W. J. Wild

PASTORAL INSTRUCTIONS,

ETC. ETC.

THE

PASTORAL INSTRUCTIONS

OF HIS LORDSHIP

STEPHEN-ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE,

BISHOP OF TROYES, ELECTED ARCHBISHOP OF VIENNE,
PEER OF FRANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY ABBÉ CUMMINS,

PRIEST OF THE RELIGIOUS CONGREGATION OF THE MOST SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS AND MARY, BACH. OF THEOL. IN SORBONNE, PROF. OF THEOL. IN THE SEMINARY OF PICPUS, PARIS.

Narrabo nomen tuum fratribus meis.
Psal. XXI.

KILKENNY:

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1822.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

TO

THE MOST REVEREND AND THE RIGHT REVEREND

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC

ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF IRELAND.

My Lords,

The Religious and Literary Reputation of the Illustrious Stranger, whom I have the honour to present to you, needs now but the Suffrage of our Country, to become European. To whom could it belong to offer Ireland's tribute of applause, if not to

your Lordships, the natural organs, the faithful guardians of her Religion, her Sacred Letters and nobler interests? The name of M. DE BOULOGNE will recommend him to you, as men of learning: as Bishops, you will receive a Brother, a Colleague in your August Ministry, with those hospitable feelings commanded you by your vocation, and bequeathed us by our Ancestors. Travelling, in Spirit, through our Country, the Bishop of Troyes will not be an idle spectator of your pious labours. He wishes to add his name to the glorious cause in which your Lordships are engaged, and, by combating, in your ranks, the spirit of impiety and independence, now, alas! so widely diffused, to consolidate in Great Britain, as he is labouring to do for nearly half a century in France, the true principles of Religion and social order. This cause, My Lords, is now become general, and the Princes of the Church and those of the State are equally interested in its success. Never did the Spirit of irreligion more powerfully com-

bine, than in our days, with the spirit of rebellion and licentiousness, against the Altar, the Throne, and Society---and never have we found a warmer friend, a more zealous advocate of those great interests of the world, than his Lordship the Bishop of Troyes.

Happy then, My Lords, if I shall be able to interpret him to my Countrymen in language as elevated as his own, and thus commune, though at a distance, with the beloved land whose image is still as fresh and as dear to my memory, as that of Sion to the exiles who wept her by the waters of Babylon! Still happier if, by the light of his name, mine too shall be read on the list of the immortal witnesses of Truth and Order—if, like the Prophet, I too may contribute to justify the ways of God, and *celebrate his praises in the place of my pilgrimage!* (1)

Whatever be my success, I shall ever console myself in this recollection, that my first

(1) Psal. CXVIII.

essay was a tribute of admiration to the genius and the zeal of a distinguished Prelate, and to each of you the unfeigned pledge of the profound veneration and lively gratitude, with which I am,

My Lords,

Your Lordships'

Most obedient,

Most devoted,

And most humble Servant,

Abbé Cummins.

Paris, Nov. 21, 1822.

PREFACE

OF THE TRANSLATOR.

In making this selection amongst the works of his Lordship the Bishop of Troyes, We had rather in view the interest of Religion and social order, than that of his literary fame. If this first essay be well received by the public, We shall offer with equal pleasure to our readers, the other publications of our illustrious Author. His Panegyric of the Great Dauphin of France, Father of his present Majesty; his Funeral Orations of Lewis XVI, and of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Berry; his Sermon for the Feast of Saint Lewis, and others of this nature, hold a first rank in this first order of elo-

quence, and will ensure him, in every language and in every country to which they shall be faithfully transmitted, an immortal recollection. We preferred, however, to publish, in the first place, those of his PASTORAL INSTRUCTIONS, which we considered best adapted to the present position of society.

From their title, and the occasions on which they were written, they may appear, at first view, to offer a local interest only; but, on their perusal, they will be found as general as our wants, and as extensive in their motives and bearings, as the genius and the zeal to which we owe them. And, indeed, his Lordship is animated throughout with one great sentiment—that of Religion and Order. The strong desire, with which he burns for their establishment, *only remedy*, as he himself says, for *the double wound inflicted on the world by impiety and rebellion,* pierces through every page of his works, and mingles itself with almost all his topics, however isolated or local they

may appear. He had watched the rise and progress of the false philosophy of the age, and his comprehensive mind easily calculated its fatal consequences. His strong and lively faith preserved him, through all the bad days he witnessed, from the contagion of the times and the dangers of his own genius. His noble and generous heart naturally attached him to the Royal Cause, which he never separates from that of Religion. (1)

Hence it is, that we find him, through all the stages of his public life, sustaining this double quarrel. In the pulpits of the capital and elsewhere, he never ceased, during thirty or forty years, to inculcate the great principles of faith and morals, and to thunder, with all the zeal of an Apostle, against the progressive corruption of the times. In the Court of Lewis XVI, who had named him one of his ordinary Preachers, he strenu-

(1) Our immortal Burke somewhere says, at least in substance, that he who would level the grandeur of Royalty and the other social distinctions, is either an ambitious wretch, or naturally ignoble and ungenerous of heart.

ously laboured to endear to all Religion and Loyalty, to enlighten his Royal Master on the dangers with which he was surrounded, to console him with the hopes of a better world; and thus, perhaps, did he too contribute to prepare him for the Martyrdom he so gloriously consummated in this. Since his elevation to the See of Troyes, in 1809, he has pursued the same career, but with a new ardour for truth, a new zeal, he had not till then so strongly felt, and which he attributes, in his first *Pastoral Instruction*, to the graces and character of his new vocation. Some of our English readers might perhaps imagine, that it does no honour to his political reputation, to have been named to this dignity under Buonaparte; but they must know, that he never solicited, even indirectly, *the chair of honour*, nor ever merited it at his hands by any means unworthy of his own character. He had already positively refused another See, and did not accept that of Troyes but on the most pressing solicitations of his friends, who represented

to him, how much the Church of France then stood in need of his talents and his courage: so that his nomination by Buonaparte was, in the views of God, a new occasion of displaying the zeal of his Minister; a new resource, as we shall shortly see, reserved for the Church, when on the eve of being attacked in her faith and discipline. It was also, perhaps, one of those homages, which usurpation sometimes unconsciously pays to fidelity, to truth, and transcendent merit. And who ever better understood, or more courageously professed the consecrated independence of Episcopacy, than he who never ambitioned its dangerous sublimity? St. Ambrose had shunned it with the utmost precaution, but once enthroned in the chair of the Apostles, he knew how to defend the rights of the Church, and command the veneration and obedience of a Roman Emperor. If the Bishop of Troyes had not the same success with the Emperor of France, this was not owing to the want of courage in the Prelate, but to the absence of all ge-

nerous feeling in the Persecutor. If, like the Archbishop of Milan, he did not find in him a Prince as docile as the repentant Theodosius, he at least showed him how a great Prelate can feel and act in the most critical circumstances. When he cannot force the Prince to respect the Canons of the Church, he will endeavour to conquer him by the most passive obedience in every thing, which affects not faith, morals, or discipline. If the Tyrant shall wrest him from his flock, he will still edify them in his captivity by his heroic patience; and his forced silence will there be no less honourable to himself, no less advantageous to the Church, than the eloquence with which he used to enlighten her, and the zeal with which he had endeavoured to enforce her precepts and preserve her faith. He was one of the Prelates, who, in the conventicle convoked at Paris by Buonaparte, in 1810, did not opine that Bishops might be elected, consecrated, and then lawfully govern the Church, without the Canonical Institution of the Holy See.

To his eloquence and zeal, on the contrary, we owe it, that this mock council did not add the note of Schism to its degrading complaisance. Appointed reporter of the preparatory commission, and indeed its natural orator, he so eloquently developed the principles of Church-discipline, and so evidently demonstrated that not the whole Gallican Church could legalize the unhallowed project of Napoleon, that he drew over the majority to his opinion. Buonaparte, accordingly, fearing for the success of his measure, dissolved the assembly, and only sought to avenge on some of its leading members the injury of his defeat. The Bishop of Troyes was one of his first victims. He was ordered to the Castle of Vincennes, where he suffered, during six months, all the horrors and privations of the closest captivity.

The Persecutor, so little scrupulous on other occasions even about the forms of justice, deputed to him a police officer, to demand the resignation of his See. His

Lordship, after having represented, that all such acts done during his confinement would be invalid, signed the instrument, but took care to date it from the dungeon of Vincennes. He was then liberated from prison, but his captivity was changed into an exile of two years. With this sole authorization in hands, the Emperor named a successor to the See of Troyes, as if it had really become vacant. The Pope, however, having no document of canonical resignation before him, refused the Bull of institution. This disappointment served only to exasperate the Emperor's wounded feelings. Too proud to acknowledge an error or a defeat, and too crafty not to dissemble them, he wished to save his religion by a show of proceeding, and his imperial honour even by a sham Victory. He solicited a second, but more canonical form of resignation; confident now of success, as the Bishop of Troyes could no longer allege his captivity as a motive which would invalidate such acts, and as he imagined that, already worn out

with his confinement and an exile of two years, he would yield for his own personal quiet and the tranquillity of his diocess. Here, however, he happily miscalculated. The Prelate peremptorily refused to resign, and this second act of episcopal firmness merited for him a second committal to the same prison, where he remained other six months, and where he would have longer suffered, with other friends of Religion, had not a just Providence visited the Persecutor in his turn, and restored the August and Legitimate Family of the Bourbons.

Meanwhile, the Diocess of Troyes was much agitated by the diversity of interests and opinions, which resulted from this unnatural position of affairs. Some feeble minds yielded to the torrent of circumstances —others, little versed in Ecclesiastical science, imagined they were governed, *in the interim,* by a legal authority. Some few, devoid of the spirit of their vocation, hesitated not to plunge into the troubled waters. His Lordship, in the beautiful *Pastoral*

Instruction, in which, when named to the Archbishoprick of Vienne, he bids so tender a farewell to his first beloved See, laments this weakness, pardons this ignorance, but consigns to eternal shame this coward apostacy. The good Pastor forgets not the faithful portion of his flock. And, indeed, it was consoling for him, on this occasion, to have rather to applaud than to condemn. He honours their fidelity with the most flattering approbation, and thus associates them to his own merits more than once solemnly recognised by his present Holiness. It is not the only instance, in which Rome has rendered him this authentic testimony. At the restoration of the Bourbons, he was appointed by the Pope, to represent to his Most Christian Majesty the Views of the Holy See on the various necessities of the Church of France; and to negociate the preliminaries of the new alliance, so long desired, between Religion and Royalty. A better friend of both could not have been chosen, than the late courageous confessor of the one,

and the old and eloquent advocate of the other. If his Lordship, then, was named under Buonaparte to the See of Troyes, none of our readers should consider this circumstance as a blemish on his political character. His elevation was rather the recompense of his merits than the boon of the Prince's partiality. It was to himself, and not to Buonaparte, that he owed this dignity. "*It was M. L'Abbé de Boulogne*," as Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Angoulême, so graciously and so flatteringly said to him: "*It was M. L'Abbé de Boulogne that created the Bishop of Troyes.*"

Returned after an absence of three years, he employed all his zeal in reforming the various abuses which had crept into the administration of his Diocess. By his pastoral vigour and his paternal clemency, he succeeded in reclaiming almost all the refractory, and in re-establishing, as the Apostle says, the *unity of doctrine, the harmony of sentiment*, which should ever reign between the Shepherd and the Flock. Since

that time, he has continued his usual *Pastoral Instructions* for the Lent, and has sometimes, especially in those latter days, gratified his readers with more than one publication in the year.

"*Before I grow much older*," said the Illustrious Prelate, in our hearing, "*I must endeavour to render some new services to my Religion and my King.*" He has, indeed, grown old in the love and defence of Religion and Royalty; and his works breathe throughout these mingled sentiments. Hence, perhaps, this uniformity, which may be remarked in their tone and general bearing. He had proposed to himself one great object, to cure the mind and heart of the age, so deeply wounded by impiety and rebellion; to recall us to the double duty we owe to Religion and to the *sublime powers*, (1) which govern, under God, this lower world. This is the double yoke, from which modern philosophy would emancipate us. His

(1) Rom. XIII.

Lordship combats it in its last retrenchments. Here he displays all his strength; here he turns the whole brunt of his warfare. Hence it is, that he appears sometimes to repeat the same strokes, and employs so frequently, but yet so happily, this pointed antithesis, which pierces the foldings of sophistry; those high, inspirited tones, which prove his own conviction, and easily inspire it. Hence, this frequent cry of indignation, so familiar to high-born souls; and those loud appeals to eternity, this display of its charms, or its terrors, to which the most guilty minds can never be indifferent. Hence, those sublime invocations, those magnificent ideas of the Deity, in order to awaken in man the first sentiment he feels, and which, before the age of Sophistry, it was thought he could never forfeit. Here, in fine, in this one field which he has chosen for his combats, and which he has already covered with his trophies, he summons up all that Religion and Royalty, Conscience and Country, possess in sacred and sublime for the mind, in

powerful and pathetic for the heart, to clothe in all its charms and all its strength this one great truth he would inculcate, this one great sentiment he would inspire. Hence this sameness even in the variety of his movements and his figures; but the general, who often returns to the charge, and thereby surprises and dislodges the enemy, merits no less of his country, than if he had displayed in battle a great variety of evolutions. He must often follow the tactics of the adverse party, and when they retire to their last strong hold, there must he point all his battery. Hence it is, that we have collected the most of all his pieces; happy, indeed, to have begun this literary monument which he himself appeared to neglect; but happier still, to have thereby embodied, against the spirit of the age, those great principles of truth, order and justice laid down and developed in his different *Pastoral Instructions*.

No doubt, we should not look for therein those chaste academic graces, those harmo-

nious tones, this classic precision, which we remark in his panegyric of the Great Dauphin: nor yet this effusion of soul, those tender strains, with which he hallows the memory of the *Martyr Princes*. Nor, indeed, are these the beauties of the demonstrative order, which should reign in this kind of polemic writing. But thereby has he proved, that his genius could successfully embrace more than one species of eloquence. And though we here subscribe, with all the deference of loyalty and all the pleasure of conviction, to his Majesty's refined judgment of our Illustrious Author; though we say to him with the King, so competent in matters of classic taste; "*You will ever be for me M. L'Abbé de Boulogne, and your early Victories have rendered this name still more lasting than that of the Bishop of Troyes:*" (1) it must yet be ob-

(1) M. L'Evêque de Troyes a eu, le jeudi 12 septembre dernier, une audience particulière du Roi. S. M. lui a, dans cette circonstance, adressé les choses les plus flatteuses. Le Prélat ayant eu occasion de parler de son

served, that his mind, even at the advanced period of seventy-six years, is still as strong and as vigorous as ever. It even appears to shine forth with more brilliancy and force, in proportion as he advances in his career; so that, when other suns decline, his seems to mount towards its meridian. So true it is, that the spirit of God, *source of all science*, (1) does not count our years, and that, as he unlocks the lips of children, and *renders them eloquent*, (2) so can He, at any age, preserve or *renew the youth* (3) and eagle-gaze of genius. This is the spirit which nourishes the Minister of the Gospel

Éloge du Dauphin, ouvrage par lequel il entra dans la carrière littéraire, et commença sa réputation, S. M. a témoigné qu'Elle se rappelait parfaitement ce morceau oratoire, et qu'Elle ne pouvait oublier ce juste hommage rendu à son Auguste Père : " *Vous êtes toujours pour moi* " *M. l'Abbé de Boulogne*, a dit le Roi, *et vos anciens suc-* " *cès ont rendu ce nom plus durable encore que celui de* " *M. l'Évêque de Troyes.*"

Journal des Débats. Sep. 15, 1822.

(1) I. Kings, II. (2) Wisd. X.
(3) Ps. CII.

in the society of the Prophets, the Apostles and the Fathers; which elevates his mind above the vulgar cares and pleasures of this world; *teaches him the most eminent science of the charity of Jesus Christ*, (1) and, by giving him a disgust for the *vain science which only inflates the mind*, (2) and the wordly spirit which dries up the heart, prepares him to celebrate with dignity, in every period of his life, the name of his Divine Master, and to close his honourable career with all the recollections and all the hopes of an Apostle. (3)

This is the source from which he must draw this eloquence of the heart, which alone can convince and convert. It was at this school, that the Prophets educated the children of the Temple. Here, did they teach them to discern and interpret the Word of God; to hear and cultivate *this internal voice*, (4) which spoke to them in

(1) Eph. III. (2) I. Cor. VIII.

(3) II. Tim. IV. (4) I. Kings, III.

the holy hour of their pious meditations. Here, have the Fathers, the Doctors, the Sacred Orators, found those sublime documents, this profound science, those pious maxims, which form, in their writings, the double chain of truth and morals, that links us, as Bossuet somewhere says it, to the throne of God. And where shall we look for sacred eloquence, if not in its very source? Where shall we find truth and charity, which are, as it were, its essence and its means, if not in the books of truth and the models of charity: *Domine ad quem ibimus?* And what writings can be compared to the Sacred Scripture? It bears upon itself all the marks of inspiration, and as much excels in sublimity and beauty, as it does in its origin and its end, all other poetry and eloquence.

The Pagans (1) themselves were struck with admiration at its imposing features, and, perhaps, owed it more obligations than they were aware of, or willing to recognise.

(1) Longinus.

This is not the place, nor, happily, the time, to set forth the proofs of a truth, now so generally acknowledged and already so ably demonstrated. Suffice it to say, that there is no sublime emotion of the soul, no tender sentiment of the heart, no beauty of classic taste, that does not somewhere find its image and its model in *this book by excellence*, which opens with the Father of history, of eloquence and of song, to receive its last perfection from the last heir of Sion, to whom the Evangelists, the Apostles and the Prophets, seem to have bequeathed the whole heaven of their harmony and their colours. Does the Preacher wish to enforce truth, to triumph over error, to persuade, to convince? Let him still listen to St. Paul, let him study the tone and manner of this closest reasoner, this first logician, this ablest controvertist; and then, perhaps, like Chrysostom, he may catch the fire of his zeal, the precision of his positions, and the strength of his movements. It was, in a word, at this *fountain of living wa-*

ters, (1) which, after *having rejoiced the city of God*, (2) flowed on and fertilized the deserts of our world, that the Theologian of Nanzianzum, the Bishop of Cesarea, the Bishop of Carthage, Augustine, the Gregories and Leos of Rome, Bernard and the pious Fathers of the Solitude drank so deeply; and thence transmitted to us *those streams of sacred eloquence*, which Gibbon himself would, perhaps, have found less *troubled*, had he been happy enough to have tasted them. It was here Bossuet (himself is witness!) used to invigorate his mind and refresh his genius. It is only near their waters, that we can hope to gather the flowers and the fruits of this diviner art. Here, must we cultivate the young plants of the sanctuary, far from the storms of the world and the contagion of its vanities. Formerly, the solitude served as their retreat, and the arts and sciences, neglected elsewhere, owed more than once to its shades their preservation, or their revival. Alas! its pious

(1) Apoc. XXI. (2) Ps. XLV.

inhabitants are no more, their inheritance has been plundered, and there now remain but some of their grateful pupils, amongst whom our Illustrious Author, to show us where they flourished, and teach us, by their example, to weep over their tombs. This Great Prelate, distinguished advocate of Religious education, of which he himself had so well profited, continually deplores the loss of those respectable Orders and Congregations, to which it had been confided. He did not hesitate to proclaim his opinion on their necessity, and his wish for their return. By a similar feeling, has he bent all his cares towards the re-establishment or reform of many schools in his Diocess, but chiefly of the school by excellence, as he so happily calls his Seminary. We too, should feel with him, that *this house of the Lord*, this nursery of the Priesthood, should now, more than ever, become a particular object of Episcopal solicitude, on account of the decline of public education, the dearth of *labourers*, and the progressive contagion of

the times. Hence it is, that we find the Bishop of Troyes so often recurring to the charity of the faithful and to Royal munificence, in favour of his Establishments. He himself indeed had given a noble example, by receiving into his own palace a large proportion of his candidates: thereby imitating the paternal hospitality of the ancient Prelates.

His zeal, however, is not confined to this one object. It embraces all the wants and miseries of the age, as it attacks and combats their principal authors. Hence, his celebrated *Pastoral Instruction*, already translated into several languages of the continent, against Voltaire and Rousseau. It will be found in this collection, which is closed by the latest publication of our Illustrious Author, on *the excellence and utility of the Missions considered in the order of Religion and the State.* These two letters will be read with general interest. Some of our Protestant Brethren may there unlearn certain unfounded pre-

judices against us. Government will, as we hope it, be still more disposed to protect the Catholic Religion, which has done so much good to humanity, wherever it has been introduced; and which, established for the salvation of all, moulds itself to every political form of society, as it powerfully protects all its better interests. Then, perhaps, Sacred Literature might sooner reflourish amongst us: perhaps, like the profane letters, it too requires an Augustus and a Mecenas. If so, we love to think that, in this respect also, our religion will not be persecuted, but protected; and then, every obstacle removed, and every means of improvement in our power, we may hope that, as our Country has surpassed all other Nations in the glory of the Bar and Senate, she will attain a first rank amongst them in Sacred Eloquence.

We stop the press, to gratify our Readers with our Author's beautiful panegyric of

Saint Vincent of Paul, pronounced on the 21st of October, 1822, in a charitable assembly, at the hospital of Maria Theresa, in Paris; and which Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Berry honoured with her presence. We leave to our Readers, of every religious profession, to judge by this single discourse, by the Priest who is its theme and the Prelate who is its Author, what the Catholic Religion can do for the happiness of man and the glory of letters. We hasten to announce to the public another work, not yet edited, *on the causes of the decline of literature, and of sacred eloquence in particular.* This will be a publication of general interest and utility, as it embraces both profane and sacred letters; though his Lordship chiefly intends it for the candidates of pulpit eloquence.

PASTORAL LETTER

OF HIS LORDSHIP

THE BISHOP OF TROYES.

On his first Entrance into his Diocess.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, by the Divine Mercy and the Grace of the Holy Apostolical See, Bishop of Troyes, Châlons-sur-Marne and Auxerre, to the Clergy and the Faithful of our Diocess, greeting and benediction in our Lord Jesus Christ.

At length, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, after a delay much longer than we could have foreseen and which it has not been in our power to shorthen, we are arrived at the happy moment so much and so anxiously expected. It is indeed with a hearfelt joy, that we behold the cessation of those imperious circumstances, that have hitherto separated the Pastor from the Flock,

and which, in checking our eagerness, have only served to augment it. It is now we can say to you with the Apostle : Until this moment, various obstacles had prevented us from following the movements of our heart, that continually directed us towards you. *Impediebar plurimùm venire ad vos, et prohibitus sum usque adhuc.*(1) But though absent in person, we never ceased to be present in mind in the midst of you. (2) We did not the less thank Divine Providence for having allotted us so interesting a portion of the Church : we did not the less congratulate ourselves on the government of a flock so worthy of our tender solicitude : we did not the less rejoice in the Lord, in the ministry of salvation and grace we have to fulfil amongst you, and the numberless consolations you reserve for us, *Desidero enim videre vos, ut aliquid impertiar vobis gratiæ spiritualis.* (3)

With what confidence then we approach you, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren; with what joy and with what hopes have we not been filled by all that we have heard of your dispositions in our regard! With what emotions have we not learned the vows you offered for us, and your eagerness to receive us! How much have not

(1) Rom. XV, 22. (2) I. Cor. V, 3. (3) Rom. I, 2.

those flattering marks of your zeal and piety rekindled our courage! From that moment we felt the load of our Episcopacy grow lighter. We have forgotten the pains attached to it, in order to contemplate its rewards and compensations; and your affection, which we have not yet been able to merit, is become for us at once our sweetest encouragement and our most glorious recompense.

We know then, may we say it with the Apostle, we know that we come in the midst of you with the most abundant benedictions of the Gospel: *Scio quoniam veniens ad vos in abundantiâ benedictionis Evangelii Christi veniam.*(1) Benediction on a people so renowned for their loyalty, their goodness, their urbanity and their respect for the ancient and hospitable virtues. Benediction on our Episcopal City, distinguished amongst the rest by the abundant variety of its charities, its attachment to religion, and its docility to the instruction of its Pastors. Benediction on our Clergy so recommendable for their doctrine and virtues; so capable, by this double title, of supporting the ancient fame of the Church of Troyes. Benediction on those res-

(1) Rom. XV, 29.

pectable magistrates, so inclined to second us, so friendly to the cause of order and justice, and consequently to the cause of religion, without which no order nor justice can exist. In a word, benediction on our Episcopal Ministry; and, indeed, we dare to hope it from the Divine Mercy, as at the bottom of our hearts we can render ourselves this testimony, that we have not called ourselves to its functions; that we have not to reproach ourselves the smallest desire or effort *to obtain from the Prince the chair of honour;*(1) and by the persuasion in which we are founded, that the same Providence, which has done all without us, will do all with us, and will deign to accept, in expiation of our faults, the sacrifice we have made of our independence and our repose.

Yes, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, it is with the most lively confidence, we can say to you with Pope Saint Leo : He who imposed the burden on me, will be my assistance and support : He who conferred the dignity, will also give the strength that is necessary to preserve so feeble a being from falling under the weight of so great a grace. *Quoniam qui oneris est auctor,*

(1) Eccl. VII, 4.

ipse fiet administrationis adjutor; et nè sub magnitudine gratiæ succumbat infirmitas, dabit virtutem qui contulit dignitatem. (1)

The very fact of succeeding so holy a Pontiff as our predecessor, is for us a source of courage and of confidence. For if, on the one hand, his venerated memory imposes on us great obligations; if it be difficult to replace a man, in whom the episcopal spirit shone out so eminently, a model of meekness, charity, simplicity and zeal, ornamented, in a word, with all the virtues that render piety amiable; on the other hand, what advantages do we not find in labouring in a field cultivated by his own cares, embalmed with the good odour of his examples, covered over with his services and his good works, and to enter thus on the inheritance of his zealous labours and the abundant fruits of his solicitude.

Still, however great and multiplied those motives of encouragement and consolation, we cannot overlook the difficulties and contradictions which roughen the new path we are going to pursue. If ever it was crowded with obstacles, it is no doubt in an age, in which, to new maxims we must oppose new precautions; to new dangers, new vigilance; to new attacks,

(1) Serm. I. De Anniversario Assumptionis suæ.

new efforts, and to new *oppositions of false science*, (1) new combats and new arms.

But what is calculated to inspire us with grounded alarms, what renders our functions painful and sterile, is the small number of sacred ministers. How many fields without cultivators! What harvests without labourers! And how our soul has been saddened on learning, that of near eight hundred parishes which compose our Diocess, there is almost one third of them devoid of Pastors. Who shall fill up this immense breach, which is daily enlarging? Thanks to the zeal of our predecessor, and to the generous dispositions of the faithful; thanks to the new encouragement granted by the state for clerical education; we behold forming around us the school of the priesthood, where talent is proved as well as vocation, and where the ardour of piety rivals with the ardour of science. We have the firm hope, that those young plants, well cultivated, will produce good fruits in their season, and that our candidates, already the models of students, will be one day the edification of the flocks to be confided to their vigilance. But how little are those resources calculated to suffice for the present, and to tranquillise us for the

(1) Tim. VI. 20.

future. *The five barley loaves and the two fishes*, multiplied by Jesus Christ in the desert, were scarcely less disproportioned to the nourishment of five thousand men, than the paucity of our candidates to the wants of so vast a Diocess, and to replace all those ancients of the sanctuary, who are disappearing every day, and with whom are burying in one common grave the last remains of our riches in lights, talents, virtues, instruction and experience.

Hence, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, this progressive corruption of the inhabitants of the country, who, in accustoming themselves to live without pastors, are consequently habituated to live without morality. Formerly, at least good morals, banished from cities by luxury and indolence, used to take refuge amongst our peasantry; but since they have begun to wander *like sheep without a shepherd*, (1) deprived of christian education, the only one they can receive, and of that familiar religious instruction, the only one they can comprehend; since they have ceased to enjoy the spectacle of our holy ceremonies, which, in softening their manners, innocently distracted them from their toilsome labours, corruption has overflown amongst them like a torrent, their

(1) Mark VI, 34.

probity has disappeared with their simplicity, their happiness with their belief, and they have left us to behold those excesses of incredulity and licentiousness that seemed reserved only for the most dissolute capitals. Even the youth are become learned in the art of perversity, and the tribunals of justice in their astonishment scarcely believe the crimes they are obliged to punish. A striking example, which demonstrates to the less clear-sighted, that there is no religion without pastors, and no moral without religion. In vain the sophists of the age would artfully endeavour to disguise this great truth. It will still be true, that nothing can ever replace the sweet insinuations of pastoral authority; that, unaided, it can simplify the painful and complicated operations of government, and that, wherever the ministers of charity shall have disappeared, we must necessarily multiply the ministers of justice. It will still remain demonstrated, that there can exist for the people no other philosophy than the catechism; that for them there can be no more morality without representatives, than justice without tribunals; that those representatives can only be the ambassadors of the Most High and the interpreters of the Divine Laws; that they alone can teach with authority;

and that, in a word, wherever there is no morality preached, there never will be any morality practised.

But what really menaces the entire ruin of morals, and what places Pastors in a disposition unexampled in the history of morality and religion, is this indifference for religion itself, true character of our age. And when we speak of indifference for religion, we have precisely in view the forgetfulness of religious duties, the neglect of the sacred mysteries and the exercises of christian piety. We speak of this systematical indifference, which tends to neutralise all religious principles and simplify all creeds; of this abandonment of all truths, which consists rather in forgetting than in refuting them, in leaving them aside than in attacking them; of this fatal indolence, which throws the shade of suspicion on every species of zeal, and brands religion with the censure of intolerance if she dares to defend her own cause, whilst every opinion has its champion and every system its partisan. We speak of this false philanthropy, decorated with the fair name of moderation, with which they pretend to do honour to the polished mildness of our manners, while it simply marks the nullity of our principles. In fine, we speak of this species of tacit capitulation with

every creed, which, under the pretext of tranquillising consciences, shakes all certainty to its basis and gives tranquillity only to vice. Shameful compromise, fatal source of destructive impiety! perfidious truce, which silently undermines every principle of social order, relaxes every spring of moral life, dissolves all civil bonds in dissolving those of religion, and, by ruining the whole foundation of sound belief, saps, with the same stroke, the whole foundation of sound morality!

This is what the illustrious Bossuet announced, when from the chair of truth, in which he so eloquently instructed generations and ages, he exclaimed: "*I foresee, that libertines and free-*
"*thinkers may be discredited, not indeed from*
"*any horror for their sentiments, but by the in-*
"*difference in which men shall hold every thing,*
"*save their pleasures and their affairs.*" (1) O prophecy too visibly accomplished! Picture, alas! too faithful of the manners of our age! Thus the human mind, after having exhausted, during eighteen centuries, all the arts of sophistry and all the modes of misbelief in dogma, morals, mysteries and every object of revelation, finds itself brought round, by the very chain of

(1) Sermon for the second Sunday in Advent.

its own errors, to doubt whether men believe or do not believe, and to make religion a mere problem without result, a word without signification, an abstraction without consequence.

Indifference so much the more fatal, as at this moment, when France is seeking to repose on her ancient foundations, when new institutions and a new legislation are forming, it is of the last importance to give to soul a new temper, to wind up its enfeebled springs, to lend new vigour to morals, to public confidence a new guarantee, and to virtue a new lustre, by giving to religion a new authority. What is there, we ask, less calculated to produce those grand effects, than this indifference, which slackens the nerves of policy in relaxing those of religion, and deprives the soul of energy in robbing it of its conviction? It is faith that animates all: *it is by faith,* says St. Paul, *that the just man liveth.* (1) It is the strength of belief alone that produces the energy of virtue. Where there is no conviction, there is no action; he, who believes nothing, practises nothing. As strength of character puts forth great resolutions, strength of principle inspires great sentiments and great virtues. It is then, indeed, we behold those

(1) Rom. I, 17.

heroic spirits, that dare, in their high aspirings, to hope and execute whatever they may have undertaken. It is then, as Christ so admirably says, that one is capable of *transporting mountains*, (1) that is to say, of overcoming oneself, of surmounting the greatest obstacles in the way of virtue, and of bringing forth all the prodigies of heroism. Indifference, on the contrary, is the vice of feeble and wasted spirits; with it man does nothing, surmounts nothing, sacrifices nothing; the public good is nothing. Under its cold and mortal shade, every heart is withered into sterility and langour. *Omne caput languidum*. (2) And, indeed, what can be hoped from this sad philosophy, which judges all to despise all, or rather which despises all to judge of nothing? What noble efforts, what generous emotions, what sublime inspirations of virtue, can we expect from those beings, who call themselves impartial, because they place truth and falsehood on the same line, and who boast to be the enemies of every exaggeration, because on no point have they a fixed idea or settled judgment? Are they not those men, whom St. Jude compares to *clouds without water* and *to trees twice dead*, (3) dead to truth as well as

(1) Mark XI, 23. (2) Isai. I, 5. (3) St. Jude, 12.

to virtue? Is it not of them that the Prophet has said: *They are corrupted in their ways; there is not one that doeth good; they are all become useless, and their wisdom, as well as their faith, is reduced to nothing.* (1) *Simul inutiles facti sunt.*

And what is still more deplorable, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, this age applauds its own misery, and triumphs in its very corruption. It looks upon this confusion of principles as the last complement of human wisdom, and imagines thereby to have seized the knot of every difficulty in morals and politics. It flatters itself to have resolved every doubt, when, imitating those false prophets and lying physicians spoken of by the Prophet Jeremy, it repeats with them: *Peace, peace, where there is no peace;* (2) as if there could be peace for the impious; as if the real enemies of peace were not those, who, under the pretext of concord and union, send forth new opinions, displace the land-marks fixed by our fathers, and stir up at the bottom of the human heart every seditious thought and every restless sentiment; as if a peace, that destroys virtue in its very root, could ever be useful and profitable; as if languor were peace,

(1) Psalm XIII, 3. (2) Jer. VI, 14.

apathy peace, and the torpidness of every mental faculty were peace ; as if death itself had not its peace, and the tombs their tranquillity.

Ah ! doubtless, religious peace is the greatest of all blessings, and woe to us, if we do not make every effort to preserve it ! Woe to those who should attempt to disturb it by dangerous disputes, interminable questions, and those *controversies of words*, (1) against which the Apostle has taken care to caution us. But this peace, so desirable and so precious, consists in the unity, not in the confusion of principles; in the charity of Christ Jesus, not in the policy of the world; in truth which unites, not in error which divides, Every other peace is no peace : it is the treacherous calm that precedes the tempest ; it is not edification, but destruction ; not the health of empires, but their decline; the surest symptom of their utter decadence, the last and cureless stage of their latest decrepitude.

And we also, said St. Gregory of Nazianzum to the pretending peace-makers of his day, and we also love peace ; but the peace we desire is not that which should be purchased by the loss of morals and the contempt of the holy canons, whereby we should consent to relax the severity

(1) Tim. VI, 4.

of our principles, to acquire the hollow reputation of mildness and condescension; for good is not to be done by evil means. (1) The name of peace is imposing, the idea of union is beautiful, says St. Hilary; (2) but this peace can only be found in the unity of the church and that of doctrine. Otherwise, it is not the peace of Jesus Christ. If the faith, which preserves the empire, is in safety, said another great Bishop to an Emperor, this is the charity alone worthy our desires; charity, still greater than the empire itself, as it is its shield and safeguard. *Hæc est caritas expetenda, hæc est caritas major imperio, si fides tuta sit quæ servat imperium.* (3)

Such then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, is the great, or rather, as the Scriptures have it, the desperate wound inflicted on the Church, *desperata est plaga ejus.* (4) For, what can we oppose to this state of things? We may resist violence and open force; but how shield ourselves from indifference and disdain, those invisible arms that mock every species of resistance? How shall we dislodge impiety from this hold, where, fatigued with combats, it has fixed its last retrenchment? We know the remedies of

(1) Orat. XLII, nº 13. (2) Lib. contra Auxent.
(3) Ambr. ad Valent. de non restituendâ Arâ Victoriæ.
(4) Mich. I, 9.

corporal diseases; but who shall discover the cure of this epidemic malady of the mind? We may relieve the patient, that desires his recovery; but how undertake his treatment? Who shall save the wretch that does not wish it, that does not even know that he is sick, and who in the very jaws of death has all the confidence and security of health? We know how to refute an error or defend a principle; but what refutation, what instruction remains, when doubt usurps all, and the first tenet is the contempt of every principle? We know the curb to be imposed on religious enthusiasm, as we find it in religion itself; but how arrest the progress of philosophical fanaticism? Where is its counterpoise? How convey reason to men, who acknowledge no other rule of truth but their own reason, and who, like those vainly-presumptuous Pharisees spoken of in St. John, tell us coldly and dogmatically: We are wise, because we are wise—and we see, because we see. *Quia videmus.* (1) In short, we may stop a torrent in its impetuous course; but who shall stir the dull and dormant waters of this reasoned corruption, which delights in its own stagnancy, and feels no other motions than those of cupidity and intrigue?

(1) John IX, 41.

Who but God himself, by a singular miracle of his mercy, can deliver us from this undefinable torpor, which disconcerts at once the observations of the wise and the solicitude of Pastors, and from this moral consumption, against which can prevail neither force of reason, nor force of zeal, nor force of laws, nor force of arms?

And yet, what more calculated to rouse us from this mortal lethargy, than the chain of those great events which have passed, and are still daily passing, before our eyes? Let us open the great book of the world, in which the finger of God is so strikingly imprinted, that not to perceive its traces were voluntarily to close our eyes against the light. What more imposing lessons can we receive on the nothingness of creatures, and the incurable weakness attached to human projects, than to behold those proud and powerful monarchies fall with the same facility as the shrub-leaf? How shall we then abstain from feeling that nothing is permanent under the sun; that human grandeur is as little solid as human happiness; that every thing grows old but God, and that, if there be on earth a true philosophy, it consists in attaching ourselves to nothing in this universal wreck, save *to the immortal King of Ages?* What more proper to recall our minds to the Sovereign Arbiter of

things, than to contemplate him *disporting, as it were, in this world,* (1) and *mocking, from heaven, all human wisdom;* (2) at one time preparing events, by means in appearance most opposite to their success; at another, advancing them with such rapidity, that it is no longer in the power of man to impede them; and when He pleases to raise some and to depress others, inspiring the former with the irresistible will, which bears all before it, and that strength of genius which seems to sway the very destinies, whilst the latter are ruled by that imbecility which yields up all, and the spirit of infatuation which abuses even the lights it may possess. Thus it becomes evident, that God is here the great and only agent, because man is always hurried on further than he thinks, or further than he wishes; that He alone, properly speaking, makes peace and war, and that He never makes use of either but to conduct all to His own ends, and to exercise on nations His awful judgments. What more calculated to confound the enemies of Providence, who feign not to comprehend how the God of Heaven can govern this earth! for if a feeble mortal can move, *as if they were a single man,* (3) so many and such formidable armies; if he can

(1) Prov. VIII, 31. (2) Ps. II, 4. (3) Judic. XX, 11.

execute with such facility such great and memorable enterprises, what must we say of the Almighty, when *He stretches forth his arm?* (1) With what prompt obedience must not every thing, both means and obstacles, ply under His living hands? If genius, whose duration is measured by a single day, can foresee, at such a distance, events, whose issue it still seems rather to conjecture than direct; if genius, unaided and alone, can combine those vaster plans which embrace the universe, what must be that eternal intelligence, of which all others are but a feeble emanation? If the war-bolt, launched by a mortal arm, can strike so mighty and such a distant blow, what must we say of Him who rules the lightning, of this God of Majesty, who thunders from the highest heavens, and draws from *his secret treasures the whirlwind and the storm?* (2)

But how much more is not the soul elevated, when amidst those great catastrophes and those dreadful hurricanes that uproot the empires, and those unheard-of changes which chequer the destinies of this world, we behold Religion still august and venerable, still like unto herself, still stronger than all revolutions, still erect when

(1) Jerem. XXII, 17. (2) Jerem. X, 13.

every thing is falling around her: still, whatever her misfortunes or success, pursuing majestically her glorious destination — that of sanctifying souls, and of rendering happy or miserable the nations that submit to her laws, or resist her lights. Splendid fact, victorious demonstration, which speaks more powerfully for religion than miracles themselves; or rather, subsisting miracle, which baffles all the art of reasoners and sophists; miracle beyond all illusion, within the reach of the humblest of the faithful, which confirms him without any difficulty in the principles of the faith, by giving him this sweet assurance, that were a new deluge to submerge the world, a new ark would float upon its waters to save the family of the just, and the church in which alone they are begotten.

Thus the true Christian knows how to contemplate, in the spectacle of human affairs, that of things divine; thus all difficulties vanish before the great considerations of our faith; thus every thing becomes a gain for the true Christian, every thing instructs and consoles him, and he explains all by the inexplicable Being: whilst the impious man, having no rule but his false prudence, no compass but his desolating doubts, strays uncertain and bewildered between chance,

which explains nothing, and annihilation, which destroys all.

And yet, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, who remounts to this first principle of things? Who meditates on those grand objects? Who makes those serious reflections on himself? Who trembles under the hand of God, or awakens *at those mighty strokes, whose repercussion is felt at such a distance?* (1) All those astonishing scenes pass before us, like those shades which amuse children, and serve at most as a frivolous pastime for politicians and essayists. What a new mystery is this, that amidst all those changes man alone does not change, and that, whilst every thing is renewing around us, nothing should be renewed within us? *This is the desolation* of which the prophet speaks, in which man, deaf to every lesson he receives from heaven, thinks on nothing, foresees nothing, never descends into his own heart: heedless of the future, dissipated for the present, he abandons himself at random to the course of events, and takes no interest but in what affects his repose or his fortune. It is this incredible levity, or, to speak with the prophet, *this fascination of frivolity*, (2) which so darkens the most vivid

(1) Disc. on Univ. Hist. (2) Wisd. IV, 12.

lights, *that God instructs and no one receives his instructions.* (1) He thunders and no one listens; He strikes and no one reforms; He manifests himself every where, and He is seen no where. And what can we in this fatal disposition of the heart and mind? What resource remains for our zeal? How cultivate a field covered over with those dry bones, which lie bleaching on its surface, as in the vision of Ezechiel, if the Lord himself, by a new miracle, *does not reanimate those senseless corses, does not breathe over those dead that they may live anew?* (2)

But have we not already said too much, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren; do we not appear thereby to distrust that Providence which so particularly watches over this empire? Behold the ray of light which pierces the clouds and rises on our horizon! Behold the happy revolution that is going to take place in national instruction, and the regeneration so long wished for of public education! He who has put an end to our civil discords and the anarchy of our laws, has also resolved to abolish the anarchy of our schools. In restoring our altars, he thought that something would still have been wanting to his glory, if he had not been at the same time

(1) Sophon. III, 2. (2) Ezechiel XXXVII. 9.

the restorer of our studies. After so many unsuccessful essays, after so many systems and so many plans, which differed only in their degrees of folly; after so many theories as idly presumptuous as they were happily impracticable, the French University, created by the genius of Charlemagne, has been latterly re-established on her ancient basis; celebrated school, illustrious and fruitful parent of so many others, which formerly diffused her lights, like the sun, over every portion of the empire. No doubt, so great an establishment cannot yet attain that perfection which results only from time and experience, this mistress of the world to whom every thing must yield; but in awaiting those modifications, which time shall produce and experience command, how many salutary effects have we not a right to promise ourselves? Who would not hope, that, under masters and rulers, marked out by their talents and virtues for public and private confidence, every thing will turn to the profit of morals and of science; that the directors of the pupils will be at the same time their models; that, in approaching nearer and nearer to the ancient spirit, they shall acquire a new degree of consideration; that morality, sheltered from every attack, shall not vary according to the caprice of opinion; and that, unity of prin-

ciple corresponding with unity of power, there shall reign one great harmony in education as well as in government, in morals as well as in politics.

But how much should not our hopes be animated, when we behold established, as one of the great bases of education, *the Catholic Religion*--the religion of our ancestors—religion, which founded the monarchy of the Franks, and conquered the barbarians who had conquered us; and to which we owe those great lights and those great virtues, and those proud institutions and those numberless establishments, which have placed us in the first rank amongst the nations of the world. We shall then no longer behold amongst us this vague and undetermined worship, which, by rendering every dogma matter of opinion, rendered thereby every duty a problem; nor this empty *naturalism*, with which no civilized people could ever content itself; nor this hypocritical deism, which at bottom is but a disguised or practical atheism; nor yet this pretended religion of honest folk, which bears on nothing, and can never have any hold on man, as each understands it as it suits his fancy or his pleasure. We shall behold amongst us the catholic religion only, such as our fathers bequeathed it us—religion inscribed on all our monu-

ments, allied to every page of our history, and so adapted to our government and to our character, that to change it were to change the spirit of the nation; the catholic religion with all its precepts and all its creed, because the one is inseparable from the other; because if man has need of precepts to direct and sanctify his heart, he equally wants a creed to captivate his intelligence and define the limits of its dominion; because a religion without dogma would be an empty shadow, a sad plaything of our opinions and our fancies; and because, if a creed without precepts could be of service to none, precepts without a creed would want the sanction which consecrates them, and the authority from which they derive their strength.

How consoling is it not then for us, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to begin our Apostleship amongst you under such happy auspices? How much we love to think that we shall find in the instructors themselves worthy co-operators, and that far *from veering to every wind of doctrine*, they shall make it a duty to profess one creed with us. Yes, it is encouraging to know, that the masters, who, instead of this august religion, eternal bulwark of our happiness and our glory, should dare to inculcate impious maxims or strange opinions, would deceive at once the

wishes of the monarch and the hopes of the nation, and would thereby render themselves equally reprehensible before the law and before their God.

Happy then our dear country, if she remain for ever faithful to this august alliance of religion and letters, of divine and human sciences! Happy the government that shall be penetrated with this great truth, that the surest medium of rendering itself respectable, is first to render religion respected; that the majesty of worship suits the dignity of a great people; that a nation never attains immortality but by lasting institutions, and that no other institutions can triumph over the ravages of time, but those which have religion for their basis, and on which she impresses the divine seal of her immortal vigour. Happy the monarch who is grounded in this conviction, that if strength or genius founds an empire, religion only can consolidate and preserve it; that she will pay him back in an hundred fold all the services she shall have received at his hands; and that, in a word, it is much less the sovereign that protects religion, than religion that protects the sovereign.

Another proof, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, that the existence of religion is not to be left in a precarious state, and that she is already looked

upon as the first element of social order and the key-stone of the political edifice, is the consecrated independence of pastoral instruction, the regeneration of those *ancient faculties*, where the *sacred sciences* were cultivated in a more particular manner; the authorization of those schools of *Christian doctrine*, fundamental institutions which no others can supply, and which might supply all others; the solemn approbation of those pious institutors, who in their sublime *ignorance* learn all and know all, because they eminently possess the sovereign art of teaching the people what the people can learn and ought to know—the love of God, the love of the neighbour, the love of parents, and the love of the sovereign. Admirable compendium of morality, infinitely more precious than all the science of the world, compared to which are as nothing all the pompous documents of human wisdom.

It is then the exclusive glory of the Christian religion to have founded those popular institutions so well adapted to the weakness of children, to the intelligence of the simple, and the necessities of the multitude. *Suffer the little ones to come unto me*, says Jesus Christ, and He is the only moralist that has thus spoken. Magnificent expression, which cannot be too much meditated, and which paints with a single

stroke of the pencil all the beauty and all the divinity of the Gospel. Such is not the language of proud and disdainful philosophy. She says, on the contrary: Remove from me the litle ones, who are not worthy to hear me. Suffer to come to me the learned, the essayist, the curious, the thinkers, those rare and transcendent spirits that wish to know and scrutinize every thing. I will admit nothing feeble, little, ignorant, or vulgar; and thereby she betrays and dishonours herself, by excluding almost the generality of mankind, destined by their condition to labour and ignorance. And beside, what could she teach them? Would she confine herself to speak to them of obedience to the laws, of I know not what system of *moral feeling, of the necessity of harmonising with their fellow-beings?* Would she pretend to encourage them by the empty shade of *ideal beauty*, by the stimulus of honour, of self-love, of opinion, of human esteem? And of what service this vain display of cold abstractions to the rude and unpolished multitude, created rather for action than meditation, still less for science than belief? What profit could they draw from this nebulous morality, as void of charms as of authority, as hollow and empty for the heart as unintelligible for the mind? Of what utility to *little ones*, who should only know

to love, fear and obey, this complicated doctrine founded merely on discussion? Would they make them practise it, before they comprehend it? Would they give them for guide their reason, before their reason, the most tardy of their faculties, were formed?

And now may we ask with a Prophet, where are those presumptuous sages, so proud of their false lights, whose systems, as devoid of unction as of perspicuity, are rather calculated to dry up the heart than to nourish it. *Ubi est litteratus?* Where are those men who place all morality in questions, all precepts in words, and who, taking their difficulties for discoveries, imagine they enlarge the limits of the human mind because they embarrass it. *Ubi est legis verba ponderans?* Where are all those doctors who boast to be guides of youth, and who make on children and little ones the essay of their subtleties and their wit. *Ubi est doctor parvulorum?* A race, continues Isaias, that only seeks to distinguish itself by the loftiness of its language, the turgid and gorgeous pomp of its discourses and maxims, *populum alti sermonis:* race of essayists, who think themselves profound because they are obscure, who make of all the duties of man but one long and intricate enigma, and possess every talent, save that of making themselves

understood: *ita ut non possis intelligere dissertitudinem linguæ ejus.* (1)

Jesus Christ alone had a right to call *little ones* to his school, that is to say, the weak and vulgar, because he alone knew how to render morality sensible, and to adapt it to all ages and conditions; because He alone united precept and example; because no other but His divine doctrines can be learned without effort, can precede the progress of reason, can leave in the heart profound and lasting impressions; because He alone knew how to substitute sentiment to discussion, authority to science, faith to examination, the imposing lessons of the master, who commands, to the timid and tardy instructions of nature, which, at best, can only warn or advise.

And hence it is, that we find this divine doctor always addressing himself to the multitude, *dicebat ad omnes, dicebat ad turbas,* because He was sure to make himself understood by every one that *had ears to hear.* Hence it is, that the *Prophet feels himself more enlightened and instructed than the old, because he has comprehended the law of his God.* (2) Hence, one of the grandest eulogies God receives in the Holy Scriptures, is that he unlocks the lips of *children,*

(1) Isai. XXXIII, 18, 19. (2) Ps. CXVIII, 100.

and renders them eloquent. (1) And what means this word *eloquent?* It means that one word of the Gospel renders them, on the first hearing, more learned in morality, and instructs them incomparably better than the whole collected works of moralists and writers; it means, that a child, by learning his catechism, by lisping the name of God, by penetrating himself with his love and his fear, is more deeply initiated into moral science, more solidly instructed in the nature of his duties, farther advanced in the art of a virtuous life, and has infinitely greater taste for virtue, than the most famous philosophers could ever inspire him, with all their specious theories, all their reasoned motives, and all their learned dissertations.

How admirable then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, this grand and magnificent law, this *word*, as precise as it is productive, which sheds as much light on the mind as it infuses virtues into the soul, at once the admiration of genius and the charm of purity and innocence, superior to the most towering spirits by its sublimity, within the reach of the humblest intelligence by its simplicity, so elevated we cannot too much meditate it, so popular we cannot fail to comprehend it; and which, by a privilege peculiar to itself, the

(1) Sap. X, 21.

learned never cease to explore but do not exhaust it, and the ignorant never explore but never fail to comprehend.

You will then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, send your children to those Christian schools to be there nourished with the life-giving milk of this celestial law. It is their interest, it is yours; the only means of saving the rising generation from the degradation with which it is menaced. There, they cannot but gain both for their instruction and their innocence. There, they will learn to be happy in the accomplishment of their duties, in their respect and their obedience. There, instead of those insipid and puerile fables, in which the heart has no part, they shall be taught to taste those touching parables, sealed with the grandeur and the goodness of Heaven; and if, in the age of the passions, they should happen to stray, they will find within themselves, in the calm of maturer years, those happy seeds, those first impressions of virtue, which shall have rather been forgotten than stifled, rather chilled than forgotten.

Wherever, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, those schools have been established, a total change has been remarked in the children of the lower classes. We call aloud on the pastors, magistrates, fathers of families, and all men of worth,

to attest it. Witnesses of this happy revolution, they vie with each other in gratitude towards the virtuous institutors who have effected it; whilst, on the contrary, those worldly schools, whence religion is banished, where at most she is tolerated, are become the repair of licentiousness and depravity; where are lost in one sad wreck the morals of the first age, and the hopes of family and country. Such, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, are the incontrovertible facts, such the irresistible and universal experience we shall continually oppose to all those contemners of ancient traditions, who insolently impeach the reason of so many centuries; to all those men of paradoxes, who proudly stile themselves the preceptors of the human race, and who never have been able to succeed in correcting a single child; to all those men, in themselves incorrigible, whom so many idle essays could not disabuse of their error; or rather this is the experience that will disabuse them, that will enlighten them, that will reconcile them to a Religion so eminently philosophical, as she rejects only the errors of philosophy; experience, which will shortly bring round the happy day, in which, far from struggling against religion, we shall behold them uniting their efforts with our efforts, their

labours with our zeal, in order to produce in concert the common good, and to prove at last what the united lights of genius and the virtues of religion can do for the happiness of mankind.

What was our joy, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, when we heard that in general the schools of our diocess really merited the name of Christian; that they were directed by wise administrators animated by the spirit of ancient principles, virtuous ecclesiastics, who honour their state by the purity of their morals and the integrity of their doctrine. With what consolation we behold the augmentation of those precious establishments, those pious associations, whose first vow is to be *useful*, whose first recompense is still to be useful; where consecrated virgins, *of whom the world is not worthy*, and whom the world can never replace, devote themselves to education with as much disinterestedness as zeal. Models of modesty, decorum, economy, and labour; respected by their pupils, because they merit it, they seem rather to inspire than teach virtue. May those retreats of innocence still more augment and multiply! May they prosper under the wings of a tutelary government, and enjoy its protection as it enjoys their services! May the wish we here form for them be a solemn

pledge of the truly paternal interest we bear them, and of our resolution to share their solicitude as they share our veneration and esteem.

We regret, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, that the limits of this Instruction do not permit us to develop so interesting a subject, for we owe you all useful truths in the order of your salvation; and what truths more useful and more salutary than those which regard public education, on which depends the happiness, not only of the present, but of future generations. Many of those truths, perhaps, will appear harsh to a profane world which loves to be flattered; but woe to us, if we should seek to please men at the expense of truth, and if *we should retain instruction in the day of salvation.* (1) Woe to us, if *we do not announce the Gospel;* (2) and what is the Gospel, if it be not truth? What is our fairest title, if it be not that of guardian and sentinel of truth? (3) What is a Bishop, if he be not the corrector of vices, as the magistrate is the avenger of crimes? Why have we been honoured with the confidence of the sovereign, if it be not to render happy and virtuous by instruction, the people he governs by his laws and defends with his sword? And of what service

(1) Eccl. IV, 28. (2) Cor. IX, 16. (3) Ezech. XXXIII, 7.

could our ministry be, if we should slumber, when every thing around us awakens our solicitude, and if, instead of *announcing his crimes to Israel, and to Jacob his iniquities,* (1) as God commands, we should become by a coward silence his accomplices and abettors? What! we shall have preached the truth during more than thirty years in the capital, we shall have *rendered testimony in the presence of kings without having been confounded,* (2) and now, after having received a more explicit mission, and a more especial consecration to announce it, we should begin to retain it in captivity! We shall have shewn a certain courage at a time, when the world might seduce us by its vanities, life by its illusions, and fortune by its hopes, and we should want courage in the decline of years, and we should seek to flatter the age, to disguise truth by perfidious expedients, now that the *eternal years* are advancing; and that, in the midst of all those great events, whose rapid succession seems to hasten the pace of time, every thing tells us so eloquently, *that the figure of this world passeth away,* and that we must place in higher ground our heart and our hopes! We will then announce the truth, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren,

(1) Mich. III, 8. (2) Ps. CXVIII, 46.

whenever the honour of our ministry and the good of your souls shall demand it. We shall announce it to the world, precisely because the world hates it, and will not hear it, and only seeks to weaken and *diminish* it; (1) because a silent conspiracy is forming *to retain it captive in injustice*. (2) We shall announce it, because we love the state, because we love our brethren, and because truth alone can do good to men; in short, we shall announce the truth, because truth is the first necessity of the flock and the first duty of the shepherd; and because, if it should ever be lost on earth, it should be found in the mouth of a Bishop. Happy, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, if we could thus render our last efforts useful to you, and if, supported by grace from above, we may reserve for the faithful confided to us the frail and feeble remains of our existence!

But in announcing truth, *we shall not forget charity*, (3) this sublime virtue, to which all others are so allied, that without it religion would have nothing to teach us. In loving *truth, we shall also love peace*. (4) Such was the two-fold spirit of Elias—such the spirit of the evangelical mi-

(1) Ps. XI, 2. (2) Rom. I, 18.
(3) Eph. IV, 15. (4) Zach. VIII, 19.

nistry. We know that our principal talent should consist in persuasion, our real strength in our prayers, our first authority in our examples, and our arms in our patience. We know, that if truth enlightens the mind, charity gains the heart; and that if the one has certain rights, against which nothing can prescribe, the other has captivating charms which nothing can resist. We shall recollect with the wise man, that it is only *from the union of goodness and of truth that all kinds of goodness can result,* (1) and we shall unceasingly have before our eyes the beautiful expression of the Apostle, that though *we should speak with the tongue of angels,* (2) truth without charity would be in our mouth an empty sound, as useless to him who pronounces as to him that hears it.

You will assist us, Our Dearly Beloved Cooperators, in this sublime ministry, happy mixture of firmness that makes truth respected, and of charity which makes it beloved. Ministers of God, you will be his imitators in doing good with as much meekness as strength. You will rather seek to touch sinners than to confound them. You will gain the heart to virtue by preaching *not only whatever is just and holy, but also what-*

(1) Prov. XIV, 22. (2) I. Cor. XIII, 1.

ever is amiable. (1) You will unite zeal with prudence. You will be *wise with sobriety*, (2) for virtue is never found in extremes. United with your Head, by the bonds of the same faith, the same sentiments, the same confidence, you will form around us, according to the expression of the Holy Ghost, a *crown of brethren*. (3) But especially *you will honour your ministry, like St. Paul, by a noble disinterestedness*. (4)

You will know how to be poor with dignity. You will prove to the world that it is easier to humble than degrade you. The less the world shall do for your entertainment and subsistence, the greater should your efforts be for its happiness and salvation. The more scanty the means the world shall afford you to do charity, the more ardent should you be to inspire charity to others, and thus you will teach the world that a Minister of Christ Jesus possesses I know not what elevation of soul, what opulence of virtue, that makes him forget his own necessities to sympathize more freely and more feelingly with his afflicted brethren. Thereby, shall you command the esteem of our enemies, and they shall feel, in despite of their prejudices, that you still have a noble func-

(1) Phil. IV, 8. (2) Rom. XII, 3.
(3) Eccl. L. 13. (4) Rom. XI. 13.

tion on earth, that of rendering men happy at the risk of proving them ungrateful; of being the last of all by the slenderness of your recompenses, and the first of all by your utility and the happy influence of your instructions. And thus, even in the order of Providence, the indifference of the flock will turn to the glory of the shepherd, and the injustice of worldlings towards the sacred ministers, to the triumph of the sacred ministry itself.

Given at Paris, under the seal of our arms, our sign, and the countersign of our Secretary, the 20th March, 1809.

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes,

By Order,

Migneaux, Secretary.

PASTORAL INSTRUCTION

Addressed to the Clergy and Faithful of his Diocess, on the occasion of Lent and of his Seminary.

We had proposed to ourselves, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to give, this year, a detailed instruction on the duties imposed on us by the holy time of penance which approaches; but the affairs of our diocess, and other important motives, having called us to the Capital, we have not been able to execute our plan, and follow in this respect the impulse of our solicitude. We have then judged proper to confine ourselves to some advices, addressed principally to our beloved co-operators, recommending to them to develop them, to supply by their instructions what may be wanting in ours, and to inculcate to the faithful confided to their care, what time does not permit us to say to them. We have the firm

confidence that they will redouble their zeal on this occasion, in order to recall to their parishioners the essential obligations of the law of abstinence; to make them feel how much its infraction is scandalous in those who exempt themselves from it without lawful motives, and without having recourse to the authority of their Pastors. How culpable is the negligence of so many Christians, unworthy of the name, who imagine so many false wants, and so many false pretexts, and who, taking advantage of the decline of morals, and the relaxation of the times, think themselves secure because they follow the torrent, tranquillize themselves on the multitude of the refractory, and look upon themselves as enfranchised from the law because they despise it.

However, this law of Lent, so respectable and so ancient, is subject, like others, to exceptions, rendered necessary by circumstances to which the first Pastors should attend, according to the rules of charity and prudence. Our wise and virtuous predecessor has here given us the example, and we think we ought to follow it this year, considering the rigour of the season, and the excessive dearth of provisions, and particularly of those necessary for the observation of Lent; and consequently we permit, but without estab-

lishing any precedent for future times, the use of meat during certain days of the week.

But in using this condescension, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, you should never forget, that, if there be lawful motives for dispensing with the law of abstinence, there never are any with regard to the law of penance; that the time of Lent is always and essentially a time of expiation, of mortification and of reconciliation, without any exception of persons; that the more the church is indulgent, the more should you multiply your prayers, your alms, your good works, and ransom those alleviations, granted in favour of the body, by the sacrifice of self-love, cupidity, and all the other passions which bewilder the mind, corrupt the heart, and give death to the soul.

We feel it then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, a most sacred duty to profit of the holy career in which we enter, to recommend most particularly to your pious generosity our Seminary, this good work by excellence, to which all the others should be subordinate, on which depends the whole success of our ministry, and without which we could never promise ourselves any solid and durable advantage. We are so much the more authorized to do so, as the alms and donations of the faithful are diminishing every day, our Semi-

nary is reduced to its fixed and annual resources, which can never suffice for its entertainment and existence. Since many years, no appeal has been made for this purpose to the public charity; no collection has been ordered—no charity-box has been placed in our churches; and whilst they are all destined, as well as the collections, for the public worship, and the various wants of the indigent, the Seminary is almost counted as nothing, and remains abandoned, like a stranger in the diocess and the church, as if this sacred school were not the first of the poor—as if it were not the basis of all, and the foundation on which repose the preservation and the perpetuity of divine worship; as if, before we should think of decorating the sanctuary, it did not first behove us to know if there shall be ministers to serve there, to announce the oracles of salvation, and offer up the Holy of Holies.

Still, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, notwithstanding this abatement of charity, this progressive diminution of our means, we have this year, trusting to Divine Providence, augmented its number by twelve new subjects. We have nearly ninety in our episcopal house, educated under our eyes, like children around their father.

These youths console us by their happy dispositions, the mildness of their manners, and the

progress they make in study and in piety. They are the edification of our episcopal city, by their modesty and recollection. Such of them as go to the college to pursue their studies, are, we can affirm it without fear of contradiction, its fairest ornaments, by entertaining therein that love of labour, and that happy emulation, to which this establishment principally owes the reputation it enjoys, and the confidence it has acquired. It would seem that Divine Providence is pleased to compensate our pains, and this species of abandonment in which the faithful leave the Seminary, by shedding on it all the gifts of grace, and its most chosen blessings.

Persuaded as we are, that we should render our Seminary as useful as possible, we have chosen several candidates to place them in the principal colleges of our diocess, where they were demanded with the most lively instances, and where they appeared to us necessary to superintend and ensure the maintenance of sound doctrine and good morals; so that, by aiding our Seminary, you contribute not only to ecclesiastical, but also to public and national education,—to the education of your children, for whatever state of life you may destine them,—to the education of all those who are to be one day the heads of families, the support of the state and of their

country. Besides those young men who remain with us, nearly forty are distributed in different schools, and await the moment in which we can re-unite them in one common dwelling. This number is no doubt very great, considering the mediocrity of our resources. But what is it, if we reflect, that in the diocess there are more than three hundred parishes without pastors, and that the rest are, for the most part, administered by priests infirm and advanced in years, whose courage is still greater than their strength, and who will shortly go to receive from the hands of their sovereign Judge the recompence of their labours and their zeal.

How many motives, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, without mentioning all those we could still set forth, worthy of interesting your piety and benevolence in favour of a work, so nearly allied to your most sacred and dearest obligations, the only hope of so vast a diocess. What fairer opportunity can present itself of shewing yourselves generous and compassionate! If charity, as one of the Fathers says it, has wings to bear us to the throne of the Father of Mercies, what charity more meritorious than this, or more capable of touching the heart of God, and drawing down on you and your children all the blessings of heaven and earth?

We have then taken the resolution of rekindling in this respect, by every means our ministry offers us, the charity of the faithful; and we think, that one of the most efficacious and best calculated for this purpose is, to follow the example of a very great number of our venerable colleagues in the prelacy, who, in dispensing their diocesans with a portion of the law of Lent, have established in the alms done to their Seminary a compensation of satisfactory works for the mitigation they find in such exemptions; compensation most legitimate before the church and before God;—before the church, as she has the right of interpreting and modifying her own laws,—before God, who has said that we accomplish all in accomplishing those of charity, in the order and manner of his divine will.

We shall then begin this year by using these means, which Divine Providence presents us, reserving those other measures we may hereafter judge suitable for this purpose; means so much the more worthy of being favourably received as they distress no one, as they are adapted to the faculties of each, and as, by a just proportion, they associate all to so holy and so excellent a work, from the widow with her mite to the most opulent man of society.

(Here follow several articles, which indicate the mitigations his Lordship permits of the law of abstinence, and regulate the mode of transmitting the compensatory alms and other charitable donations in favour of the Diocesan Seminary.)

Done at Paris, February the 10th, 1810.

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes.

By Order,

Imbert, Secretary.

PASTORAL INSTRUCTION,

On the occasion of Lent and of his Seminary.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, etc.

PREVENTED by a long and painful indisposition, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, from applying ourselves since the commencement of this year, to any continuous occupation, we are forced to confine ourselves, as in the last year, to some simple advices relative to the holy career on which we enter. How much we regret not having been able to develop more at large our paternal exhortations; and having been obliged to leave to the sacred ministers, placed at the head of our churches, the care of amplifying and inculcating those great truths which we have been only able to delineate. Yes, Our Dearly Beloved Co-operators, it is with the most lively confidence that we count upon your zeal, and

every thing tells us that you will so much the more forcibly inculcate those important truths, as this proud and indocil age is less disposed to hear them. And, indeed, how many things will you not have to say to them on the necessity of penance, with which no one can dispense himself, without renouncing his baptism and his title of christian; on the rigours of penance, of which the cross alone of Christ Jesus can give us the just measure; on the advantages of penance, which, in mortifying the body, elevates and purifies the soul, and, in the silence of all the passions, gives it the foretaste of those divine communications, which constitute the glory and happiness of the celestial spirits; on the sweets of penance, which, by the peace of soul and self-contentment, procures more solid satisfaction, than the worldlings could ever find in their turbulent pleasures; on the true character of penance, which consists still less in the maceration of the body than in the humiliation of the mind and the compunction of the heart. In short, on the dogma of penance, so well assorted to the wants of human nature, and to the idea of God, that it is the morality of the human race, and that we see it consecrated by the belief of every age, the spirit of every creed, and the conscience of every people.

Thereby you will confound those sensual men, in whose eyes mortification seems an extravagance; penance, the illusion of weak minds; and the holy law of Lent, a superannuated and unseasonable morality; men, enemies of all rule, to whom those meats prohibited by the law of abstinence appear more agreeable by the very reason that they are prohibited, and who seem to find in them a new relish, by the infraction of the law which proscribes them; those pretended philosophers, who would have wisdom without efforts, virtue without sacrifice, repentance without amendment, or amendment without expiation, or satisfactory works; and who, with a morality so easy and commodious, do not the less flatter themselves to be men of worth; those presumptuous men, who, after having rendered themselves arbiters of their faith, still wish to become the judges of the law, and interpret it according to their caprices; who make of their obligations as many problems as they raise discussions and doubts on the points of faith; and who imagine themselves free from the yoke of holy precepts, by the refined and delicate airs they assume, as they think themselves enfranchised from the yoke of faith and submission, because they set up for subtle reasoners, fine wits, and able men.

In a word, against this age enamoured of novelty and greedy of change, and which, infatuated with its false lights, pretends to reform every thing but its own vices, and to perfect all but its own morals, you will constantly oppose the holy authority of antiquity; you will recall it to the respect due to those venerable traditions so much the more sacred for us, as their source is more distant from us; you will preach to it this *eternal gospel*, (1) of which St. John speaks; eternal in its rigorous maxims, against which no reason of custom, no reason of circumstances can prescribe: eternal in its source, for ever new, and in which we must *for ever renew ourselves*, (2) according to the counsel of the Apostle; eternal in its opposition with our passions, and our deceitful pleasures, and our senseless joys; eternal enemy of a world *already judged*, (3) and which having no other law but fashion, no other rule but opinion, will pass away like opinion and fashion; eternal, whilst every thing perishes and crumbles on the earth, empires and arts, and laws, and the fairest monuments of genius; in fine, eternal as He who dictated it, as this *Immortal King of Ages*, (4) who knows neither

(1) Apoc. XIV, 6.
(2) Ephes. IV, 13.
(3) John XVI, 11.
(4) I. Tim. I, 17.

the vicissitudes nor the sad variations of time, and who, as He is only truth, and the truth itself, is not less unchangeable in his words as he is *permanent in his years.* (1) *Evangelium OEternum.*

In granting you, last year, dispensation of four meat days in each week, we took care to announce to you, that it was without any consequence for the future; and behold, this year, circumstances still more imperious, a winter still more rigorous, a far greater scarcity and dearth of vegetables and other aliments more particularly used during the holy quarantine, call still more loudly for the indulgence of the church; a time truly calamitous, which neither power could prevent nor policy foresee, and which Providence sends us, in order to temper the intoxication of prosperity, and to serve as a counterpoise to so much glory, so much success, and so many triumphs; to bring us back towards the God we are so much tempted to forget, when every thing proceeds according to the bent of our desires, and smiles on our worldly views; to detach us from this valley of tears, where every thing speaks to us of the nothingness of life, and the frailty of human things; and

(1) Ps. CI, 28.

to produce within us those serious thoughts, this salutary recollection, and those profound reflections on ourselves, which re-animate faith and beget salvation.

Yes, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, such are the adorable views of Providence in the calamities with which *we are visited.* The impious sees, in those sad circumstances, only the blind effects of the laws of nature, and in this disorder of the elements, the ordinary march of things; but the Christian takes a higher view : He beholds therein the designs of God to purify the children of this earth, by the same scourges which sadden and desolate it. He humbles himself under the hand of this awful Being, who creates, according to the expression of Isaiah, *good and evil,* peace and war, abundance and scarcity; who commands the seasons, draws the winds from his treasures, (1) orders the clouds not to rain, and of the tempests and storms makes the ministers of his will, as speaks the Royal Prophet, since he uses them as he pleases, to save or punish, and to accomplish on the children of men his dreadful judgments. In a word, he sees in them the time of probation, the time of repentance, of resignation and patience, and

(1) Isai. XLV, 7.

thus his whole study is to find in all calamities, both public and private, a source of happiness for himself.

Admirable system of religion, which thus unites nature and grace, and only employs the rigours of the one but to develop the wonders of the other: which makes all, both good and evil, concur to the perfection of the Christian, and, by making enter into the economy of salvation, the inclemency of the seasons, gives to the transient miseries of time, consequences and impressions that re-echo in eternity.

And yet, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, who is it that delights to meditate on this magnificent plan of eternal wisdom? who reascends to this first cause? who is it that endeavours to enter into those views of faith, and to profit, as a Christian, of the scourges and calamities sent us by Heaven? We occupy ourselves with them, it is true, but just as we do with the daily news, vain pastime of idlers and declaimers. We lament them, but merely on account of the losses we have sustained, and the attacks our fortune may have experienced, and thus, wholly concentrated in time and matter, we are never sensible but to what affects our pleasures, our interests, and our affairs. It is the reproach God made formerly to his people by the Prophet

Oseas: "They have recourse to me in their ca-
"lamities: they groan and lament in their dwel-
"lings, and care only to procure corn and wine:
"but their crimes and the torrent of iniquity,
"which have provoked my wrath; but the
"cause, which drew on them all these chastise-
"ments, are not for them objects worthy their
"reflections and researches: far from receiving
"the instructions which my goodness gives,
"they only dream of shaking off all reflections,
"of withdrawing from Me, and of disowning the
"powerful arm to which every thing must
"bend." (1) *Et non clamaverunt ad me in corde suo; sed ululabant in cubilibus suis: super triticum et vinum ruminabant, recesserunt a me.* We could not choose, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, a more favourable opportunity of offering those great truths to your meditation, than this holy time of penance, in which we are about to enter. Penance opens the eyes of the soul; such is the grace attached to its holy rigours; and as the animal life of those worldlings, idolaters of themselves, and plunged in the mire of the senses, *weighs down the soul and darkens her most vivid lights,* (2) so the life of the penitent and mortified man, all interiour and disengaged

(1) Oseas VII, 4. (2) Wisd. IX, 15, 16.

from carnal appetites, gives him the knowledge of things divine, makes him relish the chaste and sublime beauties of Christianity, and lends him wings to fly more rapidly and more securely towards Him who is but spirit and life.

We think it needless to warn you, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, as not one amongst you could mistake it, that in mitigating the law of abstinence, we do not exempt you from the law of fasting; and that, in profiting of the dispensations granted in rigorous circumstances, you should only become more exact in the observation of this inviolable law, and this sacred practice which, as a holy Father tells us, *is the death of vice and the soul of virtue.* (1) To fasting you will then add prayer, to prayer alms-deeds, without which you would fast in vain, and your prayers would not mount to heaven; for, "fasting," says the same Father, "cannot produce fruit, if it be "not watered by alms. Charity is to fasting "what the Spring is to the earth; and as the "Spring lends flowers to the plants and to the "fields, so Charity towards the poor causes "those virtues to blossom of which fasting is "the seed, and prepares for us in heaven a rich "harvest of glory." (2)

(1) St. Peter Chrysol. Serm. 8.
(2) St. Peter Chrysol. Serm. 24.

We propose to you then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, an efficacious medium of reaping this glorious harvest, in the alms you will give to our Seminary: this is the offering we impose on you, as the supplement of a part of your abstinence, and the necessary compensation of your Lenten obligations. Those are the collections we renew this year, and to which we are obliged to recur, if we wish that a work, so holy and so happily commenced, should not perish in our hands. And of what service, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to have already given, if you now refuse your charity? It is precisely because you have given, that you should continue to give, because the fixed and annual revenues of this establishment could never suffice; because, as your first alms have founded it, your persevering charities alone can augment and consolidate it, and because, in ceasing to contribute to its entertainment, you would thus lose the merit and the fruit of those first services that have given it existence.

How strangely then would not those deceive themselves, who would reproach us with importunity, and who should here ask us why we continually entertain you on our Seminary? And why should we cease to solicit you, as its wants do not cease to recur? of what should we then

speak, if it be not of this fundamental institution, on which depend the perpetuity of sacred worship and the succession of the priesthood? What object more worthy our attention and solicitude? what more important affair in our Diocess, than to follow up, until we shall have completed it, so precious an enterprise? Who then, if not we ourselves, shall burn with the zeal of the house of God and the glory of his altars? Who shall speak of it, if it be not a Bishop fully convinced, that where there is no Seminary there is no Bishop?

What! Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, on every quarter it is feared that the parishes shall shortly be devoid of Pastors: we are assailed incessantly by the appeals of the inhabitants of the country, who call on us aloud for Priests, both for them and their children, and we should not unceasingly speak of this holy House, which alone can furnish them with Pastors? No, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, it shall not thus be; never shall we cease to speak of it, never cease to insist, like St. Paul, *in time and out of time;* never shall we imagine, that we rendered the smallest service, as long as any thing is still wanting to a work, which equally interests the great and the little, the rich and the poor, the present and future generations.

We feel ourselves the more authorised to

order these same compensatory alms, as last year they have not entirely satisfied our hopes. It is with great regret we publish, as we have witnessed it with pain, that nearly two hundred parishes have given nothing ; and that, amongst those which have the best resources, a certain number have but feebly contributed. Is this the fault of the people or of the Pastors? Is it impossibility on the one part, or indifference on the other? . . . . . But why seek to resolve such sad questions, when we find elsewhere so much praises to bestow, and so many flattering testimonies to render?

Let us rather applaud those generous districts of our Diocess, which have the most distinguished themselves by their zeal, and *whose alms deserve to be related in the Assembly of the Faithful.* Let us name with honour those of Auxerre, Joigny, Bar-sur-Aube, *Bar-sur-Seine, Chaource, Arcis-sur-Aube, Tonnerre, Brienne, Sens,* and *Avallon.* Let us offer them the tribute of praise and gratitude which they deserve. But it is chiefly to our Episcopal City we owe our most special thanks. City of Troyes, our Joy and our Crown ; City of God, of which glorious things have been told us as of Jerusalem, receive here the effusion of our heart for thy pious liberality, worthy thy ancient renown. Receive the so-

lemn homage we love to render to this ever-active charity, of which thy citizens daily offer us such striking examples. We have happily experienced it, when docile to our voice we have seen them fly to the succour of our young candidates, and answer the first appeal we made, by a transport of generosity, as much above their means as above our expectation. Mayest thou surpass all cities in happiness, as thou surpassest them in pious oblations and holy munificence! May thy children long be blessed by the presence of their parents, and these latter long enjoy the respect and love of their children!

Mayest thou soon behold peace and plenty reflourish within thy walls, industry revive, commerce re-assume a new vigour, and mayest thou receive, in recompense for so many good works, all the benedictions of Heaven and of Earth!

The pious offerings of the different districts of our Diocess, joined to the succours our feeble means permit us to lend, have enabled us this year to meet the various wants of our Seminary. Thus have we been able to ameliorate its moveables, to augment the number of its candidates, and aggrandize its locality. For this purpose, we have no doubt been obliged to sacrifice several appartments of our Episcopal House; but no personal embarrassment shall stay us, when there

is question of an establishment, which, as it is the first in its advantages, should be the first object of our cares. Besides about forty students disseminated in the different schools, or confided to the zeal of virtuous Pastors, who do not hesitate to add to the load of their laborious functions the noble task of teaching them the first elements of clerical education, one hundred and ten are placed near ourselves. They recall to us those happy days, when the house of the Prelate was that of the young Candidates for Orders.

They grow within our view like those young palms, and those tender olive-nurseries, of which speaks the Royal Prophet. We remark their progress, we encourage their efforts, we study their budding dispositions, we often animate their exercises by our presence; and when the cares and pains, inseparable from our ministry, come to sadden our thoughts, we console ourselves with the view of those young plants, which are to bring forth in their time, and to diffuse over the field of the Lord this good odour of virtue, of which they already give such happy promise.

The situation we have given, it is true, is by no means sufficient to procure for our Seminary that solidity and consistence suitable to an institution founded on the general interest, and

which, by its very nature, should be independent of time and of men. It is in too great a disproportion with the number of subjects necessary for this immense Diocess, and our Seminary would never acquire but a precarious, uncertain and limited existence, if we do not succeed in obtaining a house more spacious, more salubrious, more analogous to its wants, better adapted to its destination; and which, by being more sheltered from all vicissitudes, may be looked upon as the common patrimony of the Diocesan Clergy.

Hence, we entertain the confidential hope, that, penetrated with these motives, the tutelary Government under which we live, will not delay in granting us a more eligible situation; and that those generous intentions, which our august Sovereign has deigned more than once to manifest to us in person, will shortly be realized; convinced that it belongs to his bounty, as well as to his greatness, to grant the locality necessary for an establishment, we may truly call national, since without it our ministry would be as useless to the service of the Prince as to that of Religion, to the State as well as to the Church.

You will then, second us with all your efforts, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren; you will associate yourselves with pleasure to all the good

those young Candidates are one day destined to produce. You will make it a duty to satisfy the Church, to which you owe the fairest monuments you enjoy ; you will tremble to render yourselves culpable of ingratitude towards her, if, after she has done so much for you in the days of her glory and of her opulence, you should do nothing for her, now that she possesses no longer the means of being generous. You will not lose sight of the sad desolation which menaces the sanctuary, if the hands of charity do not hasten to support its tottering pillars. You will always keep in view this frightful chasm, which every day enlarges by the death of so many Priests, grown old before their time, and hurried off still more by their misfortunes than by their years; immense void which can never be filled up, if you do not anticipate the fatal epoch, when the abyss shall be without bottom, and the evil without remedy. In fine, you will continually reflect, that called, as you all are, by divine Providence, to restore the tabernacles and support the holy altars, it is yours to second it in so great a design : and that if, by an effect of this indifference, true calamity of our age, the Ministers of God remain without successors, morality without defenders, and faith without preachers; if our temples be left abandoned,

our churches widowed, and our pulpits dumb; if this famine of the divine word arrives, of which the Prophet speaks—when your children should demand in vain the bread of instruction, the sinner to be reconciled, and the dying to be consoled;—all those scandals and misfortunes shall fall back for ever on your heads, and be imputed to you during eternity.

But to this resource of compensatory collections and alms, without which it would be impossible for us to support our Seminary, we think we should still add that of charity-boxes, by ordering that one shall be placed in each church of our Diocess. It is a practice, of which many of our venerable colleagues have given us the example, and of which it is now more necessary than ever to prescribe the execution. There the poor man shall more easily depose his slender tribute; there the modest rich, jealous only of the looks of Heaven, shall conceal his generous oblation; it will be a monument always present to recall to the faithful, already moved by the holy instructions they shall have received in our temples, their obligation of succouring the most interesting class of the poor, that is to say, the young Candidates of our Seminary, who, having almost abandoned all to follow their sublime vocation, (the humble cottage of the indigent) are not the

less destined one day to be the fathers, the advocates, and the solace of the poor.

Here follow almost the same regulations as those of the preceding year.

Given at Troyes, in our Episcopal Palace, under our sign, the seal of our arms, and the countersign of our Secretary, the tenth of February, eighteen hundred and eleven.

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes.

By Order,

Huillier.

PASTORAL INSTRUCTION

Ordering, on the 21st of January, the celebration, in all the Churches of his Diocess, of a solemn Service for the Anniversary of the death of Lewis XVI.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, etc.

WE are soon, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to behold once more this sad and deplorable anniversary, this service of national atonement, in which the most solemn mourning should expiate the greatest of crimes, and repair the most memorable outrage man ever committed against Heaven. Where is the French heart that has not outstripped by its dearest vows this funeral commemoration, and that does not hasten to share a sorrow so just and legitimate? Where is the Christian heart that does not desire to

make of this day, the most horrible of our history, a day of penance, of sadness and repentance; that does not feel it a sacred duty to assist at the divine sacrifice which is going to be offered for the greatest and most august victim that was ever immolated by the fury of faction and delirious impiety?

Already, no doubt, the sacred orators were preparing to celebrate in our holy temples the praises of the Martyr-King. Already we ourselves were determined to offer him a tribute so dear to our heart, in the first temple of the capital, when his Majesty communicated to us his desire, that *no funeral oration should be pronounced in any church the 21st of January, and that we should confine ourselves to a simple lecture from the pulpit of the Testament of Lewis XVI, as being the most noble means of recalling to the minds of Frenchmen the great virtues of this Prince.*

And indeed, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, it is the most excellent panegyric that can be offered to our admiration, and the fairest title that can recommend him to the recollection of men; and surely, it is no small glory for Lewis, that the most eloquent orators can say nothing in his praise more noble and more touching than this artless production, so sublime by its simplicity,

in which this virtuous Prince unwittingly discloses the whole secret of his heroic mind.

We shall then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, read this Testament as imperishable as our monarchy; so much the more worthy to be proclaimed in the sacred chair, as it belongs to sacred biography, and so much the more honourable to Religion, as it is she herself that dictated it. And what other sentiment than that of religion could have upheld Lewis in so elevated a station, and inspired him with that supernatural abnegation, which engages him not only to pardon his enemies, not only to forget their crimes, *in order to think only on their misfortunes,* but to ask them pardon himself of the wrongs he had never done them;—what do we say? of the wrongs which he himself was then receiving at their hands. Heroic magnanimity, of which there is no example in the annals of virtue, and of which we should seek in vain the smallest vestige in the most boasted sages of antiquity!

But how has this monument, so precious for the nation and so glorious for this unfortunate Monarch, been able to reach us, in despite of so many treacherous hands so interested to ravish it from our veneration. Let us here admire, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, the Providence of our God, who has willed that this Testament, which

serves as the most supreme condemnation of all his enemies, should be preserved by his enemies themselves, and by those impious Magistrates who presided at his immolation; who has willed that unsuspected channels, and so much the more worthy of credit, as they are the more vile and culpable, should transmit it with fidelity, in order that no doubt should attach to its authenticity, and that such peremptory evidence should immortalize at once the glory of the victim and the infamy of his murderers.

We must, then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, go *weep between the Vestibule and the Altar.* We must renew, in this great commemoration, the lively horror, the profound consternation, in which the nation was plunged the day of the fatal catastrophe. From one end of France to the other, we must be able to read in every face, that the French Nation is innocent of the death of its King; and that, far from having shared in this detestable guilt, we devote it to the execration of the world. After the example of a rival people, who every year avenges, by an universal mourning, the majesty of kings, we must surpass them in sorrow and regret, as we have surpassed them in injustice and ingratitude. We must, by more frequent supplications, fasts, and good works, obtain from the Father of Mercies, that

this great and memorable iniquity be not imputed to us, *may be far removed from us*, according to the expression of the Prophet.

We must, in fine, prostrate ourselves before the Victim of propitiation, in order to invoke heaven in favour of Him who was the victim of his people and the victim of virtue. But why speak of invocation? Is it true that Lewis has still need of our prayers? Is it for him, and not for us, that those expiations are necessary? Is it we that should offer the aid of our prayers, or is it he that already intercedes for us in Heaven, where he reposes? Let us not doubt it, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, we may believe without rashness, that this pre-destined soul, purified by so many sufferings, has already received the recompense of his virtues; that the Lord has shown to him the same clemency as to others, and that all the frailties, all the shades of his life, have disappeared before the immortal day of his death. But if the Testament of Lewis gives us so high an idea of his soul, and inspires us with so much veneration for him, what sentiments should we not experience for his august Testamentary Executor, for him who is still more the heir of his virtues than of his rights: who seems to augment his love for us by all the love he bore him, and who, so nobly faithful to his last

and great desires, shines forth, by his clemency and his bounty, the image of God and the image of his Brother.

Here follow certain articles which indicate the day and the ceremonies of the service, and invite thereto, according to the custom, all the civil and military authorities.

Given at Troyes, the 4th of January, 1816, under the seal of our arms, and the countersign of our Secretary.

†Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes.

By his Lordship,

Constant Migneaux, Canon Secretary.

TESTAMENT OF LEWIS XVI.

In the Name of the Most Holy Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. This day, the 25th of December, seventeen hundred and ninety-two, I, Lewis, sixteenth of the name, King of France, being now more than four months confined in the Tower of the Temple at Paris, by those who were my subjects, and deprived of all communication whatsoever, even since the eleventh instant, with my family.—Moreover, implicated in a suit, of which it is impossible to foresee the issue, on account of the passions of men, and of which we can find no pretext, nor means, in any existing law; having God alone for witness of my thoughts, and to whom I may address myself, I declare here, in His presence, my last will and sentiments.

I leave my soul to God my Creator; I pray Him to receive it in His mercy, and not to judge it according to its merits, but according to those of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who offered himself in Sacrifice to God his Father for us men, however

unworthy we were of it, and I myself in the first place.

I die in union with Our Holy Mother, the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, who holds her powers, by an uninterrupted succession, of Saint Peter, to whom Jesus Christ had confided them. I believe firmly, and I profess all that is contained in the Creed and the Commandments of God and the Church, the Sacraments and the Mysteries, such as the Catholic Church teaches, and has always taught them. I have never pretended to constitute myself Judge in the different manners of explaining the dogmas, which rend the Church of Jesus Christ; but I have referred myself, and shall always do so, if God grant me life, to the decisions which the Ecclesiastical Superiors, united with the Holy Catholic Church, give and shall give, conformably to the discipline of the Church followed up from the time of Jesus Christ. I bewail, with my whole heart, my brethren who may be in error; but I do not pretend to judge them, and I do not the less love them all in Jesus Christ, according as Christian charity teaches us to do.

I pray God to pardon me all my sins. I have scrupulously endeavoured to know them, to detest them, and to humble myself in His presence: not having it in my power to avail myself of the

ministry of a Catholic Priest, I pray God to receive the confession I have made to Him of them, and chiefly the profound sorrow I feel for having (though against my will) put my name to acts which may be contrary to the Discipline and Faith of the Catholic Church, with which I have always remained sincerely united in heart. I pray God to accept the firm resolution which I have, if he grant me life, to avail myself, as soon as I shall have it in my power, of the ministry of a Catholic Priest, in order to accuse myself of all my sins, and receive the sacrament of penance. (1)

I pray all those whom I might have inadvertently offended (for I do not remember to have knowingly offended any one), or those to whom I might have given bad example or scandal, to pardon me the evil they think I may have done them.

I pray all those who have charity, to unite their prayers to mine, in order to obtain of God the pardon of my sins.

(1) His Majesty received, some time after, this consolation from M. L'Abbé Edgeworth, an Irish Catholic Priest, who accompanied him even to the scaffold, where he bid him this noble and truly Christian farewell : *Fils de St. Louis, montez au Cieux !* Son of St. Lewis, mount to Heaven !

I pardon, with my whole heart, all those who have made themselves my enemies, without my having given them any cause for so doing: and I pray God to pardon them, as those also, who, by a false or unenlightened zeal, have done me much harm.

I recommend to God my Wife and my Children, my Sister, my Aunts, my Brothers, and all those who are attached to me by the ties of blood, or any other manner whatsoever. I pray God particularly to cast a look of mercy on my Wife, my Children, and my Sister, who are this long time suffering with Me, to support them by his Grace, if they happen to lose Me, and as long as they shall remain in this perishable world.

I recommend my Children to my Wife; I have never doubted of her maternal tenderness for them. I recommend to Her particularly to make good Christians and honest men of them, not to make them look on the grandeurs of this lower world (if they shall be condemned to experience them) but as dangerous and perishable goods, and to turn their views towards the only solid and lasting glory of Eternity. I pray my Sister to have the goodness to continue her tender cares towards my Children, and to be as

a Mother to them, should they have the misfortune to lose their own.

I pray my Wife to pardon Me all the evils she is suffering for Me, and all the sorrows I might have caused her, during the course of our union, as she may be assured I preserve nothing against her in my mind, if she imagined she had anything to reproach herself with.

I most instantly recommend to my Children, after what they owe to God, who must go before all, to remain always united together, submissive and obedient to their Mother, and grateful for all the care and trouble she gives herself on their account, and in remembrance of Me. I pray them to look on my Sister as a second Mother.

I recommend to my Son, if he should have the misfortune to become a King, to reflect, that he owes himself entirely to the happiness of his fellow-citizens, that he should forget all hatred and resentment, and namely, every thing related with the misfortunes and vexations I experience; that he cannot make the happiness of the people but by reigning according to the laws; but at the same time, that a King cannot make the laws to be respected but in as much as he possesses the necessary authority, and that otherwise, fettered in his operations, and inspiring no respect, he is more hurtful than useful.

I recommend to my Son to have care of all the persons who were attached to Me, as much as his circumstances shall give him the means of so doing; to reflect that it is a sacred debt, which I have contracted towards the children or parents of those who have perished for Me; and next, of those who suffer misfortune on my account. I know that many of those who were attached to Me, have not conducted themselves towards Me as they should, and that they have shown ingratitude; but I pardon them (in moments of trouble and effervescence, one is not always master of one's self), and I pray my Son, if he shall find the opportunity, to think only on their misfortune.

I could wish here to be able to evince my gratitude towards all those who have shown Me a real and disinterested attachment. If, on the one hand, I have been sensibly afflicted by the ingratitude and disloyalty of those to whom I had never shown any thing but kindness, either to themselves, their relations, or their friends; on the other, I have had the consolation to behold the attachment and gratuitous interest, which many persons have borne Me. I pray them to accept my best thanks for it. In the situation which things still are, I would fear to compromise them, if I spoke more explicitly; but I

specially recommend to my Son to seek every means of recognising them.

I think, however, that I should calumniate the sentiments of the Nation, if I did not openly recommend to my Son Messrs. Chamilly and Hue, whom their real attachment to Me had engaged to shut themselves up with Me in this sad abode, and who were very near becoming its unfortunate victims. I also recommend to him Clery, with whose attention, since the time he has been with Me, I have every reason to be satisfied. As it is he who has remained with Me to the last, I pray the Gentlemen of the Common-Council to deliver up to him my clothes, my books, my watch, my purse, and the small effects which have been deposited at their office.

I still most willingly pardon those who guarded Me, all the bad treatment and constraint they thought they should have made use of towards Me. I have met with some feeling and compassionate persons; may they enjoy in their hearts the tranquillity, which their manner of thinking must procure them!

I pray Messrs. De Malesherbes, Tronchet, and Desèze, to receive here my best thanks and the expression of my sensibility, for all the cares and pains they have taken on my account.

I conclude, by declaring before God, and ready to appear before him, that I do not reproach myself with any of the crimes advanced against Me.

Done, with a duplicate, in the Tower of the Temple, the 25th of December, 1792.

LEWIS.

PASTORAL INSTRUCTION

On the love and fidelity we owe the King, and on the re-establishment of the Catholic Religion in France.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, etc.

WE addressed to you at the time, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, our Instructions (1) relative to the sitting of the two Legislative Bodies, and to the Prayers marked out by us on that occasion, in order to second the intentions of our virtuous Monarch. With what pleasing satisfaction have we not learned the good they have produced not only in our Diocess, but also in divers parts of France, where the friends of Re-

(1) These Instructions are wanting in the Collection with which the Bishop of Troyes has honoured the Translator.

ligion and of the Monarchy have eagerly diffused them. We think, then, that we shall fulfil our duties and your desires, by further developing our preceding Pastoral Instruction. It is in those grave and important circumstances, when our Representatives, under the auspices of our Kg, labour more strenuously than ever to strengthen the eternal contract between the Throne and the Altar, which cannot exist without each other; it is in this moment, so decisive either for our safety or for our ruin, that it has appeared to us necessary to direct more particularly the public attention towards two objects, which embrace at once the interests of Earth and those of Heaven, that is to say, of the King and Religion; the King, in order to penetrate ourselves with those sentiments of love and fidelity which we owe him; Religion, in order to feel more deeply what need we have of its speedy and efficacious restoration: the King, whom all France desires, and the Religion, which all France demands. Such is the two-fold object which has appeared to us best calculated to interest you as Frenchmen and as Christians.

We shall not, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, labour to prove to you, that love and fidelity towards the King are, as it were, the inbred feelings of French hearts; that they have formed,

in all times, our distinguishing feature, and that we may look on them as the second religion of our country. Every thing has changed around us; new usages have replaced the old, the forms even of our Monarchy have been modified by time; but the spirit of our Monarchy has never experienced the smallest alteration, and this is the only point which has fixed our inconstancy. We have seen this sentiment weather throughout every political tempest. It has outlived, or rather beaten down every revolution. Yes, if we have seen France, in the days of her phrensy tear her own bowels, in order to bring forth this monstrous Republic, which carried on its forehead, like the beast of the Apocalypse, *the mystery of all crimes*, (1) and in its heart *all the depths of Satan;* (2) the very excess of our country's misfortunes at this lamentable epoch, has only served to attest more loudly to all ages, that in abandoning her King, she had abandoned herself, and that, in returning to him, she has equally followed her own spontaneous impulse, and the force of things. This is the *sacred fire which was concealed during the days of her captivity;* but which, having never been extinguished, blazed forth anew at the first ray of the sun,

(1) Apoc. XVII, 5. (2) Ibid. II, 24.

at the first apparition of our august Bourbons, and whose sudden flash has proved again, that France is the native soil of the Monarchy, and that she cannot live nor die but with her King.

When a Minister, not less enlightened than virtuous, pronounced in the midst of our Representatives these words, as simple as they are touching, "France wishes her King;" with what enthusiasm were they not hailed, and with what transports was it not answered — France wishes her King! This explosion of sentiment, this unanimous cry of the heart, piercing the precints where it was heard, has re-echoed not only through France, but through all Europe. Both one and the other have repeated, with a kind of rivalry, France wishes her King, and she shall have her King, because she wishes him, and because she cannot but wish him; because Royalty, being her centre and element, she can find in it alone her safety and repose; because Providence and Nature have evidently formed her for this kind of Government, and imperious necessity, the first of laws, thus wills it.

France wishes her King, but her legitimate one; because legitimacy is the first treasure of a people, and a favour so much the more precious, as it can supply all others, and cannot be supplied by any; because it is the guardian of

all rights and properties, and the first bulwark of public morality; because it is the greatest enemy of tyranny, and the greatest obstacle to despotism, at the same time that it is the surest guarantee of moderation and equity in the throne; her legitimate King, whose rights, consecrated by ages, and recognised without contestation, disconcert all intrigues, silence all ambition, confound all plots and pretensions; her legitimate King, superior to every fear, because he is without a competitor; to every jealousy, because he has no rival; to every vanity, because of his elevation; to every partiality, because he can have but one great interest, that of justice; and so identified with his own subjects, that he and they must equally profit by his labours.. In a word, her legitimate King, and not an usurper, who could not be her King, but her Tyrant; who should make much noise to astound and distract, and do much evil to enslave and corrupt; who, the better to strengthen his bloody throne, should wish to ruin all others; and, the better to ensure his own repose, should seek to trouble that of the entire world; who, in fine, to make his own origin be forgotten, should have need of the splendour of victories, and, to justify those victories, should have need of every crime.

France wishes her King, but she likewise wishes the Royal Family; this race of heroes and of sages, which, during nine centuries, has not produced a single tyrant; this race, which has no rival in grandeur, and effaces by its brilliancy all the genealogies of the world. France wishes it, because she wishes the hereditary government, as the most simple, the most forcible, the most lasting, and which, like nature, as Bossuet says, proceeds onward alone and unaided; because the Hereditary Crown is for the Empire the surest pledge of its stability and repose; because nothing more strongly attaches to each other the Sovereign and the People than this succession of Kings in one and the same family, whose antiquity and whose glory can but serve as new titles to its bounty and beneficence. It is the wise man himself that has said it: *happy the people, whose King is of an illustrious race;* (1) nothing, in fact, being more proper than this illustrious origin, to command the respect of the people; nothing better calculated to render, on the one part, obedience more easy and more honourable, and, on the other, authority more meek and more paternal. What, then, should we think of those men so little jealous of the

(1) Eccles. X, 17.

glory of the French name, who should dare to prefer for a single moment the ignoble blood of a stranger, unknown even in his native country, to the august blood of Saint Lewis, Henry the Fourth, and Lewis the Great? Is there a single idea of happiness and glory that does not attach to those sacred names? It is then a true motive of gratitude towards God, but which certain minds do not sufficiently appreciate, that there is nothing in this world to be compared with the splendour of the *Lilies*, and that nothing greater has ever been produced amongst men either by time or by opinion. This single consideration should suffice to make us for ever cherish a family illustrated by so much virtue and glory, with which no other can pretend to rival, and to which all others esteem it an honour to yield; a family, whose various titles lend new dignity to the Nation, new splendour to Majesty, new grandeur to the Monarchy, and more solidity to the Throne.

France wishes her King, but she still wishes him for his own personal virtues, his happy qualities, and all those gifts of the mind and heart, with which Heaven has endowed him.

She wishes this King, the first lessons of whose enlightened education were those of misfortune; *who only wishes*, according to his own

expressions, *whatever can render France happy;* to whom no reproach can be made, save that perhaps which Cesar sometimes received; of whom nothing can be feared save the excess of his magnanimity, and who, after having conquered by his tenderness the love of his own nation, has known how, by the loyalty of his character, to command the confidence and esteem of all others.

France wishes her King, because Europe thus wills it, and secures our throne; and Europe wishes him, because she has repented of not having willed it efficaciously, when she should and might have done so; because she now feels too sorely how much it has cost her not to have sooner avenged the insulted Majesty of Kings; because she believes she owes her safety to the same miracle as France; because she feels no security but in the stability of this throne, which cannot be shaken without shaking the world to its centre; because, in a word, the destiny of Europe is inseparable from that of France, and hence it is, that, in replacing Lewis on the throne of his ancestors, Europe felt herself, as it were, replaced on her own ancient foundations.

France wishes her King; but in thus wishing him, she does not pretend she can wish another; and happily she does not claim this fatal privilege.

Far from us the thought, that Kings hold their authority from the people, and that the power they may have had of choosing them carries with it the power of recalling them, as often as in their wisdom or their folly they may deem it meet. No, it is not true, that the people be sovereign, and Kings their delegates, no more than fathers be the delegates of their children, or tutors those of their pupils. This is the cry of rebels and the dream of independents, the obscure chimera of seditious democracy, the most cruel lie ever invented by our tyrants to deceive the multitude. It is not our design seriously to refute this baleful sovereignty, which could never be exercised by the people but to their own ruin, which was never proclaimed amongst us but across rivers of blood; this mock sovereignty, which cannot be any thing else but the hard necessity of obeying and the right of deposing itself; this fantastic sovereignty, which at best is but a coloured title, a fiction of law, a mere hypothesis, and which can exist no where but in the region of abstractions. But it is our duty to appeal here, in the name of Religion, against this antisocial doctrine, vomited forth amongst us by the revolutionary volcano, and to warn the faithful confided to us, against this double heresy in

politics and religion, reproved alike by the greatest doctors and the most eminent legislators; not less opposed to the natural than to the divine law, not less destructive of the authority of Kings than that of God.

All power cometh from God, and he who resisteth to power, resisteth to God himself. (1) Such, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, is the public law of Religion, without which no one has the right to command, nor the obligation to obey. This is the first sovereignty, from which flow all the others, and without which all others should want their basis and their sanction. This is the only constitution that was ever founded for all times and all places; the only one, with which we can want all others, but without which no other can subsist; the only one that can never be obnoxious to revision, with which no faction can meddle, against which no rebellion prevail; superior alike to people and kings, to rulers and subjects: *all power cometh from God, and he who resisteth unto power, resisteth unto God himself. It is by me that Kings reign.* (2) Magnificent expression, which seems to share the fecundity of creation. Hence naturally flow all the rights of Princes and all the duties of sub-

(1) Rom. II, 2. (2) Prov. III, 13.

jects; or, if you will, the rights of subjects, and the duties of Princes. Substitute to this truly celestial maxim the sovereignty of the people, and hear it said : *It is by me that Kings reign.* What an abyss of absurdities, what confusion of ideas! Draw, if you can, some happy and useful consequence for nations from this pretended sovereignty; what do we say? turn it in every sense, and nothing can result from it but trouble and disorder, and uproar and anarchy. *This people,* says Isaias, *only speaketh and dreameth of conspiracies.* (1) Such, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, is the people that imagines itself a sovereign, and that in fact is nothing, and can be nothing but its own enemy; which placing its first privilege in resistance, that is, in the destruction of the established order, can never reign but over ruins. And whence this dreadful subversion of ideas, which looks upon treason as an empty sound, and perjury as a mere pastime, unless from this fatal principle, that the sovereignty of Kings being but the effect of the caprice of the people or that of chance, no one is bound to obey them, but as long as interest wishes or force commands.

(1) Isai. VIII, 12.

O Lord, says the Prophet, *establish over them a Legislator, that the nations may know they are but men!* (1) This is another of those profound maxims which flow from the plenitude of the holy spirit, and which contain more true policy than all the books of all the sages of the world. *Establish*, and indeed God alone can establish man above his fellows. It is only the King of Heaven that can make us bow our heads to the King of the earth. The Almighty alone can have subjects, and the right of making them over to others. He that judges consciences can alone have the power to bind them; and, in giving authority to command, can alone impose the duty of obedience. For how could we by duty obey a King, who, whatever be his authority, is no more than man; and how could a King command my conscience, if my conscience be not already chained down by a superior will? What right has he to exact my oaths, and to count on my fidelity, if he be not *the minister of God,* (2) and the representative of Him, who receives those oaths, and thus renders them sacred and inviolable? *Constitue.*

Establish a Legislator, that is, a King, a Legislator by excellence, without whom there can

(1) Ps. IX, 21. (2) Rom. II, 4.

exist no law; a supreme Legislator, who shall speak and execute the law in your name; one Legislator and not many; for the more numerous the Legislators, the less perfect the law; a Legislator without any rival authority, in order that he may do good without any obstacle; a Legislator, who by submitting himself to his own laws, can subject none to his passions and caprices; in a word, a Legislator, who, by establishing just laws only, shall thereby conduct his people to true liberty; for liberty is as inseparable from justice, as happiness from virtue: *Legislatorem.*

Establish over them a Legislator; that is, a Sovereign, who shall represent himself and not them; a Sovereign above them, and not a magistrate delegated by them, and removeable at will; establish a Sovereign, who shall be above them, and not *them,* who are necessarily beneath him; a Sovereign, who shall defend and protect them, and not *them,* who are to be defended and protected; a Sovereign, *who weareth not the sword in vain, who recompenseth the good and punisheth the wicked;* (1) and not *them* who are to be punished or recompensed according to their works; in fine, a Sove-

(1) Rom. XIII, 4.

reign, who shall hold authority in hand and the free exercise of power, and not them, who can neither exercise nor communicate it, because they possess it not; and they do not possess it, because they have received it from none, unless indeed they may have given it to themselves: *Super eos.*

In order that the nations may know they are but men, that is, feeble, limited and helpless beings of their own nature; made to be conducted, and not to conduct themselves by their own wisdom; who can neither live without laws, nor govern themselves; who have need to be secured against their own passions, their own liberty, their own inconstancy; always ready to wander and to lose themselves, unless in pity God give them a master; *men* already disposed to yield themselves up to the first ambitious pretender that shall wish to enslave, to the first rebel that may wish to seduce them, always blind instruments of those who wish to make use of them; always victims of the revolutions which are ever effectuated by them, and never for them; *men* who of themselves are neither masters nor subjects, but who must have masters and become subjects, if they wish not to perish by their own fury: *men*, in fine, who cannot revolt against authority, and shake off

the yoke imposed on them by Heaven, without renouncing their own happiness, without punishing themselves, and without learning, at their own expense, that a people ceases to exist and to be counted in the rank of nations, when it ceases to be faithful to its God and to its King; *Ut sciant gentes quoniam homines sunt.*

It is here that Religion is truly admirable. She makes the sovereignty of Kings depend on Him who creates all, who can do all, who preserves all, and who is himself essential order. Philosophism makes it originate with the people, who do nothing, can do nothing but overturn and destroy. We here ask, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, which of these two principles is the more worthy of the Deity, and appears to you the better calculated to consolidate the throne, and give to nations that repose which constitutes their happiness?

The innovators will not fail to reply, that this system is nothing but a base flattery, only proper to create despots. A singular flattery in truth, which recalls to Monarchs the most rigorous duties; which teaches them, that, as they are the representatives of God himself, they should also be the images of his bounty and his justice; which shows them continually this great God above their heads; which drags them without

respite before his awful tribunal, and teaches us, that for the mighty is reserved *a more mighty measure of chastisement and vengeance.* (1) Ah! the vilest and most dangerous of all flatterers are those who intoxicate the people with the fondest follies and the most illusory rights; who have not blushed to advance, that the people was all, could do all, was the source of all authority, and consequently of all justice; that all its wishes are sacred, all its orders equitable, and whatever it establishes good and reasonable. But what more dreadful fanaticism, than to draw the principle of order from the assemblage of all the passions, and the principle of wisdom from ignorance, weakness and corruption itself? For, indeed, what is the multitude in itself, if not all the vices in ferment and all the passions in delirium? And yet we should devour those shameful absurdities, if it were true that Royalty be national property, and that there were no lawful power but that of which the people be the sovereign arbiter and supreme dispenser. Absurdities so much the more palpable, as, this principle once admitted, it is impossible to recognise any legitimacy, or any right of succession in the reigning races; whereas,

(1) Wisd. V, 7.

in this system, all exercise of power is necessarily conditional, hypothetical and provisional. And yet, without this legitimacy and right, what guarantee exists for the repose of nations and the stability of Empires? And what duration can a state promise itself, where nothing is known to be sacred and immoveable, save the changing and capricious will of the multitude, which, to make use of perhaps too vulgar an expression, lives only from day to day, and whose eventual existence, holding neither to the past, nor to the future, would be but one permanent revolution, one perpetual storm.

And surely, if Kings could not reign legally but by the people, it might thence be concluded, that every government, not founded on this basis, does not oblige in conscience, that it is contrary not only to morals but even to nature. Hence would it follow, that sovereignties, which were never constitutional, nor representative, are at bottom but tyrannical and abusive governments, which the people, when become the stronger party, are authorized to subvert. Now, who could dare to defend such fatal paradoxes, or pretend, that they do not flow immediately from the system now in vogue, whose first maxim is, that without a King *by the grace of the people*, there is no safety.

Hence, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, have we seen this senate of Kings, under the name of Congress, consecrate the principle of the legitimacy of Royal Dynasties, as the Ægis of their throne and the surest guardian of the happiness of the people and the tranquillity of states. We are Kings, say they, because we are Kings: the order and stability of the social world require it, our own safety demands it; and they have said so without anxiously inquiring, whether they willed it thus, in opposition to the *ideas* called *liberal*, and still less, whether the partition of the states according as it suited their interests, was not the solemn condemnation of the sovereign people. Enlightened by their own misfortunes, and fearing to experience still greater calamities, they have recognised in concert, that legitimacy was the true guardian of European civilization, and that the first right of nations was the peace of the world.

It is true, we have seen many of them favouring, at the risk indeed of self-contradiction, though they thereby have not experienced any losses, those popular forms and other new fangled theories, unknown to their ancestors, and to which their own states, until our days, were utter strangers; we do not, however, fear to say, that this is the malady of Europe, and

the most alarming symptom of her decline. It is here Providence seems to attack her, in order to hasten her dissolution. Add to this rage of melting down the old governments, and of founding them on books, the tendency of innovating spirits to melt into one, every worship and every party, and to believe that the authority of Princes gains for itself all the strength and authority, of which they deprive Religion, and we shall then have the two greatest political dissolvents, which undermine empires, and by whose force Europe must, sooner or later, fall into pieces and corruption.

This system of the sovereignty of the people compromises not only the stability of thrones, but also the personal safety of Sovereigns. And why would not those, who pretend, that the people can arbitrarily dispose of the sceptre, believe that they can equally dispose of the life of the Monarch, if they shall judge this crime necessary for the public safety? It was this favourite system of the gloomy Puritans and the fanatic Presbyterians, that prepared the scaffold of the first Charles, and whetted the knife of the French parricides. Never would they have found so many accomplices, never consummated the ever detestable crime which

has appalled the world, if they had not taken care to inoculate the public mind with this seditious maxim, that the people is the source of all right, and that thereby, properly speaking, the real crime of high-treason exists only for the Monarch, who should mistake the source of his power and the author of his precarious and conditional majesty.

Hence it is, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, that all the impious make of this fatal doctrine the leading point of their policy; and here, indeed, they are conclusive. Accustomed to judge God and his mysteries, why should they not imagine themselves entitled to judge the King and his actions? And why should they think it a crime to dethrone the representatives of the Deity, they who aim at nothing less than to dethrone God himself, and who have exhibited, in our own days, the frightful spectacle of Atheism seated on our altars.

But let us abandon those sad ideas, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, in order to repose our eyes on more attractive objects, and contemplate Religion, this sovereign protectress of Kings, that covers with her tutelary shield their persons which she consecrates, as she does those of her Pontiffs, and which the Prophet forbids to be

touched (1) under pain of sacrilege; and the independence of their crown which she herself placed on their head, and of which no one can deprive them; and the sanctity of the oath we owe them, and from which none, not even the nation, can be dispensed; and that fidelity towards them, which no subject of discontent, no injustice ever can enfeeble; and, in fine, that love for them, which she inspires, rather than prescribes, in order to strengthen the feeling of loyalty, and which is at once its most noble and its surest guarantee.

And indeed, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, this love is the vital principle of Empires and the true genius of Royalty. Without love, every thing dies in the State as well as in Religion. It is for Governments, as well as for Religion, the *link of perfection*. (2) This noble sentiment supplies all. It abridges all the operations and simplifies all the wheels of administration. *Love*, says St. Augustin, *and do what you please;* which is as true in politics as in morals. Kings, love your people; people, love your Kings, and then do what you please. All duties will go on, as it were by themselves, and every thing will march in the line of right

(1) Ps. CIV, 15. (2) Coloss. III, 14.

without pain or difficulty. It is the only sentiment which the passions cannot abuse, and which no sophism can extinguish. The most subtle and refined policy can never substitute any thing in its stead; and all the sophists, with all their learned speculations, can never produce any thing to equal this impulsive movement of the heart, which no space can limit, which inspires every species of devotedness, which commands every sacrifice and removes every fear and distrust; which ennobles servitude itself, if indeed servitude could exist with love. It is to this sentiment that the French monarchy owes its long duration. It is at once the most loving and the most ancient, and may indeed well be called the eldest of nations, as her Kings are styled the eldest of Kings. Supported by Religion, this *love which is stronger than death,* (1) has defended France against the most untameable of all enemies, time; and we may say, that it has done more for her defence and preservation than the valour of our soldiers and the genius of our captains.

How culpable must not then be those systematic reformers, who have broken this precious link by their senseless innovations, their

(1) Cant. VI, 7.

pretended social contracts, and all their political transmutations, in which wit is all, and sentiment nothing; who, far from attracting towards each other the hearts of Kings and those of their subjects, have bent all their science to separate the nation from its head, and to keep them at the greatest distance from each other. Not less expert in deceiving than in perverting, they have taught the people to count as nothing their most sacred duties, and as every thing their most chimerical rights. Alas! said we, in a discourse pronounced in presence of the *Martyr King*, (1) on the eve of our misfortunes, and at a moment when those hollow murmurs, the gloomy forerunners of the tempest, were echoing in our ears; Alas! seditious wretches, the better to enslave us, already begin to speak to us of our rights, in order to make us forget yours. No doubt, Sire, we have rights, and they are as ancient as the monarchy; the right of belonging to you, as to the head of the great family, and of calling ourselves your subjects, as this term signifies your children; the right of putting in our just appeals, to have them listened to; the right of confounding our interests with those of your Majesty; the right of expecting, that your paternal tenderness

(1) Lewis XVI.

shall answer our loyal devotedness; the right, in fine, of being happy by your cares, and free under your laws. As to those sacred and inalienable rights, Sire, we confide them to your love, and we deposit them in the heart of the Bourbons. These are the tables of the law, still more durable than the brass and marble—living tables, where our contract is written, and the French have no need of others.

Thus spoke we, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, and thus spoke the entire nation, before this sad philosophy had dried up our hearts, the better, forsooth, to enlighten our minds, and had forbidden us to feel, in order the better to teach us to think. How far was not this language of the heart, this declaration of sentiments, superior to their declaration of rights, that criminal and daring manifesto against the sovereign and against nature itself! What then must we think of those dry speculators, who, completely misunderstanding the human kind, surrounding themselves only with written compacts, with no other arms than securities, have dissipated all those happy illusions which surrounded the throne, and enfeebled every idea of paternity in the monarch, and every feeling of love in the subject.

Fanatics! they think themselves at the ze-

nith of political science, and they have not as yet learned the first elements of morality, and know no more the genius of nations than the nature of the human heart. Blind guides! they see not that the surest means of avoiding oppression is to inspire confidence; and that, the less we sympathize with the heart of the sovereign, the less also will he confide in the heart of his people; that here, the excess of precaution can only produce, on the one hand, an umbrageous authority, and, on the other, a calculated submission; and that thus, they efface that filial character, and break that link of love, which alone can conduct, alone has always conducted Frenchmen, and has done more for their happiness than ever could do the most beauteous and scientific constitution of the world.

But what! Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, have those men, who know all, still to learn, that Providence has not made of the art of governing a science of calculation, but of sentiment; and that the Creator would have been in some sort wanting to himself, if he had abandoned the social world to endless discussions, as he delivered up the realm of intellect to interminable disputes. Must they still learn, that the multitude is led on, more strongly than is generally imagined, by its very natural propensity towards

obedience and submission? In those who govern them, they must behold an object of veneration. They have need to be conducted, without knowing too precisely who conducts them. They have need of admiring and believing, and of confiding themselves to those placed over them; and it is Heaven that has done so for the repose and preservation of the human race. Woe to the people, if they become reasoners, and, consequently, restless and turbulent; calculators, and, consequently, ungrateful and suspecting. Yes, the moment they shall lose this faith in authority, this confidence, which creates the harmony of society; the moment the people shall no longer believe, no longer admire, no longer love, no longer hope, no longer confide in the heart of the Sovereign, and thus give the formal lie to their own instinct and their own wants, the universe is no more.

But happily, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, we have Religion to save the universe and preserve it from the wreck with which it is menaced by a cold and haughty Philosophy, which, judging all, despises all; a Religion, which is all love, and which, by this single feature, distinguishes its legislation from all other human legislations; a Religion, which writes its covenant and its decrees, *but writes them in the*

heart: (1) a Religion, which shows us Heaven, *whence descends all paternity*, (2) and with it royalty. Rich with sentiments and with lights, she teaches us to love our masters, as the God of whom they are the living images, bearing on their fronts the brilliant rays of his power and majesty; so that it is impossible to say, which of them owes Religion a more lively gratitude, whether it be Kings, whose subjects she renders more docile and more loving, or subjects, whose Kings she renders more sacred and more venerable.

Hence it is, that France would still have done nothing for her own happiness if she only wished her King; if she did not carry her views still higher, and re-demand that Religion she prefers to all.

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Yes, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, France wishes not only her King, but also her Religion; she has announced this wish by the organ of her Representatives, and by the mouth of our King, whose word cannot be vain. She wishes for that Religion, which, by the hands of one of her Pontiffs, laid the first stone of her Monarchy, in consecrating her first Christian King; that Religion, which she had received even before she

(1) Eph. III, 15. (2) Rom. II, 15.

was France, and which conquered the barbarians who had conquered us. She wishes for that Religion, which the heirs of Clovis transmitted to Charlemagne, the heirs of Charlemagne to those of Hugo the Great, and which the heirs of this latter cause to flourish in our days on the throne, still more by their virtuous examples than by their power; (1) so that, says our Bossuet, France is the only kingdom whose throne was never filled but by a Catholic King. It is then the Catholic Religion that France desires; this Religion, which exclusively possesses the centre of unity, the stem of succession, the vivifying juice, the ever fruitful and vivacious trunk of Christianity; this ever wakeful guardian of the *ancient deposit,* the most redoubtable rampart which impiety has to scale, in order to overturn revelation; this *unshakeable pillar of truth,* (2) on whose summit floats majestically the brilliant standard of the divinity of Jesus Christ, which she announces to the two worlds; fundamental dogma, without which all the others would be so many lies, and Christianity would present but a vain shadow of itself, a lifeless spectre and a cold hypocrisy; in short, this corner stone, on which

(1) Sermon on the unity of the Church.

(2) II. Tim. III, 15.

reposes the Christianity of the whole world; so that every thing, which bears the name of Christian, is interested in its preservation and in its propagation; yes, every loss the Catholic Religion sustains, every stroke she recives, every victory she loses, is a loss for Europe, an attempt against morality, a conquest on her happiness, her civilization and her tranquillity.

France wishes for her Religion, because Religion is the most sacred and inviolable of all her properties, and because no one has a right to seize upon it, none can even shackle its free exercise, enfeeble its solemnity, or lower its pre-eminence over all other worships, without declaring themselves at once the enemies of morals and public liberty.

France will have her Religion, because the impious will have it not; and because, forced to acknowledge one, they would prefer to her every other that bears not the curse of being the Religion of our ancestors; because the enemies of the King will not have her, convinced as they are, that as long as Catholicity lives, Royalty can never perish; because the partisans of the Usurper will not have her, because she is true, as they do not love the King, because he is legimate. France wishes for the Catholic Reli-

gion, because this Religion is so accommodated to her wants, to her genius and her character, so harmonizes with her happy qualities, or her natural defects, that every other would be in contradiction with her; that she could not divorce her, without repudiating herself, without renouncing her fairest titles of grandeur and of glory; and because we should soon cease to be Frenchmen, if we should cease to be Catholic.

And indeed, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, a people of lively and impetuous passions, naturally swayed, more than any other nation, by the love of pleasures, wants a worship austere and repressive by the severity of its moral, the necessity of its expiations, the abnegation it prescribes, and the practises of mortification it imposes.

For an inconstant people, amorous of novelty, and greedy of ambitious pursuits, there must needs be established a worship, whose ruling principle is authority, whose foundation is faith, whose first dogma is belief, whose first law is submission; and which, by repelling this private spirit, the parent of discord and the child of pride, shall curb this boundless curiosity, this dangerous thirst of knowledge, which the mind mistakes for its strength, and which is nothing else but its weakness.

For a light and frivolous people, there must needs be a worship, which, by the multitude of its rites and precepts, shall unceasingly recall to mind the multitude of their duties, and by that means bring them back, and fix them in the circle of social order.

A sensitive people, gifted with a lively imagination, has need of a worship at once noble and animated, which, by the pomp of its festivals, the holy joy of its solemnities, and the majesty of its liturgy, shall procure for the great and little, the rich and poor, useful and innocent relaxations, at the same time that it presents to the mind great images, to the heart great sentiments, and to the eye a grand and imposing spectacle.

A people, friend of the arts, should have a worship that should honour and encourage the arts, and favour their progress, by making their productions serve to the magnificence of the Temples, and the decoration of the Altars, and thus conduct them to that perfection, which contributes so much to the splendour of a great Empire.

A people of great talents needs a worship, at once tender and marvellous, alive with hope and with love, source inexhaustible of sublime beauties and high conceptions; and which, thus gloriously distinguished from all others, by the

crowd of eloquent orators and illustrious writers created by its august inspirations, shall prove, that to such worship alone belongs sound literature and sound doctrine; that it not less enlarges the dominion of genius than that of morality, and that in it alone is to be found the treasure of true talents and the true promise.

In short, a nation naturally monarchical, and the lover of its Kings, needs a worship favourable to Royalty and essentially monarchical: a worship which excludes the people from the formation of its laws, to associate them to its advantages only, and which is only popular by its charity; a worship which is called a *Royal Priesthood,* (1) and is in fact Royal in its spirit, in its discipline, in all the forms of its government; Royal in its Episcopacy, which itself owns a King and Sovereign Pontiff, whose power is attempered by the canons, as the kingly power by the laws.

Thus, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to take those things in a human view, and it is only in this sense we consider them, *humanum dico,* (2) independently of the other great motives, which prove the truth of our Religion marked with the seal of the Divinity itself, we have the right

(1) I. Pet. II, 9. (2) Rom. VI, 19.

to say, that Religion is the greatest favour a propitious Providence could ever bestow on our country; because Religion is more suitable to her than to any other country in the world, more analogous to her manners, more adapted to her wants, more conformable to her genius; and hence it is, that the greatest misfortune she could ever experience, would be to lose the Catholic Religion; whereas she would thereby lose, with the respect due to her ancestors, the respect she owes herself; and disfigure her national feature, that is to say, every thing which constitutes a nation, its stability, its safety, its strength, and its grandeur.

But what! shall we then have a predominant Religion? Such is the question which will, no doubt, be put to us by certain domineering leaders, whom the very name of domination appalls, unless there be question of their own, and who have but too sensibly made us feel its smarts, whenever Heaven in its wrath has permitted them to exercise it. Thus shall we be questioned by those levellers of Religion, descended in right line from those levellers of property, who, in haughtily arrogating to themselves the exclusive honour of reason and of thought, can no longer suffer any to aspire to

the exclusive honour of orthodoxy and of truth; those men, who still call themselves a power, and who ply every spring, in order that there may be in France no other prevailing Religion, save their sect and their Philosophy; who wish for no predominant Religion, because they still wish to see Religion, as under their rule, suffering and dependant; and who, no longer able to persecute it by open violence, wish at least, by a more refined cruelty, to persecute it under hand by humiliation and misery. They affect to confound a predominant Religion with one of persecution; as if Religion did not condemn persecution, as if, in detesting errors, she did not prescribe the support and protection of persons; as if, in order not to persecute, it were necessary to grant to all equal honour and favour; as if it were tyranny and intolerance, not to put on the same line the stranger and the child of the family, the ancient heir and the new possessor, the minister of truth and that of error, the Pontiff who succeeds to the Apostles, and those who succeed to none.

What then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, we wish that our King were above all other Kings; that our sciences and arts should excel those of all other countries; that our institutions should

exceed in wisdom and public utility all other institutions; that our military glory should surpass (alas! it has but too much surpassed) all other military fame; and we would not wish, that our worship should surpass that of every other creed; and we could deem it just, that a worship, at once the most noble, the most pure, the most ancient, and the best adapted to our country, should enjoy no pre-eminence over a worship of yesterday, at once the most obscure, and, perhaps, the most superstitious. Then deem it unseemly, that God should call himself *the greatest of all Gods*, (1) and, if you dare it, forbid him to name himself the *jealous God*. (2) Yes, jealous of the honour of his worship, as of our love; of the honour of his word, as of our homages; jealous of reigning alone, as it is by Him alone that reign all others. Has he not said, that He *would not give his glory to another?* (3) The glory of truth to error and lies; the glory of antiquity, to profane innovations; the glory of his Apostles and legates to adulterous pastors and false prophets? A predominant Religion is then but a mere bug-bear, with which free-thinkers affright the feeble ones.

(1) Ps. XCIX, 3. (2) Exod. XX, 5.
(3) Isaias XLII, 8.

And surely, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, she must predominate in the State, as Heaven over Earth, as the day-star over all other stars, as light over darkness. She must prevail, because nothing is more calculated than religious unity to recall to social union, the great and invariable end of every Government that understands its real interests; because the unity of Religion is not less necessary than unity of power, and the multiplicity of religious professions can only enfeeble the links of society, by relaxing those of morality; and because Religion is never more useful and efficacious, never inspires the people with greater veneration and attachment, never obtains a stronger sway over the heart and mind, than when she is one, and thereby fortifies and attracts, whereas plurality weakens and disunites. She must prevail, because that state is properly speaking without Religion, which recognises none, and it would recognise none, if it honoured all, indiscriminately, with the same privileges and an equal share of veneration; so that it would become thereby the first accomplice of public corruption, by giving the fatal example of religious neutrality, and of that indifference for all creeds, which is the bane of morals, and the death-stroke of every virtue. In a word,

she must predominate, because this undefined admission, this naturalization of every Religion, already existing, or yet to come, would in truth only be a sufficient impulse given to each, to fritter away the others, and the surest means of eclipsing all; and because, in short, the unlimited protection of all false religions is at bottom but the contempt, the derision, and persecution of the true one.

Yes, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, the persecution of the true. And is it not what we ourselves have witnessed at the moment when toleration was most loudly proclaimed? This is the persecution, which the Catholic Religion has undergone by those pretended *organic laws*, enacted merely to disorganize her own laws; by those fetters thrown unceasingly over Episcopal instruction; by the subjection of Ecclesiastical Schools; by this forced catechism, sullied with the stamp of tyranny; by the scandalous cessation of her most beautiful and most touching solemnities; by those penal laws, which shackle religious administration, but more than indulgent when there is question of the sacrilegious and the impious, but worthy of Tiberius, when there is question of Priests; laws, at once afflicting and injurious to the Religion of St. Lewis, and

which no doubt shall disappear under the reign of his august decendants ; laws, impolitic by dint of audacity, because they have betrayed the secret of this hypocritical toleration, which, ever praised but never defined, always moderate in principle and always bold in application, has gone on from enterprise to enterprise, and has finished by changing the predominant Religion into one cruelly domineered ; so that we can now say, that in the letter, as well as in the spirit of the code which governs us, we see nothing protected and truly independent but whatever is not the Catholic Religion : so true it is, that we know not where to stop, when once we have abandoned the great principle of religious unity ! so evident it is, that if there be a toleration just and rational, conformable to the interests of society and sound policy; and compatible with the tenets of morality, there is another toleration dangerous and fatal to that same society, and that is the Religion of those who have none. So easy it is to see, that, as there is a false liberty, a false humanity, a false Philosophy, there may also exist a false toleration, which would be but a new medium, and a more able combination of destruction, a new arm of impiety to forward its plan of tormenting the Ca-

tholic Religion by secret evils, if it dares not attack her openly, and, as they say it, hand to hand; of injuring her alone, whilst it appears to defend all, and of thus pushing her more surely off the scene by simply *tolerating* her existence than by decreeing her death.

We shall then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, have a predominant Religion, as have had before us all ages and every people, as all the civilized nations still have it, as we ourselves have enjoyed it from the very cradle of the French monarchy: that is a National Religion, as it is that of the greatest portion, not to say the totality of our countrymen; the Religion of the Sovereign, and hence encouraged and honoured as such; the Religion of the State, and hence not tolerated, but privileged, but defended, but maintained and established, as the State itself, for the greater good of the State, which finds in her its firmest prop and most noble guardian.

And what could we have understood from the Most Christian King, the Eldest Son of the Church, when He solemnly promised us from the throne *to make Religion reflourish*, if it be not the Catholic Religion, that is to say, the Religion which had flourished so many ages amongst us; with which our greatest men, our

most learned Schools, our hospitals, all our establishments of instruction and public benevolence have flourished more than in any other nation, and which could not be overturned but with the Monarchy itself? What means *to make Religion reflourish?*

It means, to give her a title to existence, by giving her the right of possession ; to restore to her, not indeed the splendid patrimony bequeathed her by our fathers, but those its last remains, now doubly sacred, as they are still the property of God and of the poor.

Make Religion reflourish, is to restore to her degraded altars their ancient lustre, to her Ministers, that authority they want, in order to do good, and that independence, without which they cannot do it ; that thus, as Isaias says, they may be truly called, *the Priests of the Lord, and the Ministers of God.* (1) Ministers of the poor, that they may assist them ; of the afflicted, that they may console them ; of the weak, to support them ; of the ignorant, to instruct them ; *reflourish,* that is to say, resuscitate, by the vigour of the sacred Canons and the choice of worthy Pontiffs, this illustrious Gallican Church, for-

(1) Isai. LXI, 6.

merly the ornament of France, by her precious services; the *ornament of Christendom*, (1) by her lights and virtues, and whose majesty so well corresponded with the majesty of the empire.

What! Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, we wish that commerce and industry, the arts and sciences should reflourish. We wish to see re-established discipline in our armies, justice in our tribunals, order in the administration, and we should not wish to see reflourish Religion, first source of all discipline, of all order and all justice? We should not wish to see her arise from amidst those ruins, under which she is buried, and, with her ancient glory, re-assume her ascendency, in order to repress vices and give life to every virtue? No, no, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, Religion must reflourish, or the stem of our monarchy must languish and wither; she must reflourish, or France must perish and crumble to her last foundation; for it is written: *every people and every kingdom not serving God must perish.* (2)

It is the oracle of eternal truth, the word of the living God, who sweareth by Himself, and

(1) Bossuet, Sermon on the Unity, etc.

(2) Isai. LX, 12.

all our vain murmurs will not save us. Eternal order will thus have it. Thus have perished the most powerful monarchies of the world, and all the ages that have gone before us stand up at once to attest to the world, that every state, which abandons God, is by Him abandoned in his turn.

And now, sublime politicians, great regenerators of nations and of governments, who deal out your national charters with the same extemporaneous facility as your discourses and your books; you, who poise with so much art your social edifice, that to support it you think you need no aid, not even that of God; multiply as much as you will your theories and your systems, choose your weights and counter-poises—vain attempts and senseless enterprise! Whatever equilibrium you shall give to your powers, you shall never establish any in the passions; you shall no more dispose of wills than of events; you shall never be wiser than nature, nor more foresighted than Providence. You may be able to give to your work every thing else save the breath of life, and this artificial masterpiece of your hands, not bearing on the eternal basis, shall totter at the first shock, and crush you under its own ruins.

You shall also hear it, and you are capable of comprehending it; you, whom the Nation has invested with its confidence, and who, by the calmness of your deliberations, and the wisdom of your measures, show us each day how much you are worthy of it. If you do not place Religion at the head of the laws, as the fundamental law, if she does not preside over your institutions, as God over the universe; if, instead of re-establishing her promptly and efficaciously, you resorted to expedients, not less unworthy of her than of you; if, yielding perhaps to human considerations, to the suggestions of so many perverse men, who, by the strangest inversion of ideas, look upon God as a stranger to the government of states, and Religion as a public calamity which must be proscribed, or, at best, tolerated as a necessary evil, you should fear to give her too much power and preponderance; if, not daring to oppose her as a wall of brass to this deluge of corruption and impiety, which carries away all, you composed with this same corruption, which you should cure, and with this impiety, which you should conquer, and thus, by an error, as fatal as inexcusable, you lost the moment of mercy Heaven still leaves you, to

come forth again to life; (1) if so, we shall say to you, as the Apostle, with sorrow and with tears, that new torrents shall overflow and break down every mound. It is then that *hell,* as the Prophet says it, shall *dilate its abysses* (2) to put forth new disorders, and extend, if possible, the limits of human perversity; then, as in the days of Sion's desolation, *the sword of the stranger should slay us;* (3) then ruin should succeed to ruin, revolutions should call on revolutions, and the French Nation, struck beyond remedy, should only serve as an example of instruction and terror to all others.

But no: the word of our august Monarch shall be accomplished, and the Catholic Religion shall reflourish, and with her the oracle of the Holy Ghost shall be fulfilled, that *every people which shall observe the law of God shall prosper;* (4) and this other: *Religion holds in her right hand length of days, and in her left riches and glory;* (5) and this other: *the multitude of virtuous and faithful men are the health and safety of the universe.* (6) She will reflourish, and with

(1) Philip. III, 18.
(2) Isai. V, 14.
(3) Jerem. XX.
(4) Prov. XXIX, 18.
(5) Prov. III, 16.
(6) Wisd. VI, 26.

her public honesty and good faith, benevolence and justice, good children, good spouses, good magistrates, true heroes, still more alive to honour than to glory; with her, shall disappear those scandalous marriages, unconsecrated by Religion, and this hideous divorce, which stains our legislation, insults our morals and braves our faith; with her, Public Instruction shall divest itself of every alloy which might tarnish its purity; with her, the throne of St. Louis shall consolidate itself *by truth and mercy*, (1) and like that of David, shall last *as long as the sun*, (2) for the eternal repose of France and of the world: and this land of misery and desolation, where we now behold only thorns and brambles and bitter wild-fruits, shall see once more the days of her fruitfulness and her abundance, shall become once more as a *wartered and fertile garden*, (3) *her ruins shall be consoled*, (4) and as the Prophet again has it, she shall bloom once more *like the lily:* (5) *et florebit quasi lilium.*

The false sages of the world will no doubt find our views very narrow and our principles

(1) Prov. XX, 28. (2) Psal. LXXI, 5.
(3) Isai. LVIII, 2. (4) Isai. LV, 3.
(5) Isai. XXXV, 1.

superannuated. We are far from blushing at this reproach, and God forbid that we should ever share with them this rage of novelty which has ruined and still torments our unfortunate country. And who then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, shall be the enemies of innovations if not the Ancients of the Sanctuary, if not the Bishops, those guardians of the old traditions and of the primitive truths? And what Gospel do we preach to you, if not the *eternal Gospel?* (1) What Religion do we announce to you, but that which descends from the *eternal hills,* (2) and which, born before the *day-star,* (3) like the wisdom of God, owns not the law of changes? Ah! no doubt, they are not superannuated, not worn with the rust of prejudices, all those architects of ruin, all those ephemeral innovators, who, born but yesterday, are not sure to live till the morrow; but yet they are the scourges of the earth, and the enemies of the human race. And how otherwise shall we name those senseless wretches, who in order, forsooth, to remedy certain abuses, have destroyed every rule, and to lop

(1) Apoc. XIV, 6. (2) Psal. CIX, 3.

(3) Psal. LXXV, 5.

the tree, have put the axe to its very root; who have proposed to us to renounce all our past and all our remembrances, and thus to disinherit us of all the nobility of our history, all the lessons of experience and all the gifts of time? We should, indeed, be new, or rather strange novices in the march and knowledge of human things, not to know that the less any thing holds to the past, (1) the less it is sure of the future; that empires live only in the future; that in politics, as well as in Religion, we are saved only by the belief of the future, and that the true legislators, as well as the true Christians labour only for eternity.

Far from us then all those blasphemers of eternal reason, who, in their senseless pride, dare to speak to us continually of modern reason, who wish to push back the ancient ages and who pretend that the human mind cannot retrograde, who in their ceaseless changes fondly tell us, that they displace every land-mark in order that nothing may hereafter change. Inconsistent with themselves, they give us their doubts, their changes, their hesitation as the first principles of things. They boast to us

(1) Bossuet, Polit. Sac.

continually of the progress of our lights; but yet they despise us sufficiently to tell us, that they are labouring for our civilization, and indeed they have need to labour, for, thanks to their learned lessons, they have brought us to the verge of the savage life.

For our parts, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, we shall not cease to repeat to you what Moses said to his people : *Ask your ancestors and the God of your fathers and go back to the source.* (1) Think that the less we wander from the beaten paths, the more shall we be secure; think that social order never marches better than when we leave in the shade those rights of people and of Kings, the very obscurity of which constitutes their strength; that there exists in the foundations of Empires, I know not what secret mystery, that requires a blind faith, and by dint of digging them we find an abyss ; think in fine, that, to despise the authority of ages, is to despise the authority of God, because it is God himself that has made antiquity, and that to renounce it, were it not even the last misfortune, would be at least the greatest of crimes.

(1) Deut. XXXII, 7.

We feel it, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, and never did God before more strikingly signalize his vengeance on this insolent disdain. Listen to his Prophet : They have violated their own laws, fruit of the wisdom of ages, and clad with the seal of time. *Transgressi sunt leges.* (1) They have changed the public law and ancient statutes which ruled their Fathers; *mutaverunt jus :* they have broken the solemn pact and the eternal alliance which united the Prince and his Subjects, the Father and his Children, *dissipaverunt fœdus sempiternum :* and hence have I struck their land with malediction; the country shall be infected by the corruption of its inhabitants; (2) those who cultivate it shall become senseless, and shall experience misfortunes as unexampled as their crimes, as new and strange as their own thoughts; *fructum cogitationum ejus.* (3) O Prophecy, too visibly accomplished ! see what we have become; to whom do we resemble, if not to those nations spoken of by the Prophet, *who walk giddy and as it were drunk with wine,* (4) no longer knowing where to stop, or how to

(1) Isai. XXIV, 5. (2) Ibid. 6.
(3) Jerem. VI, 19. (4) Jerem. LI, 7.

recover, nor even recognising themselves. Was there ever a state more undefinable than ours? No longer an ancient people, and not even a new people; no longer holding to the past which we have repudiated, nor to the future which nothing guarantees to us; no longer able to become what we have been, no longer knowing what we would be, in short, without ancestors or posterity, what are we save an inconceivable chimera, disavowed alike by Heaven and by Earth.

Thus, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, since our first Father, has God ever punished pride by humiliation, and false wisdom by the spirit of fatuity. Alas! we had imagined after his example that *we should become Gods*, free, independent, immortal, *knowing good and evil*, (1) and yet scarcely have we touched the forbidden fruit, that is the altars of our God and the throne of our King, but far from becoming as Gods, we have sunk even below the level of man. If, at least, we had afterwards made some serious reflexions on ourselves, and that a great chastisement had brought on a great repentance; if we had opened our eyes, as Adam after his sin; if,

(1) Genes. III, 5.

like him, we knew how to blush at our nakedness and moral penury, far more deplorable than the poverty of our resources, as the one only causes our misery, but the other our shame; if, like him, we said in the bitterness of our hearts, it is *the serpent that deceived us*, it is the demon of philosophy that seduced us by his fair promises and perfidious lures: *serpens decepit me.* (1) But no; our pride, far from being broken down, *continually arises*, (2) like that of the impious spoken of in the Scriptures, and when we speak to you of your errors and your follies, you speak only of your lights; and when they reproach us with the greatest treacheries, and the most coward disloyalty that ever dishonoured a nation, we only speak of our glory. (3) We say, indeed: Woe are we, because our cities are consumed, and our lands are wasted, and for a long time we shall not behold the prosperous days we enjoyed; but we do not say, with holy Job, woe are we *because the hand of God hath fallen upon us:* (4) or with the brethren of Joseph: *miserable that we are, because we merit our misfortunes.* (5)

(1) Genes. III, 13. (2) Psal. LXXIII, 23.
(3) Jerem. IV, 13. (4) Job. XIX, 21.
(5) Gen. XLII, 21.

We bewail our faults, our mistakes, our false calculations and our hopes deceived; but we do not weep over our disorders, our excesses, and those crimes as nameless as unexampled. We lament the cruel reprisals exercised against us, but not our rash aggressions, and our unjust provocations. We regret the loss of some master-pieces of the arts, as useless to our happiness as to our glory; but we do not weep over those sacred monuments, we ourselves have broken with our own hands; over those august temples, raised by piety and genius, which have fallen under the stroke of a barbarous and sacrilegious vandalism.

In fine, we deplore the restoration or demolition of some fortresses; but we do not reflect on the total loss of public morals, the true citadels of the State, and we do not see, that it is in vain we should guard the gates of the city, if the Lord be not their sentinel; and we forget, that our frontiers are still better defended by Religion than by our armies.

Let us speak out: in a word, we are irritated but not converted, crushed but not corrected; humbled, and we do not see that we ourselves are our greatest humiliation; (1) such is our

(1) Mich. V, 14.

boundless perversity, which confounds crime and virtue, and which, according to the caprice of our opinions, calls *good evil, and evil good.* (1) Such our refined depravity, which renders us vicious still less by weakness than by system, and which admits but one principle, that of despising all others; such the fanaticism of impiety, which, like a devouring canker, undermines and consumes us; and in fine, this shameful triumph of public immorality, which still finds public abettors.

Perhaps, those truths shall appear hard and severe, as those which the Saviour announced to the rebellious and impenitent Jews; but to whom shall we announce them, if not to men who, like unto those spoken of by Ezechiel, *harden their face as the stone, in order not to blush;* (2) and who, *powerful in iniquity, glorify themselves in their malice.* (3)

Yes, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, we must announce those truths, because *truth alone shall deliver us,* (4) and there only slaves exist where truth is not heard. We must announce them to a blind nation, that still loves its own misery, and chooses rather to be punished than enlight-

(1) Isai. V, 20.
(2) Jerem. V, 3.
(3) Ps. LI, 3.
(4) John VIII, 32.

ened. We must announce them, because we live in a frivolous and distracted age, which forgets all, and which should be reminded of all: because we must instruct the children, if their fathers do not wish to open their own eyes to the light. Let us, at least, endeavour to form the future generations, and teach them to profit of our cruel experience, if the present does not wish to receive the terrific lessons with which Heaven instructs us. *Scribantur hæc in generatione alterâ.* (1)

How shall we then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, better terminate our instruction, than by the advice given us by the Apostle, *to fear God* and *honour the King*. (2) It is one of those simple and profound maxims where we find every thing, and which says all in a single word. *Fear God,* it is the beginning of wisdom, and honour the King, it is the perfection of policy. (3)

Fear God, it is what makes the perfect man; honour the King, it is what makes the accomplished Frenchman. (4) Fear God; and he is not feared if the King be not honoured: and the King is not honoured, if God be not feared.

(1) Ps. CI, 19. (2) I. Petr. II, 19.
(3) Ps. CXI, 10. (4) Eccles. XII, 13.

Admirable and truly divine policy, which thus confounding the duties of Christians and citizens, the service of the Prince and of the Eternal, seems to share with the Empires of the Earth the immortality of the Heavenly Kingdom.

It is by penetrating ourselves, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, with this holy maxim, that we can truly say, that France wishes her King and her Religion ; her King, to maintain and protect Religion against the attacks of the impious ; and her Religion, to defend and protect her King against rebels. Magnificent alliance, by which we can dispense with all others, and with which we have nothing to fear but our own frailty. But of what advantage would it be to wish our King, if we did not render ourselves worthy of him by our efforts to second him, and of all the miracles that have restored him to us, by an unshaken and boundless loyalty ?

How could he reform the State, if we did not begin by reforming ourselves ? How could he defend us abroad, if the Nation was stung at heart by the venom of licentious doctrines, and by that leprosy of Atheism, a thousand times more fatal than that which once afflicted our fathers? How could he, did he even possess all the wisdom of Solomon, all the courage of

David, and all the piety of Josias, become the master of an undisciplined and untoward nation, impatient of every yoke, discontent with all except herself, easy and indulgent when there is question of her own interests, and thereby the more difficult and exacting for her King. If it has been said, that we should be gods in order to govern men, what should be the leader of this new race of beings, that count as many opinions as members, and as many follies as opinions, and who, having no other public spirit than their private interest, and a base egotism, would still remain as perverse and immoral as the Revolution that created them?

What we say, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, with respect to our King, is still more urgent with regard to our Religion. Where is the advantage of having her Ministers pensioned, her sacred schools recovered, her altars and her temples raised anew, if these same temples are deserted, and these altars abandoned; if the sick no longer present themselves to be *washed in the pool:* if to this deplorable famine of the word of God, which they neglect to hear, succeeded the still deplorable contempt of this same word they should no longer wish to hear; if, after having seen the flock *wandering like*

sheep without a shepherd, (1) we should now behold, by a new calamity, the Pastors wandering without a flock? It is then, indeed, we should despair of the safety of France: our state would become worse than the former; and our malady the more incurable, as the remedy would then be turned into poison, and the principle of life into a principle of death.

Let us then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, rally around our King and return sincerely to our God, and all our woes shall disappear and *all good things shall come at once to us.* (2) Retrenched behind this double rampart, we shall be stronger than ever, and we shall brave at once the enemies of within and the enemies of without.

Tempered anew in the fire of adversity and the crucible of tribulations, we shall gain new strength by what we shall curtail from our pleasures and our luxuries. Our sacrifices shall turn to the profit of our morals, and misfortunes even to our glory; our faults shall serve as lessons, and the chastisements of Heaven shall become signal favours. With the esteem of ourselves, we shall reconquer that of nations,

(1) Mark VI, 34. (2) Wisd. VII, 11.

and, after having been their shame and their scourge, we shall be the object of their jealousy and imitation. Yes, we shall prove to the world, that we could be conquered, but not humbled; humbled, but not cast down; and that our France could want nothing as long as she shall have her Religion and her King: her King, to serve him; her Religion, to fulfil her precepts; her King, to repair our losses and heal our wounds; her Religion, to strengthen us in good, and the practice of every virtue; her King, to assure our transitory happiness in this world, and her Religion, our eternal felicity in the next.

Our present Pastoral Instruction shall be read in all the Churches of our Diocess, the Sunday after its reception. On account of its length, we permit our Parish Priests and Curates to divide it into as many portions as they shall think proper, and to accompany it with the details and explanations, they shall judge useful and necessary to make it understood by their auditors.

We further most expressly recommend to all our beloved co-operators, to profit of this occasion to warn the faithful confided to them against those false and perfidious reports, which

though always belied, are still sent abroad with new audacity by the guilty emissaries of *the enemy*. It will be easy to open the eyes of these simple people that may have fallen into the snares laid for their credulity, by shewing them, that this artifice is the last sad resource of a faction already at bay, and of a cause for ever lost; and that nothing can give them a better idea of him whom we may justly call the father of lies, and who having reigned by terror, would now wish at least to trouble our repose by false alarms, and to console himself in his incapacity to dispose at his whim of our properties and of our blood, by hindering us, as much as in him lies, of enjoying in peace the mild and beneficent reign under which we have the happiness to live.

Given and preached at Troyes, January 7th, 1816.

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes.

By Order,

Constant Migneaux, Canon Secretary.

PASTORAL INSTRUCTION.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, etc.

SINCE many years, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, we have not been able to appeal to your charity in behalf of our Seminary. Misfortunes too well known, and events too memorable to be here recalled to mind, have rendered it impossible for us to recur to your benevolence in favour of an establishment not less precious to Religion than to the Country, not less calculated to interest the true friends of the State than those of the Church. Those sad obstacles have been removed, and we hasten to profit of the holy career on which we enter, in order to renew our exhortations on this subject, and that with more

urgent solicitude now, as new circumstances have created new wants; and those new wants necessitate an augmentation of supplies, and offer to your piety a new motive to concur in the consolidation of a work as holy as it is meritorious.

Hitherto, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, the Students of the Seminary have lived near our own person, and immediately under our own eye (they have not even had any other dwelling than our own), and far from complaining on that head, we would have congratulated ourselves, if the place they as yet occupy therein had been more spacious and more commodious, better suited to their number and necessities, and if, too narrow to be salubrious, it had not visibly compromised their health, and even their lives. These several years past, we have been soliciting, but in vain, the restitution of the great Seminary (the only place that can answer all their purposes); a restitution, so much the more just, as having been constructed some years before the Revolution, at the expense of the Diocess and its generous Prelate, it should have been justly looked upon as their patrimony. This important edifice has at length been restored to us by our virtuous Monarch, and in granting us this favour, which we consider as the prelude of many others,

he has less yielded to our prayers than to his own natural equity and the pious movements of his heart. It was worthy of the legitimate King to restore to the legitimate proprietor a building of which he could not have been despoiled but by a Revolution, iniquitous in its principle, barbarous in its means, and impious in its object. It was indeed meet that a descendant of St. Lewis, the eldest Son of the Church, should restore to that Church the sacred School of her Ministers, whose destination could not have been thwarted without saddening men of virtue and the friends of public morals.

We have it in contemplation, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to transfer our Seminary to the building lately restored, as soon as we shall have made the necessary reparations, and rendered it capable of receiving a soldiery so different from that for which it was reserved. These reparations cannot take place without much expense, and consequently render our succours more indispensable, and our alms more urgent. It is on this renewal of your alms that we count with the most lively confidence. We have no doubt, but a holy emulation of zeal and pious generosity shall be established amongst you, and that every one will stand forward to

contribute to the restoration of this cradle of the Priesthood, and concur, according to his means, to raise this Sanctuary where the Lord is going to dwell anew; and which shall soon become what it was, and what it should never have ceased to be, *the house of prayer*, the *abode of the angels of peace*, (1) the asylum of piety and sacred learning, the home of virtuous poverty, and the happy nursery, where shall soon bud forth those young plants destined to produce in their season the most abundant fruits of salvation and grace, and thus indemnify Religion for its losses and its ruins.

This hope is not vain, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, and if, to awaken your interest in favor of those young Levites, it were necessary to speak their praises, we should say, at the risk of wounding their modesty, that their progress in piety corresponds with their progress in study, and that they are at once our consolation and our joy, as well as of the virtuous ecclesiastics to whose care we have confided them. We should say, that, docile to the lessons of their wise conductors, they render themselves more and more worthy of one day conducting

(1) Isai. XXXIII, 7.

others, and that after having been faithful and submissive sheep, every thing promises they shall be vigilant and zealous Pastors, and edify their flocks as much as they now do our Clergy and Episcopal City. We should recall to your minds those days of alarm and persecution, in which they have shown themselves superior to every fear and every seduction. They have then shown themselves not less courageous than faithful, not less sensible to our misfortunes than to those of the Church ; not less attached to our person than to our authority, they have proved that they possessed in an eminent degree the virtues of their calling, as they knew its rules and principles, and thus have merited that we may say of them what the Prophet says of those children whose tongues God, when he pleases, can render most eloquent in his praise. *Ex ore infantium perfecisti laudem.* (1)

You will learn, Our Dearly Beloved Brethen, not, perhaps, without surprise, that this year we have carried the number of those pupils to more than two hundred, notwithstanding the scantiness and even the diminution of our resources ; and you will no doubt inquire how such a great

(1) Ps. VIII, 3.

number of children, so few of whom furnish the expenses of their entertainment, can nevertheless subsist. *Istos quis enutrivit?* (1)

It is the signal favour of Divine Providence, the visible protection of Heaven, the aid of Him, who can raise from the very stones children to Abraham, and multiply five loaves to nourish a multitude. But this favour and protection of Heaven, which it is impossible to disown, far from exempting you from aiding us, are, on the contrary, but new motives to second Divine Providence by your efforts and your sacrifices; and thus, by associating yourselves to his favours, share the same blessings he has hitherto shed on an establishment we may regard as the work of his right hand and the favourite object of his paternal bounty.

We feel, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, that the present circumstances are not too favourable to obtain great assistance from you. We know too well all the misfortunes late events have drawn upon our Diocess, already weighed down by the disasters of last year; so that we can exclaim with the inhabitants of Jerusalem: Woe to us because we walk in the midst of devasta-

(1) Isai. XLIX, 21.

tion and ruins. *Væ nobis quoniam vastati sumus.* (1) But if now, more than ever, we can say with the Apostle, that *the times are bad,* (2) we can also say with him, that we *must urge you in season and out of season* and *not fear to become importunate,* (3) whenever it is necessary to stimulate your charity, and the wants of the church require it. We know that true charity knows no season, and that the moment, perhaps the most favourable to render it active and industrious, is the very season of afflictions and adversity; because, according to the wise man, *whatever afflicts the heart awakens the understanding,* (4) by inspiring good desires and good thoughts. No doubt, our misfortunes are great, and so much the more so as we have justly deserved them, as they are the fruits of our errors and our crimes, and as we owe them still less to the vengeance of our enemies than that of Heaven. But this is but another and stronger reason to disarm that Heaven which so signally chastises us, and to appease, by our alms and ardent supplications, that awful Being, who, as the Scripture has it, *strikes us with an extended arm,* (5)

(1) Jerem. IV, 13. (2) Ephes. V, 16. (3) Tim. IV, 2.
(4) Eccl. XXII, 24. (5) Jerem. XXVII, 5.

and who *in his wrath* (1) *bruises the people as he bruises kings.* (2)

No doubt our misfortunes are great, and still greater than we imagine; no, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, our real disasters lie neither in the devastation of our lands, nor in the burning of our cities, nor in the loss of our harvests, nor in the exhaustion of the public treasure, nor in the ruin of private fortunes. They consist in the overthrow of all principles, in the decay of all moral ideas, in this profound depravity which has gained every age and every state, in this unmeasured and unbridled licentiousness unknown to our fathers; in a word, in this contempt of God and of his laws, and this total forgetfulness of Religion which menaces at once the city and the country with one common barbarity.

Such, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, is the great misery which has produced all others; the sovereign calamity, source of all calamities; such *the treasures of iniquity* (3) that have drawn upon our heads *the treasures of wrath.* (4) It is then the speedy return of Religion that can alone heal our woes, re-animate France, and raise her

(1) Psal. LV, 8. (2) Ps. CIX, 5.
(3) Mich. VI, 10. (4) Jam. V, 3.

from the abyss into which her impiety has plunged her.

It is then towards this happy re-establishment that should tend our most ardent wishes; and how shall we be able to accomplish this great end but by contributing, as much as in us lies, to the support of the sacred Ministers destined to perpetuate religious worship, and replace her supporters, whose daily reduction is so rapid and alarming. How, if it be not by upholding with all our means those Schools of the Priesthood better calculated than all others to animate your zeal? Those schools, eminently national, and worthy of being at the head of all the public institutions, if it be true that the morality of a nation should be set before every thing beside, and that religion is to a people what soul is to a body, what the air we breathe is to life.

It is also, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to sympathize with you in the rigorous position of things, and in the difficult times in which we are circumstanced, that we will still use this year, but without consequence for the future, an indulgence which appears to us conformable to the spirit of the church, by dispensing you in a part of the law of Lent, but which shall be compensated by satisfactory works, and particularly

by alms given to our Seminary, according to the faculties and conscience of each person.

Here follow several articles, similar to those noticed in a foregoing Pastoral.

Given at Paris, under the seal, etc. etc. February 15th, 1816.

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes.

By Order,

Constant Migneaux, Canon Secretary.

PASTORAL LETTER

Ordering a solemn Mass to be celebrated, and prayers of thanksgiving to be offered up on Monday the 5th of May, to thank God for the return of the King, and the approaching marriage of His R. H. the Duke of Berry with Her R. H. the Princess Caroline of the two Sicilies.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, etc.

OUR Most Christian King, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, has deigned to inform us, by a closed letter, of the approach of the epoch for ever dear to our hearts, of his return to his states, and to express to us the "necessity he feels of re-" turning to God new acts of thanksgiving " for so many miraculous events, by which it " has pleased Him to signalize His protection " towards him and his august House."

His Majesty, well penetrated with this truth, that every excellent grace and every perfect

gift comes from on high, descending from the Father of lights, (1) equally recognises the "special intervention of Divine Providence, in "the happy alliance which is shortly to unite "two branches of the Royal Family, and which "promises to France, Princes to inherit his "own love for his people."

He then expects from their affection and piety, "that they will unite with him in bearing "to the foot of the altars, the homage of their "gratitude and the tribute of their prayers."

Such is the double object of this letter, truly worthy of the son of Saint Lewis, by the piety it breathes; worthy of the son of Lewis the Great, by the elevation and majesty which reign throughout it; worthy, in fine, of the Brother of our Martyr-King, by the sentiments of paternal bounty with which it abounds.

Could your hearts, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, not open to the grand and pious expressions of your beloved Sovereign? Who amongst us could be insensible to an event, which retraces the greatest miracle in the political order, of which modern history furnishes us an example? Yes, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, this prodigy of the mercy of Heaven towards us, is

(1) James I, 17.

marked with such a broad seal of evidence, that it is impossible for the most obstinate not to recognise it.

To the joy, with which the anniversary of the King's return should inspire the heart of every true Frenchman, a memorable event, a new pledge of the stability of his Royal Dynasty, is going to add new transports. A valorous Prince, after the example of so many kings, his glorious ancestors, secures for ever, under the empire of the Lilies, the destinies of our country, by his alliance with a Princess of his own blood.

Blessed, no doubt, shall be the alliance that is to unite the blood of the Bourbons, piety with piety, goodness with goodness, *the love of the people with the love of the people!* How much do we not regret, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, that, on so solemn an occasion, which opens every heart to so much joy and so much hope, a moment of indisposition should prevent us from announcing to you, all we ourselves experience; from engaging you more earnestly to prayer and thanksgiving for so great a favor. Our *Pastoral Instruction* on the love and fidelity we owe our king, and which so happily coincides with this memorable event, will supply what our present debility does not permit us to say to you. The lecture of His Majesty's

letter alone will excite in your hearts sentiments, which our painful position prevents us from developing, in the manner and degree with which we ourselves are penetrated.

Here follow a few articles indicating the Mass to be celebrated, and certain psalms and other prayers proper for the occasion, with injunctions to the same effect for the other Churches of the Diocess, whose Pastors are to invite, in the accustomed forms, the civil and military authorities.

Given at Troyes, etc. etc., 24th April, 1816,

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes.

By Order,

Constant Migneaux, C. Secretary.

HIS MAJESTY'S LETTER TO THE BISHOP OF TROYES.

"My Lord Bishop of Troyes, we could not behold the approach of the Anniversary of the memorable epoch of our entrance into our states, without feeling the necessity of making to God new acts of thanksgiving for so many miraculous events, by which He has been pleased to signalize His protection towards us and our House.

"We also fondly recognise the special intervention of Divine Providence in the happy alliance, which is shortly to unite two branches of our family, and which promises to France, Princes that shall inherit our love for our people.

"We expect then from the affection, of which they daily give us such touching proofs, that, on this occasion they will unite with us in bearing to the foot of the altars the homage of their gratitude and the humble tribute of their prayers.

"To restore to Religion her power and her splendour, to the Gallican Church her dignity, to good morals their empire, to all sound doc-

trines their salutary influence; to extinguish all animosities, reunite all hearts, to secure repose within, and maintain peace without; such is the constant object of our paternal solicitude; such the favours we should implore at His hands of whom all empires hold."

"For these causes, our intention, My Lord Bishop of Troyes, is, that on receipt of the present you order public prayers to be addressed to Heaven, in all the Churches of your Diocess, the first Sunday which shall follow the 3rd of May, the day of our entrance into Paris: and the present being to no other end, we pray God to have you in His holy and worthy keeping.

"Done in our Palace of the Thuileries, the 19th April, in the year of Grace, 1816, and the 21st of our reign.

Signed, LEWIS.

And under,

VANBLANC."

PASTORAL LETTER

Ordering that on the 16th October, or the Monday immediately following its reception, there be celebrated, in all the Churches of his Diocess, a solemn Service for the soul of Marie-Antoinette of Austria, Queen of France and Navarre.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, etc. etc.

WE have just now received, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, the letter which His Majesty has deigned to address to us, announcing his intention, that we should order a solemn Service in all the Churches of our Diocess, in memory of the late Queen of France, Marie-Antoinette of Austria. We hasten to fulfil this duty, as it is to be feared that our letter cannot arrive in all the parishes of so vast a Diocess, before the 16th, the anniversary of the death of this great and unfortunate Princess. And who indeed, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, could recall her to his me-

mory without feeling the throes of anguish and the irresistible desire of pouring forth his tears and his prayers at the foot of the holy altars, in this deplorable commemoration? If the 21st of January is now for every Frenchman a day of mourning and expiation, how could the 16th of October not be so? What an enigma for our history, what a blemish on our age, are those two outrages! If the first, which caused the best of Kings to perish by a parricidal sword, was more bold and sacrilegious, the second, which associated the greatest of Queens to her spouse's martyrdom, was more cruel and barbarous, as it was more useless and still less coloured by pretexts or excuse.

The King desires, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, that, instead of a funeral oration, the Ministers of Religion should confine themselves to the lecture from the pulpit of *this touching and sublime letter, which has been discovered by a miracle.* It is, in truth, itself, the most eloquent panegyric that can be pronounced on this Princess; the most honourable title that can recommend her to the memory of man and the veneration of posterity; the most glorious resemblance she could have to the Martyr-King: same firmness of soul, same resignation, same magnanimity, same pardon for her mur-

derers, same spirit of religion and piety which animates and supports her in her last hour. It is, in short, the most triumphant answer she could make to her cruel persecutors, who, when they could not condemn her without injustice, calumniated her without shame: who could, indeed, rob her of her crown and her life, but not of her dignity and her honour; could drench her with humiliations and outrages, but never degrade her.

How could we then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, not bless and adore Divine Providence, which, after having saved, by a prodigy which the most incredulous must recognise, the immortal Testament of Lewis XVI, has permitted that that also of his august companion should be transmitted to us by means not less extraordinary and surprising, to teach us, as it were, never to separate in our vows and prayers those two great victims, so worthy each other, and still more united by the heroism of their sentiments than by the rigour of their fortunes.

We shall insist no longer, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, on the eulogium of this immortal Princess, accomplished model of goodness and grace, as faithful spouse as she was a tender mother; who was never wanting to herself on any occa-

sion; and after having, upon the throne, shown herself greater than her rank, still knew how in her last moments to prove superior to herself. We shall have said all for her glory, when we shall remark that she held so high a place in the heart of this heavenly Elizabeth, *her good and tender sister*, and Martyr like herself, and that it is into this heart, so noble and so pure, that she poured forth all her own; when we shall have said that the King, in announcing to the Deputies of the Nation the unexpected discovery of this memorable letter, which has revealed so many exalted virtues, has felt himself honoured *with having been her subject, her brother, and her friend:* what a new motive to answer to the wishes of his pious sorrows! And what could we offer him more agreeable or more consoling for his heart, than thus to pay to the object of his tender affections the solemn tribute of our supplications and our tears?

But in thus corresponding with his noble desires, could we neglect, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to pray for himself, to demand of God that He should deign to inspire him with this spirit of counsel, prudence and strength, of which, now, more than ever, he stands in need: it is the greatest mark of gratitude he can re-

ceive at our hands, at a moment when his Royal Charity pours out on our Department (1) such numerous succours, which should so much the more feelingly touch our hearts, as they are the fruits of personal sacrifices he imposes on himself; succours, which he retrenches not only from his pleasures, but from his wants; proving thereby, that there is no privation which is not for him an enjoyment, whenever it can contribute to the alleviation of poverty and the consolation of the afflicted.

How unjust then, and how culpable, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, would not be those perfidious agitators, those artisans of falsehood, who, not less insensible to his favours than to his virtues, should fill up the measure of their ingratitude by aggravating the toilsome load of his functions with their exaggerated complaints, their unfounded reproaches, and those fabulous reports, so much the more easily accredited, as they are more absurd, and more easily belied: and who, instead of blessing his paternal solicitude

(1) The succours granted to the Department of Aube, by the King and the Princes of his Family, amount to one million, forty-two thousand, nine hundred and eighty francs.

and inexhaustible bounty, make new efforts, every day, to turn against him the very misfortunes he repairs, the casualties he cannot avoid, the very scourges of Heaven, and the disasters of which they themselves are the first cause; and thus do they seek to enfeeble those sentiments of love and fidelity to which he has acquired so strong a title, and which alone can ensure our happiness and our strength.

We will then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, commemorate the 16th of October with that spirit of penance and compunction which so well suits this funereal day. We will celebrate it with that sadness and religious recollection commanded by the great crime of which it recalls the horrid memory. We shall celebrate it, in order to expiate it as much as possible; in order to wash ourselves from the shame of this outrage which shall accuse us to the latest generations; to implore the Divine Mercy and disarm the wrath of Heaven, justly irritated against us, and whose anger shall not cease until we shall have ceased to offer to the world the spectacle of a nation still sick with her own vices and errors, still infatuated with her own false lights, and so desperately situated, that no calamity can correct, no experience enlighten, no lesson in-

struct, no grace can soften, no miracle convert her.

Here follow certain articles indicating the expiatory ceremonies to be performed in the several churches of the Diocess.

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes.

By Order,

Constant Migneaux, C. Secretary.

October 12, 1816.

LETTER

Of Marie-Antoinette of Austria, Queen of France and Navarre, to Madame Elizabeth of France.

This 16th of Oct., at half-past four in the morning.

"It is to you, my Sister, I write for the last time. I am after being condemned, not indeed to a shameful death, (it is only so for the culpable), but to go rejoin your Brother. Like him, innocent, I hope to show the same firmness as he in his last moments. I am calm as one is when conscience reproaches nothing; I grieve profoundly to quit my poor children: you know I existed only for them and for you, my good and tender Sister; you, who through friendship, have sacrificed all to be with us. In what a position I leave you! I have learned by the pleadings of the suit that my daughter was separated from you. Alas! poor child, I dare not write to her, she would not receive my letter; I know not even if this one shall reach you.

"Receive here my blessing for them both. I hope, that one day, when they shall be older, they will be able to reunite themselves with you and enjoy entirely your tender cares. Let them

both reflect on what I have never ceased to inculcate to them; that principles, and the exact accomplishment of our duties, are the first basis of life; that their mutual friendship and confidence will be their happiness. Let my daughter feel, that at her age she should always aid her brother by those counsels her greater experience and her friendship for him may inspire her with; that my son, in his turn, should repay her with all the good cares and services friendship can suggest. Let them, in a word, both feel, that, in whatever position they shall be, they never can be truly happy but by their union. Let them take example from us. In misfortune, what consolation does not friendship afford us; and, in prosperity, our enjoyments are doubly delicious by sharing them with a friend; and where can we find more tender or dearer ones than in our own family? Let my son never forget the last words of his Father, which I here repeat to him expressly; "Let him never seek to avenge our death."

"I have now to speak to you of a thing very painful to my heart. I know what trouble this child must have given you. Pardon him, my dear Sister; think on his age, and how easy it is to make a child say what one will, and even what he does not comprehend. The day will come, I hope, when he shall better appreciate

your kindness and your tenderness for them both. It still remains for me to confide to you my last thoughts. I had wished to write them from the very commencement of the indictment; but then the procedure has been so rapid, that though they had not even prevented me from writing, I really would not have had sufficient time.

"I die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Religion; in that of my Fathers; in that in which I have been bred and which I have always professed; having no spiritual consolation to hope for, not knowing even if there still exist here Priests of that Religion; and even the place where I am would expose them too much, if they once entered here.

"I demand sincerely pardon of God, for all the faults I may have committed during my life. I hope that, in His goodness, He will deign to receive my last wishes, as well as those I offer Him this long time; that He may graciously receive my soul in His mercy and His bounty. I ask pardon of all my acquaintances, and of you, in particular, my Sister, for all the pains which I may have unwillingly occasioned you. I pardon all my enemies the wrongs they have done me. I here bid farewell to my aunts, to all my brothers and sisters. I had friends; the idea of being sepa-

rated from them and their pains are amongst the greatest regrets I carry with me to the grave; let them at least know, that even in my last hour I have thought on them. Adieu, my good and tender Sister; may this letter reach you!

Think still on me. I embrace you from my whole heart, as also my poor dear children.

Good God! how heart-breaking it is to quit each other for ever! farewell! farewell! I shall occupy myself no longer but with my spiritual duties. As I am not free in my actions, they will perhaps bring me a Priest, (1) *but I here protest, that I will not say a single word to him, and that I shall treat him as an utter stranger.*"

(Signed) MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

(1) The Queen feared, and with reason, that they would introduce to her a Priest that had taken the Oath to the Constitution of the French Clergy, and under this impression, she could not place her confidence in any one sent her by her barbarous Judges. At that moment she could procure no other.

THE KING'S LETTER

TO

HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF TROYES.

"My Lord Bishop of Troyes.—The 21st of January has been, for all France, a day of mourning and recollection; Our Subjects, re-united at the foot of the altars, have been profoundly moved at the lecture of the last will of the best and most unfortunate of Kings.

"The anniversary of the 16th of October, which recalls such great and dolorous recollections, ought equally to be an epoch of public and expiatory ceremonies.

"For these reasons, Our intention is, that there be celebrated, in all the Churches of the Kingdom, a solemn Service in memory of the late Queen Marie-Antoinette. You will have to invite all the Civil and Military Authorities. We wish that there be pronounced no discourse or funeral oration, but that they should confine themselves to a Lecture from the Pulpit of the

touching and sublime Letter, which has been found as it were by miracle, and in which this Princess, some hours before her death, has expressed all the sentiments with which Religion can inspire the Most Christian Queen, and the most tender of mothers.

"The present being to no other end, We pray God, my Lord Bishop, to have you in his holy and worthy keeping.

"At the Castle of the Tuileries, the 9th October, 1816.

(Signed) LEWIS."

PASTORAL LETTER

On the occasion of the Lent of 1817, and of his Seminary.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, etc.

IF ever, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, it has been necessary to prepare ourselves for the time of penance and the holy quarantine, into which we are about to enter, it is, no doubt, this year of tribulation and of trials which Divine Providence has sent us, and which should be the continual subject of our most serious meditations and daily reflections. At what period, indeed, have we seen such accumulated misfortunes? When did the hand of God weigh down on us more visibly? When did he, more than in this season, *add sorrow to sorrow, and misery to misery?* (1) And does he not here seem to ask us by his Prophet, *if*

(1) Jerem. XLV, 3.

we are as yet sufficiently punished, (1) and if he can still inflict another scourge, in order to recall us to ourselves, and to strike more deeply into our hearts the terror of his judgments? *Super quo percutiam vos ultra?*

The menace which Moses held out to his people, is then accomplished, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren; "if you do not listen to the voice of "God, and that you be unfaithful to his com-"mandments, you shall be cursed in the city "and in the country; cursed in your houses and "your fields; you shall see Heaven refuse its "dew, at the same time that the Earth shall re-fuse its fruits." (2) In vain should we dissemble and endeavour to conceal it from ourselves: the lesson is too strong, and the events speak too loudly. And indeed, unless we have arrived to that pitch of blindness as to believe that God is tired of governing this world, and that he leaves to chance the care of its destinies, how could we not recognise, in those numberless misfortunes accumulated on our heads, the avenging arm which enrols against us the winds and storms, and the strokes of that *wakeful rod*, (3) spoken of by Jeremy, natural image of that eternal justice we

(1) Isai. I, 5. (2) Deut. XXVIII, 16, and following.
(3) Jerem. I, 11.

can neither deceive nor decline ; justice, which, because we have abused all, punishes us for all ; for the abuse of prosperity by all sorts of adversity ; for that of abundance, by every kind of privation ; for that of riches, by the overthrow of our fortunes ; for that of our successes and our victories, by humiliation, and the *presence of the strangers who crush our country ;* (1) for the abuse of Religion, by all the scourges impiety bears in its train ; in fine, for the abuse of the lights of reason, by the chaos of our thoughts, and the spirit of infatuation and of error, which still possesses us : so that, punished alike with our vices and our follies, our disorders and our false principles, our corrupted morals and our corrupting systems, we cannot but cry out with the Prophet : *Thou art just, O Lord, and thy judgments are equitable and righteous.* (2)

But this is not yet enough, and *his hand is still stretched out farther.* (3) Cast your eyes around, and see if there be a single spot on the earth where they do not complain ; if from one end of Europe to the other, you do not hear a cry of distress and alarm, which announces that she suffers ; if this word of the Apostle be not every

(1) Isai. I, 7. (2) Psalm CXVIII, 9.
(3) Isai. V, 25.

where verified: *that every creature groans and feels the throes of child-birth;* (1) feels I know not what restlessness, so much the more alarming as it is undefinable: so that, we no longer know what mankind should fear the more, whether the derangement of nature, or the dissolution of social order; what we should the more bewail, whether the ills we suffer, or those we foresee. What then! are the times arrived? Does the world touch on the days of its decadence and decrepitude? Let us leave to God, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, the secret of this mystery. But let us not lose sight of a state of things as sad and afflicting as it is fruitful in instruction. Let us not hesitate to recognise, in this universal scourging of Nations and Empires, or rather as Isaias calls it, this *inundation of scourges,* (2) which seems to make the tour of the world, that all flesh is punished, *because all flesh has corrupted its ways;* (3) and that to a deluge of crimes and iniquities has succeeded a deluge of misfortune and misery: *flagellum inundans.*

And yet, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, who trembles before God? Who humbles himself under his powerful hand? (4) Who awakens at the noise of his thunder? Who thinks of *shel-*

(1) Rom. VIII, 22.
(2) Isai. XXVIII, 15.
(3) Gen. VI, 12.
(4) I. Peter, V, 6.

tering himself from the storm of his wrath? (1) What prayers and what vows have we addressed to Heaven? What resolutions formed for our amendment? What change has been operated in our minds and in our hearts? Would it then be true, that we are of the number of those desperate men spoken of by Jeremias: you have struck them, and they have not felt it; you have crushed them, and they have refused to yield and to obey: *percussisti eos et non doluerunt, attrivisti eos et renuerunt accipere disciplinam.* (2)

But no; Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, it shall not be said, that God strikes us in vain, and that so many calamities shall be lost for our instruction. It shall not be said, that, as blind as the Pagans, we know not how to turn to good account the evil *with which he visits us*, and that, after their example, we shall suffer without consolation and without merit. We shall then suffer but with patience and resignation; we shall suffer in God and for God, employing all the means his bounty procures us, in order to appease his justice. And amongst those means, are there any more efficacious and more propitious for the ransom of our sins, than alms-

(1) Job IV, 9. (2) Jerem. V, 3.

deeds? And what charity more suitable, more capable of mounting to the throne of mercy than that we solicit this day in favor of our Seminary? Is there any more agreeable to God, than that which concurs to the restoration of his own house and his own worship; any, in short, more worthy of being counted amongst good works, than that employed to form the Ministers of all good works, the Apostles of a Religion supremely benevolent, the source and principle of every virtue, and without which benevolence is but a name and virtue a chimera?

Hence it is, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, that we have not feared to order this year the ordinary quest in favor of this precious establishment, the first object of our solicitude; and such is the favourable idea we entertain of your generous dispositions, that even the excess of public misery has been for us a new motive of confidence. Our hopes even in this respect are so much the more grounded, as charitable souls never signalized their zeal for the Seminary more than in those sad circumstances, and as extraordinary succours have happily corresponded to the great and indispensable expenses to which we have latterly been put; so that now our whole clerical family is therein installed, and

soon, at least we hope it from Divine Providence, it will be worthy in all respects of its noble and holy destination.

Yes, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, it is a pleasure for us to publish it aloud, and indeed we do so with the most grateful feelings. Last year's collection, though far inferior to that of the preceding ones, and greatly disproportioned to our wants, was yet more considerable than we could have naturally expected. It has proved that your charity is proof against all; that it is still stronger than the inclemency of the seasons; that the Heavens in vain open their cataracts, and the Earth pours forth its torrents; nothing can relent it, thus meriting to have applied to you this saying of the Holy Ghost: that the multitude of waters could not extinguish your charity. *Aquæ multæ non potuerunt extinguere caritatem.* (1)

Infinite thanks be then rendered to the Author of all good, to Him who is charity itself; and if any thing can reassure us in our fears, and console us in our sorrows; if our heart still tells us, that all is not lost; that we must despair neither of our salvation nor of that of our country, and that France, returning to her God, as she has re-

(1) Cantic. VIII, 7.

turned to her King, shall reconquer by her virtues her first lustre and her ancient glory; it is this, that we still behold so much charity amidst the wreck of so many fortunes, the ruin of so many families, and the exhaustion of so many resources.

(Here follow the ordinary mitigations and ordinances.)

Done at Paris, where we are detained by the affairs of our Diocess, under the seal of our arms, etc. February the 1st, 1817.

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes.

By Order,

Firmin, Secretary.

PASTORAL INSTRUCTION

On the occasion of Lent and of his Seminary.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, etc.

CIRCUMSTANCES not as yet permitting us, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to take possession of the illustrious Metropolis, (1) to the government of which we have been called contrary to our expectations and contrary to our desires, and of course still your Bishop and your Pastor, it is for us a real satisfaction to continue to instruct you at the approach of the holy time of Lent. How delightful to us to entertain ourselves with a Flock, that was always so dear to our heart, and whose happiness can never to us be indifferent; but chiefly with a Clergy to separate from whom has cost us so many pangs, who have shown us so many marks of attachment, as indeed we have never ceased to give them pledges of our esteem and confidence, and who, rendering justice to the senti-

(1) The Archbishopric of Vienne.

ments that have always animated us in the course of our administration, have still been pleased to thank us, not only for the little good we have had the means of doing, but also for that which time and the posture of affairs have not suffered us to effectuate.

Nor indeed, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, are you ignorant of the unfortunate circumstances in which we were placed, and of the honourable disgraces we have incurred by our courage in defending the rights of the Church against audacious enterprises and fatal innovations; and none of you, no doubt, could imagine, that, in the midst of so many agitations and crosses, we could have abandoned ourselves to the multiplied cares of so vast a Diocess, with all the zeal we might have manifested in happier and more tranquil days.

Permit us, however, to say, that, whilst we regret not having been able to yield to the impulse of our good will, we bear with us the consoling thought that all our efforts have not proved vain; and that, if we have not been able to realize all the plans we had formed for the happiness of this Church, we have done for her at least all we could do in *the bad days* in which we have lived, and in the midst of *that fire of tribulation through which we have passed.* We leave

behind us the greatest number of our Religious Communities in as prosperous a state as the rigour of circumstances allowed; and thanks to the restoring Government, which has always been prepared to second us in every kind of good works, they apply themselves with equal zeal and disinterestedness to Christian education, the only one truly popular and elementary; the only one eminently adapted to the poor and to *little ones;* the only one that can regenerate a Nation, which decays and no longer recognises itself; the only one, in short, we recommend more than ever to the tenderness and vigilance of fathers of families, as the guarantee of all others, the supplement of all others, and without which all the others would be but so many snares for virtue and for innocence.

Why has it not been given us, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to augment the number of those pious institutors, whose doctrine is as pure as their hearts? How deeply we regret not having been able to put in action the resources which had already been offered us by generous souls, for the establishment of two of those Christian Schools, so worthy of the name. Schools, consecrated by the gratitude and the respect of every man of virtue, and which we should the more zealously protect, as worldlings fear them; schools,

proved by time and experience, and insured since a century by a success as unquestionable as it is uninterrupted; schools, truly French, monarchical and national, and as holy in their origin as unsuspected in their means; schools, in a word, whose pious and modest heads *know their Pastors as their Pastors know them.* (1) They instruct as much by example, as by their lessons, and are for the education of the poor, what the daughters of St. Vincent of Paul are for their assistance and solace.

Beautiful and happy institutions, distinguished by their object, but animated with the same spirit; unaided and alone, they render in one day more service to humanity than shall ever do all those scientific speculators, who wish to govern all, from Children to Kings, and renew all, both Schools and Empires.

But obliged as we are, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to suspend so important an undertaking, which we leave to the zeal of our successor, we have at least the satisfaction of having consolidated this truly fundamental School, on which all the others seem to repose, our Seminary, which Providence has blessed with its most chosen favors, and which is at once *the joy*

(1) John X, 14.

and crown of our Episcopacy. We have there seen more than two hundred young Students, and the number is scarcely diminished this day; and, what it is indeed but justice to publish here, for the satisfaction of the generous souls that have seconded us, all those young labourers who have gone forth from this School of Virtue, and on whom we have imposed hands, now cultivate the vineyard of the Lord with the most edifying success, and render no less honour to the venerable Priests who so well inspired them with the taste of their calling, than service to the Pastors, whose labours and holy solicitude they share.

How much should you applaud yourselves, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, for having so much forwarded, by your charities, this precious establishment! What more powerful incentive not only not to interrupt, but even to augment the current of those pious succours, that have produced such happy and consoling fruits! No doubt, a new ray of hope shines this day on those sacred retreats of science and piety, without which Religion could no more exist than the State without Religion. No doubt, we should expect other ameliorations from this *late transaction,* (1) happily concluded between the suc-

(1) The *Concordat* of 1817.

cessor of St. Peter and the son of St. Lewis. All this, however, we are bold to assert it, is but a new engagement for truly Christian souls to second, by every means in their power, the religious views of our Monarch ; a new obligation imposed on us of insuring, by the concurrence of our good works, the various advantages which Religion and the State should expect from so great an event. May it call into new life this beautiful and ancient Gallican Church, the *honour of France, and the admiration of Christendom!* (1) May it restore to the sacred Ministers, what only they are ambitious of, the means of doing good, and that noble independence, without which they could never do it! May it give to the throne new supports, to the country new defenders, to public order new securities, to impiety new obstacles, to France a new life, and shed on the King and his august race new graces and benedictions !

But there is, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, another duty, no less important and sacred for a Bishop than that of clerical education, we mean the maintenance of the holy rules, and of the sacred deposit of Doctrine, in order that unity may be

(1) Discourse of his Excellency the Minister of the Interior, to the Chamber of Deputies.

preserved, and that *Christ Jesus be not divided.* (1) You know the deadly blows that were directed against them in the days of our honourable disgraces, by a Presbyterial Administration which, of its own private authority, invaded our jurisdiction. In vain the most considerable, and unquestionably the sounder portion of the Chapter disclaimed it. In vain all the respectable and learned men amongst the Parish-Priests refused to recognise those Vicars-General who created themselves. In vain did we make known, as much as our rigorous position could permit it, that there could exist no other Vicars-General than our own. In vain did the Sovereign Pontiff, several times consulted on the subject, confirm, as we here attest it, our own decision, and constantly recognise us as your only and true Bishop. Weak and coward hearts thought otherwise; the will of the persecutor prevailed, and by his tyrannic orders, instrusion usurped the place of legitimate authority.

We have omitted nothing, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to repair this scandal. After having made known our appeal in the Christian pulpit, we have since several times protested in our instructions, and in the name of the Church,

(1) I. Cor. I, 13.

against the injury done to the Church. We have ordered, that all the illegal acts, which might be found in the Register of our Chapter, should disappear, and that there should remain no trace of deliberations more than irregular. We have declared null and of no effect whatever powers might have been given by the invaders of our jurisdiction, and we have alike suppressed them in the Registers of our Secretary-office, and nevertheless we have rendered those powers valid for the tranquillity of the Faithful, whose good faith formed for them what the Church calls a *coloured title*. In fine, we have ordered, that all the nominations to Parish Churches and others, as well as all Letters of Ordination and all Permissions, bearing the seal of an imaginary vacancy, and not clad with our Signature, should be sent back to us in order to procure new ones. This has been executed. Thereby have we effaced every vestige of schism and every pretext of discord. This, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, is what we believed ourselves in duty obliged to do, for the honour of our Episcopal character, the maintenance of peace and discipline, and the discharge of our conscience. No doubt we might have done more. We might have required of the guilty canonical penance and satisfaction. We might have branded by our censures an erro-

neous writing, and punished its rash author according to the rigour of the holy canons. We might, in fine, according to the Apostle, have *reprimanded forcibly, and firmly corrected our contradictors;* (1) but for ever guided by our heart-felt sentiments of indulgence and moderation, we have preferred exhorting them *in all patience and awaiting them in all charity.* (2) *In omni patientiâ et doctrinâ.* It is thus we still exhort them to those satisfactory proceedings, from which nothing can exempt them. Certain men, always ready to protect insubordination, and to judge their own judges; as slow to enlighten themselves, as prompt to decide on matters as much out of their reach as their competency, may, perhaps, misconstrue into oppression the smallest marks of our disapproval, and into excess of rigour the very excess of our cautious indulgence. But wise men and the true friends of the Church are far differently affected. They have deemed that we could not, without failing in our first duties, have been silent under such circumstances, and thus deceive the Faithful by a shameful compromise with the violation of the most sacred canons. They do deem, that the only reproach which can be made us before God

(1) Epist. to Titus, I, 19. (2) Tim. IV, 2.

and man, is perhaps not to have advanced as far as the line of duty, and not having thus accomplished all justice.

However it may be, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, we have the satisfaction of leaving our Diocess in the greatest harmony on all the points which concern Church Government, and notably on the double nullity of an extorted and non-accepted abdication; and whatever may think on the subject certain men, interested in supporting a bad cause, in publishing, in the teeth of evidence, that the Diocess is divided, we have the consolation of leaving it on this point in the most perfect concord; and we delight to see, that, with the exception of a few individuals without authority, and whose number is in all respects a mere nullity, all are united with us in heart and soul; all glory in holding the same doctrine with their first Pastor; all condemn the conduct of those who should dare to *separate themselves*, and thus forget the beautiful maxim of the great Irenæus, so much and so often developed in his writings, that the Bishop is in the Church, and the Church in the Bishop, and that he who is not with the Bishop is not in the Church: *Scire debes Episcopum in Ecclesiâ esse, et Ecclesiam in Episcopo: et si quis cum Episcopo non sit, in Ecclesiâ non esse.* (Epist. ad Magnes.)

Such, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, is the succinct account of our conduct, and the declaration of our sentiments, which long since we have been solicited to state by the Faithful and the Pastors of our Diocess, for their own instruction and the direction of their consciences. Such is the solemn protest we have wished to consign in the archives of the Church of Troyes. We owed it to ourselves and to the preservation of the true principles, of which we are the natural guardians and the first depositaries, as established by Christ to *govern the flock*. (1) We owed it to our successors, in order that they may not accuse us of having sacrificed the truth to trifling considerations, unworthy of our ministry. We owed it to our colleagues in the Prelacy, who in our cause have all beholden their own. We owed it to the Sovereign Pontiff, who has honoured us with two Rescripts, in which he has deigned to give us the most flattering marks of his approbation and his esteem. We owed it to the glory of those our first co-operators, who never in those difficult times bent the knee to Baal, and who have defended, at the risk of their personal liberty, the sacred rights of Episcopacy. We owed it

(1) I Cor. V, 9.

even to those, who, availing themselves of our silence, turned against us the delays of our paternal circumspection. We owed it, in a word, to history, that it may not be deceived, and to posterity that they may know, that, in the days of persecution, the Church of France was not wanting to herself, and that she never believed, that her Pontiffs could lose their spiritual rights by the single fact of superior force, and that a tyrant could enchain all their powers, whenever he should enchain their persons.

How can we better conclude, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, than by addressing you this advice of the Prophet: love peace and truth, *pacem et veritatem diligite.* Admirable expression, the most beautiful, perhaps, and the most fruitful that has ever dropped from the mouth of the Holy Ghost; expression, which comprehends the whole science of Religion and the entire rule of human life; expression, more applicable than ever to this age of indifference and relaxation, which, under the vain pretext of not reviving disputes, seeks only to extinguish the zeal of discipline; which counts peace as all, and truth as nothing: without reflecting that one cannot exist without the other, and that truth alone is the mother of peace and the pledge of concord;

as the contempt of rules is the source of schism and the principle of dissensions, *pacem et veritatem diligite.*

Let us then love peace, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, it is the greatest of all goods, without which we could enjoy no other; but let us beware of those who would not wish to obtain it but at the expense of order and discipline. Let us love peace without prejudice to the truth; but let us beware of those, who should hesitate to sacrifice to it their erroneous opinions, their wounded self-love, and their defeated vanity. Let us love peace in the unity of the Church and its doctrine, and in submission to those charged by Christ himself to teach it to others. Such is the only profitable peace, the only one Religion can recognise. All other peace is no peace, but war and chaos: it is not edification, but destruction; not union, but discord: *pacem et veritatem diligite.*

May we, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, bequeath you those two great goods, this double inheritance, including in itself the promises of the present life and those of the future: may this instruction, perhaps the last we address you in pledge of our tenderness, crown all our wishes; in cementing, by the reconciliation of minds, the reconciliation of hearts! And oh! may the

Church of Troyes repay us, in recollections and in prayers, all the regrets we offer her, all the interest we bear her, and all the wishes and the blessings we leave her!

Hitherto, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, we had established, in favour of our Seminary, compensatory alms that might replace, if not the fast, at least the abstinence of Lent. We had believed this measure necessary to give a new impulse to public charity. It was even in the spirit of the Church, as she often grants to her first Pastors the right of dispensing, for a greater good, in the most rigorous obligations; but we think, that this concession should have an end, lest too frequent exceptions should bear on the rule itself, and draw on the neglect of the sacred duty of an abstinence as ancient as the Church herself. We think then that we should, this year, put a stop to this compensation, allowing at the same time to each Pastor the faculty of granting in this respect the dispensations he shall judge suitable and necessary. But we as strongly insist on your obligation of coming to the aid of an establishment which should so much the more nearly interest you, as it is partly your own work. We are as strongly persuaded, that you will contribute with new ardour to the great and indispensable expenses its wants command; and

that, like perfect Christians, you will thus unite penance and charity, the two great complementary virtues of our Religion, and which lend each other a mutual support; penance, which curbs the senses, and charity, which enflames the heart; penance, which deadens the ignoble desires and carnal concupiscences, and charity, which enkindles all the high and generous passions; penance, which causes to flow the happy tears that prepare salvation, and charity which assures and accomplishes it; penance, which stays the arm of an avenging God, and charity which ensures his mercy. In a word, penance, which appeases Heaven, and charity which opens it.

Here follow the regulations of the fast, etc.

Done at Paris, etc. etc. etc. January 17th, 1818.

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes.

By Order,

De Bourdeille, C. Secretary.

PASTORAL INSTRUCTION

On the publication of bad books, and, chiefly, on the Complete Editions of the Works of Voltaire and Rousseau.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, etc.

OF all the scandals, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, that have hitherto afflicted Religion and Virtue, there is none more alarming in its consequences, none more calculated to draw down on France new calamities, than the publication of so many impious writings, which circulate every day with as much boldness as impunity. With what sorrow do *We* not behold our Diocess daily more infested with their pompous advertisements and their fatal *prospectus*, multiplied, now more than ever, under a thousand different forms. It is now, indeed, when the wounds in-

flicted on the country by an impious philosophy are still bleeding, when we are scarcely delivered from our long agitations and cruel misfortunes: when the scarce extinguished volcano is still smoking, and leaves us in the horrid uncertainty whether its crater shall ever close; it is this sad and critical moment they have chosen to open new sources of corruption, and scatter new seeds of dissension and discord, new firebrands, only made to rekindle the conflagration that was but beginning to abate.

What then! Has not France been already sufficiently perverted not to be plunged into a deeper perversity? Is she not ill-fated enough not to throw new obstacles against her return towards order and peace, towards Virtue and Religion, the only balm of her misfortunes, the only remedy for her wounds? It is then true, that there still exist men whom no experience can correct, no misfortune enlighten? Great God! and what blow must you still strike, if all the scourges with which you have visited us, have not rendered us more circumspect and more cautious? We find, indeed, in Holy writ, that the Lord shall pour forth on the Nations the spirit of infatuation and give them up to their own madness, and our eyes this day witness the most exact and literal accomplishment of this

awful prophecy. Alas! who could have told us thirty years ago, that those same authors, whose persons had been branded by our Magistrates, whose works had been burnt by the hands of the public Executioner, would be now re-printed and re-published with all the luxury of art, and an unexampled pomp of impiety, and that we should read on the doors of our Temples this new defiance to public morals, this new declaration of war against Religion and her Ministers? When, conformably to the pious intentions of our august Monarch, we did order expiatory prayers and public reparations for the bloody outrages done to our holy Religion in the frightful days of the Revolution, who then could have told us, that we should hear publicly cried up the editions of those same books which served as the catechism of profanation and the symbol of sacrilege? What then means the Government, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, when it so often invokes Heaven in its wants by the organ of the first Pastors? What mean those public vows, those solemn sacrifices offered up in the name of the Nation and of Public Power, whenever we have some blessing to demand, some calamity to avert, or some acts of thanksgiving to make. Those vows, those prayers, this concurrence of the two Authorities, which proves so clearly that

they make but one inseparable whole, would all this be but an empty form and an unmeaning ceremony? Is their object to appease Heaven, or to irritate it; to obtain the prosperity of the kingdom, or to draw down on it a new vengeance? Who then shall explain to us this strange contradiction between the Nation and the Nation, the laws and the laws, our morals and our morals, ourselves and ourselves?

We shall here refrain, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, from unfolding before you those shameful depositories of impiety and licentiousness, re-published to-day by a vile cupidity, which contain so many writings, whose very names would profane our pen. We shall satisfy our duty and your wants by saying, that nothing can be more fatal to you as Christians and Frenchmen, nothing more injure your morals and your faith, than the lecture of those works of darkness, amongst which we should signalize those of the two arch-enemies of Christianity, the two greatest corrupters that ever existed of the human race. A certain class of men, interested to sport with the credulity of the simple, and who in this point lie as much to evidence as to themselves, will tell you that there is only question of certain light blemishes, some points of doctrine more or less erroneous, certain asser-

tions more or less temerarious, that have escaped an inattentive pen. No, it is a plan of attack, followed up with as much perfidy as boldness, against the Throne and the Altar; it is all the insolence of falsehood, which can only be surpassed by that of blasphemy. It is modesty indignantly decried, and the majesty of sacred worship trodden under foot. On the one hand, it is the fanaticism of philosophy in all the paroxysms of its fury; on the other, a political fanaticism in the last stage of its delirium. In the Philosopher of Ferney, what a revolting cynic! What atrocious malignity! What an overflow of gall! What open contempt of truth, decorum, and equity! What does he mock the more, his readers, or his own judgment? What the more travesty, holy writ, history, or himself? In the Citizen of Geneva, what vile egotism! What a disgusting miscellany of mock modesty and unbridled pride? What a deplorable talent of defending, with the same dexterity, truth and falsehood, both sides of the question! What an absence of all fitness! Is it in his actions, or else in his ideas, we shall the more discover his singularity, his inconsistency, his disorders? The first replies to every thing by sarcasms, and gives us his epigrams for demonstration; the second lays down, as the first principles of things,

the ravings of his sick imagination. The first, noted for falsehood and vanity, is the favourite patron of frivolous aspirants in literature, of half-scholars, and superficial minds; the second, noted for sophistry and paradox, is the cherished idol of visionaries, of men of systems, and hot heads. The one has placed virtue in the rank of ridicule, which is the greatest of crimes; the other has placed the passions in the rank of the virtues, and thereby divinised vice, and this is the last degree of immorality. Both, in a word, divided in opinion and interest, and opposed to each other by the very temper of their mind and character, have only united in the same ambition of upturning all, and have advanced by different ways towards the same end—that of universal corruption and destruction.

Such are the two heroes of impiety, pompously proposed this day to our admiration, as the models and the oracles of the age! Such the Complete Works which shall steel anew the arms of every libertine, of every lover of novelty and revolution; and which are now re-published at the very lowest price, in order that their circulation may be more ready and more rapid, their poison more easily insinuate itself into every vein of the social body, and their acquisition become thereby as easy to the poor as to the rich,

to the small and to the great, to the young as to the old, and that the whole French people may drink at full draughts in this cup of prostitution and lies. Great God! and what have the people to do with such Works? What profit therein for their repose and happiness? What shall the poor do with them, and what resources shall they there find in their afflictions? What consolation for the old in their decline of life? What lessons to forward the youth in the ways of wisdom? Where is the honest man, that would dare to put them in the hands of his children, the master in those of his pupils? What, then, are those *Works* which we could not read without blushing in any school, nor introduce without danger into any family? Far from Us, those books of education, wherein the teachers would learn to corrupt their scholars, and these latter to despise their teachers; wherein servants can only learn the art of betraying their masters; children, lessons of disobedience and ingratitude towards their parents; parents, lessons of indifference and cruelty for their children; spouses, lessons of adultery; young men, lessons of libertinism; the unfortunate, lessons of suicide; subjects, lessons of insubordination and revolt; kings, lessons of disquiet and distrust, which conduct to tyranny; and all, of whataver age and

condition, lessons of delirious and fanatical impiety. And for whom can those COMPLETE WORKS be specially destined, if not for those schools of prostitution, where Rousseau himself, and he dares to say it, wishes his pupils to be conducted, in order that they may be formed to virtue, and make a course of education and morality? Execrable counsel, and truly worthy of the maniac who styled himself by excellence the *Man of Nature!*

The true friends of the state and of morals, as indeed the warmest partisans of the reputation of those two writers, would not have given their *Complete Works;* they would have left them to enjoy their obscurity in certain libraries; they would have made a selection, for which honest men might have been thankful to them; they would have discerned the works which good taste and decency could adopt, from those disavowed alike by morality, truth, and propriety. They would have carefully separated the gold or tinsel mixed with so much dregs, though the gold itself is never without alloy, and they would have spared us so many fatal and deplorable productions, which can only serve to blast the memory of the masters, and corrupt the mind and heart of the disciples. Unless, indeed, they would pretend, that the good things they contain can

make us forget the bad ones; that certain reasonable sentiments can become the passport of criminal maxims; that the advantage of ornamenting the mind can counterbalance the evil of sullying the imagination and falsifying the judgment, and that we can compensate, by the lecture of fine verses and brilliant pages, for the total loss of morals, the studied contempt of holy things, the degradation of our country's religion, and the perversion of its ardent and impassioned youth, who may indeed love fine poetry, but who far prefer licentious romances and obscene tales.

Besides, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, what need have we of all those *Complete Works*, of those thirty volumes of impious railleries and sacrilegious sarcasms? Is it then indispensably necessary, that the most venerable objects should be condemned to an eternal ridicule? Is it true, that this spirit of philosophical persecution is not yet extinguished; that it is rather compressed than healed, and that, to show itself anew, it only awaits the moment and the opportunity? To what purpose these shameful repertories of cynic buffoonery and burlesque witticisms, the wanton and light sports of a giddy pen? Have we, then, reason to jest on what we have seen, or to laugh at what we witness? Are we in the

time of joy, or in that of sadness? In the time of amusing ourselves at the expense of morality, or in that of shedding bitter tears on our misfortunes and our crimes? What have we to do with those quaint Utopias, and all the political ravings of the Genevan Philosopher? Would we go back to the beauteous days of liberty and the Republic, plan new conspiracies against the State, and hazard once more French civilization?

Must we, then, recommence at new costs, and under-build, at our risk and peril, our civic education? What use shall we make of all their dull and disgusting Homilies on fanaticism, as if there were any other fanaticism than their own? On tyranny, as if there were any other than theirs? On superstition, as if impiety had not taken its place? On toleration, as if every thing, even their seditious doctrine and sacrilegious writings, were not tolerated? What shall we do with those antiquated declamations on the disputes of Theologians, when there are no more disputes but amongst the Philosophers of the day, who no longer understand each other, and who will yet long dispute before they can come to an agreement? In short, to what purpose all those common places, not less contrary to truth than good taste, on the evils produced by religion, while we have

still before our eyes the frightful evils inflicted by Philosophy? What mean the partizans of the Complete and even of the *Posthumous* Works? Is not their author's wish accomplished, and is not Religion *crushed?* They wished to close up our cloisters, and have they not been closed up? To proscribe Religious, and have they not been proscribed? To pull down our temples, and have they not been pulled down? To despoil the Clergy, and have they not been despoiled? In a word, has not every thing they wished for succeeded beyond their hopes? If they came back to the world, would they not be transported with joy on finding that they have accomplished all we have witnessed?

The three-fourths of the Complete Works are then out of season, and can have no application in the present position of things. They then can only lose by their publication, unless indeed we are told that every thing that favours more or less the spirit of licentiousness and libertinism is always in season; that blasphemies are as ancient as the world, and that nothing, which may tend to degrade Religion and its Ministers, could be inopportune; unless they pretend that all is not yet accomplished, that we must have new convulsions still more to purify men and

matters; that the *liberal* intentions of those two grand Reformers are not entirely fulfilled, that they have bequeathed us other misfortunes, other plans of destruction and ruin; that we must hasten to work again those fruitful mines of policy and philosophy, where the people may explore new rights, Princes new chains, and both new lessons on the better organization of our social perfection.

What, then, can authorize such licentiousness; what pretext can be alleged to legalize those scandalous editions? Shall we be told, that they are the natural consequence of the liberty of the Press? We shall not here examine to what point we might admit this consequence; still less shall we discuss the nature of this liberty, on which our great wits have not yet been able to fix a settled opinion, and which is still in the class of our greatest political problems. But we shall not hesitate to say, what cannot be called in question by any one that has not renounced common sense, that, if the printing of this kind of works be a natural consequence of the liberty of the Press, we should look upon this liberty as the most deadly and incurable wound inflicted on the body of society. We do assert, that a State which would tolerate such a liberty, would expose itself to the greatest misfortunes, and would merit them by becoming the accomplice

of public corruption; that we can no more have the liberty to print, and publicly hawk about those impious writings, than to deal out poisonous drugs, or sell false keys for the use of robbers; and that, if each man is free to print his opinions, it does not follow that he is free to print his criminal and immoral opinions, as the liberty of conscience can never extend itself to the free and legal publication of those frightful doctrines which *give death to the conscience.* (1)

What then! Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, it would be a crime, and indeed a great one, to write against the King; and it will not be a crime to write against *Him* by whom Kings reign, the only King we are obliged to obey, as without His orders we would not be obliged to obey the King. We could not write against *Second Majesty*, and we may write against the First, from which all other majesty descends! It would be a crime to outrage, in public writings, the person of the Monarch, and it will be permitted to outrage the adorable person of Jesus Christ! It is forbidden to decry the Ministers of the Prince, and it will not be forbidden to rail indecently against the Ministers of the Living God, the Ministers of Morality, the born Guardians of the Holy Truths which preserve Empires! It

(1) Prov. VII, 15.

would be a crime to attack the *Charter*, and abandon it to the mockery of politicians, and it will be permitted to abandon Religion to the insults of the impious! Religion, the Charter by excellence, foundation of all Charters, and without which no other could subsist; Religion, whose existence is guaranteed and recognised by the State itself, at the same time that it protects and consolidates the existence of the State. Was there ever such a delirium? How long shall those scandals continue? How long shall it then be permitted to the first wretch that ambitions celebrity, to make a frightful pastime of God and his Religion? Would you again become the shame of Nations and the terror of the world? Where is the single Nation, from the commencement of time, that ever separated its cause from that of the Divinity; where the People, that did not feel itself attacked and dishonoured by the attacks made on the received religion? Yes, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, let us go over every age, and summon the annals of the most ancient people; let us question the laws of the most famous founders of Empires, those of Numa, Lycurgus, and Solon, and we shall find that the attacks on the Religion of the State, either by action or writing, were always punished as the greatest crimes. Such in par-

ticular were the moral and policy of Rome in the fair days of her glory, and her glory was never eclipsed until impiety had prevailed ; and with the liberty of writing every thing, arose the equal liberty of every enterprise :—and the eternal city fell. She had resisted formidable armies; she could not resist innovators and sophists. The deluge of books prepared the deluge of barbarism: the Capitol crumbled to ruins, undermined by atheism, grown bold in its impunity, and the Mistress of Nations, after having conquered all save Herself, disappeared from the face of the world.

And even now, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, let them show us a single nation of Europe, sick as she is with her philosophism and her vices, where obscene and blasphemous writings are publicly authorised! Who has not heard of this Nation of the North, were the authors and printers of such works are condemned to perpetual banishment? So closely allied is this crime to that of felony, to sedition! Who knows not the rigorous prohibitions on this subject in the penal codes of several States of Germany? Do we not see England, whom we would copy in every thing, in harmony on this point with the universal jurisprudence: and has not Switzerland herself lately proscribed those fatal editions, which they

dare hold up amongst us to triumphant vice and affrighted virtue? In vain did the Apostles of Reason appeal to the interests of commerce and book-selling; they were answered, as we shall answer to the partisans of the *Complete Works*, that the Monarchical and Christian Spirit is preferable to the mercantile one; that a nation does not owe its safety to its commerce, or its armies, but to its religion and its principles; that we have enough of philosophical speculations to corrupt morality and shake thrones, without spreading our speculations of commerce; and that it more behoves a State that good morals should flourish at the expense of typography, than that typography should flourish at the expense of good morals; maxim sovereignly rational, though it be not modern! It is to this policy that empires owe their duration, and nations their tranquillity and their happiness. We know all it has cost us to have forgotten it, by tolerating the circulation of those empoisoned volumes, which, in giving life to commerce, have given death to the State.

Will we here, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, cite an authority, in itself indeed of no weight with honest men, but most imposing in the eyes of philosophers, that of their patron, the Sophist of Geneva? In one of the constitutions he addresses to the sovereign people, from the summit

of his laboratory, he places Religion at the head of the State, *with the injunction*, as he says, *to believe it under pain of banishment, and to conform the conduct to the belief, under pain of death, as having otherwise committed the greatest of crimes and lied before the law*. So convinced was he, that no State could be founded but on the basis of Religion, and that no Religion could be established, if the impious possessed the privilege of speaking or writing against it. It was, no doubt, a strange contradiction on his part, and a new blunder that escaped his pen. It shall always be a difficult matter to comprehend this dull and singular inconsistency, that the same man, who regarded an action, or even a doubt, against the religion to which he himself gave birth, *as the greatest of crimes*, should spend his life in combatting the religion in which he was born; that he, *who would punish with death* the writer who should have attacked the *new Religion*, should pass his time in blaspheming the *old one*; that he, who so far extended his rigour against the enemies of a *human Religion*, he himself established on his own private authothority, should prostitute his talents in combatting the Divine Religion he found already established. The more evident the inconsistency of the master, the more conclusive is it against the

disciples, and the greater right have we to object to them. Hear it then you Editors, Printers. and Hawkers of his *Complete Works: let him be banished from the State;* and you, his abettors, panegyrists, readers, and admirers, listen to your sentence: *let him be punished with death.* It is one of the oracles of the age that has pronounced this judgment; and you do not see that, in printing and publishing him, you seal with your own hands your condemnation and your shame!

Ah! no, let them not be punished with death! This may, indeed, be the wish of our romantic legislator; it cannot be that of a Religion, all merciful, which seeks not to destroy the body but save the soul; and which, according to the Prophet, does not demand the death of the sinner, but rather his conversion and penance. It is not the wish of the Ministers of Christ Jesus: they can never punish but for the good and profit of the guilty, as they never instruct or condemn them but to enlighten the mind, and, by exciting the vigilance of the State, thereby save it from new misfortunes.

It was under the impression of those meek and charitable feelings, which have ever animated the Church, and which shall never leave our heart, that the French Clergy, assembled at

Paris, in the year 1757, prayed the King, to abolish the penalty of death, awarded by the law of that year, against the authors of impious writings; and this did not prevent the sophists from exclaiming, in their usual style, against intolerance and persecution. But, in giving this example of moderation, so congenial to its spirit, and after having obtained the abolition of the capital penalty against impious authors, the Clergy reclaimed with greater energy against the printing and circulation of their works. It but the more loudly demanded, that, as it did not wish that they should forfeit their heads for their odious provocations and criminal doctrines, they should, at least, be prevented from assuming such a haughty air, from challenging Heaven with impunity, from insulting, as they now do, the Religion of the State and public morality; and that, if the gibbet were not to do justice on them, at least the cry of universal indignation and the scorn of the human race should do so.

We will be told, perhaps, that impious writers no longer *lie before the law*, as the law no longer considers their licentiousness as *the greatest of crimes*. We answer that, even in this supposition, which it is most afflicting for us to admit, honest men, interested in their own reputation and the public weal, would never avail them-

selves of the silence of the law, because it is not always permitted to do what the law does not punish, and because it is not the law that makes morality, but morality that makes the law. We answer that, if impious writers do no longer *lie before the law,* they lie at least before God and the world. They lie to the public morals they insult; to the State, they shake in its foundations; to the King, whose majesty they revile: to the whole body of society, whose decline and ruin they prepare. We answer, that if blasphemous writings are no longer proscribed by the law, they are ever branded and reproved by the Divine law, against which no other law can prescribe; which abrogates, without appeal, every law opposed to it; which alone supplies their insufficiency, speaks as a sovereign when all the others are silent, still lives on when all others perish, and no more accords to a State, the right of destroying itself by not repressing the audacious impiety ever ready to devour it, than it can bestow on man the right of attacking his own life, or that of his fellow men.

Let them, then, cease to speak to us of their natural rights, their unqualified liberty of publishing their opinions and the inviolable property of their thoughts. Who ever called in question their exclusive right to their own thoughts?

Who ever dreams of molesting them in this horrible possession, and this shameful dominion? If yet they wish by all means to enjoy the full and entire exercise of their natural rights, let them betake themselves to the woods, and transport their presses amongst the savages; and it is, indeed, there that their Master sends them to contemplate his favourite man, *the man of nature*, in all his dignity. There, they may enjoy, without controul or censure, their natural right of speaking and writing, and even of slaying each other: the right of trafficking with their thoughts, and withal of robbing each other; the right of making *Complete Editions*, and even of living without laws as without God.

But as long as they remain in a civilized country, in the bosom of a nation which respects itself, of a government which understands its true interests, and watches over its preservation, they must be compelled to be silent when their opinions are dangerous, and not to write when their maxims are licentious; they shall not be more free to publish blasphemies against Religion than libels against the King; to undermine the throne by murderous doctrines, than to overthrow it by violent means.

But what say we, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, do we not hear the Lord say to us here, by the

mouth of his Prophet: *pass into the islands of Cethin, and see what is there doing; send unto Cedar, and see if you shall find any thing like unto it.* (1) See if those barbarous countries will permit their Gods to be changed or outraged; their altars to be overturned, or insulted; their worship to be attacked, or mocked at; or that each one may employ all the resources of his wit to render their idols ridiculous, or contemptible. No doubt, they deceive themselves, in recognising them as divinities worthy of their homage; but they are not so inconsistent and senseless, as to suffer the altars on which they have placed them to be degraded. And surely they are less absurd and contemptible than this pretended enlightened race, who acknowledge the living God, and yet hold Him in less fear and respect than the idolater his gods of clay. *Gates of Heaven, be ye desolate and inconsolable,* exclaims the Prophet, *for my people has done two evil things: they have abandoned me, the fountain of living water, and have dug for themselves broken cisterns that can hold no water.* (2 This, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, is what we have done, or what they would have us do; such the infectious sloughs, such the sources of corruption they still purpose to spread amongst us; *such*

(1) Jerem. XI, 10. (2) Jerem. XI, 13.

the broken cisterns, which can contain no water, or can retain only a putrid stagnant water, whence exhales a deadly odour; such the vile idols and lying oracles they hold up to our admiration, for which they would have France *exchange her glory;* idols still more abominable than those of Baal and Moloch, as we can please them only by the sacrifice of modesty, morals, country, and Religion, the source of *living water,* which can contain but what is pure, to which the greatest geniuses, as the most simple souls, equally approach to quench their thirst; source of the *health of empires,* (1) to which France chiefly owes her fifteen centuries of grandeur, prosperity, and glory. *Populus vero meas mutavit gloriam suam in idolum.* (2)

What could be alleged to justify this criminal idolatry, this senseless worship? Where, then, is their title, that we should squander on them so much incense? Is it in the brilliancy of their talents? It is the good use of talents, and not their brilliancy, that renders them estimable. Is it in the great services they have rendered to our language and to letters? And what matters purity of style, purchased at the expense of purity of morals, purchased only by vices and by scandals? Is it in the beauty of their genius?

(1) Wisd. VI, 26. (2) Jerem. XI, 11.

The infernal spirits too are full of genius. Is it in the glory they shed on the human mind? They are its shame, and have only proved its weakness. Is it in the splendour of their virtues? There is no virtue without morality, and neither of those two men had any. Is it in the honour they do the Nation? Woe to the Nation, that would honour itself with such corrupters! Woe to the people, to whom such models should be proposed! Woe to France, that gave them birth, and woe to this age, which publishes them anew!

Ah! if, instead of opening once more amongst us those poisoned sources, those dry cisterns, spoken of by the Prophet, those fetid reservoirs of so much moral turpitude, so much political folly hollowed out by so many malignant spirits, we had employed the same art and industry to publish and diffuse the magnificent productions of those geniuses, truly worthy of the name, all those treasures of eloquence and reason, bequeathed to posterity by the Great Men of the Great Age, what gratitude would not have been due to such editors from every friend of virtue and sound literature; what vows would we not have offered up for the success of so laudable an enterprise? What a distance between these immortal writers whom Religion avows, with whose

name she honours herself, and those heroes of impiety boasted of by philosophy! What an immense superiority over the latter do not those men possess, whose pen was ever chaste, whose taste was ever pure, whose intentions were ever upright, and whose judgment was ever sound! Here, virtues always go hand in hand with lights, examples with lessons, and the dignity of their writings corresponds to that of their lives. They treat not the most serious matters with the lightest frivolity, like Voltaire; nor do they combat vice, like Rousseau, with arms which cast the blush of shame on virtue. Here, you will not find a single unprofitable instruction, a single unreasonable thought, a single maxim at which morality may blush, a single principle which passion can abuse. Here, authority is enlightened rather than contradicted, Kings reprimanded with courage, but not ruled with insolence; and even then, when they thunder against the impious, the horror and indignation they inspire never offend propriety and good taste. Here, in a word, every thing leads to conviction, because every thing here arises from it; every thing enlightens the mind at the same time that it elevates the soul; so that we know not which is here more indebted to the other, the Majesty of Religion, or the Majesty of their Genius. Thus

offer themselves to our admiration all those sublime orators of the sacred chair, all those profound moralists who have walked in the footsteps of the Deity, and even all those poets of the first order, whom we could here name: so superior have they shown themselves by their talents, so irreproachable in their principles! Such are the authors we should applaud, imitate, republish, as the honour of our country and the ornament of the human mind. Such the men, of whom we can say, with as much pride as gratitude, that they truly belong to France, and are the glory of the nation: *laudemus viros gloriosos*, and not those two modern wits, who have not ransomed, by a single service, the dreadful abuse of their talents; men, whose names our country cannot remember without remembering their errors, who wished that their wit should shine only at the expense of truth, who never sought fame but in tumult, nor tumult but in our own disasters. Strange followers of Empedocles, to arrive at immortality and glory, they have not plunged themselves but us into the abyss.

Their passionate admirers will, no doubt, tell us that we are unjust in their regard, and that we are wanting to that respect which is due to them. Would to God, they had never been wanting to themselves, and to every thing that is

most holy and sacred upon earth! What, then! would the Philosophers allow them to dishonour themselves without any consequence for their glory? How could they require of us to treat him honourably, who was excommunicated by his own fellow-citizens, as their corrupter; or grant an hospitable asylum to the writings of a man, banished from his country as its shame, and from his church, as unworthy of being its member?

Besides, is this deference so inviolable, that we should have none for justice, morality, and truth? Is respect, then, and reserve due only to those daring men, who respected nothing? And why would we not despise two men, who held each other in the most sovereign contempt; who had vowed against each other the most inveterate and the most cordial hatred? Why should we be more obliged to esteem them than they did themselves, to be more generous and more deferential towards them than they were to each other? Why would not we, as they were accustomed to do, reproach the one with perverting his country, and the other with perverting the human race? To learn to despise Voltaire, we have only to listen to Rousseau; and to learn to despise Rousseau, we have only need to listen to Voltaire.

How much do we not regret, that the grave decorum of our Ministry does not allow us to place before your eyes the solemn invectives, and reciprocal insults they have addressed each other. No, never did the Philosopher of Ferney say so much evil of Priests, never did he vomit forth so many outrages against the Popes, or so many gross calumnies against the Holy Fathers, as he has done against the Author of *Emile;* never did he rage with more fury against the *Bible* than against the *Social Contract.* Never shall we be able to speak so ill of modern Philosophers, as the Philosopher of Geneva has done; never shall we speak so ill of him as he has done of himself. Yes, we would blush to repeat the crimes of which he accuses himself, and which he confesses in the face of Heaven and Earth; Providence having thus permitted it, in order that they could not have to complain, that they were not judged by their Peers, and in order that, by a sentence, at once irrevocable and without appeal, they should themselves justify the words of the Holy Scripture, that *in boasting themselves to be wise, they were but fools.*

Let us then cease to be told, that we are the calumniators of those great men, and that there is as much injustice as ingratitude in the aversion and horror we inspire for them. But we ask it,

do we charge them with blasphemies they never uttered, or reproach them with a baseness of which they were not guilty? Have we then falsified their correspondence, or misconstrued their confidential letters? Have we supposed this authentic repertory of their perversity, of which Providence has betrayed the secret, and by the very fact visited it with the most signal justice? Where, then, is the injustice to paint them, not only such as they have been, but such as they wished to appear?

The zealous partisans of the *Complete Works* do not certainly believe themselves, when they tell us that the principles of their Patrons have been abused, and that it is ignorance that has ill seized their meaning. But what wonder is it they be abused, when the contrary is impossible? When we raise the passions, must not the passions take fire? When we heat the mind, must not the head go astray? When we break down every mound, must not the torrents overflow? When we give loose reins to the fiery courser, will he not plunge amain, and bear down every obstacle in his passage?

Who could have promised to those wise men by excellence, that they should be able to direct at will the storms and tempests, after having unchained them? And how could those men,

who wrote only with their passions, their hatred, and their fanaticism, flatter themselves, that their adepts would act only with prudence, discretion, reserve, and wisdom?

What, then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, have we so badly comprehended in their writings, and how could ignorance here mistake? Is it their words, or their intentions we have not seized? Was this furious, boundless, and until then unexampled hatred to Christianity, but a mere sport, in which the heart was not concerned? Have we misinterpreted this shocking word, this infamous eternal chorus, which concluded all his letters, and which our pen refuses to retrace? Was this order, signed by Satan, *to crush Religion at any price*, but a simple counsel ill-interpreted either in its spirit, or its letter?

But were the great leaders ignorant, who conducted the Revolutionary Car over a sea of crimes and blood? Have they not, on the contrary, given proofs of sufficient capacity? Have not those learned and able men given the honour of their frightful success to the two ring-leaders of philosophy? Have they not decreed them civic crowns? Have they not sung hymns to their glorious memory amidst their songs of death? Have they not borne them in triumph, and installed them, in the midst of a phrensied people,

amongst the Gods or Demons of the Temple of *Great Men :* (1) Providence thus permitting it, in order that the authors of the *Complete Works* should be dishonoured by their own commentators; that there should no longer exist the smallest doubt on the sense of their principles; that nothing should be wanting to the shame and disgrace of their memory, and that they should be no less branded with confusion by their triumphs, than by their enterprises.

Remark, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, the inconsistency of those great preachers of humanity and toleration. At the same time that they claim the right of publishing every thing they please, without the smallest restraint or censure, against Religion and its Ministers, they would interdict the first Ministers of Religion, not the right of speech, which may shortly happen, but the very right of complaint. It is at this moment that they misconstrue our bewailings into insults, our protests into persecutions, our defence into

(1) The Pantheon, on whose front we ourselves have read this inscription : *Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie reconnaissante :* with mottos, such as *Droits de l'homme*, etc. etc. It has been lately restored to its primitive destination, and Divine Service is now performed in it, under the invocation of St. Geneviève, Patroness of Paris.

attack, our affliction into defamation, and our vigilance into fanaticism.

What then! they shall have the right of spreading the poison, and we shall not have that of diffusing the antidote? The perverters of the people shall then become its benefactors? And when we would secure our flocks from the misfortunes with which they are menaced, and the snares which are set for them, we shall be looked upon as aggressors, the enemies of concord and the disturbers of public peace? What an incredible confusion of ideas! Heirs, in this point, of the spirit of their Patrons, who, persecuting and attacking with violence the prejudices of the world, could not bear a single error of their own to be censured; who, though it was their glory to pass for impious, became transported with fury, whenever they were condemned as such. As intolerant, as they were intolerable despots, they supported their opinions, with the same rage as the enthusiasts and heresiarchs at all times defended their dogmas. They only wanted armies at their command to effectuate in their age, what the last Reformers had done in theirs. This is what prompted a celebrated King, (1) proclaimed by the Philosophers themselves *the*

(1) Frederick II, King of Prussia.

Solomon of the North, to exclaim: *Great God! how then can so much genius be allied to so much perversity?*

This is not all, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, their audacity still increases, and *their pride*, as the Prophet says it, *mounts unceasingly*. (1) After having disputed us the very right of complaint, they still pretend to wrest from us that of condemning the most condemnable writings. Looking upon our protests as provocations, our censures as proscriptions, our anathemas as usurpations, they reserve to the magistrates alone the privilege of judging of morality; as if we were not the born-guardians, the interpreters and sentinels of morality, as the magistrates are its protectors and avengers. And indeed we conceive it clearly, that those men who imagine that God cannot reign on earth but as they will, when they will, and as long as they will, should think they have the right of making over on his Ministers a portion of their authority. Why would they not ask us to render account of our *Pastoral Instructions,* when they demand of God himself an account of his decrees, and even of his secrets? Thus Episcopacy would be a phantom without power, an empty name with-

(1) Ps. LXXIII, 23.

out reality. We would no more have a right to watch over the deposit of your faith, than the security of your salvation; we could no longer say with the Saviour of the world: *who hears you, hears me; he who hears not the Church, let him be looked on as a heathen and a publican.*

Jesus Christ himself, of whom we hold our mission, could not then call the Jews rebels, and chiefly those, who acted the Doctors and Philosophers, a *race of vipers,* and *white-washed sepulchres* covered over with a varnish of fine words, but within full of worms and putrefaction. We could then no longer, in our Pastoral Letters, say to the Philosophers of our days, what an Apostle, in his Apostolic Epistles, said to the Philosophers of his time: *trees twice dead* to truth and virtue; *clouds without water,* charged with winds and storms; *wandering stars,* which, rolling in no certain orbit, have only caused us to go astray and lose ourselves in an inextricable labyrinth. Thus the Bishops, whose predecessors had assisted at the foundation of the monarchy, and who at all times were looked upon as its firmest pillars and natural counsellors, should now look upon themselves as strangers to its preservation and its glory; and those, who have fallen with so much greatness, in the defence of its last remnants, should now

have lost the right of defending it against the new attacks with which it is menaced by new conspirators. Even our preachers could no longer thunder against vices and scandals without being taxed with temerity; and one of our greatest Kings would not have known the rights of his crown, when he said of the sacred Orator, who was after announcing to him the boldest truths: *he has done his duty, let us do ours.* (1) We shall then do our duty, Our Dearly Beloved

(1) This remarkable saying is attributed to Lewis XIV, and does as much honour to this illustrious Monarch, as to the celebrated Orator in whose favour it was used. Some of the Body-Guards, who were present at the Sermon, in which Father Bourdaloue most pointedly signalized certain faults of their Royal Master, wished to avenge, on the spot, what they imagined his insulted honour. Their arms were already pointed at the Preacher's breast, when his Majesty, touched with a sense of his own duty, and summoning up those great sentiments he so well knew how to put forth on the occasion, exclaimed, *Stop, my guards, the Preacher has done his duty, let us do ours.* The part of the discourse, which offended the Royal Guards, was a commentary on the words of Nathan to David, *Tu es ille vir,* and it was worthy of Bourdaloue and Lewis XIV, to have imitated a Prophet and a Great King. It was chiefly this instance of courageous zeal that merited for the first of modern preachers the application of this verse of the 118th Psalm, *Loquebar de testimoniis tuis in conspectu Regum, et non confundebar.*

Brethren, assured as we are, that we shall not, in so doing, incur the displeasure of the Heir of Lewis the Great, and convinced that, in protesting against an enterprise so fatal to the State and to Religion, we no less conform ourselves to his intentions than we serve his interests, that we no less serve the Church than himself, and that, by our silence on this occasion, we would fail as much in our episcopal as in our civil duties. We shall do our duty, in order to pay our homage of honour to the memory and sentiments of the Martyr-King, who, during his sad captivity, felt with a dolorous conviction, *that these two men had ruined France,* (1) and he might have added, prepared my scaffold. We shall do our duty, though we should merit the anathemas of the impious, by pronouncing with the Apostle, *anathema to all who love not Christ Jesus,* (2) and still more so to all those who blaspheme, or who publish blasphemies; *anathema to those all who would announce to you another Gospel than that you have received ;* (3) ana-

(1) It was in visiting the archives of the order of Malta, which were at the Temple, (then the King's Prison) and there finding the works of Voltaire and Rousseau, that Lewis XVI, expressed those words. Mems. of M. Hue.

(2) Gal. I, 8, 9.

(3) I. Pet. IV, 17.

thema to those corrupters of nations, who sport in their ruin and destruction, who no less shake the foundation of morals than of empires, and who, sensible to the interests of *public reason* only, think that it is a matter of little consequence that morals should perish, and States should crumble, provided the press be free, and commerce flourish; an anathema to those propagators of the Complete Works, who pretend that the *law* is the rule of all, even of conscience, and that nothing that wounds conscience can wound honour; and who, far from blushing at this scandalous publication, openly assert that there is here no public scandal save the censure and condemnation, with which we brand it: *anathema sit.*

Such, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, is the degree of confusion introduced into all the received notions and ideas. This is the new plan of attack, the new persecution the impious are about to substitute to that from which we are scarcely yet delivered. This the science of oppression, of which speaks the sacred writer, and to which every day adds new perfection: infernal mixture of prudence and audacity, of craft and impudence: *sapienter opprimamus eum.* (1)

(1) Exod. I, 10.

And the impious have also said it in their counsels: let us oppress Religion with wisdom and with art; to open persecution let us substitute a more calculated and studied war, whose effects shall be more certain as its means shall be less violent, *sapienter:* no longer daring to attack her with open force, let us persecute her by books. We have not been able to conquer her by making martyrs, let us make deserters by licentious writings, and, as we have not talent enough to compose new works, let us republish the old. Let us make use of the name of Religion, the better to overthrow her; let us substitute sophisms to blasphemies, and irony to outrage; in levelling against her the most deadly blows, let us caress her with feigned praises, hollow concessions and lying offers. Let us propose to her peace, nay even alliance; and if she answers, that life cannot be allied with death, Jesus Christ with Belial, Heaven with Hell, we shall then publish aloud, and in every corner, that it is she that declares war, and that every instruction of her Ministers against bad books is a true manifesto of hostilities. Let us shut them up, as much as we can, in their temples, as we cannot chase them thence, and, if we cannot bind their hands, let us at least enchain their zeal. If they have pulpits in their

Churches, let us have them also in our Lyceums; and, if they have Preachers, let us have Professors; let us take care not to make them die, be our only care to prevent them from living. When they shall speak to us of the spirit of the Gospel, let us speak to them of the spirit of the age, which cannot go backward, and to which all mus' yield.

When they shall propose to us the principles of justice, let us oppose to them the duties of charity, which should bear with all, even with derision and outrage. Let us calumniate their intentions, if we can no longer tire out their patience; let us treat them as incendiaries, if they should seek to extinguish the fires we are enkindling. Let us particularly beware of putting their faith once more to the test, in order not to leave them even the merit of resistance. So prudent be all our measures of precaution, as to leave them a life without honour, and a death without glory: *sapienter opprimamus eum.*

It is almost the same persecution the Church had to sustain in the sad days of Arianism, and which the Great Hilary, of Poitiers, in his address to the Emperor Constantius, has so eloquently deplored. Would to Heaven, he exclaimed, that we were still under the reign of a Nero, or a Diocletian! Far preferable was the violent

persecution, then directed against the Christian name, to this deaf and disguised war now waged against us. With what superior advantages should we not have combatted in the defence of our faith! Clothed in the armour of Heaven, we should then have feared neither the racks, nor tortures, nor the burning braziers; we should have borne off glorious palms of victory, and our executioners would, at least, have been confounded by the courage of our champions. The people themselves, animated by our example, in loudly professing the faith of Christ Jesus, would have profited of the advantages of an open persecution. But now, the scaffolds are replaced by hidden snares, and the tortures by subterraneous ambushes. We have no longer to combat a tyrant, who threatens our lives, but a perfidious enemy, who sometimes flatters us, the better to lull us into slumber; an able persecutor, so much the more dangerous, as he turns aside his blows, the better to deprive us of the occasions of precaution and the means of defence. *Nunc pugnamus contra persecutorem fallentem, contra hostem blandientem.* (1)

Thus, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, and remark it well, to the persecution of Religion is

(1) Lib. Conf. Const. Imper. No. 1, 2, 3.

now going to succeed the persecution of morality. We are now arrived at this fatal epoch, when all the moral principles are about to be overthrown, as have been all those of sound policy; when vice imagines in itself alone the right of pardoning, and virtue alone has need of an apology; when all duties are placed in the class of problems, and all the virtues in that of prejudices; when men are put in the place of principles, justice is named vengeance, and the defence of truth the spirit of party; when indifference calls itself impartiality, and the contempt of every thing is styled toleration; when moderation is ever recommended with regard to duties and the holy canons, never when there is question of the desires and passions; when nothing dishonours but mismanagement, when there exist no other crimes than those which may prove hurtful to their authors. This is the confusion, spoken of by the Prophet, which places no difference between sacred and profane, just and unjust, what is permitted and prohibited, the received worship and the foreign one, revealed and invented religion. *Inter profanum et sanctum non habuerunt distantiam.* (1) Unexampled confusion, which renders every thing a matter

(1) Ezech. XXII, 26.

of opinion; atheism an opinion, the sanctity of oaths an opinion, perjury and treason an opinion, the right of property an opinion, legitimacy an opinion, monarchy an opinion, and the existence of the State an opinion: so that opinion is the reason and the answer of every thing, and thus the ground on which we tread, as moving and unstationary as opinion, may sink under our feet at every instant. Sad and deplorable fruit of those philosophical books, in which doubt is taken for instruction and incredulity for learning. By dint of attacking every prejudice, they finish by shaking every certainty; moral phenomenon, still the more alarming as it alarms no one, and which seems to us to portend the total eclipse of the sun of faith and truth; new abyss, now yawning under our footsteps, far more frightful than that of our overthrow, than the pressure of the stranger, than the disorder of the seasons and the overflowing of the torrents, and from which neither commerce, nor arts, libraries, nor the learned, nor yet all the luxuriant richness of the *Complete and Posthumous Editions*, shall ever save us.

Ah! no doubt, we should not despair of the safety of our country, as long as we shall possess our King given us by God, the legitimate race, and those August Princes, models of every virtue.

God forbid, we should here seek to alarm you by exaggerated terrors, and the image of dangers, more terrible than they are in reality. It is still, however, true, that false confidence is the ruin of empires, as it is of souls, and that, if the miracles God has wrought in our favour, supply us with new motives of courage, we have, nevertheless, to tremble at the chastisements prepared for those who abuse such graces. It is still our duty to *sound the trumpet*, (1) and to say: *woe to us if we observe a guilty silence!* (2) and, indeed, do not our alarms become more grounded, in proportion as we see the means of amendment and instruction every where diminishing, while those of dissolution and licentiousness every where acquire new strength; when we behold a large portion of the kingdom deprived of Pastors, condemned to this deplorable dearth of the Divine word, true nourishment of souls, without which we would shortly become a barbarous generation, without faith as without morals, and as estranged from our God as from our King.

But what would happen, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, if this ill-fated generation were told, that it is wrong to disturb it in its lethargic

(1) Isai. LXVIII, 2. (2) Isai, VI, 5.

slumber; that its true friends are those who flatter, and not those who enlighten it; that we should despair of nothing, as we can print with full liberty those works, which blaspheme alike the faith of our fathers and the reason of ages. Ah! it is then, indeed, that the evil would be without remedy, the abyss without bottom, and the oracle of the Apostle should receive its accomplishment: They will speak of peace, and ruin shall arrive; of security, and, at the moment when they will least think on it, the thunder shall awaken them: *Et cum dixerint pax et securitas, tunc superveniet eis repentinus interitus.* (1)

Let them then speak to us of the *progress of lights,* of our literary conquests and the flourishing and prosperous state of our civilization. And what are the lights of a corrupted people, but new means of its greater perversity and corruption? THE PROGRESS OF LIGHTS! (2) When the French genius is bastardized, when letters

(1) 1 Thes. V, 3.

(2) The cant word and rallying signal of the Philosophers and Revolutionists of the age. They sometimes translate it in England by the *march of mind,* the *force of things,* and other favourite idioms now received in the *radical* schools.

are as sad and degenerate as our morals; when every thing amongst us attests the sterility of talent and the poverty of the arts; when the Exterminating Angel has already sealed up amongst us the book of science, in punishment of the abuse we made of it — the *progress of lights!* while we are as yet in the first rudiments of state government; when, after a quarter of a century, we are still debating, in our public assemblies, on the meaning of liberty of opinion and liberty of person; when we are scarcely initiated into the art of a good education, a good legislation, a good constitution: mysterious words we the less understand, as we return on them more frequently! What then! would we confound some discoveries, brought round by time or by chance, with the true social lights, which depend neither on chance nor on time? Would we take our restless curiosity, for the extent of our genius, or the fatal art of questioning and corrupting every thing by words, for the love of truth? What great and useful truth has ever come out of our alembics, and all our manufactories of morals and policy? Does society find itself the better of having been new molten in our laboratories? Are our wars more just, because more scientific? and what have our arts availed, when applied to our military

tactics, but to render them more sanguinary and more wasteful?

For having added some degree of perfection to certain instruments of optics, do we now see more clearly into the science of our duties? Have the superior art and symmetry of our parks and gardens augmented the good order and happiness of our families? For having repaired our high-roads with greater care, are we now more surely in the path of virtue? Have all our systems and calculations saved us from a single error, a single folly, a single disaster? Have they destroyed a single house of gambling, of prostitution, or of scandal? Since we have begun to meddle ourselves with the government of insects, have we made any progress in the art of governing ourselves? Has the embellishment of our public buildings ameliorated the sad dwellings, or the nourishment of the poor; or the reform of our prisons rendered the captives less vicious or less numerous? and, because we have multiplied our museums and lyceums, are the youth of the country less licentious, less impatient of every yoke, less ardent to emancipate themselves at once from the authority of their parents and that of their God? Is it not then evident that, by becoming greater rea-

soners, we only prove this word of Holy Writ: *that the number of fools has no limits?* (1)

The progress of lights! When the torch of philosophy has hitherto been but a firebrand, which after having enflamed our own houses, threatens to set all Europe in a blaze; when, until this day, we have only well known how to demolish without end, to heap destruction on destruction, and still applaud ourselves, flaunting with complacency over those vast ruins; like unto children, who are never more rejoiced than when they dash down the frail edifices they had raised for their amusement. *The progress of lights!* Ah! let us rather speak of the progress of this unexampled depravity, which disconcerts our tribunals and appals our magistrates. Let us speak of the progress of suicides, poisonings, of parricides and other horrors, unknown in the history of crimes, with which our public papers are sullied at each page, and now become so familiar to us, that they make no more impression on us than those ephemeral tales, which amaze us to-day, and are forgotten on the morrow. Ah! perish all those *lights*, if we must purchase them at such a price, and acquire them at the expense of what we have been and

(1) Eccl. I, 15.

what we should be. No, it is neither science nor the progress of industry, but morality and virtue, which can ensure the destinies of a nation. It is good sense, *useful in all, like piety:* it is honour, it is probity, elevation of character, respect for ancestors; it is, in a word, the science of duty and the love of religion that aggrandize a state: all the rest is nothing but a chimera, *vanity and affliction of spirit, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life.* (1) These are the lights we should cultivate and cherish, and of which a people can justly boast; these are the lights of those strong and robust nations, which defy at once the strength of armies and the force of time; and not those fugitive phosphoric fires of philosophy, which only gleam an instant, and leave after them a deeper darkness; and not this luxury of *material* perfection, which can only impoverish the intellect, instead of exercising its powers; and not those futile conquests of wit, which have no more served us than our conquests of war; and not those pretended victories over prejudices, of which we should no more boast than of our victories over the stranger; and not those theories, so profound and so hollow, which have only made us wander

(1) Eccl. I, 14.

from error to error, from folly to folly, from disgrace to disgrace.

Beware then, more and more, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, of this great word, so often told over and repeated, that it provokes ridicule and disgust, *the progress of lights*, which can no longer impose even on the most simple; and never forget, that the more an age speaks of its lights, the less it possesses of them. Remove still further from this mass of regenerators, new-founders, undertakers, who find nothing good but what is new, and would reform all, even thought itself. Escape from this new deluge of books, which will shortly finish by the total submersion of the human mind: beware particularly of those fatal editions they are now adding to the treasure of your lights or your misfortunes. What need you more, to render them for ever contemptible in your eyes, than to think on the unclean hands, from which they came forth, and the frightful calamities they have cost you?

Friends of Reason and good Sense, beware of those *Complete Works*, whose author informs us, that they were composed *during ten years of a delirious fever*, and who was the less astonished that others did not understand them, as he acknowledged he did not understand them himself.

Beware of those works, wherein the useful is ever sacrificed to the agreeable, greatness to frivolity; where sophisms and subtlety can only falsify your judgment, and the good and reasonable things, if any they contain, might be forgotten, without any consequence for your happiness, your virtue and your true instruction.

Friends of your country, beware of the *Complete Works* of this bad Frenchman, who ever praised our rivals, at the expense of our glory; of *the Works* of this wild demagogue, citizen without country, and who would only teach you to despise your own: both equally calculated to extinguish in our bosoms the sentiments of love and fidelity we owe our masters; the one, by calumniating every social institution; the other, by reviling the manners and institutions of France.

Friends of good morals, beware of the *Complete Works* of this filthy poet, who has made the master-piece of his talent of the master-piece of ribaldry; so natural to him was the love of vice! Beware of the *Works* of this romancer of systematic perversity, who confesses, that he never wrote *but when impassioned;* who pretends to correct the passions by the most dangerous and the most violent of all, and bad morals

by a book, which, as he again acknowledges, can only corrupt them. Inconceivable avowal, the eternal shame of a man who, thereby compromising the honour of families and the innocence of young hearts, does not believe himself the less free from every account towards God, and from all blame on the part of mankind, provided we admire his style, and vaunt the hardihood with which he mocks the human race!

Friends of sound literature and good studies, beware of those *Complete Works*, which, even under the head of talents, will never be classic models, and whose authors, by dint of attempting wit every where, have carried their genius no where; of those *Works*, where you will find no fine eloquence, because there is none without reason and truth; nor true taste, because there is none without propriety and moderation; nor true graces, because nature has not wished they should flourish in vicious hearts, and because she has established such harmony and affinity between beauty and decorum, between elevation of genius and that of soul, that one never goes without the other. Ah! never forget that amusement is not instruction; that to learn to despise all, is to learn nothing; that to doubt of all, is to know nothing; and that there is but one way

to the beautiful, as there is but one to the true, that is, Religion, eternal source of all truth and beauty.

Friends of Religion, beware of those *Complete Works*, where Religion is reviled, calumniated, disfigured; where her greatest services are represented as scourges; where is qualified as barbarous, the Religion which drew us from barbarity, and can alone prevent us from relapsing therein; where every quotation against her is a lie, where her mysteries are treated as visions, her miracles as impostures, her Martyrs as fanatics, her Doctors as unlettered, her Apologists as persecutors, and her persecutors, the most cruel even, and the most branded in history, as humane men, worthy not only of our admiration, but even of our gratitude; where, in a word, to crown their impious treachery, we cannot say what the most injures Religion, whether their praises or their outrages, or the false concessions they sometimes make her, or the violent blows they cease not to level against her.

Fathers and Mothers, beware of those *Complete Works*, where it is laid down as a principle, that children have no need of a catechism, that we must take care not to speak to them of Religion, or teach them to love God, before they

themselves shall think proper to recognise Him by their own means: as if the sentiment of the Divinity could be too soon inspired, and that God were unseasonable in the first storms of life. Senseless and barbarous education, which takes all human nature at contraries; monstrous system, and worthy of him, whom no father would have wished to have for his son, and no son for his father! and can we then be surprised, that this strange education never formed but one scholar, and that this scholar was the despair of his family and the dishonour of his master?

And you, Our Dearly Beloved Co-operators, you will second us with all your power in combatting this new league, which is forming *against the Lord and against Christ*, by firmly fixing in the hearts of your flocks those important truths. These are the lessons you should never cease to inculcate in those days of delirium and darkness, when every thing tends to surprise your vigilance, or fatigue your patience. The greater activity impiety shall employ to diffuse those *Works*, with proportioned ardour should you multiply your instructions, and watch over those houses of education they endeavour to empoison. You will principally recall to mind, that this barbarous impiety, after having attempted to

corrupt our schools, still endeavours to pervert our very hamlets, and that, at this very moment, it announces without fear or without shame, an edition entitled: *The Voltaire of the Cottages.* Unheard of scandal, complement of all others, against which you could not stand up with too much force, nor secure with too much care the flocks confided to your solicitude. *The Voltaire of the Cottages!* Great God! what road are we taking, and what name shall we give to this age? What relation can there exist between so many frivolous tales, or impious romances, and those sad repairs of labour and indigence? With what virtues, what consolations, what motives of resignation and patience, can they inspire those wretches, who water our furrows with their sweat and their tears? With what new and ardent zeal should you not signalize this new wolf, that seeks to enter your sheepfolds and carry desolation and death ..... *into our Cottages?*

How many things, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, would we not still have to say to you, what sad reflexions still to make, if we here followed the impulse of our zeal, and abandoned ourselves to all the sentiments of affliction and bitterness, with which our heart is affected. But we know, with the wise man, that there is a time

for speaking, and a time for silence; (1) we know, with St. Paul, *that every thing that is good is not expedient;* (2) and that, as there is a prudence in evil, of which the children of the world make but too much use, so there is a prudence in good, of *which the Gospel makes us a law.* (3) We shall then be *prudent as the serpent,* (4) as Jesus Christ himself commands it; we shall be so for your good, and even for the triumph of truth, which it is not always seasonable, which it would be perhaps dangerous to state in all its bearings. A stronger and too vivid light might wound your eyes, as yet too feeble to bear and support it at present: *non potestis portare mòdo.* But we shall state it, when *the days of error shall be shortened,* when the charm, which now fascinates you, shall have been dissipated; when the mind shall be more calm, and the passions less irritated, and the earth, on which shall fall the grain, better fitted to receive it. Then shall we say to you, without reserve, what you can hear with advantage: *Scies autem posteà.* It only remains for us now to weep and pray, to await with resignation the moment of Divine Providence, and cover ourselves with the mantle of a wise dis-

(1) Eccl. I, 17.
(2) I. Cor. VI, 2.
(3) Luke XVI, 8.
(4) Matth. X, 16.

cretion, until the days of blindness and folly shall have passed, and *the torrent of iniquity shall have flown away: donec transeat iniquitas.* (1)

We think we should have betrayed the most sacred duty of our ministry, by passing over in silence those deplorable editions of unexampled boldness and impunity; hence, we think we should protest, in concert with our venerable colleagues, the Bishops, against the greatest insult Religion ever received in the Christian Kingdom. We protest against them in the name of public morals and of the monarchy, in the name of every true Frenchman, of every true friend of the King and of his august race, who have no greater or more irreconcilable enemies than those of Religion. We renew all the censures of the Clergy of France, assembled in 1782 and 1785, together with those of the two Archbishops of Paris, our illustrious metropolitans, who declared those *same Works impious, blasphemous, seditious, and sacrilegious.* We forbid, as much as in us lies, and under the penalties of the canon law, to print in our Diocess, to hawk about, or favour the publication of said works. We reserve to our Vicars-General the absolution of a crime, against which cannot be too severely ap-

(1) Ps. LVI, 2

plied the spiritual penalties ; and if, after having thus discharged our conscience and our Pastoral duty, those fatal editions should still sully the French Press, and sadden the looks of men of virtue ; if, in punishment of this scandal, Heaven should again become wrothful, and threaten us anew with the weight of its vengeance ; if the stability of the throne of St. Lewis should once more be compromised, and another deluge of woes poured out on our country ; Pontiffs of the Lord ! We are absolved in the eyes of posterity and of the Church, and to Us shall not be imputuated the misfortunes of the Nation.

Given at Troyes, in our Episcopal Palace, under the seal of our arms, and the countersign of our Secretary.

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes,
Elected Archbishop of Vienne.

By Order,

Constant Migneaux, Canon Secretary.

PASTORAL INSTRUCTION

On the occasion of Lent and his Seminary.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, etc.

IN our Lenten Instructions of last year, we endeavoured to forewarn you, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, against the spirit of the age. We laid before you the illusions of its promises, the perversity of its designs, and the artifices of its language. We pointed out to you this impious age, *which blasphemes whatever it knows not,* (1) *stands up against every thing that is God,* (2) imagines itself above all, and *as the monarch of all the children of pride,* (3) holds itself the paragon of all ages, because it resembles no other. These Instructions, solely

(1) Jude, X. (2) I. Thes. II, 4.
(3) Job, XLI, 27.

dictated by our zeal in the discharge of our Pastoral duty, have been, we doubt not, most warmly received by every true Christian and all men of worth, zealous at once of their own salvation and the happiness of the country. But this age, which, like those spoken of by Jeremias, *wishes not to receive instruction*, (1), has been offended by ours. In vain we tell it that we possess the sacred right of pointing out the attempts of impiety, not only in the name of God whose Ministers we are, but also in the name of society, of which he is the great conservator: in vain we represent to it, that the first of our duties is to secure against the ravening wolves the flocks committed to our care: the age answers us, that if it be our duty to save souls and to direct consciences, it belongs to it to enlighten minds; and that if before God we be responsible for your salvation, it must answer to posterity for our civilization and our glory. Thus it is, because impiety raises higher than ever her hideous front, that the age orders Religion, the daughter of Heaven, to lower her august head. This same age, which complains daily that no one dares utter the truth to the Kings of the earth, becomes itself indignant to

(1) Jer. V, 3.

hear it from our lips, and imagines that we invade the profane territory of policy, because we demonstrate that it usurps and ravages the sacred dominions of Religion. Thus, at a moment when morals perish in such a frightful progression, and their decadence disconcerts all the wisdom of the law; when the most impious writings circulate with as much boldness as impunity; it is at this moment they wish to shackle Pastoral Instruction, reduce into servitude Christian eloquence, or, to speak with the Apostle, *retain it in injustice.* (1) Thus would they, by little and little, establish the slavery of the word of God; *of this magnificent word, which breaks the cedars,* (2) *shakes the deserts, and re-echoes to the very bottom of the abyss;* this fruitful word, which *founded the Heavens,* (3) saved the world, and is yet to save it. But no; this word, says the Holy Ghost, *canot be enchained.* (4) We have received orders to *preach it on the house-tops;* (5) and as it is subjected to none, all must submit to it. Woe then to us, if *we should conceal it under the bushel,* (6) and if, like the unfaithful servant, we should *bury the talent*

(1) Rom. I, 18.
(2) Ps. XXVIII, 5.
(3) Prov. III, 19.
(4) II. Tim. II, 19.
(5) Matth. X, 27.
(6) Matth. V, 15.

intrusted to us, (1) and of which we are to render an account. We are preaching it these forty years without fear or subterfuge, and we shall still preach it. We have preached it to Kings and to tyrants, we shall now preach it to the age. What care we for its smiles? Is it not written, that if we *wish to please men, we shall not be faithful servants of Jesus Christ?* (2)

Yes, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, we have said it, and we still repeat it: The greatest error of this age is its licentious taste for novelty, which disdains every thing that has been, in order to rave only what may be. It is this impious war declared against a holy and hoary antiquity, by a swarm of false sages and non-commissioned reformers, who, as impatient in their desires, as they are limited in their views, and as ardent to attempt all, as incapable of foreseeing any thing, are not less zealous to destroy, than true sages to preserve. This is the folly of those thinkers of a day, who, having no zeal but for what never existed, no love but for institutions not yet existing, shamelessly insult the majesty of ages, and not satisfied to extinguish amongst us our hereditary traditions and our ancient recollections, the better to fashion

(1) Matth. XXV, 25. (2) Gal. I, 10.

us to their new errors, would still wish to tear Religion from the very pages of our history, the better to tear it from our very hearts. True apostates to country, they thereby delight in effacing whatever causes the pride of the French name, and the glory of that of Christian. Guilty offspring, they despise their fathers, and teach us thereby to despise ourselves, and lose this sentiment of national dignity a people holds for its very agedness, and which it never renounces without punishing itself. Imprudent men, they thus abandon the lessons of experience, and the brilliant beacon of our fathers' faith, to float adventurously, without guide or compass, on the stormy sea of human opinions, without knowing what port to make, and thus yield to the mercy of a thousand tempests the new nation that was to spring from their hands. Blind, they see not that God alone can make a new people, by *sending forth his creating spirit*, (1) and replacing it on the eternal basis of truth, justice and sanctity. It is in this sense that he says he will create new heavens and a new earth; and St. Paul recommends us to *shake off the old man, in order to put on the new*, (2) which no doubt is not the man of novelties, but that one that is born again

(1) Ps. CIII, 30. (2) Col. III, 9.

to the life of grace, and *renews his youth like that of the eagle,* (1) by *remounting to the source;* (2) by bathing his soul once more in the salutary waters of antiquity, and thence drawing new strength to return to virtue, to recommence a second life, and *recall the beauty of ancient days.* (3)

But this endless and lawless innovation of our age, does not reform, but demolish; not rectify, but build on nothing; not regenerate a people, but corrupt it; not call it to youth, but to old age, hastens its dissolution and precipitates its decline, takes away, with the tranquillity of the present, the hope of a future, and thus makes a problem of its existence and a sport of its destinies.

It was no doubt to palliate the shame and dangers of a spirit so restless and so fond of change, that this age has decorated it with the pompous title of the progress of lights. Empty pomp, with which it seeks to cloak its haughty poverty. In vain this long time we represent to it that a nation is always enlightened when it is virtuous; that it can owe its safety, not to arts and sciences, but to morals and to virtue; to the love of private

(1) Ps. CII, 5. (2) Deut. XXXII, 7.
(3) Isa. LI, 1.

duties, without which there is no public morality; to its faith in the divine principle whence flows all power, and which, by consecrating authority, consolidates the established order; and that in fine nothing is wanting to a people faithful to its God and to its King. The age haughtily replies, that a nation cannot be saved but by the enlightened sentiment of its own strength; that no power but its own is sacred; that its duties repose on the studied consciousness of its rights; that its fidelity is never so inviolable as when it is discussed; and that nothing is more fatal to a state than an uncalculated submission and an unreasoned love for God and for the King.

In vain we ask it, by what miracle and by what inspiration it finds itself more capable and more enlightened than all the other ages, and whence it holds this emancipation of which it makes so great a display, and of which until now it has made such happy use! It still replies, that its mission comes from its reason, its reason from its lights, its lights from the necessity and the very force of things; that hence it must advance, and we along with it; and that we can no more impede its progress than hinder the sea from murmuring, the thunder from rolling, or the sun from shedding his light.

Was there ever, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, a more deplorable phrensy? And who can accuse us here of misstating its sentiments, or of perverting its language? This then is the real malady of the age: the fanaticism of false science and of false lights, still more violent and more incurable than that of ignorance and false zeal. This unprecedented position of affairs, wherein reason has no longer any faith than in itself; when every writer imagines himself a doctor, every doctor a legislator, every legislator an oracle; when each constitutes himself his own judge; when in short we can say that every thing on earth is sovereign except the Sovereign of Heaven. *Woe to you,* says Jesus Christ to the false doctors of the synagogue, *who imagine that you alone carry the keys of science, in which you have never entered, nor made others enter.* (1) This is the anathema which equally merit all those scribes and political pharisees, who attribute to themselves alone the dominion of reason, concentrate in themselves the conscience of every people, the faith of every age, and look upon themselves as the mind of the human race. Infinitely more dangerous than those false doctors condemned by the Saviour of the world, they

(1) Luke XI, 52.

think they possess the key of every law and of all the mysteries of social order. They boast they can open all the treasures of light, and they have no other key than that of the abyss : *væ ! legis peritis, quia tulistis clavem scientiæ.*

It is now, indeed, Dearly Beloved Brethren, we can say with the Scripture, *that the hour of the power of darkness is arrived,* (1) and that now, more than ever, we must *beware of false prophets.* (2) No, never was the art of embarrassing reason by a thousand windings more learned; never cold theories more ably united with the violent passions, to support and justify each other; never was hell more fruitful in dark machinations to deceive ignorance and credulity. An universal snare, or to speak with the prophet, an extensive net is spread over mount Thabor; *Et rete expansum super Thabor.* (3) Who then can escape the snare of a false philanthropy, which is no more humanity than their philosophy is wisdom. It calls itself the love of man, and it is not the love of God, the true life of the soul; it goes beyond the pole to seek for brethren, and it scarcely knows *the neighbour God*

(1) Luke, XXII, 53. (2) Mark VII, 15.

(3) Osee V. 1.

has confided to each of us. (1) By dint of loving the human race, it has finished by loving none.

Snare of false charity, which the age would wish to confound with true Christian charity, whose first duty is to support and pardon all, and hail the true repentance which covers transgressions ; charity, to which the age so often appeals in order to make use of charity against charity itself, and to render the queen of Virtues and the image of Divine Goodness, the abettor of its vices, the shield of its iniquities, and the accomplice of its destructive and ruinous plans.

Snare of false toleration, false, because unlimited, and consequently without wisdom. Far from reconciling the interests of humanity with those of religion, it betrays the latter under pretence of defending the former. Its whole art consists in insinuating that all should be tolerated, in order that nothing should be believed. Unmasking itself daily by its own excesses, it proves to us evidently, that it only requires credit for every false religion, but the better to oppress the only true one.

Snare in this false moderation, which is not the restraint of the desires, nor of the passions,

(1) Eccl. XVII, 12.

nor of worldly pleasures; not this *sobriety of wisdom*, (1) which knows no exaggeration nor extreme, even in virtue; but a deplorable compromise between good and evil, vice and virtue; as if there were a medium between them, and as if the fairest feature of virtue were not an efficient hatred of vice. Shameful transaction, and unworthy a Christian, whose spirit is strength, and who knows but one way, *the straight way which conducts to life*. (2) Fatal neutrality, in which moderation is nothing else than lukewarmness, impartiality indifference; the love of peace, that of self repose; where forsooth! there is no spirit of party, because no one embraces that of virtue; and thus do we prepare ourselves for this terrible anathema of the Holy Ghost against those men whom he calls neither *hot nor cold*, and whom God, for that very reason, rejects from his bosom and *vomits forth from his mouth;* (3) men not less criminal than those spoken of by the Prophet, who change from right to left, *from God to Baal*, according as their ambition or their interest urges them, *usquequò claudicetis in duas partes*. (4)

Snare in this lying perfectibility, so much

(1) Rom. XIII, 3. (2) Matth. VII, 14.
(3) Apoc. III, 16. (4) III. Kings, XVIII, 21.

vaunted by this age, and which it calls unlimited, because it knows not where to stop and is a mystery to itself; which it calls undefined, because it is undefinable, and as far removed from Christian perfection, as pride from humility, as self-idolatry from heroic abnegation, the love of pleasure from holy temperance; as the grosser inclinations, and, if we may speak so, this religion of the senses, which will shortly replace all others, differ from the perfection of the soul which only *seeks and tastes the things above:* (1) fantastic perfectibility, which, far from *advancing from virtue to virtue,* (2) far from rendering us *holy because God is holy,* (3) and *perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect,* (4) only proceeds from dream to dream, from abstraction to abstraction, and has until now perfected but our social corruption.

Snare in this religious morality, which now-a-days they would substitute to Religion, and which is nothing else but the absence of all religion. Illusory moral, that would make Christians without Christianity, and give us a Gospel without worship, or worship without a Gospel; a faith without a creed, or a creed without

(1) Colos. III, 1.
(2) Ps. LXXXIII, 8.
(3) I. Pet. I, 16.
(4) Matth. V, 48.

belief; and which, by the contempt of every dogma, and the arbitrary latitude it leaves for the objects of faith, is at bottom but an indirect profession of impiety, a disguised atheism and the imposing mask of this fatal indifference, which blushes at its own name and dares not openly avow itself.

Snare in this novel system of education, whence they have exiled the noble inheritance of those principles and tenets which informed our fathers; snare in this reasoning education, entirely directed according to the *elements of the world,* (1) as St. Paul has it, *and not according to Jesus Christ;* wherein the first of our acquirements, Religion, is subordinate to all others, and appears rather a matter of form than a duty, rather meet than necessary.

A sadly calculating education, wherein all the lines they trace, and all the circles they describe could not preserve a child from a single fault, nor snatch him from a single vice; whose doctrines, as emphatic as they are dry, instead of curbing the rising passions, only excite them to fermentation, and, far from prolonging the too short period of innocence, first object of every

(1) Col. II, 8.

good education, only hasten that of licentiousness and corruption.

Snare in those anti-Christian ideas, which the age decorates with another name; ideas, conceived but yesterday in the slime of the revolution, and which should the more awaken our precaution, as they are more obnoxious by their novelty, more vague in their acceptation, and so much the more foreign to our ancient morals, as we can no more discover them in our Catechisms than in our vocabularies. Real enigmas, which each interprets according to his caprice, and the spirit of which consists in confounding all, in order to justify all, and in finding for itself, in the general absolution it deals out, a permission and license for every crime.

This is the worst state to which a nation can degrade itself, a true moral putrefaction, or to speak with Isaias, a *secret and universal languor*, wherein the frame of society only exhibits the sad spectacle of a corpse, where soul is without a spring, characters without vigour, moral without dignity, belief without conviction; where there is no activity but for vice, and no energy but for the passions: *omne caput languidum*. (1)

(1) Isai. I, 15.

What still shall we say? It is the gangrene that succeeds the fever; the lethargy that follows our convulsions; the agony, forerunner of death: it is this *spirit of insensibility* and *of slumber*, so much announced by the same Prophet, which God sends forth on the nations rebellious to his laws, when it enters into his views to punish and destroy them.

Such, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, are the various dangers with which we are surrounded, such the numerous snares the *enemy* has laid on our path-way, and which should the more alarm our vigilance, as at every instant they may compromise our safety. Ah! amidst these oblique ways, those treacherous documents, *those clouds whose double tongue veers to every wind*, (1) in this anarchy of mind and this transposition of every fixture, this confusion of good and evil, and this sad mixture of wily virtues and learned vices, this labyrinth without issue, where man, where the Christian cannot find his way: let us *preserve the sacred deposit*. (2) Let us rally more than ever around this divine wisdom *which is before all time and all ages*. (3)

Let us hold firmly to the anchor of faith. Let

(1) Eccl. V, 11. (2) I. Tim. VI, 20.
(3) Eccl. 11.

us quit this moving ground that may at every moment yield under our feet, and there *unshaken in our hopes* (1) and strengthened by the authority of all ages re-united with that of God, let this age perish if it will without us, and *fall into the pit it has hollowed out for itself.* (2)

It is for you, Our Dearly Beloved Co-operators, to redouble in zeal, and to second us with all your power at a time when to multiplied errors and scandals you should oppose an augmented supply of zeal and vigilance. This general instruction we address you will make the subject of your particular instructions. You will place it within the reach of the simple; not forgetting, as St. Paul says, that we are debtors to the ignorant, as well as to the learned, to the wise as well as to the senseless, to the weak as well as to those who call themselves strong-minds. It is no doubt for you that we can say, that *a great net is spread over mount Thabor,* and that you, still more than others, have to defend yourselves against those insidious men, who would, as they say it, make you harmonize with the times, that is to say with chaos. It is chiefly against you, that is let loose the *strong-armed,* (3) that is to say, the genius of evil.

(1) I. Cor. XV, 18. (2) Ps. VII, 16.
(3) Luke XI, 21.

You should arm yourselves against him with all the genius of good. For the arms of our warfare, says the Apostle, are *not carnal ones, but the power of God himself.* The power of your prayers to disarm the vengeance of God, and engage him in favour of those even who would wish to ruin you. The power of your examples, by becoming the *living rule of the flock,* and exhibiting yourselves as *irreprehensible* in your discourses as in your actions. The power of your good works, by assisting the poor, though poor yourselves, by consoling the unfortunate, reconciling enemies, protecting the widow and the orphan, and showing yourselves as the *eye of the blind and the foot of the lame,* (1) by forming true adorers for God and true subjects for the state. In short, the power of your instructions, by *arming yourselves with the sword of the Spirit,* (2) which is the word of God, and making use of it with as much meekness as strength. *You will exhort in all patience;* but *you will insist in season and out of season.* And what means, in the mind of St. Paul, insisting out of season, if it be not to rise up against the spirit of the age, that is, against the passions

(1) I. Pet. V, 3. (2) Ephes. VI, 17.

which agitate it, the vices which torment and the delirium which overrules it? You should exhibit as much zeal to enlighten it, as it shows itself obstinate in resisting you and headlong in its own ruin. It is thus, by a happy mixture of an inexhaustible charity and an unshaken firmness, you will teach the age, that if wisdom could vary with the times, Jesus Christ is always the same, the virginal purity of his doctrine the same, the object of our ministry always the same; that if there be revolutions in empires, there are never any in our principles; that if philosophy be as versatile as opinion, Religion is as unalterable as God himself; and that if the lights of our age be new, truth, which we announce, is eternal.

But if, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, your pastors have great duties to fulfil in your regard, what you owe them is not less important. If they should instruct you, you should hear them; if their state obliges them to point out to you your obligations, you should console them by your faithful conformity to the holy laws imposed on you by the august character of Christian. It is chiefly in this holy season of penance, and at the approach of the Paschal solemnity to which the church invites her children, that you should

enter seriously into yourselves. It is in a time of sacrifices and privations, that, to the mortification of the senses, you should add that of the mind. You will mortify it as well as the body, because, like the body, it has its excesses and its intemperance. You will interdict it those criminal lectures, not less calculated to nourish its pride than to heighten its restless spirit. At the same time that you will listen with respect to the words of eternal life, you will reject far from you those pestilential writings they sell you at so low a price, but which you would purchase so dearly; those hawkers of impoisoned doctrines, who invade at once the cabin of the poor and the palaces of the great. At the same time that you will follow those Apostles, those men of God, who announce the *good tidings,* those *evangelists of the poor,* who, like those spoken of by Isaias, *announce peace* and *preach happiness on the mountains,* (1) you will drive far from you those preachers of impiety and rebellion, those enemies of order, who cannot be satisfied until they shall have disturbed your tranquillity; whose only object is to make you, not happy, but discontent. You will shut your ears against those missionaries of corruption and

(1) Isaias LII, 7.

licentiousness, not less enemies of the salvation of your souls, than of the safety of the state; who do not alarm sinners, but tranquillize them; who do not trouble consciences, but lull them into false repose; do not awaken scruples, but laugh at them; and who, acknowledging no other God than reason, will teach you to disregard remorse, because remorse does not reason. In a word, you will turn aside from those preachers of Atheism and death, who will not intimidate you with the fear of eternal punishments, but would teach you to brave them, like themselves, with a vanity mingled with apprehension. Far from animating you to the conquest of Heaven, they boast, in their despair, to make the conquest of annihilation. Penetrated then with those great truths of salvation, still more desirous of becoming good Christians than great politicians, true faithful than vain reasoners; more occupied with the progress of your virtues than that of your lights, you will never forget that the most beautiful of all sciences is to unite yourselves by submission with him who knows all, as one of the greatest *blessings of God is to enjoy in peace the fruit of one's labour.* (1) Thus will you have gained all both for this world and

(1) Eccl. V, 18.

the next, when, by the aid of your faith, you shall learn the art of a virtuous life and the science of a happy death.

Understand then, says the Prophet, *you all who forget God;* (1) you who would reform all but yourselves; heal all except your own depraved desires and earthly concupiscences: you who imagine that every thing that shines is light, that every thing that dazzles enlightens: who think that your lights are the more vivid, because your passions are more ardent, your desires more impetuous, your vices more refined, and your souls more enfeebled. *Understand* once for all, that to diffuse science is not to diffuse light; that truths, and not scientific acquirements, are the true riches of the mind, as well as the true wealth of nations; that we may make discoveries without acquiring more lights, because nothing, properly speaking, merits this name but what tends to render us wiser, more solidly established in the order where God wishes us, more capable of advancing without pretensions and without noise towards the grand end of human life,—the happiness of others and our own perfection. Hence it is that there are no true lights but in Religion, as she alone can

(1) Ps. XLIX, 22.

offer us sufficiently strong motives to surmount our irregular affections and conquer ourselves.

Think well that there is infinitely more sap and substance in a single word of the Gospel, than in all the show of those vain systems, which we may be utterly ignorant of, or which we may perfectly comprehend, without losing or gaining one single degree of merit. Think that a child, well instructed in his catechism, knows more of the nature of his duties and the true principles of social life, than all those pretended doctors, bristling with theories as little conducive to their happiness as to their virtue. Think, in a word, that no light whatsoever can supply that of Religion, whilst Religion can supply all other lights; that a single Sister of Charity, who takes care of our poor sick, or a single brother of the Christian schools, who instructs our poor children, merit better of the country and do more good in one day with their modest simplicity, than all our great thinkers, all our luminaries of the age, with their scientific methods and their brilliant discourses.

How shall we, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, better terminate this instruction, than by addressing you in these words of the Saviour of the world: *Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be*

added unto you :(1) that is to say, that all the rest is superfluous, and that the only thing necessary and the only principle of life, is Religion itself and justice which flows from it. Would you have judges virtuous and impartial, who will never sell justice?—you shall have them: legislators worthy their mission and your confidence? —you shall have them: schools to protect innocence and the early morals, children docile and respectful, the joy and consolation of their parents, and parents that shall attract the love of their children by their cares, and their respect by their example?—you shall have them. Would you wish to behold once more the arts animated, as in the age of our glory, by elevated taste and noble sentiments? all the branches of industry and commerce flourishing by credit, good faith, probity and confidence?—you shall behold it. *Et hæc omnia adjicientur vobis.*

But by the inverse reason, you shall have nothing of all that without Religion: or rather, you shall have tribunals where shall preside corruption and venality; institutors without morals, from whose hands shall go forth children emancipated before the season, already constituting themselves your judges, in waiting to call them-

(1) Matth. VI, 33.

selves your masters; scandalous marriages, united only by law, but reproved of Heaven; social transactions without guarantee and oaths without faith; laws, in fine, which, established by the passions and discussed by unworthy organs, shall lose their sanctity and the respect of the people; *and then,* says the Gospel, *instead of one unclean spirit, seven others still more so shall seize upon you, and the latter state shall be worse than the former:* your actual reforms shall be worse than past abuses; your acquired lights than past prejudices; your conquered liberty than your broken chains; your promises made with so much assurance, worse than your demolitions effectuated with so much rashness; and your corruption by laws, than your corruption by morals. *Et fiunt novissima pejora prioribus.*

This is what shall happen, as Christ says, to this perverse nation, if it obstinately continue to forget its God in order to deify itself, and calumniate the past, the better to corrupt the present: *sic erit et generationi huic pessimæ.* (1) All ages attest it, and against ages this one shall not prevail; eternal order thus wills it: thus must be accomplished the oracle of truth itself, that when the Religion of a nation disappears, the

(1) Matth. XII, 45.

nation itself must fall and disappear with her, and that happiness cannot be found but in fidelity to her laws : *cum prophetia defecerit dissipabitur populus et qui custodit legem beatus erit.*(1)

How happy should we feel, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, if we had succeeded in graving on your minds and hearts those salutary truths, and if, for proof of the success of our instructions, we could witness the cessation of the various disorders that afflict our ministry, the greatest of which, no doubt, is the profanation of the holy day of the Lord; profanation against which we shall never cease to stand up. Scandal so much the more deplorable, as we do not see a single example of it in all the Christian nations. So much the more afflicting, as it is continually progressive, and no longer seeks to justify itself, but rather, divested of all fear, seems to brave at once the reproach of man and the wrath of Heaven. How consoling would it be for us, if we had been able to rekindle your zeal, and recall to your pious recollections those precious establishments, the object of all our solicitude, as of all our hopes. We love to remind you, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, that it is by your care and the succour of your charity, by the

(1) Prov. XXIX, 18.

pious offerings of some generous testators, we have been enabled to enlarge the entrance of the *house of the Lord*, and to acquire the vast site on which we have constructed the second Seminary of Troyes, and which will almost double the number of our young candidates and help us to repair those continual losses which afflict our heart. But all those benefits and the other resources Divine Providence procured us, far from slackening the impulse of your charity, should be, on the contrary, a new incentive towards the entertainment of these holy schools, destined to propagate the succession of Pastors, without which would soon be broken the links that unite Heaven and earth. Already our second Seminary at Sens flourishes under the eyes of its wise superiors, happily seconded by the virtuous local Magistrates. The King himself, informed of its success, has deigned to grant it some marks of his interest and particular benevolence. So penetrated is he with the importance of clerical education; so convinced is he, that his throne is more firmly established by principles than by arms; by the zeal of pious pastors, than by the valour even of his soldiers. His Majesty has not shown himself less generous towards our grand Seminary, and every thing leads us to believe that we shall still experience

the happy effects of his royal munificence. You will second, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, this pious solicitude of the Father of the country, who, however great his power, could not without your concurrence fill up the immense and still widening void of the sanctuary, and maintain those precious institutions, whose prosperity is one of the greatest blessings a Christian nation can expect, as their downfal would be the most fatal blow to social life and public happiness.

Here follow several articles as usual.

Done at Troyes, under the seal of our arms, and the countersign of our Secretary, February 10, 1820.

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes, elected Archbishop of Vienne.

By Order,

Constant Migneaux, Canon Secretary.

PASTORAL INSTRUCTION.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, etc.

THEY are approaching, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, those days of grace and salvation; those days of penance and reconciliation, in which we love to nourish you, during the holy fast, in a most particular manner, with the bread of instruction, in order to prepare your souls to receive the bread of life, and to recall you to your God, whose remembrance is decaying amongst us, and whose terrors are but too sensibly diminishing amidst the tumult of pleasures and the agitation of worldly affairs. Those instructions, as you well know it, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, are chiefly directed against the spirit of the age they would erect into a model, in order to render them more profitable, after

the example of all the Holy Fathers, who so well knew how to direct their zeal and eloquent writings against the predominant vices of their time; and thus give them a more decided blow and more effectually preserve from their influence the people confided to their care. Could we avoid copying such beautiful examples? Alas! the children of this age are far from thinking so. They wish that we should confine ourselves to a moral foreign to our present disorders, an ordinary moral belonging to all times and places, and that, lost in vague generalities inapplicable to the evils which afflict us, we should not give to our Christian documents a new direction, whilst they give to their corrupting doctrines a more deceitful colour and a more insidious form. They wish that the graces of style and the ornaments of language should be reserved to deck out vice and embellish falsehood, and that every pen should be mute that they may speak, and thus becoming masters of the ground diffuse without any obstacle their fatal poisons. It is for us, on the contrary, a new motive to speak to you without disguise or colouring, and to say to you with the Prophet: *sound the trumpet, cry aloud,* and *cease not.* (1) If God has

(1) Isai. LVIII, 1.

given you any strength, employ it more than ever against his enemies; if he has granted you lights, *make them shine out in this darkness;* (1) and think that the best use you can make of them is to lend a strong hand to truth, as truth deigns to employ your earthly arm in her defence.

And it is what we shall again do, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, in this instruction, in which we shall continue to unmask the age, although we should be looked upon as the enemy of the *progress of lights* and incur their honourable censures. We shall never cease to combat the age, because it never ceases to bewilder and corrupt us; because its spirit is as far removed from the spirit of Jesus Christ, as *darkness from light, as Earth from Heaven.* (2) We shall never cease to cry out to you: *fly from amidst this Babylon.* (3) Fly from this age, which pretends to enlighten the world, because it troubles it, and enliven the nations, because it inflicts death upon them.

Ungrateful age! it shamelessly calumniates the ages to which France owes her glory and the nation its dignity. Little and frivolous age, that

(1) Matth. V, 15. (2) Eccl. II, 13.
(3) Isai. XLVIII, 20.

imagines itself at the very zenith of reason, whilst it is at the very nadir of common sense! *Poor and proud,* one of *the three things God most abominates :* (1) and which, in punishment of its pride, Providence has decreed should never produce any thing great. Age, fondly enamoured of itself, which takes its presumption for merit, its audacity for strength, its uncertainty for wisdom, its restlessness for activity, its ruins for creations, our misfortunes for its conquests, and in fine for its own superior excellence the senseless encomiums it bestows on itself. Age in perpetual contradiction with itself, it continually tells us that it cannot, that it ought not go back, and yet these thirty years it does nothing else than go backwards in every path, except the path of crimes. We see it continually counting back its own footsteps, doing and undoing with the same facility, accommodating itself to opinions as fickle and as fugitive as the fleeting vapour, *changing to every wind of doctrine,* (2) without ever finding a point of repose, without fixing itself on any thing if not on the art of destroying, thus verifying the word of the wise man, that the impious know no rest, but wander unceasingly in the same circle of

(1) Eccl. XXV, 3. (2) Eph. IV, 14.

error and of folly: *impii in circuitu ambulant.* (1) Utterly incurable age, which no lesson can enlighten, no experience undeceive, no chastisement correct. *Wearied* by force of marching, as the Prophet has it, *in the ways of iniquity*, (2) it seeks rather to please itself therein than the means of its deliverance, makes us pass from the throes of convulsion to the slumber of lethargy, and, after having plunged us into a torrent of blood, would wish to make us wallow in the mire of impiety and the stagnant waters of vice.

This is the age, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, that produces itself with so much confidence, and sets up for a prodigy of light, beyond which there is no salvation. This the monstrous idol, to which its blind adorers would wish you to sacrifice your happiness and your glory, your principles and your faith, your present interests and your eternal destinies. Will it be so, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren? Would you listen to *these enchanters*, who, like those spoken of by the Prophet, *have the art of making their very poisons lovely?* (3) and who, in eternal discord with reason, would fain make us harmonize with the age, that is, with chaos, and thus, forsooth! raise

(1) Ps. XI, 9. (2) Wisd. V, 7.
(3) Ps. LXV, 5.

us to their own height, without reflecting that no created being ever surpassed the elevation of Lucifer, and that no fall was ever more rapid or more profound than his.

Would it be true, that you could still listen to those indefatigable destroyers, who wish to renew at once your religious and French education, who do not fear to plunge the state into anarchy and desolation, for the mere pleasure of reforming and renovating its youth? Proud detractors of our social antiquities, no less the enemies of their country, than those of our religious antiquities are the enemies of God. Barbarians, who thus openly decry the consecrated maxim as old as the world itself: *thus have our fathers willed it.* Modern Chams, who thus despise the authors of their days; who, not less criminal than the son of Noah, merit to be visited with the same malediction. They never cease in their folly to demand that time should put its seal on their novel institutions; and thus, by an inconceivable contradiction, they disinherit themselves in the past, awaiting from futurity the stability of their works. They dare to prefer a future antiquity, which nothing can secure to them, to the antiquity of the past with all its solid proofs and certain pledges, and thus, at as much variance with time as with themselves,

they repose on our grand-children after having reviled our fathers.

Is it possible that you could yet listen to those haughty enemies of prejudice, who imagine themselves emancipated from all errors, because they wish to receive no article of faith, nor submit to the immortal word of God until they shall have first submitted it to the uncertain reason of man : who never thought that, though divested of the prejudices of the multitude, they had all the prejudices of their pride, of their impiety and of all their passions mutually exciting each other; that there is no true knowledge, when once God, the source of all knowledge, is taken away; that the humble faithful who believes, is more learned than the sage who doubts; that none is more subject to prejudices than he who despises them all, as none is more credulous than the incredulous himself ; and that of all prejudices, the most shameful and the most fatal is that which attacks Religion without knowing it, and which would substitute to the belief of centuries the wisdom of a day.

Could you still listen to those politicians buried in matter, *whose vile tongue,* as the Prophet says, *creeps along the earth,* (1) and who disown

(1) Ps. LXXI.

all the powers of Heaven and the sacred source whence flows all authority and all justice, who would banish God from society, not being able to exile him from the world; who of kings, his august images and the *sons of the most High*, make nothing but the sport of the multitude they flatter but to deceive, they deceive but to inthrall, and then to compensate them for their misery and chains, not knowing what else to do with them, they create and call them the sovereign people?

Is it true you could still listen to those *sophistical* men, as the wise man calls them, doubly odious to God and their fellows; who, by dint of seeking what they can never attain, and of studying what they should not learn, *are corrupted*, as St. Jude says, *in what they naturally know*, (1) by using their talents to justify vice, and their reason to lead reason itself astray:

Qui sophisticè loquitur odibilis est. (2)

What then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, is there more odious than those miserable thinkers, who are continually thinking and who offer themselves as masters in the art of thought, as if

(1) Jude X, 10. (2) Eccl. XXXVII, 23.

all ages and all nations had not thought before them! Deplorable folly! Whence then have they learned this exclusive science of thought, who then has revealed it to them, in what cavern or abyss had it lain concealed before them? Is it not here we should ask them, with holy Job, *whence cometh wisdom*, and from what heights has she descended amongst us? (1) *Unde sapientia venit?* For if she comes from them, by what right do they impose her on us? And if they allow that she belongs to mankind, with what front dare they make so shameful a divorce with mankind by differing from them in belief? This, no doubt, is what the Prophet deplores, when he complains that *the earth is desolated with the greatest desolation, because no one thinketh in his heart;* (2) that is to say, that every one is a-thinking, and no one really thinks on any thing, because the heart has no share in those thoughts; that is to say, that every one thinks and no one reflects, nor makes any serious return on oneself. They wish to think on every thing, except, as the Prophet says, *on doing good.* Our true desolation, the great malady under which we labour, is this general giddiness of mind. Wishing to comprehend all,

(1) Job. XXIII, 19. (2) Jer. XII, 11.

they no longer understand themselves, and we may well apply to them these words of the Prophet : they *march like drunken men whose wisdom has been devoured.* (1) Shameful, but well merited chastisement, which should at length open our eyes and lead us to think on every thing else but what so long occupies an age as frivolous as it is perverse, which imagines it acts because it thinks, and thinks because it is in agitation; *wicked occupation,* says the Holy Ghost, and labour as sad as it is vain. *Occupationem pessimam.* (2) Ah! do not think, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren; this is the empty toil of the idle, the curious, the declaimers, of those minds as devoid of thought as full of themselves, puffed up with wind and words, like those reptiles that swell with their own venom. Do not think, but pray; for prayer is the life of the soul, the source of lights and the first channel of grace. Do not think, but believe; for faith is the true pathway of intellect, the surest guide of reason, and, as St. Paul says, the *foundation of things,* (3) without which all truths must totter and all principles crumble into ruins. Do not

(1) Ps. CVI. (2) Eccl. I, 13.

(3) Hebr. XI, 1.

think but on your salvation, the only thing necessary; think on God, *profound in his thoughts, and terrible in his counsels on the children of men.* Think on eternity, which should be the centre and, as it were, the meeting-place of your thoughts, and after that let the age vanish and *lose itself in its vain thoughts.* (1) Never forget that the great and only secret of thinking, is to live well; and that, to heal us of all our woes, and to satisfy all our real necessities, we need only an upright heart, a sound reason, a lively faith, a pure conscience. Reflect that the true thinker is he who best knows his own ignorance and his own misery, who is best convinced that reason is not made to command, but to obey. Never forget, that the thoughts truly great and useful, truly worthy of the name, are those only *which do not perish at the hour of death,* which we shall find again beyond the grave, and which we can present with confidence to the supreme tribunal of Him who is thought itself, who shall judge without appeal not only our thoughts, but our actions, and the very least thoughts that lie hidden at the bottom of our hearts, and in whose balance a thousand thoughts will not equal in value a single virtue.

(1) Rom. I, 21.

See to what a pitch, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, is arrived the public corruption which will shortly know no bounds. Witness this confusion of ideas, that makes of science the art of doubting, and of morality the art of laveering with all the passions; in which they call good evil and evil good; where all notions of just and unjust are confounded, justice bcomes vengeance, impunity justice, where vice pretends not only to avoid dishonour, but to enjoy all the advantages of virtue and to dishonour virtue itself; where the wisest and most moderate are those who seek to *divide Christ Jesus*, (1) as St. Paul says, in order that He should yield to all, even to the triumph of their passions, in order that they may take or leave Him according to their caprices; as if Jesus Christ were not truth itself, or that truth could admit a medium, or that this medium were not as immoral as it is chimerical. *Save us Great God*, may we exclaim with the Prophet, *for the number of thy truths is diminished;* (2) that is to say, changed by some, rejected by others and baffled by all; because the *only truth that can deliver us*, is the only one that has not the privilege to speak. (3) Sadly

(1) Cor. I, 13. (2) Ps. XI. 2.

(3) Isai. LIX. 14.

beaten down in the public places, (1) she is become the sport and mockery of those that uplift, as of those that repulse her. Deplorable and unheard-of position! It is here we can recall the words of Jeremy: *Lament ye Pastors, and send forth loud cries;* (2) announce to Jerusalem the misfortunes which threaten her. Alas! the tempests are appeased, and the ocean which bellows to-day will become calm to-morrow. All scourges are transitory and grow dull by their own violence: war has its season, and finishes by fatigue: contagion its crisis, and we know its remedies: fanaticism its fits, and bears within itself its own counterpoise. But who shall appease this fanaticism, unexampled in the history of the world, which burns to defend religious indifference, or is enamoured of annihilation; this zeal without conviction, which combats with fury for opinions without belief, or for creeds without authority? Who shall deliver us from this slow and unremitting fever of impiety, which insensibly devours the generations; from this undermining war against God, which still goes forward gnawing the social frame without shock or convulsion? Who shall preserve us from the plague of this systematic

(1) Gal. IV, 31. (2) Jer. XXV, 34.

and calculating atheism, which carries into the very heart of the state the principle of death? Who shall conjure and dissipate this cloud of shameless and licentious writers that cover and infest the soil of France, as the cloud of venomous insects which desolated unfortunate Egypt?

Religion alone, which is *resurrection and life*, can draw us from this abyss; or, to speak with the Prophet, *from this pool of misery and mire*. (1) And indeed, if France is still more valuable than her laws; if she is not yet smothered under the heavy mass of her mighty ruins; if, across all her disasters, she still preserves so many traces of her ancient glory; if she still survives so many principles of death, so many and such active causes of destruction, to what should we attribute it, if not to the very Religion they calumniate and outrage, to this immense want felt and manifested on all parts of returning to her, to this innate thirst for truth, to this cry of sentiment which nothing can wrest from the heart of man, that Religion is not less necessary to nations than the root to the tree, the foundation to the edifice, the air to life. To what attribute it, if not to the prayers of so many celestial souls, to the noble efforts of so many pious asso-

(1) Ps. XXX, 3.

ciations, which are daily leaguing against the genius of evil, as they are inspired by the genius of virtue and the love of good works; if not, in short, to the indefatigable zeal of so many true Pastors, so many soldiers of truth, who daily enrich her with the most brilliant conquests. *rejoice by their presence the deserts of Sion,* (1) and renew, in every country where they are sent, the wonders of the cross and the prodigies of its power.

This is the consolation, which Providence deigned to reserve for us in the midst of such sad and anxious solicitude. And we also, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, have received a reinforcement of those Apostolic men; (2) a *new*

(1) Isa. XXXV.

(2) M. L'Abbé Coudrin, formerly Vicar-general of Mende and Seez, Founder and Superior General of the Religious Congregation of the *Sacred Heart*, approved and confirmed by his Holiness Pius VII, after the many favours bestowed on it by his pious predecessor, is at the head of the Missions he himself established, under the auspices of the bishop of Troyes, who named him his Vicar-General. He is accompanied in his apostolic courses by several Priests and Catechists of the Seminary of Picpus, at Paris, one of the many Religious communities he has founded in France. M. de Boulogne honours him with an entire confidence, and the successful zeal with which M. Coudrin

Establishment of Auxiliary Priests is forming under our eyes, and under the auspices of a repairing government, in order to supply the widowhood of so many churches, deprived long since of Pastors, menaced with barbarism, and to labour in the cultivation of *those lands without water*, where no longer grow but brambles or poisons. Their number, no doubt, is disproportioned to the greatness of the harvest; but they supply this defect by a holy and unbounded ardour, and, if they do not multiply the loaves in the desert, we can say, that they multiply their persons; thus imitating the spirit of God, mentioned in holy writ, which, though simple and one, spreads and multiplies itself at will, and in a single spirit discovers many; *unicus et multiplex*. (1) Heaven has already blest their first essays. Our temples are no longer vast enough to contain the multitude that press around our altars, nor our tribunals capable of receiving so many penitents. What reparations! What restitutions! What reconciliations! How many prodigal children returned

has already, in the short period of two years, changed the face of the Diocess, proves at once his Lordship's sagacity, and the eminent merits of the virtuous Missionary.

(1) Wisd. VII, 22.

to the paternal roof! How many spouses into the path of fidelity! How many anti-christian marriages sanctified by the benediction of the Church, which is that of Heaven! Ah! it is indeed of them we can say, as of our Divine Master, that *they pass their way in doing good*, and doing nothing but good, incapable of doing any thing but good with the pure and noble intentions which guide them.

One of the most sensible proofs of the Divinity of our Religion, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, is this continual triumph of the Divine word, the power of this grand and *magnificent voice*, which *breaks the cedars and shakes the desert*; (1) which at one time compares itself to the *evening dew*, the more softly to penetrate the heart, at another time to the thunder, the more strongly to agitate it; now transforms itself into a *soft shower*, and again into an *impetuous river*, which rejoices the House of God; which with one word overthrows Saul, and with another awakens Augustin: (2) ineffable talent, which can dispense with all others and supply them, which the world cannot give, and which God alone inspires. Whilst the word of man can only ornament the mind and flatter the ear, the

(1) Ps. XVIII. 5. (2) Ps. XLV, 5.

word of God *goes to the very marrow of the heart*, (1) *enlightens the eyes, and converts souls.* (2) Admirable science, proportioned to the weakest and to the strongest minds; milk for children, and nourishment for the greatest geniuses; shooting to the highest regions like the eagle, and visiting in its descent the little ones in the most obscure places; speaking to the Greek and to the barbarian; understood by the poor, and making Kings themselves tremble on their thrones; unfolding the abyss of consciences, as it had done that of chaos, and by a double miracle sanctifying the world, after having created it.

This is the source of the inveterate hatred, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, borne it by the children of the world. Hence the rage with which they pursue those Apostolic men who announce it every where with so much success, and whose zeal is augmented with the obstacles they encounter. How happens it that so much virtue does not disarm those implacable enemies? And what is wanting to merit their esteem and veneration? Nothing is wanting to their glory but the hatred of the wicked: this should be their best eulogium, and they have obtained it. Un-

(1) Hebr. IV, 12. (2) Ps. XXXIV, 20.

just and ungrateful men! of what do you complain, and of what do you accuse them? Will you make a crime to them of the very hatred they extinguish, of the domestic dissensions they appease, of the scandals they remove, and of the disorders they repair?

You speak of their exaggerated morality. Would you wish they should adopt yours, that falsely moderated morality, with which the wicked have all to gain, and the virtuous all to lose; that fatal art of making concessions to vice and imposing restrictions on virtue; that sacrilegious traffic between God and the world, Religion and impiety, with the perfidious design to weaken and degrade the one, in order to honour and encourage the other?

You accuse them of awakening painful recollections, and of exalting the passions; thus lying to evidence itself, and to your own hearts, which are conscious that they are, as the Prophet says, *pacific even with those that hate peace;* (1) true Ministers of this divine charity, which is ever ready to grant pardon to repentance, and tears to the errors it pursues and the vices it condemns; placing at the head of their instructions, not indeed the oblivion of those crimes that

(1) Ps. CXIX, 7.

should serve to instruct the world and appal the most distant posterity, but the oblivion of injuries and personal offences, of faults inseparable from human nature, and for which an extreme rigour would be an extreme injustice.

You speak of their intolerance. Yes, no doubt, they are as intolerant and as inexorable as truth; as intolerant against errors as the Catholic Church, which admits no pact with the doctrines contrary to her faith, but tolerant as she is for erring and misguided persons. Would you then have them preach, that all worships are good, because you wish that all should be free; that all are equal before God, because they are equal before the law; that there is no true Religion of exclusive salvation, because you wish that all the false ones should be favoured, and that each man should be free to choose any of them at his fancy.

You affect to say, that the Missionary Priests occupy themselves with politics. God forbid, that in their instructions, no more than we do in ours, they should ever mingle discussions as foreign to their studies as to their functions. But there is a celestial policy, to which all others should be subordinate; an immutable policy, with which a people cannot be in opposition without punishing itself; a sacred policy, by

which Kings reign, and without which they could not long reign, and which is nothing else than Religion itself. Such are the politics with which they and we are occupied, and shall continue to be so, if indeed we can give the name of politics to that science descended from above, which guides all without being itself guided, the eternal light of society as the sun of the world.

You speak of the transports of their zeal, as if they could transact with their duties, with their ministry, as you do with principles and morality; as if they should manage iniquity, because you are its complaisant flatterers, and *drink it like water*, (1) as the Prophet says it. Can they speak otherwise than the Prophets, than the Apostles, than Jesus Christ himself; who, during his mortal life, never ceased to thunder against impenitent Jerusalem, and announce to the rebellious synagogue the misfortunes that were to befal it? Must then the Ministers of the Gospel no longer say with St. Paul: *Woe to me if I do not announce the Gospel?* Must they no longer strive to stir and stagger consciences, because you no longer feel either remorse or repentance; must they no longer bear in hands the thunder of God, because you defy it, and no more own a master on earth than you do in Heaven?

(1) Job, XV, 16.

What, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, *the axe is already laid to the root of the tree, which is to be cut down and thrown into the fire;* and whilst this fire is gaining on all sides, they accuse the sacred Ministers of crying too loudly, and reproach them with the crime of throwing themselves into the midst of the flames in order to extinguish them! They leave nothing untried to slacken their zeal by hypocritical fears and imaginary troubles; and whilst we do not find a single page of our public papers which is not sullied with a homicide, a suicide, a fratricide, a parricide, and that a torrent of immorality is threatening to overwhelm society, they seek to repel and blacken those men of holy courage, who alone are capable of stopping the course of this new deluge, whilst the age, in order to ensure its superiority, unites to the faction of the seditious that which the Prophet calls the *faction of the libertines;* (1) whilst we behold it. by a double sacrilege, shaking the palaces of Kings and profaning the *House of God,* they still dare to tell us that we should not thwart the spirit of the age, nor impede, by too lively exhortations, the happy movement it impresses. Was there ever, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, a si-

(1) Amos VI, 7.

milar delirium? What then! Is it we that exaggerate, or is it the age that is hurried away with passion? Is it we that sow false alarms, or is it the age that is running to its ruin? Is it we that suppose so many abominations, that invent at pleasure all those nameless and unexampled crimes, or is it the age that commits, provokes, palliates, dissembles, vaunts, and justifies them?

Fly then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, those Apostles of falsehood, who hate nothing so much as truth; who, abusing at once morality and language, not less learned in sophistry than fruitful in calumny, have but too well succeeded in making a bug-bear of the name of the Missionaries. Fly those hypocritical Apostles, who, counting as nothing your salvation and your souls, should only occupy themselves with your lights, that is to say, with what is most useless, even were it not most dangerous, for you. Fly those Apostles of egotism and immorality, who will speak to you of plans of fortune and never of virtue, of sacrifices and of privations; whose whole mission is limited to disclose to you the secret of acquiring riches, no matter at what price: for whom the very words amendment and contrition are devoid of sense, who detest all conversions and confessions as much as they

love troubles and revolutions ; true missionaries of hell, whence they are sent, and in which they would prevent you from believing because they fear it, as they are irritated against those who preach Heaven, because every thing tells them, that Heaven is not made for them.

You will also learn to know them by their works; and as they are so greatly offended by the number of sinners, whom holy exhortations bring back to God, ask them what wicked men their learned lessons bring back to reason. Ask them, where are the injustices they repair, the dissensions they calm, the spouses they render more faithful, the children more docile, the unfortunate more resigned, the victims of libertinism whose impetuosities they curb and whose repentance they excite. Ask them above all to show you a philosopher who reforms, a philosopher who pardons, a philosopher who restores, and, what is still more difficult, a philosopher who humbles and mortifies himself. Insist still, and summon all those professors of morality and philosophy, who so arrogantly dictate their doctrines to the human race, to tell you what can avail their prudence to calm the ardent passions, their tempered morality to extinguish fires, their learned calculations to appal the guilty, to soften

the hardened, to overthrow the rebel and awaken the dead.

Shutting your ears against their perfidious insinuations, which you will repel far from you, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, you will only listen with more docility and gratitude to those venerable men, who will not speak to you of prejudices to be conquered, but of passions to be surmounted; not of rights to be established, but of duties to be accomplished; not of liberty to be acquired, but of the chains of sin to be broken; who will not teach you to make laws, but to know and practise the law of God, without which there are no laws. Far from stirring up the poor against the rich, the only talent the children of this age possess, they will move the rich in favour of the poor.

Forgetting themselves to think only on you, as disinterested on the score of vanity as of fortune, they ask no other applauses but your tears, no other gratitude but your prayers, no other salary but your salvation; and, after having consecrated to the happiness of their Brethren, their repose, their health, and if need require, their lives, they demand to be rewarded by no other hand than that of God.

And you also, Respectable Magistrates, and all you who preside over public order, you will not cease to protect those men of God, one of whom renders, in a single day, more service to humanity than ever can do all the reasoning moralists with whom France is encumbered. You will feel more and more how well their ministry, by purifying public morals, is calculated to second and simplify the action of Government, at this day so complicated an art and so difficult a talent. You will cause to be rendered to their persons the respect which they procure for your authority; you will favour their zeal, as they will abridge your labours and alleviate the load of your duties. They will pursue those vices which mock your vigilance, and are not even of your judicial competency; they will prevent crimes and infractions which the laws know only how to punish.

Stronger than earthly power, they will prepare the heart for submission and the love of order; and thus, by persuasion alone, they will effectuate what the most absolute Kings could not command by terror. In short, you will support each other, and thus will it be true to say, in a more proper and literal sense,

that they will be your co-operators, your helps, and auxiliaries.

It is then true, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, that the depositaries of authority feel more than ever the necessity of this happy accord between the throne and the altar; *policy and Religion, two things,* says our Bossuet, *which roll together in the great movement of ages:* (1) every thing announces that they are now fully convinced that, if the great work of our regeneration can ever be accomplished, it must be by the holy alliance of the two *Powers,* mutually assisting each other, and concurring by different means to the same grand object, that of rekindling the sacred fire on the point of being extinguished amongst us, and of reuniting the interests of the Earth to those of Heaven. Yes, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, let piety be honoured, the sacred ministry encouraged. the distribution of the word of life efficaciously supported; let new efforts be made to fill up the daily augmenting vacancies which desolate the Sanctuary; let them be sounded from one end of France to the other, those evangelical trumpets, at whose voice the wicked

(1) Politique Sacrée.

grow pale, and the good are filled with new life; which do not call to battle and to glory, but to the peaceful conquest of souls and to the happiness of virtue; which will overturn, not the walls of cities, like those of Joshua, but all those ramparts, from whose heights audacious impiety still dares to defy Heaven with its insolence. Thus shall we force Vices into their last retrenchment. Let us, in a word, have *Pastors according to the heart of God*, Heralds of Truth, powerful in works and words, who shall diffuse every where the Christian and Monarchical spirit which is the spirit of France, and France is saved, and France will become what she was, the country of great talents and great virtues; and to speak with a celebrated writer, *the fairest Kingdom after that of Heaven*.

To this end it is, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, that we offer up our ardent prayers for the arrival of our *Brethren of the Christian Schools*, who, though demanded on all hands, have not been able to answer our pressing solicitations, and the desire of so many virtuous people. It is now, alas! when impiety has formed the horrible system of poisoning our schools, and the detestable policy of corrupting youth, and dragging to its ruin the

rising generation, as it has destroyed the past: it is in this extremity and deplorable situation of affairs, that it is more urgent than ever to bestow our cares on the first age, and repel far from it the dangers with which it is surrounded, and all the snares that are scattered on its pathway. Who can better fill this difficult employment, than those pious Institutors, whose zeal equals their disinterestedness, and who will furnish at once the lesson and the example? Alas! they too shall be our auxiliaries: they too will have their *Missions*, as we can say that childhood in its precocious perversity has need to be converted! They too have *their Crosses to plant* (1) in their

(1) The *Planting of the Cross* is the last but one of the most solemn and touching ceremonies of the Mission. It is generally of a most imposing height, and its weight so considerable, that sometimes fifty, sometimes a hundred, and even two hundred persons, carry it processionally to the place of its destination. When the subscriptions allow it, they attach to the cross a Christ carved, and painted in its natural form and colour, along with the instruments of the passion. With this grand spectacle before him, what emotions must not the Christian orator excite in the hearts of the numberless penitents prostrate before the image of the Saviour, whose mercies they have learned and felt during the instructions, whose pardon they received in the Tribunals of penance, with whose life-giving bread they

Schools, to present it to the respect and adoration of those unfortunate youths, destined by their calling to labour and to misery; and this sacred sign alone is infinitely more capable of inspiring their hearts with good sentiments, and their minds with good thoughts, than all those dry documents and *Material Instructions*(1) now in vogue; which put nothing into the heart, and very little into the head.

We cannot take leave of you, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, without speaking to you of our Seminary, and particularly of the new establishment which has been the object of our solicitude; and which, begun last year, is now happily terminated. After having won, by force of entreaties, or rather, after having obtained from the justice and piety of the Most Christian King the Great Seminary we occupy, we thought we heard the Lord say to us by his Prophet: "Do not stop here, go still for-

have been nourished in the Holy Communion. Every one salutes the cross in passing. The peasants every evening make a station at its feet; and travellers, beholding the tears with which they still bewail offences long since effaced, have been heard to exclaim, *that* Religion must be true.

(1) In allusion to the mechanical and pantomime lessons of the Lancasterian Schools.

ward, raise your pavilions, and expand your tents:" *dilata locum tentorii tui et pelles tabernaculorum tuorum.* (1) Let not the expenses affright you, fear not, spare not, *ne parcas:* count on me, and you will penetrate without difficulty from right to left, *et ad lævam et ad sinistram penetrabis.* (2) Encouraged by this word, and full of confidence in Him *who builds and no one destroys, who destroys and no one builds up,* (3) We have put our hand to the work, and God has assisted us, and his work has grown to an unexpected height, and the holy edifice has come forth, as it were, from nothing, astonished to find itself on foot. Already are there reunited one hundred and sixty pupils who console us by their piety and happy dispositions. What acts of thanksgivings have we not to render to Divine Providence? And you, generous Souls, who have hitherto done so much for our clerical family, how much should you now redouble your zeal, in order to preserve, increase, and perfect this precious School, which will be for the city of Troyes a new subject of edification, for our Diocess a new pledge of Heaven's protection,

(1) Isai. LIV, 3. (2) Ibid.

(3) Kings, XIV.

and for our Episcopacy a new source of grace and benediction. Thus, says Holy Writ, when Solomon had finished the house of the Lord, his reign was prosperous, and every thing succeeded according to his desires: *complevit Salomon domum Domini et prosperatus est.*

It is on you, chiefly, Our Dearly Beloved Co-operators, we must call for succour in this important undertaking. Not only you will make with zealous fidelity, the collections ordered by us, and from which no pretext can exempt you; not only will you pay to the Holy House which educated you, the annual tribute imposed on you by gratitude, but you will still labour to form for it worthy subjects, and prepare for the Sanctuary those chosen children who may present themselves to you, by cultivating their minds, proving their vocation, and protecting their innocence. They are the best alms you can bestow, the most meritorious, the most worthy of you, and the most suitable to your state and means. Thus concurring to the glory of the Sanctuary, you will contribute to your own.

You will partake of all the good these children will in time perform; you will find therein the sweet recompense of your labours; you will honour yours, and console ours; you will

merit the gratitude of every friend of the Church and of Religion, and furnish us a new motive of recalling to mind those words we delight to repeat. Solomon finished the House of the Lord, and every thing succeeded well with him, and he was ever happy in all his enterprises. *Et prosperatus est.*

Here follow several ordinances similar to those already noticed.

Done at Troyes, under the seal of our arms, and the countersign of our Secretary, February 23, 1821.

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes, elected Archbishop of Vienne.

By Order,

Constant Migneaux, C. Secretary.

PASTORAL INSTRUCTION

On the occasion of Lent 1822.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, etc.

OF all the divine characters, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, which distinguish the morality of Jesus Christ, and place it at so great a distance from all others, none is so striking as this abnegation and self-denial, of which none of the sages before Him had ever doubted. All the declaimers of the Portico had said, *abstain*, *abstine ;* but none ever said, renounce yourselves, *abneget semetipsum*. They have indeed said : abstain from those pleasures which might injure health, from all excesses which might enfeeble the body : none of them ever said, we must mortify the body. They have indeed said : ab-

stain from all vain cares and useless precautions, which are only proper to sadden the heart and and disturb the spirit's tranquillity; none of them ever said, we must mortify the spirit. Jesus Christ alone has proclaimed this double mortification, this double abstinence, which severs man entirely from himself, to subject him to a spirit far greater than his own, the source of all virtue and light. Mortify the body, *in order to repress vice and elevate the soul,* (1) as speaks the church; mortify the spirit, to render the corporal privations more meritorious; this is the whole secret of the Gospel, the whole science of the Christian, the whole happiness of the faithful soul.

Yet, there is an essential difference between the fast of the body and that of the spirit. We can be dispensed with in one for lawful reasons, no motive can exempt us from the other. This is the fast of all ages and conditions, and it is in this sense we can truly say, that every one is obliged to fast; the feeble and the strong, the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the sick and those in health. But in what consists this renunciation, this abstinence, or, to speak with the Gospel, this crucifixion of the spirit.

(1) Preface, Quadrag.

None of you, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, can here mistake it. It consists in this renunciation of intemperate pride, source of all our miseries; of this insatiable curiosity, one of our greatest mental maladies; of this spiritual libertinism, parent of incredulity; of this love of false science, which only inflates the mind, and leaves in the soul no virtuous sentiment; of this rage of endless reasoning on things we should not know, and of *scrutinizing matters*, (1) as the wise Man says, *more elevated than ourselves;* in a word, of this vain luxuriancy of superfluous knowledge and idle studies, whose end is not God; poor pasture of feeble minds and narrow souls, or, to say it still with the wise man, *miserable labour carried off by the wind* (2) and lost for eternity.

This is the spiritual penance, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, and the interiour fast chiefly imposed on us by the Divine Legislator, the excellence and necessity of which are so great, that without it the corporal abstinence would be of no avail for salvation, of no merit before God. In this sense can we truly say, that the spiritual fast is the true nourishment of the soul, whereas it purifies, enriches, and strengthens it. Thus the more it abstains, the more it acquires; the more

(1) Eccles. III, 22. (2) Ibid. V, 15.

it humbles itself, the nearer it approaches to the source of all good ; and thus, its abundance and riches spring from its very poverty. It is then, it becomes fitter for serious meditation, and this self-recollection so necessary in order to disabuse it of wordly illusions, penetrate it with the nothingness of life, and bring back its thoughts towards the eternal years. It is then that, divested of itself, it is but the more capable of receiving the spirit of God, of humbling itself under his hand, of *trembling*, as the Prophet says, *at the view of His judgments*, (1) of profiting of the graces He bestows, or the chastisements He sends us, and of all the great lessons unceasingly given us by His justice or His mercy.

And surely, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, if this spirit of meditation and of self-recollection should be recommended to you, it is principally in those deplorable days in which we live. It is surely more necessary in this age of phrensy and infatuation. And when were ever more subjects for serious reflexion, more motives than at present of returning to ourselves, or, as the Prophet says, to *our hearts*. To what a degree should we be possessed, or, as the Wise Man has it, *fascinated*, (2) in order not to be astonished at the

(1) Ps. CXX. (2) Wisd. IV, 12.

spectacle of our miseries, and the sad image of so many crimes superadded to so many follies? On all parts how many lessons comparatively deepening with instructive terrors! It is now, indeed, we can say with the Apostle, that *every creature groans, and that the whole world is in the throes of child-birth.* (1) *Why do the nations chafe with wrath, and the people meditate vain projects?* (2) What means this disquiet, this vague restlessness, this unexampled agitation? What here should most alarm? Is it the anarchy of the mind, or the consumption of the heart? Is it the effervescence of the one, or the mortal chill of the other? Is it the sick that deceive the physicians, or the physicians that deceive the sick? What then is this fantastic Divinity, this delirious liberty, which knows neither what it wishes, nor where it tends, nor what it says, nor what it does, and *which the multitude pursues, provided it but hear its name?* (3) Inconceivable giddiness! We find it foretold by the Prophet Jeremy: *you have not been willing to hear me, in order that each of you might at pleasure preach liberty to his brother, but behold, says the Lord, I announce it to you, and you shall*

(1) Rom. VIII, 22. (2) Ps. II, 4.

(3) Bossuet, Funeral Oration of the Queen of England.

find it either in war, or in pestilence, or in famine, and I will give you no other power and strength than to shake all the kingdoms of the earth.(1) O prophecy too literally accomplished! does it contain a single word that is not referable to what we have seen, or to what we witness? Is it the prophecy, is it the abridged history of this age of trouble and commotions, which, in ransom for so many victims immolated on the altar of liberty, has hitherto only found war, or famine, or pestilence, or these three scourges united together? We no longer have war, our children are no longer devoured for the triumph of a single man: we no longer labour under famine, and abundance is returning with security; we have never been visited with pestilence, in this point happier than a neighbouring nation dear to Frenchmen by more than one title. Labouring at once under two mortal fevers, one of which attacks the vital principle of the human body, and the other impregnates with its deadly venom all the veins of the social frame, (2)

(1) Vos non audistis me, ut predicaretis libertatem unusquisque fratri suo: Ecce ego prædico libertatem, ait Dominus, ad gladium, ad pestem, ad famem; et dabo vos in commotionem cunctis regnis terræ.—Jerem. XXXIV, 17.

(2) The daily accounts from Spain confirm the truth of

Spain thus finds herself, by this double contagion, infinitely more unfortunate than she ever was under the barbarous Moors who conquered her. If we have been preserved to this day from this fatal contagion, shut out from us by those inaccessible mountains that seem to prohibit its passage, have we alike escaped from a fever still more terrible and disastrous, which undermines and consumes us; which has not arrived amongst us from beyond the seas, but which sprung up in the midst of us from the revolutionary Volcano, threatens to transplant into the two hemispheres the bitter fruits of our soil. (1)

This is the fever of an unbridled impiety, as fearless in its boldness as it is triumphant in its impunity. It is the fever of novelty, whose

his Lordship's assertion. It is indeed true that the Kings of Europe should succour their Brother in captivity, the Bourbons their Royal Kinsman, France her best ally. She latterly sent her nuns and her physicians to deliver Spain from the plague. Was not this as it were a pledge that she would raise in the same country the standard of Religion and Legitimacy to deliver her from the double contagion of impiety and rebellion under which she now labours?

(1) Witness the Revolution which is after taking place in the Spanish Colonies.

fits are daily redoubling; the fever of a disloyal philosophy, which these thirty years is nourished, but never satiated with crimes. How much it is to be feared that we have been so infected with its virulent poisons, that it is no longer possible for us to escape, and that it shall turn into this incurable wound spoken of by the prophet, which mocks all the secrets of the art, and renders every remedy useless: *plaga insanabilis.* (1)

Alas! we justly thank the able Doctors, who furnish us with the means of guarding against corporal pestilence; but who shall preserve us from that of the heart and of the mind? What ventilations shall dissipate the dark vapours that have arisen from the bottom of the abyss? What remedies to be applied to the cankers and plague-sores of those cadaverous souls, corrupted with egotism, materialism, epicurianism, and atheism? We may take our precautions against physical pestilence, from the hideous spectacle it offers to our senses; but how secure ourselves against this moral plague, which attacks us with all the witchery of voluptuousness, the love of independence, and the deceitful repose in crime which it promises. We

(1) Isa. XIV, 6.

may burn the clothing of the infected patient, but what shall we burn before all those obscene and impious writers, who corrupt the youth of the country, and make a sport of exalting its passions, and a glory of justifying its crimes; whose first object is to poison our schools by criminal publications, not less made to degrade literature than morality? What shall we burn before *all those masters of lies*, who, as the prince of Apostles says it, *introduce amongst us sects of perdition.*(1) What sanative measures shall we employ to purge those numerous schools, where impiety and libertinism mutually fortify each other? We may ruin a house whence proceed contagious vapours, but how demolish all these political work shops, or rather those gloomy caverns where they melt down empires, where so many artizans of iniquity forge the rights or the chains of man, and fabricate those social or anti-social compacts which desolate the world? How pull down those *seats of pestilence*, from which a swarm of uncommissioned and unblushing preachers deal out so many maxims subversive of all moral order, and so many seditious discourses, which, as Saint Paul says, *work their way like a canker?*(2) In short,

(1) II. St. Pet. II, 1. (2) II. Timothy, II, 17.

we may cut off all communications with an infected country; but what barrier shall we raise against all those fetid and corrosive doctrines, which menace with destruction, not one city, not one province, but the very body of the state and the vital principle of social existence?

Such, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, is the sad but faithful picture of our moral corruption. We may say it with as much candor as courage, it is in her schools that France is sick; here lies the true state-sore. Houses of education should now more than ever employ the attention of authority, as it is on them that reposes the fate of the Monarchy, and the happiness or misfortune of future generations.

God forbid that we should here give way to indiscreet censures, or throw the slightest shade on those respectable men, who, in this branch, are the depositaries and agents of public power. But would it be an insult to them, or rather do we not enter into their wise views, and do homage to their noble intentions, by aspiring to a more fixed and competent system of public instruction? What then! we daily reform laws that have been so learnedly discussed and so highly sanctioned; and we would fear to reform laws declared simply provisional, (1) laws at

(1) The university Laws sanctioned by Bonaparte.

least suspicious by their very origin, and which not clothed with the Sacred Seal of the legitimate Sovereign, will never obtain confidence or respect; and yet, perhaps, it will be looked upon as most rash, to provoke in so capital a point, an amelioration so much sighed for by every friend of Religion and the Monarchy.

We leave then to others, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, the care of discussing such or such a point of discipline, such or such a method, such or such means of perfecting profane rudiments and grammatical studies; but what cannot be indifferent in our eyes, what essentially interests our holy ministry and could not be looked on as foreign to our solicitude, is the object, the end, and the securities of moral and religious education; the faith and virtue, more than the ability of the masters; the zeal to inculcate the holy maxims and first duties of Christianity; the preference that should be given to *education* before *instruction*, which is no more education than science is virtue, or wit the teacher of the heart. Can we persuade ourselves that this object and this end are determined with sufficient clearness and precision? Can we behold without grief those securities abandoned to the discretion and authority of those who are not their natural judges? Can we behold without pain

the scarcity of good masters, or rather the number of masters in open contradiction with their Pastors, and as little capable of giving the lesson as the example? Who can deny that, now-a-days, they are more occupied with the rules of language, than the rules of morals; and that *instruction*, which at best puts but words in the head, has acquired more importance than *education* which puts good sentiments into the heart? Can we pass by in silence the sad state of so many schools, where each can found a doctrine apart, and a mode of instruction as fickle as opinion, as versatile as interest or caprice? And may we not say, in more than one respect, that the French schools, novel as they are, are already tottering to decay by the very dint of their novelty? No doubt, they no longer employ themselves therein, as in the days of despotism, to form slaves and soldiers; but is their principal object to form good Christians, in order the more easily to form good citizens? No doubt, we are far from that fatal system that had at first made of public instruction a disguised conspiracy against Religion; but does Religion preserve therein this ascendancy, this imposing authority peculiar to the Queen of minds and the supreme rule of morals? No doubt, there are religious exercises; but who

does not see the little importance attached to them? And is not one induced to believe, on beholding the manner in which they are performed, that Religion is rather permitted than practised, rather tolerated than honoured?

Is it, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, the fault of the Institutors, or of the Institution? Is it the age that imposes the law, or the law that yields to the spirit of the age? What portion must we allot in it to things or to men? However it may be, we cannot here avoid remarking the equivocal state and the precarious position of Religion; and this policy, too much alas! in vogue in our days, of making of it a secondary, an accessary object of education. We cannot but deplore this fatal tendency of minds to make no more of it than a problem, and to envelop it in so many windings and cautious restrictions that we no longer know to what degree we should believe or teach it. No one has yet dared or pretends to say that Religion should not enter into public education, the impious themselves are often the first to establish, at least not to contradict this evident necessity; and this no doubt is no small homage rendered to Religion by an hypocritical impiety which here does not dare to betray itself, and thereby make an absolute divorce with the human

kind. But what means this word Religion? It is here that the children of the world dispute with each other the palm of subtlety and artifice. What a succession of systems still more tortuous the ones than the others! We were first told to abandon the dogmas and only attach ourselves to the *precepts* of the Catholic Religion: as if the precepts and dogmas could be separated and did not guarantee each other! Then they spoke to us of a *Catechism* of *morality;* lying rudiment, in which each constitutes himself judge of his morality, and consequently learns to dispense with it. Next arrived a *religious moral,* which is nothing else but a Religion without moral, or a moral without Religion, true labyrinth where morality loses, and impiety alone can find its way. At one time, they showed forth Religion under the brilliant and seductive varnish of a *pure Religion,* which can only be preached in the *temple of reason.* At another, they presented us with the magic words of *liberty* and *toleration,* that is to say, the liberty of taking or leaving it, and the art of tolerating every thing but Religion. It is, in fine, I know not what phantom of worship, of which they would fain be speaking without saying any thing, or of which they wish to say something in order not to speak

of it at large. Slavery of a new kind, under which Religion has more cause to complain of the chains she sees not, than of those they show her: new machination come forth from hell, to strike against Religion a more dangerous because unsuspected blow; to pursue her without noise or commotion; to make her be forgotten, as they dare not openly combat her; to persecute her by treachery when they can no longer do so by violence; to drown her in a deluge of words, as they had not been able to overwhelm her in a torrent of blood.

Let us then, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, abandon those fraudulent words and treacherous discourses, that we may hold more firmly than ever to the unshaken principles of faith. Let us abandon this *Catechism of morality*, to confine ourselves invariably to that of our Pastors. Let us leave this *free Religion*, to submit ourselves to the obligatory and necessary one, without which the whole rule of duty would be abandoned to chance. Let us quit this *pure Religion*, in order unreservedly to attach ourselves to that of our Divine Master, out of which there is nothing pure, nothing certain for our happiness and the salvation of our souls, no good morality, no good education.

Assuredly they are busy enough about this

system of *public elementary instruction:* but, we ask it, what instruction more elementary than Religion, this primordial reason, which precedes all reason, the parent of all our knowledge, and, as the Apostle says, the *very foundation of things.* (1) What instruction fitter for childhood, more appropriate to its first wants, better adapted to its feeble power! What language more simple, more within its reach! What more proper to penetrate the hearts of children, and to lie graven in their memory! Is it not of Religion that the Holy Ghost says: *it renders the tongues of children eloquent,* (2) even before they know how to speak? What morality better calculated to serve as basis to public instruction, than that which every one understands without difficulty or effort; which speaks to men of every nation and of every tongue, which excludes no one for poverty or ignorance, receives alike the widow with her mite, the poor man with his *cup of cold water,* the simple with their creed, the child with his catechism, thereby resembling to the Heavenly manna which every one might gather. And when our great wits come and tell us that it is only fit for the people they despise, though they call it sovereign, they

(1) Hebr. II, 1. (2) Wisd. X, 21.

speak more truly than they imagine, and pronounce unwittingly its fairest apology, by showing us, in this magnificent expansion of light peculiar to Religion alone, that it is the true sun of Justice which strikes every mind, as the sun of Nature strikes every eye, thereby far superior to this nebulous reason so eulogised in our days, which arises so slowly, declines so rapidly, and which, deprived of the beam of Religion, and delivered up to its own perplexities, can never furnish for an elementary system but the elements of chaos.

We shall say as much, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, for the unity, the conformity called for on all hands, as the indispensable attributes and necessary conditions of public instruction. What is more congenial to unity than Religion, one by essence, one as truth, one as the Godhead whence it originates; to uniformity in instruction and education, than this same Religion, descended from Heaven, and which, no more than its Divine *Author*, cannot own one *shade of vicissitude?* What disorders, what anarchy must not await those modern fabricators of education, who would seek, without Religion, for uniformity in their schools? As if this morality they would fondly render problematical were not already found; as if there could be any other than that

of Religion, as if morality could ever be uniform without this fulcrum which fixes it, this sanction which consecrates it, and this Divine Authority which makes it, not a matter of calculation but of duty; not a system but a law; as if it were not evident that, without this august and eternal uniformity, there would be as many moralities as schools, without speaking of those schools whence morality would be excluded. Shameful uncertainty, sad variation, still more fatal than simple ignorance, and by which there would exist but an eventual and provisional instruction as much opposed to the majesty of Religion as to the dignity of a great people.

Never then forget, O you to whom are confided the various functions of public instruction, never cease to repeat it to your own bosoms, that without Religion every thing would perish in your hands; that therein only are to be found at once the faithful mirror and the only guarantee of the reciprocal duties of masters and scholars; that without it you would have no more right to be believed than feared, that it alone can give value to your labours, weight to your instructions, splendour to your functions; can alone alleviate your pains and abridge the difficulties inseparable from your calling. Without Religion, the cultivation of letters and the education of the

mind would be only a new misfortune and new means of perversion and corruption. Religion alone possesses the splendid privilege of being the chief guardian of innocence in the schools, as it is in empires the greatest bulwark of Royal Majesty.

We hear continually spoken of a society of instruction, and more than ever we feel its necessity. But what would such a society be without Religion but a body without a soul, teaching nothing, or knowing not what it would teach; what would it be but an edifice without a foundation, a labyrinth without issue, an empty word to deceive our ears? Human philosophy could not rule the mind, nor submit it to its doctrines, but by two ways; by force without authority, which would be unjust and tyrannical, or by authority without force, which to it would be impossible. Religion alone reunites at once force and authority; a force which commands without tyranny, and a Sovereign authority which ensures obedience without effort as without injustice. This is a peculiar character of the Catholic Religion, which is in itself, by its divine constitution, nothing but a *teaching body*, without which mark it would cease to exist. Supreme tribunal, invested by Christ himself, with the right of pronouncing without appeal; it defines when doubt

hesitates; condemns when heresy goes astray; shows to opinion the point where it should stop; thus terminating disputes, whilst reason, abandoned to itself, can only perpetuate them. Without this power, there would no longer exist any thing sacred in faith, any thing fixed in instruction, any solid truths amongst men; and it is because they want this fundamental basis; that all the communions, separated from the bosom of the Catholic Church, fall into dissolution, melt away, and lose themselves in the boundless ocean of human opinions, and are no longer but a shadow of themselves.

And can we speak of a *society of instruction*, without recalling to our minds those Illustrious Societies which have educated our fathers, and bequeathed us, by their eminent services, such great and glorious recollections? What tempest has uprooted those antiquated trees, under whose tutelary shade the youth of France used to shelter themselves from the first storms of the passions? What parching blast has then dried up those fruitful sources of light and virtue; happy focus of rivalry and labour, where every acquirement was put into a common stock; the noble depositaries of preserving principles and sound doctrines? How can we here avoid accusing this genius of destruction, whose devouring

scythe, like that of death, has moved over the most sacred objects, whose sacrilegious arm, as the Prophet says, has *stretched itself forth on every thing precious and lovely in Sion.*(1) Alas! they exist no longer; those venerable congregations, as laborious as disinterested, who knew no other ambition than that of being useful, no other recompense than that of doing good, no other emolument than the progress of their pupils; wherein the splendour of the body diffused itself on each member, and the zeal of each member harmonized with the glory of the whole body. Animated with this divine breath, source of all creation, they seemed to brave the hand of time, alone knew the great art of self-perpetuation, and attested, by their long duration, that every thing done and inspired by Religion bears with it the stamp of its strength and the seal of its immortality. They are then no more! and how much does not our affliction deepen, when we reflect that, perhaps, they would make a crime even of our vows, even of our regrets, nay, even of our gratitude. The very name of *Religious Congregation*, as that of Missionary, makes impiety chafe and bellow with rage; but this rage is their best eulogy,

(1) Jerem. I, 10.

deposes more loudly in their favour, and becomes a new proof of the need we have of them, the immense good they produced, and the no less considerable advantages their return would still procure us. In vain would the age forget or disown them. The facts speak: evidence strikes us here on all sides, and we should voluntarily blindfold ourselves, not to see that nothing can be substituted in their stead. What is this inconceivable infatuation? Can we believe our eyes, when they tell us that it is a thing resolved and decided, on the part of those men implacable against the past, to will nothing that have willed our Fathers, to repel far from them every thing that was, because it was, and thus to prefer to the wisdom of ages, the wisdom of a day.

In vain would they tell us, that those Societies of Education are no longer in harmony with our manners, with the new lights, and, to speak the emphatic language of the day, with our new civilization. God forbid, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, we should think so, that we should offer to the French nation the insult of believing her so little enlightened, so much her own enemy, as to fear and reject the same kind of education to which she owed her civilized and polished forms. God forbid we should be

Frenchmen so degenerate as to imagine, as incompatible with our laws and institutions, the return of those Religious Congregations which, re-established under the auspices of the laws themselves, would become their surest stays and their principal auxiliaries. Far from us for ever the idea, that we cannot, without betraying the love we owe our King, and the devotedness we owe our Country, hail and invoke the return of those Religious Associations our Kings have so much protected, and which have covered our country with so much glory; in whose bosom have been educated all the Great Men France can so proudly boast; whence have gone forth so many immortal productions which do honour to the human mind; the asylum which saved from barbarity the precious deposit of sciences and of letters; by whose means public education was carried to that pitch of perfection and splendour, to which we could never attain with all our laborious calculations, our cold theories, our learned processes, our impromptu tactics, and our adventurous essays.

In vain the age moves and advances; it must stop, or carry off the world with itself into the abyss. It must arise from its lethargic slumber, or the thunder shall awaken it. It must renounce its false lights, or await barbarity; ren-

der to Religion its ancient influence in education; or Religion must perish; must return to God and his holy law, or God shall abandon us without return. But, no! God will not abandon us; He will not suffer the glories of Sion to be extinguished for ever. France is still His people, and He daily proves it to us; whereas we behold our horizon daily clearing, and our soil, thrown up to so great height, gradually reposing each day, and re-assuming new consistency. He has latterly given us a sweet pledge of it in the new organs of Supreme Power, whom our virtuous Monarch has honoured with his confidence, and who, we doubt not, will justify His choice, and the hopes of the nation. May they never forget, that there is but one true strength, that of justice; one true courage, that of truth; one true policy, the genius of good; and but one true path of State-Government, as of eternal salvation, the *straight road*, the only safe one, the only one which leads to life. May they be more and more persuaded that Religious Education is the only true National one; the only one worthy the name; the one to which all others should be subordinate; the only one which can supply all others, and cannot be itself supplied by any, after the example of all ages and nations, which have all, without exception,

confided public instruction to the hands of Religion. May they, in a word, feel and acknowledge that, if the Catholic Religion be the Religion of the State, and that this title be not an empty name and an illusory privilege, to Her belongs, above all, the right of being taught in the State, and of holding, in public education, the rank which is due to Her—that is to say, the first. To Her, who gave birth to our ancestors, created France, founded her throne, and planted her lilies, enhanced the Crown of our Monarchs by the consecration of their foreheads, honoured them with the title of Her *Eldest Sons*, marked their legitimacy with the seal of time, and thereby acquired for Herself a legitimacy as imprescriptable, the violation of which would be a real felony, and which the nation could not disown without repudiating and disowning itself.

But whatever changes and successive modifications Public Instruction and the System of its Organization may undergo, whatever justice may be rendered to the wishes of every true friend of Religion and Royalty, we shall not the less feel it a duty, as much as in us lies, to watch over the Schools of our Diocess. How could we neglect their care and think them foreign to our solicitude? To visit and superintend them is an obligation inherent in our Ministry, and

essential to our Pastoral charge. No one can give or take away the right we possess, with that of your instruction, of conducting you in the ways of Salvation, of administering the Sacraments, of preserving youth from the dangers it may have to encounter. Who would pretend that the right of superintendance and inspection is a precarious concession, made to-day to be revoked to-morrow; would they not thereby attack Moral Education in its source, and destroy Episcopacy in its last foundations?

And you, also, Our Dearly Beloved Co-operators, you can and should say as much of your respective Schools. This charge should equally interest you, as you have here contracted the same responsibility. This is, besides, the first and the most sacred of your obligations. You can be no more molested in fulfilling it, than commanded to keep silence when you announce the word of God. And, what affliction would be yours! What misfortune for you if those children of your zeal, and of your hearts, after having been instructed in your Catechisms, became perverted in their Schools, and lost therein the fruit of your lessons! It is here then you should redouble your attention and vigilance. It is principally in those bad days, when I know not what moral putrefaction pervades on all sides

the body of society, attacking it, like the Man of Sorrow, *from the sole of the feet, to the very summit of the head,* (1) that you should recall to mind those words of the Saviour: *That we are the salt of the earth, and that if the salt lose its flavour, there is no other preservative against corruption* (2). You will then put yourselves above those insipid precautions, this timid condescension, which would only enervate the strength of truth, and the holy authority of your Ministry.

You will never forget that this age would be the first to brand you with coward complaisance; that it only asks concessions on your parts to insult you with greater haughtiness, and turn them against yourselves, thereby to ravish from you the last remains of respect still left you by your virtue and your courage.

And you, Fathers and Mothers, regarding it as your first duty to ensure the happiness and salvation of your children by a Christian Education, fear nothing so much as to confide them to hands so unsafe, so unworthy your confidence. A simple and easy method of discerning the Schools, without running any risk of error or mistake, lies before you. Consult your Pastors, and observe the Schools they watch over

(1) Isai. I, 6. (2) Matth. V, 13.

and direct. Wherever education, as well as he who educates, is not ensured by your Pastors, there is no Christian School there; instruction there is suspicious, and the Masters dangerous. Such are the true means of avoiding mistakes, and of doing nothing inconsiderately, in so capital a point; of fulfilling what you owe to God, to yourselves, and to your children, and of satisfying at once your conscience and your tenderness.

Amongst those consoling Schools which merit the entire confidence of families, and the esteem of virtuous men, you should chiefly distinguish, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, those called *Christian Schools,* really worthy of the name. This long time we desired to have one of them in our Episcopal City, and we have been happy enough to succeed in our desires, with the founded hope of soon obtaining another. We have had the consolation of installing it ourselves, and of presiding at its solemn inauguration in our Cathedral Church.

If we should thank Divine Providence for this precious School, whose happy effects we daily experience, would we not also be unjust and ungrateful towards God, if we lost sight of, or could forget, those other valuable establishments, as pious as useful, which we still owe to

his special protection? Not to speak here of those worthy Hospitalers, those Angels of Carmel, who, from the summit of their Sacred Mount, continually stretch forth to Heaven their supplicating arms; how sweet it is to recall to mind those respectable communities, wholly consecrated to the instruction of the poor, and the education of youth; that of the VISITATION, rivalling with that of the URSULINES; the New *House of Refuge*, where virtue and repentance are hailed with equal joy; and that of the ADORERS of the SACRED HEART, (1) who are not

(1) The foundations of the Religious congregation of the Sacred Heart, approved by a Bull of his Holiness Pius VII, were laid in the very commencement of the French Revolution, by the Countess Henrietta Aymer de la Chevalerie, a Lady of distinguished rank and still more eminent piety, conjointly with M. L'Abbé Coudrin, in whom she found, like another Chantal, the milder and attractive virtues of St. Francis of Sales. The fall of Robespierre delivered her from the prison, where she was awaiting, with other victims of his tyranny, the day of execution, and gave her back to Religion she is still consoling by the good odour of her virtues, and to her country she is still enriching with many precious asylums for piety and poverty. At the age of fifty years, and within the period of the Revolution, she has already been the Foundress and Superior General of more than six hundred professed Nuns, and

so devoted to holy meditation as not to aspire withal to the happiness of rendering themselves useful, and who only wait the favourable moment of giving themselves up to the gratuitous instruction of the poor!

If we add to all those precious resources the House of our Missionaries, destined to *evangelize the Poor* in our Diocess, and who daily bring forth the happiest fruits of grace and salvation, can we forbear to congratulate ourselves before God and Men on a state of things as consoling for the Pastor as salutary for the flock? What more is wanting to effectuate in our Episcopal City a happy regeneration in morals and virtue, that may one day render it worthy to be called,

has still the consolation of seeing her numerous children daily increasing. In each of her Establishments, according to the rule of the Congregation, one or two Nuns adore, in uninterrupted succession, day and night, the Blessed Sacrament of our Altars. She has already founded houses in Paris, Poitiers, Mende, Cahors, Sarlat, Seez, Laval, Tours, Rennes, Mans, Troyes, Mortagne, etc. etc. etc. and many applications have been addressed to her from other Dioceses. In each of her establishments the Nuns devote themselves to the education of Young Ladies of the better classes of Society, and to the gratuitous instruction of the poor.

like Jerusalem, the *Faithful City*, the *City of God?*

Could we speak, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, of all those precious and holy establishments, without mentioning at the same time our Great and Small Seminary, which, by their contiguity, encourage, edify, and consolidate each other. (1) You have been informed of the separation of the two Departments, hitherto submitted to our Episcopal Jurisdiction. This separation will be, no doubt, an advantage in the present state of the Church of France; but in what respect will it serve our two Seminaries? We have yet to learn it. In the mean time, it remains but too well proved, that these fruitful nurseries are thereby deprived of many important resources, which had, until now, advanced them to the present state of their prosperity.

It is but too true, that this state of prosperity cannot but lower, if your charity relents and does not make new efforts to repair the suppression of a great number of burses in both

(1) The See of Sens, then united to that of Troyes, has been re-established by the last Concordat, and is now governed, as formerly, by its own Archbishop.

Seminaries, and the retrenchment of the greater part of the collections now become foreign to us by this separation. These new circumstances necessitate new alms, and new annual collections, which we have resolved to publish. And, indeed, we flatter ourselves that, far from discouraging your generous piety, they will only the more excite it in favour of those young Levites, whom we nourish at once with the bread of instruction and the bread of life. And how, indeed, could those children be forgotten? Are they not the principal poor, the most interesting by their age, by their growing piety, and the happy omens we discover in them? Are not they the poor, most worthy of fixing the public interest by their vocation to a state entirely consecrated to the alleviation of poverty, destined at least to console the poor when it cannot assist them, to aid them by zeal, when it cannot relieve them by charity? To forget those real poor, to be indifferent to their lot, and to the maintenance of an establishment in which we bring them up for the State as well as for the Church, for the service of the Prince and that of the Altars, and without which the other poor would want institutors, intercessors, guardians, consolers, advocates, and fathers,

would be to betray at once the cause of Religion and Country.

We cannot conclude this Instruction, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, without here pouring forth our sorrows on the horrible profanation lately witnessed in one of the Cities of our Diocess. There has been seen, as in the City of Rheims, a young lad, scarcely come out of the years of childhood, but already arrived to such a degree of daring and impious phrensy as to approach—not, indeed, as Oza, a rash hand to the Ark, but an impure mouth—to the Holy of Holies, and, by an openly sacrilegious communion, eat and drank his own judgment and condemnation, braving at once the indignation of Earth and the thunders of Heaven. Unheard-of outrage, and as yet unexampled in history! Profanation so afflicting, that we scarcely know whether it be useful or dangerous to publish it; whether it would not have been better, perhaps, to deprive us of the terrible lesson it affords, than to signalize too strongly the frightful scandal it has produced. And how much does not our sorrow augment when we reflect that so criminal an outrage may rest unpunished; or that, if it be followed by a legal punishment, the

penalty, by its insufficiency, can only become a new scandal. (1)

May then our new Legislators, and truly worthy of this name, still more and more purify our Code from so many sad concessions made to impiety, from so many afflicting stains stamped on it by the spirit of the age! May they be more and more deeply penetrated with this truth, that every blow levelled against our Altars re-echoes in the very foundations of society; that Religion must, under pain of death, reassume all her empire on the minds of the people; and that every State, blind enough to efface it from the book of the law, will soon, by an irrevocable decree, be itself blotted out of the Book of Life.

(1) The unfortunate young man in question formed the design, on Christmas Eve, of going to communion in his Parish Church at midnight mass, merely for the horrible pleasure of profaning the Blessed Sacrament. After which he immediately returned among his libertine companions to enjoy publicly his monstrous triumph. We spare our Readers certain details, too afflicting to be read, and perhaps to be believed. The culprit is at this moment in the prison of Troyes, waiting to be judged at the Assizes. We cannot here too highly applaud the truly religious zeal manifested on this occasion by the local authorities of Arcys-sur-Aube.

Here follow almost the same Ordinances as those we have already noticed.

Done at Troyes, under the seal of our arms, and the countersign of our Secretary, Feb. 19, 1822.

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes,
Elected Archbishop of Vienne.

By Order,

Constant Migneaux, Canon Secretary.

PASTORAL INSTRUCTION

On the excellence and utility of the Missions, considered in the order of Religion and the State.

STEPHEN ANTHONY DE BOULOGNE, etc.

WE have occasionally entertained ourselves with you, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, on the great utility of Missionary Priests, and in particular on the progressive success of those who still devote themselves to the service of our Diocess. (1) We have often refuted the reproaches made them by bad faith, and the charges, no less absurd than atrocious, continually thrown out against them, with an in-

(1) The Missionaries of the Religious Congregation of the Most Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, conducted by M. L'Abbé Coudrin, Superior General.

credible obstinacy, by those men who will tolerate no Missionaries, because they no longer wish to tolerate the Religion of the Apostles. We should now, indeed, have abstained from treating this subject anew, however great its importance, if the need We have of those Venerable Men did not become every day more urgent, and their utility more sensible; if the rage of impiety against them did not impose upon Us the duty of opposing a new defence to new attacks, and, to shameless calumnies, unanswerable replies.

And who amongst you, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, that does not know this system of persecution, framed with so much art by all those enemies of virtue, who have received from Hell the mission of destroying all, and to whom Heaven, in order to punish them, has left no other power? Who that does not know, in particular, what shameful violence has been offered, in the face of the Capital, to those Champions of the Holy Word of God, by the reprobate Children of Philosophy and the Soldiers of Impiety? And, since We must speak out, who that has not heard those Legislators unworthy of the name, the Declaimers of our Rostrum, justify such excesses, and thus profane the Temple of our Laws by their blas-

phemies, whilst the Disciples of their School were profaning the Temples of God by their sacrilegious outrages? Scandal truly dolorous for the friends of Religion and France, but which will not the less turn to the glory of our Missionaries, and to the shame of their persecutors; Providence having permitted it, in order still more to uncover their criminal intentions, to betray their perfidious designs, to blast for ever this hypocritical toleration which they reserve for themselves only, and show us what lot should await Religion and her Ministers, if those men became our masters.

Upon the slightest reflection, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, it will not be difficult to persuade ourselves, that nothing is more sacred than the Missions, that their very name is their surest defence, as their success is their best eulogy. It is, indeed, of them we can say, as of the Works of the Lord, *that they are justified by themselves*. (1) To attack them is to attack Religion in its principle, as Religion is nothing else, in its principle, but one great and subsisting Mission. It is the Heavenly Father who *sends* his Son; it is the Son who *sends* his Apostles; the Apostles *send* their Successors,

(1) Ps. XVIII, 10.

and their Successors are *sent* by the Church. Admirable chain, in which every thing holds, *and each part acts with the strength of the whole;* (1) wherein the whole is so linked together, and forms so perfect, so compact a body, that it presents no vacancy, and cannot be broached on any side! Error may, indeed, go forth, and schism detach itself from it, as we have but too often witnessed; but neither error nor schism can ever enter into it. Truly divine economy, which renders, at once, the doctrine invariable, and the teaching uniform, and the authority irrefragable, and the ministry grand, and the Word all powerful! The Apostles of Reason and the Teachers of the Age have no Mission, or only hold it of themselves; it is their *private spirit* which makes all their law, and their caprice all their rule. Whence do they come, and on whose part do they speak? They teach by their own commission only; and then where is the obligation that we should hear them? What have we to do with their counsels? Still less have we to do with their precepts. They deal in morality—why do they not keep it for themselves? They wish us to believe them; let them begin by proving that they be-

(1) Bossuet, Serm. on the Unity of the Church.

lieve themselves. Who can assure us, that it is neither the spirit of pride that intoxicates them, nor the spirit of party that blinds, nor the spirit of lies that possesses them? And if they have their reason, or their opinion, has not every one, beside, his own? It is not so with the SENT, or, to speak with St. Paul, with the *Ambassadors of Christ*, (1) commissioned to announce the Word of God in the name of Him who is the Word itself, and, consequently, invested with the incontestible right of teaching, and the right, not less sacred, of being heard. August investiture, derived from the first Pastors, Missionaries by excellence, to whom it has been said: *Go and teach all nations, and behold I am with you to the consummation of time.* (2) There shall then be Missions as long as time subsists, and they shall last as long as the world for its happiness and its instruction. The Annals of the Church present to us nothing grander and more magnificent than the recital of those Apostolic conquests, which still happily furnish the fairest pages of her history. They flourish from age to age, for the triumph of truth; and, whether borne to the most distant climates, they succour the barbarian and the infidel, bringing them *the*

(1) II. Cor. V, 20. (2) Matth. XXVIII, 20.

good tidings, and announcing to them peace and happiness on the mountains; (1) or, confined to the interior of our Churches, they devote themselves to the salvation of the Christian people; we still behold them worthy of themselves and of their origin, still worthy of our admiration and our gratitude.

And, first, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, if we consider them abroad, what prodigies of comparative grandeur does not each of them offer to our view! What miracles of intelligence, of virtue, and of zeal! What subjects of edification for our piety, and of meditation for the wise! What objects better calculated to elevate the soul and teach the heart! *Who then are those Men, who fly like the clouds* (2) to shed the morning dew of the Gospel on those dark regions *seated in the shades of death?* Where have they found this courage—how discovered this secret? And what is it that most transports them, the zeal of truth, or the fire of charity, or the love of God, or that of mankind? To explain the mystery of human civilization, fabled antiquity could find no better means than to invent an Orpheus enchanting the forests, and assuaging the monsters by the harmony of

(1) Nahum, I, 2. (2) Isai. XL, 8.

his lyre and the charms of his voice, still greater, in fact, than this fantastic God was, in fable. Our Missionaries have humanized tigers, and tamed ferocity itself, by the unaided charms of their virtues and the ascendency of their example. Since the preaching of the Apostles who converted the old world—since the Mission of the Great Paul who *announced the unknown God, made the Areopagus tremble, and humbled the Majesty of the Roman Fasces* (1)—none more admirable has existed than that of the Illustrious Xavier. Without any other treasure than his poverty, or any other aid than his patience, any other arms than the Cross, he extended still further the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, than Alexander, with the thunder in hand, enlarged the limits of his own empire.

What then are those extraordinary stars, *which bound like Giants who pursue their course?* Who are those new Conquerors, before whom the mountains sink, the vallies are filled, the abysses close, and the astonished ocean is hushed into tranquillity? They speak, and, at their voice, *the islands come running from afar,* (2) the barbarian submits, the idols fall, the temples

(1) Bossuet, Paneg. of Saint Paul.
(2) Isai. LXVI. 19.

of superstition crumble, and on their profane ruins arises *a new Jerusalem, brilliant with lights and virtues,* and recalling the fairest days of the primitive Church. What more worthy of the homages of the Earth and the looks of Heaven, than those Evangelical Heroes, who, not less intrepid than disinterested, renounce all the ties of blood and friendship, all the charms of life, all the hopes of fortune, nay, even the love of country, in order to fly beyond the seas, and bear, at the peril of their lives, to the extremity of the world, the knowledge of the true God? Who can conceive how, notwithstanding so many obstacles, contradictions, and dangers; notwithstanding the inclemencies of climate, the distance of place, the difference of manners, and of language; notwithstanding all the most insurmountable passions, habits, and prejudices, they have been able to realize such enterprises, to enlighten new worlds, and inundate with the torrents of grace the remains of infidelity? What other Religion, than that of the Gospel, can boast of such triumphs? What unknown power has then performed those miracles? And who can here refuse to acknowledge the strength of truth, or the virtue of this Cross which *is to draw all to itself,* or the ineffable power which *spoke, and light was, which said to the North*

and to the South, give me children, and the South and the North gave them? (1)

But, in order to be well acquainted with their means and their motives, we must hear themselves:—

"Experience but too well proves, that the "conversions effected by human means are only "feigned and apparent, or, at best, imperfect "and inconstant. The first storm raised against "Religion uprooted and bore away all that "human industry had sown in various countries. "These plants had not been put down by the "hand of God; so have they been deracinated "and cast out of the field of the Lord? Let us "then undeceive ourselves, and be convinced "by this sad experience, that we shall not dis-"abuse men of ostentation by ostentation, of "luxury by luxury, of riches by riches, of pro-"digality by splendid luxury, nor of the love "of the world by the attachments which are "therein contracted. But that we can destroy "ostentation by humility; the love of riches by "poverty; the delicacies of life by sobriety and "abstinence; the love of pleasures by mortifi-"cation; all the vices which reign in the world "by the flight and contempt of the world.

(1) Isai. XLIII, 6.

" Jesus Christ wished to ransom mankind by the
" Cross; he wishes to convert them by the
" Ministry of those, who accomplish in them-
" selves, *what is wanting to his passion.* His
" Apostles carried neither gold, nor silver, nor
" various garments, nor sandals: poor, despised,
" persecuted, they have converted the world.
" We preach the same Gospel; we should hold
" the same line of conduct. We combat the
" same errors, and the same vices; we cannot
" triumph but by the same arms." (1)

Who are those men, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, who hold this language? Are they mortals or angels? Whence have they borrowed this style, and this morality, and this unheard-of plan of life, and this heart still greater than the world? Shall we be told, that this is ambition or pride, the love of rule, or fanaticism? Would we not be more barbarous than the barbarians themselves, if we could here see any thing else but the highest degree of self-denial and of human heroism?

It is then with these supernatural arms and means that our Missionaries have succeeded in consolidating, in the field of the Lord, those great and beautiful plantations, *which no storm*

(1) Hist. of the Estab. of Christ. in the East-Indies.

could ever uproot. It is by this divine industry that they have found the secret of changing wolves into sheep, and that, more powerful than Moses, they have drawn, not water from the rock, but light from darkness, and life from the tombs; new proof of the power of this holy Religion, established for man but not by man. Before they came, we knew well that Religion alone can uphold society, and that, to form a State without its aid, is to build in the air. But those admirable establishments, founded by it in the bosom of barbarity, and governed, during so long a period, by the single influence of morals, conscience, and the inspirations of the Divine Word, have taught us, what we did not till then sufficiently know, that a State may be polished by Religion only, without the concurrence of human laws; that Religion, properly speaking, is the only law that has no need of others; that itself is all; that without it nothing can live in the moral order, as without respiration nothing lives in the animated reign; and that, drawing all from its own strength, it needs only its own light and its own arm to vivify and maintain it.

Would we not, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, betray the glory of the Missions, the theme we have undertaken, and your hopes,

if we here forgot those magnanimous martyrs of truth, those immortal heroes of the Gospel, who have surpassed all others by their talents and their success; those men eminently useful, of whom Fenelon *was the friend*, (1) *whose preservation he demanded of Heaven* (2) in the chair of truth; of whom Bossuet said, *that it is not in vain that they bear the name of Jesus;* (3) and whom the Holy Pontiff, Pius VII, calls *the strong rowers of St. Peter's bark?* (4) Could we here refrain from presenting to your admiration and gratitude those immortal men, whose services may, indeed, be disowned, but whose memory can never be tarnished; whose destruction saddened the whole Church, and whose re-establishment the whole Church witnesses with joy; whose name shall live as long as the two worlds they have enlightened with the rays of the Gospel, and whose glory is as indelible as our shame and our ingratitude? What conquests! what prodigies have gone forth from their hands! Ah! yes, may *my tongue cleave to my palate,* rather than to pass by in silence things so honourable to piety, so glorious for the

(1) Hist. of Fen. by the Card. de Bausset.

(2) Fen. Sermon Epiph.

(3) Bos. Sermon on the Nat. of Jesus.

(4) Pius VII. Bull, August 7, 1814.

Church! Alas! what is become of so many monuments of their zeal, in which Genius vied with Virtue? To speak of one only, as we cannot speak of so many others, what is become of *this vast country*, which, (1) according to the most famous leader of the impious sect, *they had succeeded in governing, as in Europe they govern a convent*, (2) so well did it present the image of peace, order, and happiness? Alas! this beautiful work, which he again called *the triumph of humanity*, this sublime creation, this miraculous colony, come out, as it were, of nothing, has disappeared with the heroes who had brought it to this high pitch of perfection, and *this convent* is now almost no longer but the repair of savages, gone back, for want of guides and fathers, to their first habits; and the convents of those, who had founded this one, have been demolished; and those, who had opened so many asylums to the wandering hordes, have been seen wandering without country, without bread, without an asylum; and those same men, who had softened the barbarians of the new world, have been devoured by the Philanthropists of the old. And those

(1) Paraguay.

(2) Letter to the King of Prussia, Nov. 10, 1769.

Apostles, who had watered with their sweat, and even with their blood, so many immense deserts, have received, for the only recompense of such noble devotedness, a general proscription, a condemnation without judgment, or a judgment without trial. And the Philosophers have rejoiced in seeing thus treated those men, who, not satisfied with having established convents amongst the Indians, and churches amongst the Chinese, had still the ambition of founding colleges amongst the Christians. And they have told their children to rejoice at no longer having for preceptors those men, who had so religiously educated their fathers. And the fathers have been despised by their children. And the age, in which was committed this great crime against policy, humanity, and justice, has not the less stiled itself the Age of Reason, and has only the more loudly spoken *of the progress of its lights;* and, in the train of this progression, all the revolutionary winds have blown, public education has perished, the youth are become savage, the pulpits dumb, the throne has crumbled with the altar, and France no longer presented but a shade of herself, regretting the past, weeping over the present, and trembling for the future. *Perverse and adulterous Nation,* art thou not

then sufficiently punished? *And whence comes thy ruin, if it be not from thyself?* (1)

And is not this the place, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to demand of our zealous partisans of humanity and civilization, why they have not as yet undertaken to execute, in favour of science and philosophy, what our Missionaries have done in favour of the faith and of the interests of Christianity? Why have they never had the ambition to succeed them amongst the savages, in order to make them good reasoners, as our Apostles had made them good Christians? Why do we not find amongst them that same zeal for the propagation of reason and lights, without which, they tell us, the people cannot be happy? Why do not those men, so zealous for the cultivation of the mind, and so hot with philanthropy, set out and carry both one and the other to the extremities of the world! Why, instead of working and tormenting the old people of Europe, *now rusted*, as they say it, *with prejudices and superstitions*, why do not they go amongst the savages, to cultivate this virgin-soil, where prejudices and superstition have never taken root, and which is, conse-

(1) Osc. XIII. 9.

quently, better calculated to receive the precious seeds of philosophy? Why, instead of exciting the nations against the established governments, do not they found them in those countries where they do not exist, and thus, without any effusion of blood, without any violent commotion, without any spoliation of the neighbours' property, sow the Rights of Man amongst those barbarous clans, make them renounce their false Gods, in order to embrace pure reason, and plant in its native beauty the Tree of Liberty? What honour would not thence accrue to their sublime theories? What glory for their Apostleship, and what a triumph for the New Gospel, if, by dint of labour and sacrifices, they should ever succeed in establishing, amongst the Talapoins and Illinois, as many lyceums as the children of Ignatius, of Dominick, and Francis founded Christian communities? Would not this rivalry of labour, of preaching and of conquests, be the best means of enfeebling the victorious argument we draw, in favour of Religion, from the great success of our Apostles and from the blood of our Martyrs?

This was the argument which most embarrassed the Patriarch of the Free-thinkers; and we find *in his correspondence* all that his spirit

of ambition and anti-religious proselytism would have undertaken for the advancement of *the great work,* and the propagation of the new Religion of reason. He also wished to have missions after his own fashion, and he had chosen for the theatre of his zeal that part of Germany, where the Illuminees and other *Seers* or Visionaries of this sort most abound. But he never found amongst them but *lukewarm souls,* as he called them, little disposed to sacrifice for that purpose their ease and pleasures. It was this that prompted him to say, *that he was tempted to believe that reason was good for nothing;* sad truth, and so well proved by himself. Hence it is easy to conclude, that if reason was good for nothing with regard to such easy missions, whose only object was to diffuse the *great principles* amongst the neighbouring people, without risk of life or even of repose, how lukewarm would it not prove, when there would be question of transporting them beyond the seas, across the ices of the North, or the parching heats of the South?

But, if the philosophers are incapable of civilizing the barbarous nations, if they have hitherto proved that they had neither the talent nor the courage requisite for it, they are at least well calculated to barbarise the nations already po-

lished. And who, without feeling the most lively sorrow, can cast a look on those unfortunate countries, which, after having been humanized, civilized, purified, and sanctified by our Missionaries, at the expense of so much pains and such accumulated labours, are at this day a prey to all the horrors of revolutions, and ravaged by the soldiers of philosophy, whose double mission is to upturn the earth and people hell? What more dolorous spectacle! The sovereignty of God, replaced by that of the people—legitimacy, by the law of force—the parching wind of impiety drying up those happy lands, which had been so softly fertilized by the dew of the Gospel—the savage cry of independence succeeding to the holy canticles of Sion—all those fire-brand heroes, bringing back desolation and death where our generous Evángelists had carried *resurrection and life*, hoisting on their homicidal lances a rebellious charter stained with blood, and in their strange fanaticism speaking only of lights, and creating around them nothing but chaos: like the fabled hero, who, in attempting to conduct the chariot of the sun, set fire to the universe.

Thus remains it proved that *reason*, without Religion, *is good for nothing*, if it be not for digging abysses and heaping tombs on tombs;

and that, if an ancient called the philosophers of his day, *gatherers of clouds*, we may call those of our days *gatherers* of ruins, working evil wherever they prevail, as our Missionaries do *good wherever they pass:* thus verifying this saying, or awful sentence of Eternal Truth, that, wherever the impious reign, there is to be found the misfortune of states and the ruin of nations: *regnantibus impiis, ruina hominum*. (1)

What then must we think of this unparalleled sophist, who has dared to tell us, *that the Missionaries appear to him scarcely wiser than the conquerors?* (2) Singular idea, even though it were not impious, and as devoid of good sense as of good faith, whence we should conclude, that those who enlighten and humanize the nations, are *scarcely wiser* than those who depopulate them; that between the conquerors, who massacred the inhabitants of the new world and only sought to subdue them by fire and sword, and the Priests, who only sought to gain them by persuasion and the sweet effusions of charity, there was *scarcely* any difference; and that, in a word, those pretended heroes, who ordered them to be slaughtered, were *scarcely* more

(1) Prov. XXVIII, 12.

(2) Rousseau judge of Jean Jacques.

blameworthy in the eyes of posterity, than the holy Ministers, who, in favour of the Indians, loudly appealed against their oppressors to the rights of humanity: reasoning truly worthy of him, who had been chosen as their patron by the Missionaries of an Anti-christian revolution, by the Missionaries of *fraternity and death*, and all those bloody propagandists, who, far from being *scarcely wiser* than the conquerors, have surpassed them in their devastations, and have more cruelly ravaged France than the Huns and Vandals.

Besides, conquerors make for themselves as many enemies as they subdue; the Missionaries as many friends and brothers as they reclaim and convert. The enemies conquered by force of arms blush at their defeat and burn to avenge it; the converts of grace and of the Divine Word glory in their submission and triumph in their fall. It is here indeed we can say, that the crown belongs to the vanquished. In fine, the conquerors of the world triumph only for themselves, and for this fleeting vapour they call glory; the conquerors of the faith for God and for virtue. What an immense distance between them! And who but a dreamer could have said, *that the Missionaries appear to him scarcely wiser than the conquerors?*

But another patron of the sect, the rival of this latter in sophistry and lies, is at least *wiser* than he is, when he tells us that the pains and fatigues of the Missionaries have equalled those of the conquerors of the New World; when he informs us, on this occasion, *that the courage of Religion is as great as the courage of our warriors:* (1) comparison less shocking but not more just. And indeed, what resemblance can exist between the courage of those, whose whole strength consisted in their arms; and the courage of those, whose whole strength is centered in their souls—between the fiery ardor of some ambitious adventurers, who only exposed life for fortune, only sought to enrich themselves by wading through torrents of blood; and the zeal, as calm as it is pure, of those heavenly men, whose views are as elevated as their means are admirable? Can we not then say with truth, that these two kinds of courage can be no more compared together, than tumultuous rapine to heroism, ferocity to humanity, and the thirst of gold to that of the world's happiness?

But, whilst impiety disperses, dissolves and deracinates, Religion plants and waters, sows and gathers, and, like her Divine Author, *edifies*

(1) Essai sur les mœurs.

and no one destroys. Let us raise our eyes, and we shall behold new lights piercing the clouds —new creations forming—new churches appearing *in the North—the tents of Jacob enlarging and extending themselves* (1) even in the bosom of an empire stranger to the ancient faith (2)—truth every day spreading her dominion even in the very land of error, and, notwithstanding the misfortunes of the times, and the alarming scarcity of Apostolic labourers, *fountains of living water* gushing in those new deserts, in order to prepare the richest and the most abundant harvest.

Thus the Catholic Church repairs on the one side what she loses on the other; thus is daily accomplishing this saying of the Prophet: *from the South to the North the name of the Lord shall be praised,* (3) and, thanks to our Missions, we shall behold the sun of faith gloriously consummate his course. Such is the real triumph of the Catholic Religion, and the most striking proof that *she alone* is Apostolic, and the heiress of the promises, because to her alone belongs the converting power and the reproductive fa-

(1) Isai. LIV. 2.

(2) The United States and North America.

(3) Psalm CXII, 3.

culty; because in her alone we discover the quality of mother, and the principle of fruitfulness: because here only is to be found the nourishing juice, the primitive sap, this living trunk of Christianity, detached from which every branch languishes and dries up without return; like *the barren tree no longer fit but to be cast into the fire*. (1)

And surely, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, this vigour of Apostleship, and this genius of zeal, exclusive appendage of the Catholic Church, strikes every eye with such evidence, that even Our Separated Brethren are forced to acknowledge it, and have made on this point the most unequivocal avowals. (2) We behold even amongst them an Illustrious Scholar, *(and he is not the only one)*, (3) rendering homage to this immense superiority of our Missions over all others, when he tells us in one of his letters: "China is open to the Missionaries: the Pope sends a great number there; but the little union that exists amongst us does not allow us to undertake *those great conversions*:" and he might, perhaps, have added, our little order and zeal—words so much the more remarkable, as they

(1) Matth. VII, 19.

(2) Bacon, *de augmentis scientiarum*.

(3) Leibnitz.

cannot be suspected in the mouth of this great philosopher? Now, if they were true in the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the schism was still in the vigor of its first age, how much more weight should they not have at this day, when, struck to the very heart's core by the philosophical serpent it is so long caressing, it has fallen into a state of consumptive languor, which can no longer be for it but a more or less protracted agony?

We hear much spoken of the English Missions, (1) and others of this sort. But what are

(1) It is chiefly within these twenty years that certain English Missioners, of the Anabaptist Sect, have settled in the East. It is matter of notoriety that all their labours are limited to a printing office destined to the translation of Chinese and Indian works into our language, or of English books into that of the country. One of these Sectaries published a Chinese version of the New Testament, and this is the greatest effort of their Apostolical zeal, as it appears from a work entitled: Review of the first ten years of the Protestant Missions in China, printed at Malaga, 1820. Notwithstanding the party spirit and ruling prejudices of the author, he could not refrain from paying a just homage to the success of the Catholic Missioners, and their vast superiority over those of the English Church. "The learning," says he, "the personal merits, and the ardent zeal of the Roman Missioners deserve to be imitated by all, may perhaps be equalled by a few, but can never be surpassed by any."

they, even though they were worthy of this name, when compared with our Catholic Missions? What *great conversions* have they ever undertaken? What altar have they ever raised to the true God? What infidel country have they ever conquered? And what then is their result for the salvation of souls and the triumph of truth? And what are they at bottom but fiscal and financial speculations, wherein the mercantile spirit predominates, and of which policy alone bears all the expenses? What are they but merely human means to establish, not Missions, but counting houses—not churches, but colonies, rather to form sailors or husbandmen, than fervent neophytes, or true Christians, and to enlarge still more the British Empire than the Reign of Christ?

But how could we, even for a single moment, compare those slender conquests of reason, and all those cold calculations of interest, with our truly Apostolic Missions wherein every thing is equally grand and sublime, both the spirit which directs them, and the motives which conduct them, and the means they employ, and the sacrifices they suppose, and the brilliant success with which they are daily crowned?

Let us then unceasingly repeat it, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, for the glory of the Roman

Church; it is in her bosom only that the Missions bear fruit—in her unity only are recruited the true Champions of the Gospel, the great propagators of the Christian faith. From these sacred mountains are issued all the orders of the *Master of the harvest,* and all the blessings of the Common Father descend. From those *eternal hills* flows the *impetuous river of truth which rejoices the city of God,* (1) and thence spreads and diffuses itself through the four quarters of the world. Take away the chair of St. Peter —*those great conversions* could no longer be undertaken: take away UNITY, which is still stronger than *Union*—We would behold no more those admirable conquests, which daily console the Church for the losses she has sustained, and those she still experiences.

But there is another still more fruitful and more vivifying principle of those happy enterprises and those great miracles of grace: it is this spirit of martyrdom, which animates our Catholic Missionaries, and which lives only amongst them—it is this heroic devotedness of our spiritual workmen, who not only bear the burden of the day and the heat, and water with their sweat the *field of the father of the family,*

(1) Ps. XLV. 5.

but are yet ready, as daily experience proves, to water it with their blood. We know no martyr amongst the deserters from the ancient faith; and we do not believe we shall offend them by saying, that they never had any pretensions to this glory, which belongs only to the children of unity. We know no Illuminist, no Puritan, no Methodist, no hawker of Indian Bibles, (1) that ever felt himself called to this sublime vocation, or whose name may be read in any martyrology. Thus the proof drawn from the martyrs in favour of Christianity still subsists, and this perpetual miracle exclusively belongs to the Catholic church. Yes, it is she alone that brings forth

(1) The Indian Bibles naturally remind us of those Bible Societies now so widely diffused throughout Europe. Of all the persecutions of the Church, this is the most perfidious and the most ably combined—the surest means of undermining the Gospel it pretends to propagate, whereas this variety of versions, those arbitrary interpretations, can only serve to render the articles of our Faith and Christianity itself a mere problem. The Bible Societies have the same origin as certain other secret associations, and the same means of propagation as those of the Illuminists. To the same source may we trace the Lancasterian and other systems of education. And hence it is that, whilst the secret societies introduce into the State, the Bible Societies introduce into the Church, a monstrous democracy.

the martyrs: it is *their blood* which daily becomes in those infidel countries *the seed of Christians*, (1) and the fruitful source of those heroes, who never find their labours too painful, or their privations too hard, or the dangers too great, *or their lives more precious than themselves*, (2) whenever there is question of the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Now if temporal advantages and political interests could be counted with those of salvation and eternity—if we could speak of the progress of human knowledge at the same time as of that of truth and faith, we might here remark how favourable the Missions have been to arts and letters, and how greatly conducive to the prosperity and the grandeur of our country. We might show them establishing new points of communication between the most distant people —opening new avenues to commerce—offering to the observator new discoveries, to the historian new riches, new hospitable asylums to European travellers—drawing more closely all those links which should unite the great family of mankind; and thus might we prove that there is no species of good, for which the Universe is not the debtor of Religion and her ministers.

(1) Tertul. (2) Acts XX, 24

We could show you that our greatest statesmen had always regarded the missions as a capital object of their solicitude, and always favoured them as one of the most powerful means of acquiring and preserving colonial possessions. We could prove, in a word, that if we conquered our colonies by our arms, we never really attached them to our country but by those Missionaries, whose loss has greatly contributed to the fatal revolutions which have wrested from us those splendid establishments. Whence it is easy to conclude, that by persecuting those precious men, France has betrayed her own interests, and turned her arms against herself: So true it is, that every state loses by attacking this holy religion, *which is useful for all*, (1) with which all prospers, both literature and virtue, the treasure of the learned and that of the poor, and which, as the Holy Ghost says, bears in one hand *peace and happiness*, and in the other *riches and glory*. (2)

And could we here, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, refrain from forming the most ardent vows for the entire re-establishment of those Oriental Missions which have been destroyed with so much scandal and impolicy? Is it not a

(1) Tim. IV, 8. (2) Prov. VIII.

homage we pay to the spirit of zeal and piety which animates the son of St. Lewis, when we express the hope that vows in themselves so just shall shortly receive their accomplishment? Holy Church of Siam and of Tong-King! venerable portion of this Catholic Church, which fills the universe, accept the vows of the Church of France, which engendered thee in Jesus Christ, and now, though at a distance, embraces and salutes thee! Say, hast thou learned the misfortunes and all the sufferings of thy mother? Alas! she too has been afflicted—she too, like the daughter of Sion, has seen all her beauty obscured, and her grief has been great as the ocean which separates thee from her. But now the calm has succeeded to the tempest, and the peace at least, if not the glory, of ancient days has been restored to her. With her then rejoice thee, and rekindle thy hopes. The same God who has dried up her tears, will assuage thy pains—he who has given her back her Kings, will restore thee thy Apostles: yet a moment, and thou too, like her, shalt be consoled.

But if the Catholic Church sends Missionaries amongst the savage or infidel nations, she also sends them amongst the Christian people; and the interior and domestic missions are not less dear to her, nor less worthy her solicitude, than

those she directs to distant countries. No doubt, our Missionaries of France have no inaccessible mountains to cross, no impenetrable forests to pervade, no ocean to navigate; but they have to float on the stormy sea of the world, in the midst of all the tempests excited by impiety: they have to venture on this torrent of depravity, which after having broken all its mounds, threatens ruin to the cities and the countries. They have to save France from this studied corruption, the most fatal and incurable of all. They have to overturn, not indeed the idols of polytheism, but those of materialism and of atheism, more hideous by far than the false divinities of Greece and Rome. Generous auxiliaries of our Pastors, they lend a strong hand to those amongst them who still exist, and happily supply, as much as in them lies, the afflicting vacancies of so many widowed churches. In a word, worthy rivals of that truly apostolic man, Brydaine, who knew so well how to unite to the unction which persuades, the strength which overthrows, and whose thundering voice seemed at once to rend the vaults of our temples and the hearts of his auditors. They daily distinguish themselves by conquests, which draw upon them the increasing veneration of men of virtue, and the cordial hatred of the wicked.

How happens it that such glorious titles do not disarm their fanatic persecutors? who then shall explain to us this incredible fury with which they pursue them? or rather, is it not natural that the enemies of God should not tolerate those who cause Him to be adored and served—that the obdurate criminals cannot bear those who touch the heart, and that the unjust possessors of the neighbour's property do not wish to restore it? Hence this list of their odious charges belied by the universe, and not believed by themselves. Hence the bold affectation with which they tell us, that we have no need of Missionaries; that the ordinary succours are more than sufficient; and that every mission which should take place amongst us would be a dangerous, useless, and unseasonable measure.

They ask us, in the first place, To what purpose those Missionaries? Is France a savage clime,—a barbarous nation? Imprudent question, if ever there was one, but which suggests to us another we shall here put to those new reformers,—to those incurable madmen, who never cease to labour at our civilization, and talk to us of it even unto disgust, as if we had need of it, and were only just come out of the hands of Nature. Entirely occupied with moulding us anew, they would, forsooth, bring us back to

the first elements of reason, as if reason had hitherto done nothing for us. We ask them, in our turn, if France be a savage clime and a barbarous nation; and why this new general fusion at our risk and peril, and whence comes it that they no longer wish we should be the children of our fathers? In awaiting their answer to this question, we shall tell them, that France is not a savage clime, because she is fertile and rich in harvests; but that it is sad to think that she persecuted the pious solitaries who had reclaimed her deserts whilst they cultivated our letters. We shall tell them, that if the savages devour their enemies, we have devoured our friends, our benefactors, our brethren. We shall tell them, that France is not a barbarous nation, as Religion has drawn her from barbarism; but that without Religion, she would shortly fall back into the savage state. We shall, in fine, tell them, that the greatness of the remedy should be proportioned to the greatness of the evil—that the helps should not be less extraordinary than the needs—and that, barbarous or not, we are not the less arrived to the last degree of human perversity. Alas! would to God that France could be as easily converted now, as have been Canada, Louisiana, and the other savage countries conquered by the Gos-

pel! Would to God that it were not more easy to bring back a barbarous people to civilization, than to prevent a civilized nation from falling into barbarity, and that a bastardized and degenerate race should find no greater obstacles against its return to reason and to virtue, than a new-formed nation, which never owned the influence of virtue or of reason! True barbarity consists not in the ignorance of every thing, but in the knowledge of every thing except what we should know—not in the absence of lights, but in the abuse of those we possess. It is not that state which awaits civilization, but that which falls from it by its rottenness and decrepitude—not that which exhibits the grosser vices and the rustic habits, but that which puts forth vices, refined, analysed, justified, as ours are, by dint of subtleties and philosophy. It is not that state, in a word, wherein we discover more hardness in the heart, and a blinder impetuosity in the desires; but that in which we find the greatest falsehood in the sentiments, and the greatest suppleness in the mind, to take whatever direction it receives from passion or interest. Now such is our state, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, and such the new civilization to which we are but too truly arrived. Hence it is easy to conclude, that the Missions were never more neces-

sary or more seasonable, and that we may now look upon ourselves as existing in a Missionary country. No, never had our Missionaries a greater number of blind to enlighten, of lame and paralytics to raise up and make walk, of lepers to cleanse, of dead to raise, of impious to confound, and of devils to cast out.

Was France, we ask it, barbarous under the great King who gave his name to his own age—at this most polished and most brilliant period of our history, when the splendour of virtue vied with that of talents—in that ever memorable æra, *of which ours is but the dregs?* (1) And yet, was it not then that our Missionaries took their highest flight? Was it not then that were founded those schools for the propagation of the faith, those companies of zealous Evangelists, *those fathers of the Mission,* at whose head was St. Vincent of Paul? Then might you have seen Bossuet and Fenelon, and many other illustrious characters, making in the Missions the noviciate of their episcopacy. To our Domestic Missions were then added those Foreign Missions, which carried to such a distance the glory of the Christian and of the French name. What

(1) The identical expression of the Oracle of the Philosophers.

then! The age of decorum and of honour spoke almost exclusively of Missions, would have no others than Missionaries; and the age of degradation and of licentiousness would take offence at their very name, and would refuse them as unseasonable monitors and importunate censors. The Missionaries were the general theme when the number of pastors was yet proportionate to the number of the flock, and they would now be rejected, whilst so many sheep are wandering without any pastors to guide, or any sheepfold to shelter them. They were the general theme, when the chair of Truth still shone in all its splendour; and they would be rejected in this deplorable time, when we can say that there is scarcely any pulpit that is not deserted and dumb. They were the general theme before public order had been compromised, whilst yet the Throne reposed solidly on its foundation, and Religion held the same rank in the state, as God in the universe—and they would now be rejected, on the very close of an impious Revolution, which has shaken every thing to its basis, set up all the passions as principles, put all the vices in play, and rendered the existence of Religion so precarious, that she no longer knows what place she occupies amongst us. Was there ever a more odious or more palpable con-

tradiction? Who shall ever explain this delirium, unless indeed we be told, that what suited an age of piety, of zeal and good works, is no longer adapted to the age of ideas, of learned theories and high speculation; and that if Confessors, Preachers, and Converters, were necessary for the age of genius, the age of lights needs only framers of constitutions and writers of romances, declaimers and buffoons, thinkers and stage-players.

Let them then no longer ask us if France be a savage clime and a barbarous nation. Let us rather ask how it happens, that with so much misery and so many motives of self-humiliation, after so many of the grossest misconceptions, we can still have so much pride, still imagine that we may reject the word of salvation because we are running daily to our ruin. Let us rather ask if it be not more difficult to convert us than the infidels themselves, and if France has not as much need of Missionaries as China and the Indies. What do we say? The state of those distant countries is perhaps preferable to ours; it forces us at least to doubt which of the two nations presents the greatest obstacles to the light, and the greatest difficulties for its conversion. On the one hand, we behold a people, fond even to idolatry of its ancestors,—on the

other, a people that despises its own, loves nothing that they loved, and tramples under foot their venerable ashes. In the first, a people jealous of an antiquity which it claims over all other nations,—in the second, a people that blushes at its own, and shamefully renounces its own history. On the one side, a people that will admit no revolution, and that repels with horror any idea which might recall its recollection,—on the other, a people so little satisfied with the revolution which has crushed it, that it calls down on its head new calamities, and fears not to plunge the country into a new chaos. Now we ask it, which of these two people announces the greater blindness, or advances more rapidly towards its entire dissolution? Is it the nation which is always prepared to combat for the preservation of its usages, its institutions and its manners, or the people still enamoured of novelty, and which, by dint of continual changes, has already succeeded in extinguishing at once its moral and its French life? The nation which will not change religion, or that which outrages its own, and will have no other religion? Is it, in short, the nation which persecutes the Missionaries by the fanaticism of superstition, or that which persecutes them by the fanaticism of impiety and reason? It is then evidently their

shocking pride which prompts the children of this age to ask us: *to what purpose those Missionaries*? As if their homilies too simple, or their sermons too forcible, compromised the nation's dignity; as if it were an insult on the refined polish of our French civilization, to preach to us, in the style of the Prophets, the four last ends of man—death—judgment—hell—and heaven!

The impious will, no doubt, tell us that they do not attack the foundation of the morality or the doctrine of the Missionaries, but only the means they use to ensure success. They consequently ask us, why so much pomp and show, so many spectacles and ceremonies, to move the multitude and speak to its eyes? But how do those men, who pretend to know all, not know at the same time, that man is born sensible before he becomes rational, and that, as he is so constituted, nothing is more natural than to insinuate ourselves into his mind by the senses, and thence more easily into his heart? Who then can reasonably decry those pious exercises, those solemn processions, and all those popular practices, which can only leave impressions of virtue, can only furnish ideas of good to the mind, and which, though subject to abuses, as all other, even the holiest things, are not less conformable

to the order of Nature than to that of Religion? What then must we think of these cold and sterile speculators, for whom calculation is every thing, who analyse and discuss all, incessantly divide and subdivide, and anatomize the human heart just as they dissect a dead body? What are those fretful and gloomy spirits who reproach our Missionaries, even with their holy joy and their pious canticles, so strikingly emblematic of the Heavenly Choirs? To whom belong those souls, so obdurate as to behold without emotion those processions of tender virgins, ornamented at once with their piety and their modesty—this crowd of youths, whose recollection and fervor are still heightened by the charm of their age, so happily contrasting with that of the elders who accompany them—this very contrast lending to all a new strength and a more solid edification —those solemn plantations of the Tree of Life, of this Cross which has conquered the world, and whose aspect is so well calculated to console the unfortunate, and teach us to *carry our cross*,—in a word, all those pious festivals, in which the sentiment of joy and that of Religion mutually aid and augment each other? Is there in the world a more pleasing spectacle, or one more proper to elevate the soul towards God? How dead must we not be to virtue, if we do not feel

its charms! To speak even according to human feeling, where could we find for the people more innocent distractions, less costly amusements, less dangerous and more suitable recreations? Are there any others more analogous to the wants of man, to his natural miseries, to the situation and circumstances of the multitude? What more proper to soften the manners, and to promote union and concord, than those touching ceremonies, in which every one can bear a part, the children and their parents, the young and the old, the ignorant and the learned, the poor and the rich? Egregious philosophers! tell us then what you would substitute to those happy expedients, to those pious stratagems, in order to bridle vice and inspire virtue: explain to us then, if you dare it, the motives of your feasts and your songs, your dances and your shows, if it be not to speak to the passions and flatter libertinism. And you great exercisers of our corporal and mental faculties, inform us what happy changes they operate in the soul. Is it not then evident, that a single Missionary with those simple means, and those innocent artifices, inspired by his zeal and his industrious charity, is infinitely more capable of conducting men in the ways of duty, than all the pedants of the age,—all the professors of morality, already born or yet to

come, with their scientific methods, their soporiferous lessons, their superfine harangues, and all their prizes of eloquence, of poetry, and even of virtue, were they even more common than they are?

To this absurd charge of indiscreet and extraordinary means brought against the Missionaries by the children of this age, is added another not less ridiculous, and, indeed, the natural consequence of the first. They reproach them with a too ardent zeal for making converts. Assuredly, they are not disposed to disculpate themselves from this charge; their zeal is a duty imposed on them, nay, a right granted them, by truth. It is of the essence of truth to endeavour to propagate itself; it belongs to its dignity to enlarge its conquests; to truth it is given, as to the Sun, to make the tour of the world. What then is this new fanaticism, which would proscribe the progress of virtue and true knowledge; as if, forsooth! it were a gratuitous concession to truth to leave it its disciples, and an insult on error to deprive it of its slaves? Was there ever a more sad confusion of ideas, a more deplorable abuse of language?

Who then, we ask it, are those men who dare continually to speak to us of proselytism? Have they not their own, and who could be

ignorant of their indefatigable zeal for the diffusion of their disastrous systems? Have they not their Propagandas, and even their Crusades, whose arms are, not indeed the Cross, but the firebrand, and whose object is, not to rescue the sepulchre of the Saviour, but to dig the graves of Kings? Have they not their Missions in schools, in houses of education, and even in those places we dare not name? After having corrupted opulence, are they not still labouring to corrupt misery? Does not their furious zeal hurry them from the palace even to the cottage? Do they not sow in our very furrows their empoisoned writings? And, the better to circulate their venom, do they not bestow, when they cannot sell them? Do they not recruit their ranks with every debauchee, with every ambitious aspirant, with all the friends of liberty or licentiousness, all the abettors of anarchy, all those usurers and other adventurers, who only dream of fortune, rapine, and confiscation? And why would not the Missionaries do for good, what the Philosophers do for evil? Why would they not propose to their proselytes the peace of the heart for encouragement, and Heaven for recompense; as the latter only propose to their followers money for incentive, money for motive, and still money for their last

end? And is it not far better, by our preaching, to render the youth virtuous, and even scrupulous, than to render them studious, debauched, and factious?

Here naturally presents itself, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, the important confession of the first Sophist of the age: *that the rage of proselytism seems to animate the incredulous.* (1) This he wrote to a famous unbeliever; and this impious wretch, at the head of his sect, passed his whole life in making proselytes, or accomplices, by every the most wily means, and laboured, *with rage,* at the *great work*—that of regenerating or revolutionising France. Precious confession, wrested from him by the force of truth, and which it is good to remember, in order that it may remain demonstrated that *this rage of proselytism* has ever been the portion of the incredulous, whether they enrolled disciples, as formerly, in favour of *humanity and benevolence,* or whether they enroll them, as in our days, in the cause of insurrection, of anarchy, and independence.

With the same frankness does this same Sophist stand up against *the ardent Missionaries of Atheism;* (2) Missionaries so much the less con-

(1) Rousseau. Let. to D'Alembert. (2) Ibid.

sistent in their *ardor*, so much the more inexplicable in their *Missions*, as there is nothing more gloomy than the empire of the dead, nothing more horrible than the conquest of annihilation. And, surely, it is a real phenomenon—which could only belong to *the age of lights*—to behold the hottest spirits combatting for the coldest and the most pitiful systems, and zealots without conviction defending, *with ardor*, creeds without authority and opinions without belief! We easily conceive that men may have a taste for pleasures, and be hurried on by the passions; but how explain this fanatical taste for the tombs, or, to speak with a celebrated writer, *this taste for despair*, (1) which we must suppose in the Atheist? We defy all those *ardent Missionaries* to resolve this problem, unless they tell us, that they greedily devour those Atheistical doctrines, in order the better to break every curb, to free themselves from all control, to confound, in one ruin, Thrones and Altars, and thus become themselves the sole idols of their own worship.

It is here essentially necessary to remark, that this same charge of *proselytism*, with which the impious inculpate our Missionaries, is equally

(1) Pensées de Pascal.

brought against the Catholic Church by the *sects* which have gone forth from her bosom. Alarmed at the numerous and splendid conversions which daily take place, whilst no member of Catholic unity abandons her, in order to go *elsewhere*, they cry out more loudly than ever against those conversions, imperiously commanded by reason and conscience. They even go so far as to take severe measures, in order to arrest their progress: measures as unjust as they are impolitic, and which appear to us incompatible with their principle; that *nothing is more lawful than a change of religion*. Miserable and ill-timed precautions, which are, at bottom, but a cry of alarm and a signal of distress, evidently betraying the secret of this hypocritical toleration so much lauded in our days—of this systematic indifference, which wholly consists in neutralising every thing, and putting all on the same line—truth and falsehood—the ancient Church and the new sects—the Church which comes down from Jesus Christ, and that which comes from I know not whom, and which knows not where it goes. Treacherous combination! by which they would establish the communion of all creeds, in order the better to destroy them by each other. Fatal system,—slow poison—which silently corrodes all the stays of social order. Dreary

and deplorable confusion, the greatest wound which could be inflicted on public morals, and the most artful persecution ever contrived, during these eighteen centuries, against the true Religion.

From this charge of *proselytism*, which the children of impiety are pleased to confound with intolerance, springs, no doubt, another which they still bring against our Missionaries, to wit, that of troubling consciences. And, indeed, nothing is more worthy of them. Here lies their fairest triumph, as their greatest sorrow is not to be able to trouble them all. Thus Paul made the haughty Felix, though a Pagan and a Philosopher, tremble. We know perfectly why those men, who would stifle all remorses, do not wish they should be awakened. In this point, do they show themselves more guilty than the infernal spirits, who *believe and tremble* (1)—if, indeed, it be true that they do not tremble, and that it cannot be said of them that they only fear this troubling of consciences, because their own troubles and torments them. What then! do they wish that the Men of God should speak of peace, *when there is no peace*, (2) or that they should not otherwise attack the

(1) James XI, 19. (2) Jerem. VI, 14.

great disorders of the age than by palliating them all with this coward moderation—the only virtue we now possess? Has not the Lord said, *that his impetuous word is all fire, and like the hammer which breaks the stone?* (1) And must not the word of his interpreters bear the impression of this vehement ardor? But yet, if they are as inexorable as truth, they are as indulgent and as merciful as charity. If, on the one hand, they alarm, on the other they console. No doubt they arm themselves with the terror of God's judgments, in order to overawe the impenitent and the rebellious; but still they announce, *Glory to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will.* (2) Like the Apostle, *they correct and reprimand those restless and haughty spirits* who bid defiance even to God; but, like him also, *do they encourage the timid and show forbearance to all.* (3) Doubtless, they consign to hell all those Atheistical dogmatizers, those corrupters of youth, and the editors, abettors, and hawkers of certain *Complete Works:* and to what then should they condemn them, since God has no greater chastisement to inflict? But who can upbraid them with this as with a crime?

(1) Jerem. XXIII, 29. (2) Luke II, 14.
(3) I. Thess. V, 14.

And must not our sight have failed, must not our senses be confounded, if we turn against them the greatest glory of their Apostleship? Who shall own with sufficient gratitude this important service rendered by them to humanity and public morals? "Do you not remark," said, in one of his lucid intervals, the Philosopher already quoted, "Do you not remark, that this long time past, we hear not a word of restitutions, of reparations, of death-bed reconciliations—that all the dying, strangers to repentance and remorse, fearlessly carry to the other world the neighbour's property, lies, and fraud, in the consciences which they had charged with those crimes during their lives." (1) It was then, according to him, most useful, nay, even extremely urgent, to strike terror into consciences and to appal the guilty. And such are the happy fruits produced by the Missions, and none, but those abandoned by God, could be interested in proscribing them. Alas! how many misfortunes would we not spare our country, if we could make all those audacious miscreants tremble, whose whole art consists in strengthening the passions by sophistry, and sophistry by the passions. Those impious fanatics who, like

(1) Rousseau judging Jean Jacques.

those spoken of by the Prophet, *have made a compact with death and hell, not to enter into themselves!* (1) And how happy should we feel, if we succeeded in overturning their consciences, that thereby they should no longer think of overturning our country, and of troubling the peace of mankind!

And when was it more necessary, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to sound the alarm, and to strike terror into consciences, than in those days, in which philosophy seeks to lull us into a moral torpor, and a mortal lethargy? When had we greater need of new-tempering the armour of faith, of lending energy to zeal, and courage to sacred eloquence, than in this age of thoughtless improvidence and false security, in which, like those spoken of by the Holy Ghost, *who, after having lost their helm, slumber in full sea to the noise of the roaring waves,* (2) we wander, at hazard, in the midst of a thousand shoals, on the troubled sea of the world which has burst through all its mounds—on the shoreless ocean of human opinions—after having lost sight of the beacon of faith, and of the star of truth? It is thus, without repentance for the past, without fear for the future, we are already

(1) Isai. XXVIII, 5. (2) Prov. XXIII, 34.

arriving, in a deadly calm, at the dreary port of eternity—*dormiens in mari, amisso clavo.* Ah! surely it is now we must *seize the trumpet*—strike all those great blows which awaken the dead—hurl all the thunders of Divine wrath, and cry still more loudly than ever: *Woe to thee, Corozain!* (1) *Woe to thee, Bethsaida! Yet forty days, and Ninive shall be no more,* (2) *If you do not penance, you shall all perish.* (3)

It is, no doubt, because our Missionaries trouble consciences, that the children of the world still accuse them of troubling the public peace. But in what age was it ever remarked, that to preach conjugal faith to the married—to children, respect for their parents—to the people, the love of their King—to Kings, the love of their people—was a cause of troubling public order? By what means then shall we preserve and consolidate it? What then! Are the Missionaries those, who set fire to our properties—provoke seditions—foment conspiracies—and contrive the most criminal plots? Have they ever forced the doors of those repairs where their enemies are seated, and where they celebrate their obscene mysteries and political

(1) Luke X, 13 (2) Jonas, IV.
(3) Luke XIII, 5.

orgies? Do they scatter gold in our public places, to corrupt the people? Were they ever heard to cry, *to arms*, unless, indeed, to those arms with which we combat the passions, the vicious habits, and shameful inclinations? Were they ever heard to speak of independence and liberty, *unless, indeed, of the liberty of the children of God, the only true Freemen,* (1) according to the Apostle? Do they ever meddle in politics—the light and ludicrous amusement of our great and little wits—unless, indeed, when they tell us, that the true and unerring policy is Religion, without which every thing must totter and fail in its foundation? Is it at their school that we are taught insurrection, and that we learn revolt? Alas! all those young apprentices of revolution, who only dream of liberty, and burn to distinguish themselves in the career of disorder, may, indeed, have made their studies, but most certainly they have not made their mission. Such is the grand reply we have to make to those unjust and passionate accusers. And does not our indignation here equal our surprise, when we reflect that such charges are brought forward by men who, after having set fire to the four corners of France,

(1) Rom. VIII.

are yet labouring to throw all Europe into conflagration?

In fine, those detractors imagine they insult our Missionaries, by calling them *converters*. This we conceive in men, who never regret but the evil they have not done, and never repent but when they fail in their designs. But here they speak more properly than they think, or even than they would do, when they call those importunate prophets, *converters;* for they are nothing else, and this is the very expression which suits them. They do not style themselves the regents of kings, the tutors of the people, the preceptors of the human race, the propagators of light, and the regulators of public opinion—no, they are merely *Converters*. They are not come to cure you of your prejudices, but of your vices,—to speak to you of your rights, but of your duties. They are men inspired by *this Divine Law which converts souls*, (1) and sent by him who has said: *Be converted unto me from your whole heart.* (2) They are *converters*, as the Apostles were, and, like them, are *fishers of men*, (3) who continually cast their nets to draw us from the stagnant

(1) Psal. XVIII, 8. (2) Joel XI, 12.
(3) Matth. XVI.

waters of iniquity. They wish that we should *divest ourselves of the old man, to put on the new,* (1) and that every sinner *should rend, not his garment, but his heart.* (2) We now feel how strange this grand and magnificent morality must appear to all those refined wits, whose greatest talent lies in polishing the surface of man, *and in white-washing the sepulchre.* They only apply themselves to the outside of things, and make all education consist in palliating vice, all virtue in moderation, and all conversion in counterfeit hypocrisy. It is not so with our Missionaries, who look upon the soul as all, and the outside as nothing. They are true *converters;* they would wrest you from the world and your passions, to restore you to yourselves, or rather, they would wrest you from yourselves, to restore you to your God. Herein consists all their ambition, and all their science. Was there ever a more noble, a more glorious ambition? What then must we think of the madmen who could require of them any other?

And are not the children of the world also *converters?* Would they not make of a good Frenchman, who loves his king, a factious rebel to judge and even betray him;—of a good

(1) Colos. III, 9. (2) Joel XI, 13.

Christian, who loves his God, a sage to love only himself, or others for himself? And if we here dared to speak out—if it were not contrary to the gravity of our Ministry to invent new terms, could we not, in our turn, call them *perverters;* name peculiarly adapted to them, as it is in itself unequivocal, and as no one can mistake in its application. Yes, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, they are *perverters*, who torture their wits to exalt the imagination, to deceive the credulity of the simple, and flatter the pride of the blind and impassioned multitude. *Perverters* so much the more dangerous, as their great art consists in working a confusion of ideas by the confusion of words: like those men spoken of by the Prophet, who habituate themselves to I know not what magic cant, proper and peculiar to themselves, and which they have invented for the misfortune of the world—*firmaverunt sibi sermonem nequam.* (1) Each of their words is a snare, *each of their discourses a dart.* (2) Worthy heirs of those who created a *Supreme Being*, (3) that men should no longer mention the name of *God,* they attack Religion in the

(1) Psal. LXIII, 6. (2) Psal. LIV, 22.

(3) On the motion of Robespierre in the National Assembly.

very name of Religion, and the Missionaries, say they, for the honour of the Missions themselves. Thus do they transform those angels of peace into promoters of discord—those lambs, in the midst of wolves, into the wolves themselves —those physicians of souls into tyrants of consciences—those legates of the first pastors into religious adventurers—those men, who live on little and often want the necessaries of life, into avaricious wretches possessed with the love of gain. Thus to preach the Gospel in the face of day, is to work secret conspiracies—to preach the pardon of injuries, is to exasperate the passions—to reconcile enemies, is to divide families—to pour balm into the wounds, is to envenom them—and to call for restitutions, is to alarm proprietors. Is not this the very genius of perversity, and could it make a more shameful traffic of falsehood? Is not this *the double and accursed tongue* (1) spoken of by the prophet,—the lying language, *which calls day night, and night day, changes good into evil, and evil into good?* (2) Surely, if it be given to the infernal spirits to utter themselves in language, they can speak no other language than this!

(1) Eccl. V, 11. (2) Isai. V, 20.

The moderation-men of our age, that is to say, the furious partisans of moderation and toleration, those men who require of us a coward lukewarmness and an effeminate condescension whenever there is question of avenging outraged virtue, and who demand for themselves alone power and even violence to defend their fatal doctrines, will no doubt find our zeal too ardent and our style too strong. They will, perhaps, even repeat to us what the iniquitous judge said to Jesus Christ: He hath blasphemed, *blasphemavit;* (1) but why have we not rather this *iron pen* which holy Job demanded, in order to recount *the crimes of Juda and the iniquities of Jacob?* Why does not our voice, like that of the Lord, resemble *the thunder rolling in the cloud,* (2) that we might paint in their true colours the implacable enemies of conversions and converters, who will no longer hear of amendment for themselves or even for others, and not content with remaining what they are, still daily labour to become worse than they can be? And this, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, at the moment when public corruption is without bottom, and public immorality without bounds; when we must enlarge our Jails, so great the number

(1) Matth. XXVI, 65. (2) Job. XIX, 24.

of prisoners, and our hospitals, so augmented the list of foundlings; when we must multiply our judges and magistrates, so rapid the progression of the crimes to be judged, and the penalties to be inflicted; when we must augment our mad-houses, so increased the proportion of fools, according to the Judgment and Report of Medical Men. (1) Hereby is it demonstrated, that impiety and philosophy do not less derange the head than they degrade the heart. Is it, we ask it, in this deplorable moment of unexampled perversity, that it should be imputed to us as a crime to labour for the conversion of the wicked, who are springing up on all hands, and who loudly accuse this regenerating age? At this moment forsooth, they ask us why so many Missionaries to convert, when there are so many Magistrates to punish us? It is at such a moment we hear them more loudly than ever repeat the favourite maxim of their Professors of morals: that the whole secret of social order and public administration consists in the LAW and the EXECUTIONER! Whence it follows, that those zealous friends of humanity love rather to punish crimes than to prevent them—to erect

(1) Printed Report of one of the French Physicians sent to Barcelona during the late plague.

gibbets than to plant crosses—to send criminals to the gallows than to confession.

Hasten then, intrepid Apostles of truth, *fly ye quick Angels and preach to this nation which is dissolving and tearing itself with its own hands.* (1) Have pity on its misery, convert and snatch from its own fury this people tormented with the double distemper of its laws and morals, and which, like that spoken of by an ancient, (2) has no longer the strength to support the evils under which it labours, nor the remedies which might save it. Go to this nation which calls itself new, because it no longer recognises itself; which imagines it commences, because it is closing its career. Placed between the past which it rejects, but which incessantly pursues it, and the future, which it invokes, but which continually escapes it, no longer knows it what road to follow, or what road to leave. More infidel in short, than the infidels themselves, it owns no God but for form, no religion but for the name. *Ite Angel iveloces ad gentem convulsam et dilaceratam.* Did you ever receive a Mission more capable of inflaming your ardor and of interesting your zeal! *Go ye then!* It was with *earthen vessels* that the Lord was for-

(1) Isai. XVII. (2) Livy.

merly pleased that his people should defeat his enemies. You are those feeble instruments which Divine Providence wishes to employ, in order to break the iron vessels of the age. Beware of mistrusting the protection of Heaven, or of believing them too obstinate, or too obdurate to be converted. Is it not written, that God is powerful enough *of these stones to raise up children to Abraham?* (1) Has not Jesus Christ said: *have confidence, I have overcome the world?* (2) *Go ye then! If they banish you from one city, shake off even the dust of your feet, and go into another.* (3) Render yourselves, by your victories, still worthier of the honourable hatred of your detractors. The very rage with which they pursue you will suffice for your glory. They attack you by insults—answer them by your good works: pardon them, although they *know what they do*—oppose your prayers to their persecution; your good examples to their outrages. Prove to them still more strongly, that your zeal equals your disinterestedness—that your recompense is in Heaven, and that they shall never succeed in fatiguing your patience, as long as you shall have good to do, the unfortunate to

(1) Matth. III, 9. (2) John XVI, 33.

(3) Luke IX, 5.

console, the ignorant to enlighten, *the poor to evangelize,* the impious to confound, and souls to save.

And you, Our Dearly Beloved Co-operators, you will repulse far from you those detractors of our Missions, who have not hesitated to advance with effrontery, that the ordinary Ministry of the Pastors is sufficient for the wants of the people, and that, even were it not so, it were better they should be deprived of Pastors, than supplied with Missionaries. You will the more cautiously distrust those perfidious flatterers, whose great art lies in exciting self-love, in holding out to you as strangers to your Churches men called and sent by Us; as rivals, your brothers in the Priesthood who go amongst you in our name, to share your pains, not your privileges; your solicitude, not your authority; and who will never own any other rivalry with the Pastors than that of the love of good, and of zeal for the happiness of their flocks. You will never forget, that those artisans of falsehood, who speak so much of your rights, are the very same, or at least the heirs of those who despoiled you of them, though they now set up for the assertors of your privileges. Remember that they no more recognise the rights of the Church than those of the Monarch, and that it is of them we can say, that

if you still enjoy the right of breathing it is not their fault. Shutting your ears against their perfidious suggestions, you will then hail with greater joy those generous auxiliaries of your Pastoral charge, and throwing into one common stock your efforts and your labours, your vows and your prayers, you will share their merit before God, and their glory before men; if indeed there can be any glory here below save that of merit before God.

You are now, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, acquainted with the principal motives and grounds of the calumnies with which the children of the world asperse our Missionaries, in order to embarrass their Ministry. Were there ever any falsehoods more pitiful and more absurd, and is it possible they could have shaken your minds a single moment? You have seen the Great Age send those indefatigable labourers through France and through the world, whilst our age, the meanest of all others, would banish them from the last of our hamlets, and exterminate them from the face of the earth. You have heard our great speakers of civilization declaim with violence against the true creators of the civilization of the two worlds; our great speakers of humanity insult the best benefactors of the human race; and pretended friends of the people

abuse their credulity and traffic with their ignorance, by representing to them as their greatest enemies their mediators, their advocates, and their fathers—our false friends of freedom blaspheme against the Missions, because they only dream of faction and conspiracy. You have heard impiety *lie to itself*, and render a forced homage to the eminent services due to the labours of our Missionaries, and to this truly Apostolic zeal to be found amongst our Pastors only. Have you need of other motives to render them for ever dear and venerable in your eyes? What Ministry shall ever replace their Ministry? What laws or what books shall ever supply them? What political lever shall ever raise this mass of corruption, under which the best constituted empire must one day sink? And what gratitude do we not owe to Divine Providence, which has designed to reserve for us this precious reinforcement of Evangelists so capable of stopping the torrent of vices and of scandals, with which we are on all sides menaced! Lend yourselves then still and more to their zeal—render yourselves still more docile to their instructions, and now more than ever shut your ears against the insinuations of their criminal detractors. *Do not fear their blasphemies,* (1)

(1) Isai. LI, 7.

says the Holy Ghost: they only unmask them, and fall back upon their own heads. They fear the Missions—our Missions are consequently good and desirable. They persecute our Missionaries, our Missionaries are then men of infinite value, whom you cannot approach with too much confidence, nor receive with too much eagerness. This is the best reasoning we can establish, and the surest rule you have to follow. The consequence is infallible, and here it is not possible to deceive ourselves.

The fear and lively anxiety caused by our Missions amongst the Philosophers and Revolutionists—the daily alarms occasioned by their success in the enemy's camps—recall to our minds the great sensation excited amongst the Philosophers and Leaguers of the last century, by the Mission which took place in the Capital, during the jubilee-year, 1775, and which operated a sensible renovation in public morals. The exercises of that Mission were performed with the greatest edification, and the solemn processions attended with an almost unexampled affluence of people. Never did piety enjoy a more consoling spectacle—never were there distributed more abundant alms, never witnessed a greater number of good works, or of striking conversions. But what account will Philoso-

phers make of such prodigies of grace? What matters it to them, that libertines, usurers, bad parents, or even highway robbers, should be converted, if *Reason* does not triumph, and if *lights* retrograde? We heard one of the heads of the sect disclose his anxieties to the Patriarch of the Free-thinkers. Thus he writes to him, in the bitterness of his soul: *This jubilee has caused us to go backwards more than half a century: one jubilee more, and our cause is lost for ever.* (1) This is what we daily hear from the impious of every city where the Mission has succeeded. One Mission more, and our cause is lost,—devotion, enemy of our *lights,* will narrow every mind, and fanaticism will become more ardent than ever. Yet another Mission, and the youth, in whom we placed all our hopes, will be rescued from us,—the empire of the Priesthood will revive, and ours disappear and vanish,—every marriage will be blessed by the Church, and every misfortune and disorder will follow those benedictions. One Mission more, *and we shall retrograde at least half a century.*

This, indeed, is what will happen, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, if the Missions be

(1) Correspond. D'Alembert and Voltaire.

encouraged,—if the Apostles of Faith and Truth receive the efficacious protection they have a right to expect in the Most Christian Kingdom. Yes, give us Missions, and our cause is gained, say the true Faithful, and all men of worth. Revive those Apostolic Establishments, so well calculated to repair the losses of the Sanctuary, by giving it holy Ministers. Favour those holy Schools, destined to enlarge the dominion of the Gospel, wherein good morals and good letters, the spirit of piety and study, naturally assist and perfect each other,—where our youth will be renewed, and public education purified,—the Monarchy consolidated, and France saved from its ruin. Give back its vigour to the holy Ministry of the Word,—restore to it the authority and freedom which are its natural appendages,—and the spirit of the age, however determined to hold against us, must go backwards, though it should drag us into the abyss. We have only to will it, and to say, with courage, to all the enlighteners of the age, and all the supporters of impiety, that neither the Monarchy, nor Legitimacy, nor the August Race of the Bourbons, nor the Catholic Religion, nor the Faith of Ages, shall recoil. We have only to announce, without fear or subterfuge, that France and the King will have it so. God, no

doubt, will approve what the King and France shall have decreed,—he will bless this high resolve, by giving us himself *both to will and to accomplish*,—he will forget the excess of our iniquities, and appease his wrath,—he will again become for us the God of Clovis, of Charlemagne, and of Saint Lewis,—with his merciful hand he will close for ever the abyss of the Revolution, and he will say to this deluge of misfortunes and crimes it has poured out on us: Hither shalt thou come and no further, and here shalt thou break thy swelling waves:—*Huc usquè venies, et hic confringes tumentes fluctus tuos.*

Given at Paris, where we are detained by the affairs of our Diocess, September 20, 1822.

† Stephen Anthony, Bishop of Troyes,

Elected Archbishop of Vienne.

By Order,

Constant Migneaux, Canon Secretary.

PANEGYRIC

OF

SAINT VINCENT OF PAUL.

Spiritus Domini super me....ut mederer contritis corde ....ut prædicarem captivis indulgentiam....ut consolarer omnes lugentes.

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me.... to heal the contrite of heart.... to preach a release to the captives.... to comfort all that mourn.

Isaias, ch. LXI, ver. 1.—2.

Such are the striking characters in which the Saviour of the world describes the object and success of his mission. Let proud philosophers seek to dazzle the people by brilliant discourses—let conquerors ambitiously gather their laurels, whilst they heap ruins on ruins; for his part, his glory consists in breaking our chains, and his triumph in consoling us. His friends are the

poor. It is in favour of the afflicted that he manifests his power, and his heart will not be satisfied unless he leave behind him substitutes of his mercy, who, full of his own spirit, shall serve, from age to age, as the proofs and witnesses of this oracle of the Prophet :—" The spirit of the Lord is upon me....to heal the contrite of heart....to preach a release to the captives....to comfort all that mourn."

At the view of this sublime charity, Christians, you already name its most accomplished hero, and its most striking model. Every heart feels itself borne towards St. Vincent of Paul—Vincent of Paul, to whom God gave *this immensity of heart, this soul, as expansive as the limits of the ocean ;* (1) which rejects no prayer, and can supply all wants—which, burning as it were with the passion of doing good, undertakes at once to wage war against all the vices, and carry succour to all kinds of misfortune. Devoting himself by turns to the glory of the Temple and the assistance of the cottage, we behold in him successively the country Missioner and the oracle of the Holy See—the catechist of children and the legislator of the clergy—the humblest in the

(1) *Dedit Deus latitudinem cordis, arenam quæ est in littore maris.*—III. Kings, IV, 29.

house of God, now the protector of our churches, and so revered by all that his solemnity is become a national feast, wherein country and Religion seem to rival with each other in the applauses they bestow on him.

What do you expect from me, Christians? Is it a discourse, or a history; the spirit of his virtues, or the recital of his actions? Must we here multiply reflexions or facts, confine ourselves to narration, or aspire to move you? Should we rather flatter the ear of curiosity than interest the heart of feeling? My Brethren, you are already sufficiently acquainted with the life of Vincent of Paul: you could not walk through this capital without meeting some vestige of his charity and his zeal. If our tongues could be silent, the stones themselves would speak for his glory and his triumph. Let us then rather yield to the emotions of eloquence than to the details of history; or rather let eloquence be forgotten, provided our hearts be touched. Let us endeavour to praise him without art, as he has loved without measure; to infuse, if possible, into his panegyric a portion of the overflowing unction with which his soul was penetrated, and thus put no bounds to sentiment, as he never put any to his zeal and tenderness.

Far from us those haughty spirits who feel no

interest save in the din of revolutions and the pomp of spectacles! The eulogy of St. Vincent of Paul can never fix their attention. Limited as we are to events as simple as his life, as obscure as his ministry; obliged to follow him amongst the poor, the sick, the prisoners, abandoned children, disconsolate mothers, the aged and infirm; not being able to praise one of his virtues without recalling at the same time to mind some misfortune or calamity, we could not present them those brilliant features which dazzle, or those commotions which astound. But what matters to us their indifference, if feeling souls listen and answer to our appeals? Woe to us, if we should fear to recount what charity has not blushed to perform, or if we ever should forget that it is the Queen of Virtues that aggrandizes and ennobles the eloquence which celebrates her praises, and the heroism which reduces her precepts into practice!

What have I said, Christians; what picture more capable of inflaming our hearts, and of commanding our admiration, than that of a simple Priest, from whose hands flow so abundantly more than Royal alms; who appeared in France during half a century, as it were, public charity and Providence personified; who, alone and unaided, raised more useful monuments than the

most fruitful genius could have conceived projects, whose intrepid zeal continually struggled against united scourges and the conspiring elements—whose charity, in a word, as active as provident, embracing at once the present and the future, presents to us an image of the goodness, the grandeur, the magnificence, and the power of God himself?

Such, then, is the double view in which we are going to exhibit Vincent of Paul. We shall show him to you as the benefactor of his age, the benefactor of future generations, and not less admirable in the exercise than in the success of his charity ; great by all the generous virtues which adorned his soul, still greater by all the precious establishments to which he gave existence. In a word : charity of St. Vincent of Paul and all he has done to practise it—charity of St. Vincent of Paul and all he has done to perpetuate it. Such is the plan of this discourse.

And how delightful to us to pronounce it in this new Temple, (1) especially consecrated to the God of charity, to the Father of Mercies ; in this holy house, the very name of which must interest every generous soul and every French heart ; new asylum opened to misfortune and

(1) The Hospital of Marie-Thérèse, Paris.

human infirmities by hands as active as they are industrious, and directed by a charity not less indefatigable in its cares than admirable in its means — monument worthy to rank amongst those raised by the holy Priest, every stone of which seems to bear this sacred inscription ;— *God and the King!* Yes, its prosperity will be zealously advanced by this noble and pious assembly, still more eager to imitate the virtues of our Saint, than to hear his panegyric. Happy should we ourselves feel, if, in recompense of all our efforts, we could render ourselves this consoling testimony, that abundant succours and generous offerings are this day to crown them. And indeed, if we needed a new encouragement to excite our zeal and animate our charity in favour of this beautiful Establishment, what more powerful incentive than the example of its august Protectress, (1) angel of reconciliation still left us by Heaven as the happy pledge of its mercy ; and the presence of this heroic Princess, (2) still greater than her misfortunes— modern Blanche, whose miraculous child, (3) object of our love and of our hopes, is already

(1) The Duchess of Angoulême.

(2) The Duchess of Berry.

(3) The Duke of Bordeaux.

the friend of the poor, like his revered mother, and like Her shall one day be the living image of the God of charity, of the God who *has given him to us?* (1)

FIRST PART.

Divine Providence, ever awake to the glory of Vincent, granted him the privilege of being born without ancestors. Whether it was that God was pleased to confound human vanity by showing us the greatest of souls formed in the very bosom of obscurity—or that He had intended to teach us, by a great example, that fortune does nothing for the Hero whom Religion inspires—or that He wished, in fine, to lend a new lustre to the virtues of Vincent by the great distance which separated his origin from the elevation he was one day to attain : under the humble roof of a labourer was born the future ornament of his age, and the most distinguished benefactor of his country.

Do not expect, My Brethren, that I will here recount by what chain of events the Lord conducted him from his childhood to the Sanctuary; nor how, when thrown by an unforeseen stroke

(1) *Dieu-donné—gift of God,* one of the names he bears in memory of his providential birth.

of fortune into the hands of pirates, and hurried off to a barbarous clime, he there wore the irons of captivity. We shall not tell you by what miracle Heaven broke his chains, who was one day to break or soften those of so many others; nor how, during the two years of his slavery, he made the first essay of his Apostleship, by bringing back his Master to the faith of his forefathers by the sole impressions of his celestial canticles. We will pass over in silence his heroic labours in the Parish of Clichi, wherein nothing equals the success of his charity save that of his instructions—where, in less than one year, he finds the means of re-establishing sacred worship, and of building an august temple. Appointed to govern a new Flock, we shall not stop to relate the new prodigies he performs at Châtillon-les-Dombes, and how in six months he there effectuates the entire regeneration of a parish abandoned for half a century before. This might serve for the panegyric of another; it is the feeblest ray of Vincent's glory. Still greater objects hurry us along; let us hasten to transport ourselves with him to the Capital, where Providence calls him.

Placed in this vortex of affairs and pleasures, Vincent only perceives great disorders to be repaired, great scandals to be removed. He is already distinguished by Francis of Sales; al-

ready those two sublime souls seek, discover each other, and become mutually attached. Vincent, struck with the mild majesty which shone on the features of the holy Bishop of Geneva, imagines, as he himself says it, he contemplates in him the Saviour of the world conversing amongst men. Francis of Sales discerns in Vincent of Paul zeal united to prudence, science embellished by candour, and the divine art of governing souls. The one chooses for rule and model the most holy of Pontiffs—the other confides to the most virtuous of Priests the direction of the Daughters of the Visitation with whom he had lately enriched the church. Their progress in piety will soon prove to him that a more precious deposit was never intrusted to abler hands.

In the midst of those noble pursuits, he conceives a new design; he beholds all made for cities, and knowledge there abounding, whilst the inhabitant of the country, deprived of instruction, grows old in ignorance, and dies without consolation. Struck with all those misfortunes, Vincent exclaims, in the words of the Saviour: *I feel compassion for these poor people*, for these good people, so eager for instruction and so capable of virtuous impressions: *misereor super turbam*. All his solicitude turns towards the country. But what can he do alone in order to

rend the veil of ignorance which covers it? He said—and numbers of Evangelical Labourers come crowding to his standards, and associate themselves to his zeal. Already are established, by his means, those celebrated conferences which united together all that the sanctuary then possessed in learning and virtue. Here it was that Bossuet preluded his triumphs—here this young eagle tried his wing and essayed the thunder-bolt. "Vincent," says this great man, "was the soul of those assemblies, through which he diffused unction and light: *pium cœtum animabat Vincentius*. Here, raising his thoughts to the elevation of his sentiments, he fixes the true sense of the Scriptures, recalls the ancient spirit of Religion, the sacred rules of the Priesthood, and the true end of sacred eloquence. And what then used the holy Priest to say to them? That they should prepare, by the purity of their lives, the great effects of their discourses; that the authority of virtue alone can maintain the authority of the word; *that science inflates, and that charity edifies;* that true eloquence disdains eloquence; in a word, "*that prayer is to the Preacher what their arms are to the Soldier and to the General.*" Penetrated with these maxims, simple in themselves, but more instructive than books, these men of God went forth from this new *upper room*

to renew the labours and the prodigies of the first Disciples. Like them, they visit the humble hamlet, break the bread of the word under the rustic roof, *circuibant per castella;* like them, they sow the good grain every where, and reap wherever they sow. *How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings of good things.* (1) Listen to those long laments sent forth by the spirit of compunction ; behold this holy horror spread over every countenance, those hardened sinners who *return,* like those of the Gospel, *striking their breasts,* those irreconcilable families now swearing to each other an eternal friendship. Such are the miracles of their zeal, supported by the miracles of their charity. Feeble Orators of Capitals and of Courts, what are we in presence of those Apostolic men? They appear, and an immense crowd follows them—they speak, and this crowd surrenders. Does Vincent send them to instruct our warriors? Four thousand soldiers bow their heads to the yoke of penance and renew the virtues of the first Christian Legions. Does he send them to the Cevennes, (2) where error and revolt seemed to have fixed their

(1) *Quàm speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona.*—Rom. X.

(2) Mountains of Languedoc in France.

strong-hold? At their voice, the spirit of schism is extinguished, the strayed flocks abandon their false Pastors, and the ramparts of heresy fall, like those of Jericho, at the sound of their Evangelical trumpets. Do they undertake to visit the hospitals, and there give instructions not less necessary than the succours of art? Eight hundred Mahometans do not hesitate to open their eyes to the light, and renounce their false Prophet. So powerful, so sovereign is zeal when united to goodness! So true it is, that the secret of persuasion lies in the empire of virtue and the ascendency of example!

But what are those new colonies now preparing to depart for new climates? Vincent has *raised his eyes,* according to the expression of the Gospel, and has discovered from afar new fruits to be gathered, a new harvest to be reaped. He saw, in Ireland, the Children of the Faith ever in danger of losing it by suggestion or violence—in Poland and in Italy, the poor and plague-struck demanding aloud the ministers of consolation—at Tunis and Algiers, victims of oppression watering with their tears their heart-rending chains—in Madagascar, an immense country seated in the shades of death, which only awaits Preachers for the propagation of the light. These woes and these wants are great;

but his soul is still greater, and will provide for them. In vain has Cromwell sworn the destruction of the Catholics : the hypocritical tyrant may hinder kings from succouring a king; he shall not prevent Vincent from succouring the poor. In vain Earth and Heaven, and men and elements shall thwart his zeal in the mission of Madagascar; in vain his Missioners are thrice buried in the waves : Vincent will not command the winds and tempests, but in despite of the winds and tempests, he will send forth new Apostles, and if success does not crown his efforts, he will at least prove that Heaven may disconcert his enterprises, but not his courage — that his *charity is as strong as death,* and that his zeal is as invincible as the ocean is untameable : *aquæ multæ non potuerunt extinguere caritatem.*

And here, Christians, whom should we the more admire ? Is it Vincent who never fails to find, on the occasion, those Apostolic men, or those Apostolic men ever faithful and docile to his call ? By what secret charm did he inspire them with so many virtues and so much courage ? Let us this day celebrate those Martyrs of mercy and of truth : praise and honour be for ever given to those miraculous Conquerors now named, perhaps through disdain, Missionaries !

What ineffable sentiment animated their sublime souls? If humanity, if virtue, if sound philosophy are yet esteemed here below, what is there more worthy of our admiration than their heroic labours? To bid farewell to repose—to cross the torrents, the seas and immense deserts—to speak to men for whom the spectacle of the universe is dumb—to unite their wandering families, seek them in the depth of forests, follow them to the summit of their mountains, pursue them across abysses, fix and establish them in despite of their inconstancy, soften them notwithstanding their barbarity—to create for them at once a heart, a soul, a morality, a worship, and a country; and all those efforts of magnanimous constancy, without any return of self-interest, without any other incentive than that of Man's happiness..... .... Assuredly, Christians, something divine is here! How happened it that mankind did not fall prostrate before those men, or those Gods? That brilliant adventurers, with the double ambition of fortune and of glory, should have undertaken to conquer the world—all this is human and even vulgar; but that men should brave so many perils, should devote themselves to so many sacrifices, without any other motive than the love

of truth, without any other hope than that of martyrdom — this is the first miracle of human heroism, and the fairest triumph of the Religion which inspires it.

After having been the Missionary of the poor, Vincent of Paul is now going to prove himself their Tutor and their Father. Henceforward, all their wants will become those of his own heart. In the eyes of an ordinary charity the poor indeed are men; in those of Vincent of Paul it would seem that there are no men save the unfortunate. As long as any shall remain on earth, he will taste no joy, no repose; they shall be, according to his own feeling expression, *his burden and his grief*. But what can he do to assist them in the midst of so much misery? He begins by interesting in their behalf the feebler sex, Heaven seems to have created for sensibility, and which finds in its very weakness the most powerful spring of its commiseration. He assembles around him the purest and the most zealous of the Christian women, and thereby forms those charitable meetings, of which he had no where found the model, and yet this means was so efficacious and withal so simple, that we this day ask with surprise how no one had until then imagined it. There, under the auspices of Vincent, were agitated, not questions of policy, but the grander

interests of humanity. There, the poor, always sure to be heard, went to plead their cause. Was it necessary to gather the orphans, to ransom the captives, or to endow the virgin—was it necessary to procure labour for indigent industry, to establish a country school, to support a declining hospital, to repair the losses occasioned by shipwrecks, or the rigour of the seasons, or else to aid a family on the verge of ruin —Vincent in the midst of those assemblies, as if in the centre of charity, directed all and provided for all.

Let us not, however, imagine that those other Paulas, those modern Marcellas, raised up by the Holy Priest, distinguished themselves by their abundant alms only: Vincent so often repeated to them that *they should serve God at the expense of their strength, and by the sweat of their brow*, that no fatigue discouraged, no service affrighted them, whenever charity demanded their cares or their labours. How delightful to contemplate this heroic confederation of more than two hundred illustrious ladies, armed with the code of charity, traced out to them by Vincent of Paul, choosing for the theatre of their zeal the Hôtel-Dieu of the capital, and forming the generous design of thence extirpating all abuses, of re-establishing

its discipline, and of rendering this abode, so dreary, alas! for the indigent, the sweet solace of their misery, the happy term of their old age! Heaven, no doubt, rejoiced as the Earth was astonished at the sight of so many *valiant women*, (1) visiting, from rank to rank, each couch of languor; *humbling their souls*, as the Holy Ghost says it, *before the poor and infirm;* disputing with each other the prize of activity and compassion; and, noble rivals of the consecrated Virgins, mingling with all the succours of humanity, all the consolations of religion. Ah! it is then, indeed, we might justly call this refuge of misery the *House of God!* It was the most beautiful of his temples—every thing therein breathed his bounty—the poor no longer doubted of a Providence, and, for the first time, desired therein to die, happy to find, amidst the consoling cares of those divine souls, the first-fruits and foretaste of Eternal Mercy!

But the charity of Vincent was not destined to confine itself to the alleviation of particular misfortunes, however great and multiplied. It was little for him to succour numberless families, and entire parishes—his still increasing charity, or rather (shall I say it?) his indefatigable Pro-

(1) Prov. XXXI.

vidence, is now to nourish entire States. A prey to five different nations, disputing with each other the glory or the shame of laying them waste, the Duchies of Lorraine and Bar are no longer but one theatre of horror, one scene of all those miseries that have ever been deplored by the lamentations of the Prophets. It is no longer the beauty of Sion sadly darkened—her streets in mourning—her Temples razed—her Priests weeping, and her Virgins disconsolate.—No; we have here to behold every species of cruelty united to every species of profanation, and all the woes of anarchy with all the scourges of nature. The flames have consumed what had escaped the sword—contagion devours what escapes from famine—we no longer behold in the country but deserts, in the city but ruins—every where men.....remnants of men—children expiring on the bosom of their mothers; mothers.....Oh, Heaven! shall I here relate their horrid nourishment? What alms, what succours, what miracles, shall suffice for such calamities? Who command sufficient strength, and courage, and power, and riches, to repair them?—The poor Priest, Vincent of Paul. Another Joseph, he will save another Egypt. True it is, indeed, that, like the Minister of Pharaoh, he has not foreseen the days of famine

and sterility; like him, he possesses not accumulated treasures, nor seven years' harvests in reserve, but he possesses more—his tried zeal, his all-sufficing charity, and those funds of Providence, which never failed him. In vain is he told that he should not succour the enemies of the nation: Vincent replies, that though Lorraine be the enemy of France, its suffering inhabitants are the friends of God. Full of this fine feeling, he flies to their aid; he sends them Ministers of peace to raise the standard of charity in the region of discord, and carry life into this vast tomb. By turns, Physicians and Pastors healing and teaching;—placed between the dying and the dead, to assist the ones and bury the others;—here, distributing ornaments for the Altars;—there, instruments of agriculture;—raising at once the cottage and the temple;—they show themselves doubly worthy of Vincent. More than twenty-five thousand relieved from distress load him with their benedictions. Lorraine respires—and what all the power of sovereigns could not have undertaken, Vincent of Paul has accomplished without any other aid than his virtue, any other credit than his zeal.

Have I not here exaggerated, My Brethren? And do you not imagine that I have been less guided by truth than hurried on by enthusiasm?

I am not astonished, Christians, that you should be tempted to believe it. But, what shall be your admiration, when you shall have learned that it was not by transitory succours the holy Priest distinguished himself in those deplorable times;—but that he bore during several years this immense burden? When you shall be told that, whilst he poured out incalculable alms on these sad regions, he sent off new treasures to the provinces of Artois, Le Maine, Augoumois, and Berry; and that, whilst his children were there generously distributing the gifts of mercy, he himself welcomed, succoured, entertained the Exiles of Erin then flying from persecution, and the refugees of Lorraine who had escaped from famine; and numerous communities which wanted a retreat and even bread; and entire legions of our soldiers, forgotten by the country for which they were shedding their blood.—Munificent, inconceivable charity, and which would indeed appear fabulous, if authentic monuments did not still attest its existence, if we did not hold, as it were, to the generation that witnessed its prodigies.

But, My Brethren, we must grow familiar with miracles, for new calamities are now to beget new wonders. Picardy is at the last extremity, and Champagne is going to renew

within its bosom all the calamities of Lorraine—war without and war within. Already Vincent of Paul has heard that every thing therein retraces the image of death; that the eye can only meet famished phantoms; that distress is there at its height; and that one moment's delay might bring on incalculable evils. He has heard it, and he will prove that, though the evil be beyond all expression, the remedy is not above his strength. He immediately convokes his pious assembly—he presses, he insists, he conjures. If his words have no effect, he will make his tears speak. The more difficulties they expose to him, the more resources has he already discovered. Heaven will sooner grow fatigued with scourging, than Vincent with giving, assisting, and bestowing. During more than ten years, successively, these ill-fated Provinces behold their misfortunes returning; during more than ten years, Vincent of Paul multiplies and lavishes his succours. By what admirable industry could he then augment his means, in proportion to the necessities? Where did he learn the magic secret of nourishing this never-failing contribution, which meets every calamity? Christians, in the treasure of his economies, his privations and his sacrifices; in the daily retrenchments imposed on his own

children, who, like him, often wanted the necessaries of life; in this attractive sweetness to which you could refuse nothing—in I know not what divine art of teaching, of inspiring compassion—in I know not what lavish confidence in Heaven which never deceived him—in I know not what ineffable power, not indeed of multiplying the nourishment of starving multitudes, not of changing stones into bread, but of multiplying charitable souls, but of changing the hearts of the rich, and holding them in his hands *as the Lord holds those of kings*.

Let us, My Brethren, forget, if possible, the past achievements of Vincent. He will not thereby appear less great, less admirable. For the people, it is only a *commencement of sorrows;* for Vincent, only a commencement of labours and of glory. It would appear that Heaven, in order to exhibit him to the world, was then pleased to multiply misfortunes, and proportion its scourges to his compassion and tenderness. No—we can never forget that period of national phrenzy, unexplicable miscellany of ridiculous adventures and bloody catastrophes—that period of civil discords excited by factious patriots, wherein each, hurried on beyond his own measure, passed continually, and often in the same day, from revolt to submission, and from sub-

mission to revolt. (1) The best characters themselves went onward blindly, without knowing whither they were borne by contradictory pretensions; and the State in fine, shaken in its very foundations, was agitated with convulsions so much the more deplorable as the cause and remedy of the evil were equally unknown. Strange revolution, which, by a singularity unknown to our annals, was not less calamitous in its consequences than frivolous in its object. Amidst those wild agitations, and those vain and cruel and deplorable factions, we need not ask on what side stood Vincent of Paul. My Brethren, he stood for God, for the King, and for the poor—the poor, alas! ever victims of the interests of the rich, and then especially paying by lamentable misfortunes their most frivolous pretensions! Whilst the Princes cabal and Ministers negociate, the unfortunate are languishing at the very gates of death. Vincent of Paul is witness of this sad state of affairs—he beholds a crowd of innocent victims involved in the proscription of the guilty—the city of pleasures plunged on a sudden into an abyss of horrors—and *the Princess of the Provinces* changed into an abode of desolation and mourning. At this spectacle, the bowels of his tenderness are

(1) *La Fronde.*

moved, and he labours to recall all minds to peace and all hearts to pity. After having wept at the foot of the Altar over the iniquities of the people, he will now weep at the foot of the Throne over their misfortunes. The humblest of Priests presents himself before the Mother of his King with all the conscious dignity of a high and holy courage. Still more intrepid than courtiers are adroit and supple, he speaks to her in favour of the poor with as much truth and boldness *as if he had been,* to use his own words, *at God's judgment.* Grand and beautiful expression! It is not then true that piety is pusillanimous, and that self-denial is incompatible with true greatness. But what are the affairs of the poor, when there is question of affairs of State? What matters it that the orphan should weep in abandonment, and the widow without resource, provided the politician triumph, and the intriguer attain his end, and the ambitious man preserve his credit and his place! Vincent has then spoken in vain, and the poor have none but him for Saviour and for Father. More than two thousand are daily nourished in his own house—fourteen thousand infirm are daily assisted by his cares. Corn is wanting to the rich, it is not wanting to Vincent. What he has not he borrows, and what he cannot borrow he creates. Here, several inundated cities

are suddenly succoured; there, abandoned countries are provided with Pastors. On one side arises a *Mont de Piété*, that defeats the hopes and mocks the perfidious proffers of the usurer; on the other, more than eight hundred young persons retire to the retreat of virtue from the perils of poverty, which prepare those of crime. ..... Admirable omnipotence of Vincent's charity! And what more can we add to his glory? A glory still greater, My Brethren,—that of the crosses, and contradictions, and calumnies, with which he is loaded, and the persecutions he endures. He is accused of having contributed to the public calamities, he who had done all to prevent, and is doing all to heal them—of promoting the new subsidies, he who had so much bewailed the old already so heavy on the poor—of sharing the coward complaisance of the courtiers, he who, by his generous freedom, lately exposed himself to the disfavour of Mazarin, as ten years before to that of Richelieu. To those idle imputations are added outrages; to outrages, attempts on his life; twice his house is horribly pillaged; twice his person is indignantly insulted; in Rheims and Bordeaux he is obliged to fly; and he, who had saved the lives of so many wretches, is more than once in danger of losing his own. What then! Are men worthy

of the services we render them? Is this horrid ingratitude then possible? My Brethren, we may conceive it, provided we reflect on human perversity. But what we cannot conceive is the unalterable meekness of Vincent, in the midst of such commotions—his resolution to avenge himself by new services—his oblivion of all wrongs, in order to alleviate all misfortunes, and to employ, in favour of the guilty, a credit he never employed for himself or his own. "Good God!" he exclaimed one day, on seeing the Holy Bishop of Geneva, "Good God! if "Francis of Sales be so good, how good must "you not be yourself!" Admirable conclusion, My Brethren; let us draw it this day for the glory of Vincent. No, Great God! no, it is not in books, it is not even in the splendour of the Heavens, we must learn to know you; but in the heart of the just man, in the predestined and compassionate souls, your bounteous hand enriches. If the emanation is good, what must be its source? If the feeble image is so striking and so lovely, what must we think of the substance and the principle itself?

Do not imagine, however, Christians, that Vincent's zeal was unaccompanied with talent, or his goodness with elevated feeling. Far from us this miserable prejudice, not less injurious to

genius than to virtue, which would confound with vulgar minds merciful and simple hearts. How little would we be acquainted with the holy Priest whose praises we are celebrating, if we did not know that his talents equalled his goodness, and that his genius was not less astonishing than his virtue! How then shall we name this admirable facility he possessed, of associating the most dissimilar objects, of giving himself up to occupations scarcely compatible, and of passing from one to the other without being confused by their number or embarrassed by their difficulties? How shall we name this wondrous talent of rising and descending by turns, according to the place he occupies, and the persons with whom he converses; from the man of the people he instructs, to the Monarch he assists in his last moments; from the child of the peasant with whom he lisps, to the Master in Israel, to whom he speaks the language of the perfect; from the heavenly soul he conducts to the most elevated regions of virtue, down to the sinful wretch he victoriously raises from the depths of his disorders? What lights did he not need in order to prove superior to himself on all occasions, whether he had to inspire his pupils with sentiments worthy of their rank, or to direct the Christian Virgin in the humble

paths of interior life, or to govern an obscure Parish, or sit in the council of Kings, or to decide in his conferences the highest questions in dogma and moral; or yet, when charged by the Great Henry with the most intricate negociation, he acquitted himself with as much talents as success; or when, in fine, he sagaciously discovered the errors of his day, and courageously unmasked their perfidious authors. What rare talent did he not need to draw to his discourses the first men of his age, and give occasion to the Prince of French Orators to say: *that when the Holy Priest spoke he imagined he heard God himself speaking by his mouth.* No, he who knew how to direct affairs as well as consciences, to unite strength with meekness, ardor with prudence, the knowledge of religion with that of the human heart; he whom Richelieu admired, Mazarin esteemed, Conti honoured, and the Great Condé consulted; he who never failed in a single enterprise, and could bend to his own will so many discordant minds; who was never deceived either in the counsels he gave, or in the means he adopted: this man, I am bold to say it, could not be an ordinary man. But, why do we speak of talent and of genius? My Brethren, he possessed the talent of zeal and the genius of mercy—the

talent of giving continually and of possessing nothing, and that of exhausting himself, in order to begin anew. He had the gift, not of drawing from Heaven the dew and the rain, but of supplying both when Heaven refused them. Let us not ask any other glory for him, and this day let every other title be effaced by that of his charity. Let us no longer behold in him but the man without model in the annals of virtue, whose love for poverty equalled his love for the poor. As humble as he was useful, he alone was ignorant of the services he rendered; whilst he was nourishing an entire nation, he envied himself his own scanty subsistence; and, whilst he was pouring forth on the world the flood of his charities, asked his children *if it were indeed true that he had a claim to life, and to eat the bread of the poor, he who has done nothing to gain his own.* Have you heard him, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren? *He has done nothing to gain his bread!* Simple but admirable expressions! It is here, indeed, we should cry out, with the great Bishop of Meaux: *that they efface the most brilliant discourses, and that we should never speak any other language than this.* No, Great Saint,—no, Great Man!—*you have done nothing to gain your bread,* if we look to what yet remains for you to perform. This is

your greatest glory—herein lies your immortal triumph, that the labours which would fill the history of several illustrious characters are only the essay and prelude of your career.

We have seen him, Christians, labouring for the salvation and happiness of his contemporaries; his vast mind is now to occupy itself with future generations. Charity of Vincent of Paul and all he has done to practice it: Charity of Vincent of Paul and all he has done to perpetuate it. Such is the subject of the second part.

SECOND PART.

One of the greatest and most noble privileges of Divine Charity is this seal of immortality, by which it floats over the wreck of time and its sad vicissitudes. Whilst every other virtue seems to sink with the body, and vanish with the shades of life, Charity, still august, still full of life and vigour, gathers strength from destruction, and triumphs over death itself. It was this made the Apostle say, that Charity never dies: *caritas nunquàm excidit.* It was reserved for Vincent of Paul to prove, more evidently than any other Saint, the truth of this Oracle, by giving us a model of charity brilliant with the double immortality of Heaven and of Earth. Transitory succours, which should die with him-

self, cannot satisfy his great heart. He must give to all the good he is doing a lasting and fruitful action; he must, if we can thus say it, measure his strength with time itself, and ensure, as much as in him lies, even to the latest ages, the happiness of his fellow-men. We are now to behold him embracing in his active providence the most distant posterity, and laying hold of futurity, in order to perpetuate the Apostleship of his charity—the Ministry of his charity—the monuments of his charity—the influence of his charity.

I have said, in the first place, to perpetuate the Apostleship of his charity. Here, Christians, each of you names the Priests of the Mission. No doubt, other celebrated Societies had been established for the cultivation of the sciences, the cares of education, or the pious meditations of the contemplative life. Vincent will form the plan of a Sacerdotal Tribe, for the instruction of the simple and the inhabitants of the country. Destined by their state of life to the humbler functions of the House of God, they will decline the exercise of the Ministry in great cities, in order to devote themselves entirely to their principal object—the salvation of the poor. It is then to Vincent of Paul we are indebted for the existence of an Association of Men, who

prefer employment to dignity, poverty to riches, modest virtues and utility to splendour of talents and to glory—an Association whose labours could not be greater, or its recompense smaller, and so much the more dear to Religion and the State, as it serves the one without pretensions, and the other without interest—an Association, in a word, which, without despising science, chooses only that which is simple, usual, practical, and popular. Admirable design, inspired by no other than God himself! And, oh! what grandeur in this august simplicity! How distant this divine popularity from the bloated show of human wisdom! How sublime the holy Religion, the first object of whose solicitude is, whatever is feeble and obscure! What other Religion than ours ever occupied itself with the poorer classes? What other ever said: *Suffer the little ones to come to me; Blessed are the poor in spirit?* What sage, what legislator ever believed himself *called* to the instruction of the rude and the unlettered? The property of *Philosophy* is to shine, to distinguish itself, to concentrate itself in a certain number of minds they call privileged, and to imagine itself the more enlightened as it is farther removed from the reach of the vulgar. And what then must we think of this proud science, from which the

greatest portion of mankind are excluded by their State, or by their ignorance? The property of *Religion* is to dilate and diffuse itself, and to embrace all in its instructions, as the sun does with his light. Its grandeur is to be common and intelligible to all. *Truth*, say the Philosophers, *is not made for the people:* and this falsehood proves that their philosophy is not truth.

But Vincent of Paul would imagine he had yet done nothing, even after having insured the bread of instruction to the flock, if he did not give the same consistence and solidity to the instruction of the shepherd. Not content with having formed particular retreats, wherein the Ministers yearly renew in holy recollection the grace of their ordination, he will establish perpetual asylums, where the young Levites shall be nourished with the milk of piety, shall be inspired with the taste of sacred lore, and be tried in their talents and their vocation. Already those sacred Schools, ordered by the Council of Trent, and sketched in Italy by the great Borromeo, are established and consolidated in France by Vincent of Paul. More than sixty Seminaries are raised by his cares;—a holy emulation multiplies them in succession, and to him are we chiefly indebted for those precious establish-

ments which have transmitted unto our days the spirit of the Priesthood, have put forth so many virtues and so much light, and the re-establishment of which can alone revive the Church of France, console her in her distress, and repair her losses, alas ! perhaps irreparable.

Christians, it was in order to multiply and consolidate those happy nurseries of the Priesthood, that Vincent constantly laboured to procure for the Church great and virtuous Prelates. Admitted to the council of the Regent-Mother, and associated to this important Ministry, so improperly denominated that of Ecclesiastical favours, as nothing here should be favour, and as the eternal law decides for the most worthy, Vincent placed none at the head of each Diocess, but oracles and models. Far from the Sanctuary be this presumptuous mediocrity, which would usurp the patrimony of talents ! Still farther this bold and intriguing ambition, which would not blush to arrogate the sacred right of labour and of virtue ! It is in the Hospitals, in the Missions, amongst the humblest catechists and the most zealous labourers, that Vincent will seek modest merit to raise it to the Episcopal throne. He will listen to no pretensions of birth, to no distinctions of flesh and blood : to this he answers, that the Royalty of our Priesthood, like that of

Melchisedech, needs no name or genealogy, and that the true ancestors of the Prelate are his talents and his virtues. Why can I not here unrol the list of the holy Pontiffs named by his suffrages? Scarcely one amongst them that did not distinguish himself by his benevolence, scarcely one that did not acquire an immortal claim to the gratitude of the people; scarcely one that did not contribute to enact those Synodic laws which are still the honour of our discipline; scarcely one that did not enrich the Church with many useful establishments, and so well disposed that succeeding administrators had little left them to add to their perfection. Thus it was that, by the selections made by Vincent, the Church of France re-assumed her ancient vigor—thus, was formed this celebrated body of the Clergy, worthy of the greatest epoch of our Monarchy—thus, shall ever remain this memorable example of the power of him who dispenses church-dignities, and who seems to hold in hand the two mainsprings of resurrection and of ruin; who recompenses virtue, and the virtues multiply; who forgets genius, and genius perishes; who, in a word, can the better regenerate the sanctuary as he seems to rule therein, as God in the universe, by the two great motives of action—hope and fear.

And why then, Christians, would not the same resources produce again the same advantages? Re-animated by these means, why would not the body of the Prelates, formerly so renowned and since fallen with so much greatness, arise once more with honour and with glory? At what other period could we have more justly indulged so sweet a hope than at this moment, in which we witness the happy and the perfect harmony established between the Head of the Church and that of the State, the successor of Saint Peter and that of Saint Lewis? May the sacred links which unite them, be drawn still more closely, in order to consolidate their mutual power and common prosperity!

After having perpetuated the Apostleship, Vincent of Paul still labours to perpetuate the ministry of his charity. Alas! benevolent men must die and misery is eternal! Vincent will then bequeath to posterity a new congregation, immortal ornament of the Catholic Church—an association of Christian Heroines, formed by his own genius and founded by his own hands, to give to the poor both servants and friends, and mothers, whose tender solicitude shall never be wanting to them. We shall then behold the Daughters of Charity discharging at once the functions of Mary and of Martha, happily uniting

the activity of zeal with the holy recollection of the contemplative life, producing in the midst of society the milder virtues of the cloister, and allying to the most austere self-denial the most tender sensibility for the afflicted. Rare and striking prodigies of Christian piety! Can we sufficiently admire this unalterable patience and magnanimous courage in surmounting disgusts almost invincible, and this heroic abnegation amidst so many forbidding objects, and this masculine energy by which they triumph over the very compassion which animates them? What secret strength supports this delicate sex? What hand secures them against the evils they remedy? What miracle shelters at once their lives and their virtue? Is it a *protecting pillar that marches before them?*—is it a ray of divine glory that shines on their countenance? Public writings say nothing of their habitual courage; they do not admire this continuous sacrifice, day and night: and we thank Heaven for their silence, as it proves to us, that there exist sublime souls, for whom such great services are only a common and ordinary duty, which no one notices. All for God, all for virtue, nothing for self-love, nothing for interest, or fortune, or even, perhaps, for esteem. Respectable Daughters! O my Sisters! My venerable Sisters!

Yes, the Priesthood adopts you, you are our co-operators and our colleagues, august Priestesses of Charity, receive this day the grateful tribute humanity owes you. You are indeed free to be as humble and unassuming as you are useful and generous: are we so to be ungrateful? Are we free to forget this perpetual immolation of your liberty, your repose, and even of your lives, and thus rob piety of its most touching instruction, and Vincent of Paul of his fairest crown?

But let us hasten to relate how our Saint continues to edify and undertake. Still full of this spirit of *charity which never dies*, he conceives the sublime project of procuring for each misery a safe asylum, and of perpetuating the monuments of his mercy, as fortune does her rigors, and nature her infirmities. I behold in the first place, amongst the numerous wretches who interest his charity, those criminal galley-slaves, branded, as it were, as unworthy of public pity by the very crimes which forged their chains. Like the Apostle, he remembers them, as if they dragged their chains together—*tanquàm simul vincti*; his heart already transports him into the sad abode of their captivity. O, Heavens! is it a prison, or a vast sepulchre? He beholds men whose lives, by the hunger, the nakedness and cruel treatment they endure, are only a slowly

protracted death; wretches, who own humanity only by the hatred of their fellow men, sentiment by their sorrow, and God by their blasphemies. At this sad spectacle, bitter tears flow from his eyes, and, in the holy transports of his afflicted heart, he promises to earth and Heaven, that he will neglect nothing that may alleviate such misfortunes. He interests in their favour the commander of the galleys—he implores the succour of Governmen—the appeals aloud to the sacred rights of Religion neglected and humanity trampled under foot. He procures for them a safer and more salubrious asylum; he sends them ministers of peace, who, not content with teaching them how to make a holy profit of their sufferings, constantly labour to assuage them. His heart is not yet satisfied. What he has undertaken in the capital, is soon executed in the extremities of France. Lewis XIII, astonished at the immense good produced by his zeal, appoints him grand Almoner of the Galleys—new dignity, vast and magnificent superintendence, worthy of being created for Vincent of Paul, who gave the first example of this new species of compassion! Proud of a title which only added to his pains, only promised him continual fatigues, he set out for the various sea-ports of the kingdom. We behold him successively at Bayonne, Mar-

seilles, Bordeaux, mounting those floating prisons, and diffusing therein all kinds of instruction and succour, as he there finds all kinds of crimes and misfortunes. What must have been the surprise of the wretched slaves, when Vincent of Paul first appeared to them; when they saw this venerable Priest, or this Angel of Heaven, enter their gloomy dwellings, stir the wet straw that served as their bed, lift their heavy chains, go from rank to rank to listen to their complaints, and pour into their seathed souls the precious balm of resignation and patience? Supreme power of Vincent's charity! The most desperate throw themselves into his arms—they call him their father, they proclaim him their friend. Those hearts, hardened as much by the enormity of their crimes as by the excess of their torments, open to repentance and yield to the impressions of virtue. Their implacable tyrants, feeling for the first time the soft sentiment of pity, acknowledge that next to impunity the greatest injustice is extreme justice.

We will not here advance, my Brethren, that Vincent bore the chains of a galley-slave whom he wished to restore to his family. To what purpose such doubtful facts in a discourse, in which the orator sinks under the weight of authentic miracles, and in which, to be eloquent,

we have only need to be veracious. It is not proved that, to ransom a slave, he sold his own liberty; but what is proved beyond contestation is, that he consecrated his cares, his time, and his whole life to the assistance of the unfortunate; that he still considered himself their debtor, until he had procured them instructions as solid and lasting as his succours; that he allotted them funds for perpetual missions; that his charity, ever animating futurity, raised in Marseilles as well as in the capital, an hospitable asylum for their reception and solace; that a Royal endowment, obtained by his means, consolidated those houses of consolation, wherein his children still renew the prodigies of his mercy, and daily offer the most captivating of all spectacles—that of crime alleviated by the very hands of virtue.

But, my Brethren, I hear a great cry in Rama: *Vox in Rama audita est.* Whence proceed those plaintive voices and those sad accents: *ploratus et ululatus multus?* Is it another Rachel inconsolable for the loss of her children? Are they other ravishers ready to snatch the tender nurslings from the arms of their trembling mothers? Alas! They are the mothers themselves who sadly sacrifice to a lost honour the fruit of their own wombs! Can we hear, without shuddering, to what a state were reduced those de-

plorable victims of shame and of crime? Exposed in the public places, and sold at the vilest price—confided to mercenary hands, that prostituted them to the most inhuman uses—often buried ere yet their hearts ceased to beat; ever uncertain of their lot, and abandoned to chance—their offspring perished inevitably with misery and with hunger. How did an unwatchful police tolerate such misfortunes or such crimes? How happened it that humanity beheld them without indignation—that Religion did not launch against them all her anathemas—that country herself, interested as she was to gather to her bosom those numberless wretches, looked on with indifference? Ah! let us rather ask how to this immense calamity Vincent of Paul was able to supply a proportioned remedy; where he found for those poor children, a heart infinitely more tender than the hearts of their mothers; how, when nature and humanity ceased to plead for them, he was capable of finding for them so many fostering hands—how, in fine, he succeeded in opening for them this respectable and magnificent asylum, unknown, unthought of before him, and which alone would suffice to immortalize his memory.

But what obstacles oppose themselves to so useful and so important an enterprise! What

do we here behold? Licentiousness augments, and with it the number of those abandoned children; new misfortunes beget new wants; the resources of charity lower while the first fervor is relenting. Those generous ladies, whose zeal until then Vincent had rather to moderate than excite, begin to repent of having undertaken too much: for the first time, those great souls are wanting to him. Vincent himself, Vincent, accustomed to attempt impossibilities, is staggered. What have I said, Christians? When every thing seems in a desperate state, it is then he hopes, and impossibility itself changes in his hands into a means of success. Already is convoked, in the first Temple of the Capital, the Counsel-General of those Christian Heroines. There, raising his voice, as if inspired from on-high, mingling, in the happy strains of an unambitious eloquence, all the pathos of sudden emotion with all the authority of his holy Ministry, he proposes to them to pronounce the sentence of those unfortunate children, *to be their mothers or their judges, and to decide immediately on life or death.* Struck with this alternative—no longer able to resist the virtue which speaks in him, they can only reply to him by their tears. 'Tis done—Vincent of Paul has triumphed—his whole soul has passed into the soul of the assem-

bly—the work of God is accomplished—all those children are gathered together without distinction, without reserve, and the festival of their adoption is solemnly proclaimed.

Vincent shall then be able to give a free current to his tenderness. What means he is now to try in order to nourish them at little costs, to distribute them through the country, to promote their development, and procure for their delicate frames a mild temperature! What labours, what assiduous cares to watch over their education, to direct their minds to good, to teach them how to cultivate at once talents and virtue! But oh! how delightful to me to contemplate Vincent of Paul with his hoary and venerable locks, folding in his arms those innocent creatures, fostering them in his bosom, inclining over them like another Eliseus, applying his hands to their hands, his eyes to their eyes, and repeating to them, amidst the close and melting embraces of charity, the words of the Prophet: *though your mother should forsake thee, I will never forsake thee*. O great Saint! we here reply to the expression of your dearest sentiments, by celebrating your tender cares towards those innocent victims. Methinks, at their very name your cold ashes revive, and that we feel the new life-throb of this great heart, where maternal tenderness

seemed to have taken refuge. Why was it not given us to assemble them all in his Temple, and place around your Altar all the cradles of those new images of Moses! Ah! no doubt, their plaintive accents and their native charms would have here more eloquently spoken than our feeble discourses. All those trophies of mercy, still brighter than those of victory, would have put the last hand to the panegyric of this creative charity, that is to give, from age to age, so many children to Religion, so many helps to country: *Ex ore infantium et lactentium perfecisti laudem.*

And yet, my Brethren, a still greater work is reserved for his tenderness. What is this vast monument, the very name of which equally inspires horror and pity; which, by turns, rends and softens the soul—wherein misfortune appears with the most touching features, and vice in its most hideous forms? At those marks who does not recognise the general hospital of this capital? Who will sound the dreary depths of this abyss of misery, degradation and misfortune! Here, are shut up those idle impostors who used to surprise public pity; there, those men, more ill-fated than culpable, who have been betrayed by fortune or improvidence; here, those younger victims of error, whom a moment's weakness has

precipitated into ruin; there, those monsters of perversity who have lost, by the long habit of crime, even the sad consolation of remorse. On the one hand, you behold those phrenzied wretches who, deprived of reason, and even of instinct, are struggling in their chains—on the other, those living corses, covered over with their shameful sores, and showing to the affrighted eye how licentiousness can punish itself.... Ah! let us fly those lamentable objects, so painful to the sight, so difficult for the pencil, in order to contemplate Vincent of Paul forming the noble project of collecting in one place all human miseries; of delivering humanity of those afflicting images, society of all those dangerous burdens, the State of all those degraded members; and thereby raising one of the strongest bulwarks of public tranquillity. Perhaps, his spirit of mercy has therein been enfeebled—perhaps, justice is there sometimes not less repulsive than crime itself—perhaps, it is only rarely that are now to be found there those consoling cares which lighten the load of misfortune—perhaps, in short, is there but too often neglected what Vincent so strongly recommended, to respect humanity in those even who degrade it, and to be well convinced that we have not the right of rendering unfortunate even

those we cannot correct. But whatever abuses afflict feeling souls, let us not the less celebrate the praises of this magnanimous Priest, who, not less prudent in his measures than intrepid in the midst of difficulties, succeeds in consummating this memorable enterprise, which had baffled all the tenderness of the fourth Henry, and all the royal magnificence of Médicis herself.

Why can I not, My Brethren, point out to you the other establishments which Vincent founded, repaired, or preserved? Here, we would behold him raising, with the same hands that prepared the soft cradles of childhood, a house of retreat for forty old men; there, opening an asylum to shelter tender innocence; on one side, a retreat of penance for the culpable sex, who sacrifice their shame to wants which crime augments but never satisfies; every where resources for humanity—at Sainte-Reine, a Religious Hospital for the assistance of Travellers—in the capital, the Orphan Females, the Daughters of Magdalen, the House of Providence, that of Christian Union, that of the Propagation of the Faith, that of the Daughters of Saint Géneviève, and those of the Cross. I have not time to enumerate them, and he found time to build, endow, and consolidate them. Who then is this extraordinary man, who undertakes

all he wishes—executes all he undertakes—immortalizes all he executes? What can ancient or modern history offer us worthy to be compared to an obscure citizen, who, by the very strength of his unaided virtue, launches a new world from his creating hands? What! My Brethren, we have seen Royal power embarrassed with the new reparation of the Hôtel-Dieu. In vain this noble enterprise excited the zeal of men of virtue; in vain was it deemed necessary for its success to flatter vanity and encourage self-love: for a long time the augmenting difficulties obliged them to renounce it. What idea must we then form of this wonderful man, who, whilst he divides his strength amongst so many objects, as costly as they were useful, knows how to expedite them with an equal facility, and, whilst he shows forth his charity in forms as multiplied as misfortunes, brings to perfection all those tutelary asylums which astonish us at once by their number and their goodness!

We must here, however, acknowledge it, My Brethren; Vincent of Paul found in his age resources which would have been wanting to him in ours. Amidst all those scandals, notwithstanding the misfortunes of which he was so long witness, his zeal was seconded by many and most powerful means. Then indeed were

seen at the court great weaknesses, but also great conversions—in the army, the most famous heroes, whose glory was to be Christians—in the capital, political factions, but also established principles and morals—on the throne, Lewis XIII. in whose eyes justice was ever sacred; Anne of Austria, whose name was that of mercy—at the head of the State, Richelieu and Mazarin, whose genius laboured for more than one age—in the Magistracy, Molé, the friend of the weak and the terror of the wicked; Le Tellier and Lamoignon, whose learning equalled their virtues; Séguier, friend of letters and of the poor —in the Sanctuary, Francis of Sales, Berulle, (1) Sourdis, La Rochefoucault, Abelli, and Godeau, and Vialart, and Solminiac, illustrious and holy names! And, in a less eminent order, Eudes and Bourdoise, and Condren, and the poor Priest Bernard, so rich in faith and good works; and Francis Régis, rival of Xavier; and the virtuous Olier, his worthy friend; and this crowd of celebrated Priests, great and simple souls, who wrote and laboured only for the happiness of mankind. But let us remark, My Brethren, for the glory of Vincent of Paul, that

(1) The Cardinal de Berulle, founder and first Superior of the Congregation of the Oratory.

he showed a rare talent, in profiting of those illustrious and venerable names, and that they, in turn, associated him to all their pious projects; that he knew how to merit their esteem and gain their confidence, encourage their zeal, and make use of their credit; and thus armed with those powerful means and those imposing suffrages, commence, forward, and raise to its proudest height the immortal edifice of his mercy.

But why would not you also be named in his panegyric, incomparable Heroines, who had so great a share in his charities and his glory—D'Aligre, De Herse, Traversai, Lamoignon, Fouquet; and you, illustrious Gondi, first instrument of his mighty designs; and you, virtuous Polletion, ever rigorous towards yourself and ever generous towards the poor; and you, pious Miramion, who, after having given all, still found the means of bestowing; and you, immortal D'Aiguillon, who to immense wants applied no lesser remedies; and you, Duchess of Mantua, still greater when your hands served the poor, than when they swayed the sceptre; and you, Marillac, (1) whose pure and noble spirit ever

(1) Louise-le-Gras, of the illustrious family of Marillac, founded the Daughters of Charity conjointly with Saint Vincent of Paul.

rivalled with that of Vincent; all you, in a word, his holy and indefatigable auxiliaries, who supplied according to your means, or rather above your means, the inexhaustible treasure of his charity? Ah! receive this day the effusion of my heart, and the tribute of our homages—share the incense we burn on his altar; and may your revered memory never more be separated from his, as your hearts were ever united by the same links of zeal and virtue!

And now approach hither, you modern apostles of benevolence, and fall prostrate at the feet of Vincent. Assemble together in one point of view all the monuments of his charity—represent to yourselves all the sacrifices and privations they must have cost him, and all the difficulties and obstacles they naturally suppose—calculate, if possible, the funds he collected for the Missions, for Seminaries, for Hospitals, and for Prisons—add to his public services all those his humility concealed—cease not to count as Vincent ceased not to bestow—and then, make the trumpet announce your coming, inscribe your alms on the registers of fame, inform the world of the progress of humanity, and boast to us of your pompous subscriptions, your plans of economy, the well-balanced accompts of

your donations, and the high deeds of philanthropy!

But no—let us refrain from mingling any thing sad or bitter in a discourse consecrated to the triumph of Christian charity. Let us rather contemplate this holy Religion, so beauteous by her virtues, so brilliant by her good works. How can they resist so many charms? How attack her with vain subtleties, when she only replies by her services? Why do they obtrude their reason, when they should only listen to sentiment? Does Religion need any other proof of her divinity, than the good she never ceases to perform? "*Tell what you have seen,*" said Jesus Christ to the disciples of John, "*the sick are healed, and the Gospel is preached to the poor.*" And this is the same language we speak to them at this day. Behold all the prodigies of charity daily and hourly performed by Religion —see by what unnumbered channels she spreads the spirit of life through the social frame—see how her striking moral penetrates into the humblest countries, her soft and mellow light into the darkest prisons, her generous cares into the abode of misfortune. What profit then in disputing, and to what purpose all their sophisms? *The sick are healed, the gospel is preached to*

the poor. Could so sound a principle not be good, so good a principle not be true? *Renuntiate quæ vidistis : leprosi mundantur, pauperes evangelizantur.*

But whilst we are running over the history of so many wonders, we forget that Vincent's years are accumulating, and that he is already arrived at the last stage of his career. Too rapid, alas! the course of such illustrious mortals! And why are not those heroes of humanity, who partake so largely of the goodness and sanctity of God, exempt from the frail caducity of man? He dies then like the rest of mankind, he whose every breath was a throb of love for the poor! But let us admire this All-provident Being, who will not permit that Vincent, in ceasing to live, shall cease to be useful. He dies—but the influence of his charity shall be eternal; *his bones shall prophesy,* and from his tomb shall come forth strong and lively sparkles to rekindle in our hearts the sacred fire of mercy, to perpetuate the love of good works, and give a new impulse to public charity. Admirable change! The spirit of Vincent breathes over all. His establishments give birth to others not less propitious to misfortune. Placed in the Royal Houses, his humble disciples exhibit the spectacle of simplicity, happily contrasting with

magnificence. Formed by their cares, soon appears the Venerable Founder of the Christian Schools, (1) wherein the people learn this ignorance which knows all—the love of God and the love of labour. The zeal of salutary reforms becomes more general and more perfect, and the art of succouring the needy more active and industrious. The august age of letters begins, in fine, to employ itself for the welfare of man, and Lewis the Great feels that he cannot truly merit this name but by endearing himself to humanity, by tutelary laws still more glorious than all his conquests. On all sides arise numerous hospitals, schools in favour of the poor, and those houses of refuge, until then unknown, for mendicity. Each Pastor establishes for his flock Christian assemblies, formed on the model of those of Vincent. Foreign nations emulously adopt them, and in their honourable jealousy boast that they too possess their pious hospitallers, who, from one end of Catholic Europe to the other, diffuse at once their generous cares and the good odour of their virtues. And, that nothing may be wanting to the glory of Vincent, we shall see the

(1) Jean de la Salle, Doctor of Sorbonne, founded the Christian Schools in 1679.

Daughters of Charity his zeal had founded, visibly protected by Heaven, surviving all our political tempests, escaping from this genius of destruction, which, in the spirit of its impious rage, annihilated all beside. We shall behold them still afloat on the wreck of all our ancient institutions, and heiresses of the spirit of their illustrious Father, transmit it from age to age; thus giving us the means of celebrating his name and of blessing his memory for ever: *Justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.*

Thus, almost all the advantages the poor enjoy this day, are due to Vincent of Paul, who has merited our lasting gratitude by the services he rendered to humanity during his life, and those we daily receive at his hands since his death. Yes, posterity will say, that a single Priest animated with the spirit of his vocation—that is to say, the Spirit of God—has done more for the happiness of his country than her greatest Statesmen, and most powerful Monarchs. Thus, the enemies of the Priesthood, even though they were not the most inconsistent reasoners, would still be guilty of the blackest ingratitude. And it is here indeed we can say, that impiety is not less a vice of the heart than a folly of the head. Thus remains for ever demonstrated this important truth—that, if we owe to Vincent all

those immense services, Vincent owes to Religion all the good he himself has done. Yes, it is Religion that enlarges the soul by sanctifying it, and inspires by the sublimity of its motives the sublime in sentiment. And do you imagine that he would have loved mankind with so much ardor, if he himself had not burned with the love of his God? Do you imagine he would have withstood so many contradictions, and surmounted so many obstacles, if he had had no other incentive than this fond philanthropy which is as quickly extinguished as it is easily inflamed? Do you imagine he would have done all he has done, if all his hopes had been limited to time—if he had had no other aliment than the vapour of glory, no other ambition than a vain statue? (1) A statue! And could this scanty honour be the measure of the *Just Man?* Could we repay at so low a price eighty years of sacrifices and virtues? What proportion between this frivolous

(1) This statue, erected in the Louvre, at the instigation of the Club of the Philosophers, bore this lying and ridiculous inscription: *To Vincent of Paul, French Philosopher of the 17th Century.* Pitiful attempt to rank amongst the Philosophers, the enemy of all Sophists, the friend of his country, the hero of charity, the model of Priests, the Preacher of the Gospel, and the canonized Saint of the Church!

recompense, which pride may enjoy and vice itself may share, and this humble simplicity, this heroic self-denial, and all the charms of modesty? Let them affect to place him in the rank of their *great men,* who resemble him neither in the nature of his labours, nor—what was still more difficult—in the elevation of his views. Let them decree him a worthless glory he never desired, and those civic honours he would have rejected with scorn. For our parts, My Beloved Brethren, we claim him in the sacred name of Religion, as a hero who belongs to her alone, as it was for her alone he lived, as it was she who formed him. Prostrate, not before his statue, but in presence of the only monument worthy of him—his altar, we beseech him to raise our minds to the elevation of his own; we will promise him, on his holy tomb, to love the poor; we will often approach his venerable ashes, to invoke the sacred fire which burned in his heart, and this divine charity, which, emanating from the bosom of God, is ever pure as its motive, immense as its object, and immortal as its recompense.

THE END.