bodies; but they are not, as some modern politicians would persuade us, two co-ordinate and mutually independent authorities. The state holds under the law of nature, and has authority only within the limits of that law, as long as it confines itself within that law, and faithfully executes its provisions, it acts freely, without ecclesiastical restraint or interference. But the Church holds from God under the supernatural or revealed law, which includes, as integral in itself, the law of nature, and is therefore the teacher and guardian of the natural as well as the revealed law. She is, under God, the supreme judge of both laws, which for her

are but one law; and hence she takes cognizance, in her tribunals, of the breaches of the natural law as well as of the revealed, and has the right to take cognizance of its breaches by nations as well as its breaches by individuals, by the prince as well as by the subject, for it is the supreme law for both. The state is, therefore, only an inferior court, bound to receive the law from the supreme court, and liable to have its decisions reversed on appeal.

This must be asserted, if we assert the supremacy of the Christian law, and hold the Church to be its teacher and judge; for no man will deny that Christianity includes the natural as well as the supernatural law. Who, with any just conceptions, or any conceptions at all, of the Christian religion, will pretend that one can fulfil the Christian law and yet violate the natural law?—that one is a good Christian if he keeps the precepts of the Church, though he break every precept of the Decalogue?—or that Christianity remits the catechumen to the state to learn the law of nature, or what we may term natural morality? Grace presupposes nature. The supernatural ordinances of God's law presupposes the natural, and the Church, which is the teacher and guardian of faith and morals,

can no more be so without plenary authority with regard to the latter than the former. Who, again, dares pretend that the moral law is not as obligatory on emperors, kings, princes, and commonwealths, as upon private individuals?—upon politicians as upon priests or simple believers? Unless, then, you exempt the state from all obligation, even to the law of nature, you must make it amenable to the moral law as expounded by the Church, divinely commissioned to teach and declare it.

Deny this, and assert the independence of the political order, and declare the state in its own right, without accountability to the Christian law, of which it is not the teacher or the guardian, supreme in temporals, and you gain, instead of civil liberty, simply, in principle at least, civil despotism. If you deny that the Church is the teacher and guardian of the law of God, you must either claim the authority you deny her for the state, or you must deny it altogether. If you claim it for the state, you, on your own principles, make the state a spiritual despotism, and on ours also; for the state obviously has not received that authority, is incompetent in spirituals, is no teacher of morals, or director of consciences. If you deny it altogether, you

make the state independent of the moral order, independent of the Divine sovereignty, the only real sovereignty, and establish pure, unmitigated *civil* despotism.

We know how hateful this doctrine is to politicians, to the world, and to the devil, who seek always to find a rival in the state to the kingdom of God. We know that the representatives of the state in nearly all ages of Christendom, in nearly all nations, have resisted it. We know that it is now resisted by every civil government on earth, that the kings of the earth stand up, the princes conspire together, the nations rage, and the people imagine vain things, against the Lord and his Christ, saying: "Let us break their bonds asunder, let us cast away their yoke from us;" but we cannot help that. We know the truth, and dare assert it; we know the rights of God, and dare not betray them. We cannot be false, because others are,—shrink from proclaiming the supremacy of the moral order, because now more than ever it is necessary to proclaim it. We do not understand the heroism that goes always with the popular party, or the loyalty that deserts to the enemy the moment his forces appear to be the most numerous. We know the moral order is supreme, and shall we

fear to say it, lest sinners tremble, the wicked gnash their teeth, and the multitude threaten? We know our Church is God's Church; that she is the judge of God's law, and has the right to denounce, as from the judgment-seat of the Almighty, whoever violates it, and to place king or peasant under her anathema, if he refuses to obey it. She has the right, the divine right, to denounce moral wrong, spiritual wrong, tyranny and oppression, wheresoever or by whomsoever they are practised, and to vindicate the rights of God, and, in so doing, the rights of man, let who will threaten and invade them. We are subject to God, but to him only; and are we afraid to assert the fact? Are we not free before all men?

The Church is the Divinely appointed guardian of truth, virtue, and liberty, because she is the representative of the Divine sovereignty on earth. Kings and potentates, commonwealths and mobs, may rise up, as they have risen up, against her; politicians may murmur or denounce, the timid may quake, the faint-hearted may fail, the cowardly shrink away, and the disloyal join her persecutors; but that can neither justify them, nor unmake her rights, nor

depose her from her sovereignty under God,—cannot make it not true that she represents the moral order, and that the moral order is supreme. That supremacy is a fact in God's universe, an eternal and primal truth; and let no man dare deny it, who would not be branded on his forehead traitor to God, and therefore to man; and let him who fears to assert it in the hour of thickest danger be branded poltroon. It is the glory of the Church that she has always asserted it. She asserted it in the noble answer of her inspired Apostles to the magistrates,—“We must obey God rather than man;” she asserted it in her glorious army of martyrs, who chose rather to die at the stake, in the amphitheatre, under the most cruel and lingering tortures, than to offer incense to Jupiter or the statue of Caesar; she asserted it by the mouth of Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, when he forbade the emperor Theodosius the Great to enter the Church till he had done public penance for his tyrannical treatment of his subjects, and drove him from the sanctuary, and bade him take his place with the laity, where he belonged; she asserted it in the person of her sovereign Pontiff, St. Gregory the Seventh, when he made the tyrant and brutal Henry the Fourth, of Germany, wait for

three days shivering with cold and hunger at his door, before he would grant him absolution, and when he finally smote him with the sword of Peter and Paul for his violation of his oaths, his wars against religion, and his oppression of his subjects; and she asserted it, again, in the person of her glorious Pontiff, Gregory the Sixteenth, who, standing with one foot in the grave, confronted the tyrant of the North, and made the Autocrat of all the Russias tremble and weep as a child. Never for one moment has she ceased to assert it in the face of crowned and uncrowned heads,—Jew, Pagan, Arian, Barbarian, Saracen, Protestant, Infidel, Monarchist, Aristocrat, Democrat: and gloriously is she asserting it now in her noble confessor, the Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, and in her exiled Pontiff, Pius the Ninth.

You talk of religious liberty. Know you what the word means? Know ye that religious liberty is all and entire in the supremacy of the moral order? The Church is a spiritual despotism, is she? Bold blasphemer, miserable apologist for tyrants and tyranny, go trace her track through eighteen hundred years, and behold it marked with the blood of her free and noble-hearted children, whom God loves and

honors, shed in defense of religious liberty. From the first moment of her existence has she fought, ay, fought as no other power can fight, for liberty of religion. Every land has been reddened with the blood and whitened with the bones of her martyrs, in that sacred cause; and now, rash upstart, you dare in the face of day proclaim her the friend of despotism! Alas! my brother, may God forgive you, for you know not what you do.

DR. ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON,
Essays and Reviews.

TRIALS OF A MIND.

DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS :

It is due both to you and myself, as it is more especially to the cause of God, that I yield, without loss of time, to the promptings of my heart and conscience, and lay before you, as best I can, the *reasons* which have constrained me to take so serious, and to many dear ones as well as to myself, so *trying* a step as that of abandoning the position in which I had acted as a Minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church for more than thirty years, and as a bishop of the same for more than twenty years, and of seeking, at my time of life, admission as a *mere layman* into the "Holy Catholic Church," and with no prospect before me but simply peace of conscience and the *salvation of my soul*.

That for many years I have been more or less doubtful of my position as a *Protestant*, and feeling about me for some surer ground on which to stand, in view of a judgment to come, is a matter too much interwoven in the history

of the last few years of my Episcopate to be, in any important respect, new to you. That in this state of baffling uncertainty, and under the trying circumstances it brought with it, I always acted wisely, or with perfect consistency, is more than I dare either affirm or believe. Rather would I turn from the too generally worse than useless task of self-defense, and humbly seek refuge in the compassion of Him "Who hath borne our infirmities," and in the forbearance of those who have themselves felt the weight of these infirmities, in a doubtful but earnest struggle to find and keep the narrow way of life. To the mariner, inured to the peculiar hardships of the sea, it will be no cause of wonder that one tossed upon the bosom of its treacherous waves, now toiling amid conflicting elements, and then distracted and deceived by shifting mists, should, in making his way to the shore, describe a somewhat devious track. Should any of my old friends and companions require of me still further explanation of seeming inconsistencies, they will find it in too great an effort on my part to *remain a Protestant*. Here, commending myself to Him who will one day "make the justice of the oppressed clear as the light," I take final leave of the subject of

self apology, and invite you at once to a consideration of the history of my mind in its progress to Catholicism.

In the outset, let me recall the fact that for years a mysterious influence, which I could neither fully comprehend nor entirely throw off, visited my mind, unsettling its peace, and filling it with yearnings for something in religion more *real* than I had hitherto experienced.

Under such impulses, my thoughts were naturally led beyond the narrow limits of mere Protestant theology to the teachings of the early Catholic Fathers, and such as seemed to be based upon them in later times. At this period *Moehler's Symbolism* was put into my hand. I read it, examined its statements with care, and laid it down with an increased desire to know more fully the system of which it had given me, in a spirit of such fairness and love, so beautiful an outline.

Now it was, however, that the progress of my inquiry received a sudden check. Prostrating sickness came, and with it a succession of distracting and embarrassing oppositions to my discovered tendency towards Catholicism.

And here I must be allowed, in all honesty, and I trust with no violation of charity, to say

that these oppositions, which were designed and at first seemed likely to arrest this tendency, operated in the end greatly to increase it, by increasing my distrust in the system under which I was acting, as they tended to open my eyes more widely to what I felt to be its *unreasonableness*.

In the first place, I observed that every attempt to understand and rightly appreciate Catholic truth was viewed by Protestants with jealousy, and treated with harshness. That while they prided themselves upon the untrammelled exercise of reason in matters of faith, the first effort on the part of any of their adherents to apply this reason in good earnest to an examination of Catholic doctrine, or Catholic institutions, was instantly met by a cry of alarm. "This practice is highly dangerous. Depend upon it, it will unsettle your faith, wean you from your own Church, and give you a leaning towards Catholicism. There is something in this so insidious and captivating, that, if you once allow it to get the least hold of your mind and heart, it is sure to bring you under its dominion." And if the practice was not forthwith relinquished, they would seek to interpose an effectual bar by loading it with suspicion, and

exciting against it the popular indignation, thus often forcing persons who might not have nerve for the sake of truth and peace, to face desertion, ignominy, and perhaps starvation, to *stifle* their convictions, compromise their consciences, and consent, for a time at least, to stumble on amidst the obscurities and miseries of an uncertain faith. This struck me as being so inconsistent with the Protestant principle, that a free and thorough application of each mind to the great question "What is truth?" is essential to its solution, as to lead me to suspect more reasonableness and force in Catholic teaching than my education and position had hitherto permitted me to see; for I could not well conceive how, on such a vital question as that between Catholics and Protestants, any practice which might contribute to the fullest investigation should be "dangerous" to anything but error. If the mind be capable of investigation at all, it must be, I thought, to the fullest extent. At any rate, it would be exceedingly unfair to oblige it to come to a conclusion, or to abide in one, without being allowed an opportunity to examine both sides of the question, the consideration of which might be necessary to render that conclusion safe. Hence I

began seriously to fear that the "danger" apprehended from a thorough knowledge of Catholic teaching was not so much danger to *the truth of God* as to *the system of Protestantism*.

But the circumstance which at this period shook my confidence most of all was the absence, in my view, of any instituted method among Protestants for *the remission of post-baptismal sin*. Sins before baptism were expressly forgiven in that sacrament. But for the remission of those committed after, however deadly, I could see in Protestantism no provision: That Christ left Power in His Church to remit these I had no doubt, and for a time after my mind had become alive to the importance of the exercise of this power, I believed that it existed and might be lawfully exercised in the communion of which I was a bishop. But upon stricter examination and more mature thought I became convinced that if the exercise of such power was not actually denied, its exercise, except in a very modified sense and within very restricted limits, was virtually prohibited. This discovery filled me with dread, which daily observation increased, till finally it passed into absolute consternation. No one who has not

been in my state can fully appreciate my sensations, when I opened my eyes to the fact that multitudes around me entrusted to my care, were goaded by a conviction of mortal sin and demanding relief, and *I was not allowed* by my Church to administer that relief in the only way which seemed to me to be directed by God's word as understood by His early Church. The question now forced itself upon me: Can that be an institution of God which thus locks up the gifts (supposing it to have received them,) which He commands His priesthood to dispense to the needy and perishing souls for whom Christ died?

This state of doubt and fear awakened in my mind the inquiry, why should I not more thoroughly examine the ground on which I stood, and on which were based my hopes of *eternal salvation*?

When I seriously approached this question, however, it was terrible to me. No man can well conceive the horror with which I first contemplated the possibility of a conviction against my own claims as the result! My claims as a bishop, a minister, a Christian in any safe sense; and hence of my being compelled as an honest man to give up my position. A horror enhanced by the self-humiliation with which I saw such

a step must cover me, the absolute deprivation of all mere temporal support which it must occasion, not only to myself, but to one whom I was bound "to love and cherish until death." The heart-rending distress and mortification in which it must involve, without their consent, a large circle of the dearest relatives and friends, the utter annihilation of all that confidence and hope which under common struggles and common sufferings, for what we deemed the truth, had been reposed in me as a sincere and trustworthy bishop. But I forbear. Enough that the prospect, heightened in its repulsiveness by the sad forebodings around me at the renewed symptoms of my wavering, was so confounding, as actually to make me debate, whether it were not better, and my duty, to *stay* and risk the salvation of my soul,—as to make me supplicate in agony to be spared so bitter a chalice, to make me seize, with the eagerness of a drowning man, upon every possible pretext for relinquishing the inquiry. Could I not be sincere where I was? Work with a quiet conscience where Providence had placed me? Were not the fathers of the Reformation, in case of my being in error, to be held responsible? Would it not be presumption in me, a single bishop, to reconsider other points long considered

settled by a national Church? These and more like questions would force themselves daily upon my mind to deter my advance; and under their influence I actually went so far as to commit myself publicly to Protestantism, to make such advance the more difficult. But God was merciful, and all this did not satisfy me. I thought I saw in it clearly the temptation of Satan, an effort of my overburdened heart to escape *self-sacrifice*. I felt that if for such reasons I could be excused, so might Saul of Tarsus have been. His example of self-negation for Christ came frequently before me. His words, as the Apostle of Christ, sounded often in my ears; "If any man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I *more*—circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews, according to the Law a Pharisee--concerning zeal *persecuting the Church*. Touching the justice which is in the law blameless. But what things were *gain to me*, the same I counted *loss for Christ*. Yea, furthermore, *I count all things but loss for the excellent knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ.* * * * * We are *fools for Christ's sake.* * * * And if any man

among you seemeth to be *wise in this world*, let him become *a fool* that he *may* be wise. * * * *

We are made a spectacle to the world—are weak and despised—are naked and buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place,—labor, working with our hands—are reviled and persecuted, and defamed; yea, are made as the filth of the world unto this day.” These words often sounded in my ears, with those encouraging ones too: “I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. For if we suffer *with Christ*, we shall also *reign with Him*. We suffer with Him that we may be glorified together.” And I felt warmed and strengthened from above, to let nothing below turn me from a faithful search into the *will of God*. Other and still more solemn words, too, would come to deepen and fix this impression—words from the lips, the bosom, of eternal Charity: “He that would be my disciple, must deny himself, take up his cross and follow me. He that forsaketh not all that he hath *cannot* be my disciple. He that saveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life for my sake shall keep it unto life eternal.” Yea, and those awful words, too, which, in the mouth of the holy Ignatius, changed the proud and

self-indulgent thoughts of the youthful nobleman into the penitential sighs and angelic aspirations of the self-denying and wonder-working St. Francis:—"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Now it was that I cast myself, body and soul, powers, honors, and emoluments, all that I was, all that I *had*, before the cross of Christ, entreating Him to take all, and lead me to *the truth*, lead me to *Himself*, vowing, in the depth of my soul, that if He would in mercy show me the way, and uphold my footsteps, I would *follow Him* whithersoever He would lead!

I will not say what it cost me to make this surrender. But one thing I will say, the sacrifice has been repaid *ten thousand fold* in the blessings of present peace, and in the certain hopes of eternal life.

DR. L. SILLIMAN IVES,
*The Trials of a Mind in its Progress
to Catholicism.*

CATHOLIC IRELAND.

Before England was born into the family of nations, Ireland was an autonomy, recognized as such by contemporary races. When Albion was inhabited by a barbarous and savage people, Ireland was in the height of prosperity. When the Anglo-Saxons were tearing each other to pieces, Ireland was possessed of a settled government, and was administered by wise laws, so ancient, that no one knows precisely the period of their first promulgation. When this country was remarkable for its ignorance and brutality, Ireland was celebrated for her culture and civilization. When St. Augustine was preaching to the heathen, when Ethelbert was receiving baptism, when Alfred was a wanderer, Ireland was sending forth her missionaries all over the world, spreading everywhere the Gospel and civilization. When the foundations of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford were laid, the Colleges of Ireland had long been flourishing seats of learning, imparting to all who came to her schools

knowledge and truth. Ireland can assert, what no other existing kingdom or state can say, that her history is lost in the mazes of antiquity, and that her era of barbarism belongs to pre-historic times.

About the eighth century the troubles of Ireland began, by the invasion of the Danes, and the subsequent wars that raged within the Island. Taking advantage of this state of things, the Norman English invaded Ireland under Henry II., and annexed it as part of his dominions.

It would appear that after so much early prosperity Ireland was to enter the school of suffering, in order that, by severe trial, she might become again the great witness for Truth, when darkness should once more cover the earth.

The dark hour is approaching, the twilight of civilization is long passed, and the midnight of Satanic barbarism is at hand, under the evil influence of which many shall fall to rise no more. The boasted civilization of this latter half of the nineteenth century is a delusion; it is barbarism veiled by a cloud illuminated by a light the source of which is neither in heaven nor in the Church. When men care no longer for truth for its own sake, then a shadow has fallen upon the soul. When people in high places regard the truth and

untruth as a matter of indifference, darkness has enveloped the soul, so that it can no longer distinguish between right and wrong. When scepticism and infidelity have taken hold of the mind, then indeed has the light become darkness. And when indifference to the dictates of the moral law, when impurity and sensuality are openly tolerated by society, then the conscience has become seared; and when murder,—brutal murder and infanticide—flagrant dishonesty in business, and the first principles of socialism and communism prevail, then the era of barbarism has indeed commenced.

Let England look to herself, and reform her ways before it is too late. The cloud is upon her now; it is even ready to burst, and to pour down upon her calamities too appalling for adequate expression. I am not prophesying, I am only stating that which every thinker knows, but does not dare plainly to express. In England faith is gone, morality at a very low point, and crime in the ascendant. Of all the nations constituting the British Empire, there is one, and only one, wherein the Luminary of Faith and Truth, notwithstanding all the suffering inflicted upon that poor oppressed land, still shines resplendent, and wherein the silver light of per-

sonal and domestic purity still glitters with unsullied excellence and glory.

In Ireland you see a people true to their faith, holy in their lives, and virtuous in their conduct. From whence these fruits? Not from the Reformation, not from the late Established Church, not from the Dissenters, but from the Catholic Church, to which, notwithstanding the iron policy of persecuting England, she has remained true and faithful even unto death. Ireland, renowned in her ancient history, glorious during centuries of suffering, has without doubt a splendid future. She has not decayed by time, nor has she been demoralized by suffering; she is like the Church, still young and vigorous, possessing within her a soul which no human power can break. Even now she has a vast moral empire, for her people are spreading everywhere, carrying with them their religion, their morality, and their virtues.

She is furnishing witnesses of the Truth of God in every city of England and Scotland, in the great cities of American and Australian civilization, and even on the Continent she is not unrepresented. When the apostacy of Europe is consummated, the children of St. Patrick will be lights shining in dark places, cheering the

faithful remnants, encouraging the disconsolate, attracting to themselves the weary wayfarer and the benighted traveller, who had for a long time lost themselves in the labyrinths of doubt and unbelief, struggling in the mire of abomination and wickedness. It seems, then, that in these last days, Ireland and the Irish are the people especially chosen by God to fight the good fight of Faith against the infernal powers of hell; and let them take courage with the thought that their fidelity to the Faith is a pledge of their future glory, and that their patience in the school of suffering, through which they have now nearly passed, has been their earthly purgatory, to fit them for the work for which Ireland seems destined by Almighty God.

THE HON. COLIN LINDSAY,

De Ecclesia et Cathedra.

RECANTATION OF THE REV. PAUL LATOUR.

I, the undersigned, declare in the face of heaven and earth, that having had the misfortune of being born of Protestant parents, I have professed, till this day, the doctrine of Calvin; but having applied myself, for many years, to examine the doctrine of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, I have at length discovered that it is the *only* Church that taught the truth; that it is the *only* vessel which can brave and survive the tempest; and 'the rock' against which errors and lies shall ever beat in vain. Therefore, dreading lest I should be surprised by death, without, perhaps, the power of making a public abjuration of my errors; a duty which I owe to God and His Church; encouraged likewise by the edifying example of my worthy and respectable acquaintance, M. Dambois de Larboux; strengthened by the sentiments and motives so eloquently expressed in M. Charles Louis de Haller's letter to his family; moved by the

grace of the Holy Ghost, who has triumphed at last over the difficulties and obstacles which I had the misfortune of throwing in His way, I feel myself obliged to publish, without further delay, a declaration of my sentiments, which I have written in the full enjoyment of my intellectual and moral faculties.

I therefore declare, that I embrace, to the full extent of my mind and soul, all the doctrines of the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church; I abjure forever the errors of Calvin, of Luther, and of all other Heresiarchs, whose perverse doctrines have spread throughout the world, the seed of error, of rebellion and anarchy. I embrace the Holy Truth of this infallible Church, always pure and undefiled, which my forefathers had the misfortune to abandon. I sincerely confess my errors to Almighty God, and hope to find pardon in the bosom of His unspeakable mercy.

I invite and beseech all my relations, friends, and all those who, by my instrumentality have been, and still are in error, to follow my example.

With the highest respect, I address the present declaration to the Most Rev. Clermont Tonnerre, Archbishop of Toulouse, supplicating

him to permit me to make, as soon as possible, a full, a solemn abjuration: I trust that in his benevolent charity, zeal and virtue, he will grant me this favor, and receive me into the communion of that Church, in the bosom of which I wish to live and die, as the most humble of her children.

To express my true sentiments, I adhere, and submit my mind and body, to the decision of the Council of Trent, and am ready to sign, in its full extent, the Profession of Faith which it has offered to the world.

Signed at Montague, District of Mas-d'Asil,
(Arriège,) 1st Sept., 1822.

PAUL LATOUR.

THE CONVERT.

He has embraced a higher grade of faith, has been brought into closer and holier communion with the unseen world, and has adopted a more just and charitable estimate of human veracity. He has taken a step towards the Celestial City, from the low, murky valleys of discord, where the fogs of error do love to dwell. He shakes hands with the brethren of every kind, name, and tongue. He worships with the people of every nation. He joins his prayers with those who speak the varied languages of earth. On every shore, in every land, beneath every sky, and in every city, he meets brethren of the universal Church. He is at home everywhere, and bows down with the millions who have worshiped, and still worship, at the same altar, and hold the same faith.

This is not all. He traverses the records of all history, and goes back, link after link, by an indubitable chain, to the apostolic day. He has no chasms to leap, no deserts to cross. At

every step in this progress he finds the same old Church,—the same faith—the same worship still pre-eminent in the Christian world. He sees the rise and fall of empires and sects; but the same old Church always pre-eminent. The records of the past are with him. He has the sanction of antiquity. Time tells for him a glorious story. He meets with myriads of brethren all along the slumbering ages. The old martyrs and saints are his brethren. He claims companionship with them. Their memories are beloved by him.

And Blandina, the poor slave, but noblest of martyrs, was his sister. And Ignatius, and Polycarp, and Justin, and Irenæus, are also his brethren. And she, the humblest of the humble, the purest of the pure—the stainless Virgin Mother of his Lord, whom all generations call “blessed,” is revered by him as the noblest of creatures. And the Apostles—the noble and the true—the holy and the just—the despised and persecuted—they, too, are his brethren. In short, the saints and martyrs of the olden time held the same faith, worshipped at the same altar, and used the same form of worship as he does. He loves and venerates their memory, admires their virtues, calls them brethren, and

asks their prayers in heaven. He has no accusations to bring against them—no crimes to lay to their charge.

Besides all this, his faith is sustained by a logical power, and a Scriptural proof, that cannot be fairly met and confuted. It is sustained by every plain and luminous principle upon which society and government are founded. His reason, his common sense, the best feelings of his nature, the holiest impulses of his heart, all satisfy him beyond doubt, that he is right.

“When all the blandishments of life are gone—

When tired dissimulation drops her mask,

And real and apparent are the same;”

when eternity, with all its mighty consequences, rolls up its endless proportions before the dying vision—ah! then, no Catholic asks to change his faith! Oh! give me the last sacraments of the Church! Let me die in her holy communion! Let me be buried in consecrated ground! Let my brethren pray for me!

THE HON. P. H. BURNETT,

*The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer
into the Church.*

GOD'S EXISTENCE PROVED BY THE HEATHEN PHILOSOPHERS.

The natural philosopher, among the Gentiles, had infinite arguments to prove by the creatures that there was a God; but he reduced all to three principal and general heads, which are termed *ex Motu, ex Fine, et ex Causa efficiente*: that is, arguments drawn from the motion, from the end, and from the cause efficient of creatures that we behold.

The argument of *motion* stands upon this general ground in philosophy: that whatsoever is moved, is moved by another. Wherein also is observed, that in the motions of creatures there is a subordination of the one to the other. As, for example, (1) these inferior bodies upon the earth are moved and turned by the air and other elements; and the elements are moved by the influence and motion of the moon, sun, and other heavenly bodies; these planets are moved

(1) Arist. 1, 7, and 8 Phys.

by an impulse from the highest orb or sphere of all, that is called *the first movable*, above which we can go no further among creatures.

Now, then, the philosopher asks here, who moves this first movable? If you say that it moves itself, it is against our former principle, that no thing is moved in nature but by another. And if you say that some other thing moves it, then is the question again, who moves that other? and so from one to another, until you come to something that moves, and is not moved by another; and that must be God, who is above all nature.

This was a common argument with Plato, (2) and Aristotle, (3) and all of the philosophers. And they thought it a demonstration unavoidable, and it seems they were admonished of the argument by considering the motion of a clock, whose hammer, when it strikes, shows the next wheel whereby it is moved; and that wheel shows another wheel; and so from one to another, until you come to that which was the first cause of motion to all the wheels, and that is the clock-maker himself.

(2) Plato 1, 10, de leigh.

(3) Arist. 1, 5, Phys. c. 5.

Aristotle, (4) to King Alexander, uses this pretty similitude; that, as in the choir of singers, when the foreman has given the first tone or note, there ensues presently a sweet harmony and concert of all the other voices, both great and small, sharp and grave; so God, in the creation of this world, having given once the first motion to the highest heaven, called *Primum Mobile*, there ensue upon the same all other motions of heavens, planets, elements, and other bodies, in most admirable order, concord, and congruity, for conservation and government of the whole. And thus is God proved by the argument of motion.

The other two arguments, *of the end, and of the cause efficient of creatures*, are made evident, in a certain manner, by this that has been spoken of motion. For seeing by experience that everything brought forth in nature has a peculiar end appointed, whereto it is directed by the self-same nature (as we see the bird is directed to build her nest by nature, the fox to make his den, and so the like in all other creatures); the philosopher asks here, what thing is that which directs nature herself, seeing each thing must

(4) Arist. lib. de mundo.

have somewhat to direct it to its end? and no answer can be made, but that the director of nature must be something above nature, and that is God himself. This argument of the *final end* is most excellently handled by Philo Judæus, (5) in his most learned treatise—of the workmanship of the world.

From the *cause efficient* the philosopher disputes thus: (6) It is evident by all reason, in respect of the corruptions, alterations, and perpetual motions of all creatures, that this world had a beginning; and all excellent philosophers that ever were have agreed thereupon, except Aristotle, (7) who for a time inclined to maintain that the world had no beginning, but was from all eternity; though at last, (8) in his old age, he confessed the contrary, in his book to King Alexander.

This, then, being so, that this world had a beginning, it must needs follow, also, that it had an efficient cause. Now, then, is the question, who is that efficient cause that made the world? if you say that it made itself, it is absurd; for

(5) Philo de opificio mundi.

(6) Vide Plutarch, de Placitis Philos.

(7) Arist. I, 8, Phys. and I de Gen. and Corrup.

(8) Arist. I, de mundo; and vide Plotin. I, de mundo.

how could it have power to make itself before it was, and before it had any being at all? if you say that something within the world, that is, some part of the world, made the whole, this is more absurd? for it is as if a man should say that the finger, and this before it was a finger or part of the body, did make the whole body.

Wherefore we must confess, by the force of this argument, that a greater and more excellent thing than is the whole world put together, or any part thereof, made the world, and was the cause efficient which we see; and this can be nothing else but God, that is above the world. So that hereby we see in how many ways the natural philosopher is provided with arguments to prove that there is a God, and that by reason only, without all light and assistance of faith.

But the metaphysician or supernatural philosopher among the Gentiles, as he to whom it appertained more particularly to handle these high and supernatural affairs, had many more arguments and demonstrations, to prove and convince the being of one God.

And first of all he said, that it could not stand with any possibility in his science, that *ens finitum*, a thing finite, or closed within bounds

or limits, as this world, and every creature therein is, could be, but from some Maker or Creator. For, says he, the thing that in itself is not infinite has its bounds and limits; and consequently there must be something that assigned these bounds and limits; and seeing in this world there is no creature so great, which has not bounds and limits, we must of necessity imagine some infinite supreme Creator or Maker that limited these creatures, even as we see that the potter at his pleasure gives bounds and limits to the pot he frames.

Now, then, says the metaphysician, we see by experience, that all the creatures and parts of the world *are things by participation only*, because they are finite in nature, and have limitations in all their perfections, and may receive additions to the same; and consequently they must of necessity be referred to some higher cause, that is infinite in perfection, and exists of itself alone, without participation from others; and this is God, who, being absolute, endless, and without limitation of perfection in Himself, communicates from His own incomprehensible infiniteness certain limited natures and perfections to every creature, which perfections in creatures are nothing else but little

particles and participations of the bottomless sea of perfections in the Creator, whereunto they are to be referred and reduced, as the beam to the sun, and the brook to the fountain.

The metaphysician uses a second argument, grounded upon certain rules of unity, whereof one principle is, that every multitude or distinction of things proceeds from some unity, as from a fountain. This he shows from many examples of things in this world; for we see by experience that the divers motions or moving of the lower spheres, or celestial bodies, do proceed from the moving of one highest sphere, and are to be referred to the same as their fountain. Many rivers are reduced to one well or spring; innumerable beams to one sun; all the boughs of a tree to one stock.

In the body of Man, which for its beauty and variety is called the *little world*, the veins, which are without number, have all one beginning in the liver; the arteries in the heart, the sinews in the brain; and that which is more, the infinite actions of life, sense, and reason in man, as generations, corruptions, nourishments, digestions, and alterations, feeling, smelling, tasting, seeing, hearing, moving, speaking, thinking, remembering, discoursing, and ten hundred

thousand particular actions, operations and motions besides, which are exercised in man's body under these or other such names and appellations; all these, I say, being infinite in number, most admirable in order, and distinct in every one of their offices and operations, do receive, notwithstanding, their beginning from one most simple unity, and indivisible substance, called the soul, which produces, governs, and directs them all to so innumerable, different and contrary functions.

By this, concludes the metaphysician, that among creatures we find this most excellent order and connection of things, whereby one brings forth many; and every multitude is referred to its unity; so much more, in all reason, must the whole frame of creatures contained in this world, wherein there are so many millions of multitudes with their unities, be referred to one most simple and abstract unity, that gave beginning to them all, and that is God.

A third argument used by the metaphysician is derived from the subordination of creatures in this world; which subordination is such, and so wonderful, that we see that no creature is by nature designed to serve itself alone, but also others, and all together conspire in serving the

whole creation. We see the heavens move about continually without ceasing; and this not to serve themselves but inferior creatures less excellent than themselves. We see that water moistens the ground; the air cools, opens and cherishes the same; the sun heats and quickens it; the moon and stars pour forth their influence; the winds refresh it; and all this not for themselves, but for others. The earth again, that receives their services, uses not the same for herself, or for her own commodity, but to bring forth grass wherewith to feed cattle; and they feed not for themselves, but to give nourishment unto man.

The fourth reason or argument alleged by the supernatural philosopher is from the marvellous providence, art, and wisdom discovered in the making of even the least creature within the world. For, seeing there is nothing so little, nothing so base or contemptible within the compass of this heaven that covers us, but if you consider it, you find both art, order, proportion, beauty and excellency in the same: this cannot proceed from chance, as foolish Lucretius and some others would have it; for that chance is casually without order, rule, or certainty, and therefore it needs must come

from the wisdom and providence of some omnipotent Creator.

If you take a fly, or a leaf from a tree, or any other the least creature that is extant in this world, and consider the same attentively, you will find more miracles than parts therein ; you will find such proportion of members, such variety of colors, such distinction of offices, such correspondence of instruments ; and those so fit, so well framed, so coherent, so ordinate, that the more you contemplate, the more you will marvel. Neither is there any one thing in the world more effectual to draw a man to the love and admiration of his Creator, than to exercise himself often in these contemplations, for if his heart be not of stone this will move his affections.

We read of Galen (1), a profane and very irreligious physician, that, as himself confesses in a certain place, taking upon him to consider the parts of man's body, and finding much wisdom in the order, use and disposition of the same, he sought first to give the praise and glory thereof to nature, or to some other cause than to God. But in process of time, being

(1) Galen, 1, 5, de usu part.

oppressed, as it were, with the exceeding great wisdom, proportion and providence which he discovered in every least parcel and particle of man's body, wherein nothing was redundant, nothing defective, nothing possible to be added, altered, or better devised, he broke forth into these words: (2) "*Compono hic profecto canticum in creatoris nostri laudem, quod ultro res suas ornare voluit, melius quam in ulla arte possent.*" "Here truly do I make a song in praise of our Creator, for that, of His own accord, it has pleased him to adorn and beautify His things better than by any art possible it could be imagined."

Hereby, then, does the metaphysician gather and conclude most evidently that there is a God, a Creator, a most wise and powerful artificer, that made all things; such a one as exceeds all bounds of nature, and of human ability. For if all the world should join together, they could not make the least creature which we see in this world. He concludes, also, that the foresight and providence of this Creator is infinite, for things to come in all eternity; and, finally, that His wisdom and cogitations are inscrutable.

(2) Lib. 3, de usu part.

And though sometimes He reveals to us part thereof, yet often again we err therein. For which cause a wise heathen Platonic concludes thus, after a long search about these affairs: (3) "I will praise God," says he, "in search about these affairs, I will praise God in these things I understand, and I will admire him in those which I do not; for I see that myself oftentimes do things wherein my servants are blind, and conceive no reason; as also I have seen little children cast into the fire jewels of great price, and their father's writings of great learning and wisdom; for that they were not of capacity to understand the value and worthiness of the thing."

I will allege one argument more of the metaphysician, grounded upon the immortality of man's soul; which immortality is proved with one consent of all learned men, as Plato alleges: (4) for that is a spirit and immaterial substance, the nature of which depends not on the state of our mortal body; for so by experience we see daily that in old men and withered sickly bodies, the mind and soul is frequently more quick, clear, pregnant and lively than

(3) Plotia, lib. de prov.

(4) Plat. I, 10, de repub.

in youth when the body was most lusty.

The same is proved by the unquenchable desire which our mind has of learning, knowledge, wisdom, and other such spiritual and immaterial things: wherein her thirst by nature is so great that it cannot be satisfied in this life; neither can the objects of sense and bodily pleasures, or any other commodity or delight of this material world, content or satiate the restless desire of this immaterial creature.

Which is an evident argument to the philosopher that some other object and satisfaction is prepared for her in another world; and that of such excellency and supereminent perfection, it will have in it all wisdom, all learning, all knowledge, all beauty, and all other causes of love, joy, and content, wherein our souls may rest for ever.

REV. ROBERT PARSONS, S. J.,
Christian Directory.

CONVERSION OF IDA, COUNTESS HAHN HAHN.

Oh, yes, I believed, I believed in a god created by myself, and my reward was ashes ; I believed in idols, and they crumbled into dust, or they sank into the grave, and my portion was ashes. They could not free my soul, they could not comfort it, they could not save it, they could not sanctify it, and my portion was ashes. My Lord and my God, with what grief do I now acknowledge that for so long, long a time I believed so deeply, so firmly, and so lovingly in a something, which Thou wert not, but which I, with blinded obstinacy, regarded as my god. Oh ! that was indeed a fearful time, and scarce can I believe that I have only just emerged from its shadows. It seems to me as though I had passed through it hundreds of years ago, so distant does it appear, but yet not so remote that I cannot calmly and clearly contemplate the whole. It seems to me that I have passed my whole life, till within the last few months, in

some deep subterranean grotto ; I adorned my grotto to the best of my powers ; I toiled with honest love, and with many warm tears, to ornament its walls, ever deeming it to be a high and holy temple, and not a darkened cave. I lighted lamps and torches therein, to make it as bright as my spirit could accomplish ; I brought flowers, too, as many as my poor heart could gather, and I raised altars therein, and sacrificed to my idols, to love, to truth, and to fame.

Every person knows, every individual has felt the longing for love and for truth, but the burning thirst for fame—ah, that is indeed something rare. Few have experienced, fewer still have comprehended this impulse to exist beyond this mortal life in a sort of terrestrial immortality, to enjoy the fruits of great thoughts, of great deeds, and of undying works of prose and poetry. Few know this earnest longing to see, following the bark of life, a long, sparkling streak, extending itself back over the ocean of time, or to have the spot whereon we moved in life marked by some lasting sign, which posterity will refer to us. I acknowledge myself to have felt this. I never thought of the triumph of the moment ; I looked forward to an immortality of earthly fame. Alas ! with what perishable means, with what

fragile tools did I hope to carve out an everlasting name, if we may apply the word everlasting to this world's immortality.

These, then, were my idols, and with them I continued to dwell in my subterranean grotto. But the day of their destruction came. The only exit from my cave opened by tortuous paths into the summit of a mountain; I reached the entrance, I stood in the clear atmosphere, I inhaled the life-giving air under a heaven brilliant with stars, which were reflected a thousandfold in the boundless ocean at my feet; and I heard a voice near to me that said, "This is the Church of Christ," and I sank down and prayed. Since that hour all has been well. I have found God in revealed religion; I have found Him a God of love, and in revealed religion I put all my trust. But my former friends will say, "Is not the Christian religion a revealed one, and were you not born and brought up in it, have you not professed it all your life?" Oh, no! True it is that I was born, was baptized, and was confirmed a Lutheran, but how could I possess a revealed religion when I did not possess a Church? Protestants, indeed, teach the existence of an invisible Church, a thing of high and mysterious meaning. Yet it is no easy task to realize this

invisible Church, to bring this doubtful theory or idea into living and reciprocal action. I, at least, have never understood it, have never realized it. It seems as though my soul had ever been a slumbering Catholic. In sleep we are not responsible, and when my soul awaked she was Catholic, for Protestant doctrines she had never comprehended, never received, never converted into spiritual food. No echo replied, no note was struck, no responsive chord vibrated in my heart. Neither in my youth, not yet in my maturer years, did I find a resting-place for my religious feelings.

From Babylon to Jerusalem.

REVIVAL OF CATHOLICISM IN GERMANY.

Germany, which in the middle age had produced so many distinguished poets, artists, and philosophers, was, at the Reformation, shorn of much of her intellectual strength. In the disastrous thirty year's war, which that event brought about, she saw her universities robbed of their most distinguished ornaments, and the lights, which ought to have adorned her at home, shedding their lustre on foreign lands. The general languor and exhaustion of the German mind, consequent on that fearful and convulsive struggle, was apparent enough in the literature of the age, which ensued after the treaty of Westphalia. To these causes, which produced this general declension of the German intellect, must be added one which applies to the Catholic portion of Germany.

Every great abuse of human reason, by natural revulsion of feeling, inspires a certain dread and distrust of its powers. This has been more than

once exemplified in the history of the Church. So, at this momentous period, some of the German Catholic powers sought in obscurantism a refuge and security against religious and political innovations, and denied to science that encouragement which she had a right to look for at their hands:—a policy as infatuated as it is culpable, for, while ignorance draws down contempt and disgrace on religion, it begets in its turn, as a melancholy experience has proved, those very errors and that very unbelief, against which it was designed as a protection.

Had the court of Austria acceded to the proposal of Leibnitz, for establishing at Vienna that academy of sciences which he afterwards succeeded in founding at Berlin, the glory of that great resuscitation of the German mind, which occurred in the middle of the eighteenth century, would have then probably redounded to Catholic rather than to Protestant Germany. But the German Catholics, though they started later in the career of intellectual improvement, have at length reached, and even outstripped, their Protestant brethren in the race.

Three or four years before Schlegel embraced the Catholic faith, the signal for a return to the ancient Church was given by the illustrious Count

Stolberg. The religious impulse which this great man imparted to German literature was simultaneous with that Christian regeneration of philosophy, commenced in France by the Viscount de Bonald. And these two illustrious men, in the noble career which five-and-thirty years ago they opened in their respective countries, have been followed by a series of gigantic intellects, who have restored the empire of faith, regenerated art and science, and renovated, if I may so speak, the human mind itself. *

Forty years ago, the Catholics of Germany, as I said, were in a state of the most humiliating intellectual inferiority to their Protestant brethren;—they could point to few writers of eminence in their own body;—Protestantism was the lord of the ascendant in every department of German letters:—and yet, so well have the Catholics employed the intervening time, that they now furnish the most valuable portion of a literature, in many respects the most valuable in Europe. In every branch of knowledge they can now show writers of the highest order. To name but a few of the most distinguished, they have produced

* The aristocracy of French literature, and a very splendid aristocracy it is, has been for the last twenty years decidedly Catholic. The enemies of the Church are to be found almost exclusively in the bourgeoisie, and still more in the canaille, of that literature.

the two greatest Biblical critics of the age—Hug and Scholz—profound Biblical exegetists, like Alber, Ackermann, and, recently, Molitor, who has created a new era not only in Biblical literature, but in the Philosophy of History—divines, like Wiest, Dobmayer, Schwarz, Zimmer, Brenner, Liebermann, and Moehler, distinguished as they are for various and extensive learning, and understandings as comprehensive as they are acute,—an ecclesiastical historian, pre-eminent for genius, erudition, and celestial suavity, like Count Stolberg—philosophic archaeologists, like Hammer and Schlosser—admirable publicists, like Gentz, Adam Mueller, and the Swiss Haller—and two philosophers, possessed of vast acquirements and colossal intellects, like Goerres and the subject of this memoir. In Germany, and elsewhere, Catholic genius seems only to have slumbered during the eighteenth century, in order to astonish the world by a new and extraordinary display of strength. It is undoubtedly true that several of the above named individuals originally belonged to the Protestant Church, and that that Church should have given birth to men of such exalted genius, refined sensibility, and moral worth, is a circumstance which furnishes our Protestant brethren with additional claims

to our love and respect. We hail these first proselytes as pledges of a more general, and surely not very distant, re-union.

PROFESSOR JAMES BURTON ROBERTSON,

Literary Life of Frederick von Schlegel.

THE SEE OF ST. PETER.

Not merely is it older than all the monarchies of Europe; little is it to say that it has watched over their first rudiments, fostered their growth, assisted their development, maintained their maturity; it has been further upheld by a deep belief, shared in common by many various nations, older in each of them than their existence as nations, and continuing on through the lapse of ages, while almost everything else in those nations has changed; not only does it rule, claiming one equal and paternal sway over all, in spite of their various jealousies, their national antagonism, or their diverse temperament, so that German and Italian, who love not each other, Pole and Spaniard, who are so dissimilar, have yet in their faith a common father; but, moreover, every circumstance of the world has altered, and society gone round its whole cycle, from a corrupt heathen civilization, through a wild barbarism conflicting with Christianity, into wise and venerable politics built upon the Church, and

having its life infused into their own, while all throughout a line of old men has been on the banks of the Tiber ruling this huge and many-membered Christian Commonwealth, not by the arm of the flesh, but by the word of the spirit. Nations fought and conquered, or were subdued; populations were changed, and races engrafted. German and Italian, Frank and Gaul, Goth and Iberian, Saxon and Briton, Slavonian and Hun, were dashed together. There were centuries of bitter wrong—the pangs of Europe hastening to the birth. But a presiding spirit was there too, and brooded over all—a spirit of unity, order, and love. At last the darkness broke, and it was found that these wild nations, one and all, recognized the keys of Peter, and felt the sword of Paul. An omen of this victory had appeared in early times. St. Leo set forth the true doctrine of the Incarnation; the Church listened, and was saved from a heresy already half imposed upon her by the civil power of the Eastern empire. The Western empire trembled at the approach of Attila, and the same Leo went forth to meet the barbarian, who was awed by the simple majesty of his presence, and the power of God in the person of His chief minister.

Fourteen hundred years have passed, and

Leo's successor still sits upon his throne; hundreds of Bishops, and millions of faithful, still believe that his voice sets forth and protects the true faith in every emergent heresy, and that wild force which Attila wielded has been tamed to the dominion of law, in that long course of intervening ages, by the power which Leo represented. Yet, great as was his influence as head of the Church, still comparatively greater now is the authority of his successor amongst the nations of the earth, after all defections, amid all the unbelief of these latter times, when "many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased," and perilous powers are in motion and combination, powers which seek to substitute the human intellect with the arts and commodities of life springing from it, for the grace of God healing the nations, and the truth which He has committed to the guardianship of his mystical body.

Manners, races, empires have changed and passed away, but what S. Prosper sung in 431 is as true now:—

"Sedes Roma Petri, quae pastoralis honoris
Facta caput mundo, quicquid non possidet armis
Religione tenet."

S. Augustine, at the end of the fourth century pointed to the line of Bishops descending from

the very seat of Peter, to whom the Lord entrusted his sheep to be fed, as holding him in the Catholic Church. It was a cogent argument then, but what is it now, when fourteen centuries and a half have added more than two hundred successors to that chair, and more than forty generations have encircled it with their homage?

Is it possible for an *usurpation* to subsist under such conditions? Will many various nations agree that the head of their religion should be external to themselves? Will the members of these various and jealous nations, who are equal in their episcopal power, allow a *brother* to arrange their precedence, control their actions, terminate their disputes, rule them as one flock, and that for fifteen centuries together?

Or where shall we seek the foundation of such a power? The Church bears witness to it, but did not create it. Councils acknowledge it, but it is before the councils. The first of them said, "The Roman Church always had the Primacy." Who is sufficient to create such an institution and maintain it? to take a common pebble that lay at his feet, and build on it a pyramid that should last for ever; on which for evermore the rain should descend, the floods fall, and the winds blow, and all the powers of the evil one be

exerted in vain? One alone, surely. So this authority itself declares, so the Church itself witnesses, so unnumbered Saints from age to age proclaim. That One who said, "Let there be light," and "This is my body," said also "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven."

Whither, then, shall I turn but to thee, O Glorious Roman Church, to whom God has given, in its fullness, the double gift of ruling and of teaching? Thine alone are the keys of Peter, and the sharp sword of Paul. On thee alone, with their blood, have they poured out their whole doctrine. Too late have I found thee, who shouldst have fostered my childhood, and set thy gentle and awful seal on my youth; who shouldst have brought me up in the serene regions of truth, apart from doubt and the long agony of uncertain years. Yet before I understood thee, I could admire; before I acknowledged thy claims, I could see that undaunted spirit which could resign everything save the inheritance of Christ; that superhuman wisdom, by the gift of which, while "Earthly states have had

single conquerors or legislators, a Charlemagne here, a Philip Auguste there, in Rome the spiritual ruler has dwelt for ages, smiting the waters of the flood again and again with the mantle of Elijah, and making himself a passage through them unto the dry land.”* But now I see that the God of Elijah is with thee. O, too long sought, and too late found; yet be it given me to pass under thy protection the short remains of this troubled life, to wander no more from thy fold, but to find the chair of the Chief Shepherd to be indeed “The shadow of a Great Rock in a weary land!”

COMMENDATORE THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES,
*The See of St. Peter, the Rock of the Church,
the Source of Jurisdiction, and the Centre of
Unity.*

* Church of England cleared from Schism, p. 394.

LETTER OF
M. CHARLES LOUIS DE HALLER.

Dear and beloved consort, fond and affectionate brothers and sisters, to whom I am so tenderly attached by the ties of blood, by an honorable connection, and by the remembrance of favors so lavishly bestowed—I could not have imagined that it was ever to fall to my lot to make to you, from Paris, a disclosure which will, perhaps, surprise and afflict you, and which, for that very reason very deeply affects me. But to this measure necessity has compelled me, and it will, I trust, prove to you, sooner or later, a source of consolation and joy. For many years we have dwelt together in perfect harmony; heaven has crowned that harmony with every species of blessing; grant me, then, your friendship still farther, and listen to me with kind attention, at an epoch which I consider one of the most decisive in my life. You have long known, as well from my conversation as from public report, the inclination entertained by me for the Catholic Church,

which is nothing else than the Universal Society of Christians. This inclination is not the date of this day: no one has engaged me to it; no one has enticed me; it is the natural result of an upright heart, of sound reason, and of the particular grace of the Almighty, who, during the course of my existence, has guarded me in a manner which seems almost miraculous. My brothers and sisters will, perhaps, recollect the justice with which our deceased Father was accustomed to speak of Catholics in the bosom of his family; he became acquainted with them by the number of his literary connections; he loved them; and in different articles even vindicated their belief. This seed has afterwards thriven in myself; and in spite of the errors of my youth, my ignorance, at least, was never the offspring of prejudice or repugnance. The beauty of the Catholic churches raised my soul to the noble objects of Religion; the nakedness of our own, from which the very last emblem of Christianity is removed, together with the dryness of our worship, filled me with displeasure: it often appeared to me that something was wanting—that we were strangers in the midst of Christians. You may discover traces of these dispositions in an eulogy of Lavater, composed by me twenty-

one year ago, at Weimar. This celebrated man had been reproached with the same propensity ; I undertook to justify him ; and, though I had then, alas ! no other religion than what is called natural religion—or rather that which I made myself—the manner in which, by the light of common sense alone, I expressed myself with respect to confession, with respect to regular abstinence, considered as an exercise of privation, with respect to the embellishment of Christian temples, the ceremony of washing the feet, and even the unity of the Church, struck learned Catholics themselves with amazement. During my emigration, I met with an opportunity of knowing a considerable number of Catholic Prelates and Clergymen, and although they never spoke to me on the subject of religion, I could not refrain from admiring their spirit of charity, their resignation under every outrage, and, I may even add, their intelligence and superior knowledge. The study of works on the Secret Revolutionary Societies of Germany furnished me with a specimen of a kind of spiritual association which was spread throughout the Globe to maintain and propagate detestable principles, indeed, but which had, nevertheless, become powerful by its organization, by the union of its members,

and the various resources employed for compassing its end. Although these Societies inspired me with horror, they made me feel, however, the necessity of an opposite religious society, of an authority to teach and stand as the Sentinel of truth, to preserve mankind from being hurried away by every wind of doctrine. But at that time I harboured no doubt, and did not perceive, until long afterwards, that this Society exists in the Christian Universal or Catholic Church, and that this is the cause of the deadly hatred which all the impious bear against her; whilst every candid and religious soul, though in a separate communion, approaches her maxims at least in sentiment. During my stay at Vienna, my conversion might have been profitable to me in a temporal view, but the idea did not so much as enter my mind, and no one discoursed with me on the subject. At most, some few good souls, who wished me well, might have uttered, perchance, a fervent prayer, or have given a slight insinuation. One day, as I was passing by a bookseller's, I observed a little book, designed for the use of the people, in which the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church are explained: I purchased it through mere curiosity, and have it still in my possession. What was my surprise

on learning such a variety of instructive matter, and on finding out the meaning, end, and utility of so many practices which we hold for superstitions! But my political reflections and studies were the principal means that led me insensibly to recognize truths which I was far from foreseeing. Disgusted with the false doctrines which were prevalent, and perceiving them to be the cause of every evil, the sincerity of my intentions always induced me to search for other principles concerning the lawful origin and nature of social relations. A single idea, at once simple and fruitful, truly inspired by the grace of God, which consists in tracing things from their origin, in ranging according to the order of time, as well in science as in nature, the father before his children, the master before his servants, the prince before his subjects, the teacher before his scholars, brought on from consequence to consequence the plan of that work, or of that body of doctrine, which makes so great a noise in Europe at present, * and which may be destined to re-establish the true principles of social justice, and to repair, in a great measure, the evils of the earth. I

* Restoration of Political Science, or a Theory of the Social and Natural Order, opposed to the Chimera of the Civil and Artificial State.

likewise represented to my mind a spiritual and pre-existing power or authority, the founder of a religious doctrine, collecting disciples, forming them into a society for supporting and disseminating that doctrine, giving them laws and constitutions, gradually acquiring territorial property in order to satisfy the demands of this religious community, and, in short, capable of arriving at an exterior or temporal independence. Having afterwards consulted the voice of history and experience, I found that every point of this nature had been realized in the Catholic Church; and this observation alone obliged me to acknowledge her authority, her veracity, her legitimacy. Some penetrating persons among the Catholics had already remarked this propensity, in the "*Abridgment of Political Science*," which I published in 1808, and told me, that, without being aware of it, I was actually of the same faith. The attentive and frequent perusal of the Bible convinced me more fully that I was not deceived; for, gifted as I have been by Almighty God with a spirit of justice and impartiality, I could not easily mistake the numberless passages which have no relation except to one kingdom of God on earth, namely: one Church, or one Society of faithful, whom St. Paul styles the body of Jesus

Christ,* having one chief and different members, appointed to defend and spread the Christian Religion: these are passages which our ministers never quote, because, according to the Protestant construction, it is impossible to give them a simple and natural explanation.

The small Tract which I edited in 1811, under the title of "*Political Religion, or Religious Politics,*" which is no more than the collating of scriptural passages on social relations and duties, supplied me with a new proof of the same principles, though I had still preserved the utmost caution, and few readers had yet entered into my train of thought. Thus, my dear Brothers and Sisters, I may say with truth, that, from the year 1808, I was a Catholic in my heart, and a Protestant only in name. This sentiment assumed a new degree of vigor in 1815, a period at which Providence in his mercy seems to have re-united the Bishopric of Basel to our Canton, in order to instruct and make us acquainted with the genuine opinions of the Universal Church, and to dissipate a number of baneful prejudices. On being sent into this new quarter of our territories, and in digesting the instructions for the act of

* Timothy, III. 15.

re-union and the act itself, I formed an acquaintance with several distinguished characters, and still more celebrated productions which were either necessary or useful for enriching and perfecting the fourth volume of my work that treats of Religious Societies, or Ecclesiastical Governments. The perusal of these works improved both my mind and heart; and by degrees, the last glimmerings of doubt disappeared, even with regard to articles of faith, about which I had not been hitherto concerned; the bandage fell from my eyes, my mind was in perfect unison with my heart; it seemed to me that I had found *the way, the truth, and the life*, and my soul, having, as it were, a hunger and thirst for truth, appeared to be completely satisfied. *My heart naturally desires to cling to something fixed and permanent. This I find only in the Catholic Church; she bears that mark of immutability which is engraved on all the works of the Creator.*

CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

The Comte de Maitre, writing one day to his daughter, Constance, who was complaining of the position of women in society, and wishing that they could all become authoresses, says: "You are mistaken, my child, as to the true power and mission of women. Women, it is true, have neither written the 'Iliad' nor the 'Odyssey,' nor 'Jerusalem Delivered,' nor 'Athalia,' but they have created far greater marvels than these. It is by them and on their knees that what is most excellent in the world is formed and perfected. Do you think," he added "that I should have been as grateful to your mother for writing a clever novel as for giving me your brother? and when I say that, I do not mean merely bringing him into the world, and putting him into his cradle, but forming his heart and mind to be what he is. The true mission of a women is in her home, to make her husband happy, and to bring up her children, that is, to *create great men.*"

That is the 'second birth,' which has not been cursed like the first!"

Doubtless, if the mother's life be absorbed in frivolity and pleasure, the child's will bear the same stamp; but we do not speak of mothers like these.

Look at St. Bernard, where did he learn his purity, his faith, his burning love for God? from his mother Aleth. To whom did St. Symphorian owe the heroism of his life and of his death, but to his mother Augusta? And St. Chrysostom, and St. Athanasius, and St. Ambrose, and St. Gregory the Great; and, later still, St. Louis, St. Edward, St. François d'Assisi, St. François de Sales, St. Theresa? The time would fail us to enumerate the names of all the heroes and saints trained by their mothers for their great and noble destinies. Well might Horace exclaim, "Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;" and again, we read in the Holy Scriptures, "Generatio rectorum benedicetur."

But to act thus on the hearts and minds of their children, mothers must suffer, must weep and pray, must offer the sacrifice of their very lives, if need be, to snatch them from evil and draw them to God. The real Christian mother, who would sooner see her son die than stained

with mortal sin, has given to the world, in all ages, an example before which Pagan heroines fade into insignificance. See the mother of the holy twins of Langres kissing the chains of her three little children in the prison, and exhorting them to die with courage for their faith; or Symphorosa, trembling lest her boy of sixteen should shrink under the torture, running before him, crying out, "My son! they cannot take your life. They can only exchange it for a better!" Or, again, St. Denise, seeing her beautiful child expiring under the lash, yet sustaining him by her courage, her voice, and her look to the last! Does it not seem impossible to fathom agonies like those of Symphorosa, Felicita, and others, who saw their children die inch by inch under the cruelty of their tormentors, and yet never flinched from the untold martyrdom, and could even rejoice in the triumphs of their faith? It is rarely, indeed, in these days, that mothers have to go through sufferings of this kind; but their mission is not the less arduous or important. The storms of heresy and unbelief are rising up on all sides to turn their sons from their childhood's faith. The luxury and self-indulgence of the age are for ever causing them to drift into the current

of impurity and vice with which they are surrounded. What shall be their anchor and their stay? What, but the mother's ever watchful love and warning voice? And should these efforts fail, from unavoidable separation or other causes, she has still one all-powerful arm—her tears before God. Read in the Holy Scriptures how these were answered. Look at Hagar, in the Old Testament, and in the New, at the Canaanitish woman and the widow of Nain. Why were these miracles multiplied by our Lord, but to prove to the mothers the august power He has placed in their hands; and to teach them, whatever may be the wanderings or youthful follies of their sons, how, by dint of sufferings, and sacrifices, and prayers, they may bring them back to God?

LADY HERBERT,

Three Phases of Christian Love.

THE CONVERSION OF MARIE-ALPHONSE RATISBONNE.

Alphonse Ratisbonne was a Jew; he was destined, to all appearance, to a brilliant position in the world, and had resolved to devote himself to the great work of the *regeneration* of his co-religionists. His thoughts and aspirations all revolved around this one high purpose, and his wrath kindled at everything that reminded him of the curse that rests upon the descendants of Jacob. Fifteen years before the time of which I am speaking, and while he was yet a child, his heart had been wounded in one of its most sensitive affections. Théodore Ratisbonne, his brother, became a Catholic, and received holy orders. Time had been powerless to close this wound; his hatred deepened year by year, and he studiously fomented the deadly resentment of his family.

Yet this man, in full possession of all his senses and faculties, entered a church in Rome as an obstinate Jew; and, by one of those swift flashes

of grace which laid Saul prostrate at the gates of Damascus, he came forth, ten minutes afterwards, a Catholic in heart and in will.

I give the account of this miraculous conversion in his own words: "I had been but a few moments in the Church of S. Andrea delle Fratte, when I was suddenly seized with an unutterable agitation of mind. I raised my eyes, the building had disappeared from before me; one single chapel had, so to speak, gathered and concentrated all the light; and in the midst of this radiance I saw standing on the altar, lofty, clothed with splendors, full of majesty and of sweetness, the Virgin Mary, just as she is represented on her miraculous medal. An invisible force drew me towards her; the Virgin made me a sign with her hand that I should kneel down; and then she seemed to say, That will do! She spoke not a word, but I understood all."

Brief as this statement is, Ratisbonne could not utter it without pausing frequently to take breath, and to subdue the emotion with which he was thrilling. We listened to him with a sacred awe, mingled with joy and with gratitude, marvelling at the depth of the counsels of God, and at the ineffable treasures of His mercy. One word struck us especially by its depth of mystery:

"She spoke not a word, but I understood all."

Indeed, it was quite enough to listen to Ratisbonne; the Catholic faith exhaled from his heart like a precious perfume from the casket, which contains it indeed, but cannot confine it.

From the moment in which he requested the sacrament of Baptism, he was placed under the care of the venerable father who rules a society justly dear to every Christian. This good father, after hearing his story with his wonted benignity, and at the same time with calm gravity, had urged him to weigh well the sacrifices he would be compelled to make, the serious obligations he would have to fulfil, the peculiar conflicts which awaited him, the temptations and testing trials to which a step like his would expose him; and then, pointing to a crucifix which stood on the table, he said: "That cross * which you saw in your sleep, when once you have been baptized, you must not only worship it, but you must bear it;" and then, opening the Holy Scriptures, he turned to the second chapter of Ecclesiasticus, and read to Ratisbonne these words: "Son, when

* "In the middle of the night before the 20th of January, I awoke suddenly, and saw before me a large black cross, of a peculiar form, and without the figure of our Lord. I made many attempts to get rid of this image, but I could not succeed; however I turned, there it was always before me."

thou comest to the service of God, stand in justice and in fear, and prepare thy soul for temptation. Humble thy heart and endure: incline thine ear, and receive the words of understanding: and make not haste in the time of clouds. Wait on God with patience; join thyself to God, and endure, that thy life may be increased in the latter end. Take all that shall be brought upon thee: and in thy sorrow endure, and in thy humiliation keep peace. For gold and silver are tried in the fire, but acceptable men in the furnace of humiliation. Believe God, and He will recover thee: and direct thy way, and trust in Him. Keep His fear, and grow old therein."

These divine words produced a deep impression on Ratisbonne. Far from discouraging him, they strengthened his resolution, and gave him very serious and sober ideas of Christianity. He listened, however, in silence; but at the close of this retreat which preceded his Baptism, he went in the evening to see the holy priest who had read him these words a week before, and begged for a copy of them, that he might preserve them, and meditate on them every day of his life.

About half-past eight in the morning of January 31st, 1842, M. Ratisbonne, clothed in the white robe of a catechumen, was led in by the

reverend Father Villefort, who had prepared him for Baptism, and by Baron Théodore de Bussières, his sponsor, and took his place in the chapel of St. Andrew, near the principal entrance of the church. At nine o'clock his Eminence Cardinal Patrizi, Vicar of his Holiness, began to recite the prayers prescribed in the ritual for the baptism of adults. There are found psalms which seem as though they had been written expressly to clothe with words the feelings of the catechumen, and to tell out the way in which the Lord had been pleased to call him to the truth. For so wondrous is the depth of the Holy Scriptures, that every one finds in them the expressions which render most aptly the ever varying experience of his soul, and the manifold circumstances of his inner life.

And what could paint more vividly the troubled and weary heart of the young Jew, as he beheld the enchantment pass away from the face of the earth, and was sad amidst the pleasures of his favored position? *Why art thou cast down, O my soul?* Poor stricken soul, in vain dost thou shift thine horizon, and seek the distraction of thy sadness in other and strange lands; still will thy tears be thy bread day and night, for there is no resting-place for the exile

—for day by day it is said to thee, in thy sacred heart, *where now is thy God ?* But *hope thou in God ;* for soon shalt thou confess His Holy Name, and find the heart's true rest, the balm for every wound ; *hope thou in God, for I will still give praise to Him, the salvation of my countenance and my God.* Think, that, in His own appointed time, He hath sent unto thee the Mother of mercies : *in the daytime the Lord hath commanded His mercy.* Hope thou, then, in God ; fear no longer to draw near unto the tabernacle of awe wherein lies hidden the Holy of Holies ; say thou rather in thine heart, *and I will go in to the altar of God ;* He alone can slake my soul's deep thirst. Thou feelest now the hideousness of sin, of thine own inherited taint ; *when shall I come, when shall I enter the sacred ark, out of which is no salvation ?* When may I cast myself down before the face of my God ? *When shall I come, and appear before the presence of God ?* Like as the hart panteth after the fountains of water, so longeth my soul for the hallowed streams of Baptism, so thirsteth my soul for God, the spring and fount of all strength and all life.

When these preliminary prayers were said, his Eminence proceeded in procession to the

lower end of the church. There Father Villefort and M. de Bussières presented to him the young Jew. "What cravest thou of the Church of God?" "Faith." And this faith, this holy Catholic faith, it was his already; the bright and morning star had already risen upon him, and enlightened him with its clear shining.

Already has the bishop breathed thrice upon him to put to flight the spirit of evil; he has marked him with the Christian's characteristic mark, the venerable sign of the cross, on his forehead, on his eyes, on his ears, on his breast, on his shoulders, in order to impress upon the new-born Christian that it was henceforth his duty to hallow to Christ his intelligence and his heart, and to bear with loving readiness the yoke of the cross. He has given him to taste the salt of wisdom, and said over him the prayers of exorcism. He is asked his name. "Marie," is his reply, with an outburst of gratitude and of love. Marie! the thrice-blessed name of the Queen of Patriarchs, who has opened to him the gates of the Church, and will open for him those of heaven—the everlasting gates.

The tone and accent of deepest conviction with which this child of Mary pronounced his profession of the Catholic faith, produced on

all present an impression which still thrills throughout their whole being.

At length that sacred flood, whose waters spring up into everlasting life, has come down upon that brow so lowly bent; Marie Ratisbonne rises up a Christian—a Christian pure and fervent, as are the angels who stand about the throne of God.

He holds in his hand the blessed taper, whose flame betokens that light of submissive faith which wavers not nor misleads. The laying on of hands and the unction with holy chrism imparts to him a second grace, in confirming the fullness of that which he has already received. Henceforth Ratisbonne is a disciple of the cross; he is prepared to confess aloud to all the faith of that Jesus who gave Himself for us.

BARON THÉODORE DE BUSSIÈRES.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CHURCH.

A Church venerable by the multitude of people, of which she is composed, and which descended in a direct line from those whom the Apostles assembled the first, under the banner of the cross. A Church venerable by the testimony which all these people bear, that they have received from their fathers the faith which they profess; and that their fathers received it from their ancestors, the furthest up, who held it from the Apostles; so that this *depositum* or trust is derived down from the Apostles unto us, by a succession in which no man can make out by any proof of fact that there was even the least interruption. A Church venerable for the constant succession of her Pastors and Bishops, descended from those who in all ages had been ordained, after an authentic and canonical manner, by other Bishops, who had received their mission from the Apostles after the same authentic and regular manner. A Church which, after surmounting the fury of the Pagans

and Jews by the greatness of her miracles, and by the constancy of her martyrs, hath acquired a new degree of glory by the purity and unity of the faith which she hath always preserved in spite of all the efforts of Heretics and Schismatics; and by the judgments from Heaven, wherewith these new enemies have been visibly struck, never failing to fall of themselves, and to come to nothing, after they had been branded with her anathemas.

This is, I say, visibly the Religion and the Church which God has formed to instruct His people; and it is only upon the testimony and authority of this Church that the truth of the Christian Religion became visible to all the world, *as a light set upon a candle-stick*; because the people are not capable to perceive anything else but the authority of the Church and to pay it the profound submission which the Church requires on the part of God concerning all the things that appertain to the faith. When there is a question of Religion, nothing seems to be more worthy of God's wisdom than the Catholic Church, which lets us find with her a testimony upon which all men may safely rely, touching what is necessary for them to know, in order to their salvation.

As soon as God gave me the grace to open my eyes to perceive the light of truth, I adored His divine wisdom, and His mercy in the establishment of the Christian Religion; I was charmed with the Catholic Church, and I employed my time upon nothing else more than to reflect upon the beauty and divinity of the one and the other.

MONSIEUR PAPIN,

*The Toleration of the Protestants and
the Authority of the Church.*

ST. AUGUSTINE.

Endowed with a rich and vigorous nature, as luxuriant of vitality as the tropical climate in which he was nurtured, he bloomed like a glowing flower, and was ripened like a luscious fruit, beneath the hot sun of Africa and the burning radiance of the old Greek and Roman intelligence. In the early and half-pagan period of his life, this wild, unrestrained vitality of his intellectual and sensitive nature carried him into excesses of passion, and of dreamy, extravagant speculation. At the later, or Christian period, when reason, conscience, and divine grace had brought his mighty but chaotic elements into order and harmony, it served to fire his heart with the most sacred and pure enthusiasm, and to impel his soul in its bold, swift, and steady flight towards the highest regions of celestial truth. Such a man could not be a dry, commonplace, mechanical agent for other minds, to elaborate their thoughts into systems made to order, and clothe their ideas with logical and

rhetorical forms. When he came into the position of a teacher, a pastor, a ruler and counselor in the Church, an expositor and champion of faith, in the most active and most critical times, he must necessarily throw himself into all the living questions of the day with the whole warmth and energy of his mind and character, and become himself an original, formative, and powerful actor on the mind of the Church and of the world; one of those creative spirits that brood over the chaos of thought, and evolve its hidden cosmic order and harmony. He brought with him, in addition to the gifts of genius, the most perfect heathen culture of the day, and all the wealth of heathen science and art; to these were superadded the choicest graces of the Holy Spirit, and an intimate knowledge, through personal intercourse or the study of their works, of all the great witnesses and teachers of the Christian faith, from the still recent times of the Apostles to his own day.

His own disposition and the urgency of affairs led him to study Christian doctrine in all its parts and bearings, to penetrate its meaning, to search for the method of vindicating it against all objections, and to pour forth, during thirty or forty years, a continuous stream of didactic,

polemic, or hortatory writings, to explain, defend, or enforce its teachings. These works contain specimens of the highest class of philosophical writing, which entitle their author to be called the Christian Plato; and, in regard to rhetorical elegance, and the charm of a finished style, are often, as, for instance, in the *Philosophical Dialogues*, written just before his baptism, worthy to be compared with the similar compositions of Cicero.

The writings of St. Augustine have a great importance in the eyes of the Protestant as well as the Catholic world. Protestants, as well as Catholics, look on him as one of the great saints and doctors of Christendom, and appreciate his influence on Christian theology at the highest. The Calvinistic and Lutheran orthodox Protestants claim him as their great father and a teacher of what they call their Evangelical system, a claim which also binds them to accept the Catholic Church of his period as orthodox and evangelical. The Anglican section must necessarily recognize him as one of the chief Catholic doctors, and accept the dogmatic action of the Catholic Church in his century against all heretics and schismatics with whom he warred as her champion. The

Pelagian, Unitarian, and Rationalist Protestants unite with the others in their acknowledgment of his greatness and virtue, and exaggerate his influence on the doctrines of the Church beyond all bounds. They regard him as the original author and expounder of a class of doctrines in the Calvinistic system which they reject, and which they erroneously suppose were introduced into the theology of the Catholic Church by St. Augustine, and afterward sanctioned by formal definitions. This is an additional reason for studying the works of the great doctor, and endeavoring to bring out his true doctrine. We wish to show that neither the saint himself nor the Church of his period held the Calvinistic or Evangelical system, and thus remove the misconceptions of both Calvinists and Pelagians. We desire also to adduce the evidence of his writings to show that he and the Church of his period held the system of the Catholic doctrine prescribed by the See of Rome at the present day as a term of communion with herself and the churches under her jurisdiction. That is to say, we cite St. Augustine as a witness whose veracity and Christian piety are acknowledged and venerated on all hands, against Protestant-

ism in general, but particularly that form of it called Evangelical.

REV. AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT,

Problems of the Age, with Studies in St. Augustine on Kindred Topics.

CHRISTIAN ART.

A true knowledge and appreciation of devotional feeling in painting and its practical principles are already established among us on a sufficiently secure basis; that happy talent which is the gift of nature alone, united with the technical skill and facility that must be acquired by study, we assume to be already provided. What more, then, is needed, it may be asked, to enable the painter to reach the perfection to which he aspires? I reply that it is most essential, in the first place, that the beautiful truths of the Christian faith and religion should not be received into the mind as merely lifeless forms, in passive acquiescence to the teachings of others: they must be embraced with an earnest conviction of their truth and reality, and bound up with each individual feeling of the painter's soul. Still, even the influence of devotion is not always sufficient; for, however entirely religion may be felt to compensate for all that is wanting to our earthly

happiness, much more is required to form a painter. I know not how better to designate that other element, without which mere technical skill, and even correct ideas, will be unavailing, than by styling it the inborn light of inspiration. It is something quite different from fertility of invention, or magic of coloring, rare and valuable as is the latter feature in painting. It is no less distinct from skill in the lofty technicalities of design and natural feeling for beauty inherent in some susceptible minds.

The poet and the musician especially should also be inspired, but their inspiration is more the offspring of human emotion, the painter's must be an emanation of celestial light; his very soul must, so to speak, become itself illumined, a glowing centre of holy radiance, in whose bright beams every material object should be reflected, and even his inmost conceptions and daily thoughts be interpenetrated by its brightness, and remodelled by its influence. This in-dwelling light of the soul should be recognized in every creation of the pencil, expressive as a spoken word; and in this lies the peculiar vitality of Christian beauty, and the cause of the remarkable difference between classical and Christian art. The classic is based upon a lofty

idea of the living human frame, linked in a certain degree with a sentiment of exquisite intellectual loveliness, yet not treated as if these principles were of equal importance, but rather giving to the intellectual spirit an inferior and secondary influence: man, according to the early Christian type, still appears in nature, according to the antique idea, like the commanding God ruling over his spirit-forms with king-like power; yet physical beauty is here employed but as a material veil, from beneath which the hidden divinity of the soul shines forth, illuminating all mortal life with the higher spirituality of love. Even in the choice of subjects for painting, this ray of in-born inspiration, this divine enthusiasm, must guide and govern the painter's decision. A more than earthly aspect subduing the soul; a state of heavenly illumination and exultation; an up-springing from the dark night of mortality, like the morning dawn breaking through heavy clouds; a spell of love and fascination in the midst of suffering nature, or a flash of intense beauty, created from the very anguish of the soul's despair;—such are the peculiar and not merely pleasing themes which afford subjects to the Christian painter, and such is the spirit in which they ought to be

rendered. There are also, it is true, old historical and even mythological subjects which are not only susceptible of the deeper meaning that the soul demands, but even naturally suggest and give birth to it. Such themes certainly need not be excluded from the circle of Christian art. It does not by any means require an arbitrary restriction to certain exterior forms and given subjects, nor does its beauty depend exclusively on the observance of particular rules, but rather springs from the all-pervading influence of a pure and holy devotion. All mere representations of the outward frame, taken without reference to the spirit, are but dead forms, mute and inexpressive. The spirit never remains attached in motionless union to a lifeless frame, and the soul-inspiring principle of intellectual development, like the restless pulse-throb of natural life, aspires unceasingly, without weariness or lassitude, to the eternal goal it has in view; we need not therefore fear lest modern Christian art should ever again recur to the vain repetition and imitation of the Pagan antique, but may rather anticipate that, pressing steadily forward, it will establish and carry to perfection the new and peculiar school which has arisen from the progressive develop-

ment of Christian intellect, and the spiritual disposition now prevailing in the world.

A profound knowledge of early art and genuine feeling for holy beauty will powerfully conduce to this most earnestly desired result, and would seem to promise certain indications of success. In the productions of our Christian ancestors, whatever may be the theme selected, the innate principles of their holy faith and piety are strikingly apparent, and, in order rightly to understand and appreciate them, the eye of the beholder should be illumined with that same spiritual light from whence they drew their birth. This sympathy of feeling will quicken our perception of holy things, for the soul alone can comprehend the truly beautiful; the eye of sense may gaze on the material veil of external grace, but it penetrates not to the severe and lofty meaning which reveals itself to the intelligence alone. That radiant light of the soul, in which, as in the magic mirror of creative fancy, the beautiful is vividly portrayed and recognized, is true, unfeigned, and spiritual devotion, ever, therefore, essentially linked with Christianity, inseparably one with the mysterious revelation of our holy faith, and the

all-subduing power and perfect knowledge of
divine and immortal love.

FREDERICK VON SCHLEGEL,
Aesthetic and Miscellaneous Works.

THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI IN CATHOLIC EUROPE.

O the joy of the immense glory which the Church is sending up to God this hour: verily! as if the world was all unfallen still! We think, and as we think, the thoughts are like so many successive tide-waves filling our whole souls with the fulness of delight, of all the thousands of Masses which are being said or sung the whole world over, and all rising with one note of blissful acclamation from grateful creatures to the Majesty of our merciful Creator. How many glorious processions, with the sun upon their banners, are now winding their way round the squares of mighty cities, through the flower-strewn streets of Christian villages, through the antique cloisters of the glorious Cathedral, or through the grounds of the devout Seminary, where the various colors of the faces and the different languages of the people are only so many fresh tokens of the unity of that faith which they are all exultingly professing in the single

voice of the magnificent ritual of Rome! Upon how many altars of various architecture, amid sweet flowers and starry lights, amid clouds of humble incense and the tumult of thrilling song, before thousands of prostrate worshippers, is the Blessed Sacrament raised for exposition, or taken down for benediction! And how many blessed acts of faith and love, of triumph and of reparation, do not each of these things surely represent! The world over, the summer air is filled with the voice of song. The gardens are shorn of their fairest blossoms to be flung beneath the feet of the Sacramental God. The steeples are reeling with the clang of bells; the cannon are booming in the gorges of the Andes and the Apennines; the ships of the harbors are painting the bays of the sea with their show of gaudy flags; the pomp of royal or republican armies salutes the King of kings. The pope on his throne and the school-girl in her village, cloistered nuns and sequestered hermits, bishops and dignitaries and preachers, emperors and kings and princes, are all engrossed to-day with the Blessed Sacrament. Cities are illuminated; the dwellings of men are alive with exultation. Joy so abounds, that men rejoice they know not why, and their joy overflows on sad hearts, and on the poor and the im-

prisoned, and the wandering and the orphaned, and the homesick exiles. All the millions of souls that belong to the royal family and the spiritual lineage of St. Peter are to-day engaged more or less with the Blessed Sacrament: so that the whole Church Militant is thrilling with glad emotion, like the tremulous rocking of the mighty sea. Sin seems forgotten; tears even are of rapture rather than of penance. It is like the soul's first day in heaven; or as if earth itself were passing into heaven, as it well might do, for sheer joy of the Blessed Sacrament.

Grace grows active as great feasts grow nigh; and its preludes bring many souls to the feet of their spiritual physicians. Crowds that were in sin yesterday, now, for the love of Jesus, have made to-day's sun rise upon their penance; and over each one all heaven's angels rejoiced, more than over a newly-created world. Millions have made their preparation for Communion, and the least fervent of them all did something for God he would not else have done. The same millions communicated; and think of all that Jesus did in them, and with them, and for them, while the sacramental union lasted! The same millions made their thanksgiving, and what a choir of praise was there. How many aged men will the

evening find less worldly than the morning saw them. In how many souls of children has not faith started and grown, strong, supple, juicy shoots, more than a whole year's growth in one brief day; and what a glorious thing is each growth of faith in a childish soul, seeing there comes along with it such a glorious promise for eternity! And what shall I say of those deeper depths, the souls of mortified interior men? I suppose that the mere exercise of faith, to say nothing of love, in a saint, is something so deep and high, so far-reaching and full of union with Christ, that we common Christians know nothing of it. And how many real saints, how many hereafter to be raised on the altars of the Church, have been in rapture, in ecstasy, in transcendent communion with God this day, through the stirring of the life-giving mystery in their souls. The silent cloister has sent up thousands of sweet perfumes from espoused souls throughout the day; acts of faith enough to win grace for unconverted tribes, acts of love sufficient to expiate a sea of blasphemies and a world of sacrilege, acts of union which have strengthened and invigorated the whole Church and quickened all its pulses in places far remote from the cells, where the acts were perfected in solitude and prayer and austere

concealment. Who can tell the vocations begun or achieved to-day, the conversions suggested or affected, the first blows given to a sinful habit or the crowning virtue to a devout resolve, the sins remitted, or the sinful purposes abandoned, the death-beds illuminated or the souls liberated from purgatory, through the quickened charity of earth? There has been a vast and busy and populous empire of interior acts open to the eye of God to-day, so beautiful, so glorious, so religious, so acceptable, that the feast of the outer world has been the poorest possible expression of the inner feast of the world of spirit. And what is it all but triumph—the triumph of our hidden Lord?

See, too, how sweetly the wisdom of God is glassed in the mirror of this heavenly mystery! It was the invention of Jesus to stay in the world even when He was quitting it; to be more than ever with His people when He was going away from them till the end of the world; to multiply Himself on earth when He was gone to heaven; and to consecrate the earth with the presence of His Body and Blood when He was elevating them both to their place at the Right Hand of the Father, and as it were leaving earth desolate and bare. “By the Incarnation,” says Nouet,

“the Son of God, by a marvellous secret of wisdom, found the means of making the invisible visible by covering Himself with our humanity, in order to converse freely with us; but in the Blessed Sacrament, by a no less marvellous invention, He makes the visible invisible, by covering His Sacred Humanity with the appearances of bread and wine, that He may nourish us with His Flesh and Blood. In the mystery of the Incarnation He hides Himself that He may be seen; in the divine Eucharist He hides Himself that He may be eaten. In the first mystery He lets us see the sweetness of His divinity; in the second He lets us taste the sweetness of His Humanity. So again all the circumstances of the Blessed Sacrament are full of manifestations of His wisdom. The very concealment of His Flesh and Blood hinders our fear while it defrauds us not of the reality of that stupendous food; and the very familiarity of the commonplace species which He uses for His veils affords us delightful exercise of our spiritual discernment and our ardent faith, while He makes Himself easy of access to the whole world by the cheapness and vileness of His disguise.”

The whole history of the Church may be viewed as in itself a vast and various procession,

seen under all the vicissitudes of war, as a caravan of pilgrim soldiers fighting their way from east to west. Now it is in little struggling bands with the Apostles on the Roman Roads, or now encamped with the obscure Proselytes of the Gate round the Jewish Synagogues in the Roman Provinces. Here we behold it, an army of martyrs, with the Pontiff at its head in the dim chambers of the Catacombs; there it is out before the world's eyes, all gleaming and glancing with the ensigns of imperial favor and command. One, while it is pushing its way across the desert to reach the unevangelized nations; another, while it is curbing the inundations of the barbarian North. Now it has absorbed the whole civilized world into itself and in its mediæval splendors; and again it is mingled with the unbelieving multitude, clearing for itself a passage through the crowd of base literatures, of wicked philosophies, of corrupted civilizations, and of debased diplomacies; never lost to the eye, always cognizable, always suffering, always royal, always unlike anything else in the world, like the children of Israel in the Red Sea, when the solid waters stood up as a wall on their right hand and on their left.

The procession of the Blessed Sacrament is a

compendium of Church History. It is a disclosure of the mind of the Church in all the vicissitudes of her warlike pilgrimage. It makes us feel as past ages have felt and as generations will feel in times to come! It gives us a taste of her supernatural disposition, and helps powerfully to form the same disposition within ourselves. It is not the triumph of the Church because she has finally destroyed her enemies and is victorious. Every day is only bringing new enmities to view, and unmasking false friends. The whole of the extraordinary versatility of human wickedness is simply a work to harass and exhaust the Church by the multiplicity and unexpectedness of its attacks. The empire of the demons abounds in fearful intelligence, backed by no less fearful power, and the Church has to prove it all. There is not a change in the world's destinies which is not a fresh trial for the Church. There is not a new philosophy or a freshly-named science, but what deems, in the ignorance of its raw beginnings, that it will either explode the Church as false, or set her aside as doting. There is no new luxury of our modern capitals, but the devil or the world enter into it with a mysterious possession, in order to make a charm of it against the

Church and her mission to the souls of men. Heresy can be pious, reverent, philanthropic, a zealot for public morals, patriotic, liberal, conceding, if so only the Church can be wounded by the stratagem. No! it would be premature indeed if at this day the Church should sing her pæan because she has finally destroyed her enemies and is victorious.

Neither does she triumph because the Blessed Sacrament is to her a foretaste of the joys of heaven and of its eternal satisfactions. Men do not triumph in anticipations, and the feast of victory must be something more pleasant than the ardor of desire. Nay, truly, if I shall not seem to be uttering a conceit, I will say that this one day is the only day in the year in which she does not seem to think of heaven; rather, she acts as if it had come to her, and she needed not to go to it. And this brings me at once to the real cause of her spiritual triumph. It is because she has Jesus Himself with her, the Living God, in the Blessed Sacrament. It is no commemoration of Him; it is Himself. It is no part of the mystery of the Incarnation; it is the whole mystery, and the Incarnate One Himself. It is not simply a means of grace; it is the Divine Fountain of Grace Himself. It

is not merely a help to glory; it is the glorified Redeemer Himself, and the owner and source of all glory. The Blessed Sacrament is God in His mysterious, miraculous veils. It is this real presence of God which makes Catholicism a religion quite distinct from any of the so-called forms of Christianity. It is this possession of her God which is of necessity the life-long triumph of the Church. Nothing short of this could be a real or sufficient triumph to the Bride of Christ.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D. D.,
The Blessed Sacrament.

LETTER OF THE REV. M. LAVAL.

He who addresses you, my Brethren, was brought up as you have been, in the bosom of Protestantism, and, commissioned for many years to instruct you, has sought in vain for that repose of conscience which cannot be found out of the way of Salvation. Convinced that an indifference for the true faith is, in reality, but a contempt for God himself, he could never find peace, so long as he was uncertain of possessing that faith; but the more sensibly he felt the want of knowing it, the more disconsolate he was to find in Protestantism an uncertainty without end. He applied to reason, but reason, left to itself, wandered from doubt to doubt: he had recourse to the Bible, but this divine book could no longer anchor his faith, because reason, weak and wavering in itself, was his only interpreter. He, unhappy not to find in his own judgment a certain rule of faith, sought it elsewhere; Protestantism presented on every side but a frightful confusion of contradictory opinions, which

plunged him into an abyss of perplexity. He remarked that in France, Switzerland, Germany, England, and wherever Protestants are to be found, they, and particularly their Ministers, are continually tossed by every wind of doctrine, without the possibility of agreeing in one single point; differing in all except in doubt. Such was the distressed situation to which Protestantism had reduced him: in himself he felt the most distressing anxiety; his appeal to others only served to increase it.

It is easy to conceive what anguish a Christian heart must endure, when, aspiring to a knowledge of Truth with all the ardor that an affair of such importance can inspire, it finds itself immersed, in spite of all its efforts, in overwhelming darkness. How often have I been excited to beseech of God that He would reveal to me His truths, or free me from the desire of knowing them. Was this desire which He kindled in my heart only to render me unhappy? Should I extinguish it in my soul? Should I, by renouncing truth, fly from it, far from God, in a state of stupid carelessness? Such was the fatal term to which doubt had conducted me; and without divine grace I could not have delivered myself from its torture, but by seeking, in indifference, a

frightful peace. Praise be to that Being who, ever faithful to those who put their trust in him, has not permitted me to fall into such an abyss. I always held in horror this indifference, which is as absurd as it is culpable. There are some, I know, who suffer themselves to be deceived by it during this short period of life; but I could never thus forget the day of awful retribution.

Thus, equally incapable of renouncing Truth, and of finding it out of the Church, I was attracted by the weight of my sufferings, to the bosom of this common parent of all Christians, who received, from the divine mouth of Jesus, the words of eternal life, which commanded her to teach all nations, even to the consummation of the world.* What was the object of my desires? What was I seeking? Condemned to unavoidable doubts and uncertainties by desiring, according to the principles of Protestantism, to become myself the author and arbiter of my faith, I felt the absolute necessity of a permanent authority, to determine the *True Faith*. This authority should exist somewhere, since it is necessary. I need only to raise my eyes, and I behold it in the centre of the Universe. The Catholic Church,

* St. Mathew, chap. XXVIII. v. 19 and 20.

the only Church in creation, has this authority. She alone has invariably exercised it: consequently, it is there alone that I shall find faith, peace, and life: deprived of all this happiness, by having sought the truth in the pride of self-opinion, how could I hesitate to enter by the way of humility, into the possession of this same happiness, and submit my weak reason to the authority of the everlasting Church?

At the commencement of my errors, the unbounded confidence that I placed in my own sufficiency would never have suffered this submission; but at length experience has radically cured me of it; and poor human reason does no longer pride itself, after having *proved* its own insufficiency. Like the prodigal Child, it is the excess of misfortune that disarms my presumption, and brings me to my own home.

But O, the misery of the human heart, as void of good desires, as its reason is limited in understanding! Truth shone before me: I was obliged to acknowledge it: but it had not as yet subdued my will. I had to suffer a dreadful combat with myself, the combat of conscience, which commands, and that of human interest, which checks the powers of man. Friends, whose displeasure I should incur by my conversion; my family,

whom, I must confess, it deprived of the means of subsistence; this miserable shame to renounce my errors, to abandon a sect of which I had been the leader, opposed to sovereignty of Truth. God permitted that it should be so, to deliver me from the tyranny of pride, by manifesting to me my weakness; for this struggle against the known truth humbled me still more than my ignorance and doubt could have done, and made me understand how easily man is deceived in the secret motives which retain him in those unhappy sects, where the conscience is never satisfied. I prayed to God to strengthen me in my determination, as he had enlightened my understanding, and He took pity on me. Moved by His sacred grace, I exclaimed, *I will*, O Lord; and the sacrifice was consummated.

THE COGENCY OF THE VISIBLE CHURCH.

The Church is in the midst of them. Her voice is no longer faintly heard in desolate and secret places, but calls to them from the house-tops, and her form is all but visibly revealed in the streets and lanes of the city. She tells them with a firm and loving voice—in tones as full of anxiety for men's souls, as they are clear and peremptory in witnessing to the one only true and unchanging faith—that they are fighting against the truth which they think they are defending, and violating the unity of Christ's body while deprecating and condemning, the guilt of schism. On every side are heard earnest voices, saying that faith is impossible except in the Catholic Church; that Anglicanism, as such, is a fatal heresy touching the essentials of salvation; that it puts an abstract Catholicism in the place of the Catholic Church; makes it a thing of the past, instead of an ever subsisting reality; deprives it of its utterance, its authority, even its visible existence; dissolves the very

groundwork of all positive teaching; robs faith of its object, and simplicity of its guide, and obedience of its director; sets men up to be judges of truth, instead of teachable children; imposes upon them the task of informing their instructor, infusing life into their parent, *Catholicising* that body, which in terms they confess to *be* the Catholic Church—as from some superior and external source residing in themselves—and of investing it with such a character and power as shall make it in the end a safe and practical authority; leaving, meanwhile, the little ones of Christ to invent their own rule, and to frame their own creed, as though it were a matter of nice calculation between fallible and erroneous systems, what each should adopt on the one side, and reject on the other: in short, that it maintains the very evils which its own defenders so unsparingly denounce—“destroys dogmatic faith altogether,” “breaks up the visible unity of the Church of Christ into a multitude of atoms,” and substitutes “the confusion of Babel,” for “the unity of Pentecost.”

This is the charge; and being such, it cannot be too strongly stated. Earnest minds, which love the truth, and are ready to sacrifice everything for its sake, will bear to have it plainly

spoken. Men who feel that Christianity is a Revelation from God, and that the work which Christ wrought on the earth was a perfect work, and the faith He delivered a definite faith, and the Church He established an indefectible Church, must be wearied with a state of controversy, and doubt, and speculation, as being irreligious and unchristian. They must be suspicious of every new theory which is propounded for the purpose of reconciling the nationality of the Anglican Communion with the idea of Catholicity, and the notion of a divided Church with the doctrine of its visible and essential unity. Such as these I would earnestly entreat to consider the Catholic idea of the Church. Whatever difficulties they may experience at present respecting particular doctrines and practices, they cannot fail to perceive that that idea is complete and comprehensive, while the Anglican is inconsistent and self-contradictory. Now, of the truth of a doctrine there can be no proof more conclusive than that of its inward completeness. Falsehood may exhibit on the surface an apparent consistency, but inconsistent, at least, the truth cannot be. They, therefore, who are intellectually convinced that the arguments which are commonly alleged in defence of their position are weak and incon-

clusive, and that the theories which Anglicanism obliges them to substitute for the simple Catholic idea, though ingeniously compacted in parts, are incapable of general application, and composed of irreconcilable elements—nay, involve principles which are merely Protestant, heretical, and even immoral—are bound in all honesty to abandon a system so manifestly false, and to pass into that which, so far at least, carries with it the evidence of truth, as it is consistent throughout and perfect as a whole.

This, in itself, is sufficient to form ground of conviction, and to impose a corresponding obligation. What stronger moral evidence can they need, or what clearer intellectual proof do they think they will attain, so long as they stand investigating from without? They have already all the demonstration which is ordinarily compatible with their state. If there be a vast system of manifold and complicated action, the application to which of one great simple principle supplies the interpretation of all its combined and apparently contradictory movements, reducing all to perfect harmony, accounting for all anomalies, and showing that which seemed exceptional to be subject to a general law; and if, on the other hand, all other principles fail in

their application, and require the help of arbitrary suppositions in order to meet the difficulties which they are inadequate to explain—such a principle as the former, has in its favor all the moral evidence, and carries with it all the force of conviction, which alone is attainable while viewing the system from without. If, in the case of natural phenomena, we consider such evidence as not only sufficient, but even irresistible, are not they reprehensible who, in spiritual matters, refuse their assent to analogous proof, and require such demonstration as it is vain to expect and presumptuous to await? May they not be bringing upon themselves the awful rebuke of our Lord to the unbelieving Jews, “Ye can discern the face of the sky, and of the earth: but how is it that ye do not discern this time? Yea, and why *even of yourselves* judge ye not what is right?” (Luke xii. 56, 57.)

Only let them act in this as they act in common matters, as they would have those act whom they believe to be dissenters and schismatics, and they will accomplish by faith what they will never arrive at by reasoning alone, though they spend their life in the endeavor. To the assurance of conviction God, in His mercy and for Jesus' sake, will add the grace of conversion;

and all their moral being will be at unity with itself. Wondering in themselves how their deliverance was wrought, so strange beyond all that they expected, they will feel that, while consciously but following the conclusions of their own reason, or the suggestions of their conscience, and exerting the power of their own will, they were being guided and led forward by a Hand Invisible. With awe they will perceive that what seemed to them the last concluding step in a continuous self-directed course, was indeed an act of Divine power and mercy, by which they were lifted up and transported into another and higher sphere. As they look back, and try to recollect the point far beneath them in the distance at which their foot last rested, they will see that, between it and the eminence on which they stand, there exists no mere natural connection; that something has supervened—something of the Eternal and the Infinite—so imperfect were their perceptions, so inadequate their motives, as compared with all that experience now shows them of the glorious objects, to which they had thought themselves so close. I speak not of the ineffable gifts of God, the graces of His holy sacraments, the treasures of His indulgent love, the powerful advocacy of His saints, or the miraculous signs

that still follow them that believe, nor of the peace of conscience, the confidence of hope, the satisfaction of desire, with which experience of the Church's supernatural power and wisdom will fill and enlarge their hearts. I speak of the assurance of faith which will be theirs in the presence of an authoritative teacher, and the possession of the key that lays open the secrets of heavenly knowledge. They will find themselves in a region reaching up into infinity, on all sides boundless and immeasurable; where is the widest compass for thought and amplest freedom of speculation, yet where all is fixed, solid, indestructible;—a land of beautiful and rich variety, where, as the eye becomes accustomed to the marvellous and hallowed light, far-reaching vistas at every step disclose themselves, and glimpses still appear of glorious things beyond, and every minutest and remotest point is found by contemplation to contain a world of objects, each in itself again a very universe, and all harmoniously combined in perfect unity—a region in whose pure heavenly atmosphere heresy cannot live, but “goes out,” as being not of it, making itself manifest of what sort it is;—a country whose language is Truth; where words express realities, not of the traditionary past or the imaginary future, but

the actual and substantial present; where the teaching is one, as the Truth is one—where are to be heard ten thousand voices speaking one thing, ten thousand organs of the same Divine mind and the same infallible judgment—in short, where the words of the holy Apostle are still fulfilled, and can never fail in their fulfilment: “One Body, and one Spirit; one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all, and through all, and in all,”

Almighty and everlasting God, whose judgments are righteous and counsels unsearchable; who visitest the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation, and yet at length rememberest mercy; forgive, we beseech Thee, the sins of our forefathers, and turn away Thy wrath from their posterity; deliver the ignorant from being seduced by false teachers, and the learned from being abused by their passions, and the whole nation from the spirit of contradiction, licentiousness, and discord; that, instead of so many divisions and changes in religion under which they labor, they may be again restored to that unity of mind, steadiness of faith, and tranquillity of conscience, which is nowhere to be sought but in the communion of Thy Church, nor possible to be found but by the

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conduct of Thy grace. Through our Lord Jesus
Christ. Amen.

EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON,
Unity of the Episcopate.

THE DOMINICAN ORDER.

The Dominican Order has been the nurse, not only of sacred letters and pulpit eloquence, but of religious art. There is no one who travels, intelligently, through the beautiful cities of Italy, who does not search out the works of the lay Brother, "Fra Angelico da Fiesole," or the Angelical Brother, also called the *Blessed* Angelico; and the eye turns from the masterpieces of Raphael himself to the celestial visions of the Dominican Friar, fixed on the panel or the wall. Fra Angelico illuminated the choral books of the monastery, in which he lived, in a manner to excite the admiration of all succeeding ages, and he also decorated with his inspired pencil, dipped, one might say, in the very colors of paradise, the tabernacles and the altars, the chapter-room of the Order, and the cells of the religious. The favored brethren in that Florentine convent walked daily among those seraphic pictures, that seem, even in copies and engravings, to bring Heaven to earth. One of these pictures I find described

in a way to quicken the most ardent desire in every soul, not only to see the picture, but to behold and participate in the joys it represents. As the object of this book is to rouse a lively interest, not only in sacred literature, but also in sacred art, I do not hesitate to copy out for you this description, by one who, himself a Dominican, has written two choice volumes on the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects of his noble Order. The writer says that this picture which he is describing is really made up of three, the *Last Judgment* occupying the middle and largest of the three arches. On the left of the Last Judgment Fra Angelico painted Hell; yet the gentle spirit of the good friar could not bring itself to express the casting away of the wicked by their Omnipotent Judge, in any other way than by a wave of the hand and a face turned away from those whose hearts had been turned away from Him; from Him who was alone worthy of being their joy. But “where the painter triumphs, and establishes his title to the name of Angelico, with which the people honored him, is on the right side of the picture, where we behold the elect. Who can see these graceful little figures and not be enamored of virtue? Who is it that does not

yearn to taste the holy and ineffable joys of those blessed beings who, having fought the good fight, and completed the term of their exile, are now approaching their true country, to enjoy that reward for which they have longed, and for the sake of which they have suffered so many afflictions? They all have their eyes and arms turned towards their Redeemer, and they seem to bless and thank Him for having placed them among His elect. But more charming than even this, are the kisses and embraces which the elect interchange with the angels who protected and guided them on the path of peril, as, kneeling, they clasp each other in heavenly affection. These greetings ended, we see them linking hands and gracefully dancing on a sweet meadow, enameled with the most beautiful flowers. Their garments glisten with innumerable little stars; the head of each is wreathed with a garland of white and red roses, whilst a brilliant little flame burns on the forehead of each angel. Then, light, airy, graceful, and even during the dance, absorbed in ecstatic contemplation, caroling and singing, they advance towards the celestial Jerusalem; and the nearer they approach to it, the more ethereal and luminous do their bodies

become, till at last, arrived at the gates of the holy city, they appear to be transmuted into the most subtle and resplendent spirits, and then, two by two, holding each other's hand, they are introduced into eternal beatitude." Is there a little heart, on the whole world round, that would not follow in that train of angels and saints, and enter with them the gates of eternal bliss?

I have already spoken of another picture by Fra Angelico, the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, into which he introduced the likeness of St. Dominic and of many others. He painted this subject, "The Coronation," several times, and always with the most entrancing beauty of expression.

Fra Bartolommeo, another religious painter of great merit, is claimed by the Dominicans. He was not only a friar, but a *preaching* friar, and we read in the Dominican annals that he was the pastor of a parish, and often laid down his palette and brushes to attend the wants of his people. But besides this Fra Bartolommeo there was another, called Fra Bartolommeo della Porta, and this last is the one most generally known and spoken of. To him we owe the St. Stephen which illustrates this volume.

In my portfolio is a large photograph from Fra Bartolommeo's sketch of the evangelist, St. Mark, from the very drawing made by his own hand. It brings the great painters very near to us when we can see a perfect sun-picture of their sketches. The pictures of Fra Bartolommeo are eagerly sought for, both in color and engravings.

But it is not by painting and sculpture alone, that the Order of St. Dominic has helped to civilize the most polished nations. To the Dominican architects we owe some of the noblest edifices in Italy, besides those famous bridges that, from age to age, one after another, have spanned the river Arno, at Florence; and, so long as the beautiful church of San Maria Novella is the pride of Florence, the names of the Florentine Dominicans, Fra Sisto and Fra Ristoro, will prove how much the world of art and of beauty is indebted to the Order of St. Dominic.

There is still another debt of gratitude which we, as Americans, owe to St. Dominic and to his Order, a debt specially our own.

After the discovery of America by that saintly navigator, Christopher Columbus, great pains were taken by Columbus, and by the ecclesias-

tical authorities of Spain, to fulfil the highest wish of the heart of the pious discoverer ; which was, to carry the knowledge of Christ to the nations sitting in darkness. If you open any good history of America, you will see the name of Father Bartholomew Las Casas ; you will also read how much he did for the poor Indians, who, to the horror and grief of Columbus, were actually made slaves by the avaricious cruelty of those stronger and more civilized races who came to the Islands after they were discovered. Las Casas did not hesitate to protest against this monstrous injustice, this perfidy and bad faith, on the part of the whites. He made four voyages to Spain in behalf of the oppressed Indians, pleaded their cause before courts and monarchs, and brought this crying wrong to the notice of Cardinal Ximenes ; and all these things coming to the ears of the Pope, Paul III., he pronounced "*a sentence of excommunication against all those who should make slaves of the Indians, or deprive them of their goods.*" For sixty years Las Casas labored for their rights as men, for their souls as heirs of heaven ; and to this day, we, as Americans, owe to Las Casas,

the Dominican friar, that the curse of the enslaved Indian is not resting upon us.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR,

Patron Saints.

CONVERSION OF HERMANN COHEN.

Born of Jewish parents, I was early launched into the profession of music. I was scarcely twelve when I gave my first concert. Alas! God permitted me to obtain a kind of triumph, and my young brain was quite intoxicated. I came to Paris in 1834, and there I became the spoilt child of the musical world. I was cast amongst unbelievers; and as they fancied they saw in me an apt and ready apprehension, they soon indoctrinated me with all the horrible delusions then in vogue; atheism and pantheism, communism and socialism, the right of insurrection and the massacre of the rich, abolition of marriage, and the enjoyment in common of all property and all pleasures—these were the habitual thoughts and themes of a lad of fourteen. Evil thrives apace, and I was soon one of the most ardent and zealous of those who had sworn thus to *renew the face of the earth*—the Benjamin, the beloved son, of these modern prophets of a so-called civilization.

I was surfeited with success, and a proficient

in every kind of vice. "The briars of unclean desires grew rank over my head, and no hand was put forth to root them out."* In company with a distinguished artist, who was at once my master and my friend, I travelled over England and Switzerland, Italy and Germany, more enamoured than ever of my philosophical novelties, and gaining everywhere success in my art, and proselytes to the poisonous doctrines on which my youth had been fed. Priests were to me at that time antisocial beings; and I regarded monks with a special horror, just as though they were cannibals. Who would have dared to predict that, on my way to Paris, God had decreed to show in me from what a distance He can recall a wandering creature?

The month of May was celebrated with great solemnity in the church of St. Valère; choirs of amateurs were formed under the direction of the Prince de la Moskowa, and they sang and chanted at the Benediction. One evening the prince, whom I had the honor of knowing, begged me to take his place at St. Valère. I went, with no other thought than the love of my art and the pleasure of doing a kindness.

* St. Augustine's Confessions, lib. ii. ch. 3.

During the ceremony I felt nothing unusual; but when the moment of benediction came, although I had not the slightest thought of prostrating myself, I felt within me an unwonted agitation. My soul, stunned and bewildered by the whirl of my pleasures, came to itself; I felt that something hitherto unknown to me was taking place within me. I was unconsciously, and without any concurrence of my own will, constrained to bow myself. The following Friday I was affected in precisely the same manner, and I was suddenly impressed with the idea of becoming a Catholic. A few days after this I was passing the same church; the bell was ringing for Mass; I went and heard the Mass, motionless and attentive; I heard one Mass, two Masses, three, four Masses, without thinking of leaving the church; I could not conceive what held me there. In the evening I felt myself drawn again by a kind of spell to the same church; again the bell was ringing, again I entered. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed; and no sooner did I see it, than I was drawn gently towards the communion rail, and fell on my knees. I prostrated myself, without effort of my own, at the moment of benediction; and on raising my head again, I felt a sweet and gentle repose in

my whole soul. I went home, and tried to sleep; but all night long the Blessed Sacrament was before my eyes. I felt a burning desire to hear Mass again, and I heard many with an interior joy which absorbed all my faculties. Then, urged by the grace which had so unexpectedly touched my heart, I went to Madame la Duchesse de Rauzan, and begged her to introduce me to a priest. She referred me to M. l'Abbé Legrand, who took a great interest in my statement, and lent me an exposition of the Catholic faith. At this time I had to give some concerts at Ems, in Germany. There, at a distance from my old friends, human respect restrained me no longer; and the first Sunday, August 8th, 1847, I received the gift of a supernatural contrition; the grace of God came down upon me in its fulness of might. At the moment of the Elevation my tears began to flow abundantly, and with a feeling of intense pleasure and relief. O blessed moment, moment forever memorable to me! Even now I implore God to grant that the exquisite memory of that moment may be for ever graven on my heart with the ineffaceable characters of a faith superior to every shock, and a gratitude commensurate with the blessings with which He

then deigned to inundate me. I felt then, without doubt, what St. Augustine felt in his garden at Cassiacum, when he heard the words, *Tolle, lege*; what you must have felt, my dear father,* in that church at Rome, when the Blessed Virgin condescended to appear to you. I remember well the tears of my childhood; but never, never have I shed tears like them. As they streamed over my face, I felt in the very depth of my soul the gnawing sting of my conscience, and a piercing, rending, crushing remorse for the sins of my past life. Suddenly and spontaneously, as it were by intuition, I began to offer to God a general confession of all my enormous offences; I saw them there, spread out before me, thousands and tens of thousands, hideous, repulsive, revolting, deserving all the anger of my just Judge. And yet I felt a mysterious tranquillity of soul, like a soothing balm, poured over all its wounds: a something that assured me that the God of mercy would pardon all my sins; that he would accept in pity my contrition, my bitter sorrow, my strenuous repentance. Yes, I resolved then to love Him above all things; when I left that church of Ems I was

* Père Ratisbonne.

already a Christian—a Christian as far as one can be before holy Baptism.

Hermann was baptised on the 28th August, 1847, the feast of St. Augustine. The ceremony was performed by M. Legrand, in the chapel of Notre Dame de Sion, Rue du Regard—the chapel of the community of converts from Judaism, over which M. Ratisbonne presides. He speaks thus of his baptism in the letter to M. Ratisbonne, from which we have already quoted :*

While the priest was pouring the sacred water on my brow, and naming the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, my whole frame quivered as beneath a shock of electricity. The eyes of my body were closed, but at that instant the eyes of my newly-born *Christian soul* opened to a supernatural clearness of illumination. Your practised soul will comprehend my meaning *in God*, as we love one another in Jesus Christ; for I feel a sweet tranquility, a perfect peace, the rest of a child in its mother's bosom.

Admitted at length to the heavenly banquet, I drew thence an unknown energy. That flesh divine transformed me into a new man;

* Life of Fr. Hermann, in religion, Augustin-Marie du Très-Saint-Sacrament.

that talisman preserved me in the assaults of a tempting world; that treasure detached me from all which before subjugated me with a master's hand. The hours of the day flew along too swiftly in gazing on Thee. Thou didst draw me toward Thyself with an attraction so mighty, with a charm so sweet, so tender, so loving, that the last link that bound me to earth was snapped in twain; and I ran far from the busy city to throw myself into Thine arms, to live entirely to Thee, with no divided love, forever!

LETTER OF
MRS. ELIZABETH BAYLEY SETON TO
THE ABBÉ CHEVERUS. *

New York, 30th March, 1805.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

My heart offers you the tribute of its lively gratitude for your kind and charitable interest in its sorrows when I was oppressed with doubts and fears, and hastens, after the completion of its happiness, to inform you, that, through the boundless goodness of God, and aided by your very satisfactory counsels, my soul offered all its hesitations and reluctances a sacrifice to God, and on the 14th of March was admitted to the true Church of Jesus Christ, with a mind grateful and satisfied as that of a poor shipwrecked mariner on being restored to his home.

I should immediately have made a communication so pleasing to you, but have been necessarily very much engaged in collecting all the powers of my soul to receive the pledge of eter-

* Memoir, Letters, and Journal of Elizabeth Seton, Convert to the Catholic Faith, and Sister of Charity. Edited by the Right Rev. Monsignor Robert Seton, D. D.

nal happiness with which it has been blessed on the happy day of the Annunciation. I seemed then to be admitted to a new life, and to the *peace which passeth all understanding*; and with David I now say, *Thou hast saved my soul from death, my eyes from tears, and my feet from falling*; and certainly most earnestly desire to *walk before Him in the land of the living*, esteeming my privilege so great, and what He has done for me so far beyond my most lively hopes, that I can scarce realize my own happiness. Pray for me, dear sir, that I may be faithful and persevere to the end; and I would beg of you advice and counsel how to preserve my inestimable blessing. There are many good books, it is true; but directions personally addressed from a revered source most forcibly impress. For many years past I have preferred those chapters you appointed in St. John, but now (from your direction) I make it a constant rule to read them. The book you mentioned, "The Following of Christ," has been my consolation through the severest struggles of my life; and, indeed, one of my first convictions of the truth arose from reflecting on the account a Protestant writer gives of Kempis, as having been remarkable for his study and knowledge of the Holy Scrip-

tures and fervent zeal in the service of God. I remember falling on my knees, once and, with many tears inquiring of God if *he* who knew His Scriptures so well, and so ardently loved Him, could have been mistaken in the true faith. Also, in reading the life of St. Francis de Sales, I felt a perfect willingness to follow him, and could not but pray that my soul might have its portion with his on the great day. The sermons of Bourdaloue have greatly helped to convince and enlighten me: one of them is always included in my daily devotions. These books and some others Mr. Filicchi, who has been the true friend of my soul, provided me with. If he did not encourage me, I do not know how I should dare to press such a long letter on your time, so fully and sacredly occupied. Pardon me in consideration of the relief it gives my heart to open itself to one who understands it, while it constantly prays that you may long be the instrument of God's glory, and the happiness of His creatures,

THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

This fair land of yours Nature has chosen as the mirror of her beauty. She has planted it in the northern seas, with its mountains fronting the western sun, and watered its valleys and plains with a thousand streams. The lights of heaven are poured upon its lakes and glens with an illumination and a glory, with an entanglement and a mingling of all the hues that can make earth beautiful. There is no land in all the world, which, for the softer splendors of mountain and fell, wood and stream, surpasses Scotland. Beautiful in nature, but once more beautiful in grace! Witness the mighty churches, of which one now serves for thee; witness the roofless abbeys in the low glades and valleys of the North; witness the Lady-chapels, where the altars of Mary were lighted of old. The beauty of Jesus and Mary, the light and presence of the Incarnation was here. The illumination of the Word and the out-pouring of the Spirit were upon Scotland then. There was peace and there was charity, because there was truth, in those

days ; there was heroism and there was saintliness, because Scotland then was within the unity of the Church of God. The word of the prophet Isaias was accomplished in this land. But there came a time of rude change, when the union of the Spirit and the Word was broken ; when those which God had joined together were divorced by the will of men ; when the rebellious intellect of man rose up against the divine voice of the Church of God, and rejected the guidance of the spirit, because he should not bow to any teacher.

Then came another change : when men rejected the divine voice by the struggling indocility of their will, the word departed from their lips. They clutched at it with jealousy, and they found in their hands the written word alone : *Litera occidit, spiritus autem vivificat.** The letter that killeth was left behind, the spirit that giveth life departed. The word was interpreted no more by the light of the Holy Ghost, no more by an infallible Guide, but by the interpretations of man and the light of the human intellect. Then came contradiction, struggle, and contention, and for three hundred years di-

* 11. Cor. iii. 6.

vision and subdivision, the crumbling of what was once the mystical body, so that there is now no land in all the world, save only England, which went abreast with Scotland in revolt, to be compared with Scotland for its religious disunion. And in the train of these divisions came uncertainty, indifference, lukewarmness, and doubt, asking: "Who knows what is true?—Whether is the truth on this side or that? Who can tell? Who is the judge?" And in the train of indifference comes infidelity, saying: "God hath not said. Why believe this? I will not believe that." The spirit of unbelief is rushing in through the breach as a flood, because the spirit and the word are divided, and the Voice and the Guide are gone: for the intellect of man and the will of man have assumed the sovereignty, and raised themselves up to be their own guide and light. Private judgment has taken the place of Jesus teaching in His Church. But God has not forsaken, He has not forgotten a land He once loved so much; for all through these three dreary centuries of disunion, hid in the valleys, driven up into the mountains, and wandering in poverty, the Church has still guided the remnant of the flock. There has been the Word Incarnate upon the altar, the

living word in the mouth of the pastor, the holy Sacrifice in the hands of the priest, the unction of the Holy Ghost on the one holy Church, reduced to a handful, but still living on, Catholic and Roman in its divine prophetic perpetuity. Even here in Scotland, Vicars-Apostolic, the representatives of the Holy See, the special witnesses of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, consecrated by the Word, anointed by the Holy Ghost, through three centuries of desolation have ruled the Church of God. They have ordained and commissioned the priests of Jesus Christ, and have conferred on them the spirit of grace, and have put the word in their mouth. There has been the perpetuity of the one immutable faith and the one infallible voice, even in this land: and now, after three hundred years, when the order of all human events would require that a thing so feeble and weak should wax less and less, it is waxing stronger and stronger, it is growing mighty, it is multiplying on every side, enlarging its presence, putting on its majesty, coming forth in its beauty, and exhibiting its splendor, as it does this day, in a new sanctuary, reared and set apart in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God. The Church of God is accomplishing these things; and why?

Because the prophecy of Isaias rests upon it. This day, as in Nazareth, it is fulfilled in your ears.

And there is another token now visible in this land. The saints of God, once so many and now so few, are returning. To number up the names of the saints of Scotland is rather a tax upon our ingenuity to find them than on the memory to recount them by name. The flood has gone over the earth, and the record of their names and their sanctity is gone ; but in this dearth and barrenness they are coming back once more. St. Ignatius, with his soldier spirit, always first to volunteer on the forlorn hope, always first to scale the walls of a city sevenfold strong, is here. Then comes St. Vincent, who has filled the whole world with the perfume of his name, which, like the name of Jesus, from whence its sweetness is borrowed, is as an ointment poured forth. St. Vincent two centuries ago was here. In the din and conflict of Cromwell's days, when Scotland, bent under his rod of iron, lay crushed in three great battles—in the midst of that time came two fathers of St. Vincent, kindled with the charity of their great Saint. They came into your western islands, and there left behind them a seed which has

never died, a light which has never been extinguished. And now, through the generous hospitality of one who has an eye to discern apostles in the garb of poverty, they are invited here once more with a munificence of faith and a largeness of charity which will write his name in the hearts of generations yet unborn.

St. Vincent is come to-day to Lanark, and has gathered you together here; and with you many are mingled who are not yet of you, but will be. He has come here once more with the majestic march of the holy Roman Church, with the same faith, the same seven sacraments, the same episcopal rule, the same pastoral staff, under which his sons went forth two hundred years ago. Once more in open day—in such a day as this—the holy Roman Church lifts up her tiara, and her infallible voice is heard. And therefore may be said to Scotland what Jesus said to Jerusalem: “If thou also hadst known, and that in this thy day, the things that are for thy peace; but now they are hidden from thine eyes.”* And as He said in the Apocalypse, “Be mindful, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and do penance, and do the first works; or else

* St. Luke xix. 42.

I will come to thee, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, unless thou shalt have done penance." *

These might well be the voices of warning to us to-day ; but they come to us also as accents of love and invitation. If the mighty energy of the will of this great Scottish people, even here in the narrow circle of the lowlands—if the mighty energy of will which has been applied to the conquest and the government of the world, which has filled the Western and Eastern Indies with its sway, which has built the might Babylon a few miles off, peopled by a half a million of toiling souls, who toil with a unity of power as if there was but one will to govern and direct them, wearing themselves out, spending and being spent from sunrise to sunset for this perishing life—if that will were only sanctified, and that intellect illuminated, if the unction of the spirit of God, and the truth of the Word of God, could once more be wedded together in the spiritual nature and life of the Scottish people, what a race of soldiers, of heroes, and saints of Jesus Christ should here arise ! And who knows what may be hereafter ? You and I shall soon pass away ; but the work begun to-

* Apoc. iv. 5.

day is a work that will not pass away. It has the perpetuity of the Spirit and the Word; and when we are gone, it will multiply and accomplish itself. Generation after generation, God will make perfect His own. He will gather out His elect until the day shall come when He will be revealed with all His saints; and out of this place there will ascend to meet Him souls whom you know not; and bright crowns shall be worn that day by those who have toiled for them, who have prayed for them, who have given alms for them, who have offered at the altar so much as one inspiration, one desire, that the Word and the Spirit of God may come to-day into His sanctuary. The altar yonder was consecrated yesterday, on the feast when we commemorate the dedication of the greatest church in all the world—*Omnium Ecclesiarum Mater et Magistra*, as it is inscribed in front of the great Basilica of St. John Lateran, the Cathedral Church of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. To-day we celebrate the feast of a saint * who, for his tender love of the Cross, took to himself the name of Andrew, dear to Scotland and to you. Yesterday and to-day will make but one yearly

* St. Andrew Avellino.

festival, uniting once more in holy wedlock Scotland and Rome, in the Spirit and the Word, in the unity and infallibility of that one, only Church of God, which is the presence of Jesus Himself on earth.

CARDINAL MANNING,
Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects.

THE CATHOLIC PILGRIM.

Many of those whom I am addressing, are, I doubt not, acquainted with Wordsworth's beautiful poem, *The Excursion*. Let me for a moment suppose his Wanderer to be a Catholic instead of a Presbyterian, and let us accompany him through some of the scenes which the poet's imagination conjures up. In the morning, when he commences the labor and burden of the day,-

From the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beholds the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light !

As he gazes on the magnificent spectacle,

Rapt into still communion, that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind is a thanksgiving to the power
That made him ; it is blessedness and love !

Into the inmost depths of his soul, as he pursues his daily course,

The whispering air
Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights
And blind recesses of the caverned rocks.

And in some sequestered spot, where the rocks shut out all outward objects but the azure sky, the solitary raven, with his iron knell, flying

athwart the dark, blue dome, rouses within him
devout aspirations, and gives him

Far stretching views into eternity.

The day wanes, and he passes from these
valleys and craggy defiles into "an elevated spot,"
where he beholds the sun

Sinking with less than ordinary state,
but, as he sinks, kindling into blaze of light,
"through half the circle of the sky," the little
floating clouds, which shed each on each,

With prodigal communion, the bright hues,
Which form the unapparent fount of glory
They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive.

His mind is filled with rapturous joy, and, fall-
ing prostrate on the soft heath, there burst from
him, in holy transport, this devout invocation

Eternal Spirit! Universal God!

Power inaccessible to human thought,

Save by degrees and steps which Thou hast deigned

To furnish; for this effluence of Thyself,

To the infirmity of mortal sense

. Vouchsafed, this local, transitory type

Of Thy paternal splendors, and the pomp

Of those who fill Thy courts in highest Heaven,

The radiant Cherubim; accept the thanks

Which we, Thy humble creatures, here convened,

Presume to offer; we, who from the breast

Of the frail earth permitted to behold

The faint reflection only of Thy face,

Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!

The world is covered with darkness, as the
pilgrim still pursues his way. He beholds in

the distance a little glimmering light among the trees. He turns aside into a by-road, and approaches an humble chapel, where holy men, set apart for the service of God, offer up prayers day and night unceasingly. Oppressed with fatigue and travel-stained, longing for the hour when the labor of the day shall cease, and he can betake himself to his humble bed, he enters, and beneath a crucifix, whereon is contained an image of our Blessed Saviour suffering unutterable agony for his redemption, he prostrates himself with the lowest humility, thanking God for the life and death of that Divine Teacher, who came to make a religion of sorrow and self-denial; and he passes onward, more refreshed and more strengthened against the murmurings and complainings of his nature by that symbol of his Redeemer's agony, than by all the splendors of the sun, all the glory of the heaven, all the divine magnificence of the earth.

FREDRICK LUCAS,

*Reasons for Becoming a Roman Catholic,
Addressed to the Society of Friends.*

THE BUREAUCRATIC STATE.

The doctrine that the "State" should bring about a certain condition of universal felicity, and should prosecute this "State-object" at the cost of justice, necessarily led to the most various evils. The immediate effect of this doctrine was the necessity imposed on governments of taking into their hands the actual conduct, administration, and economy of all things, for only under this condition could they fulfil the task they had proposed, of conferring universal happiness, and only upon this condition could they be responsible for this engagement. From this necessity followed, as matter of course, the intrusion of the civil power into every sphere of life, *the much-government and over-government*, and again, the stifling of all free, independent life, in every department, and especially the annihilation of all self-government or self-administration of different interests. All must emanate from and revert to the huge, all devouring body of the state, which a master* in

* Hobbes.

the theory of this liberal absolutism fittingly termed "*Leviathan*." Hence was the church deprived of all free, independent action, of all self-government and administration of her affairs; but her freedom was annihilated, either directly by the usurpation of ecclesiastical power on the part of the State, or in an indirect and covert way, by the pretended right of supervision, or protection, or prevention of so-called abuses. Hence no more freedom for civil corporations, but a rigid tutelage exerted by the state over all their internal concerns; the destruction of their autonomy; and the control over the management of their property, coupled with a thousand restrictions and limitations in its enjoyment and possession. Hence also the attempt from the same quarter to regulate by laws, and control by functionaries, private individuals in the management of their family concerns, to direct their household by the laws of political economy, to interfere with the education of their children.

How much in this course of policy so pursued by the state the sanctity of right and personal liberty, in a certain sense identical with it, must suffer, is evident of itself. But even by the total annihilation of individual freedom, the object

sought for—the happiness of all—would not be attained. On the whole, it is beyond the power of human government *to make men happy*; at most it can, by the rights which it exercises, and the protection which it imparts, insure to the personal liberty of the individual a scope, within which the latter may provide for his material well-being. But happiness, so far as it can exist on earth, can come only from above, and is a blessing of God. But by government measures to make *all* happy, is one of the most absurd ideas that can be conceived; for the relations of men in society are so peculiarly constituted, that a measure which, according to all appearance promotes the earthly prosperity of one individual, obstructs, undermines, and destroys that of another. Those bound together by a common interest understand what can best forward it far better than all the functionaries of state, who would take it under their tutelary care.

DR. CHARLES ERNEST JARCKE,

Miscellaneous Writings.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

For a Catholic, Holy Scripture possesses an incontestible certitude, as the Word of God, because it is secured to him as such by the Church, which Christ ordered to teach, promising that He himself would remain always *with her* during that teaching. Therefore, a *Catholic* has a sound reason for the respect with which he treats that precious treasure, which cannot be taken from him either by the arbitrariness of the Reformers or by the insolence of false science. And as his intellectual powers and his position enable him, he exerts himself, according to the admonition of the Council of Trent, to use that treasure for the benefit of his soul and the increase of his knowledge of divine truth. Those who desire to know how entirely unfounded is the charge made against the Church of trying *to prevent* her children from reading Holy Scripture, because she has taken prudent measures, in behalf of ignorant people, to prevent *abuse* of that reading,—may consult Catholic authors upon this subject. But the faith of Catholics does not

depend upon the Bible only, or even primarily. That faith existed *before* a single part of the New Testament was written, long before the collection of sacred books was completed, and much longer *before* it generally was accepted and publicly authorized by the Church. That faith, moreover, would remain immutable and unshaken, even could the Bible disappear from the earth. The contents of Holy Scripture form a principal and most important *part* of the teachings which a Catholic receives from the Church, just as the epistles of the Apostles formed an important *part* of the teachings they imparted to the primitive Christians. The Apostles, however, did not write everything they taught, and referred *principally* to their oral teaching; they did not command their successors to oblige each of the faithful to read their epistles, but instructed them *to hand down* faithfully what they had been taught to other faithful people, who in their turn might be able to teach others (2 Tim. ii, 2). In this manner has the Church always understood and discharged her duty.

The Catholic Church is to all her children *a loving mother*, who nourishes everybody according to his personal wants, and yet gives to all *the same* food; a mother, at whose bosom the

child and the philosopher, the laborer and the statesman, the least civilized Indian and the man of the highest education, the spotless virgin and the deeply fallen sinner, can find refreshment, such as each individually needs, and be abundantly satisfied; a mother, who from the infinite variety of her treasures grants to *all* the poor, that is to say, to *all* men, the same riches; who teaches one in the language of *his own* heart, and yet imparts to all *the same* words of life; and who conducts each by *his own* way, and yet leads all to one faith, one hope, one salvation. *Is a book* able to do this?

H. A. DES AMRIE VANDER HOEVEN,

My Return to the Church of Christ.

THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

It is an old story and a familiar, and I need not go through it, I need not tell you, how suddenly the word of truth came to our ancestors in this island and subdued them to its gentle rule; how the grace of God fell on them, and, without compulsion, as the historian tells us, the multitude became Christian; how, when all was tempestuous, and hopeless, and dark, Christ, like a vision of glory, came walking to them on the waves of the sea. Then suddenly there was a great calm; a change came over the pagan people in that quarter of the country where the gospel was first preached to them; and from thence the blessed influence went forth; it was poured out over the whole land, till, one and all, the Anglo-Saxon people were converted by it. In a hundred years the work was done; the idols, the sacrifices, the mummeries of paganism flitted away and were not, and the pure doctrine and heavenly worship of the Cross were found in their stead. The fair form of Christianity rose

up, and grew, and expanded like a beautiful pageant from north to south; it was majestic, it was solemn, it was bright, it was beautiful and pleasant, it was soothing to the griefs, it was indulgent to the hopes of man; it was at once a teaching and a worship; it had a dogma, a mystery, a ritual of its own; it had an hierarchical form. A brotherhood of holy pastors, with mitre, and crosier, and uplifted hand, walked forth and blessed and ruled a joyful people. The crucifix headed the procession, and simple monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was heard, and boys came forth in white, swinging censers, and the fragrant cloud arose, and Mass was sung, and the saints were invoked; and day after day, and in the still night, and over the woody hills, and in the quiet plains, as constantly as sun and moon and stars go forth in heaven, so regular and solemn was the stately march of blessed services on earth, high festival, and gorgeous procession, and soothing dirge, and passing bell, and the familiar evening call to prayer; till he who recollected the old pagan time would think it all unreal that he beheld and heard, and would conclude he did but see a vision, so marvellously was heaven let down upon earth, so triumphantly

were chased away the fiends of darkness to their prison below.

Such was the change which came over our forefathers; such was the religion bestowed upon them, bestowed on them as a second grant, after the grant of the territory itself; nay, it might almost have seemed as the divine guarantee or pledge of its occupation. And you know its name; there can be no mistake; you know what that religion was called. It was called by no modern name—for modern religions then were not. You know *what* religion has priests and sacrifices, and mystical rites, and the monastic rule, and care for the souls of the dead, and the profession of an ancient faith, coming, through all ages, from the Apostles. There is one, and only one such religion : it is known everywhere ; every poor boy in the street knows the name of it: there never was a time, since it first was, that its name was not known and known to the multitude. It is called *Catholicism*—a world-wide name, and incommunicable; attached to us from the first; accorded to us by our enemies; in vain attempted, never stolen from us, by our rivals. Such was the worship which the English people gained when they emerged out of paganism into gospel light. In the history of their conversion,

Christianity and Catholicism are one; they are in that history, as they are in their own nature, convertible terms. It was the Catholic faith which that vigorous young race heard and embraced—that faith which is still found, the further you trace back towards the age of the Apostles, which is still visible in the dim distance of the earliest antiquity, and to which the witness of the Church, when investigated even in her first startings and simplest rudiments, “sayeth not to the contrary.” Such was the religion of the noble English; they knew not heresy; and, as time went on, the work did but sink deeper into their nature, into their social structure and their political institutions; it grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, till a sight was seen—one of the most beautiful which ever has been given to man to see—what was great in the natural order made greater by its elevation into the supernatural. The two seemed as if made for each other; that natural temperament and that gift of grace; what was heroic, or generous, or magnanimous in nature, found its corresponding place or office in the divine kingdom. Angels in heaven rejoiced to see the divinely wrought piety and sanctity of penitent sinners; Apostles, Popes, and Bishops, long since taken

to glory, threw their crowns in transport at the foot of the throne, as saints, and confessors, and martyrs, came forth before their wandering eyes out of a horde of heathen robbers; guardian spirits no longer sighed over the disparity and contrast which had so fearfully intervened between themselves and the souls given to them in charge. It did indeed become a peculiar, special people, with a character and genius of its own; I will say a bold thing—in its staidness, sagacity, and simplicity, more like the mind that rules, through all time, the princely line of Roman Pontiffs, than perhaps any other Christian people whom the world has seen. And so things went on for many centuries. Generation followed generation; revolution came after revolution; great men rose and fell; there were bloody wars, and invasions, conquests, changes of dynasty, slavery, recoveries, civil dissensions, settlements; Dane and Norman overran the land; and yet all along Christ was upon the waters; and if they rose in fury, yet at His word they fell again and were in calm. The bark of Peter was still the refuge of the tempest-tost, and ever solaced and recruited those whom it rescued from the deep.

But at length a change came over the land: a thousand years had well-nigh rolled, and this

great people grew tired of the heavenly stranger who sojourned among them. They had had enough of blessings and absolutions, enough of the intercession of saints, enough of the grace of the sacraments, enough of the prospect of the next life. They thought it best to secure this life in the first place, because they were in possession of it, and then to go on to the next, if time and means allowed. And they saw that to labor for the next world was possibly to lose this; whereas, to labor for this world might be, for what they knew, the way to labor for the next also. Anyhow, they would pursue a temporal end, and they would account any one their enemy who would stand in the way of their pursuing it. It was a madness; but madmen are strong and madmen are clever; so, with the sword and the halter, and by mutilation and fine and imprisonment, they cut off, or frightened away from the land, as Israel did in the time of old, the ministers of the Most High, and their ministrations: they "altogether broke the yoke, and burst the bonds." "They beat one, and killed another, and another they stoned," and at length they altogether cast out the Heir from His vineyard, and killed Him, "that the inheritance might be theirs." And as for the remnant of His servants whom they left,

they drove them into corners and holes of the earth, and there they bade them die out; and then they rejoiced and sent gifts either to other, and made merry, because they had rid themselves of those "who had tormented them that dwelt upon the earth." And so they turned to enjoy this world, and to gain for themselves a name among men, and it was given unto them according to their wish. They preferred the heathen virtues of their original nature to the robe of grace which God had given them; they fell back with closed affections, and haughty reserve, and dreariness within, upon their worldly integrity, honor, energy, prudence, and perseverance; they made the most of the natural man, and they "received their reward." Forthwith they began to rise to a station higher than the heathen Roman, and have, in three centuries, attained a wide range of sovereignty; and now they look down in contempt on what they were, and upon the religion which reclaimed them from paganism.

Yes, such was the temptation of the evil one, such the fall of his victim, such the disposition of the Most High. The tempter said: "All these will I give thee, if, falling down, thou wilt adore me;" and their rightful Lord and Sovereign

permitted the boast to be fulfilled. He permitted it for His greater glory: He might have hindered it, as He might hinder all evil; but He saw good. He saw it best to let things take their course; He did not interfere; He kept silence; He retired from the land which would be rid of Him. And there were those at that crisis who understood not His providence, and would have interfered in His behalf with a high hand. Holy men and true they were, zealous for God, and tender towards His sheep; but they divined not His will. It was His will to leave the issue to time, and to bring things round slowly and without violence, and to conquer by means of His adversaries. He willed it that their pride should be its own correction; that they should be broken without hands, and dissolve under their own insufficiency. He who might have brought myriads of Angels to the rescue, He who might have armed and blessed the forces of Christendom against His persecutors, wrought more wondrously. He deigned not to use the carnal weapon: He bade the drawn sword return to its sheath: He refused the combinations and the armaments of earthly kings. He who sees the end from the beginning, who is "justified in His words, and overcomes when He is judged," did but wait.

He waited patiently; He left the world to itself, nor avenged His Church, but stayed till the fourth watch of the night, when His faithful sons had given up hope, and thought His mercy towards them at an end. He let the winds and the waves insult Him and His own; He suffered meekly the jeers and blasphemies which rose on every side, and pronounced the downfall of His work. "All things have an end," men said; "there is a time for all things; a time to be born, and a time to die. All things have their course and their term; they may last a long time, but after all, a period they have, and not an immortality. So it is with man himself; even Mathusala and Noe exhausted the full fountain of their being, and the pitcher was at length crushed, and the wheel broken. So is it with nations; they rise, and they flourish, and they fall; there is an element in them, as in individuals, which wears out and perishes. However great they may be in their day, at length the moment comes, when they have attained their greatest elevation, and accomplished their full range, and fulfilled their scope. So it is with great ideas and their manifestations; they are realized, they prevail, and they perish. As the constituents of the animal frame at length refuse to hold together, so nations,

philosophies, and religions one day lose their unity and undergo the common law of decomposition. Our nation, doubtless, will find its term at length, as well as others, though not yet; but that ancient faith of ours is come to naught already. We have nothing, then, to fear from the past; the past is not, the past cannot revive; the dead tell no tales; the grave cannot open. New adversaries we may have, but with the Old Religion we have parted once for all."

Thus speaks the world, deeming Christ's patience to be feebleness, and His loving affection to be enmity. And the faithful, on the other hand, have had their own misgivings too, whether Catholicism could ever flourish in this country again. Has it yet happened anywhere in the history of the Church that a people which once lost its faith ever regained it? It is a gift of grace, a special mercy, to receive it once, and not to be expected a second time. Many nations have never had it at all; from some it has been taken away, apparently without their fault, nay, in spite of their meritorious use of it. So was it with the old Persian Church, which, after enduring two frightful persecutions, had scarcely emerged from the second when it was irretrievably corrupted by

heresy. So was it with the famous Church of Africa, whose great Saint and Doctor's dying moments were embittered by the ravages around him of those fierce barbarians who were destined to be its ruin. What are we better than they? It is then surely against the order of Providence hitherto, that the gift once given should be given again; the world and the Church bear a concordant testimony here.

And the just Judge of man made as though He would do what man anticipated. He retired, as I have said, from the field; He yielded the battle to the enemy;—but he did so, that He might in the event more signally triumph. He interfered not for near three hundred years, that his enemies might try their powers of mind in forming a religion instead of His own. He gave them three hundred years' start, bidding them do something better than He, or something at all, if so be they were able, and He put Himself to every disadvantage. He suffered the daily sacrifice to be suspended, the hierarchy to be driven out, education to be prohibited, religious houses to be plundered and suppressed, cathedrals to be desecrated, shrines to be rifled, religious rites and duties to be interdicted by the law of the land. He would owe

the world nothing in that revival of the Church which was to follow. He wrought, as in the old time, by His prophet Elias, who, when he was to light the sacrifice with the fire from heaven, drenched the burnt-offering with water the first time, the second time, and the third time; "and the water ran round about the altar, and the trench was filled up with water." He wrought as He Himself had done in the raising of Lazarus; for when He heard that His friend was sick, "He remained in the same place two days;" on the third day He "said plainly, Lazarus is dead, and I am glad, for your sake, that I was not there, that you may believe;" and then, at length, he went and raised him from the grave. So, too, was it in his own resurrection; He did not rise from the cross; He did not rise from His mother's arms, He rose from the grave, and on the third day.

So is it now: "He hath taken us, and He will heal us; He will strike, and He will cure us. He will revive us after two days; on the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight." Three ages have passed away; the bell has tolled once, and twice, and thrice; the intercession of the saints has had effect; the mystery of providence is unraveled; the destined

hour is come. And as, when Christ arose, men knew not of His rising, for He rose at midnight and in silence, so when His mercy would do His new work among us, He wrought secretly, and was risen ere men dreamed of it. He sent not His Apostles and preachers, as at the first, from the city where He has fixed His throne. His few and scattered priests were about their own work, watching their flocks by night, with little time to attend to the souls of the wandering multitudes around them, and with no thoughts of the conversion of the country. But He came as a spirit upon the waters; He walked to and fro Himself over that dark and troubled deep, and, wonderful to behold, and inexplicable to man, hearts were stirred, and eyes were raised in hope, and feet began to move toward the Great Mother, who had almost given up the thought and the seeking of them. First one, and then another, sought the rest which she alone could give. A first, and a second, and a third, and a fourth, each in his turn, as grace inspired him,—not altogether, as by some party understanding or political call,—but drawn by divine power, and against his will, for he was happy where he was, yet with his will, for he was lovingly subdued by the sweet

mysterious influence which called him on. One by one, little noticed at the moment, silently, swiftly, and abundantly, they drifted in, till all could see at length that surely the stone was rolled away, and that Christ was risen and abroad. And as He rose from the grave, strong and glorious, as if refreshed with His sleep, so, when the prison doors were opened, the Church came forth, not changed in aspect or in voice, as calm and keen, as vigorous and as well furnished, as when they closed on her. It is told in legends of that great saint and instrument of God, St. Athanasius, how that, when the apostate Julian had come to his end, and persecution with him the saintly confessor, who had been a wanderer over the earth, was found, to the surprise of his people, in his cathedral at Alexandria, seated on his episcopal throne, and clad in the vestments of religion. So is it now; the Church is coming out of prison, as collected in her teaching, as precise in her action, as when she went into it. She comes out with pallium, and cope, and chasuble, and stole, and wonder-working relics and holy images. Her bishops are again in their chairs, and her priests sit round, and a perfect vision of a majestic hierarchy rises before our eyes.

What an awful vitality is here! What a

heavenly-sustained sovereignty! What a self-evident divinity! She claims, she seeks, she desires no temporal power, no secular station; she meddles not with Cæsar or the things of Cæsar; she obeys him in his place, but she is independent of him. Her strength is in her God; her rule is over the souls of men; her glory is in their willing subjection and loving loyalty. She hopes and fears nothing from the world; it made her not, nor can it destroy her. She can benefit it largely, but she does not force herself upon it. She may be persecuted by it, but she thrives under the persecution. She may be ignored, she may be silenced and thrown into a corner, but she is thought of the more. Calumniate her and her influence grows; ridicule her—she does but smile upon you more awfully and persuasively. What will you do with her, ye sons of men, if you do not love her, if at least you will not suffer her? Let the last three hundred years reply. Let her alone, refrain from her; for if her counsel or her work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it, lest perhaps you be found even to fight against God.

CARDINAL NEWMAN,

Occasional Sermons.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE OLD LAW.

Cyrus, impatient to see the Sacred Books of the Hebrews, which contained oracles relating to his future greatness, conversed every day with Daniel; and the Prophet gladly embraced the opportunity to instruct him in the Hebrew religion. He at length opened the books of Isaiah, who had prophesied of Cyrus by name an hundred and fifty years before his birth, and the prince read there these words: "Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus; whose right hand I have holden to subdue nations before him, and put kings to flight; and I will open before him the two-leaved gates, and the gates shall not be shut. I will go before thee, I will humble the great ones of the earth, I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron, and I will reveal to thee the hidden treasures, and the secret of secrets,* that

* Arcana Secretorum, Isaiah xiv. 3. Vulg.

thou mayest know that I, the Lord who have called thee by thy name, am the God of Israel. For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name, I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known me. I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is no other God besides me.—I form the light and create darkness.—I have made the earth and created man upon it, I, even my hands, have stretched out the heavens, and all their host have I commanded. I have raised him up in righteousness, and I will direct all his ways; he shall build my city, and he shall let go my captives, not for price nor reward, saith the Lord of hosts.”

Cyrus was struck with awe and reverence, as well as astonishment, to see so clear and circumstantial a prediction, a thing unknown in other nations; for there the oracles were always obscure and ambiguous. Eleazar (said he to the prophet) has already shewn me, that the great principles of your theology concerning the three states of the world agree with those of other nations; he has removed all my difficulties about the origin of evil, by proving the freedom of intelligent natures; he shuts the mouth of impiety by his sublime ideas concerning the pre-

existence of souls, their voluntary fall, and their total restoration; but he has said nothing to me of the supernatural establishment of your Law. I conjure you, by the God whom you adore, to answer my questions: Has your tradition the same source with that of other nations? Has it been transmitted to you by a purer channel? Was your Law-giver a mere philosopher, or a divine person?

I know, answered Daniel, the endeavors which our doctors use to accomodate religion to the taste of the philosophers; but they are all bewildered and lost in a crowd of uncertain opinions. Who can find out the ways of God, or penetrate into his secret purposes? Our thoughts are weak, and our conjectures vain; the body, this earthly tabernacle, depresses the soul, and will not suffer it to reach those heights to which it fondly aspires. It is certain that God has permitted evil only that he might draw from it an infinite good, but how he will accomplish his purpose is a secret hidden from the eyes of mortals. All the systems that can be imagined are either dangerous or defective. The curiosity of seeing into everything, explaining everything, and adjusting it to our imperfect notions is the most fatal disease of the hu-

man mind. The most sublime act of our feeble reason is to keep it silent before the sovereign Reason; let us leave to God the care of justifying one day the incomprehensible ways of His Providence. Our pride and our impatience will not suffer us to wait for this unraveling; we would go before the light, and by so doing we lose the use of it. "Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker, unto him who is but clay and a potsherd of the earth."* Forget, therefore, all the refined speculations of the philosophers. I shall speak to you a more sure and simple language; I shall propose nothing to you, but such truths as are supported by the universal tradition of all nations, or else palpable facts, of which the eyes, ears, and all the senses of men are judges.

The Eternal created our first parents in a state of innocence, happiness, and immortality, but the ambitious desire of increasing their knowledge and of being as gods carried them to disobey the orders of *The Most High*. They were driven from their habitation of delights, and their whole race was involved in their punishment, as it had been in their crime; thus

* Isaiah, xlv.

we were degraded in our origin, and blasted in our source. When mankind discontinued to be just, they ceased to be immortal; sufferings followed close upon crimes, and men were condemned to a state of pain and misery, in order to make them aspire perpetually after a better life. For the first ages after the fall, religion was not written; the moral part of it was found in reason itself, and the mysteries of it were transmitted by tradition from the ancients. As men lived then several ages, it was easy to preserve that tradition in its purity. But the sublime knowledge of the first men having served only to make them the more criminal, the whole race of mankind, except the family of Noah, was destroyed, in order to stop the course of impiety and the increase of vice. The fountains of the great abyss were broken up, and the waters covered the earth with a universal deluge, of which there yet are some traces in the traditions of all nations, and of which we see every day some convincing proofs, when we dig into the bowels of the earth. The constitution of the world, which had suffered by the fall, was impaired anew;* the juices of the earth were im-

* See M. de Maux's Universal History.

poverished and spoilt by this inundation ; the herbs and fruits had no longer the same virtue ; the air, loaded with an excessive moisture, strengthened the principles of corruption, and the life of man was shortened. The descendants of Noah, who spread themselves over the face of the whole earth, quickly forgot this terrible effect of the divine indignation ; they corrupted their ways, and gave themselves up to all wickedness. It was then, that the Eternal resolved to choose a peculiar people to be the depository of religion, morality and divine truths, that they might not be debased, and entirely obscured by the imagination, passions, and vain reasonings of men. Abraham, by his faith and obedience, was found worthy to be the head and the father of this happy people. *The Most High* promised him that his posterity should be multiplied as the stars of heaven, that they should one day possess the land of Canaan, and that of his seed should come the *Desire of Nations* in the fullness of time. The rising family of this patriarch, feeble in its beginnings, went down to Egypt, where they became very numerous, awakened the jealousy of the Egyptians, and were reduced to a state of slavery ; but having been tried and purified by all sorts of afflic-

tions for the space of four hundred years, God raised up Moses to deliver them.

The Most High, having first inspired our deliverer with the purest wisdom, lent him his almighty power to prove his divine mission by the most signal wonders; these wonders were nothing less than a frequent and instantaneous changing of the order and course of nature. The haughty King of Egypt refused to obey the orders of the *Almighty*. Moses terrified his court with the repeated signs of the vengeance of Heaven: he stretched out his arms, and the whole kingdom felt its dreadful power; rivers were turned into blood; swarms of venomous insects spread everywhere diseases and death; prodigious lightnings, with storms of hail, destroyed men, beasts and plants; a thick darkness hid for three days all the luminaries of heaven; and an exterminating angel destroyed in one night all the first-born of Egypt. At length the people of God left the land of their captivity, and Pharaoh pursued them with a formidable army. A pillar of fire was their guide by night, and a thick cloud by day concealed their march from their pursuers. Moses spake, the sea divided, the Israelites went through it on dry ground, and were no sooner

passed than the sea returned to its strength, and its impetuous waves swallowed up the infidel nation. Our fathers wandered in the desert, where they suffered hunger, thirst, and the inclemency of the seasons: They murmured against God. Moses spake again: A miraculous flood descended from heaven; dry rocks became fountains of living water; the earth opened and swallowed up those who refused to believe the promises, unless they might see their accomplishment. It was in this desert that God himself published his Holy Law, and dictated all the rights and statutes of our religion. He called our conductor to the top of the Mount Sinai; the mountain trembled, and the voice of the Eternal was heard in thunders and lightnings. He displayed his dreadful power to make an impression upon hearts more disposed to be affected by fear than love. But the God appeared no less in the wonders of His goodness than in those of his power. The high and lofty One, who inherits eternity, and whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, condescended to dwell in a visible manner amongst the children of Israel, and to direct them in all their ways. A movable sanctuary, with the Ark of the Covenant, was formed and erected by His

order, and the altar was sanctified by the presence of the glory of *The Most High*. The rays of a heavenly light encompassed the Tabernacle, and God, sitting between the Cherubim, from thence declared His will. Moses, by the command of God Himself, committed to writing our law and our history, the everlasting proofs of His supreme goodness, and of our ingratitude; a little before his death he put his book into the hands of all the people; it was necessary at every instant to consult it, in order to know not only the religious but civil laws; each Hebrew is obliged to read it once a year, and to transcribe the whole of it at least once in his life. It was impossible to alter or corrupt these sacred annals, without the imposture being discovered and punished as a treason against God and an attempt against the civil authority.

CHEVALIER DE RAMSAY,

The Travels of Cyrus.

THE HAPPINESS OF BEING A CATHOLIC.

I thank God that I can say, "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land," of the glory and blessedness of the Catholic Church. "Mine eyes have seen it, and behold the half was not told me; it exceeded the fame which I had heard." Nay, when I remember the many doubts and misgivings which I felt when I was a Protestant, and the many fears with which I shrank from joining myself to a system which I had long believed to be corrupt and horrible, and when I compare these feelings with the certainty, and peace, and blessedness which I have found since I had grace to make the venture, it seems to me, as if the change which I have made can be compared only to the happy death of the just, from which in years gone by they perhaps shrank with dread, and hardly dared to look forward to it; but to which they forever look back as to their new birth into a state blessed, beyond all that

the heart of man can conceive. Oh, that every one of my dear friends, who are still trembling on the brink of that which seems to them so dark a river, would take courage by our example and risk all upon the faith of the words of Christ. And for myself I need ask nothing else, nor is there anything others need ask for me beyond the grace of perseverance, that, having been sought out by the grace of my Lord and Saviour, and brought into the Church of His mercy, contrary to my own deserts, I may endure unto the end, and through the blood of my Lord and Saviour may lay hold of eternal life. Amen.

RT. REV. MONSIGNOR G. H. DOANE,
*A Manual of Prayers and Instruction for
Persons Seeking the True Religion.*

THE RELIEF OF VIENNA.

The dawn of the autumn morning was breaking in the horizon. A thin mist rested on the crest of the Kahlenberg, and gathered in dense masses on the plain and river below. The eye of the Polish sentinels could catch the spire of St. Stephen's rising above that silvery cloud, whilst the darker masses of the city-walls were still veiled within its folds and still unceasingly from that tapering tower there rose those fiery signals, which seemed to repeat, hour after hour, the words of Stahremberg's last dispatch: "No time to be lost!" It was a Sunday morning, as on the day of Lepanto—an association not forgotten by the Christian host; and as the sun rose higher, and raised the curtain that hung over the scene, life seemed to awake in the Turkish camp, and again the roar of their artillery was heard pouring its destructive fire upon the city, whilst their cavalry and the squadrons of the Tartars faced toward the mountain. The Vizier was thus preparing for battle on either side of his encampment. But

before we endeavor to follow the course of the conflict, let us pause on the heights of the Kahlenberg, and watch the scene that meets our eye among the forces of the Christian allies. Falling sweetly and gently through the morning air, there comes the echo of a bell from the chapel of the Margrave: its little steeple rises above the masses of forest-foliage, rich with autumn tints; and as the sound reaches the lines of the Polish troops, the clang of their arms and the long reveille of their trumpets are hushed in silence. Before the chapel-door is planted the Christian standard—a red flag bearing a white cross; and as the symbol of their faith and of the holy cause for which they are in arms is displayed, a shout of enthusiasm bursts from the ranks, and is caught up again and again from every quarter of the mountain. But silence is restored, and all eyes turn in the direction of the old castle; and as its gates are suddenly flung open, you may see a procession of the princes of the empire, and of many a gallant and noble soldier from every nation of Christendom, moving forward to commend the cause of their arms to the God of battles. At the head of that column walks neither king nor prince, but the form of one with the brown habit, shaven crown, and sandalled feet of a Capuchin

friar. The soldiers cross themselves as he passes, and kneel to receive the blessing which he gives with outstretched hands. It is Marco Aviano, the confessor to the emperor, and one on whom there rests the character of a saint and the reputation of prophetic gifts. He has been with the army in all its difficulty and distress; he is with them now, to bless their arms, and to remind them of the cause for which they are about to fight. And close following him in the gorgeous procession are three figures that rivet you as you gaze. The first is one whose look instantly commands respect. He is past the prime of life, and there is something too much of portliness in his manly form; and yet the majesty of his bearing tells you at a glance that he is a hero and a king: that broad and noble forehead, that quick yet gentle eye, and the open look that mingles such simplicity with its command—all bespeak no common man. It is the conqueror of Choczim and Podhaiski. On his left is the young Prince James, the father afterwards of the Princess Clementia, whose marriage with the Chevalier of St. George mingled the blood of Sobieski with that of the exiled Stuarts. On the right of the King is the form of Charles of Lorraine, plain and negligent in his attire. Then follow

the sovereign princes of Germany. We will not weary our reader with a list of names. As our eye wanders over the royal and noble rank, glittering with the insignia of their rank and military command, it rests on a slender youth of middle stature, whose eye has in it the promise of a future career of glory. Yes, you have guessed aright: the Prince, his eldest brother, has already fallen in the cause; but Eugene of Savoy has escaped to draw his maiden sword in the defence of the faith, and to learn under Sobieski his first lesson of that science in which he was hereafter to share the battle-fields and renown of England's Marlborough. They enter the chapel; Aviano celebrates the Mass, which is served by Sobieski himself; and during the pause in which he is not engaged at the altar, he is kneeling on the steps, his head bowed down, his arms extended in the form of a cross, and his whole soul absorbed in prayer. It is a spectacle which revives to your imagination the days of Dominic and De Montfort, and the consecration of the Crusaders' swords before the fight of Muret, as you see every individual in that princely and martial assembly kneeling in turn to receive the Bread of Life, whilst the thunder of the Turkish guns is even now sounding in their ears.

They will soon be in the field, and, ere the sun is down, some of them will be lying there cold and dead. But they have fitted themselves for death; and at this moment, as you gaze on them, they seem full of that antique spirit of the elder chivalry, which has stamped its likeness on those tombs and sculptured effigies, making you doubt whether they who lie beneath were men of war or prayer.

The Mass is over. And then the last act of the religious ceremony is completed by a touching and beautiful incident. Prince James is led to the feet of his heroic father to receive the still honorable and sacred dignity of Christian knight-hood. When this was done, the ardor of Sobieski became impatient of further delay. He sprang into his saddle, and, riding forward to the front of the line, spoke to his followers in their own language. "Warriors and friends," he said, "our enemies are yonder in the plain, in greater numbers than at Choczim, when we trampled them under our feet. We fight them on a foreign soil, but we fight for our country; and under the walls of Vienna we are defending those of Cracow and Warsaw. We have to save this day, not a single city, but Christendom itself: the war, therefore, is holy. There is

a blessing on our arms, and a crown of glory for him who falls. You are not fighting for any earthly sovereign, but for the King of kings. It is he who has led you up these heights, and placed the victory in your hands. I have but one command to give—Follow me. The time is come for the young to win their spurs.” A tremendous shout from the ranks was the answer to this harangue, replied to from the distant enemy by cries of “Allah! Allah!” Then, pressing his horse to the mountain edge, Sobieski pointed to the plain below, to the rock and precipices of the descent, and the moving masses of the enemy. “March on in confidence,” he cried; “God and his Blessed Mother are with us!” And as he spoke, five cannon shots gave the signal for the advance. The ranks immediately commenced the descent, and Aviano turned back into the chapel to pray.

It was the original plan of the king to content himself this day with the descent of the Kahlenberg, and the secure establishment of the troops in position for battle on the morrow. Even his quick and ardent genius had proposed no such gigantic undertaking as the routing of the whole Turkish host, and the deliverance of the city in the course of a few hours. The event

of the day was scarcely so much of his own calculations as of the unforeseen circumstances by which the left wing of the army under Lorraine became engaged in a premature and desperate struggle with the right of the Turkish force, and thus brought on the necessity for a general action. The imperial troops descended the wooded ravines, driving their opponents before them, slowly but surely; for though the Turks obstinately defended every foot of ground, they were no match for their adversaries. The Christian army was arranged in order of battle in five distinct columns, which came down the mountain-side "like so many irresistible torrents, yet in admirable order," stopping every hundred paces to enable those behind to come up to them, and preserve their ranks. Each ravine was found guarded and fortified, and was the scene of a separate conflict. The rocks, and groups of trees, and the thick tangle of the vineyards—all formed so many covers for the defence to the retreating Ottomans; but still, spite of all resistance on their parts, nothing could check the downward progress of those five mountain-torrents, which rolled on steadily and victoriously, sweeping all before them. The descent had commenced at eight o'clock, and by ten the left wing

of the army was in the plain. Lorraine halted by command of Sobieski, to enable the Polish troops to come up; and as each squadron issued from the mountain-defiles, it took up its position in the order of battle prescribed by the king, and planted its standard in the field. By this time, the hope of pushing the struggle to a decisive issue that day had suggested itself to the imperial commanders; and Field-Marshal Geltz, perceiving the progress of the Bavarians and Poles on the right and centre, observed to the Duke that it would be his own fault if he did not that night sleep in Vienna. It was eleven o'clock; the burning sun had scattered all the mist of the morning, and the whole scene glittered in the noonday blaze. The heat was oppressive; and there was a pause in the movements of the imperial troops. Suddenly a cry ran along the line, caught up from regiment to regiment, "Live Sobieski!" Out from the defiles of the Wienerberg flashed the gilded cuirasses of the Polish cavalry; and the bay horse and sky-blue doublet of the rider at their head announced the presence of the king. Before him went an attendant, bearing a shield emblazoned with his arms. Another rode near him, bearing the plumed lance of Poland; this, as it streamed above the heads of the

combatants, always showed Sobieski's place in the battle; and around it the fight always gathered the thickest; while his soldiers were accustomed to look to that white and waving signal as to the star of victory.

The rocks and broken ground in which they stood formed a vast and beautiful amphitheatre, carpeted with turf and dotted with noble trees. Under one of these Sobieski alighted; and, ordering his men to do the same, they took a hasty repast. It occupied but a few minutes; and then, the semi-circular battle-line of the Christian columns forming in admirable order, the king rode round the whole body, speaking to each in their own language; for there were few European tongues of which he was not perfect master. The order was given for the whole line to advance. The Turks, profiting by the halt of their enemies, had brought up large reinforcements, commanded by the Vizier in person. They were met by a furious charge from the Polish lancers, who at first drove all before them; but, led on by their impetuosity, and surrounded by the masses of the infidels, they were for a moment nearly overwhelmed. Their officers fell thick and fast. Waldech and his Bavarians came up to their rescue; but the struggle was still

doubtful, when the second line and the imperial dragoons, with Sobieski at their head; came down on the squadrons of the Turks with a tremendous shock. Everything gave way before them: on they went, through ravines and villages, and still, as they dashed on, they swept their foes from one outpost to another, nor drew their reins till they touched the glacis of the camp, and the gilded peaks of the Ottoman tents rose close before their eyes. Here the whole Turkish force was drawn up to receive them. The front of their line bristled with artillery; the flanks were strongly protected by fortifications hastily but skilfully raised.

It was five o'clock. "Sobieski," says Salvandy, "had reckoned on sleeping on the field of battle, and deferring until next day the completion of the drama; for that which remained to be done scarcely seemed possible to be completed in a few hours, and with tired troops. Nevertheless, the allies, in spite of the oppressiveness of the weather, were re-animated rather than exhausted by their march; whereas it was evident that consternation reigned in the Ottoman ranks. Far away were to be seen the long lines of the camels, hastily pressing forward on the road to Hungary; they might be tracked by the cloud of dust which

darkened the horizon for miles." The Vizier alone showed confidence, as dangerous and unreasonable as was the panic of his followers. He counted on an easy triumph; and having, as a first step, ordered the slaughter of all his captives, including women and children, to the number of 30,000 souls, he appeared on the field mounted on a charger whose accoutrements, glittering with gold, rendered the animal equally unserviceable for battle or for flight. But flight was the last idea that suggested itself to the mind of Kara Mustapha. Dismounted from his overloaded horse, he might have been seen seated in a damask tent, luxuriously drinking coffee with his two sons, as if he had but to look on at his ease, and watch the dispersion of his enemies. The sight stirred the choler of Sobieski. So rapid had been his advance, that he had no artillery with him, save two or three light pieces, which Konski had dragged on by the strong arm of his artillerymen. These the King ordered to be pointed at the brilliant tent, from which the Vizier was now giving his orders; but the ammunition soon failed, and a French officer ingeniously rammed home the last cartridge with his wig, gloves, and a bundle of newspapers. We are not told the effect of his original charge;

but at that moment the infantry came up under Maligni, the King's brother-in-law, and were instantly dispatched to a height which commanded the position of the Vizier. A vigorous attack soon carried them beyond the outposts, and planted them on the redoubts. Then a wavering hesitation was observed in the crowded ranks of the Mussulmans, which caught the quick eye of Sobieski and decided the fate of the day. "They are lost men," he cried; "let the whole line advance." And as he led them in person right for the Vizier's tent, his terrible presence was recognized by the infidels. "By Allah, the King is with them!" exclaimed the Khan of the Crimea; and every eye was turned in terror toward the spot where the dancing feathers of that snow-white plume carried victory wherever they appeared. Sobieski had sent word to Lorraine to attack the centre, and leave him to finish the disordered masses in his front. Then, surrounded by his hussars, and preceded by his emblazoned shield and the plume-bearing lance which distinguished his place in the battle, he brandished his sword in the foremost rank, calling aloud, in the words of the royal prophet, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord God of hosts, but to Thy name give the glory!" The enthusiasm of his

presence excited his troops to prodigies of valor; his name rang through the plain; and, as the infidels quailed and gave way before the charges of his cavalry, led on by their glorious chief, a bloody token appeared in the evening sky, which struck a supernatural dread into their hearts. It was an eclipse of the moon, and the heavens themselves seemed fighting against the host of Ottomans. "God defend Poland!" the national cry, now sounded from the advancing columns of a fresh body of troopers. They came on at a full gallop, the other squadrons joining in their desperate charge. Palatines, senators, and nobles, they fell with headlong impetuosity on the masses of their foes; and such was the fury of their attack that, as man and horse went down before their lances, the huge body of the Ottomans was cleft in twain, and a road, as it were, cut in their centre, formed by the passage of the Christian troops. The shock was so terrible that nearly every lance of the Polish squadrons was snapped asunder; those lances of which one of their nobles once said, that, should the heavens fall they would bear them up upon their points.

The Turks could offer no further resistance, there was but one thought among their ranks, and that was flight; their very numbers, instead

of strengthening, only embarrassed them. The Vizier, but an hour before so proud and confident, was borne along in the panic-stricken crowd, weeping and cursing in turns. In the *melée* he came across the Khan of the Crimea, himself among the foremost of the fugitives. "You, too," he said bitterly, "can you do nothing to help me!" "The King of Poland is behind," was his reply; "there is but one thing left for us. Look at the sky, too, and see if God be not against us." And he pointed to the bloody moon, which, close to the horizon, presented a ghastly spectacle to the eyes of the terror-stricken infidel. And so the tide of flight and of pursuit swept on; conquered, terrified, and not daring to raise their eyes from the earth, the Mussulman army no longer existed. The cause of Europe, of Christendom, and of civilization had triumphed; the floods of the Ottoman power were checked, and rolled backward, never to rise again.

An hour only had passed since the fight began; and when it closed, Sobieski was standing within the Vizier's tent. The charger, with its golden caparisons, was led to him by a slave, who held its bridle, before the door of the pavilion. Taking one of its golden stirrups, the King gave

it in charge to a courier to bear to the queen, as a token of the defeat and flight of its owner. Then his standards were planted in the camp, and a wild and stormy night closed over the field of battle.

Meanwhile there had been an action as desperate, and as successful in its result to the Christian arms, on the breach of Vienna. The storming party was repulsed by the determined valor of Stahremberg and his shattered yet heroic followers. And when the Turks gave way, and Louis of Baden pushed on toward the Scottish gate, the garrison, sallying from the walls and mingling with his dragoons, fell on the main body of the Janizaries occupying the trenches of the enemy, and cut them all to pieces.

The King passed the night under a tree; and after fourteen hours spent in the saddle, his sleep was sound and heavy. The sunrise broke over a scene of strange and melancholy confusion. The Ottoman camp, so lately glittering in all its oriental splendor, was now deserted by its occupants, and bore in every direction the traces of their ferocious cruelty. As the Poles marched through it, they trod over the bodies of the Christian captives murdered in cold blood. Every woman attached to the camp had suffered

a similar fate. Nor was this all; for camels and horses were found slaughtered in great numbers, lest they should fall alive into the hands of the victors; nay, it is said the Vizier had beheaded an ostrich with his own scimeter, that it might never own a Christian for its master. The camp, with its silken pavilion and all its riches, was one vast charnel-house. The horrors of the scene were heightened by the signs of luxury that everywhere met the eye. The baths and fountains, the tissue and gay carpetings, the jewelled arms and ornaments with which the ground was strewn, contrasted strangely with the heaps of ghastly corpses that lay piled around.

But we will pass over the list of the slain, and the details of a booty almost fabulous in value, to bring our reader to the walls of Vienna, where the agony of a long suspense had been exchanged for the joy of a deliverance at once so sudden and so complete. Sobieski entered the city through the breach made by the guns of the infidels, and through which, but for his speedy succor, they would themselves have passed as victors. As he rode along by the side of Stahremberg, accompanied by the Duke of Lorraine and the Elector of Saxony, the streets resounded with acclamations of the people,

who crowded about his horse. They kissed his hand, his feet, his very dress; and some were heard to exclaim, as they involuntarily compared the hero who had delivered them with the sovereign who had deserted them, "Why is he not our master?" They followed him in crowds to the Church of the Augustines, where he himself, filled with impatient enthusiasm, stepped before the high altar and commenced intoning the *Te Deum*, which was instantly taken up by his own Poles and the clergy of the church. The sudden stillness caused by the cessation of the firing, which had been distinctly heard not only at Neustadt, but far over the Styrian Alps, struck terror into the surrounding population, who thought that the ancient city of the Christian Cæsars had fallen into the hands of the enemies of the faith. A welcome sound, therefore, to them was the boom of the three hundred cannons, the thunder of which accompanied the thanksgiving at the Church of the Augustines. The magistrates caused the ceremony to be repeated in the Cathedral of St. Stephen's; and as the echoes of the chant rolled through its glorious aisles, Sobieski knelt, as his biographer relates, "prostrate, with his face upon the ground." There was a sermon too; and if the text was a

plagiarism from the lips of St. Pius on the day of Lepanto, it was at least an appropriate one: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." The news of the great event, which fixed the destinies of the West, flew from country to country, and everywhere roused the enthusiasm of the people. Protestant and Catholic states united in decreeing public thanksgiving to be offered in the churches for the great victory obtained; and everywhere it was celebrated with rejoicings at court and in the houses of the nobility. Even in England, severed as she was from Catholic unity, the pulpits rang with the triumphs of the Polish king. At Rome, the feast of thanksgiving lasted an entire month. When the news of the victory reached the ears of Innocent XI., he cast himself at the foot of the crucifix, and melted into tears. The night saw the magical dome of St. Peter's blazing with its fiery illumination; and within that dome, a few days later, the great banner of the Vizier, which had been dispatched to the Pontiff in the first moment of victory, was solemnly suspended side by side with the captured standards of Choczim.

But it was not to Sobieski's name alone that the glory and honor of her great deliverance was ascribed by the voice of Christendom. "*Non*

nobis, Domine, non nobis!" had been his battle-cry in the front of the Turkish lines ; and it was taken up and re-echoed by the Church. Europe, in its gratitude, gave thanks to the interceding love of her whose image, on the shattered and crumbling walls of Vienna, had remained untouched by all the batteries of the infidels ; and by order of Innocent, the Sunday within the octave of our Lady's Nativity, on which day the memorable action was fought, was thenceforward kept as a solemn festival of thanksgiving for this and all the other mercies bestowed on the Church through the gracious intercession, and has received the title of the Feast of the Name of Mary.

AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE,
Knights of St. John.

THE ETERNAL CITY.

All the preceding empires have perished, while Rome not only still lives, but continues to be familiarly known in the mouths of all the civilized nations of the world as the "*Eternal City*." Even at the present moment, to the leading politicians of all the great powers who divide the ancient imperial sovereignty of the world among themselves, the "Roman question" is their chief, and, to all appearance, their insoluble difficulty. Rome stamped her coinage in the time of the Imperial Caesars with the inscription,

"ROMAE AETERNITATI,"

And though "eternity" is plainly not a word to be bandied about as an idle compliment, Rome in the nineteenth century remains still standing before the nations as the one city of the earth to which, by the unanimous consent of all civilized people, the name of the Eternal City is freely given.

Of Nineveh the Hebrew prophet has said, "Nineveh is laid waste; who shall bemoan thee?"

whence shall I seek a comforter for thee?"¹ And his word has come true; Nineveh has disappeared. Of Babylon another prophet has said, "Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth."² "Babylon shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrha."³ And his words have also been fulfilled; Babylon is not. Persia, after passing through a series of humiliating conquests and subjections, has at last withered and shrunk under a form of despotism that has scarcely more than a tribal existence. Of Greece a well-known poet says—

"Greece! change thy lords, thy state is the still same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame."⁴

Rome alone of the number survives, and is still the great centre of thought and action for the whole world; to her every eye still continues to be turned from every corner of the habitable globe. If the beautiful lines of one of her famous poets—

"Alme sol curru nitido diem qui
Promisit coelis, aliusque et idem
Nasceris, possis nihil urbe ROMA
Visere majus."⁵

were ever true, they are equally true at the present hour, though possibly not so much by reason

(1) Nah. iii. 7. (2) Isa. xlvi. 1. (3) Isa. xiii. 19.

(4) Childe Harold, canto ii. 76. (5) Horace, *Carmen Sæculare*.

of extent of population or of material greatness, as on account of an extent of influence and jurisdiction that far exceeds anything known to the Rome of the Gentile world.

REV. HENRY FORMBY.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE WORLD TOWARDS THE CHURCH.

The Catholic Church is the great incubus which is perpetually haunting and troubling the dreams of the world. Men try to ignore it; but it obtrudes itself upon their unwilling notice. They would fain remand it to a place among the effete superstitions of the past; but when they think the spectre is laid, it returns unbidden, and casts its vast shadow over the present. In that shadow the world lies uneasily; and consciously or unconsciously, it betrays its dissatisfaction. In every great political and social movement, in the literature of the day, nay in every magazine and newspaper which drops from the teeming press, the influence may be more or less distinctly discerned of the mysterious presence of this great spiritual organization. The world has always been puzzled to account for this influence. Protestantism it can understand perfectly—there is nothing unearthly or mysterious about *that*; but in the life and progress of the Catholic Church there is something

which defies every attempt at rational and systematic explanation.

To be sure, men have their theories ; but, if the truth be told, they are by no means so satisfactory as might be wished. Such expressions as 'the consummate policy of Rome,' and 'the marvellous machinery of the Catholic Church,' are after all but stock phrases, with which men dispose of phenomena which must have at least a nominal resolution. What is there behind the policy ? What puts *life* into the machinery, and guides the great engine into its noiseless, frictionless activity ? Will 'discipline' explain the devotion of the Catholic Priesthood ? Men do not turn hypocrites in order to spend their years in prayer and fasting ; neither do they voluntarily elect to become the passive tools of a sordid despotism, to be rewarded only by a life of sacrifice and toil. Indeed, the world does not believe its own slanders. And now and then, when some periodic gust of persecution assails the Church, and not a martyr flinches or when pestilence goes through the land, and faithful seekers of souls follow quickly in the trail of the destroyer, and the places of those who fall are instantly and noiselessly filled ; or when tidings come that a score

or so of missionaries and a few thousand converts have been massacred in some hitherto unheard-of province of China, the world, conscience-smitten, holds its peace, and pays to the kingdom which is 'not of this world' the tribute of a sullen, if not a respectful silence.

One of the best things ever said by that acute thinker, the Count de Maistre, was that 'no test is so infallible as the instinct of infidelity.'* Certainly, in examining the claims of rival Christian bodies, it will be the part of prudence to watch narrowly the tactics of the opponents of all Christianity. And here at once we come upon something definite ; for the application of this criterion gives us results which no sincere lover of truth can disregard. Infidelity does not stop to make war upon Protestantism ; it is too cunning by far to quarrel with those who are ignorantly doing its own work ; it greets them with a covert sneer, or an insolent nod of recognition, and goes on to do battle with its ancient and inveterate foe. Look at the character of the unbelief of Catholic and Protestant countries. Doubtless some of my readers are amazed at this challenge. They have been ac-

* Du Pape, liv. iv. ch. xi. § 14.

customed to regard the religious conditions of Catholic nations as one of the strongest arguments against the Catholic Church; nowhere, say they, is infidelity so thorough-going and so bold; and in no way can this virulent scepticism be explained but as the inevitable reaction from the degrading superstition in which the people have been for centuries held. Surely observation was never more hasty nor inference more illogical. There is less of real irreligion in Catholic than Protestant countries. What there is, is indeed rampant. And why? Not as a necessary recoil from a religion which degrades rather than enlightens. I am convinced, from my own experience in Catholic countries, that this supposed religious degeneracy is a huge bugbear. The explanation is far more simple. The Catholic Church makes no truce, holds no parley, with the world, the flesh, nor the devil. Her enemies can neither frighten her into silence nor cajole her into compromise. At every point they find her guarded, vigilant, and unrelenting; and, driven from her citadel, they are forced to stand forth in open warfare and rail at her in furious defiance. In France, and Spain, and Italy a man is either a Catholic or an infidel. But in Protestant coun-

tries unbelief salutes Christianity; it puts on the livery of the saints, and builds its chapels, and pays its preachers; and in the course of a generation or two it has made Protestantism as godless as itself.

Read the history of Europe for the last two centuries. It is that of one long, desperate struggle, waged by all the anarchic powers of human nature, and with all the weapons which craft and hatred could furnish—against what? Not against Protestantism, but against the Catholic Church. Deists, Encyclopedists, Jacobins, Rationalists, Free-thinkers—they are good Protestants all; they laud the Reformation; they boast that they carry out its principles; and with one consent, though by divers arts—by argument, by satire, by blasphemy, and by the guillotine—they assail Her within whom dwells the everlasting Presence, before which the devils of old cried out, saying, ‘Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God?’

REV. JAMES KENT STONE,

The Invitation Heeded:

Reasons for a Return to Catholic Unity.

LETTER OF NATALIE NARISCHKIN
TO THE COUNTESS LEBZELTERN.

Vienna, September 13th, 1845.

As I can at last, write to you quite freely, I will not put off a moment confiding to you what I should like to have told you long ago, and that is the announcement of my return to the true faith. On the 15th of August, the glorious festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, I had the happiness of making my adjuration in the Church of the Jesuits at Venice. The Rev. Father Ferrari, whom you perhaps know, directed and assisted me in the accomplishment of a resolution I felt I could no longer delay, and which I thank God He inspired me to act upon.

I do not think you will blame me for not having followed the wise and prudent advice you gave me in your letter, but I had too strong a conviction that the moment was arrived. God in His merciful goodness removed all the obstacles in my way. I had the consolation of finding that my brother's chief objection to my

wish was the fear that it would give pain to my godmother. I therefore resolved not to compromise any one, and to be secretly received into the Church. For my own part, I accepted everything that could befall me, rather than die out of the communion of the true, the infallible Church, against which the gates of hell will never prevail.

You know in how wonderful a manner God ordained it all, and have perhaps already in your heart thanked Him for His goodness to me and all of us. I am now as happy as I can possibly be, God having granted the prayers of so many pious souls who prayed for my return from that spiritual banishment which I hope never to be subjected to, though I must say that the kindness of my relatives by far exceeded my expectations. They have not only been indulgent, but tender and loving towards me, pitying rather than blaming me for what I have done. My uncle Alexis, especially, has been quite an angel of goodness in his behavior to me; and old count Strogonoff, whose severity with regard to religious matters is notorious, never gave me the least reason to suppose that he resented my conversion, and behaved to me in the most affectionate manner, not only when I saw

him with my sisters, but also when I was alone with him.

Poor Catharine goes back to Russia, to our intense regret, and I should have shared the same fate had it not been for my decisive act at Venice; for my other sisters tell me that they could never have otherwise ventured on the responsibility of taking me with them. They have said this over and over again. I can only wonder at God's goodness, and bless him for it. How should I have ever resisted so long a trial?—I, who am so weak and cowardly when human respect is in question. Oh, do not omit to say a prayer for me, and make an act of thanksgiving to the Divine Heart of our Lord and the most Holy Virgin Mary. I wish very much indeed to see you again, and I hope God will so ordain everything, in His great goodness, that this desire may be fulfilled.*

* Natalie Narischkin by Mrs. Craven, translated by Lady Fullerton.

THE LIGHT OF FAITH.

Where the raging waters of the ocean beat with fury against rocks, where sand-banks, whirlpools, and shallow places endanger navigation, there will be generally found erected, on an elevated rock in the midst of the waters, a light-house, or Pharos, in which a lamp is kept burning during the night, to warn the sailor against danger, and at the same time to show him the right way. There is an ocean full of whirlpools and shallow places, which all men must cross in the darkness of this life; but there is also a lamp burning in a high tower, warning all men against danger, and pointing out to them the way. It is the true light, which "enlightens wonderfully from the everlasting hills" (Ps. LXXV. 5); "which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world" (John I. 9) with a true knowledge of right and wrong and with belief in eternal and supernatural truths. The divine wisdom desired not only to enlighten men, like a Pharos, from above and from afar,

but he wished also to come into the world with His life-giving light, in order to save the erring and to convert the sinner. And this is the profound mystery, veiled as it were, in the parable of the woman who, in order to find the groat which she had lost, lights a lantern, sweeps the house, and seeks diligently. —(Luke XV. 8.) The lost groat, with the impression of the great King of heaven and earth upon it, is man; the woman in the parable is the image of divine Providence; the lantern which she lights signifies the mystery of the Word made flesh. As in the lantern the light is covered with a glass case, so also was the divinity of Christ covered by his humanity. By means of this lantern, divine Providence has swept the whole house; for pride was humbled, poverty exalted, error cast out, and the whole world transformed and set in order, and the lost dignity of man found again; for “the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.” —(Luke XIX. 10.)

Through the streets and public places of Athens Diogenes walked in broad daylight with a burning lantern in his hand. Every one who met him asked laughingly, “Diogenes, what dost thou seek?” And to all he gave the same scornful answer, “I seek a man!” He had desired this

question to be asked, in order that he might answer as he did. In broad daylight also, under the rays of our sun, the Lord of true wisdom walked upon earth, not in scorn, but in compassion: not in proud self-conceit, but in sweet humility; not with a lantern, for he was himself the heavenly lantern, in which through the garment of humanity the sun of justice shone forth, and in which the heavenly fire descended upon earth. "Lord," we will ask him "thou who art wonderful and meek, dost thou also seek men, that is, men made in the image of God, men who live in the fear of God?" And he answers us saying, "I am come not to call the just, but sinners!"—(Matt. IX. 13.) "I am the light of the world, he that followeth me walketh not in darkness. * * * He that doth truth cometh to light, but one that doth evil hateth the light, and cometh not to light, for their works were evil."—(John III. 19-21.)

Thus the light came most lovingly to all, but all did not go forth to meet the light. If an honest traveller has gone astray in a forest, in the darkness of the night, what sight could be more welcome to him than to see a good man approach him carrying a bright lantern in his hand? But if, instead of an honest man,

thieves and murderers were concealed in the woods, the light would makethem only furious, and the first thing they would do would be to break the lantern and extinguish the light. They also seek the light, but only with hatred and malice in their hearts. When, therefore, the heavenly lamp of Christ shone into the impure and dark soul of the Pharisees and high-priests, and penetrated their wicked thoughts and designs, they attacked him with great fury, branded his name, dishonored his memory, put him to death by crucifying him, broke the lantern, and, as they thought, extinguished the light forever. But no, they did not extinguish it; the sepulchre of death could not conceal this immortal light; the depths of the earth could not hide it, although it disappeared from before the eyes of men on the great Good Friday; but it came forth again, more brilliant than the morning sun, at the first hour of Easter. It is for this reason that a deacon enters the church on Holy Thursday, holding in his hand a three-armed candlestick, and in a joyous tone calls out at the lighting of each candle, "Behold the light of Christ!" It has risen again, it shines brightly; and from that time it enlightens every heart in which Christ dwells through

faith, and which is true to his commands; for “the commandment is a lamp, and the law a light!”—(Prov. VI. 23.) It shines and shows us the right path; it directs us to the true end.

REV. DR. JOHN EMMANUEL VEITH,
*The Instruments of the Passion of Our Lord
Jesus Christ.*

DUTIES OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

Moral education should certainly commence with the first dawn of reason, and ought to commence with the very first existence of the child. It is pitiful to see the destinies of an immortal soul committed to a young girl but a few months a wife, after a thoughtless marriage, the result of a thoughtless education. A jewel of exceeding beauty is committed to her keeping by One to whom she will have to give a grave account of her charge; but does she think of this? She may be the fondest and tenderest of mothers, but she may none the less cruelly neglect her child.

She may be a neglectful, a cold, a cruel mother, and may look on her offspring as a hindrance to her happiness, instead of a God-sent blessing.

Whatever may be her thought or her life, she is none the less responsible. She too has an immortal soul, has the faults and the responsibilities of a rational creature. She is responsible for this little spark of life committed to her keeping, for this heir of a kingdom which she may help

or hinder his inheriting. There are few mothers who would not reproach themselves bitterly if they by any neglect injured the temporal prosperity of their children ; but what shall we say of mothers who care nothing for their eternal welfare ?

Neither wealth nor human wisdom are necessary qualifications for the eternal heirship, and yet are not these the things which the fond mother most eternally desires for her child ?

And why is this ? Is it not because she does not esteem faith as better than all the riches of Egypt ? It does not necessarily follow that such a mother is altogether indifferent to religion, much less that she disbelieves. No, she is only careless ; she only prefers time to eternity ; she only thinks more of this world than the next. And when her boy is grown to manhood, and joins the ranks of the highly cultivated scoffers of the men who use the intellect which God has given them to deny His existence or to question His power, she asks, How can this be ? Is this, indeed, her son ? Certainly she did not teach such lessons. No ; she only sowed the seed by her indifference ; and if this reaping is bitter to her, let her remember her own share in the harvest.

Her girls grow up frivolous, indifferent to paternal advice, perhaps a disgrace to their homes. Surely she did not teach them the lesson that they are now practising? Surely they never heard her say or do the evil which seems so strangely familiar to them? No; she only neglected to sow good seed; she only left the tares to grow with the few grains of wheat. The crop of evil has sprung up rapidly; there is little hope now to uproot the deeply-planted weeds.

O mothers! for the love of the great and good God—for the love of your own eternal well-being—for the love of your offspring, whom you would shudder to see thrown to wild beasts, or a prey to furious animals,—do not, I beg you, do not cast them forth into the world to meet temptations all unprepared, to do battle with the foe without weapon or defence.

It is to be feared that the first thought of the mother, when she clasps her infant for the first time in her arms, is one of purely human tenderness. We do not for one moment desire to undervalue the instincts or affections of maternity, rather would we see them deepen and widen, as one blessed hope for the Salvation of our race; but this instinct of love which she has in common with the lower creation, is not

the noblest part of her being, and we desire to see woman fulfil her end in all its Divinely-ordained perfection.

The mother clasps her infant to her breast, and nourishes it with her own life, but the Christian mother should do more, while giving every tenderest care to the mere animal life of her little one, she will think of its higher being, and she will do in that supreme moment an act of holiest worship. She will offer her infant to her God. She will beseech of him who has confided this precious deposit to her care, to enable her to return it untarnished to His jewel-house.

She will not ask that her little one may be distinguished for beauty or wealth, or even for merely intellectual gifts, but she will pray that it may be worthy of its immortality, that it may fulfill to the utmost perfection its end of life, that it may live God-like, and die crowned with the perfection of humanity.

We have said that the mental education of children should commence even before the dawn of reason. How do you know what disposition of mind the child imbibes with its mother's milk ?

Strange and mystical are the connections be-

tween soul and body, very marvellous are the effects of paternal ties.

We may not altogether understand the cause, but we can scarcely deny the effect. Let the mother beware of her thoughts, her tempers, her inclinations, while this immortal being is dependent upon her for its physical existence.

We can guess approximately at the first development of actual reason in a child, but the dawn precedes the day. The light is touching and illuminating the mountain peaks of intelligence, long before the plain is irradiated with its brightness. The light is not the plain, clear, or, if we may say so, sentient light of day, but there is light.

Let us have a care what is done, and said, and thought before this young intelligence. Impressions will remain, though circumstances may be forgotten, and early impressions form a very important element in the formation of future character.

You can train a child's moral faculties almost from its cradle.

Gentle deeds will teach it gentleness. Gentle ways will teach it courtesy. Gentle looks will calm its little storms of anger, and when it passes to the keener perception, the duty of the

mother is supreme. Let her not dare to delegate it to another. Let her act as if she were a responsible being, to whom the charge of responsible beings has been given.

If this mother's moral character has not been well cultivated, let her begin to cultivate it now. It is her most sacred duty, it is her most solemn obligation. She cannot act as preceptress to this immortal being, unless she has learned to know and to value her own immortality, unless she is fully aware of her responsibility.

How can an impatient mother teach her child the grand strength of patience? How can a passionate mother teach her child self-control? How can a mother who loves this world, and has sold herself body and soul to its vile deceptions, teach her child the lesson of immortality?

SISTER MARY FRANCES CLARE,
Woman's Work in Modern Society.

THE ORIGIN AND NECESSITY OF LAW.

Some writers on natural jurisprudence fall into the error at the very outset of the science, by taking a maimed and imperfect view of the nature of man, and referring all that man ought to regard in the observance of natural laws to this temporary life only, and to its interests; and so they deem themselves more philosophical, in proportion as they separate Religion from Natural Law.¹

“We cannot take a more simple or a surer way for discovering the first principles of laws, than by laying down two primary truths, which are only bare definitions. One is, that the laws of man are the rules of his conduct, and the other, that his conduct is nothing else but the steps which a man takes towards the end for which he was created.”²

And we find the same principles in Puffendorf, where he says, that the dignity and excel-

(1) Zalligne, *Inst. Jur. Eccles. in Decretal. Prolog. chap. 2, Sec. 7, P. 8.*

(2) Domat, *Loix Civiles, Traité des Loix, Chap. I. sec. 3.*

lence of man require that he should conform his actions to a certain rule, and that our soul is given to us whereby we may know the rule, not merely to animate the body and preserve it from corruption, but in order that, by good use of our faculties, we may serve our Creator, and also render ourselves happy.¹

Now, these first notions of law show that it is impossible to separate the fundamental doctrines of jurisprudence from Religion, unless you throw out of your consideration the more excellent part of man and the only permanent existence of which his nature is capable. To do so would be a radical error, for, as Zallinger truly observes, nothing is more important in teaching the fundamental principles of law, than to consider the nature of man both correctly and completely.

It follows, as Domat teaches, that in order to discover the foundation of the laws of man, it is necessary to know what is his end; because his destination to that end will be the first rule of the way which leads him to it, and consequently his first law, and the foundation of all the others.

(1) Puffen. *Dr. des Gens*, trad. par Barbeyrac, Liv. 2, chap. 1, sec. 5.

This, which we may call the directive aspect of law, is to be found in the celebrated definition of St. Thomas Aquinas: *Lex est quædam regula et mensura secundum quam inducitur quis ad agendum, vel ab agendo retrahitur.* Suarez observes that this definition includes not only men but animals and inanimate things. And so it does, because those creatures are governed by rules directing them to their end, which is the purpose for which they are made.² And those rules may be called laws, if (as Hooker says) we apply the word law not to that only rule of working, which a superior authority imposes by way of obligation but the more enlarged sense in which any kind of rule or canon, whereby actions are framed, is called a law. Both kinds of rules have this in common, that they direct things or persons towards the end for which they are created.

Puffendorf examines judiciously the question whether it would be consistent with the nature of man to live without any law.³

The question arises thus. As God has given

(1) Suarez, De Deg. lib. 1, cap. 1, sec. 1. And see Hooker, Eccles. Polit. book 1, sec. 3.

(2) Suarez, ubi supr. et lib. 2, cap. 3, sec. 12.

(3) Puffend. Dr. des Gens, 1, 2, ch. 1; per tot. Grot. D. de la G. and de la P. 1. 1, Disc Prelim.

free will to men, that is to say, the faculty of bringing their minds, by an interior movement, to whatever they approve, and rejecting the contrary, it has been doubted whether it would not have been conformable to the goodness of the Creator, to leave them in the full enjoyment of their liberty of will. Man is gifted with a greater power of free will than any other animal possesses, and yet he is fettered on all sides by obligations, and is therefore less free than they.

The answer to this difficulty is in the proposition, that liberty without limit would be not only useless, but also pernicious to human nature ; and that therefore our own interest requires that our freedom should be restricted by some law. This principle is also important as giving a clue to the question how far free-will may reasonably be left without bridle.

Suarez¹ accordingly shows that law is necessary. He argues that law is not absolutely necessary in itself, because God does require law, and a law supposes something created, to be governed thereby. And a law, properly so-called, supposes the existence of a rational

(1) Suarez, De Leg. lib. 1, cap. 3.

creature, because it must be imposed on free will and free acts. But he concludes, that, assuming the creation of rational beings, a law is not only useful but necessary to direct them to good and restrain them from evil, that they may live in a manner conformable to their nature. Man is an intellectual creature, and has a Superior, under whose providence and rule he is placed, and being intelligent, he is capable of moral government; therefore, Suarez argues, he must be subject to the will of that Superior whereby he is governed by law.

With regard to animals, their condition is very inferior to that of man, and they can be subject to no law, properly so-called, in their relations with each other or with man, and thus they have liberty independent of law. The reason is that they have not souls capable of perceiving and knowing right or obligation.¹

St. Thomas Aquinas teaches us, that, though the ultimate end of the Divine government of the world is exterior to the world, yet its immediate object is the order of things therein; from whence, indeed, he argues that there must be a Divine Providence. And he observes that

(1) Puffen. lib. 2, ch. 1, sec. 4.

inanimate things are governed without their exercising judgment, that is to say, by natural causes and effects; and brutes, though they have a species of judgment, are governed by natural instinct. But mankind have judgment and free-will, *liberum arbitrium*; and their actions, performed in the exercise thereof, are good when directed to the true end of man, according to reason.¹

Puffendorf accordingly argues that the dignity of man, above other animals, requires that he should conform his actions to a certain rule, without which there would be no order or fitness in mankind.²

This is evident from the mental and physical power of doing evil, in which man surpasses all other animals—the number of his passions—the versatility of his mind—and the prodigious variety of character and disposition among men, which must cause horrible confusion unless brought to a certain harmony by laws; and that variety itself, duly regulated and controlled, becomes both beneficial and ornamental to human society.³

(1) Div. Thomas, Summa, quaest. ciii., art. 1, 2; quaest. lxiii., art. 1.

(2) Puffend., Droit des Gens, I. II ch. 1, sec. 5.

(3) Puffend., *ibid.*, secs. 6, 7.

That nature evidently requires what is called *the social state*, because the nature of man as a reasonable creature with an immortal soul points it out as the state for which he was intended by his Creator.¹ In this state alone can mankind satisfy all the wants which arise from the dignity of their nature. Now, unless we suppose the human race to consist of isolated individuals, which is absurd, men must be placed in various relations with each other; and those relations generate obligations regulated by law or right; and in the social state those relations, and the rules governing them, must be exceedingly complicated and numerous, including the duties of the man and the citizen. It is indeed impossible to conceive the social state fully accomplishing all the purposes for which it is intended, unless the actions of individuals are directed by rules of conduct which constitute law.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER, BART.,
Commentaries on Universal Public Law.

(1) See my Readings at the Temple, p. 7.

BREATHING THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

Methinks we hear our Protestant friends inquiring, "What has given rise to this unusual excitement in the world? What has caused the revival of Catholicity, not only in England, but in Germany, America, Russia, and even Sweden and Turkey; not only do we see members of the Establishment, but of every other *soi-disant* religious body, flocking into the Catholic Church. To-day Wesleyanism gives up with a sorrowful heart a Pritchard; to-morrow records the reception of an Ida Hahn, a Petcherine, or a Boyhimie, and the next day a Professor of one of the 'Godless Colleges,' a Crofton or it may be a Gfroer, submits to the Chair of St. Peter, and sues for reconciliation with the Rock of Ages! It is the spirit of God, the *Ruach Elohim*, once more hovering over the face of the earth, and quickening men's souls, prepared in secret by Almighty God, and fitted into His Living Church like the stones in Solomon's temple, "which were made ready before they were brought to Jerusalem, so that there was

neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house when it was building." So it has been now-a-days, for throughout the movement there has been no visible exertion (if we may except the form of prayer drawn up by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, for the conversion of England, while principal of the English College at Rome) made by the Church; the pear fell as it ripened and was gathered into the garner; the chrysalis was converted into the butterfly, and the stone that "had been hewn and made ready elsewhere," was brought to Jerusalem and fixed in its own place; each convert, by God's grace working out his own salvation with a joyful fear, rejoiced in having found rest, true, genuine rest, for his soul; it was the new spring: the winter had passed, the rain was over and gone.

"Truly, they who spread reports about the disappointment of converts little know *how far beyond all power of words to describe is their satisfaction and their happiness. It is as though they had passed from life to death—from shadows to reality—from longing to fruition.*" *

EDWARD GEORGE KIRWAN BROWNE,
Annals of the Tractarian Movement, 1834-1868.

* Supremacy of the Holy See, by R. K. Sconce.

THE SPIRITUAL AND THE SECULAR POWER.

In the discord between Church and State, Godfrey, of Vendôme, recognises the overthrow of all divine order; yet the reconciliation as it really took place, was possible, because Christian society was completely imbued with the desire of belonging entirely to the Church as the kingdom of God. She was completely conscious, (as we have proved in section 102, 116) of what divine right required for the relation of the two powers ruling the world; and if in those ages it did not attain to the entire fullness of this idea, yet the fact, as far as was possible among men, closely approximated to this idea. But the decisive principle was this: Church and State must be united; this concord, however, is only possible by the general rejection of every opinion which the Church designates as erroneous, only possible under the supposition of the unimpeded action of the Church in the administration of the sacraments intrusted to her, only possible as

soon as her freedom in her government and administration is acknowledged. But collateral with these rights, is the obligation entailed on the Church of respecting the free exercise of the secular power in its appropriate sphere, in so far as it violates not the divine law, compacts and lawful customs. As these principles were then realized, so political society dwelt with the Church in one and the same house.

The Church was accordingly recognized as the all-embracing kingdom of God, wherein the highest secular potentates, as sheep belonging to Peter's fold, must come in at the door of the sheep-fold, which is Christ. Hence, in this kingdom all are mere subjects.

If, accordingly, all Christendom forms in history but one great kingdom, so, on the other hand, the assumption is not consistent with historical truth, that the popes, especially Gregory VII, had conceived the plan of founding a vast Theocracy, in the sense that all the kingdoms of the earth should be in a feudal relationship with the pontiff.* On the whole, in the later judgments which we form on history, we are too apt to consider it as the work of human design, and

* Bianchi, *Della Potesta e della Potitia della Chiesa*—tom. i p. 328 and seq.

to regard many an historical phenomenon, which has grown up according to the providence of God, as the result of the long devised and deeply meditated scheme of man. The popes had not any kingdom to found; the kingdom in which they were the sacerdotal kings had been established by God Himself, and with all the greatness of character many among them exhibit, they were still mere instruments in the hands of the Almighty for the furtherance of his designs. But they were useful and apt instruments for their divine Lord and Master; and, inasmuch as they consented to be so, they have their share in the glory and splendor of the Church. When, therefore, the popes cast out of the communion of the Church even kings and emperors who had revolted against the laws of God, and disturbed it by secession and schism; when they bereaved them even of their thrones, and severed the bonds which united them and their subjects; when, further, the holiest and most learned writers of that age regarded this power of the popes as perfectly natural and legitimate; so these are, on one hand, facts which had formerly not been brought out into equal prominence. But the former are no new discoveries of the human mind, and the latter no pretensions of

human pride and ambition. Not, then, for the first time, had the popes become the successors of St. Peter; not, then, for the first time, had they received the power of binding and of loosing, nor the supreme ministry and sacerdotal royalty. But then only could Peter in his successors exact from all society, because it had become Christian and been subjected to him in Christ, the unqualified obedience, to which, in recompense of His love, the Saviour had brought the world under Him. The principle was not new, that two powers are to govern the world—the maxim was not new, that the secular power should be subordinated to the spiritual; but it was only the comparisons, under whose veil the dogmas were set forth by the loftiest minds of those ages, which (and that only in a partial degree) might be called novel. But those comparisons were beautiful and pertinent: the divinity of the two powers—their strength and their sharpness were, after the example of St. Bernard, fitly symbolized by the two swords which God had left on the earth.

DR. GEORGE PHILLIPS,

Canon Law.

PLAIN SCRIPTURES; OR
THE SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF THE
CHURCH, AND ITS PERPETUAL
VISIBILITY AND INFALL-
IBILITY.

Isaiah, chap. ii. v. 2, etc., "It shall come to pass in the last days (so the Scripture calls the time from Christ's coming till the end of the world) that the mountain of the Lord's house (the Church) shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all the nations shall flow unto it and many people shall go and say, Come ye and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem: And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning

hooks," etc., which text is visibly to be understood of the Kingdom or Church of God, in which and by which he teaches and exercises judgment forever.

Chap. ix. v. 6, 7, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and His government shall be upon his shoulders: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counseller, the Almighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David and upon His kingdom, to order and establish it with justice and with judgment from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this." This text informs us that the spiritual kingdom, that is, the Church of Christ, is by Him—ordered and established with judgment and with justice forever: "And that of the increase of His government and peace therein, there shall be no end."

Chap. xxxv. v. 4, 5, etc., "Behold your God will come—He will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart and the tongue of the dumb shall sing," etc. V. 8, "And a highway shall be there, and it shall be called the way of

holiness, the unclean shall not pass over it, the way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein." Here the Church of Christ is described as a high-way, a way so plain and so secure, that the way-faring men, though fools, if they will be guided by her, shall not err therein.

Chap. liv., The contents of which, according to the Protestant Bible, are: The amplitude of the Gentiles' Church, their safety, their deliverance out of affliction, their fair edification, and sure preservation. "Enlarge the place of thy tent and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes. For thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left, and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited. For, as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth: so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord, that have mercy on thee." V. 13, etc., "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord. and great shall be the peace of thy children. In righteousness shalt

thou be established : Thou shalt be far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear ; and from terror, for it shall not come near thee. Behold, they shall surely gather together, but not by me : whosoever shall gather against thee, shall fall for thy sake." V. 17. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall arise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn." Glorious promises of God's perpetual favor to His Church ; neither limited to any time, nor restrained by any condition ; but confirmed by an absolute oath like that which God had made to Noah, that there should not be a second flood. Gen. viii. and ix.

Chap. lix. v. 19, 20, 21, "They shall fear the name of the Lord from the west, and his glory from the rising of the sun : when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgressions in Jacob, saith the Lord, as for me, this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord. My spirit is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and

for ever." A most illustrious promise of the perpetual presence of the spirit of God with the Church, and of God's ever maintaining in her mouth the pure profession of the whole doctrine of Christ.

Chap. lx. has for its contents, according to the editors of the Protestant Bible, The glory of the Church in the abundant access of the Gentiles, and the great blessing after a short affliction. V. 1, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen unto thee," etc. V. 3, "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising," etc. V. 11, 12, "Thy gates shall be opened continually; they shall not be shut day or night, that men may bring to thee the forces of the Gentiles, and that their kings may be brought. For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish." V. 15, 16, "I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations. Thou shalt also suck the milk of the Gentiles, and shalt suck the breast of the kings." V. 18, etc., "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise. The sun shall be no more thy light by day,

neither for brightness shalt the moon give light unto thee. But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God, thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended," etc.

Chap. lxii. "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's (the Church's) sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory," etc. V. 4, "Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken: neither shall thy land any more be termed desolate—for the Lord delighteth in thee," etc. V. 6, "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day or night." Here God insures to His Church a succession of watchmen, that is, of orthodox pastors and teachers, who shall perpetually publish His praises and teach His heavenly doctrine without ceasing.

Jeremiah, chap. xxxi., V. 31, etc., "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah; not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the

day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt (which My covenant they broke, etc.) but this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord, I will put My law in their inward parts, and will write it in their hearts, and will be their God, and they shall be My people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord. For they shall all know Me, from the least of them to the greatest of them, saith the Lord." So far of the establishment of the New Law, and of the abundance of the knowledge and grace of God, with which the children of this New Law, that is, the children of the Church of Christ, should be replenished. What follows is to insure unto this Church of the New Law the perpetual continuance of these blessings, in the vitality of a numerous and ever visible society. V. 35, 36, 37, "Thus saith the Lord, which giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon, and the stars for a light by night; which divideth the sea, when the waters thereof roar. The Lord of hosts is His name. If these ordinances depart from before me, saith the Lord, then the seed of Israel also (the Church) shall cease from being a

nation before Me forever. Thus saith the Lord, if heaven above can be measured, and the foundations of the earth searched out beneath: I will also cast off all the seed of Israel (the Church) for all that they have done, saith the Lord."

Chap. xxxiii. V. 14, etc., "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will perform that good thing which I have promised unto the house of Israel and the house of Judah. In those days and at that time will I cause the branch of righteousness (Christ) to grow up unto David, and He shall execute judgment and righteousness in the land. In those days shall Judah be saved, and Jerusalem shall dwell safely; and this is the name wherewith He shall be called, the Lord of righteousness." So far of the coming of Christ for the work of our redemption; what follows evidently relates to the perpetual continuance of the Church of Christ, His spiritual seed, and of her priesthood forever. V. 17, etc., "For thus saith the Lord, David shall never want a man to sit upon the throne of Israel. (This is accomplished in Christ, the offspring of David, who reigns in His Church, the spiritual house of Israel for ever. (St. Luke, i. v. 33.) "Neither shall the priests, the Levites, want a man before Me to offer burnt-offerings, and to kindle meat-offerings,

and to do sacrifice continually." (The prophet speaks of the Christian priesthood and its functions, under the notion of these sacrifices, which were at that time in use. Stillingfleet, *Orig. Sacræ*, 1, 2, c. 6, p. 189). V. 20, 21, "Thus saith the Lord, if you can break My covenant of the day, and My covenant of the night, and that there should not be day and night, in their season: then may also My covenant be broken with David My servant, that he should not have a son to reign upon his throne; and with the Levites, the priests, My ministers. As the host of heaven cannot be numbered, so will I multiply the seed of David My servant, and the Levites that minister unto Me." "Now let the Jews tell," says Mr. Lesley, *Christianity Demonstrated*, 7th edit., p. 101, "in which son of David is this fulfilled, except only in our Christ; and how this is made good to the priests and Levites otherwise than as Isaiah prophesied, chap. lxvi. V. 21, 'And I will also take of them (the Gentiles) for priests and for Levites, saith the Lord.'" It must then be visible to all Christians that this glorious promise relates to the Church of Christ; and that all nature shall sooner turn upside down, than the Church cease to have a continual succession of orthodox pastors.

Ezekiel, chap. xxxvii. V. 34, etc., visibly also relates to the Kingdom, that is, to the Church of Christ. “David My servant (that is, Christ, who is of the house of David) shall be king over them; and they all shall have one shepherd: they shall also walk in My judgments, and observe My statutes, and do them—moreover, I will make a covenant of peace with them, and it shall be an everlasting covenant with them, and I will place them, and multiply them, and will set My sanctuary in the midst of them forevermore.”—So far of the Church of Christ.

Daniel, chap. ii., interpreting the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, V. 34, 35, “Thou sawest till that a stone cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet—and broke them to pieces—and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth.” V. 44, “And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom (the Church or Kingdom of Christ) which shall never be destroyed—and it shall stand forever.”

Psalm xlvi. was written, according to the publishers of the Protestant Bible, of the ornaments and privileges of the Church. V. 1, etc., “Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, in the City of our God, in the mountain of His

holiness (that is, in His Church); beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, (the Church) on the sides of the North, the city of the great king. God is known in her palaces for a refuge," etc. V. 8, "As we have heard, so we have seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God; God will establish it forever."

Psalm lxxii., under the type of Solomon and his kingdom, was also written in truth of Christ and his kingdom, that is, his Church. V. 5, "They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endureth, throughout all generations." V. 7, "In His days (that is, after the coming of Christ) shall the righteousness flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth." V. 8, "His dominion shall be also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth" V. 11, "All kings shall fall down before Him, and all nations shall serve Him, etc."

Psalm lxxxix. relates also to Christ and His Church. V. 3 and 4, "I have made a covenant with My chosen, I have sworn unto David My servant: thy seed (Christ and His Church) will I establish forever, and build up thy throne to all generations." V. 27, etc., "I will make him My first-born, higher than the kings of the

earth. My mercy will I keep for him forevermore, and My covenant shall stand fast with him. His seed will I also make to endure forever, and his throne as the days of heaven. If his children forsake My law, and walk not in My judgments, if they break My statutes, and keep not My commandments: then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquities with stripes. Nevertheless, My loving kindness will I not utterly take from them, nor suffer My faithfulness to fail: My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of My lips. Once have I sworn by My holiness, that I will not lie unto David. His seed shall endure forever, and his throne as the sun before Me. It shall be established forever as the moon, and as a faithful witness in heaven." Which glorious promise is understood of the Church of Christ, the spiritual seed of David, by Calvin himself, L. 4 Inst., C. 1, Sect. 27; and, indeed, cannot by any Christian be applied to the carnal seed and throne of David, which is long since gone to ruin.

Psalm cxxxiii. V. 13, 14, "The Lord hath chosen Zion, (the Church) He hath desired it for His habitation. This is My rest forever: here will I dwell, for I have desired it."

St. Matthew, chap. xvi. V. 18, "I say to

thee, thou art Peter (that is, a rock) and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Chap. xviii. V. 17, 18, "If he shall neglect to hear them, tell it to the Church. And if he neglects to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man, and a publican. Verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Chap. xxviii. V. 18, 19, 20, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, etc., teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

St. Luke, chap. i. V. 33, "He (Christ) shall reign over the house of Jacob (the Church) forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Chap. x. V. 16, "He that heareth you (the pastors of the Church) heareth Me: and he that despiseth you despiseth Me: and he that despiseth Me, despiseth him that sent Me."

St. John, chap. x. V. 16. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice, and

there shall be one fold and one shepherd.”

Chap. xiv. V. 16, 17, “I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter that he may abide with you forever, even the *Spirit of Truth*.” V. 26, “The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, he shall teach all things.”

Chap. xiv. V. 13, “When He, the spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you in all truth.”

Ephesians, chap. iv. V. 11, 12, etc., “He gave some Apostles, etc., and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ; that we may henceforth be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the sight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but speaking the truth in love, may grow up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ, etc.”

RIGHT REV. AND VENERABLE

RICHARD CHALLONER, D.D., V.A.

The Grounds of the Old Religion.

THE CONVENT OF THE HELPERS OF HOLY SOULS AT ZI-KA-WEI, CHINA.

One of the nuns thus describes it: Our front door, which is the only entrance to the house, opens on a road bordering the canal. Three Chinese letters are carved on its portal. The meaning of this inscription is, "Temple where the Sacrifice of Perfumes is offered," and this satisfies the curiosity of the natives, whose boats are continually passing to and fro along the canal. Nothing meets their eye but the front of our pretty chapel. The inside of the enclosure is hidden by tall hedges; it contains a large rectangular square, surrounded by a variety of buildings appropriated to our works of charity. The Sen-mou-ieu, or Garden of Mary, occupies the side opposite to the site of the entrance, and comprises the school and the congregation of native Sisters. On the right-hand side is the building occupied by the Helpers of the Holy Souls, and facing it to the left, the Orphanage.

It cannot be denied that the vocation to such a Mission as that of China requires, in those who devote themselves to it, a more than ordinary zeal and apostolic fortitude. St. Francis Xavier says, in one of his letters to the religious of his society: 'Ah, I fear that, amongst those who come from Coimbra to the Indies, there may be some who, when they find themselves tossing on a stormy ocean, may wish themselves in the seminary rather than on board the tempest-driven vessel. There are feverish fits of virtue which sea-sickness speedily cures, and perhaps not even all who may land at Goa with unabated ardor will prove equal to the trials to be met with among a barbarous people, and in the midst of all the dangers that will surround them. If virtue has not laid deep root in their souls, zeal and ardor will cool by degrees, and end by disappearing, and he who pined in Portugal to be sent to India, will pine in India to return to Portugal.'

The same warning might be addressed to every nun who desires to offer herself for the Chinese Mission. Continual abnegation must be the watchword, the motto and the daily practice of Christ's helpers in that heathen land. It fares badly with her if she has fallen short

of her high destiny—if aught of human has mingled with the supernatural desire of suffering with and like her Lord, and for the sake of souls, for whom we never work in vain on earth. But, if she has realized the sublimity of her vocation, nothing daunts, nothing disheartens, nothing saddens her spirit—not even the stolid indifference of the heathen—not even the slowness of the growth of that seed which she sows in tears, and which will be reaped perhaps in joy by others, when she has laid down her life in a foreign soil. She prepares her soul in patience, and in patience labors to win those whom her Divine Lord has marked out for her portion. She unites to the outward apostleship of her life the secret apostleship of personal sanctification, in her case amounting to heroism.

The Helpers of the Holy Souls preserve the habits, the dress, and to a certain degree use the same food as in Europe, but privations are not wanting of that sort also. The nights are often intensely cold, the mornings and evenings damp, the heat of the sun at noon overpowering. They have no water but that of the Canal, which has to be boiled and filtered before it can be used.

The flatness of the country, only relieved by

the hillocks on which the Chinese bury their dead, gives a melancholy and monotonous character to the surrounding scenery, but, if the aspect of nature is depressing, there is a well spring of joy in the souls of the nuns, which, if the world did know of it, might well excite its envy,

The Orphanage of the Holy Childhood is a most arduous, trying, and at the same time interesting work of charity. It shelters more than two hundred poor little girls, abandoned by their parents chiefly on account of their ugliness or their infirmities. These unhappy creatures are left on the roadside, or at the door of the convent, or sometimes thrown over the wall into the enclosure, scantily covered by a few rags, or wrapped up in straw, often half-devoured by vermin and a variety of diseases. Many of them die, but not before Baptism has opened up for them the gates of heaven. Those who survive are employed, according to their age and strength, in the garden or in spinning and weaving; they are taught household work, and at stated hours learn their prayers, and are instructed in the Catechism. Those who grow up strong and healthy are easily married, if they desire it, in Christian families, who are most

desirous to obtain for their sons well-educated young persons, able to make themselves useful in all manner of housework and needlework. Others are received into native Christian families rather as adopted children than as servants, and the nuns continue to watch over their welfare. The permanent inmates of the Orphanage are therefore the lame, the blind, the helplessly infirm, for whom a hospital has been provided in a separate building from the school. Great sufferings are constantly witnessed within its walls; deformity and disease, produced by neglect in infancy, sadden those innocent lives; but the patience of the little sufferers, their keen enjoyment of the pleasure which the nuns contrive for them, and their edifying deaths, throw a halo of brightness even over this abode of infirmity and pain. Christmas with its *creche*, and its trees, and its sports, such as the poor little things can join in—is hailed there as elsewhere, and their joy brings to the mind of their devoted mistresses many an echo, no doubt, of similar joys in their far distant homes in the days of their own childhood. Strange power of grace, strange spirit of sacrifice, which turns even the sharpest pangs of memory into subjects of thanksgiving, and every pain that

darts through the heart into a new offering to that Divine Heart of Jesus, which has known the tenderest emotions of human affection!

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON,

The Life of Mère Marie de la Providence.

LETTER OF DAVID RICHARD
TO MONSEIGNEUR RÆSS, BISHOP OF
STRASBOURG.

At the end of the year 1830 I came to Paris to continue the study of medicine. I found that amongst men of my own age Catholicism, and indeed all forms of Christianity, were held in great disrepute. The Saint Simonians and Fourièrists were then beginning to lay claim to the power of radically changing the form of society and of giving to the world a new religion. They talked loudly of the downfall of dogmatism; they maintained that the doctrines of self-renunciation and self-denial were old-fashioned notions, which had had their day; they asserted in the public assemblies the rights of the flesh and the privileges of the passions. These revolutionary doctrines only disgusted me, and led me to long and deep reflection. I soon discovered that the little good they retained was borrowed from Christianity, and that all that was new in them was not good,

and tended directly to pride and to materialism. From that time I felt a profound antipathy to materialism, although I was much occupied with physiology, medicine, and natural history, and was studying phrenology with great interest under Dr. Spurtzheim. I had also the opportunity of maintaining at several meetings, and in some writings, the truth of spiritual doctrines against numerous adversaries,

It was at this time that MM. De Lamennais, Gerbert, and De Montalembert were publishing *L' Avenir*, and presenting Catholicism under an aspect entirely new to me. For the first time I heard the harmony of the Catholic religion with civil liberty proclaimed; and dimly perceiving the approaching realization of the ideal I was pursuing, I felt my old Protestant prejudices giving way.

In 1883 I became acquainted with M. De Lamennais; and I was not long in forming an intimacy with this great writer, who, in the early part of his career, rendered such eminent services to the Church. He invited me to his quiet retreat at La Chénaie in Brittany. I made my first visit there in 1834, and I spent the whole of the year 1835 nearly alone with him. Religion was the habitual topic of our

long conversations, and we discussed together the substance of his book, the sketch of a philosophy upon which he was then occupied. While I compelled myself to defend before him the utility and legitimacy of the Protestant Reformation, he victoriously combated my arguments; and by degrees he initiated me into a knowledge of the grandeur of Catholicism, with relation to its dogmas in themselves and in their moral and social application. To this kind, and disinterested, and sincere friend I owe the first thought of my conversion, and I shall ever remember him with the deepest gratitude. I should, however, confess that at this time I sought to turn the discussion of M. De Lamennais with Rome against the Catholic Church, and to drive him into Protestantism. But these insidious attempts always revolted him, and he answered with an energetic—*Never*. M. De Lamennais was then far removed from the opinions which he professed at a later period, when, absorbed in politics, he allowed his faith in the supernatural government of the world to grow dim, and wander fearfully in the wilderness of rationalism. The eclipse of so great a genius was one of the greatest sorrows of my life. It is a terrible proof of the frailty of human reason,

when it disdains the support of religion. I can but deeply humble myself before the wondrous ways of God. I was in error, M. De Lamennais defended the truth; and now, how changed our relative position! We never ceased, it is true, to love and esteem each other; but I have embraced the truth which he pointed out to me, and he has fallen into the error I have rejected.

I return, my lord, to my sojourn at La Chénaie. It was during this time of reflection that I read M. l'Abbé Gerbet's excellent book on the *Dogme générateur du Catholicisme*, the lives of Fénelon and Bossuet by Cardinal Bausset, several treatises of Malebranche, the life of St. Thomas Aquinas by Father Touron, and the *Summa* of this doctor of the Church, so rightly called the Angelical. This last work, to which I devoted several months, revealed a world of ideas altogether new to me; and as I was reperusing Dante at the same time, I was astonished to find in this poem nearly all the solutions of the most abstruse questions given in the *Summa*.

I read also successively the *Friendly Conferences* of Monseigneur de Trévern; *The Faith of our Fathers*, by M. Renouard de Bressière, and

Protestantism Compared with Catholicism, by J. Balmez. The two first works deepened my convictions touching dogmas; but Balmez's book made the most beneficial impression upon my mind. He treats, in fact, of all those questions about which I was most in doubt with unanswerable power: such as the relations of faith and science, of temporal and spiritual authority, of religion and liberty, of the comparative influence of Catholicism and Protestantism on the progress of literature, the arts, and the sciences, and the true happiness of nations. He points out clearly that, during the eighteen centuries and a half of its existence, with the exception of a few individual and temporary mistakes, Catholicism always upheld and defended the liberty of the people against the encroachments of the secular power; that democratic republics and monarchies have alike flourished under its protection; that the cruelties of the Inquisition and the massacre of St. Bartholomew were to be referred not to it, but to the temporal government; and, finally, that it has never normally, and when acting under regular authority, used other weapons than the peaceable ones of prayer, preaching, and example.

I was thus led to examine the respective merits

of Protestantism and Catholicism. The antiquity of Catholicism, its unity, its universality, the noble army of its saints and martyrs, who during eighteen hundred years have sacrificed themselves in order to enlighten, convert, and alleviate the pangs of suffering humanity; the numerous religious institutions which arose in rapid succession to propagate the faith, to intercede for sinners, to awaken hope, and which, in accordance with the special needs of each period, extended their works of charity in a thousand varying forms; all these considerations led me to acknowledge the transcendent superiority of the Catholic Church over Protestant communities; and I failed not to discern abundant proofs of the conclusion to which I had been brought. Protestantism came before me with the disadvantage of being offspring, of revolt, of having broken the thread of tradition, and of having shivered dogmatic and practical unity into fragments, by admitting the doctrine of private judgment, which makes as many religions as there are individuals. I found that it had never laid the foundation of anything really good or lasting which was not a plagiarism from Catholicism; nor had it ever produced those miracles of holiness, charity, and devotedness, which the

latter displays in every page of her history.

I was struck, besides, by the consideration that the divers sects of Protestantism, with all the differences which confuse the mind, are but the scattered gleanings, the small-change, so to speak, of the grand and unchanging whole which constitutes Catholicism. I found in Lutheranism a kind of doctrine of the real presence; in Anglicanism, an ecclesiastical hierarchy; in Calvinism, a sort of pope, narrow and tyrannical, it is true, and a formal contradiction of the doctrine of private judgment; in others, faith in the efficacy of prayers for the dead, and consequently an implicit belief in purgatory; then, again, in Methodism and Pietism, a strictness of virtue and moral which remind one of Catholicism. By piecing together those shattered fragments of the mirror of divine truth I could almost reconstruct Catholicism; but a Catholicism of bits and fragments laid side by side, without cement, without consistence, without unity, without life.

My lord, the grace which has been vouchsafed me imposes upon me great duties. I acknowledge with confusion how altogether unworthy I was, and still am, of so great a grace; but I

shelter my weakness beneath your lordship's protection, and I trust, with the help of God, to grow in faith, hope, and love. Although I am so recently admitted into that undying Church whose visible head is at Rome, I would be one of its humblest and most faithful children.

I pray you, my lord, to continue to me your fatherly kindness, and to accept the homage of my most tender respect and grateful submission in Jesus Christ.

DAVID RICHARD.

FRANCISCAN ORDER.

It is difficult to realize in this nineteenth century the extraordinary attraction which the example and preaching of St. Francis exercised on his contemporaries. Long before the final confirmation by Honorious III., the Friars Minors (such was the name which the founder in his humility chose for them) had made their way into the principal countries of Europe, preaching penance and founding convents. St. Francis himself visited Spain in 1214, and was well received by Alfonso IX., the grandfather of St. Louis of France, and founded houses of his order at Burgos and other places. In 1216 he sent Pacifico, who had been a *trouvère* and was called the "king of verse," to France, Bernard of Quintavalle to Spain, and John of Penna to Germany, besides many others whom he despatched to various parts of Italy. The noble instructions, full of divine light and evangelical fire, with which he dismissed them—instructions on the whole so faithfully observed by his

followers—go far to explain the wonderful success which has attended them in every age in doing their Master's work. Amongst other things he said, "Let your behavior in the world be such that every one who sees or hears you may praise the Heavenly Father. Preach peace to all; but have it in your hearts still more than on your lips. Give no occasion of anger or scandal to any, but by your gentleness lead all men to goodness, peace, and union. We are called to heal the wounded, and recall the erring."

No order in the Church has surpassed the Franciscans in zeal for the propagation of the gospel. St. Francis himself visited the Holy Land, and endeavored to convert the Sultan of Egypt, (1220), and sent five friars to Morocco, who were all martyred. Franciscans preached in Tartary about the middle of the 13th century, and in China and Armenia before the end of it. By a bull of Clement VI. (1342) the guardianship of the holy places at Jerusalem was committed to the order, and they still retain it. Franciscan missions were established in Bosnia in 1340, in Bulgaria about 1366, and in Georgia in 1370. We find them taking a large share in the conversion of the natives of the Canary Isles in and after 1423; they got into Abyssinia in

1480, and established a mission on the Congo, which for a long time bore great fruit, about 1490. The order was instrumental in the discovery of America. Fr. John Perez de Marchena, guardian of a convent near Seville, himself a learned cosmographer, entered warmly into the designs of Columbus, and used his influence with Isabella the Catholic, whose confessor he had been, to persuade her to fit out the memorable expedition of 1492. In the following year Fr. John himself went to America, and opened the first Christian Church in the New World, at a small settlement in the Island of Hayti. Not to speak of the Franciscan missions in India, Brazil, and Peru—in all which countries other orders effected yet more—it was Observantine friars who were welcomed to Mexico by Cortez in 1523, and who, under their holy leader, Martin de Valenza, planted Christianity firmly in that empire, whence they went forth to preach the gospel in New Mexico (1580), in Texas (1600), and, lastly, in California (1769).

The order of St. Francis has given five popes, more than fifty cardinals, and an immense number of patriarchs and bishops to the Church. The great statesman Cardinal Ximenes was a Franciscan. Among the schoolmen, St. Bona-

venture, the Seraphic Doctor; Duns Scotus, the Subtle Doctor; Alexander of Hales, the Irrefragable Doctor; and William of Ockham, (the three last being natives of the British Isles), were members of this order. Its history is recorded in the elaborate "Annals" of Fr. Luke Wadding, an Irish Franciscan of the seventeenth century.

REVS. WILLIAM E. ADDIS AND THOS. ARNOLD.
Catholic Dictionary.

REASON.

Patience, indulgent reader, and be careful and not fall into the mistake, which is not seldom made, of taking the speculations of a certain class of men, called philosophers, for a fair, adequate, and faithful expression of the capabilities and powers of Reason.

What Reason is capable of doing, and what this class of men have done, are two distinct and separate things, and should not, therefore, be confounded. The ability of Reason is one thing, and the exercise of Reason by a class of men who were not altogether free from prejudice passion, superstition, and, in some instances of most shocking vices, is quite another thing. Reason is by no means implicated in the condemnation of the abuse made of her powers, or of the unfaithfulness of her plainest dictates. Failing to make this distinction, an injustice has not seldom been done to Reason, her rights even sacrificed, and the cause of truth made to suffer deplorable injury.

No hostile feeling actuates us towards philosophy, for, after theology, philosophy is the noblest occupation of man's intellectual powers. But our interest and affection for the cause of truth is above all others, and we cannot but acknowledge that one of the most humiliating pages of man's intellectual history is that of philosophy. When we read this page, it would seem that this class of men, instead of bending all their efforts to strengthen and support the primary and universal convictions of mankind, have somehow done their utmost to unsettle and overthrow their everlasting foundations.

How many of the ancient and modern philosophers employed Reason as a cloak to conceal their vanity, pride, or ambition? How many, under the pretext of friendship for Reason, exaggerated her powers, and became the demagogues of Reason? How many made Reason their slave, so that, to use the language of Cicero, "there is no absurdity, however great, in defence of which you will not find some one of the philosophers who has prostituted the powers of Reason." "Religion and morality they never cared for to any part of the extent of their religious and moral natural abilities. These have been uniformly sacrificed in a vain endeavor

to appease the disordered cravings that Reason and Free-will, assisted as they always are, should have struggled to return and overcome." *

Let it be clearly understood, then, that what we blame and deprecate in the class of men called philosophers, is not Reason, but the want of it; not the exercise of Reason, but the neglect of its exercise; not the use of Reason, but its wilful abuse. "They detained the truth of God in injustice,"—to use the strong language of the Apostle of the Gentiles. Because they knew God, and did not glorify Him as God, or give thanks, but became vain in their thoughts, their foolish hearts were darkened. For professing themselves wise they became fools. And they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of corruptible man, and of birds and four-footed beasts, and of creeping things. . . . They changed the truth of God into a lie; and worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator, who is blessed forever. . . . And as they liked not God in their knowledge, God delivered them up to a reprobate sense, to do these things which are not convenient." †

* Dr. Manrahan.

† Rom. c. i.

Let not the friends of Reason, then, be dismayed, or fearful that in casting off the false and vain speculations of philosophers, Reason thereby is in any way condemned or depreciated. On the contrary, it is in the august name of Reason that we declare that ancient and modern philosophy have failed in a most decided, not to say shameful manner, to meet the great questions which agitate the human mind. It is by the light of Reason, and on its authority, we are bold to give deliberate and emphatic decision against their speculations as the fruits of a fair, impartial, and faithful exercise of its powers.

It is no part of Catholicity to teach the worthlessness of Reason, or to disparage its noble and sublime efforts. It was by the efforts of Reason that the ancient sages and philosophers, in their better moments, raised their minds above the visible world, to the First True, the First Good, the First Fair, the Creator and Exemplar of all things, the only true and eternal God. Led by the light of this sovereign faculty, they discovered many great and most important truths, that have made their writings an everlasting monument of the greatness, grandeur, and glory of human genius.

This divine gift has inspired, in both ancient and modern times, the beautiful works of art, the wonderful discoveries of science, and the magnificent inventions of mechanical ingenuity.

Catholicity, therefore, has the highest appreciation of Reason, stimulates its activity; and welcomes with joy its discoveries. "This most tender mother, the Catholic Church, recognizes and justly proclaims," says the reigning sovereign Pontiff, "that among the gifts of Heaven the most distinguished is that of Reason, by means of which we raise ourselves above the senses, and present in ourselves a certain image of God. Certainly the Church does not condemn the labors of those who wish to know the truth, since God has placed in human nature the desire of laying hold of the truth; nor does she condemn the efforts of sound and right Reason, by which the mind is cultivated, nature is searched, and her more hidden secrets brought to light."*

Consequently, the geologist may dig deep into the bowels of the earth, till he reaches the intensest heats; the naturalist may decompose matter, examine with the microscope what es-

* Pius IX. Letter to the Bishops of Austria, 1856.

capacities our unaided observation, and unveil to our astonished gaze the secrets of nature; the astronomer may multiply his lenses till his ken reaches the empyrean heights of heaven; the historian may consult the annals of nations, and unriddle the hieroglyphics of the monuments of bygone ages; the moralist may expose the most delicate folds of the human heart, and probe it to its very core; the philosopher may, with his critical faculty, observe and define the laws which govern man's sovereign reason; and Catholicity is not alarmed! Catholicity invokes, encourages, solicits your boldest efforts; for at the end of all your earnest researches, you will find that the fruits of your labors confirm her teachings, and that your genuine discoveries add new gems to the crown of truth which encircles her heaven-inspired brow.

VERY REV. I. T. HECKER,
Aspirations of Nature.

THE SPIRIT OF JANSENISM.

Jansenism was a planned, systematic conspiracy against Rome; but not in the same sense as that of Luther and Calvin. Geneva and Augsburg waged open war; Jansenism was a secret plot. Its strength did not lie in its doctrines, but in the terrible tenacity with which its disciples clung to them, and no less terrible obstinacy with which they determined to remain within the visible communion of the Church of God, for the very purpose of eating into its vitals, and braving its decrees. That there was from the first a conscious plot to form a party within the Catholic Church, and to overwhelm her, there is abundant evidence to prove. That there was at the outset of the existence of Jansenism a dishonest scheme of remaining within the Church to alter her whole discipline, and to thrust upon her doctrines which were not hers, is sufficiently plain. Before the publication of the Augustinus, before what was called

Jansenism existed, the eagle eye of Richelieu had been fixed on St. Cyran, and the future heresiarch had been lodged in Vincennes. The act may have been arbitrary, but there was abundant evidence of a conspiracy against the Church in the huge collection of manuscripts found in his cabinet. When entreated to release St. Cyran from his prison, Richelieu answered : " If Luther and Calvin had been dealt with as I have dealt with St. Cyran, France and Germany would have been spared the torrents of blood which have inundated them for fifty years." Richelieu, prompt as he was, in this case was too late ; St. Cyran's party had already been formed, and its most important acquisitions made before he was consigned to his prison. Every one knows the wonderful outburst of devotion which took place in France in the seventeenth century. It was the period when St. Vincent of Paul might be seen familiarly treading the streets of Paris, and when M. Olier was one of its parish priests ; numbers of noblemen and ladies in court and camp were leading lives of extraordinary perfection ; while, up and down the obscure cloisters of the country, many a nun was living in a state of supernatural union with God. To and fro in the midst of this religious enthu-

siasm went St. Cyran, gifted with extraordinary powers of obtaining influence, with a well-merited reputation for learning and powers of mind, and an undeserved one for sanctity. He made an attempt on St. Vincent of Paul, and wrote to Jansenius that he had great hopes of Cardinal de Burelle; and if the saintly instinct of these two great men was too much for him, still he succeeded in attaching to himself many devoted and ardent souls. Even at that early period he had allured Singlin from St. Vincent; Lancelot was detached from the community of St. Nicholas-du-Chardonnet; and the French Oratory lost its greatest preacher, Desmares. But the greatest success which St. Cyran obtained was the hold which he gained on the family of Arnauld.

There was an ancient abbey of the Cistercian Order, not far from Paris, which had been restored to its original strictness under circumstances the most unpromising. Marie Angélique Arnauld, when but a child, had received the abbacy as a gift from its royal patron, according to a custom condemned by the Council of Trent, yet too prevalent at the beginning of the seventeenth century. But the grace of God touched the heart of the young abbess, and with wonderful

energy and strength of will she reformed the laxity which had taken place in the old rule of St. Benedict, and established religious observance and regular cloister. The reform bid fair to spread far and wide; the regal abbey of Manbuisson received the reform of Port Royal at the hands of Marie Angélique, and the world was astonished by the unparalleled modesty with which the instrument of the good work renounced the crosier of the rich abbacy when her work was done, and returned to the low-damp valley of Port Royal, where the conventual buildings were often hidden by the unhealthy exhalations from its undrained waters.

In an evil hour she fell under St. Cyran's direction, and from that moment the whole energy of that indomitable will was bent on promoting the cause of heresy. It is impossible not to mourn her fate. Instead of being, what she might have been, a great instrument in the hands of God, she sunk into the tool of a miserable faction.

Around the Abbey, and on the grounds under its jurisdiction, St. Cyran had conceived the idea of collecting a number of men, to be occupied in literary works and in the education of youth, as the nuns were to be employed in bringing up

young ladies. It was owing to these men that the Abbey acquired a world-wide name at the expense of the holiness of its inmates. Its solitude became peopled; it was to that lowly valley that men repaired whose names are identified with the best days of French literature. They left the world to pray, to be with God, and to turn Port Royal into a new Thebaid; but neither fasting nor austerities could tame the fiery spirits that congregated there. Never was man served like St. Cyran; nay, it is not often that God is served so faithfully and well, except by His saints. Even after he was dead, his idea was carried on after him. It was his plan thoroughly to get hold of the literature of his country, and to identify the triumphs of its language with the progress of his heresy. The energy, the clearness and distinctness, the limpid transparency which pleases even when it has no depth, which can say anything, and say it well, notwithstanding its poverty of words, the vivacity and power which has made the tongue of France the language of Europe and the interpreter of the thoughts of all nations—all this was to be turned into the vehicle of Jansenism. And he succeeded.

Even at this distance of time, though not one

stone is left upon another, our imagination can reproduce, without effort, the plan of the Abbey, the valley under its jurisdiction, its streams and fish-ponds ; and who, on looking down from the heights above on its peaceful conventual buildings, its cloistered quadrangles, and the modest spire of its church, would suspect for a moment that he was standing on the crater of a volcano ? Yet the solitaries who dwelt in that valley were in league with the machinations of the Fronde. So contagious was this dishonest spirit in Port Royal, that it seemed to infect all who came within the influence of the place. There are few things which we can less easily forgive Jansenism than the noble minds which it spoiled and corrupted ; and the noblest mind which it overthrew was Pascal's. The discoverer of the cycloid was turned into the fanatic who saw precipices open beneath his feet when he walked. He dreamed dreams, and believed them to be visions. He wrote an account of them, and wore the paper around his neck like an amulet, and the royal library at Paris possessed, and probably possesses to this day, this melancholy witness of the wreck which Jansenism had helped to cause in that wonderful intellect. Under the influence of the Port Royalists all that was ten-

der, loving and beautiful in the Christian faith, perished in their fanatical attempt to bring back that which could never return.

Such was Jansenism in its first stage, the most repulsive and the most dishonest of heresies. Its fatalist doctrines, its stern and arrogant spirit, its unmercifulness to sinning and perishing souls,—all is unchristian and unlovely about it. The attempt to remain in the Church when they are not of hers, turned a number of men of great talents and great energy of character, into traitors to her. They simply attempted what was impracticable; they tried to be Catholic without being Roman; they attempted to believe in the infallibility of an abstract Church of the past or the future, while they rebelled against the present ever-living Church of God. All withered under their touch,—hagiology, ecclesiastical history, spiritual reading and devotion.

As time went on, all these evil characteristics of Jansenism came out with greater prominence. The unerring logic of history has now fully worked out the problem, whether it be possible to remain in communion with the Church without conforming to her spirit.

REV. JOHN BERNARD DALGAIKNS,
Introduction to the Devotion to the Sacred Heart

LETTER OF REV. DANIEL BARBER.

It is a natural principle in all men to be disposed to religion, and in case they fail in that which is true, they will be disposed to embrace that which is false. Among those who claim the right of choosing for themselves that faith which their fancy or judgment may approve of, there will always be many who are very liable to change, especially among such as have recourse to the Holy Scriptures as the only rule of their choice ; and although such changes are frequent, and generally proceed from apparently pious motives, is it not natural for us to inquire in particular cases what these motives were ? Such inquiries are often kind and friendly, and seem fully justified by an apostle who has taught us to give an answer to “ every one who shall ask us concerning our faith.”

Whenever I shall return again to you, my former brethren, it is quite probable that many among such as I have baptized and administered to in other holy things, as also those with whom I have wept and rejoiced, will feel, at least, some curiosity to inquire, among other

things, why I have made a change in my religion? And particularly why I became a Catholic? So natural is it to ask, when we see a man with a cross upon his shoulders, why does he carry it?

Anticipating such inquiries, my answer shall be according to that simplicity and affection in which I ever taught and instructed you in former times, when it was the wish of my heart to lead you in the ways of piety to a spiritual composure of mind and to that truth of the soul which is everlasting. In this way I endeavored to lead you according to the measure of my knowledge and skill. Honest minds may think differently, yet truth and error can never be the same; and whether our faith be right or wrong depends not at all on the opinion we may form, or the good liking we may have for it. The sun does not cease to shine because the blind man does not see it; nor is the providence of God checked because a sceptic may please to deny it. That religion whose design is the happiness of man, is from heaven. Its faith, its doctrines, must, therefore, be holy and divine. It must then be perfect, and unchangeable as He who once gave the law amidst the thunders and lightning of Mount Sinai. What it was,

the same it is, and ever will be; not like man, liable to change and decay, but stamped with the hand of its divine author, it alone will stand amidst desolation of empires and the wreck of worlds.

You again ask me why I am a Catholic? I answer: for the same reasons which make me a Christian; for, in former times, Catholic and Christian meant the same thing. "My name is Christian," said an ancient Father, "and Catholic is my surname;" or, I will answer in the words of a celebrated author, M. De la Harpe, "I am a Catholic because I have examined; do you the same and you will be one too."

REV. DANIEL BARBER,

Catholic Worship and Piety Explained and Recommended in sundry Letters to a very near Friend, and Others.

* Catholic Memoirs of Vermont and New Hampshire, by Right Rev. Louis de Goesbriand.

THE PRINCIPAL HERESIES OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

There is no error too absurd to be embraced by the human mind, when disdainng the guidance of the sacred traditions; it follows its own light in the search after truth. It would be useless, and, perhaps, an impossible task, to retrace all the aberrations of thought; the diversities of logical error would be found, perhaps, equal to the infinite variety of moral vices; and these, from their turn, viewed from a psychological and physiological point of view, would, doubtless, find their degraded types in the multiplicity of corporal maladies. This triple manifestation of evil springs originally from the same source; and each, according to its kind, issues in a fruit of death. It is a remarkable fact, that a period of immorality ordinarily brings on a period of error, and that again is followed by the scourge of corporal maladies. These three series of evils are far more closely connected than is generally thought, and they produde one

another; morals regulate the mind, and the mind rules the body; and public health actually depends upon doctrines, as doctrines depend upon morality. It would, perhaps, be an interesting study, setting out from this point of view, to characterize each century by the nature of its predominant evil, and trace the successive influences which have ruled the world. But, without wishing to insist on this observation, and confining ourselves to the time of which we are treating, it is manifest that the twelfth century is distinguished by the aberration of human reason, and by the heterodox tendency of intellectual speculations. The predominance of barbarous matters in the preceding century had prepared the way for this tendency; it was followed, a century later, by physical calamities of all kinds, and a period of frightful mortality.*

The method of Aristotle was the great instrument by the aid of which the innovators undertook to justify their eccentric doctrines. The species of fanaticism to which the study of the Greek philosophers had given rise in the Christian schools, had carried the rationalistic theo-

* The numerous and strange maladies which broke out at the end of the 13th century are well known. It was especially under the race of Valois that the nations were decimated by them.

gians into absurdities. Some, carried away by the seductions of Manicheism, supposed a primitive nature, co-existent with God, co-eternal with Him ; subject, in its development, like God Himself, to necessary and absolute laws. Others, reviving the reveries of the Indians and the Gymnosophists, viewed creation as the eternal object of the divine love, and thus considered all created beings consubstantial with God ; a gross pantheism, which confounded God, man, and nature together.* Others again—and this was the most general aberration of the spirit of the age—carried the taste of disputation and the spirit of curiosity, made more subtle by dialectics, into Christian theology ; so that, in their discussion of dogmas, they mutilated them to scholastic categories and subjected them to the narrow conceptions of reason. Lastly, impetuous and austere innovators, under the pretext of purifying morals, undertook the task of reforming doctrines, and uprooting heavenly and earthly plants together from the field of the Church ; they composed a new Christianity, which broke into a thousand fragments, and sub-divided into

* German pantheism, especially the school of Hegel, seems to be an offspring of these old errors.

as many sects. These various heresies which had been long hatching in darkness, displayed their symbols openly at the period when Arnold of Brescia flattered himself that he had struck down the head of the Church. The first propaganda was organized at Languedoc; Provence and several dioceses of Southern France were soon infected. These countries seemed more accessible than others to the enterprise of the innovators. These men at first confined their attacks to the clergy; but from the clergy they passed to the ecclesiastical hierarchy; from the hierarchy, to the authority of the Church; and this barrier once broken through, errors poured in floods into the schismatical schools. Each of these schools gave itself out as the only true Church, under a name borrowed either from its head, or from the city where it had just sprung up.

Thus arose, almost simultaneously, the different Manichean sects, which, favored by Roger, Count of Albi, became afterwards so formidable under their new name of Albigenses. They had been preceded by the Petrobrusians, disciples of Peter of Bruys. They again divided; and from the midst of them issued forth the Henricians, more violent than their predecessors. Tan-

chelme and his partisans, known in the twelfth century under the name of the heretics of Cologne, mitigated the doctrines of the monk Henry, and propagated them in Flanders, Cologne, Utrecht, and Holland. The Apostolicals of Perigueux, the Cathari of Italy, the Patarins or Perfect of Germany, the "Passagiens," the "Bonshommes," the Arnoldists, the Publicans, and a host of others, signalized themselves by the singularity of their dogmas, and by their common revolt against the centre of Catholic authority.

M. L'ABBE RATISBONNE,
Life and Times of St. Bernard.

THE LOVE OF GOD IN CREATION.

The knowledge of God is not only the highest and most precious of all kinds of knowledge, but the standard by which the value of all other kinds of knowledge is to be tested. In the intellectual order it holds the place of charity in the moral. Though a man were to possess all other kinds of knowledge and be wanting in this cardinal science, it would avail him nothing!¹ Our Heavenly Father has graciously provided for this passing need of His reasonable creatures, and has furnished them with abundant means of satisfying it. He has set before them two books, very different in character, but consentient in their testimony and capable of mutual illustration. One of these books is incomparably more complete and explicit than the other. It has an object, a method, and a dignity especially and unapproachably its own; but

¹ See Wisd. ix. 6 and xiii. 1.

it indirectly throws light upon the evidence of its kindred witness. I need hardly say that the two books of one and the same Author to which I am referring are respectively the Book of Nature, as opened before us in the works of the material creation, and the book of Revelation as contained in the Holy Scriptures, and presented to us at the hands of the Church. That these books must severally illustrate one another is evident from the fact of their being the works of the same Author, the Father of Light, with whom is no change nor shadow of inconsistency. The works of the same author often contradict or vary from one another. They indicate different periods in their author's personal history, or different stages in his mental career. But God is ever the same. His disclosures may and do vary in point of explicitness, but in their character they are uniform and coincident. They are the acts of a Will that never falters, and the expressions of a Mind that never fluctuates. There have been, and still are, vast multitudes of rational and responsible beings to whom one of these great records of

Divine Truth is a sealed book ; but there has never existed a time when, or a place where, the other has not been spread out before the eyes of all. Its ubiquitous presence has constituted the privilege and the opportunity of the benighted inquirer, and its studied neglect his sin and condemnation. The heathen of old, as St. Paul tells us, had this opportunity, and incurred the guilt and penalty of neglecting it. This is the reproach which the Apostle brings against them. The invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made: His eternal power, also, and divinity; so that they are inexcusable. Because that, when they had known God, they have not glorified Him as God nor given thanks; but became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish hearts were darkened.²

The reproach of the Apostle has lost none of its force in the centuries which have intervened. The evidences of power and divinity which are displayed in the

² Rom. i. 20. 21.

works of the Creator are still wasted on multitudes of His creatures, and that, too, not only in countries as yet unvisited by the fulness of Gospel light, but even in some of those which bask in its sunshine. Not infidelity alone, but even atheism is found to exist side by side with the possession of the Gospel and the teachings of the Church, notwithstanding that the progress of physical science has more and more served to elicit the proofs of creative and provident love which abound in every part of the universe. The spectacle is one which might rouse our indignation, did it not rather tend to move our pity. Men are found to breathe this healthful air—so exquisitely compounded as to refresh where it might stifle, and to invigorate where it might destroy—without discerning in such a provision of mercy the beneficence of the Creator, and far from lifting up their hearts to Him in one aspiration of love and outpouring of gratitude. They can breathe in this ocean of light—so immense in its range, so marvellous in its disclosures, yet so gentle and soothing in effects on the organ prepared to receive it—without

once reflecting on the matchless adaptation of means to an end which appears in the structure of that organ, and the quality of the element for which it is designed. They can behold the birds of the air, nourished and sustained without labor or forethought of their own, yet reflect not on the watchful Eye which overlooks, or the invisible Hand which ministers to them. They can gaze on the lilies of the field—so beautiful in their form and so glorious in their vesture—without discerning in them the reflection of archetypal beauty or the tokens of a love which provides not only for the welfare, but even for the solace and recreation of ungrateful man.

The mercies of the Creator are over all His works, and are renewed every morning. His loving kindness embraces the least and the lowest of His creatures, and is as perfect in its provision for the needs of each as if there were no other demand upon its exercise, no other object of its care. It is witnessed in the precise adaptation of animals to the element in which they are found; in their provident and sagacious instincts; in the compensations by which the

irregularities of their exceptional structures are rectified, and in ways equally significant of love to whose expansiveness no limit can be assigned, and for whose scrutiny no object is too minute.

VERY REV. FREDERICK CANON OAKELEY,
*The Voice of Creation as a Witness to the mind
of its Divine Author.*

LETTER OF THE DUTCHESS
OF YORK ON HER CONVERSION TO
THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

I have been, ever from my infancy, bred up in the English Protestant religion, and have had very able persons to instruct me in the grounds thereof, and I doubt not but I am exposed to the censure of an infinite number of persons, who are astonished at my quitting it to embrace the religion of the Roman Catholics (for which I have ever professed a great aversion); and therefore I have thought fit to give some satisfaction to my friends, by declaring unto them the reasons upon which I have been moved to do it, without engaging myself in long and unprofitable disputes touching the matter.

I protest therefore, before God, that, since my coming into England, no person, either man or woman, hath at any time persuaded me to alter my religion, or hath used any discourses to me upon that subject. It hath been

only a particular favor from God, who hath been graciously pleased to hear the prayers I daily made unto him, both in France and Flanders whilst I was there, that he would vouchsafe to bring me into the true Church before I died, in case that I was not in the right; and it was the devotion I observed in the Catholics there, which induced me to make that prayer, although my own devotion during all that time was very slender. I did, notwithstanding, all the time I was in those countries, believe I was in the true religion; neither had I the least scruple of it until November last, at which time, reading Dr. Heylin's History of the Reformation, which had been highly recommended to me, I was so far from finding the satisfaction I expected, that I found nothing but sacrileges; and looking over the reasons, therein set down, which caused the separation of the Church of England from that of Rome, I read three there, which to me were great impieties. The first was, that Henry VIII. had cast off the Pope's authority, because he would not permit him to quit his wife and marry another.

The second, that during the minority of Edward VI., his uncle, the Duke of Somerset, who then governed all, and was the principal in that

alteration, did greatly enrich himself with the goods of the Church, which he engrossed.

And the third consisted in this, that Queen Elizabeth, not being rightful heir to the crown, could not keep it, but by renouncing a Church which would never have allowed of such injustice. I could not be persuaded that the Holy Ghost would ever have made use of such motives as these were, to change religion, and was astonished that the bishops, if they had no other intention than to establish the doctrine of the primitive Church, had not attempted it before the schism of Henry VIII., which was grounded upon such unjustifiable pretences.

Being troubled with these scruples, I began to make some reflections upon the points of doctrine wherein we differed from the Catholics, and to that purpose had recourse to the Holy Scripture, and though I pretended not to be able perfectly to understand it, I found, notwithstanding, several points which seemed to me very plain; and I cannot but wonder that I staid so long without taking notice of them. Amongst these were, the Real Presence of our Saviour in the sacraments, the infallibility of the Church, confession, and prayers for the dead. I treated of these particulars severally,

with two of the most learned bishops of England ; and advising upon these subjects, they told me, that it was to be wished that the Church of England had retained several things it altered : as, for example, confession, which without doubt is of divine institution. They told me also, that prayers for the dead had been in use in the primitive Church, during the first centuries ; and that they themselves did daily observe those things, though they desired not publicly to own those doctrines. And having pressed one of them something earnestly touching these things, he frankly told me, that if he had been bred up in the Catholic religion, he should not have left it ; but now being a member of that Church which believed all the articles necessary to salvation, he thought he should do ill to quit it, because he was beholden to that church for his baptism, and he should thereby give occasion of great scandal to others.

All these discourses were a means to increase the desire I had to embrace the Roman Catholic religion, and added much to the inward trouble of my mind ; but the fear I had to be hasty in a matter of that importance, made me act warily, with all precaution necessary in such a case. I prayed incessantly to God, that

he would be pleased to inform me in the truth of these points whereof I doubted. Upon Christmas-day, going to receive at the King's Chapel, I found myself in greater trouble than ever I had been in ; neither was it possible for me to be at quiet, until I had discovered myself to a certain Catholic, who presently brought me a priest. He was the first of them with whom I ever conversed, and the more I conversed with him, the more I found myself confirmed in the resolution I had taken. It was, I thought, impossible to doubt of these words: " This is my body," and I am verily persuaded that our Saviour, who is truth itself, and hath promised to continue with his Church to the world's end, would never suffer these holy mysteries to the laity, only under one kind, if it was inconsistent with his institution of that sacrament.

I am not able to dispute touching these things with any body, and if I were, I would not go about to do it, but I content myself to write this to justify the change I have made of my religion ; and I call God to witness, I had not done it, had I believed I could have been saved in that Church whereof till then I was a member. I protest seriously, I have not been induced to this by any worldly interests or mo-

tives, neither can the truth of this my protestation be rationally doubted by any person, since it was evident that thereby I lost all of my friends, and very much prejudiced my reputation; but having seriously considered with myself whether I ought to renounce my portion in the other world to enjoy the advantages of my present being here, I assure you, I found it no difficulty at all to resolve the contrary, for which I render thanks to God, who is the author of all goodness.

My prayer to him is, that the poor Catholics of this kingdom may not be persecuted upon my account, and I beseech God to grant me patience in my afflictions, and that what tribulations soever his goodness has appointed for me, I may go through with them, as that I may hereafter enjoy a happiness for all eternity.

Given at St. James', the 20th of August, 1670.

THE MEMORIALS OF CATH- OLICITY IN ENGLAND.

An Englishman needs not controversial writings to lead him to the faith of his fathers; it is written on the wall, on the window, on the pavement, by the highway. Let him but look on the tombs of those who occupy the most honorable position in the history of his country,—the devout, the noble, the valiant, and the wise,—and he will behold them with clasped hands invoking the saints of Holy Church, whilst the legend round the slab begs the prayers of the passers-by for their souls' repose. At Canterbury he beholds the pallium, emblem of jurisdiction conferred by St. Gregory on the blessed Austin, first primate of this land; at York, the keys of Peter, with triple crowns, are carved on buttress, parapet, and wall. Scarcely one village church or crumbling ruin that does not bear some badge of ancient faith and glory. Now the crosses on the walls tell of anointings with holy chrism and solemn dedication,—the sculptured font,

of sacraments seven, and regeneration in the laver of grace : the legend on the bell inspires veneration for these consecrated heralds of the Church ; the chalice and Host over priestly tomb teaches of altar and sacrifice ; the iron-clasped ambry, sculptured in the wall, bears record of holy Eucharist reserved for ghostly food,—the stoups in porch, and Galilee of hallowed water, and purification before prayer ; while window, niche, spandril, and tower set forth, by pious effigies, that glorious company of angels, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and confessors, who, glorified in heaven, watch over and intercede for the faithful upon earth.

The Cross—that emblem of a Christian's hopes—still surmounts spire and gable, in flaming red it waves from the masts of our navy, over the towers of the sovereign's palace, and is blazoned on London's shield.

The order of St. George, our patron saint, founded by King Edward of famous memory, is yet the highest honor that can be conferred by the sovereigns on the subject ; and his chapel is glorious and his feast is kept solemnly. Our cities, towns, and localities, the rocky islands which surround our shores, are yet designated by the names of those saints of old

through whose lives, martyrdom, or benefactions, they have become famous.

The various seasons of the year are distinguished by the *masses* of these holy tides. Scarcely is there one noble house of family whose honorable bearings are not identical with those blazoned on ancient church or window, or chantry tomb, which are so many witnesses of the pious deeds and faith of their noble ancestry. Nay, more, our sovereign is solemnly crowned before the shrine of the saintly Edward, and exhorted to follow in the footsteps of that pious king, and anointed with oil poured from the same spoon that was held by Canterbury's prelates eight centuries ago.

In short, Catholicism is so interwoven with everything sacred, honorable, or glorious in England, that three centuries of puritanism, indifference, and infidelity have not been able effectually to separate it. It clings to this land, and develops itself from time, to time, as the better feelings of a naturally honorable man who had been betrayed into sin. What! an Englishman and a Protestant! Oh, worse than parricide, to sever these holy ties that bind them to the past, to deprive himself of that sweet communion of soul with those holy men, now

blessed spirits with God, who brought this island from pagan obscurity to the brightness of Christian light,—who covered its once dreary face with the noblest monuments of piety and skill,—who gave those lands which yet educate our youth, support the learned, and from whom we received all we have yet left that is glorious, even to our political government and privileges.

A. WELBY PUGIN,

An Apology for the Revival of Christian Architecture in England.

THE REVEREND FATHER,
PRINCE DEMETRIUS AUGUSTINE
GALLITZIN.

As early as 1795 there was one Father Smith who was missionary for an enormous district in Western Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. There, for forty-one years, he toiled in humble faithfulness; from thence his soul ascended to the judgment which his life had merited. It will not be uninteresting to consider some points in the life of this servant of Mary, this glorious, although unrenowned, pioneer of her honor in this country.

This Father Smith, missionary of Hagerstown and Cumberland in Maryland, of Martinsburg and Winchester in Virginia, of Chambersburg and the Alleghany mountain-sweep in Pennsylvania, and thence southward; of far more, in a word, than what now constitutes the entire diocese of Pittsburg; this rival of Gomez in the south, and of Father Chaumonot in the north; this founder of Our Lady of Loretto in the *centre* of the continent, was not

always known as Father Smith. In his own country, the vast Muscovite empire, then ruled by the Czar Alexander I., he was known as the Prince Augustine de Gallitzin. His Father, Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, was ambassador of Catherine the Great to Holland, at the time of the missionary's birth. His mother, the Princess Amelia, was daughter of that famous Field-marshal Count von Schmettau, who illustrated the military annals of Frederick the Great.

The young Gallitzin was decorated in his very cradle with military titles, which destined him from his birth to the highest posts in the Russian army. High in the favor of the Empress Catherine, his father, a haughty and ambitious nobleman, dreaming only of the advancement of his son in the road of preferment and worldly honor, was resolved to give him an education worthy of his exalted birth and his brilliant prospects. Religion formed no part of the plan of the father, who was a proficient in the school of Gallic infidelity, and the friend of Diderot. It was carefully excluded. Special care was taken not to suffer any minister of religion to approach the study-room of the young prince. He was surrounded by infidel teachers. His

mother, a Catholic by birth and early education, was seduced into seeming Voltairianism by the court fashion of her native country, and her marriage with Prince Demetrius confirmed her habits of apparent infidelity; we say apparent, for she retained, even in the salons of Paris and in the society of Madame du Châtelet, a fervent devotion to Saint Augustine, that grand doctor of the Church who had been a great worldling and heretic. After the marriage of the elder Gallitzin with the Princess Amelia, he brought her to Paris and introduced her to his literary infidel friends, especially to Diderot, in whose company he delighted. This philosopher endeavored to win the princess over to his atheistical system; but though she was more than indifferent on the subject of religion, her naturally strong mind discovered the hollowness of his reasoning. It was remarked that she would frequently puzzle the philosopher by the little interrogative—why? and as he could not satisfy her objections, she was determined to examine thoroughly the grounds of revelation. Though having no religion herself, she was determined to instruct her children in one. The beauty of revealed truth, notwithstanding the impediment of indifference and unbelief,

would sometimes strike her—her mind being of that mould which, according to Tertullian, is naturally Christian.

A terrible illness called her back to God; she saw the truth and beauty of the Catholic faith, and she returned to the protection of Mary on the Feast of St. Augustine, in the week following the Octave of Our Lady's Assumption.

It is to the happy influence and bright example of his mother, to whom, under God, we must mainly ascribe the conversion of the young Demetrius. As the illustrious Bishop of Milan, St. Ambrose, consoled the mother of Augustine, when he used to say "*that it was impossible for a son to be lost for whom so many tears were shed*;" so we may believe that the pious Fürstenberg, her son's tutor, cheered, in a similar manner, this good lady, in her intense solicitude for a son whom she so tenderly loved.

At the age of seventeen the young prince was received into the Church. He was, in the year 1792, appointed aid-de-camp to the Austrian General Von Lilien, who commanded an army in Brabant at the opening of the first campaign against the French Jacobins. The

sudden death of the Emperor Leopold, and the murder of the king of Sweden by Ankerstrom, both suspected to be the work of French Jacobins, who had declared war against all kings and religions, caused the governments of Austria and Prussia to issue a very strict order, disqualifying all foreigners from military offices. In consequence of this order the young Prince de Gallitzin was excluded. Russia not taking any part in the war against France, there was no occasion offered to him for pursuing the profession of arms, for which he had been destined by his military education. It was therefore determined by his parents that he should travel abroad and make the grand tour. He was allowed two years to travel; and lest, in the mean time, his acquirements, the fruits of a very finished education, might suffer, he was placed under the guidance of the Rev. Mr. Brosius, a young missionary then about to embark for America, with whom his studies were to be still continued. In the company of this excellent clergyman he reached the United States in 1792.

The next we need see of him is as a seminarian with the Sulpicians in Baltimore, November 5, 1772. In this moment of his irrevocable

sacrifice of himself to God, the feelings of his inmost soul may be gathered from a letter which he wrote at this time to a clergyman of Munster, in Germany. In it he begs him to prepare his mother for the step he had finally taken, and informs him that he had sacrificed himself, with all that he possessed, to the service of God and the salvation of his neighbor in America, where the harvest was so great and the laborers so few, and where the missionary had to ride frequently forty and fifty miles a day, undergoing difficulties and dangers of every description. He adds, that he doubted not his call, as he was willing to subject himself to such arduous labor.

Father Etienne Badin was the first priest ordained in the United States; Prince Gallitzin was the second, and he, as early as 1799, was settled for life in the then bleak and savage region of the Alleghanies. From his post to Lake Erie, from the Susquehanna to the Potomac, there was no priest, no church, no religious station of any kind. Think, then, of the inevitable labors and privations of this missionary.

During long missionary excursions, frequently his bed was the bare floor, his pillow the

saddle, and the coarsest and most forbidding fare constituted his repast. Add to this, that he was always in feeble health, always infirm and delicate in the extreme, and it was ever a matter of wonder to others how the little he ate could support nature and hold together so fragile a frame as his. A veritable imitator of St. Paul "he was, in labor and painfulness, in watching often, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and nakedness." *

REV. XAVIER DONALD MACLEOD.

*History of the Devotion of the Blessed Virgin in
North America.*

* 2 Cor. xi.

PHILOSOPHES AND AUTOCRATS.

The fall of the Society of Jesus was the culminating triumph of Renaissance Cæsarism over the spiritual order—the sweeping away of the last vestiges of liberty in Europe. The sixteen years which intervene between the promulgation of the Brief *Dominus et Redemptor Noster* and the outbreak of the French Revolution were, if I may so speak, the carnival of monarchical absolutism. Curiously enough the very forces which were blindly working to bring about its overthrow, were then most intimately leagued with it. In the attack upon the Society of Jesus the *philosophes* had been the devoted confederates of the kings. In the continued warfare of governments against the Church, in the attacks upon immemorial local liberties and ancient autonomies, in the determination to carry out by brute force a complete system of monarchical centralization—and this, taking Europe as a whole, is in substance the history of those fifteen years—the most effective weapons of the autocratic Powers were forged

by the men who in those days,—strange irony of popular ignorance!—are so widely honored as the apostles of freedom. Of the social, moral, and the religious action of the *philosophes* I shall have to speak hereafter. Here I merely note that their direct political action was throughout Europe in support of absolutism. Fine phrases about liberty, patriotism, justice, the rights of man, were ever upon their lips: but there was no love of man, of country, no loyalty to virtue or duty in their hearts. Their ruling motive was ever the lust of material gratification and sensual enjoyment. There was hardly one of their leaders who would not sell his pen, for a chamberlain's key or a pension, to any tyrant, however steeped in nameless vice or stained by sanguinary ambition. In France, indeed, they posed as the enemies of royalty. Louis XV. disliked and despised them. Louis XVI. was too honest, or too stupid, to win their venal suffrages. Hence the French Monarchy was the standing object of their vituperation—even when the monarch was doing his feeble best to use his autocratic power for the correction of its worst abuses. Vain effort, indeed, and pre-doomed to failure, for who could have been sufficient for it? Certainly, insufficiency is

written upon the career of Louis XVI. from first to last. He was not the Hercules to cleanse so foul an Augean stable as France had become. The very evils which his benevolence would have remedied were inherent parts of the system. The structure of regal absolutism was all of a piece. To attempt to reform it was but to accelerate the downfall of the edifice. Still, if any monarch ever deserved the help of all good men in his endeavors, and the pity of all generous hearts in his failures, it was Louis XVI. He received neither help nor pity from the *philosophes*.

In truth, the sympathies of the *philosophes* were engrossed by other European countries where the rulers were their own pupils, and where their political theories had free course and were glorified.

C'est du Nord aujourd'hui que nous vient la lumière, sang Voltaire; the North with its Gustavus III. of Sweden, and Christian VII. of Denmark, under whose usurpations every vestige of liberty disappeared from the Scandinavian peninsula; its Catherine II. of Russia, fit nursing-mother of the Church of Antichrist, who consolidated the edifice of despotism in that unhappy country. *Philosophe* principles, how-

ever, were hardly, if at all, less potential in the governments of the south of Europe than in those of the north. D'Aranda, who continued to be the first Minister of the Spanish Crown until the death of Charles III. in 1788, was a professed disciple of Voltaire. The sanguinary Pombal caused his works to be translated into Portuguese. The aim of these two statesmen was to bring the institutions of the countries they governed into accord with the fashionable doctrines, and they proceeded in their task with the arbitrariness of an Oriental despot, and with a cynical indifference to the sentiments, the institutions, the traditions of the people, which few Oriental despots would dare to exhibit. This was especially the case in Spain. The ruling feelings of the noble Spanish nation were devotion to the Catholic religion, love of their ancient customary liberties, and loyalty to their prince.

The political condition of Italy on the eve of the French Revolution did not materially differ from that of Spain. The principles of the new French philosophy were professed by well-nigh all her rulers, and a despotism, called "enlightened," generally prevailed. Tuscany was regarded as her model state, and Leopold II. was

celebrated throughout the world for his "reforms." But his administration was really only a copy of the *doctrinaire* absolutism of his brother Joseph, under easier conditions and with larger success. Joseph himself is perhaps the most striking manifestation of the political tendencies of the age. Succeeding in 1780 to the sole government of the confederation of States united under the hereditary sway of the House of Hapsburg, his supreme ambition was to give the world example of a *philosophe* Kaiser. "The Emperor is quite ours," wrote Voltaire to d'Alembert, and Joseph certainly did his best to justify the boast. A contemporary observer describes him as "a *philosophe* in his opinions and a despot in his conduct." Ranke pronounces his "ruling idea" to have been "to unite all the powers of the monarchy, without check or limitation, in his own hand." * Hence his attack upon local liberties and his policy of *doctrinaire* centralization throughout all his States, as well as "the incessant and destructive war which he waged against all institutions calculated to uphold the external unity of the Church." The systems of Government which excited his admiration and his envy were those of his two accomplices in the spolia-

tion of Poland—a crime which was consummated, it will be remembered, in the year preceding the formal suppression of the Society of Jesus, and which alone is sufficient to show how completely the ideas of morality and justice in the States, of public law and international right, had been effaced from the European mind.

WILLIAM SAMUEL LILLY.

Chapters in European History.

* Ranke's *History of the Popes*, Vol. III., p. 147.

ANGLICAN ORDERS.

Dean Blunt desired to recall the assembly from these collateral topics to the question of Anglican Orders, upon which, he presumed to think, there was still a good deal to be said. If they had any validity, in the sense of that term employed by the High-Church party, it could only be by their derivation from Rome. Now here, as the learned Professor had justly intimated, they had to deal with two distinct lines of thought, one purely historical, the other belonging to the sphere of morals and theology. As to the first, which was the least important, he thought that no adequate proof had ever been given, or could be given, of the integrity of their succession. The evidence which centuries had failed to complete would never be completed at all. It was surely a fatal note against their High-Church friends that they had always been occupied in *vindicating* their Orders! The attitude of the rest of Christendom towards them sufficiently exposed their want of success.

A valued friend of his own, and a great or-

nement of the Puseyite party, had assured him, with a sorrowful gravity which he was incapable of treating with ridicule, that, "for years he had been in the habit of asking God to forgive him, every time he stood before the altar, if he were not really a Catholic priest." He had reason to believe that, at least among the more earnest and conscientious members of that party, this was a common case.

But if the purely historical aspect of the question was, to put it at the lowest, a maze of doubt and peradventure, the moral difficulties were still more formidable, and darkened the whole ground with their portentous shadows. He would ask Archdeacon Chasuble, if he were not absorbed in conversation with his neighbor, to favor him with his attention, while he endeavored to examine one only of these difficulties, of which the number was legion. Had the Archdeacon, and the clergy who shared his opinions, while consoling themselves with the belief that they derived their orders from Rome, ever seriously considered how such a claim could be reconciled with the language of the Reformers, including the principal founders and doctors of their own Church? The latter thought, and said, with an energy of expression

which made all doubt about their meaning impossible, that for nearly a thousand years the whole Roman priesthood lay wallowing in idolatry and corruption. They proclaimed, as the all-sufficient defence of their own separation, that it was necessary to the salvation of every Christian soul to flee from that apostate Church, and to form a new religion, with Thirty-Nine new Articles of Christian belief; new forms of Christian worship, and new and frightful penalties for non-conformity. For more than two hundred years, the English bishops, whom they were now bid to regard as *Catholics*, gave their hearty assent to laws which made it *death* to be reconciled to the Church of Rome, *death* to say or hear Mass, *death* to be, or to harbor, a priest; and, as if this were not a sufficient proof of their hatred to Rome, life-long imprisonment and confiscation of goods was the penalty either for sending a child to a Catholic country for education, or having him brought up a Catholic at home.

But this was not all. During the whole period, and from the first hour of her existence, all the pulpits of the National Church had resounded with imprecations against the Roman sorceress, and successive generations of Englishmen were carefully nurtured *by the bishops and*

clergy in that passionate abhorrence of the very name of Catholic which distinguish them to this day. Their very literature had been formed in the same spirit, which breathed in every page, not only in episcopal charges and parochial sermons, but even of biographies and works of fiction, the same unflagging hatred of the religion which England had abolished.

And now, in spite of all these well-known facts, they were seriously told, that during all this time they had been Catholics without knowing it; their bishops heirs of St. Augustine, St. Anselm, and St. Thomas of Canterbury; and their ministers sacrificing priests, full of reverence for the mysteries of the altar, and the august sacrament of penance! He wished to speak calmly, but he would venture to ask: Was ever God so mocked? (Sensation.)

He was persuaded that no one in that assembly would venture to deny, that *all* the English reformers, the very men who founded their Church and gave them their formularies, had branded the Catholic Church with more prodigious curses than the Saviour of men had ever predicted for her blessings and triumphs. And yet they were now to be told that all this was a mistake,—a mere display of harmless rhe-

toric ; and that, as a matter of fact, the English clergy were identical, in office and in gifts, with their Roman brethren ! He could understand that any one who objected to the language of the Reformers, and had learned to abhor their doctrines, should humbly sue for pardon and reconciliation with the Holy See ; but that a community which had such an origin, and such a history, as their own, should pretend to be anxious about its unbroken connection with Rome, and claim to be in all essentials one with her, and to have common orders and common sacraments, and to form part of the great Christian commonwealth, precisely because it could boast filial generation from *her* ; there was in this notion such an audacious denial of truth and common sense,—considering what the Church of England had ever been, and still was,—that it was difficult to treat it seriously. That an Anglican minister, a disciple of the Articles and the Homilies, a successor of Cranmer and Jewel, of Abbot and Whitgift,—holding perhaps a benefice once held by a Catholic priest, and ministering at a table which had been substituted for a Catholic altar,—should venture to say all this ; besides being the most intolerable insult to his own Church, was as if

a man should contend proudly for a pedigree derived through countless generations of felons. What! call the whole Catholic priesthood "the spawn of Antichrist," as your own fathers did, and then attempt to prove that your Orders are manifestly divine, because you trace them to *that* source; revile the whole Catholic Church as "the harlot of Babylon," as twenty generations of your own bishops and clergy did, and then claim her as your Mother! Surely, this was either the last and wildest eccentricity of the human mind, or else the most impudent trifling with serious things of which any age or country could furnish an example.

ARTHUR F. MARSHALL.

*The Comedy of Convocation in the English
Church.*

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

Edward has been described by historians as a good king, though not a great one ; yet, if wisdom and virtue be deserving the attribute of greatness (and who shall say they are not ?), certainly the King Confessor of England has claim to this title of "Great." For more than twenty years he swayed the sceptre of England in peace ; he repressed the haughtiness of the Dane, he tamed the turbulence of the Saxon noble ; he raised the people from their deep subjection, and enforced so just an administration of the laws, that for years after his death the nation, when wronged and insulted by their Norman kings, were in the habit of demanding the laws and government of "the good king Edward." He was mild without weakness, just without cruelty, generous without extravagance. His charity was unbounded, and public buildings were his great delight ; but his people were not taxed by his magnificence, for his private income sufficed alike for his own expenses, for his hidden charities, and

public foundations. The only war which he ever willingly undertook was in a just cause, and was crowned by conquest. He gave a code of laws to his people, which, as part of the common law of England, are still in force, save where altered by later statutes; he remitted the "Danegelt," an oppressive tax, which had latterly been paid into the king's exchequer, and had become a part of his private resources; and when his nobles presented him with a gift of money, he refused to rob the people, and commanded it to be returned to the poor, from whose hard pittance it had been unjustly wrung. If acts like these give Edward no claim to the title of "Great," woe to the king who seeks any other means to obtain it. Riches, and glory, and honor may all be his; but his name will not live in the hearts of his people; he will go down to his grave and be forgotten, or remembered but as an object of just execration;—while the deeds of the good king Edward, like those of all just men, shall "smell sweet, and blossom in the dust." Amid all the contradictions of history, and the malevolence of party, the Catholic feeling with which the Protestants have honored the memory of king Edward appears strangely inconsistent. The Protestant

sovereign of England, on the day of his coronation, receives a crown which, if not that of king Edward, is made at least in imitation of it. The dalmatic and maniple were once a part of his royal robes of state; and no relics of the Catholic Church have been kept with more reverence than these have been preserved by the Protestants into whose hands they have fallen.

The custom of touching for the king's evil, which had its origin in the sanctity of the Saint, was afterwards continued by a long line of Protestant kings; though Elizabeth, trusting to the virtue of the royal touch alone, omitted the sign of the cross, which might possibly have been regarded by the humble Edward as the most essential part of the ceremony, and as the true cause of cures recorded by all the historians of the days in which he lived.

Edward is the Saint of the Catholic line of English kings, as Charles the First has ever been that of their Protestant successors: it might not, then, prove uninteresting to compare their respective claims to our admiration. They have both been described by historians as good men, but as weak kings, yet the dissimilarity of their reigning was such, that we may be

permitted to doubt if this similarity of temperament existed between them.

Both reigned in troublesome times; but Edward, almost without bloodshed, compelled the Danes to submit to his power; while Charles sank beneath the resentment of his people. Edward made laws for the just government of the nation—Charles broke those which were already made. Edward pardoned those who had done him evil—Charles signed the death-warrant of the most faithful of his friends. Edward was a Catholic, and at no one instant were his actions at variance with his professions of faith—Charles was a Protestant, but more than once he was the betrayer of his religion, as when he was about to marry the Infanta of Spain; and in a more especial manner, when he consented to the establishment of the Covenant for the space of five years. Both are considered Saints in their respective Churches, but all the energies of the one were directed to uphold the glory of God—of the other, to exalt the prerogatives of the crown. Edward lived a Saint of his own free will—Charles died a martyr by the will of his subjects. And this thankless friend, this perjured king, this martyr for Church and State, whom

the Protestant Church holds up to the admiration of her children,—this faithless defender of the faith, could consent to the virtual destruction of the religion in which he believed, and which he had sworn to defend, in the faint hope of preserving the life that, on the scaffold, he affected to despise. Charles has been exalted to the rank of martyr and saint by the unanimous opinion of the Protestant nation,—Edward has been declared a Saint by the Catholic Church, which only condescends to acknowledge those as martyrs who have poured forth their blood like water, and who have esteemed their lives as nothing in comparison with the preservation of the faith for which they have gladly died.

We have one word more to say to our readers before we conclude this imperfect sketch of the holy Edward's life. Westminster Abbey, as it at present exists, was begun by Henry III. ; but the old church, which stood there in the time of Edward, was repaired and magnificently endowed by him ; he may, then, be in a great measure regarded as its founder. Among the idle crowds who wander among its tombs, some few may perhaps pause for a moment, amid more serious thoughts, in the chapel where the

bones of the saint are laid.—They may run mentally over the long record of his life, untarnished by a single crime, and rich in every virtue that can add lustre to the nature of man. They may stand beside his tomb, occupied by the contemplation of his good deeds, as we loiter near a bed of violets inhaling unconsciously the fragrance they send up from the dust where they bloom. In that hour of secret communing with themselves and with the dead, should their souls become oppressed by a sense of awful veneration for him, to the holiness of whose life that mighty edifice in the lapse of ages has become at once a testimony and a commemoration, we would entreat them to reserve some portion of their grateful admiration for the Catholic magnificence of those olden times, when kings were content to dwell in meaner houses, while they raised temples to the majesty of GOD, which, defying alike the hand of time and the assaults of fanaticism, have come down to us, to witness, in these our days of self-seeking ostentation, of the heaven-aspiring genius of our ancestors,—those noble spirits who lived before and about the times so emphatically condemned, by the ignorance of later centuries, as the Dark Ages.

MISS AGNEW.

LETTER OF FREDERICK EMMANUEL HURTER.

The researches that I was obliged to make for the composition of my history of Pope Innocent III. had fixed my attention upon the wonderful structure that distinguishes the edifice of the Catholic Church. I was lost in admiration in observing the vigorous direction imprinted by its long line of Sovereign Pontiffs, all worthy of their high position; and I admired the vigilance with which they maintained the unity and purity of its doctrine.

In contradistinction to these facts the mobility of the Protestant sects presented itself; their pitiful dependence upon government authority, their interior divisions, and their spirit of individualism which submits their doctrine to the never-ending analysis of critics, the cavilling of theologians, and the free interpretations of preachers. Myself in the latter quality, and later on as a spiritual chief of a Protestant canton of Switzerland, I was looked upon as a sentinel charged to keep watch upon a post half

lost, but obliged to defend it by every means in my power, with a firm and courageous resolution ; it was for this end that I upheld, with the most inflexible vigor, all the fundamental dogmas of revealed Christianity, those of the Trinity, of Original sin, of the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and of the Redemption. All my teachings, both as preacher and professor, tended to repulse every attempt at rationalism. I then seriously applied myself to fortify and maintain the surviving remnants of the true doctrine. But, at this period, the special object of my labors concerned more the exterior than the interior of the Church, rather its history and its constitution than its dogmas. Nevertheless, my religious conviction was already hurt to see the fraction of Protestantism to which I belonged entirely set aside the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, either as taking no notice whatever of her existence, or only looking upon her as an ordinary mother, and a simply pious woman. From my tender youth, without having sought to instruct myself by reading various works, without entering into any discussion, or possessing a particular knowledge of the Catholic doctrine with regard to the Mother of God, I had always felt penetrated by an in-

expressible veneration for her. I saw in her the advocate of Christians, and in my private life, from the bottom of my heart, I addressed myself to her. In Protestant pulpits it is allowable completely to reject all that the founders of Protestantism have condescended to retain of the dogmas of Christianity, but to wish to preserve, or to re-establish, what they have rejected, would, without the least doubt, from Protestants meet with violent opposition and the severest blame. Nevertheless, I endeavored to call attention to the *Virgin*, (thus she is called even in the confession of Augsburg) and to bring to the minds of my fellow-believers what was the high signification of the person of the Mother of Christ. To go beyond that was not possible for me, in the particular situation in which I was placed.

In the year 1840, the improper question was addressed to me, "Was I a Protestant at heart?" A question which had no reference to facts with regard to my public functions, but exclusively to the subject of "The History of Innocent III." and "A Voyage to Vienna." I refused to answer this question, because it was endeavoring to ascertain rather what I did not believe than what I did. If, on the con-

trary, I had been asked: "Are you a Catholic?" I should then, at that period, have answered by a decided negative. My refusal raised against me a complete storm, and ingratitude, contracted ideas, a narrow piety, envy, vengeance, and political hatred all united against one man, who, on his side, defended himself with much warmth. At the present time, to tell the truth, I only owe thanks to my enemies; now that the fruit of justice and peace is ripe, I recognize in those struggles, that were then so painful to me, the salutary means employed for my sanctification. Convinced that God, notwithstanding many long windings, has wished to conduct me from my earliest youth to the end I have attained at this blessed hour, I look upon the tempest which rolled over my head as the signal and impulsion of the course I have followed from that day and upheld with a firm and inflexible will.

I and all my family fell ill; two beloved daughters were snatched from me by death; whilst in more than one Catholic convent of Switzerland prayers were said for the recovery of my children, *Pietism* displayed a cruel joy, and felt happy to be able to plunge a triple sword into the heart of a father. I then was

profoundly convinced that with such people peace was only to be hoped for by consenting to bend under the hard yoke of a miserable blindness. Could my choice remain doubtful? I rejected dignities, places, revenues, and returned to private life, disgusted with a sect which by rationalism overturns all the dogmas of Christianity, or by pietism tramples morality under foot. I did not, however, yet admit all the doctrines of the Catholic Church. But can it be imagined that four years of the life of a man who thinks, who likes research, and has the entire use of his time, could be passed without either advancing or receding? No one would believe it. The truth is, that the bias given to my mind by Divine Providence has caused me to progress, which was likewise hastened by my studies. I do not mean to say, that such and such persons would have influenced me directly or indirectly; but the light showed itself, and shed a more distinct brilliancy from day to day upon the path which I followed.

During the progress of my work I had to consult numerous authors upon the origin of the so-called reform, upon its causes and the means employed to fix its tenets and its politi-

cal influence, particularly upon England. Proofs were not wanting, even around me, which showed the fury that animates rationalism against the Catholic Church, whilst it abandons Protestantism to its own free action, and even unites with it, because they both pursue the same end, the destruction of Catholicism. This other fact presented itself to me in the midst of my studies: Catholic nations, when plunged in the vortex of political revolutions, have the power to stop and reconstitute themselves, whilst Protestant ones cannot steady themselves in their precipitate movements; the former, when agitated by revolutionary delirium, recover much sooner from this social malady than Protestant nations, and the latter only in proportion as their hostile sentiments against Catholics are weakened.

The struggles, likewise, which the Catholic Church has undergone in our own age, and over the entire world, especially exercised a decisive influence upon my mind. I examined the moral value of the different parts, and the means of combat employed respectively by them. Here, I saw at the head of the enemies of the Church that autocrat who unites in his person the cruelty of a Domitian and the craftiness

of a Julian ; there, those political pharisees who emancipate the blacks to oppress the whites under a harder yoke and the weight of horrible misery, because they are Catholics ; * who cross the seas to propagate with one hand the sterility of an evangelical doctrine, and with the other furnish daggers for every rebellion. † Here is Prussia, a Protestant country, where every stratagem of diplomatic perfidy has been employed to make the Lutherans and Calvinists co-operate, in order to crush more surely the Catholic Church ; in other German countries ministerial despotism, inspired by the audacious and imprudent doctrines of Hegel, makes use of spies, judges, fines and prisons, against priests who are faithful to their belief. In France, deputies bring into play every artifice of an inexhaustible eloquence to restrict the rights of the Church ; government strains every nerve to maintain a legislation springing from the worst revolutionary passions ; a superficial civilization reigns, the daughter of the press, the idolatry of material interests, a system of philosophy directed against God himself, and youth brought up in principles destructive

* Ireland. † The English Missionaries.

of all social order. A monstrous assemblage of men and things, who jostle each other in the confusion to overturn the eternal edifice of Providence.

Notwithstanding so many contrarieties and attacks, the breath of a better spirit is felt. From what point of the horizon it blows one cannot say, but it is impossible to deny that the Church gains ground, even where the most violent efforts are made to check it. The blows aimed only serve to strengthen it, and plans organized by those most powerful are baffled contrary to every expectation.

These were the facts which made me seriously reflect upon the existence of an institution which rises, renewed and strengthened, from the struggle with so many enemies, whether openly declared, or hypocritically disguised.

After giving in my dismissal as president of the consistory, I dedicated my leisure moments to the Catholic dogmas, and I profited, in this respect, by the reading of the *Symbolical* by Moehler. I had never doubted that Christianity was a divine revelation; but, at this period only, I examined certain assertions of Protestants, who pretend, for example, that Christianity only retained its purity during

the first ages, and for twelve succeeding ones was plunged in an abyss of errors and purely human institutions, an abyss that was at length only closed by the appearance of superior geniuses. . . . that is to say, of a monk rich in contradictions of every kind, and a debauched and rapacious king. Ought not simple common sense to forbid all confidence in a pretended reform conducted by persons whose moral value was so low and revolting? Add to this the interior divisions of so many Protestant sects, their disagreement on all essential points of doctrine, and their union upon the one point only, of opposition and hatred to the Church. I was then led to perceive that the differences which exist in the Protestant doctrine manifested themselves in the very first days of reform, in the same way as at the present day. There are amongst Protestants so many who astonish, by the strangeness of their systems, and the facility with which they change or modify according to the wants of the day. Not one of the least decisive causes which contributed to enlighten and fix me in my resolution, was the certainty of finding, on the contrary, amongst Roman Catholic theologians, unity and harmony of doctrine. The language

of Protestant innovators respecting an invisible Church and the tradition of pure doctrine by means of an indefinite succession of heresies, cannot blind any one who has preserved or found the faculty of appreciating men and things.

I was finally strengthened in this conviction by reading a German translation of the treatise of the *Explanation of the Mass*, by Innocent III. Such are the visible and palpable means which God made use of for my conversion. They can be understood and appreciated by every one; the hidden motives which came from above, and are only known in heaven, will remain a secret for men.

UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

The conclusion, then, to which we come from all the arguments adduced is, that the one, holy, Catholic, and Roman Church, is the one fold which the Good Shepherd has established, and over which He ever faithfully watches. We have shown how unity is necessary to the very existence of Christianity upon earth, how the divisions of Protestantism are suicidal and destructive of all faith, that there is no body besides the Catholic communion which even claim the prerogatives of Christ's Church, and that her credentials are such that every reasonable man is bound to obey her. What more remains but to thank God that He hath made our path so clear, that He hath set the city of truth upon a hill where she cannot be hid? He has promised that the Sion of His Son shall be exalted upon the mountains, and that all nations shall ascend to her. And so shall it be, when, as even now, the good and pure are coming to her altars, so long unknown, to worship the God of Unity in spirit and truth, when

the earnest are daily blessing the Lord of Life for the faith so long misunderstood, the truth they have so long sought, which is the unspeakable rest of their souls.

Well may they say, in words which in these latter days have come from many hearts, O ancient beauty, why have I not known thee before, since thou, in thy wonderful attractions, fillest up every want of my soul, and makest my whole being to rejoice? Why have I not seen thee in the face of universal nature, in the sunlight that paints this footstool of my Creator, in the shadows that pass so majestically over the lights of heaven, in the flowers that smile in brightness, in the fruits that crown the harvest of the Almighty hand, in the animate creation which exults in praise, still more in my own wondrous being, formed by the Tri-une Mind, and called to endless beatitude? O my mother, how hast thou drawn me to thy nourishing bosom, from the hour when first my reason opened to seek the face of God, or learned to bow down at the dearer name of my incarnate Lord! How have I been famishing in strange pastures, for the food thou only hast treasured in thy plenteous stores! O how wonderful art thou, the fulness of my cruci-

fied Lord, thou spouse of the Lamb, thou city of holiness, thou home of the soul! Here have I found rest till God shall call me from faith to fruition, from trial and conflict to His all-illuminating presence. When men deride thee, I will cling to thee more closely; when they, through ignorance, speak evil of thee, I will wait in patience till thy truth and virtue shall be made known. If thy garments are soiled with the dust of ages, and no princely crown is on thy brow, yet thou art no worse than thy Master, who tracked His sorrowful way in His own blood, and went, bruised and broken-hearted, to Calvary. Thou bearest the image of thy Lord, suffering only to conquer, dying only to rise again. In thee I behold my only saviour, the emancipator of my darkened intellect, the rest of my wearied heart, the glorifier of my regenerated humanity.

Let us pray God that, in these Advent days, He may be pleased to send light to those who are seeking, and repose to those who have toiled in vain, that the Orient from on high may rise in the full splendor of His beams upon our beloved country, and bring back the erring to the knowledge of the truth, the wandering to their Father's house, that all in unity

may worship the one God, and rejoice in the graces of "One Lord, one Faith, and one Baptism."

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR T. S. PRESTON,
Christian Unity.

CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

We have seen what Christian resignation is not. Let us now attempt to tell something of what it is.

The definitions of faith are not the only ones over which the Church exercises her sovereign dictation. She is equally authoritative in morals; and doctrine comprises both. The Church, then, is at once orthodoxy in belief and infallible rectitude in moral ideas. The creed, translated and transferred to the domain of action, gives moral precepts their value and meaning, guarding the truth it teaches alike from narrow interpretation and undue extension, and from every deviation and misplacement, whereby the order of their importance might be reversed. God, who excludes nothing because he embraces all, causes all simultaneities to march abreast. He has made space for every thing,—in nature, in the duality of man, and in that spiritual world also, where all virtues as well as all verities, are reconciled one with another. Religion presents them to us in

the light of sisters, who have an equal right to the paternal inheritance, who are destined always to support, and never to injure one another; no one of whom can lawfully enlarge her sphere to the prejudice of the others, the integrity of each having been placed in the safe keeping of all.

Thus does Christian resignation pursue her way over the reefs of brute fatalism and Indian quietism, favoring no excess, and defending from all encroachments even, as well as from all irregularity. Fair enough to desire only her own proper beauty; strong enough to confine herself to her own limits; at once lofty and lowly enough to treat directly with God; free, living, strong, generous, calm, serene, and incomparably worthy, Resignation wears all these characters in succession, or presents them mingled in one sublime reflection.

Yes: she is proud and worthy, this Resignation of the bowed head and bended knee. We may not deprive her of the lofty place which voluntary obedience assures to freedom. That cry of the Archangel Michael, "The Lord rebuke thee," is—to quote an eloquent writer—the noblest wish that one creature may form in favor of another. "The Lord rebuke thee;"

and tenderness and power shall accompany the rebuke, and His yoke shall free thee from every other.

Yes, resignation is free; for there is no more sovereign act than that whereby we resign our freedom! Resignation is living and glorious: living for thee is more life in the death of him who, according to the Gospel, dies to himself, than in the majority of those shadowy, ghostlike beings, whom conflict, devotion, and sacrifice have never enrolled; glorious, for the Christian resigns himself as Abraham obeyed. The revealed word has taught him all things; and its teaching, either in the form of speech or tradition, encounters him again, and quite as intelligibly, in the events which God, never rejecting the aid of our weakness, chooses for the manifestation of His will. The conducting wire, which the faithful holds in his hands, is too brightly illumined for him to be troubled by doubts on questions of duty; and as he is not required to give an account of the chances of success, but merely of the rectitude of his every step, whenever action is constrained to pause, submission comes in its stead.

Resignation is calm and serene, with that visible serenity, whose flame is within and

which constitutes the joy of virtue. Resignation lives on reverence and on trust; but it has also a keen and loving glance, by virtue of which the adorable stratagems which a pitying God employs to reconcile men to his purposes are rendered clear to its eyes.

Thus the night of our exile has shades, but it has no darkness. While its action goes on and its issue is undecided, strength and moral activity receive their complete development; but as soon as the conflict ceases, and an aspect of irrevocability proclaims the divine permission or sanction, the Christian bows to these; and his will, uniting with the Supreme Will, takes its place, to use the magnificent words of Bossuet, among the powers of God.

The acceptance of suffering—that is to say, submission to the will of God—partakes so entirely of the nature of that piety to which have been promised the good things of this life as well as those of the life to come, that it harmonizes with all the instincts of a lofty nature. Thus an instinct deeply engraven upon the soul is solidarity. But to rebel against the sorrow of the race is to isolate one's self from the rest of humanity; to refuse to bear one's part of the heavy sentence under which it la-

bors, to separate one's self from one's brethren, to be insensible to the blows which fall on them; to choose not to be smitten when they are, in short, to lose the power even of saying with the poet, "*Humani nihil a me alienum puto;*" for we have but a lip-sympathy with the lot which we will not share.

This multiplied echo of all hearts that have ever beat in the heart that is beating still; this burning conviction that each one of us might have committed the crimes committed by all; this *solidarity* which causes the heart to leap unceasingly in sympathy, in exultation, in wrath, or in pity; this sentiment, so strong when it is merely natural, receives from Christianity a loftier life and a very different aim.

What! when Abraham obeys, when Job suffers himself to be despoiled, when David bathes his sin in his tears, and the new Isaac consummates his sacrifice upon Calvary, shall we sinners revolt against obedience, poverty, tears, or death? The mother of Christ survived her divine Son, and shall we not endure to have Christ pierce us with the same sword of sorrow? Ah! were such our disposition, what a threatening contradiction would it not receive from the innumerable throng of

martyrs and saints, whose lives were but a paraphrase of that sublime word of Saint Teresa, "To suffer and to die"!

MADAME SWETCHINE,

Writings.

THE SUPREME DOMINION OF GOD.

“Give ye magnificence,” says the holy Prophet Moses, “to our God; the works of God are perfect, and all His ways are judgments.” Deut. xxxii. 3. “There is none among the gods,” says David, “like to Thee, O Lord; and there is none according to Thy works. All the nations Thou hast made shall come and adore before Thee, O Lord; and they shall glorify Thy name, for Thou art great, and dost wonderful things; Thou art God alone.” Ps. lxxxv. 8. “The heavens shall confess Thy wonders, O Lord; and Thy truth in the Church of the saints; for who in the clouds can be compared to the Lord? or who among the sons of God shall be like to God? God, who is glorified in the assembly of the saints, great and terrible above all them that are about Him. O Lord God of hosts, who is like to Thee? Thou art mighty, O Lord, and Thy truth is round about Thee. Thou rulest the power of the sea and appeasest the motion of the waves thereof; . . . Thine are the

heavens, and Thine is the earth ; the world, and the fulness thereof, Thou hast founded ; the north and the south Thou hast created. . . . Let Thy hand be strengthened, and Thy right hand exalted ! ” Ps. lxxxviii. 6.

“ There is none like to Thee, O Lord : Thou art great, and Thy name is might. Who shall not fear Thee, O King of nations ? For Thine is the glory ; among all the wise men of the nations, and in all their kingdoms, there is none like unto Thee. They shall be proved together to be senseless and foolish, a stock is the doctrine of their vanity. . . . But the Lord is the true God ; He is the living God, and the everlasting King ; at His wrath the earth shall tremble, and the nations shall not be able to abide His threatening,” Jer. x. 6. The saints in heaven are penetrated with fear and reverence, on considering the wonderful works of God, how much more ought we poor mortals ? Thus St. John heard these blessed spirits praising God, “ great and wonderful are Thy works, O Lord God Almighty ; just and true are Thy ways, O King of Ages ; who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and magnify Thy name ? ” Rev. xv. 3. Even the heathen king Darius, when he saw the wonderful power of God in delivering

Daniel from the lions, immediately sent these orders to all his subjects: "It is decreed by me, that in all my empire and my kingdom, all men dread and fear the God of Daniel. For He is the living and eternal God forever; . . . He is the deliverer and the Saviour doing signs and wonders in Heaven and earth," Dan. vi. 26. And no wonder that the infinite power of God should produce this fear and dread of Him in our minds, when we reflect what He is, and what we are before Him. The Wise Man proposes to us this consideration, addressing himself to God in these affecting terms: "great power always belonged to Thee alone; and who shall resist the strength of Thy arm? For the whole world before Thee is as the least grain of the balance, and as a drop of the morning dew, that falleth down upon the earth." Wisd. xi. 22. And Isaias, in still stronger light, proposes to us the same important truth. "Who," says he, "hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and weighed the heavens with his palm? Who hath poised, with three fingers, the bulk of the earth, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? Who hath forwarded the spirit of the Lord; or who hath been His counsellor, and hath taught

Him? . . . Behold the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the smallest grain of a balance; behold the islands are as a little dust, . . . all nations are before Him as if they had no being at all and are counted to Him as nothing and vanity." Is. xl. 13. And hence the royal prophet says to God: "Thou art fearfully magnified, wonderful are Thy works, and these my soul knoweth right well," Ps. cxxxviii. 14.

"Stiffen your necks no more," says Moses, because the Lord your God, He is the God of the gods, and the Lord of Lords, a great God and Almighty, and terrible, who accepteth no person nor taketh bribes . . . Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and serve Him only; to Him thou shalt adhere, and swear by His name. He is thy praise and thy God that hath done for thee those great and terrible things, which thy eyes have seen. . . . Therefore, love the Lord thy God, and observe His precepts and ceremonies, His judgments and commandments at all times," Deut. x. 16; xi. 1. "See ye," says God himself, "that I alone am, and there is no other god besides Me: I will kill, and I will make alive, I will strike and will heal; and there is none that can deliver out of My hand.

....If I shall whet My sword as the lightning, and My hand shall take hold on judgment, I will render vengeance to My enemies, and repay them that hate Me. I will make My arrows drunk with blood, and My sword shall devour flesh of the blood of the slain and of the captivity, and of the bare head of the enemies." Deut. xxxii. 39. How dreadful it must be to fall into the hands of such a God, who can do what he pleases, and will not spare His enemies ! The prophet Jeremias, confounded at this thought, cries out thus to God : " O most mighty, great, and powerful, the Lord of Hosts is Thy name: great in council, and incomprehensible in thought, whose eyes are upon all the ways of the children of Adam, to render unto every one according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his devices !" Jer. xxxii. 18. Hear, also, how the prophet Nahum describes the terrors of His avenging power against His enemies : " The Lord is a jealous God and a revenger ; the Lord is a revenger and hath wrath : the Lord taketh vengeance on His adversaries, and is angry with His enemies ! The Lord is patient and great in power, and will not cleanse and acquit the guilty. The Lord's ways are in a tempest and a whirlwind, and the clouds are

the dust of His feet He rebuketh the sea and drieth it up, and bringeth all the rivers to be a desert. . . . The mountains tremble at Him, and the hills are made desolate : and the earth hath quaked at His presence, and the world and all that dwell therein. Who can stand before the face of His indignation ? and who shall resist in the fierceness of His anger ? His indignation is poured out like fire, and the rocks are melted by Him." Nahum i. 1. " Fear ye not the reproaches of men," says God Himself, " and be not afraid of their blasphemies, for the worm shall eat them up as a garment, and the moth shall consume them as wool, but My salvation shall be forever, and My justice from generation to generation . . . Who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of mortal man, and of the son of man, that shall wither away like grass ? And thou hast forgotten the Lord thy Maker, who stretched out the heavens and founded the earth. And thou hast been afraid continually all the day at the presence of his fury, who had afflicted thee, and hath prepared himself to destroy thee : where now is the fury of the oppressor ? . . . But I am the Lord thy God, who trouble the sea, and the waves thereof swell : the Lord of hosts is My name." Is. li. 7.

12. And Christ Himself, in the gospel, draws the same conclusion from the mighty power of God : “ I say to you, my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do ; but I will show you whom you shall fear ; fear ye Him who, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell ; yea, I say unto you fear Him.” Luke xii. 4.

The holy prophet David whose heart, as we have seen above, was penetrated with the fear of God, and “ who was delighted in the way of his testimonies above all riches, who was exercised in his commandment, and meditated upon his justifications,” Ps. cxviii., thus expresses the great confidence he had in Divine protection : “ Our God is our refuge and strength, a helper in troubles which have found us exceedingly ; therefore, we will not fear when the earth shall be troubled, and the mountains shall be removed into the heart of the sea.” Ps. xlvi. 1. “ The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear ? The Lord is the protector of my life ; of whom shall I be afraid ? While the wicked draw near against me to eat my flesh, my enemies that troubled me have themselves been weakened and have fallen. If armies in camp should stand together against me,

my heart shall not fear ; if a battle should raise up against me in this will I be confident." Ps. xxvi. 1. Now, whence does this confidence in God arise ? Who are those whom God protects ? The same royal prophet tells us : " Who is the man," says he, " that feareth the Lord ? He hath appointed him a law in the way that he hath chosen. His soul shall dwell in good things, and his seed shall inherit the land ; the Lord is a firmament to them that fear Him," Ps. xxiv. 12. God himself confirms the same thing. " To whom," says He, " shall I have respect, but to him that is poor, and little, and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at My words ?" and a little after He adds, " Hear the word of the Lord, you that tremble at His word ; your brethren that hate you, and cast you out for my name's sake, . . . they shall be confounded." Ps. lvi. 2, 5. And the beloved disciple adds : " Dearly beloved, if our hearts do not reprehend us, we have confidence towards God : and whatsoever we shall ask, we shall receive of Him : because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight." I. John iii. 21.

RIGHT REV. GEORGE HAY,
The Devout Christian.

CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM.

Moved by the grace of God, I now enter on the confutation of that schism in which, alas! I lived for many years. I lived in it, it is true, not so much of my own choice as owing to the effects of a corrupt education: for educated in schism from my infancy, I embraced error instead of truth—a sect instead of the Church. Yet I adore the bounty of Divine Providence in affording me a liberal education. For by the means of the education which I received, and the assistance of the grace and blessing of God, not only was I restrained from the commission of many wicked crimes into which others plunged; but, also, the gloom of ignorance being dispelled, my mind was gradually prepared for embracing the true Catholic Faith.

After the nefarious regicide of Charles the First, King of Great Britain, to whose party I had always attached myself, I quitted the kingdom, and during my sojourn abroad, began seriously to reflect on the great and manifold perils from which, through the mercy of God, I had

already escaped. These considerations led me to think on the vanity, the uncertainty, the brief and fleeting duration of earthly joys and possessions, in the idle pursuit of which so much labor is expended, and so much anxiety felt, by the great bulk of mankind ; and whilst in this salutary frame of mind, I entered into the resolution of using for the future more diligence for securing true and eternal happiness than I had heretofore employed. One thing, however, caused me the greatest possible uneasiness—namely, that I knew not with which Church to associate myself. I believed in the existence of only one *true* Church ; but which that *one* was, I knew not. I did not, indeed, at that time, doubt but that the Church which the King and the Bishops of his persuasion had defended, and with which I had always held communion, was a true part of the Church, but I could not find such a Church out of my own country. I thought it possible that that Church might never be restored ; but it appeared to me most absurd to say, the Universal Church should perish with it. I vehemently desired to find the truth ; but my mind fluctuated as to the mode of arriving at it. I supplicated Almighty God to grant me his assistance in this

important affair, and pondered in my mind many considerations regarding it: but for the space of several months I was unable to arrive at any fixed conclusion. At length, after the most serious consideration, and after gravely and repeatedly reflecting on various plans, my mind became impressed with the absolute necessity of adopting the following—namely, that I should consult the Fathers and Doctors of the primitive Church, of whose fidelity and piety I could entertain no doubt, and who, because they flourished at a period so remote from our contentious times, I concluded, were wholly free from party zeal, and should, on that account, be deemed impartial witnesses.

I determined, therefore, to devote some years to this study, firmly resolved on embracing the doctrine of Faith handed down by them, and on joining communion with whatever Church I should find teaching the same doctrine at the present day. After a course of reading which occupied *seven years*, and which, by the grace of God, I concluded with great delight, but with still greater fruit and advantage, I carefully read over the notes that I had choicely extracted during my previous course of study. Then, on comparing the doctrine of Faith

handed down by the primitive Catholic Church with that of the Church of England (to which I had before belonged), I found the former in many points at open variance with the latter; but discovered it to be the very same as that which the Roman Catholic Church teaches and promulgate at the present day. Wherefore I was at the same time affected with sorrow and joy; with sorrow, because I had so long lived in schism—with joy, that I should at length, by Divine mercy and grace, be freed from it. I immediately fled from schism, of my own accord, presented myself as a suppliant suing for peace from the Church—and this I obtained according to the usual form of reconciliation.

O Father of mercies! * O Father of lights! from whom is every best, and every perfect gift, † may my brethren, through the Spirit of Truth, and for love of thy Son, “Who is the way and the truth,” ‡ be brought into the way of truth. THOU, “who art charity,” § by the spirit of charity gather them into unity, that we, being all unanimous in the Catholic Church, may with one voice chant in canticles the greatness of Thy mercy and of Thy grace; and

* 2 Cor. 3.

† James i. 17.

‡ John xiv. 6.

§ John iv. 8.

offer sacrifices of praise to THEE and to Thy SON, and to the HOLY GHOST, in truth and charity, forever and ever. Amen.

ALEXANDER WHITE,
Confutation of Church-of-Englandism.

SHADOWS OF THE CROSS.

The Catholic is, and has ever been, hated by the world. I need not prove this; you know and see it. A man may be any thing else that he will. He may be a Churchman, or a Dissenter, or among the Dissenters he may join whatever particular sect of Dissent he likes best, or he may make a new one if he will. His neighbors will care nothing about this: his friends and family will laugh, and perhaps shrug their shoulders, and there is an end of it. Men may laugh at him, but they will not think worse of him, much less do they hate him. He may have no religion at all if he pleases, and they will feel it is no business of theirs. But if he dares to become a Catholic, he must prepare himself for the hatred of all the world. Even by dear friends and relations he will probably find himself altogether abandoned, or at least coldly received. Educated men and women will behave towards him as they would to no other man, making in his case an exception to the common rules of courtesy and civility.

Now all this is no new thing; for when the Church of Christ was first set up in the world, then it was that the world was moved. The world hated the Church, and feared it, and invented all manner of strange and horrible fables against it. It raged at the sight of it, as the devil often did when our Lord was about to cast him out of those who were possessed.

For my part, all this gives me much comfort and encouragement. I see the world raging because the Lord is among men in His true Church. In all this rage and clamor I see the shadow of the cross, and where the cross is, there is Jesus. I remember that He said, "The servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept My saying, they will keep yours also." John xv. 20. * This is one sign that the Catholic Church is the true Church of God,—all men hate her. She wins the blessing given by our Lord Jesus Christ: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake." Matt. v. 11. "The time cometh, that whosoever

* I quote the Protestant version, as being that with which you are familiar.

killeth you will think that he doeth God service." John xvi. 2. To be good and to be called wicked ; to do good and to suffer ill ; these are the marks and seals of the people of the crucified Jesus ; and these marks are now, as ever, upon the Catholic Church.

And yet, wonderful to say, amidst this strife of tongues, God is ever finding his own. One after another they are drawn in : they begin by curiosity perhaps ; they go on to doubt whether there is not some truth in the Catholic religion after all ; they inquire ; they hesitate, not daring to act ; some go back, as men did from our Lord Himself, John vi. 66 ; others persevere and become Catholics. Many trials have those who do so ; but, amid them all, they have that presence and favor of Christ our Lord which makes trials easy and afflictions sweet.

Let us pray that in our several trials and difficulties we may all have the grace from God to "stand firm, acquit us like men, be strong." "The time is short—the fashion of this world passeth away." Very soon it will be nothing at all to us whether we have been rich or poor, honored or depised by men, cherished or abandoned by friends. But whether we have indeed been earnest and sincere in striving to

know the will of God—whether we have from our hearts prayed to Him to guide and enlighten us to know it—whether we have been ready at all costs to follow it when we knew it,—these things will be to us of moment unspeakable, infinite, everlasting. Let this, then, be your prayer: “Give me, Lord, knowledge of Thy will in all things, both small and great. Give me grace to choose, to follow, to do, to love it, at all costs, and simply because it is Thine.” Long, my dear friends, has this been my daily prayer; let it be yours, and who can say how soon God by His grace may lead you into that Church into which He has brought me.

HENRY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE,
Reasons for Submitting to the Catholic Church.

LETTER OF THE REV. LORD
CHARLES THYNNE.

My dear Friends,—When you were first committed to my charge some years ago, I little thought that anything short of death itself could ever separate me from you; there were many ties, associations, and interests prevailing to make our connection secure; and as in after years we began to know and understand each other, as I learnt the nature of your wants, and the difficulties of your condition, a far deeper interest took possession of me, and separation seemed to me still more impossible. I had learnt to share your sorrows and your joys, and I was thankful to you for the confidence placed in me, and for the way in which you allowed me to become acquainted with circumstances which were your trial, and with thoughts which occupied your minds. I hoped, as it was my duty to do all in my power to lead you to God, if I might be permitted to spend my life in your service—that my life might wear itself out among you in offices of

love. But I will not speak of what my hopes once were. After an intimate acquaintance of fifteen years it cannot be necessary for me to say that nothing but the strongest sense of duty could have induced me to sever the connection which existed between us. You will at least believe me when I say that the strong affection I have, and must ever have, for you, has made the duty of leaving you one of no ordinary trial.

Seeing how much of the happiness of others would be involved in my act, I consulted the most learned, and even endeavored by an act of the will to crush the thoughts that were continually rising up in my mind. For this I must ever humble myself in deep penitence before God, that in my blindness I once strove against Him, when He would in mercy call me to Himself. But the stirrings of God's grace are mightier than any human efforts, and, thanks be to His holy name, He did not leave me till He had blessed me; He did not forsake me, but has guided me to His Holy Hill, where I hope and pray to dwell in safety forever. But perhaps you will say to me, "Why did you not go on struggling against these doubts, you might have succeeded in overcoming them at last?"

My dear friends, I will tell you why I did

not do so. 1st. Because I did not dare. I believed that God's grace was at work, and I dared no longer resist it. 2dly. I remember that the principle of the Church of England, of which I was then a minister, was that each man should satisfy his own mind by examining every doctrine for himself, and should not be required to accept anything as true until he had satisfied his own mind upon it. I, therefore, searched the Scriptures, and by the exercise of the right of private judgment, which the Church of England affirms to be the right of all her members, I was convinced that my plain and obvious duty was to submit myself to the one true Church of Christ—the *one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church*—which is governed by Bishops united under one visible head—the Bishop of Rome.

I read in the Bible that unity is the mark which God has set upon all His works. When the world was sunk in guilt, and Almighty God overthrew it, He saved *one* family, the family of Noah. Afterwards He called and blessed *one* family, the family of Abraham. Then He chose out *one* nation, and then established *one* Church. Afterwards He sent His son into the world, the visible manifestation of God in the

flesh, to save the world; and when Jesus Christ came fulfilling the law, He was not the author of confusion, for He still maintained the same principle of *unity*. He founded the *one* Church; He laid the foundations upon *one* rock; He called her the *one* fold of the *one* Shepherd—the *one* vine, the *one* kingdom; He instituted *one* Baptism and *one* Eucharist. As the Jewish Church was the shadow of that more perfect Church which was to come, and *was one*, so the substance which cast forth the shadow, the great reality which had been prefigured *is one also*. So we find the Apostles afterwards speaking only of *one* Church—of *one* Society of Christ—of *one* body, *one* house, and of Christian *unity* as abiding in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship. The Church is the *one* dove, the *one* ark of safety, the *one* faith; she is the visible presence of our divine Lord's mystical body upon earth, and, like the eternal Godhead, *one*. Her object is to preserve Christianity, or the revelation of God, by which salvation has been, and is continually announced to man; and as Christianity or revelation is *one*, so the Church, the keeper of that revelation, is *one* also.

It is, therefore, impossible to admit the theory of independent national Churches—of Churches

bounded by territory and separated from all others. The principle of particular Churches is a dissolution of unity, and destroys Catholicity. "As the sun is *one* and the *same* throughout the universe, so the preaching of the truth shines everywhere and enlightens all men who wish to come to a knowledge of the truth."

Farewell, my dear friends. May God ever bless you, and watch over you, and may it please him to restore to our country her lost inheritance.

ALWAYS YOUR AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

Charles Thynne.

THE INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICISM ON THE INTELLECTUAL FACUL- TIES.

If it be asked, how is it that when the means of secular training were to so great an extent torn from the Catholic body by the persecution of the law, there yet remained to them any such powerful instrument for preventing the entire stagnation of the natural faculties; I reply, that taken as a mere means for cultivating the intellect, the Catholic religion stands pre-eminent among all the branches of human knowledge. Bind and fetter the Catholic as you may; tread him under foot; trample upon him; rob him of every earthly good; drive him from all intelligent society; burn his books; shut up his schools; denounce him as a slave, till you have done your utmost to make him one; still, so long as he retains his religion, he has that within him which feeds the intellectual flame, and suffers it never to be wholly extinguished, and preserves in every faculty of his soul a marvellous *elasticity*, which

will make it spring forth into life and action the moment that the repressing power is withdrawn, and he enters the lists with his fellow-countrymen a free and unpersecuted man.

The source of this intellectual discipline is to be found in the nature of those subjects of thought to which the Catholic religion directs the minds of its followers. While every division of Protestantism is of so vague, inconsistent, varying, and depressing a character, that minds of a high order, free, energetic spirits, find pleasure and training for their powers only in criticising its statements, destroying its foundations, and detecting its absurdities, Catholicism calls forth the energies of the mind by a directly opposite process. It is by the contemplation of the perfections of Catholicism, by repeated examinations into the strength of its basis, by the study of its wondrous scientific completeness, that the Catholic intelligence is disciplined. The Protestant exults in the destruction of the follies which he sees to have enthralled his Protestant brethren of less keen penetration than himself. The more he searches into his own belief, the more inconsistencies he discovers, the more he is startled at the intellectual imposture to which

mankind have been giving credence. Protestant theological science consists in a systematizing of unbelief, in the gradual erection and completion of a system of philosophy which, while it assumes the name of Christianity, is virtually a denial of everything positive and distinctive in Christianity as a revelation, and is nothing more than Deism, Pantheism, or Atheism, under a new name.

With us, the very reverse is the fact. Every fresh addition to the philosophy, the poetry, the moral or dogmatic science of the Church, is an addition to the strength and durability of her entire system. We destroy nothing. We develop, we add, we expound, we illustrate, we enforce, we adapt, but we never take away or deny what was once held. And thus it is that the employment of the faculties of the mind in the contemplation of the theology and practices of Catholicism, even when every means of education is rent away, is sufficient to communicate a certain measure of intellectual vigor and keenness. The mind is perpetually directed to the examination of a vast, far-stretching body of truths, relating to the profoundest possible subjects of thought, arranged, defined, analyzed, and connected by the labors

of centuries and centuries; expounded in books in every language, embodied in devotions of every kind, illustrated by innumerable ceremonies and customs, and accompanied with the practice of a system of morals in comparison of whose scientific completeness it is not too much to say, that the ordinary moral and physical sciences of secular life are but as the guess-work of a speculator or the crotchets of an empiric. Under the influence of this extraordinary system, the pure reasoning powers, the imagination, the taste, with the whole of our moral being, romantic, self-sacrificing, shrewd, and practical, undergoes a degree of *drilling*, so to say, which I believe to be utterly incomprehensible to those who judge of the effect of theological science upon the intellect by the results which they see produced by the positive creeds of Protestantism, such as they are.

J. M. CAPES,

Four Years' Experience of the Catholic Religion.

THE CASE OF GALILEO.

It is held by all thoroughly approved theologians, that Holy Scripture differs from all other books, in the fact that it is throughout the Word of God ; that every proposition which it contains is infallibly true, in that sense in which God intended it. We are very far from denying that this doctrine, particularly in the present day, is surrounded with great difficulties, which require a controversialist's attentive consideration. But one matter must be treated at a time ; and our present subject is not the inspiration of Scripture, but the doctrinal decrees of a Pontifical Congregation. The above named doctrine then on Scripture will be assumed as true in every part of the following discussion.

The Holy Father is appointed by God guardian of the Apostolic Deposit ; and it is his province, therefore, to warn Catholics against opinions and modes of thought which he may judge averse to doctrinal purity. But all the statements of Scripture, rightly understood,

and the true doctrine, moreover, of Scriptural inspiration, are parts of the Apostolic Deposit. Hence, it is his province to warn Catholics against opinions or modes of thought which may tend to irreverence towards the Written Word.

Those controversialists, whether Catholic or Protestant, who censure the condemnation of Galileo, are in the habit of assuming, almost as a matter of course, that the Scripture texts which are the grounds of his condemnation are manifestly irrelevant; that they merely purport to describe phenomena as such; and that, in their simple and obvious sense, they would not be otherwise understood. So, among others, speaks Dr. Pusey, in his admirable volume on Daniel. We are amazed at this opinion. It may, indeed, be perhaps truly maintained in regard to Jos. x. 12-14, or Isaiah xxxviii. 8, which tells of Josue's miracle and Achaz's sundial. Nay, it may perhaps be truly maintained as to most, or even all, of those texts which speak of the sun's motion. But consider the following: (Ps. ciii. 5) "Thou who didst found the earth *on its stable support* (*super stabilitatem suam*); *it shall not be moved forever.*" (Ps. xcii. 1), "He hath fixed the earth *which shall not be moved.*" (Job xxxviii. 4-6), where

God Himself speaks: "Where wast thou," asked the Creator, "*when I laid the foundation of the earth?* Upon what were its supports established?" (*super quo bases illius stabilitæ sunt*)? Texts altogether similar are Ps. xvii. 16; lxxxi. 5; xcv. 10; cxxxv. 6; Prov. iii. 19; viii. 29. We entreat our readers to study successively these various texts. It is most unfair to speak, as Dr. Pusey speaks, of "the mistakes of theologians," in the interpretation of these texts. Surely, had it not been for the Copernican theory, no one who believes in the inspiration of Scripture would have thought of doubting, that in them God expressly declares the earth's immobility. If any one hesitates at this statement on first reading them, he must be convinced, if he will put into words his own version of their meaning. Take *e. g.*, the first: Ps. ciii. 5: "Thou who didst found the earth on its stable support. It shall not be moved forever." This means, as we are now aware, "Thou who didst place the earth on its orbit; it shall not cease from steadily revolving therein;" but who will say that this is a sense in the slightest degree obvious?*

* We cannot give the Copernican interpretation a better advantage, than by quoting Berthier's note on the verse. "This globe is placed

And the same test may be applied with equal efficacy to every text we have named.

No inconvenience, however, arises, nor is there any irreverence towards God's Written Word, though this or that text be understood in a very unobvious sense, if that sense be affixed in deference to some definite, tangible, objective rule, the reasonableness of which is sufficiently established. It is, indeed, somewhat remarkable, that the strongest instance producible of this is altogether independent of science and its discoveries. The Agnoëtæ were condemned as heretics, for holding that our Blessed Lord, in His human nature, knew not "the day and hour" of divine judgment. The Church, therefore, imperatively requires her children to understand Mark xiii. 32 in some very unobvious sense. But is there anything in this either unreasonable or irreverent? God surely has the right to interpret His own word; for you would not deny this right to an ordinary mortal. Indeed, Catholics always maintain very

on its own foundations; and *immovable in this sense*, that all its parts are maintained [in their mutual relations] notwithstanding the particular movements which take place on its surface and in its bosom Although our globe has two movements, the diurnal and annual, it subsists with all its parts without deflecting from the path which the Creator has assigned to it." Not an obvious paraphrase surely!

truly against Protestants, that in several cases most serious error would be introduced, if Scripture were understood in some obvious sense, contrariwise to the Church's exposition. Now, the certainty of a scientific demonstration, though of a lower order than the certainty of faith, still is absolute ; and the demonstration, therefore, of Copernicanism should be reasonably taken as God's authoritative explanation of His own language.

But on the other hand, if a private individual may ascribe to any text of Scripture any unobvious sense he pleases—not in deference to some definite, tangible, objective rule, proved to be reasonable—but according to his individual bias and caprice, the same result would practically follow as from an actual denial of inspiration. We shall see immediately that in Galileo's time Copernicanism was "scientifically unlikely." If, on the strength of a theory scientifically unlikely, men are at liberty to contradict Scriptural texts as understood in that sense, which is both the only obvious one and also the one hitherto heard of in the Church,—what single text is safe ? What is the difference of result, between openly denying the authority of Scripture in general, and explaining away

every text one dislikes in particular? Such conduct is a very grave offence against faith; and it is the Holy Father's duty to put it down with a strong hand.

“The prevailing opinion in the Catholic Church as to what Scripture says on matters appertaining to faith and morals, “cannot be false, for it embodies the teaching of the authorized exponent of Scripture. But it has never been denied, that the common opinion of what is asserted in Scripture on other points,—such as belong, *e. g.*, to the physical history of the universe—may be mistaken, and may be corrected and improved from time to time, by the progress of science and the discoveries of history.” *

The providence of God will, of course, secure that no Papal decision, claiming infallibility, contains false doctrine. Now Paul V. undoubtedly united with the Congregation of the Index in solemnly declaring that Copernicanism is contrary to Scripture. But we shall presently see it to be beyond the possibility of question, that this was issued as a doctrinal de-

* *Dublin Review* for October, 1863, p. 527. This passage was not written by the present author.

cree of the Congregation, and not as the Holy Father's infallible teaching.

Even before this decree, every Catholic was under the obligation of interiorly dissenting from Copernicanism. This is evident from what has been said. He was under the obligation of not disbelieving various texts of Scripture, in their one obvious sense, in the one sense hitherto universally received, when he had no warrant for such disbelief, except a theory which, even scientifically, was unlikely. The Congregational decree added to the obligation in two ways. It emphatically and urgently impressed on his mind the obligation which otherwise existed; and, secondly, from that time forward, the recognition of such obligation no longer depended on his own personal judgment, but on the authority of the Holy See and of its most trusted advisers. Although he well knew that this judgment, in the shape in which it was given, was not strictly infallible, yet he also knew that, on a matter of Scriptural exposition, these authorities were immeasurably more likely to be right than a private individual.

But scientific truth cannot really be opposed to theological; and the Church could not right-

ly issue any command, which should prevent a full and searching scientific investigation of the Copernican hypothesis.

In addition to these theological principles, there are three scientific statements to which we beg the reader's attention.

It is the business of a scientific man to pursue truth by scientific methods. One very chief scientific method is the invention of "hypotheses." No one, indeed, has a right to regard these hypotheses, while remaining such, as true or probable; yet they are most serviceable to science. It is found that some imagined property of nature, if it were but true, would account for a variety of phenomena between which no bond of connection has hitherto been discovered; or that some imagined physical law would be a far simpler explanation of certain multitudinous facts, than is any hitherto known. It would be monstrous to infer at once, merely from this, that the imagined property or law probably exists; yet the discovery is a most important service to science, as a clue to the ascertainment of fresh truths. When Copernicus found that his hypothesis afforded a far simpler explanation than any hitherto devised, for the motions of the heavenly bodies, he had

every reason to rejoice in his invention, as being not improbably the herald of some eventful and critical era in astronomical investigation. But if, without any positive proof, he regarded his hypothesis as a probable truth, he was no less gravely censurable on scientific grounds than on theological.

We insist on the proposition, that simplicity is no proof of truth. A certain hypothesis explains various phenomena far more simply than they had hitherto been explained. This argument, under the most favorable circumstances, can never by possibility amount to a proof that the hypothesis is true. There is no imaginable link between premises and conclusion, except by subsuming the further premise, that God always acts by the most simple means ; but this premise not only has never been proved, but is pretty obviously false.*

But in Copernicus', or even Galileo's time, this argument hardly furnished a presumption,

* " We know well that nature in many of its operations works *by means of a complexity so extreme* as to be almost an insuperable obstacle to our investigations.

" The Sabeian theory [*i. e.* the theory of a non-omnipotent Creator] is the only one by which the assertion that nature works by the simplest means *can be made consistent with known fact*. Even so it remains wholly unproved."—Mill on Hamilton, c. 24.

much less did it establish a likelihood. The argument from simplicity may be thus stated at its greatest advantage. Let it be granted that some hypothesis, very far simpler than any hitherto devised on the same object matter, accounts for all the phenomena now known; let us further suppose that, by assuming it freely and energetically during a series of years, men find that it would account for a constantly increasing number of phenomena, between which no connection has hitherto been observed; while, on the other hand, through all this time it has landed the inquirer in no conclusion antagonistic to known facts. We will not deny that from such circumstances there ensues a considerable scientific likelihood of its truth. But in Galileo's time there was no such reason whatever for counting the simplicity of Copernicanism as a reason for its truth. From the time, indeed, of Copernicus to that of Galileo himself, it did not account even for known phenomena: on the contrary, the fact that a stone when thrown up falls down on the spot from which it is thrown, *could be explained on the old system, but could not be explained on the new.** Galileo invented a

* "The strength of the anti-Copernicans lay in this, *their unanswerable* argument of the throwing up a stone. Both parties believed that

mechanical doctrine which solved this particular difficulty; and let us grant for argument's sake (which is not entirely true, as we shall see), that from this time the theory (so to speak) started fair; that it comprehended all the known facts. It was possible, no doubt, that subsequent years would carry it through the brilliant and triumphant career, on which we can now look back: but there was then really no grounds for even surmising this; there was no grounds for even surmising that it might not lead legitimately to one or a thousand conclusions which would be contradictory of undeniable phenomena. For centuries the rival theory had been found consistent with every new ascertained phenomenon. In Galileo's time Copernicanism was in this respect just entering on its trial.

It seems to us, indeed, that in Galileo's time the Copernican argument, founded on the simplicity of that theory, was much on a par with

the stone of itself would follow the motion of the earth; at least, such was the opinion *until the Galilean philosophy was fully received.*"—Motion of the Earth, p. 458.

"In the sixteenth century the wit of man could not imagine how, if the earth moved, a stone thrown directly upwards would tumble down upon the spot it was thrown from. . . . The advocates of the earth's motion, before the time of Galileo, never even conceived "the law which explains this; "and, of course, never proved it."—De Morgan, Notes on the Anti-Galilean Copernicans," p. 22.

the anti-Copernican argument founded on the evidences of men's senses. Both arguments professedly appeal to the reason, while really they appeal merely to the imagination. "Can we fancy," asked the Copernicans, "that God has not acted on a scheme so impressive and so beautiful as ours?" "Can we fancy," replied their opponents, "that this earth is constantly in motion, which we feel to be the stablest of all things? that our senses are given to deceive us? that during great part of our lives we cling to the earth with our head downwards?" The reply to both arguments is the same. On such questions we have no means whatever of arguing what God is likely to do: it is a matter for evidence, as to what He has in fact done.

So valueless in Galileo's time was the mere argument from simplicity. *Before* his time, indeed, it is not too much to say that the Copernican theory was a mere guess, a mere conjecture. Listen to the chief arguments cited on both sides before Galileo's discovery of Jupiter's satellites. We quote from De Morgan's "Motion of the Earth," using the letter C. for the Copernican argument, and the letter P. for the Ptolemaist opposed to them.

C. contended generally for the greater simplicity of their system and the incredibility of the enormous velocity which the sphere of the fixed stars must have if the Ptolemaic hypothesis were true: to which it was answered: P. That God doeth wonders without number. C. *That the earth would corrupt and putrefy without motion*, whereas the heavens are incorruptible. P. That wind would give sufficient motion. C. *That the most movable part of man is underneath*, since he walks with his feet; whence the most unworthy part of the universe, the earth, should be movable. P. [in addition to a good answer] That if the earth moves, the head of man moves farther than his feet. C. That rest is nobler than motion, and, therefore, ought to belong to the sun, the nobler body. P. That for the same reason the moon and all the planets ought to rest. C. *That the lamp of the world ought to be in the centre*. P. That a lamp is frequently hung up from a roof to enlighten the floor.—P. 47.

And such were the arguments of which it has been gravely contended that they would justify Catholics in disbelieving the obvious and traditional sense of God's Written Word! No doubt, Galileo considerably improved the

scientific aspect of his cause ; but what was it even in his time ? It is thus summed up in an extremely able and fair paper in the *Rambler* (January, 1852). The writer quotes Delambre as his authority :

“ The Ptolemaic theory had sufficed for centuries to explain and to account for all the observed motions of the planets, as logically and as precisely as the Copernican theory does now ; and it was during all this time found capable of taking in and preserving all the exact knowledge of the world. Such being the state of the case . . . a new system suddenly makes its appearance, and claims to supersede the old ; and on what grounds ? Because it accounted for phenomena in a more simple way than the old theory. But then the old theory *did* account for phenomena, however complex it might have been, and *simplicity is not always an infallible test of truth*. Again, it was in analogy with the newly-discovered system of Jupiter’s satellites, and accounted for the moonlike phases of Venus which the telescope revealed. *And these three points constituted about the whole proof which Galileo could bring forward*. His other arguments, from the tides and magnetism of the earth, are all moonshine. The Newtonian

theory of gravitation was then unknown; and the periods of the revolutions of the planets appeared quite as disconnected and random, as did the cycles and epicycles of the old theory. Newton first explained the one law on which the revolutions depended; before his time *there was nothing to make the Copernican system more plausible and reasonable than the Ptolemaic theory. The modern demonstrations of the annual motion of the earth*,—namely, the micrometrical observations on the discs of the bodies of the solar system, and especially the great discovery of the aberration of light, by which that motion is made evident to the senses,—*were then unknown*; and as to the diurnal motion, it was unproved till Richer's voyage to Cayenne, where he was obliged to shorten his pendulum. And it is only within the last few months that an experiment has been devised by which this motion may be exhibited to the senses, namely, by the apparent revolution of the plane of the vibration of a pendulum fixed over a horizontal table. *Before these demonstrations, there was no solid reason to induce men to disbelieve the evidence of their senses. The most decided Copernicans were reduced to mere probabilities, and were obliged to confine themselves to preaching up the sim-*

plicity of the Copernican system, as compared with the absurd complexity of that of Ptolemy.* It is now generally taken for granted that the Copernican theory is self-evident. So far from that being the case, we may safely affirm that, *up to Galileo's* time, the balance of proof *was in favor* of the old system; that is, the old system was at that time *the* probable one, and Copernicus' theory the improbable one." (pp. 15, 16).

But, fairly and temperately as this writer expresses himself, it would seem, nevertheless, that he states Galileo's scientific status at somewhat greater advantage than truth will warrant. M. Artaud, in his "History of the Sovereign Pontiffs" (Vol. V., pp. 316-321), draws attention to a paper contributed by M. Léon Desdouits, a Catholic savant, to the *Univers Catholique* of March, 1841. The *gravity of the air*, M. Desdouits reminds his readers, was first discovered by Torricelli after Galileo's death. The Florentine philosopher, therefore, from ignorance of this fundamental truth, was in an inextricable difficulty. To say that the earth is whirled through the terrestrial air, was plainly

* Delambre, Astron. Mod. Discours prélim.

inconsistent with phenomena; while yet he could give no sufficient reason for supposing that the earth carries the air with it in its revolution. He was unable, therefore, to complete a theory of his own, which he could even reconcile with known facts; and since his opponents had no difficulty whatever in so reconciling theirs, it is not too much to say that his hypothesis, in its then incomplete state, was, “scientifically unlikely”—*i. e.*, that there were stronger grounds for rejecting than for accepting it.

Lastly, we should not fail to point out that the particular argument on which he laid his greatest stress, is admitted by every one nowadays to have been absolutely valueless and irrelevant. We allude to that which he attempted to draw from the flux and reflux of tides. His own confidence, therefore, in the scientific strength of his position, is no kind of argument for its strength.*

DR. WILLIAM GEORGE WARD.

The Authority of Doctrinal Decisions which are not Definitions of Faith.

* If among any Protestants there still lingers the belief that Galileo was tortured or otherwise cruelly treated, we may refer him to Dr. Madden's work for the most complete refutation of such calumnies.

INFALLIBILITY.

In every age the world has seen living exponents and heralds of God's revelation. Patriarchs and prophets have in their turn received and handed on the heavenly message. A peculiar people, chosen among the nations of the earth, was for many centuries the shrine and tabernacle of revealed truth. At length, when four thousand years had passed away, and man had proved by sad experience the depths of his ignorance and blindness, "the charity of God appeared towards us," I. John iv. 9, in that He sent us down from heaven His "only begotten Son, full of grace and truth," John i. 14, to be our teacher. He came, at His Father's bidding, the Uncreated Truth, the Word incarnate; and the burden of His teaching was: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," John 14. 6; "For this cause came I into the world that I should bear testimony to the truth," John xviii. 37; "If you continue in My word, you shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free," John viii. 32. His

mission was to be Himself our light. In Him, as members of "His body which is the Church," Col. i. 24, we were to receive back again the fulness of that truth of which sin had robbed us. The power to discern the infallible truth from error, which we forfeited in Adam, was to be once more ours; only in a new way, not by an interior inability to mistake falsehood for truth, but by the perpetual presence of an infallible teacher. These were "the good tidings of great joy," which the angel announced at Bethlehem, and thus was the prophecy of Isaias brought to pass: "The people that sat in darkness hath seen great light, and to them that sat in the region of the shadow of death light is sprung up." Matt. iv. 16.

So long as Jesus remained on earth, He Himself in His own person filled this office of teacher towards His disciples. But when the time came for Him to depart hence, it was necessary that He should provide us with another teacher, to act as His representative, and to teach us in His name and with His authority. To this end He set up His Church, that it might be, until His return, "the pillar and the ground of the truth," I. Tim. iii. 15, and He "built it upon the foundation of the Apostles

and prophets," He Himself being its "chief corner stone," Eph. ii. 20. To the Church's guardianship He intrusted "the deposit" of the faith, I. Tim. vi. 20, that body of truth which He had come down from heaven to reveal. And He bade all who owned Him for their master "to hear the Church" in what she taught, under pain, if disobedient, of being regarded by their brethren "as the heathen and the publican," Matt. xviii. 17.

For eighteen hundred years the Church has faithfully fulfilled her mission as the witness and teacher of the truth. Never once during this long period has her voice faltered or her testimony varied. No sophisms of error have perplexed her. No power of earth has overawed her. No assaults from within or from without have ever made her waver. No emergencies but have found her equal to them. All things have changed around her, but she remains unchanged. Calm in the consciousness of her infallibility, as one whose eyes are ever gazing on eternal things and whose ears are ever open to the harmonies of heaven, she has never ceased "to preach the word, being instant in season and out of season, reprov- ing, entreating, rebuking in all patience and

doctrine," II. Tim. iv. 2. From her lips, as from a fountain whose source is in the throne of God, words of truth have ever flowed. No one has sought guidance from her in vain. No one following her has gone astray. Hence the devotion which her children feel towards her. Hence the hatred with which God's enemies, be they men or devils, pursue her.

The Church, then, is our living, ever-present, infallible teacher, charged by our Lord Himself to teach us in His name, and with His authority, all things necessary to our eternal salvation.

What is meant by the word infallible, when we speak of the Church as our infallible teacher? This is the first question we have to consider; and the answer is so obvious that we almost need to apologize for dwelling upon it.

To be infallible, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is simply to be exempt from the liability to err. When, then, we say that God has made His Church infallible in her capacity of teacher, we mean that He has promised to secure her, as often as she teaches, from the possibility of declaring error to be truth and truth error. The way in which He effects this is by His supernatural providence, and the ex-

terior guidance of His Holy Spirit. And from this point of view, infallibility is to be distinguished from the gift of inspiration. The infallible teacher, as such, receives no interior revelations or suggestions from God. The Holy Ghost does not dictate to him what to say. It is only his external utterances which are overruled, so that he cannot, in his official character, teach the faithful anything at variance with the truth. This distinction between infallibility and inspiration is a sufficient answer to those who object to the infallibility of the sovereign Pontiff, that if he is infallible he must be inspired, which no theologian of any school ever asserted that he was.

Equally groundless is another argument brought against the Pope's infallibility,—that this gift necessarily implies sinlessness in its possessor, and since the Popes are not sinless, they cannot be infallible. This objection rests partly on the misuse of the word infallibility for impeccability, just as if they were equivalent in meaning, and partly on the assumption that God could not with propriety guarantee from error in teaching one who, at the very time he taught, was, perchance, in sin, and therefore God's open enemy. Nevertheless,

the whole history of God's dealings with us in the order of grace is a witness to the groundlessness of this assumption. Even the least instructed Catholic knows well that sin in God's ministers is no bar to their being His instruments in the conveyance of grace to others. Every mass he hears, and every sacrament he receives, reminds him of this elementary truth. Thus the very analogy of the faith prepares us to expect that a state of grace is not a necessary condition that the divinely-appointed teacher may teach infallibly. Moreover, the Holy Scripture furnishes us with instances of the higher gift of inspiration being exercised by sinners, even when they were in the act of offending God. The prophet Balaam, moved by covetousness, sought three distinct times to pronounce a solemn curse upon Israel, but in vain, for he had "no power to speak any other than that which God put into his mouth," Numbers xxii. 38. And when Caiaphas told the Jews who were plotting our Lord's death, that they "knew nothing, and did not consider that it was expedient for them that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not," the Evangelist remarks on this, that "he spoke not of himself, but, being the high

priest of that year, prophesied that Jesus should die for the nation; and not only for the nation, but to gather together in one the children of God that are dispersed," John xi. 49-52. If, then, the higher gift of inspiration is independent of sanctity in its possessor, how much more the lower and external gift of infallibility. In truth, these objections rest upon a half-conscious assumption that the Church's infallibility is the result of the wisdom, holiness, and prudence of her rulers, and is therefore at the bottom a purely natural endowment; whereas, on the contrary, the sole grounds of her inability to teach error is to be sought in the supernatural assistance and overruling guidance of the Holy Ghost, which her Divine Founder promised to her.

REV. THOMAS FRANCIS KNOX,
When Does the Church Speak Infallibly?

THE CONVERSION OF THE VENERABLE ABBÉ LIBERMANN.

I was about twenty years of age, when it pleased God to begin the work of my conversion. Until then, I had studied the Talmud under the direction of my father, who was a distinguished Rabbin. He was pleased with my progress, and flattered himself with the thought that I would one day be the worthy inheritor of his office, his science, and the high esteem in which he was held by his co-religionists. About the period of which I speak, he determined to send me to Metz to complete my studies. His object in doing so was less the acquisition of a science, which I could as well have learned from him, than to give me an occasion for displaying my knowledge and my talents, and to render me eminent amongst the rabbins, who came in great numbers to be instructed in this town. He gave me letters of introduction for two professors of the Israelitic school, one of whom had been his pupil, and the other his friend. It was then that the mer-

ciful design of Providence began to make itself felt in my regard. God, who wished to draw me from the error in which I was plunged, disposed my heart, by causing me to meet with disappointments and ill-treatment which I had by no means expected.

Until then I had lived in Judaism in good faith, without in the least suspecting that I was in error; but about that time I fell into a kind of religious indifference, which, in a few months, brought me to a state of utter infidelity.

I had a friend who shared my views with regard to religion. I saw him often. Our studies and our walks were almost in common. He advised me to go to Paris, to M. Drach,* who was already converted, and to examine seriously what I was to do, before taking on myself the obligations of the rabbinic profession. I fully agreed to this proposition. But I should have my father's approval, and this was no easy thing to obtain. To write to him about my projects would have been the surest means of frustrating them. I therefore decided on going to settle matters orally. I ar-

* This illustrious convert from Judaism has left a great name in the world of letters by his many valuable works on the Oriental languages.

rived at Saverne very fatigued, having made the journey on foot. My father allowed me a little rest, before speaking to me of his fears; but before the end of the day he sent for me. He wished, without further delay, to clear up his doubts. There was an easy means at his disposal; he had only to question me on my studies, and, in particular, on the "Talmud." My answers would be the surest test of my application. He knew well that there is no possibility of imposing on a master in a subject which demands so much labor, memory, talent, and practice, as the study of the "Talmud." This work, though not beyond the stretch of an ordinary mind, requires an acute and ready intelligence to be accurately rendered, and properly explained. Only those who have studied its contents long and recently, could ever be able to interpret them with that facility which characterizes the true Talmudists.

My father was of their number; and in ten minutes all his suspicions in my regard would have been changed into sad realities, had not the Almighty, who wished to bring about my conversion, hastened to my assistance, almost miraculously.

The first of my father's question was precisely one on which it is impossible to pass without showing the exact state of one's knowledge. For two years, I had almost entirely neglected the study of the Talmud, and what I knew I had learned with dislike, having read it as one who only wishes to save appearances. However, I had scarcely heard the question, when an abundant light illumined my mind, and showed me all that I should say.

I was myself in the greatest astonishment; I could not account for such facility in explaining things which I had hardly read. I marvelled exceedingly, at seeing the vivacity and promptitude with which my mind seized upon all that was obscure and enigmatical in the passage which was about to decide my journey. But my father was still more amazed than myself; he was overwhelmed with joy and happiness, as he found that I was still worthy of him, and that his fears and the unfavorable suspicions which had been put into his mind concerning me were entirely groundless. He embraced me tenderly, and bathed my face with his tears: "I truly had my suspicions," he said, "that they were again cal-

umniating you, when they accused you of spending your time in studying Latin, and neglecting to acquire the knowledge necessary for your profession.”

Permission to go to Paris was soon afterwards granted; and, despite the warnings he received that I was going to join my brothers, and do as they had done, he could not believe such a thing. He gave me a letter for the Rabbⁿ Deutz (the father of the Deutz who betrayed the Duchess of Berry); but, as from another quarter I was recommended to M. Drach, I addressed myself to him. However, some time afterwards, I delivered my letter to M. Deutz; I even, by way of formality, asked him for a book, which I returned soon after, and then visited him no more.

I spent a few days with my brother, and I was greatly surprised at his happiness. I was, however, still very far from being changed and converted. M. Drach found a place for me at the *College Stanislaus*, whither he conducted me himself. I was led into a cell, and there left alone, with two works by *Lhomond*, the “History of the Christian Doctrine,” and the “History of Religion.” This was for me a most trying moment. The profound solitude, the

appearance of that room admitting the light through a small window in the roof, the thought of being so far from home, from my parents and acquaintances, all tended to plunge my soul into intense sadness. My heart was oppressed with the most awful melancholy.

Then it was, that, remembering the God of my fathers, I threw myself on my knees, and conjured Him to enlighten me in my search after the true religion. I besought Him, if the faith of the Christians was the true one, to make it known to me; but, if it was false, to remove me at once beyond the reach of its influence.

The Lord, ever near to those who invoke Him from the inmost depths of their hearts, heard my prayer. I was immediately enlightened: I saw the truth; faith penetrated my mind and heart. Having commenced the reading of Lhomond, I easily and firmly adhered to all that is related therein about the life and death of Jesus Christ. I believed all without difficulty. From that moment, my most ardent desire was to be regenerated in the sacred waters of Baptism. That happiness was soon granted to me. I was immediately prepared for this august sacrament, which I re-

ceived on Christmas-eve, 1826. On this festival I was likewise admitted to partake of the Blessed Eucharist.

I cannot sufficiently admire the marvellous change which took place in me, at the moment the water of Baptism was poured upon my forehead. I became truly a new man. All my doubts and fears disappeared in an instant. The ecclesiastical costume, for which I still felt something of that extraordinary repugnance which is characteristic of the Jewish nation, no longer appeared to me under the same aspect. I now felt for it a sentiment of love rather than one of fear. But, above all, I felt an invincible strength and courage to practise the Christian Law. I experienced a sort of new affection for everything connected with my new belief.

“On leaving the baptismal font,” says Mr. Drach, “the pious neophyte promised the Lord to consecrate himself to His service in the sacred ministry.”

My entrance into the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice was for me an epoch of joy and blessings. The Abbé George, afterwards Bishop of Périgueux, was appointed my *Good Angel*. The great charity with which he fulfilled his functions edified me extremely, and caused me to

love more and more a religion which inspires such sweet and wonderful sentiments.*

* Life of the Venerable Francis Mary Paul Liberman, Founder of the Congregation of the Holy Heart of Mary, and First Superior-General of the Society of the Holy Ghost and the Holy Heart of Mary, BY REV. PROSPER GOEFFERT.

THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS IN FRANCE.

In the midst of the stupid insults and injuries with which the Church is constantly assailed, her beneficent mission remains ever attested by one note at least to which men of good-will cannot remain permanently insensible. Like her Divine Lord, she, "goes about doing good." She has her higher as well as her lower office; and while she preaches a kingdom which is not of this world, she also does what this world vainly attempts to do, in the way of alleviating the calamities that afflict our temporal state. Banished from the thrones of outward dominion, she is still to be found in the prisons and the hospitals. Her consolation, when no longer allowed to guide the soul, is to heal the sick body of those who, in their delirium, cannot refrain from striking at her who would soothe their pains. As children come back in sickness to be tended by a mother, whom, in the intoxication of health and strength, they had neglected or injured; so nations, after

the storm of revolution has swept by, return to have their wounds dressed by her in maligning whom they once delighted. Of this fact revolutionary France has been a conspicuous example. Amid the wreck of her old institutions, the noblest of her triumphs was, as she deemed in the hour of madness, her victory over the Church. But it was in vain that she struggled to escape from the charmed circle of Grace and Providence. Afflictions, sent in mercy, have brought her back to the religious institutions originally accorded in mercy. It has been well said, that the Sisters of Charity have been the chief instruments in winning back France to Christianity. An army of women conquered an army of revolutionists; and the vocations of helpless children proved stronger than the decrees of constituent assemblies. It was possible to dethrone religion; but the painted courtesan who was borne along in a triumphal car as the goddess of Reason proved unable to act as a substitute. It was possible to deny the mysteries of the Faith, but impossible to repel sorrow, disease, and care by windy phrases. The sighs of the prisoners in the dungeons, and the groans of sufferers in hospitals were the refutation (where none

would listen to argument) of declamations announcing the millennium of self-will and the gospel of empirical science. It has been with the mind of France as with the body. The disease of ignorance needed a cure as well as other diseases; and the mere secular treatment of that disease turned out, on experience, to be but quackery. Polytechnic schools without religion might do many ingenious and surprising things; but they could not lay a foundation for social order, prevent the necessity of a new revolution every dozen years, or provide an enlightened nation with as much discretion as is needed to hinder it from cutting its own throat. Education, as well as the relief of temporal distresses, has accordingly in France been obliged to renounce its pompous but barren pretensions; and to take an humbler place—but one which enables it to do its work among the corporal “works of mercy.” The religious institutions or associations devoted to man’s outward condition, to be found in Paris alone, amount to between seventy and eighty, different in *kind*; and to a far larger number, if we reckon the various institutions classed in several cases under the same general name. The perusal of the list would astonish those who know of Paris little more than is to

be picked up in cafés and theatres. Notre Dame, with all that it represents, is as much a *fact* as the Palais Royal, with that world of which it is the centre. In that great city, which the powers of good and evil have so often chosen as the chief arena of their conflict, there exist the extremes of virtue and vice,—each developed to the uttermost, as might have been expected, by the pressure of its opposite. The superficial or prejudiced traveller sees in Paris nothing but the Paradise of the senses and the temple of vanity; those who are initiated into its deeper life might be tempted, if they restricted their attention to one aspect of the question, to pronounce Paris a city of saints. Enough has been already done to indicate to all except the fanatics of the revolution, where it is that the hope of France lies.

AUBREY DE VERE,
Heroines of Charity.

THE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE EARLY AGES OF THE CHURCH.

Not merely do the writings of the fathers lay down those dogmas of faith which form the root and groundwork of our devotion to the Blessed Virgin, but history and tradition reveal to us the devotion itself as practised even in the desert and in the catacombs. However far we travel back, we are met by facts and legends attesting the universal belief in the power of Our Lady's intercession, and this power is represented as often miraculously displayed. The annals of the Eastern Empire are as rich in such narratives as those of Western Christendom.

St. Ephrem, the doctor of Edessa, whose hymns, but recently brought to light,* bear witness to his belief in the Immaculate Conception; whose writings contain the actual words of so many of our devotions, such as the *Sub*

* See the *Carmina Nisibena*, published in 1866, from a MS. in the British Museum.

tuum præsidium, and the well-known versicle, *Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata*; who salutes Our Lady as his queen, his sovereign, his life, his light, his hope, and his refuge, holding the second place next to the Divinity, the Mediatrix of the whole human race; and who in his terrible sermon on the last judgment paints to us the separation of the just from the wicked, and places in the mouths of sinners that doleful cry: "Farewell, ye saints and servants of God; farewell parents, farewell children, farewell prophets, apostles, and martyrs, *farewell Lady, Mother of God*; you have prayed much for us, that we might be saved, but we would not!" And the author of these words died in 378, and was the son of parents who had confessed the faith in the persecution of Diocletian. Such a witness brings this devotion very close to the age of martyrdom; but in the person of St. Methodius of Tyre we have one who was a martyr himself. St. Methodius does not merely write of the Blessed Virgin, but he addresses her in the language of invocation. And it is he who appeals in support of this devotion to the example of Our Lord Himself: "We all owe debts to God," he says, "but to Thee He Himself is indebted who has said, honor thy father

and thy mother. And that He might fulfil His own law, and exceed all men in its observance, He paid all honor and grace to His own mother."* St. Methodius suffered martyrdom at Chalcis during the last persecution, about the year 312.

In the reign of St. Sylvester, the very first pope who governed the Church after the period of Martyrdom, we find a miraculous incident recorded, the cessation, namely, of a terrible pestilence, which was attributed to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. And in gratitude for this favor St. Sylvester (as Baronius relates) dedicated to her honor in the Roman forum a Church known as *Libera nos a penis*. This must have been before the year 335, which was that of St. Sylvester's death. Miraculous graces granted to the invocation of Our Lady appear both in the authentic lives and the less authentic legends belonging to the age of martyrdom. Thus the Greek acts of St. Catherine represent her as converted to the faith by the sight of a picture of the Holy Virgin and her Divine Son, and as afterwards presented to Our Lord by his Blessed Mother, who entreats Him to accept

* S. Meth. "Serm, de Sim. et Anna." In this sermon S. Methodius several times bestows on Our Lady the title *Theotocus*, the mother of God.

Catherine as his spouse. Then we have the legend of the two saints, Julian and Basilissa, martyred under Maximin, in 312, who on the day of their nuptials consecrated themselves to God by a vow of chastity and devoted themselves to the service of the sick, when Jesus and Mary visibly appeared to them, surrounded by saints and angels, who said aloud, "Victory to thee, Julian, victory to thee, Basilissa!" And St. Gregory of Nazianzen relates the history of St. Justina, who was delivered from the diabolic conspiracy, framed against her by Cyprian the magician, on invoking the Blessed Virgin, and whose martyrdom took place about the year 304.

Earlier still, in 240, we have the celebrated vision of St. Gregory of Thaumaturgus, who, as St. Gregory of Nyssa relates, received an exposition of the orthodox faith from the dictation of the Blessed Virgin. And this incident, it may be observed, cannot be classed among pious legends, but has always been respected as absolutely historical. This, perhaps, is the very earliest example on record of any apparition of Our Lady, or supernatural grace received from her hands, but is very far from taking us back to the earliest proof that is to

be found of the devotion rendered to her in the Church. The catacombs, which bear witness to so many other points of primitive faith, are not silent on this matter. The Commendatore De Rossi, whose perfect candor and honesty no less than his unrivaled ability will be admitted by critics of every creed, has published a selection in chromo-lithography of a few out of the numerous pictures of Our Blessed Lady which we find in subterranean Rome.

In the explanatory text with which he illustrated these paintings, he informs us that “whereas he believes some of them to belong almost, if not quite, to the *Apostolic age*, there are at least a score which cannot be assigned to a later date than that of Constantine.”

The latest of those which he has published is the well-known figure of Our Blessed Lady and the Holy Child in the cemetery of St. Agnes, which belongs probably to the middle of the fourth century ; another, in the cemetery of St. Domitilla, he unhesitatingly assigned to the third ; whilst another, from the cemetery of St. Priscilla, in which the prophet Isaias stands before her pointing to a star over her head, he considers to belong to the very beginning of the second, if not to the first

century. The testimony of these paintings is at once ancient and authentic. The legendary records of the Church have borne witness equally, in every age, to the existence of this devotion. Study those records when we will, they tell us the same tale, nor will its earlier chapter be less supernatural, or, as it may be termed, less marvelous, than those of later date. Legends, moreover, are not necessarily false because they claim less critical evidence than history; and even where they exhibit a certain coloring of romance and fiction, they may, nevertheless, embody a fact, or convey accurate information as to the belief and devotion of the age to which they belong. Still more must they carry weight when we find them strictly harmonizing with the teachings of authentic narratives. The prejudice which leads us to imagine that visions and apparitions of Our Lady, and tales of direct interference in human affairs, are but the mythical product of Middle Age credulity, is startled, to say the least, when it encounters precisely similar stories told and believed by saints belonging to the first five centuries of the Church.

This harmony of belief is a grave and indisputable fact, for it proves that the devotion of

the faithful, like their creed, is in all its main features the same now as it was in the beginning, and as it shall be in ages to come.

VERY REV. PROVOST J. SPENCER NORTHCOTE,
Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna.

THE HUGUENOTS.

Monsieur Peter Victor Cayet was one of the most learned and able ministers which our Protestants have ever had ; and in that quality served Madam Catherine, the King's sister, till, about two years after the conversion of that great prince, he acknowledged the true Catholic religion, and made his solemn abjuration of heresy at Paris. He also published the motives of his conversion in a learned treatise, which was received with great applause, both in France and in foreign countries ; and his example, fortified with the strong reasons of a man so able as he was, to which no solid answer was ever given, was immediately followed by the conversion of a great number of Protestants, who by his means came to understand the falsehood of their religion, pretendedly reformed.

This action so infinitely nettled his former brotherhood of ministers, that they grew outrageous against him. They ran down his reputation with full cry, and endeavored to

blacken it with a thousand horrible calumnies, with which they stuffed their libels; and, amongst others, that which they have inserted into the memoirs of the League, with the greatest villany imaginable, taking no notice of the solid and convincing answers he made them. Which proceeding of theirs is sufficient to discover the falsity of all they have written to defame him; according to the libelling genius of presbytery.

For, of all heretics, none have been more cruel, or more foul-mouthed, than the Calvinists; none have revenged themselves of their pretended enemies more barbarously, either by open arms, or private mischiefs, when the power was in their hands, or more impudently with their pens, and by their libels, when they had no other way to show their malice; murdering their reputations with all sorts of injuries and impostures, who have once declared themselves against their party.

In effect, what have they not said to defame the memory of Monsieur de Sponde, lieutenant-general in Rochelle; of Salette, counsellor to the king of Navarre; of Morlas, counsellor of state and superintendent of the magazines of France; as also of Du Fay, Clairville, Rohan,

and a hundred others of their most celebrated ministers, who, after having been esteemed amongst them for good men, and looked on as the leaders of their consistory, are, by a strange sort of metamorphosis, become, on the sudden, profligate wretches, and the most infamous of mankind, only for renouncing Calvinism? By how many forgeries and calumnies have they endeavored to ruin the repute of all such Catholics as have the most vigorously opposed their heresy, history will furnish us with abundant proofs; and we have but too many in the fragments which Monsieur le Labreur has given us of their insolent satires, where they spare not the most inviolable and sacred things on earth.

For which reason, that writer, in a certain chapter of his book, wherein he mentions but a small parcel of those libels, after which he has said, "that the most venomous satirists, and the greatest libertines, were those of the Huguenot party," adds these memorable words: "I should have been ashamed to have read all those libels for the blasphemies and impieties with which they are filled, if that very consideration had not been aiding to confirm me in the belief, that there was more wickedness,

than either error or blindness, in their doctrine ; and that their morals were more corrupt than their opinions.”

JOHN DRYDEN,
Introduction to the History of the League.

THE LAW OF GOD.

“The law of the Lord is unspotted, converting souls; the testimony of the Lord is faithful, giving wisdom to little ones. The justices of the Lord are right, rejoicing hearts; the commandment of the Lord is lightsome, enlightening the eyes; the fear of the Lord is holy, enduring for ever and ever. The judgments of the Lord are true, justified in themselves, more to be desired than gold and many precious stones, and sweeter than honey and the honey comb.”*

In this and other passages it is remarkable, again, how much the light and joy of the soul are made to come from obedience, which is, in truth, the great condition of enlightenment, while the light which it engenders brings with it peace and delight in the practice of the commandments, as the Psalmist goes on to say, “For Thy servant keepeth them, and in keeping them there is a great reward.” Thus the

* Psalm xviii. 8-10.

consideration of the reward of obedience, as set before us by the light of faith, as well as by the knowledge which our faith supplies to us of the character of God and of Our Lord Himself, goes far towards making the obedience which we practise easy and light. Moreover, the keeping of the Commandments brings ever fresh grace to the soul, and this is a part of the sweetness and lightsomeness and delightfulness of which the Psalmist speaks. For a yoke is sweet if it is known to be reasonable, if we understand that it is put on us out of love, and in consideration of our own greatest good, rather than for any other motive, and if we are able to enter into the beautiful designs of God in forbidding what is hurtful to us and enjoining what is, in itself, even apart from His commandment, a source of happiness and spiritual strength.

It is most true that the commandments of the Lord are sweet, and that they fully deserve all the praises which are given to them in the passage from the Psalmist just now quoted. And yet it is most true also that we owe an immense increase in this sweetness and graciousness of the law, as it is set before us, to the personal Presence of our Lord among us. It is no longer simply a law, a commandment, a testimony,

judgments, justices. Our Lord's invitation is not to His law, but to Himself. It is always, "Come unto Me, take My yoke, learn of Me," and the like. He has clothed Himself with our poor nature for this very purpose, made Himself one of us, and learnt by experience all the miseries and difficulties of our condition, and by His own touch has made them tolerable. The invitation comes to us winged with all the intense beauty and attractiveness of the Sacred Humanity. The life to which He invites us is a continual personal intercourse and companionship with Himself. We are first to throw ourselves into the arms of His infinite love and compassionateness, and only after that are we to take His yoke upon us. All our steps, in the way of His service and of our own salvation, are guided and supported by Him. We receive no grace except by communication with Him; the cleansing of our souls is the application of His precious Blood; the strengthening of our spiritual life is the feeding upon Him; the path along which we are to walk has already been stamped for us by his footsteps, showing us where to plant our own. He is all around us in the Church; He lives in us and we in Him; and especially in all matters in which there is

something hard, something of the Cross to be borne, we have His example and His strength, to make the burthen as He has promised us it shall be.

REV. HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, S. J.,
The Public Life of Our Lord.

CONVERSION OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

For the more perfect discovery of the truth I sought after, I resolved to read the most celebrated authors of both parties, that I might be able to judge how far their doctrine agreed with that of the holy fathers of the primitive Church, and whether in all points they agreed among themselves. And therefore it was that I perused a great many books written by Roman Catholics of divers nations, as well Spaniards, Italians, Flanders, and English, as Germans, Polanders, and Hungarians; and the issue of this inquiry was, that I found a perfect harmony among them as to the points of faith, and their deference to the ancient Fathers. It was matter of admiration to me, that their school-men, who widely differed in opinion on other subjects, should all, as with one voice, profess, maintain, and teach the very same as to what concerns the articles of faith. I observed the like in the writings of the ancient Fathers, though they lived and wrote in times and places very distant from one

another; as Ignatius and Chrysostom, at Antioch; Athanasius and Telesphorus, at Alexandria; Maccalous and Cyril, at Jerusalem; Proculus, at Constantinople; Gregory and Basil, in Cappadocia; Justin, at Athens; Denis, at Corinth; Ephrem, in Syria; Cyprian, Optatus, and Augustine in Africa; Epiphanius, in Cyprus; Ambrose, in Italy; Irenæus, in France; Orosius and Isidore, in Spain; Bede, in England, etc. But when I came to confront the writings of our new reformers with the doctrine of the ancient Fathers, I found them as opposite as the East and West. In the next place I examined what harmony these Protestant writers kept among themselves; but I clearly discovered they were mightily at jars about points of faith. It is not only the Lutherans that quarrel with the Calvinists, and Calvinists with the Lutherans, and both of them with the Puritans, Arians, and Anabaptists; but even those of the same cloth are strangely at variance about their faith.—The rigid Calvinists are of one persuasion, and the more moderate, of another. The Remonstrants teach one thing, and Anti-remonstrants teach the contrary. The Puritans maintain and teach what the Presbyterians will not

allow. And as for the Lutherans, some things are held to be of faith at Würtemberg, others at Landsberg, others at Swedeland, others in Hungary, others in Brandenburg, and others in England. Besides that, the Lutherans follow, in the age we now live in, a doctrine they were strangers to in the foregoing age. They thought and believed one thing at the beginning of Lutheranism, and another thing in its progress. What account then should I be able to give at the last day, if to so many great lights of the Church I preferred a handful of inconsiderable men, who had neither learning nor virtue, and, over and above, divided among themselves? I therefore judged it best to set them all aside, and keep to the Fathers.

But, though the Holy Fathers had been all silent, the very stones and remnants of antiquity spoke to me, attested and recommended the truth of the Roman Catholic Faith. For, upon taking into consideration the old churches, the elections of kings and emperors, and the ceremonies used at their coronations, the ancient statues of the Cæsars and of monarchs, the laws and customs of the most ancient universities, the conversion of nations to the faith of Christ, the inscriptions cut in

marble, the histories and annals of all ages since the birth of our Redeemer : all the memorable facts that happened since the first promulgation of the Christian Faith, the journals and calendars wherein are marked the illustrious actions of the saints and the most solemn days in the year, which are still kept among Protestants themselves: as the Sundays called Quadragesima, Quinquagesima, Sexagesima, Septuagesima, Easter, Quasimodo, Jubilate, Cantate, Rogate, etc. ; all these things gave me clearly to understand that no other religion besides the Roman Catholic was ever firmly planted in the Christian World.

Fifty Reasons.

THE BENEFICENT INFLUENCES OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.

Well does the poet represent them (men of delicate and susceptible minds), in describing Tasso:—

* * * * from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth ;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down, within the shade
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours ;
Though I was chid for wandering, and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said,
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow.*

They judged rightly ; for they took not into account the resources of faith, and they saw, that, in a world of incurable disorder, so intense a love of what is beautiful and perfect must needs, of natural necessity, bring with it disappointment and the keen bitter sense of

* Byron, *Lament of Tasso*.

discord, and the cruel pangs of having to witness, and perhaps endure, the triumph of injustice and wrong. Had they, indeed, looked upwards, and conceived the charm of that substance of things not seen; had they remembered the offers of Eternal Truth, to give rest to the wearied spirits that would follow Him who was meek and lowly of heart, that end of woe would not have seemed inevitably awaiting the object of their solicitude. For oh! what a balm has the Catholic religion provided for these eagle spirits, when confined in the net of earthly calamity! Its effects may be witnessed by referring to the words which the same poet ascribes to Tasso, where he represents him afterwards in the dungeon saying,—

I once was quick in feeling,— that is o'er;
 My scars are callous, or I should have dashed
 My brains against these bars, as the sun flashed
 In mockery through them.

He once was quick in feeling. How much is expressed in these few words! what wounds would it display, recent and old, as if inflicted by those flames which had already begun to prey upon it; tormented, as if by demons, whose instruments are every brief and vile contingency! “But,” he adds, “that is over.” In fact, all is changed, all is reversed: he is no

longer what he was. No one can tear the impatient answer from his tongue ; no indication of neglect, no cruel injustice, no merciless wrong, can any more trouble that heart ; for it has found rest and peace unutterable, peace everlasting. That rest has been found by entering upon the way of the holy cross ; he has been taught how to endure, how to sanctify sorrow. Objects have been made familiar to him, before which he loves to kneel and weep in lowly reverence. The passion of his Saviour, the crown of thorns, the drink of vinegar and gall,—these have taught him what he could never have gained from all the consolations of philosophy,—these

Have from the sea of ill-love saved his bark,
And on the coast secured it of the right,

teaching him to estimate the value of being condemned to suffer bitterness, and yielding him in return, for that proud and lofty spirit which he renounced, the power of preserving his peace while beholding man's unkindness ; the power of reducing to a sweet calm that once restless and troubled sea of the heart, swollen and agitated with a thousand passions ; nay, even the faculty of converting pain and misfortune, and the dire events of a calamitous

life, into images of quiet beauty, on which the memory and imagination may dwell, almost with a poetic fondness ; for now he can say with Lovelace, that

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.

or apply to himself what Richard Plantagenet says of Mortimer :—

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.

Abandoned to nature, the man who is endowed with a delicate and sentimental soul is found to breathe only the vague desires of the modern poet, whose ideal may be seen in that Burns, of whom we read that “ he has no religion ; his heart indeed is alive with a trembling adoration, but there is no temple in his understanding ; he lives in darkness and in the shadow of doubt ; his religion, at best, is an anxious wish, like that of Rabelais, a great Perhaps.” * The error of the modern poets consists in their not viewing the visible world in union with the mysteries of faith, and in supposing that a mere description of its external

* Edinburgh Review, 1828.

form can satisfy even the thirst after poetic beauty, which is inherent in our nature. Dante is blamed by them for mixing scholastic theology with his song; but it is precisely their very mixture which gives that charm to it which attracts and captivates the thoughtful heart. The same error is committed with regard to life; and while spirituality and faith, with all their beauteous expressions and sublime affecting symbols, have been effaced instead of increasing, proud and sensual men have forfeited the possession of the present good. The earth is infected by its inhabitants, and its joy is passed away. Observe the characters of those cantons of Switzerland where the Catholic religion is unfelt, and men are left in the presence of nature alone, without an object or a sound to recall the images of faith. What overpowering melancholy reigns in those valleys, notwithstanding all that dressing, fattening, harrowing, and distillation of the earth, in hopes of gain! What a silence is there, excepting when interrupted by the fall of the avalanches, the roar of torrents, and the eternal sighing of the winds! What a moral blight has attended the political demarcation of the territory! There are indeed, here and there,

some immense enterprises for the sake of profit and pleasure ; some unsightly buildings, the fruit of careful speculations to afford luxury and ease to the distempered inhabitants of licentious cities, who come here in the summer season, in hopes of enjoying some vague dream of Arcadian life, united with the solid advantages of the Epicurean form ; but nowhere do we see the beautiful chapel or the venerable cross ; nowhere anything to realize a tender or sublime idea ; no sacred sentences, no devout image, to exalt men to the spirital life. You pass, as on the borders of those Berne Lakes, whole villages without a church ; and upon the sloping lawns you can only hope to find some ruins of a convent, or the tower of some ancient church, which you will find converted into a barn or a magazine. Yet even amidst the devastated valleys, covered with sand and rocks and bare trunks of broken pines, ploughed up with rains, and burnt by the fire of summer's day, which now present that pale and horrid aspect of a fearful nakedness, the Catholic religion would have planted her peaceful and her beauteous trophies. That religion has left the stamp of her genius and the imperishable monument of her faith in the deserts of the East, and on the

wildest rocks of the Alps or Pyrenees ; amidst the lions under the fires of the tropic, as well as amidst the bears and icebergs of the pole. Where is there a garden of more rich and beautiful variety, than in the very valleys surrounding the tracks over which heresy has passed ? Even to the mere poetic soul, what a delightful accompaniment to the silent hymn of nature is that chiming of angelic bells which rises at evening and at noon, and at the sweet hour of prime, from all sides of a Catholic valley ?—bells that well may be termed of the angel, that are not rung, as in other lands, by base hands, through love of sordid gain, to celebrate some occasion of sensual joy, temporal and vain, soon to change to mourning as vain ;—but by pious hands, through the devout intention of inspiring men with thoughts of prayer. How inspiring is it to hear the great bells of the abbey of Engleberg, at the fourth hour of the morning, awakening the echoes, amidst the rocks and eternal snows of Titlis, and piercing the vast forests of the surrounding Alp ! What consolation to the weary pilgrim, when, stopping to shelter from the storm under some covered bank which charity has erected by the mountain's side, he beholds, even there,

some poor prints, representing, in successive stages, the sacred passion of our Lord, and dictating some seraphic aspiration! How sweet and cheering,—and, in a philosophic point of view, how important,—is all this, and how it cherishes and strengthens our young affections! But as the swimmer in the blue flood of the arrowy Rhone sees the pale line of snow-fred waters issuing from the devastated bed of the Arve, and no sooner plies his right arm to be borne up that new channel, and enters its sullen wave, then instantly a sudden cold and deathlike chill strikes through his whole body; so is the full glow of youthful devotion checked and chilled, when we pass from Sarnen to the Scheidek, or from Soleure and Freyburg to the shore of Lemane Lake.

KENELM H. DIGBY,
Mores Catholici ; or, Ages of Faith.

PROTESTANT TRANSLATIONS OF THE HOLY BIBLE

How clear, limpid, and pure the streams are, that flow from, the Greek and Hebrew fountains, through the channel of Protestant pens, the reader may easily guess, without taking the pains of comparing them, from the testimonies they themselves bear of one another's translations.

Zuinglius writes thus to Luther, concerning his corrupt translation: "Thou corruptest the word of God, O Luther: thou art seen to be a manifest and common corrupter and perverter of the Holy Scripture; how much are we ashamed of thee, who have hitherto esteemed thee beyond all measure, and proved thee to be such a man!"⁽¹⁾

Luther's Dutch translation of the old Testament, especially of Job and the Prophets, had its blemishes, says Keckerman, and those no small ones,⁽²⁾ neither are the blemishes in his New Testament to be accounted small ones;

(1) Zuing. t. 2, ad Luth., lib. de S.

(2) Keckerman, Syst. 8; Theol., lib. 2, p. 188; 1 St. John v. 7.

one of which is his omitting and wholly leaving out this text in St. John's Epistle: "There be three who give testimony in heaven: the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." Again, in Rom. iii. 28, he adds the word "alone" to the text, saying: "We account a man to be justified by faith *alone*, without the works of the law." Of which intolerable corruption being admonished, he persisted obstinate and wilful, saying, "So I will, so I command; let my will be instead of reason," etc. ⁽¹⁾ Luther will have it so; and at last thus concludes: "The word *alone* must remain in my New Testament; although all the Papists run mad, they shall not take it from thence: it grieves me, that I did not add also those two other words, *Omnibus et omnium, sine omnibus operibus omnium legum*, without all works of all laws."

Again, in requital to Zuinglius, Luther rejects the Zuinglian translations, terming them in matter of divinity, "fools, asses, antichrists, deceivers," etc.; ⁽²⁾ and, indeed, not without cause; for what could be more deceitful and antichristian than, instead of our Saviour's words, "this is

(1) To. V. Germ. fol. 141, 144.

(2) See Zuing. Tom. 2, ad Luth. lib. de Sac., fol. 388, 389.

my body," to translate, "this signifies my body," as Zuinglius did, to maintain his figurative signification of the words, and cry down Christ's real presence in the Blessed Sacrament?

When Froscheverus, the Zuinglian printer of Zurich, sent Luther a Bible translated by the divines there, he would not receive it: but as Hospinian and Lavatherus witness, sent it back and rejected it. ⁽¹⁾

The Tigurine translation was, in like manner, so distasteful to the other Protestants, "that the Elector of Saxony in great anger rejected it and placed Luther's translation in room thereof." ⁽²⁾

Beza reproves the translation set forth by Œcolampadius, and the divines of Basle; affirming, "that the Basle translation is in many places wicked, and altogether differing from the mind of the Holy Ghost."

Castalio's translation is also condemned by Beza, ⁽³⁾ as being sacrilegious, wicked and ethnical; insomuch, that Castalio wrote a special

(1) Hosp. Hist. Sacram. part. ult. fol. 183; Lavath. Hist. Sacram. i. 32.

(2) Hospin. in Concord. Discord. fol. 13.

(3) In Respons. ad Defens. et Respons. Castal. in Test. 1556, in Præfat. et in Annot. in Mat. iii. et iv., Luc. ii.; Act. viii. et x.; I Cor. i.

treatise in defence of it, in the preface of which he thus complains: "Some reject our Latin and French translations of the Bible, not only as unlearned, but also as wicked, and differing in many places from the mind of the Holy Ghost."

The learned Protestant, Molinœus, affirms of Calvin's translation "that Calvin in his harmony makes the text of the Gospel to leap up and down; he uses violence to the letter of the Gospel; and besides this, adds to the text." (1)

And touching Beza's translation, which our English especially follow, the same Molinœus charges him, that "he actually changes the text;" giving likewise several instances of his corruptions. Castalio also, "a learned Calvinist," as Osiander says, "and skilful in the tongues," reprehends Beza in a book wholly written against his corruptions; and says further: "I will not note all his errors, for that would require too large a volume." (2)

In short, Bucer and the Osianderians rise up against Luther for his false translations; Luther against Munster; Beza against Castalio, and Castalio against Beza; Calvin against Ser-

(1) In sua Translat. Nov. Test. Part. 12, fol. 112.

(2) In Test. Part. 20, 30, 40, 64, 66, 74, 79, et Part. 8, 13, 14, 21, 23.

vetus ; Illyricus against both Calvin and Beza. ⁽¹⁾ Staphylus and Emserus noted in Luther's Dutch translations, of the New Testament only, about one thousand four hundred heretical corruptions. ⁽²⁾ And thus far of the confessed corruptions in foreign Protestant translators.

If you desire a character of our English Protestant versions, pray be pleased to take it from the words of these following Protestants ; some of the most zealous and precise of whom, in a certain treatise, entitled, "A petition directed to his most excellent majesty, King James the First," complain "that our translation of the Psalms, comprised in our Book of Common Prayer, doth, in addition, subtraction, and alteration, differ from the truth of the Hebrew in at least two hundred places." If two hundred corruptions were found in the Psalms only, and that by Protestants themselves, how many, think you, might be found from the beginning of Genesis to the end of the Apocalypse, if examined by an impartial and strict examination ? And this they made the grounds of their scruple to make use of the Common Prayer ; remaining doubtful, "whether a man may with safe con-

(1) In Defens. trans., p. 170.

(2) See Lind. Dub. p. 84, 85., 96, 98.

science, subscribe thereto;" yea, they wrote and published a particular treatise, entitled, "A Defence of the Minister's Reasons for refusal of Subscribing;" the whole argument and scope thereof is only concerning mistranslating; yea, the reader may see, in the beginning of the said book, the title of every chapter, twenty-six in all, pointing to the mistranslations there handled in particular. ⁽¹⁾

Mr. Carlisle avouches, "that the English translators have depraved the sense, obscured the truth, and deceived the ignorant: that in many places they distort the Scriptures from the right sense, and that they show themselves to love darkness more than light: falsehood more than truth." Which Doctor Reynolds objecting against the Church of England, Mr. Whitaker had no better answer than to say: "What Mr. Carlisle, with some others, has written against some places translated in our Bibles makes nothing to the purpose; I have not said otherwise, but that some things may be amended."⁽²⁾

The ministers of Lincoln diocese could not forbear, in their great zeal, to signify to the king

(1) Petition directed to his Majesty, p. 75, 76.

(2) Whitaker's answer to Dr. Reynolds, p. 255.

that the English translation of the Bible, “ is a translation that takes away from the text, that adds to the text, and that, sometimes, to the changing or obscuring of the meaning of the Holy Ghost,” calling it yet further, “ a translation which is absurd and senseless, perverting, in many places, the meaning of the Holy Ghost.” (1)

For which cause, Protestants of tender consciences made great scruple of subscribing thereto : “ How shall I,” says Mr. Burges, “ approve under my hand, a translation which hath so many omissions, many additions, which sometimes obscures, sometimes perverts the sense ; being sometimes senseless, sometimes contrary ? ” (2)

This great evil of corrupting the Scriptures being well considered by Mr. Broughton, one of the most zealous sort of Protestants, obliged him to write an epistle to the Lords of the Council, desiring them with all speed to procure a new translation : “ Because,” says he, “ that which is now in England is full of errors.” (3)

(1) See the abridgment, which the Ministers of Lincoln Diocese delivered to his Majesty, p. 11, 12, 13.

(2) Burges, apol. Sect. 6, and in Covell's answer to Burges, p. 93.

(3) See the Triple Cord, p. 147.

And in his advertisements of corruptions, he tells the Bishops, "that their public translation of Scriptures into English is such, that it perverts the text of the Old Testament in eight hundred and forty eight places, and that it causes millions of millions to reject the New Testament, and run to eternal flames," a most dreadful saying, certainly, for all those who are forced to receive such a translation for their only rule of faith.

THOMAS WARD,
Errata of the Protestant Bible.

THE HAPPINESS OF A TRUE CHRISTIAN.

By the compassionate wisdom of God, faith was made the appointed means of salvation, because it opposes at the same time sensuality and pride; sensuality, inasmuch as it commands us to prefer the invisible and eternal to the visible and temporary; and pride, which rises up against the humble knowledge of our own misery, and also against truths the meaning of which exceeds the comprehension of our understanding, which is as assuming as it is limited.

Although the proofs of our holy doctrines are so clear, that any understanding, not blinded by pride, can embrace them, yet God is willing to grant us the gift of faith, provided only we fervently seek for it, and fly unto Him for knowledge with an earnest love of truth, and endeavor to follow the precepts of His holy commandments; the moral perfection of which even the understanding of the unbeliever must acknowledge.

So does His Son promise, “the Author and Finisher of our faith,” who, when He dwelt among us in the flesh, thus spoke to the proud and sensual Jews: “My doctrine is not Mine, but His that sent Me. If any man will do the will of Him, he will know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of Myself.” (St. John vii. 16, 17.)

After this declaration of the Son of God, who can dare object to religion, that it requires a *blind* faith?

It would not require a blind faith from us, even did it only demand the consideration of the interior and exterior proofs of its Divinity; and these are: the Prophecies that were given at so early a period, and fulfilled in part after centuries, nay, after thousands of years; those miracles which bring conviction, and which, to use the words of the greatest man of the 18th century, “are for all men equally clear and equally numerous.”* The rapid extension of our holy religion, at a time when the world was buried in the deepest and most universal corruption, which was brought on partly by proud and atheistical philosophers, and

* Haller.

partly by a system of impure idolatry steeped in blood; the rapid spread of the Gospel by twelve poor fishermen and publicans; the innumerable martyrs who bore witness to it; that miracle, now acting before our eyes,—foretold first by Moses, and then by the Son of God,—of the state and condition of the Jews, now scattered to the four winds of heaven—whose continuance seems to hang on their Temple; and their separation from other nations; and after so many centuries, ever since the destruction of their Temple and city, the seed of theirs, being scattered over the globe, in spite of so many persecutions and such powerful and renewed efforts to root it up, still remains! It remains, and even their unbelief and their continuance in a religion which cannot be practised, prove, in the clearest manner, the Divinity of the Prophecies.

Religion certainly requires that we should weigh and prove these powerful and clear proofs; and great will be the responsibility of those who, influenced by sensuality or pride, neglect this examination and consideration; but though so evident and convincing as they are, yet the Son of God invites us to more easy examination, so worthy both of His and

our dignity; for if we do the will of His Father, we shall then become, as He Himself hath promised, inwardly persuaded that His doctrine is from God.

Who is there, to whom this sacred duty of examination does not appear evident? What keeps us, then, from it? The vain enjoyments which we expect from this transitory life, the pleasures of which are so uncertain, so deceitful, so void, and perishable besides; whose sorrows are so comfortless for him that hopeth not in God? Or do we expect some kind of consolation from those airy systems of our philosophers, which vanish away, one after the other, like the figures of a magic-lantern on the wall? What weapons do these sophists furnish us with, out of their poor armory, against the passions of youth? against the gnawing cares of manhood? against the afflictions of old age? against the terrors of death?

For us, yes, even for us, not only for the rebellious children of the Old Covenant, but for us, the rebellious children of the New Testament, God hath spoken holy words by the mouth of the prophet Jeremias: "Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this; and ye gates thereof be very desolate, saith the Lord. For

my people have done two evils: They have forsaken Me, the fountain of living water, and have digged to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that hold no water." (Jer. ii. 12, 13.)

Let us listen, again, to our Saviour; let us be on our guard, while it is time, against false doctrine, and follow, while we have time, the kind words of His friendly invitation: "At that time Jesus answered, and said, I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and the prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father; for so hath it seemed good in Thy sight. All things are delivered Me by My Father; neither doth any one know the Father but the Son, and he to whom it shall please the Son to reveal Him. Come to Me, all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you. Take up My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart; and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is sweet, and my burden light." (St. Matthew xi. 25-30.)

What the proud disciples of Zeno boasted of themselves—viz., that a stoic only was rich, was in health, was free, was mighty, was wise,

and hence, also, that he only was happy;—this is true of a Christian alone; for *he* is a genuine disciple of the Gospel. How can *he* help being rich, who desires nothing, because he knoweth that all which God gives him must be profitable to him? How can he be otherwise than in good health, whom no disease disturbs; who, in harmony with himself (which is true healthfulness), because in harmony with the will of God, receives all outward sorrow and afflictions from His hand, not only with patience, but even with joy and thankfulness, as so many proofs of his Father's love, who wishes to prove and perfect him by sufferings? Why should *he* not be free, who, loosed from the bonds of his passions, not only adores the will of God, but also loves it, in all the events that befall him? Why cannot he be mighty, who, because his will is one with the Almighty, participates, as it were, in omnipotence? Why cannot he be wise, who, being instructed by Wisdom itself, strives to comply with all His precepts, in thought, word, and work? Why should he not be happy, who, possessing these precious goods, considers them only as the *pledges* of still more noble and endless blessings, which he is to enjoy for

eternity? But what is still more consoling, he prizes these precious treasures, "the powers of the world to come," the graces which he receives in time, and expects in eternity; he prizes them not so highly on their own account, as on account of the *Donor*, whose love will eternally be his greatest bliss.

FREDERICK-LEOPOLD, COUNT VON STOLBERG,

Divine Love.

CONVERSION OF HUGH LAEMMER.

I said before, that, during my stay at Leipsic, the study of a question proposed for concursus exercised a powerful influence on my religious views, and that to it is to be attributed my first step towards Catholicism. The subject chosen for the concursus of 1854, by the Leipsic Faculty of Theology, was the exposition of the doctrine of Clement of Alexandria on the Word. This theme made upon me a most vivid impression. At once, and with great joy, I resolved to become a candidate. I will now state the motives of this resolve. The conflicting theological systems which I had observed, both in books and in oral instructions, occasioned me extreme torture. I was too independent to follow the example of so many others by attaching myself blindly to a party; I wished to examine for myself the successive phases undergone by the Protestant principle, and, with full knowledge of the subject, to make my own selection. All those systems, whether confessional or non-confessional, could not sat-

isfy me long ; on the other hand, the distraction caused by philological and philosophical studies could not give peace to my heart, which only in God could find an end to its unrest. *Inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te.* I felt I must escape from the chaos of modern theology, and I most eagerly availed myself of this opportunity to draw from the spring of Christian antiquity. I procured a copy of Klotz's portable edition, and set myself to the study of my author. Pen in hand, I began my task by reading him through and through before I took any account of what others had written about him.

A new world opened on my sight as I read the earliest master of the Alexandrian Catechetical School—the teachers of Origen. What treasures lie hid in these three works, the *Exhortatio ad Græcos*, the *Pædagogus*, and the *Stromata*! The *Exhortatio ad Græcos* is a masterpiece of Christian controversy against Paganism, considered in its popular mythology, its poetry, and its philosophy. The *Pædagogus*, written for catechumens, sets before them a magnificent portrait of the true and only Master—the eternal Word of the Father—who has created man to His own image ; who, though

man had become of the earth, earthly, yet enables him to attain to his heavenly destiny; who, in fine, confides him to the maternal yet virginal love of the Church. Then came the eight books of the *Stromata*, an unpretending mosaic, in which the loftiest problems of philosophy and theology are treated with great learning and rare penetration. These three books were, without doubt, connected together in the author's mind. The idea of the Word is the central point of Clement's entire demonstration; and in that idea we must seek the essential unity of his system. It is the Word which tenderly invites man; which instructs him, which guides him to his end by leading him to see the things of God in their profundity; and thus the idea of the Word embraces in one same circle all philosophy, dogmatic as well as moral.

At length the decisive hour came, and the sun of grace had completed the work of my enlightenment. I decided to become a Catholic on the 14th of October, 1858, the feast of St. Theresa, whose powerful intercession strengthened my weakness. I communicated my resolutions to the Minister of Worship, and to the Faculty of Theology of Berlin, and I requested

my bishop—the Bishop, of Ermland—to receive me into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, in which, after long and painful struggles, I had at length recognized the depository of truth, and the legitimate spouse of the Son of God; thus would my heart be at peace. “Glory and praise,” said my letter, “to our Lord Jesus Christ, who has enabled me to surmount all obstacles, who has graciously heard my prayers, who has had pity on me, who has broken my chains, who has scattered the darkness that hung over me, who has shown me the path to the fold. Since conscientious investigations have proved to me the so-called Reformation of the Sixteenth century has but disfigured the type of the true Church of Jesus Christ, and that its principles, far from being salutary, are essentially destructive and the necessary cause of the effects which history has registered during three centuries—that the Protestant confessions and their apologists, instead of attacking the Church’s genuine teaching, do but distort it to insure an easy victory; since I am convinced that the Reformers had neither the duty nor the right to attempt a reform apart from and against the head of the Church and the episcopate; that the religious

divisions of our age are caused by the refusal to submit to the Church and return to the centre, whence we departed in the sixteen century ; since the historical development of the Church has been proved to me unbroken down to the present day ; since I have learned to justify and love her doctrine, her morality, and her worship ; from the day on which the grace of God has permitted me to be convinced of these truths, my return to the Catholic Church has become a matter of necessity, and it is only by a public confession of my faith that I can hope to regain tranquillity of conscience, that peace of heart which the world cannot give, nor yet, in spite of all its fraud and anger, can ever take away."

HUGH LEMMER,

Misericordias Domini : Histoire de ma Conversion au Catholicisme.

CONVERSION OF THE REV. FATHER COUNT GREGORY SCHOUVALOFF.

My mind still hesitated before the fundamental truths of Christianity: I did not see, that, by refusing to admit them, I was denying all virtue, all morality, and was giving up the world to chance, that is to disorder. How justly, Lord, are we punished for our incredulity and blindness; for Thou hast said: "I have hardened his heart, I have smitten him with blindness." (Exodus x)

Yes, it is just; and it is natural, that, when for many years we have obstinately kept our eyes shut to the light, they should become so weakened, that any attempt to contemplate its brightness should dazzle and blind them. This is just, O my God! for Thou art justice and reason, too. The Truth was still too strong for the eyes of my soul, weakened by error and sin; it was too fair, too dazzling, and must needs blind me; but Thou hadst pity on me, for while Thou art Justice, Thou art also Com-

passion. Insensibly didst Thou strengthen my spiritual organs, and, O holy Truth! Thou didst descend and make my soul Thy home.

Nearly sixteen years have passed since the day I quitted the Greek Church, and nearly three years since that on which I bade an eternal adieu to the world. I have learned by experience. The dreams and illusions of youth have entirely disappeared. I am fifty-three, and have, therefore, arrived at that period of my life when one is more calculating; when poetry has given place to reasoning; when the mind is less hasty, the body more slothful; when the real at last appears in all its nakedness, usually so hideous and so sad. Yes, I have had experience and find the real to be beautiful. Traveller or pilgrim, arrived at the goal, at the summit of the mountain, at this sanctuary which I used to contemplate and desire from afar, I to-day gaze with serenity upon the deep valleys out-spread at my feet, and gradually fading into the distant mist. During seventeen years I have passed from truth to truth, from light to light, and found a resting-place in that religious life, on those blessed summits that rise above the regions of storms,

and where my soul can bask in the rays of the eternal sun. To me the real is beautiful; I want no more dreams; all my dreams are realized; all my desires are fulfilled. Content with the present, hoping better for the future, I do not sigh after the past. Thanks be to God for the happiness of which I feel myself unworthy; and as I am gathering abundantly the fruits of autumn, I by no means regret the faded flowers of spring.

And how should I not esteem myself happy? I have been chosen from among millions of separated Greeks to make one of that number, alas! so small, of converted Russians, a number which will, however, doubtless go on augmenting; for our Lord has said: *There shall be one fold and one Shepherd.* Yes, He has said this; then, be not afraid, my dear brethren, you, who, like myself, have been touched and changed by the truth; fear not, little flock, the reign of justice shall come for us also. We are the first fruits of that union which every Christian must desire, and which will be accomplished. Do not fear; our sorrows and our prayers will find favor before God—Russia will be Catholic. How happy ought I to be at being chosen to belong to one of those families,

comparatively so few, whom God calls to follow the Evangelical counsels? Alas! when I compare my youth, so brilliant and vain, to my present modest and happy life; when I compare what I felt in the assemblies and gay saloons of the world to what I feel in the calm of my little cell, oh! how my soul rises in gratitude to God. What happiness is mine, when I compare my travels in Europe with the blessed journeys I have now to take; when I think, that, instead of the Hussar uniform, of which I was so proud in my youth, I wear the austere garb of the Barnabites; that, instead of assisting at the noisy feasts of the world, I take part in the festivals of our churches; and that the frivolous or guilty banquets of the past have given place to the daily banquet of the Eucharist. Oh, I repeat it, what happiness is mine! Formerly I used to quaff deep draughts of the cup of pleasure, and was unhappy; the world called me rich, but I was poor; it accounted me free, but I felt myself a slave; but now that I have pronounced the three solemn vows which have nailed me to the Cross; now that I possess nothing, and have sworn to renounce every wish and every pleasure, I have found riches, liberty, and hap-

piness; riches in that fulness of holy feelings with which my heart overflows, and which lifts me up and unites me with my God; liberty in the conformity of my will to His; finally, happiness in the surrender of pleasure, in the sacrifice of the instincts of nature to the inspirations of grace, and in the tranquillity that flows from the inward, firm, unshaken conviction of having done my duty.

O, you, who pass judgment on religious vocations, and who permit yourselves to blame and condemn them, tell me, are you competent for this, and do you know all the relations of a soul with its God? Are you acquainted with its wants, have you sounded its depths, its mysteries? Do you know what grace requires of it? No, you do not; but you do not like monastic life, the resolve of this soul is not agreeable to you, and hence it is wrong.

With what inconsiderateness you pass sentence! Yes, I ask you, are you acquainted with the needs of the soul you condemn? And if this soul, in the conviction that it is called of God, if it has long thought and prayed, if it has asked to be enlightened, and to undertake nothing against the Eternal Will, if, in fine, after having prayed, consulted, and waited, it

has become convinced, in all the freedom of its reason, that its salvation is bound up in the realization of this great thought, will you not recall your first judgment ?

What ! is a vocation something unheard of ? From the dawn of Christianity, have there not always been anchorites, monks, religious, and priests ? Have we not seen princes and princesses, kings and queens, exchange their royal robes for the rough frieze and coarse serge of the monk or nun ? Does not the Church, the supreme tribunal of the world, from whose judgment there is no appeal, call our state a state of perfection ? Does not the Gospel recommend to us voluntary chastity, poverty, and obedience ? Does not Jesus Christ urge us to abandon all and follow Him ? Does not Saint Paul exalt the foolishness of the Cross ? Finally, the heart, does not the heart itself tell us at times that it is good to shun the world, to seek repose in solitude and good works ? Alas ! are you no longer Christians, or have you forgotten the language of your infancy ? That I should be blamed for having become a Catholic I can understand : error must blame truth ; but that any one should be angry with a Catholic for having

embraced a monastic life is, on the part of Christians, incomprehensible.

THE REVEREND FATHER COUNT GREGORY
SCHOUVALOFF,
My Conversion and Vocation.

MISSIONARY TRIUMPHS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

It is not, indeed, a new truth which the events of the last three centuries and the intimate union of God with the Church and her ministry have taught the world, though perpetually confirmed by a new series of facts. A thousand years ago, our fathers were already proclaiming it with admiration, for *they* detected on little evidence what has been announced to ourselves by greater. The first victories of the Church had hardly been gained, and paganism was still a mighty power in the world, when St. Augustine was telling the faithful in Africa that the Christians of his age had this advantage over the disciples of St. Peter and St. Paul, that, whereas the latter could only look *forward* to the promised glories of the Bride of Christ, the former could already look *back* to their partial fulfilment. Fifteen centuries have passed away since then, and each has only accumulated fresh evidence of the same truth. For what additional testimony are men

waiting? What fresh proof do they require of her indefectibility? What new snare can they devise for the Church, which she has not already broken? What new adversary can they bring from the ends of the earth whom she has not already overcome? Perpetually assaulted, she has outlived every enemy, and though they have predicted, one after another, her approaching end, she has chanted her *de profundis* over them all. "When we reflect," said the great English essayist, suggesting truths which bore no fruit in his own soul, "on the tremendous assaults which she has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish." What, indeed, is the history of the world, for well-nigh two thousand years, but the history of her combats and triumphs? Arian and Nestorian, Vandal and Donatist, Hun and Goth, Greek and Moslem, vainly leagued together against her. Every assault which could menace, at one time her faith, at another her existence, has only served to show, again and again, that "whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken." Vainly the enemy arrayed against her the hosts of northern barbarians, merciless and sanguinary as beasts of prey, trusting to

overwhelm by brute force what the subtle heresies of Greece, Egypt, or Syria had failed to undermine; they came only to lay their spoils at her feet, and finished by adoring the Cross which they had been sent to destroy! Vainly the armies of the false prophet blotted out the corrupt churches of the East, made Greece their prey, set up a throne in Byzantium, the metropolis of the Oriental schism; for these were the bounds beyond which they might not pass. From that hour, the Moslem, checked in mid-career by the invincible legions whom the Vicar of Christ had sent forth against him, understood that faith was more than a match for fanaticism, that Catholic unity was a more impenetrable barrier than human or satanical confederacy, and that it was time to sue for peace with a power which neither might nor artifice could hope to subdue, and with a Church whose supreme Pontiff could predict, in the same breath and with equal confidence, the triumph of Rome and the captivity of Constantinople. In vain did the enemy, baffled in so many encounters, head the most formidable revolt against which she has ever contended; for in the sixteenth century, in which the gates of hell were thrown wide open,

and a legion of unclean spirits received permission to make war upon her, in the very hour in which their loud cry of triumph was heard in half the kingdoms of Europe, a new army of apostles came out of the sanctuary, clothed in the armor of God, and charged by Him to reconquer at the same moment the apostate races of the North, and to gather in the East and West, out of all nations and peoples, that vast company of new believers to whom He resolved to transfer the inheritance which the Swedes and Saxons, drunk with the enchanter's cup, were now casting away.

Three centuries have elapsed since the conflict began, and while the Sects have putrefied, filling the air with the odor of death, *she* has remained unmoved upon her eternal foundations; teaching everywhere the same unalterable faith; "spreading everywhere," as one of her enemies has told us, "the light of civilization," "diffusing," as another has confessed, "a sea of benefits," and "saving millions of souls," by a ministry so full of truth and power, that even the most degraded races of the human family,—the Annamites, the Huron, and the Guarani,—have confessed that God was with her, and have found in her communion a

light to their feet, "the promise of the world that now is, and of that which is to come."

What further evidence do we seek? What sign can we ask or conceive of the presence and the power of God, which is not found in the long history of the Catholic Church? There are, as St. Leo said in his generation, mysterious workings of Providence of which man cannot penetrate the secret plan; and there are more intelligible operations, clear as the lightning which shines out of heaven, which even a child can mark and interpret. Such have been the works of God by the Church. "*Non intelligimus judicantem,*" said the same saint, "*sed vidimus operantem.*" This is the truth which has been our purpose to illustrate in these pages. *Vidimus operantem!* We have *seen* Him, who knows how to dispense His own gifts, pouring out on all lands the most precious graces on one class, and constantly refusing them to every other. We have *seen* Him, when the enemy seemed about to triumph, summoning His apostles by the thousands, to declare in all the world the very message against which the apostate had closed his ears. We have *seen* Him, so openly has He wrought this work, send forth a new

Paul or Barnabas, filled with their spirit, and preaching their doctrine to every province of the earth, from the populous homes of the East, to the scattered tents of the savage in the distant West. And everywhere He has made the disciples worthy of such teachers. We have *seen* the weak become valiant, and the timid strong, so that they could smile at torture and rejoice in death, because His grace was in their hearts, kindling both the apostle's courage and the martyr's hope. We have *seen* Him in the cities of China and India, in the islands of the Southern Ocean, and by the banks of the Plata and the Uruguay, of the Mohawk, the Huron, and the Genesee; the same mysterious sacrifices by which nations live and kingdoms are won to Christ, and which once crimsoned at the same hour the waters of the Rhone and the Tiber, of the Abana and the Orontes, and were offered for the same end in the streets of Lyons, Rome, and Jerusalem, and in the capitals of Lydia, Pontus, and Syria.

We have seen all these marvels, which are "the work of the right hand of the Most High," renewed in our own day, by our own brothers and kinsmen, still filled with the Holy Ghost as their fathers were, still accepting the same

almost incredible sacrifices, and accomplishing the same Divine victories. And while the emissaries of the sects,—salaried apostles of a mutilated Gospel, from which they have excluded all which might disturb their repose or restrain their earthly appetites; to whom even Divine bounty refuses all but purely natural gifts, and deprives even these of their efficacy;—are everywhere making Christianity a proverb, its cruel dissensions a by-word, and its ministers a jest among the heathen, the Church is still sending forth, as she did in the beginning, apostles upon whom God is never weary of lavishing a father's gifts, and of whom He still lovingly proclaims: “*They* shall know their seed among the gentiles and their offspring in the midst of peoples: All that shall see *them* shall know them, that these are the seed which the Lord hath blessed.”

Vidimus operantem! What our fathers saw we have seen, but with clearer evidence, and in a more dazzling light. The counsels of God are hidden, but his works are plain, and wrought for our instruction. They teach what they have ever taught. It is still in the Church that He lives and acts. We have *seen* that it is there He dwells. She is the sole sanctuary

which He illuminates with His presence. She is still “the Bride adorned for the Bridegroom,” “the City which the glory of God hath enlightened.”* Search not for Him elsewhere, for He has shown in all lands, by signs which even pagans have understood, how vain the search would prove. As well might the followers of Moses have returned to seek light in Egypt, over which Divine wrath had spread a supernatural darkness; as wisely might the companions of Josuè have sought teachers among the Amorites, already devoted to destruction, as Christians forsake the Church to find God in the midst of perishing sects,—Lutheran, Anglican, or Calvinist,—which He has abandoned, from the first moment of their existence, to mutual hate and shameful disorder, and which have, at length, reached the final stage of corruption, from which even Protestants recoil with dismay, while they cry out with a sorrow which comes too late: “The days in which we live are ripe for great apostasy!”

On the eve of the conflict, of which so many voices herald the approach, and in which, though we may be sure only for a moment,

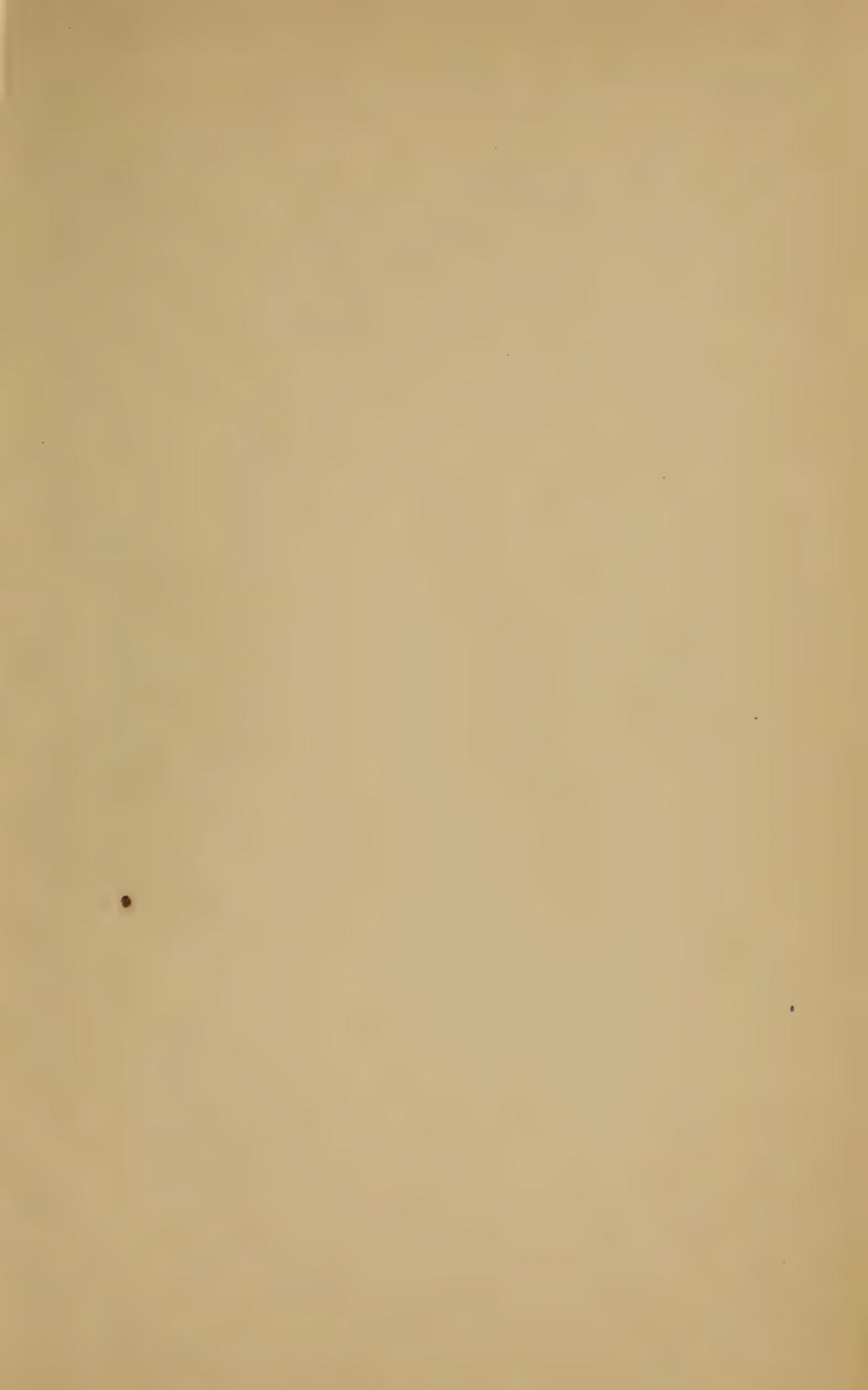
* Apoc. xxi. 2, 23.

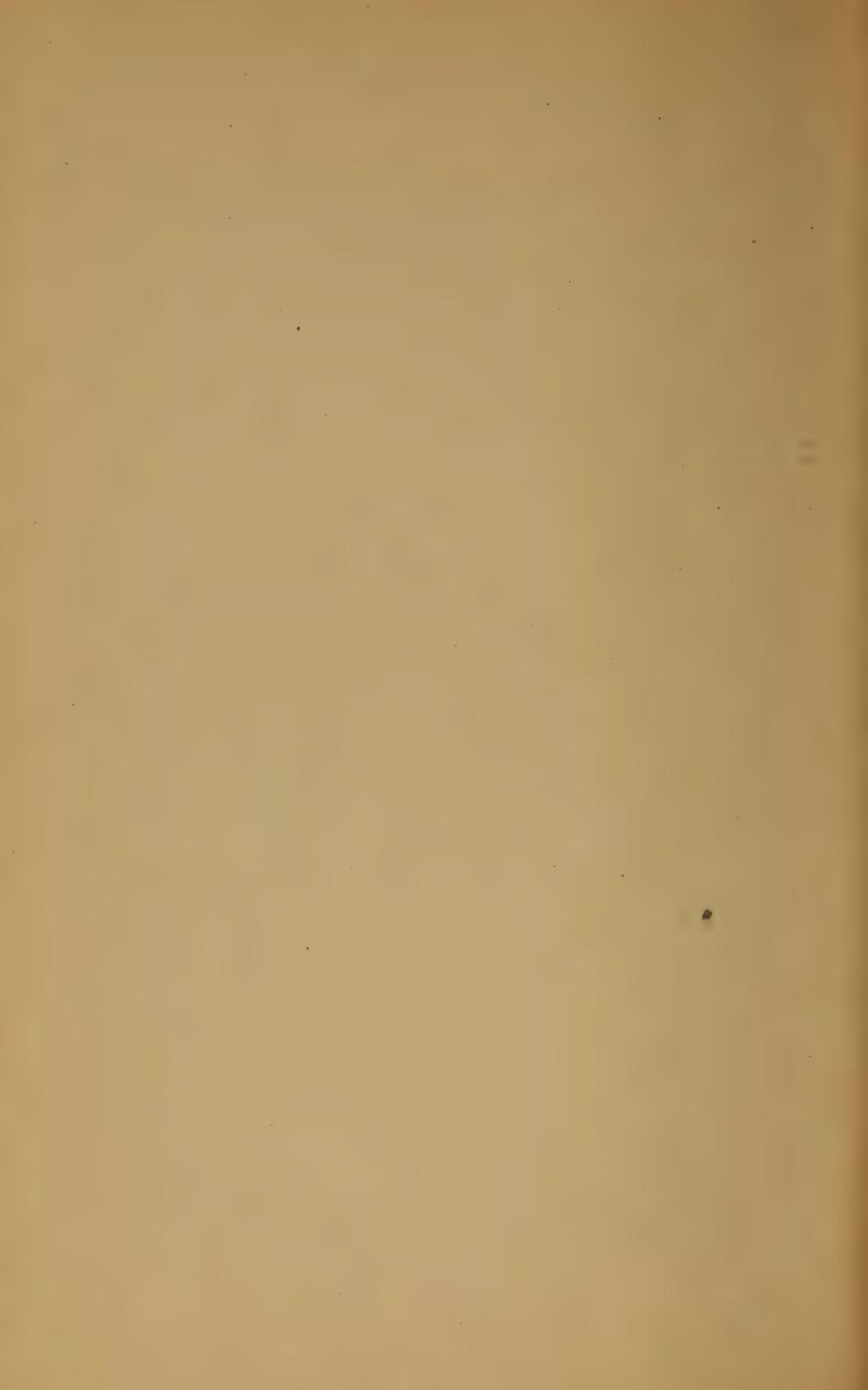
Science is to be arrayed against Revelation ; at a moment of which the gravity is apparent, even to men not easily interested in questions of the soul, and which seems to presage a still more rapid decomposition of the Protestant sects than that of which we have already traced the progress, it is more than ever evident that only one refuge remains for the human communities which have lost all power of resistance from within, and which appear, even to their own members, to be swaying to and fro in the first throes of approaching dissolution. They must choose between the Church and chaos, for they may soon have no other choice. Happy they who have already chosen, and chosen aright. The winds may blow and the floods rage, but *their* house will stand, for it is built upon a rock. As to the rest, who have never known the Church, and seem to ask, before the final catastrophe is upon them, for fresh proofs that she is indeed the true Spouse, the appointed ark of refuge, the "garden inclosed," which is watered by the river of life,—to them she addresses once more, it may be for the last time, her gentle expostulation. Calm and unmoved, sure of God and of herself, she will still save them, if they will consent to be

saved. She bids them ponder her history and their own. She rehearses again, for their admonition, all which she has done among men, since the hour when the Son of God committed them to her charge, and chiefly what He has done in and by her during the last three centuries : all the nations she has begotten to Him, all the apostles she has nurtured, all the martyrs she has blessed. She reminds them of their own history during the same period, full only of malediction both to themselves and to the heathen who had caught the infection from them ; and then comparing with it that healing ministry of power and love, upon which God has set visibly the seal of His acceptance, using it in all lands for the salvation of His creatures and the manifestation of His own glory, she leaves judgment to Him, and only borrows words which He has put into her mouth, to say to those who still affect to doubt,—“ If you believe not my words, *believe the works that I do.*”

T. W. M. MARSHALL,

Christian Missions.





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