

genuineness of the second copy. Robert Lathom went on and prospered, and was very little troubled either by day or by night.—There are, however, troubles in plenty which are unconnected with what is ordinarily called prosperity, and one of these was awaiting Robert—a trouble which, notwithstanding that he grew rich, as old Behrens said he would, cast a shadow on his life till his dying day. The winter was past, the spring was passing, and Robert's heart rejoiced, for he had been doing so well in the past six months that the time might not be far distant when he might revisit Sydney to realise his most ardent wish. At this time he received a letter from Ezekiel Burdon, which struck him down, and, as he used to say afterward, then and there made an old man of him before he was six-and-twenty. Probity Burdon was dead. . . . Poor old Zeke wrote with much more feeling than had seemed to be in his nature, and in a strain that completely unmanned poor Robert. He knew that his child had been weak and ailing, but had never thought that she was seriously diseased. At times she would be bright and happy; and she was unusually so on the last day of her life, when she had volunteered the information that she felt quite well and strong. Three hours afterwards she had lain down and died. A letter and parcel found in her desk and addressed to Lathom were duly forwarded, and brought him probably all the comfort which he was now likely to get. It is believed that these were the same letter and parcel which by his most particular injunction were laid upon his breast in the coffin. For many weary nights he spelt over the details of Ezekiel's most sad letter, but it was not till after some time that he perceived the curious approximation of the date of poor Probity's death to that of the mysterious occurrences about the hills of exchange. She had died at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 9th October, only about ten hours before the letter had been spirited into his bed-chamber! Mr. Waddington was also struck with the almost coincidence, and said that, if the dates had corresponded exactly, he could not avoid the conviction that the events were somehow intimately connected; but of course, as there was not exact correspondence, that idea might be dismissed.

It is not known in what year, but Mr. Lathom certainly did revisit Sydney, probably to look at a grave there. He never married, but he grew very rich, as the Jew had predicted that he would. For many years, it is said, he could not bear to hear any event of this story even hinted at; but towards the end of his life—the part with which the writer is personally acquainted—he conversed very frequently on the subject with his friends, and he at length gratified them by making a written statement. Mr. Waddington also left written testimony behind him.

It should be mentioned, as connected with this story, and as further proof of the mystery which seems to surround the whole of it, that among Mr. Lathom's papers was found a small slip out from a German newspaper announcing the death, at Frankfort, of Karl Muller. This was enclosed in a piece of faded writing-paper, whereon was noted, in Lathom's writing, *Can this possibly have been poor Karl, thought to have been drowned? Behrens has not replied to my inquiry. I hear of three men having landed in boat on the coast of Brittany, about the time when the packet must have foundered. The Mullers have all left Sydney. Poor Karl!*

It was only last autumn that Mr. Lathom died, a millionaire, leaving his large fortune to be curiously subdivided. His lamented decease removed the last barrier against the disclosure of the facts here narrated, which, it is hoped, will prove a valuable contribution to the science of the invisible world.

Mr. Lathom and Mr. Waddington—indeed our contributor also—appear to have overlooked the difference of longitude. If that be taken into account, it will be seen that, as nearly as can now be ascertained, Probity Burdon's death and the apparitions to the two gentlemen must have occurred at the same time!—*Ed. Blackwood's Magazine.*

LECTURE OF REV. H. S. LAKE.

"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE QUESTION OF THE DAY." Annexed our readers will find a full and verbatim report of the lecture delivered in St. Bridget's Church, New York, on Sunday evening, 18th Jan., on "The Catholic Church and the Great Question of the Day." The Reverend gentleman spoke as follows:—

The subject which I am about to speak to you this evening is "The Catholic Church and the Great Question of the Day," that is, the question of education. It is a great question, because it agitates the entire civilized world; the entire civilized world are discussing this question. Last year, in England, it overthrew the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone. During this century it has been the bone of contention between Ireland and England. It forms the great basis of the struggle of the Catholic Church in Russia. By the suppression of Catholic education, Bismarck has hoped for the suppression of the Catholic Church. It is discussed even beyond the frontiers of civilization, or at least the frontier that we are usually accustomed to place to civilization. It is discussed, at this moment, in India, in Australia, in the South American States, in Mexico, and here, in our own land, it is surely the great question; here the hosts of her enemies have combined, and here, into this arena, does she now enter, knowing that it to be a struggle for life or for death, knowing that this education question, this question of the Catholic instruction of her children, will decide her destiny. If we fall in this struggle—let us not disguise the fact—if we fall in this struggle, it requires no prophet to tell us that the Catholic Church in this country will perish as rapidly as her growth, up to this time, has been glorious, has been unexampled even in her own most glorious annals.

Such a subject cannot fail to interest you all. It must interest you as parents. The greatest pleasure a parent has is his children. For them he is ready to devote his entire labor. He is their guide and their guardian. He is one day to be held responsible, before the judgment seat of God, for his conduct towards them; and, long after he has passed away, these little ones are to bear his name, and bear witness to his character. It must interest you, then, as parents; it must interest you as citizens of this country. Now, they who move the wheels of state to-day, know that they must soon pass away, that, before many years, you and I will have gone, and these little ones who are playing in our streets will take our places in this busy scene of

life. It must interest such of you as are Protestants. It is surely an interesting thing for Protestants to hear the Catholic priest, who speaks not in his own name, but speaks in the name of six hundred thousand people of this city, speaks in the name of the majority of the Empire City, and says: "This is the Catholic doctrine." Besides this, to-night, I propose not merely to discuss this question as a Catholic. I intend, as far as God will give me the power, to address myself to your reason and to your intellect. I intend, if it be possible, to prove to you that the present public school system will prove the ruin of this country. Now, I ask you, if you have prejudices, to cast them aside. Judge me calmly, judge me fairly, by the arguments I advance. Intentionally, I shall not wound the feelings of the most sensitive person here. Truth, indeed, is sometimes severe, but she is always guarded in her expressions; she bears within her own breast the consciousness of ultimate triumph; and, therefore, never feels it necessary to wound the feelings of her adversaries: for God my friends, has planted in truth undying life, even as He has placed in error the germs of death and destruction. Above all, it must interest you as Catholics—and I know the great majority of you are Catholics—it must interest you as Catholics; for here I speak with the authority of God. I go no farther, in what I say to-night, than the infallible Vicar of Christ has gone. I shall use no words that are not sanctioned by his lips—those sacred lips which Christ Himself sealed with the triple seal of purity, of truth, and of infallibility, when, one day, turning to St. Peter, He said: "Peter, I have prayed for thee, that thy faith shall never fail."

But, apart from these considerations which interest you, I confess I feel myself a deep personal interest in this question. Not only have I discussed it frequently during the past few months in private conversation with various clergymen and laymen of this diocese, but this good church of St. Bridget has a peculiar charm for me. It is now some ten years since God overcame my rebellions and untrained intellect, overcame, by His all-powerful grace, my rebellious will. He wished also to teach me to love the poor and humble. Oh! how well I remember it! It was Christmas morning; the stars were shining then as we love to fancy they shone above the Grib of Bethlehem. There was not the faintest streak of light in the east. The latest wayfarer had gone to his home. Then it was that St. Bridget's bells rang out in the clear, crisp morning air; and the streets were again peopled, and this church was filled with a large congregation. Then did I hear my first Christmas Mass; then, kneeling down among you, the waters of holy Baptism yet moist upon my brow, did I consecrate my heart and my soul, my life and whatever gifts God has given me, to the defence of that Holy Roman Catholic Church which is the joy, the greatest boon, the light and life of my existence.

In discussing, then, this question of education, I wish to place clearly before you the path I propose to follow; but I must make this *prævis*, that if I am unable to continue to the end, you will excuse me: that you will attribute it to human weakness and frailty, and not to any lack of desire on my part to enter most fully on the discussion of this question. I wish, then, to prove, first, that the present public school system, if we persevere in it, will be the destruction of this country. Second, I wish to prove that it is manifestly unjust to Catholics. Now, these two questions I shall not speak of as a priest. I shall advance arguments drawn only from human reason. I well know how futile it would be to address Protestant Americans with particular dogmas of the Church. Do not think I am so foolish as that. Now, when I discuss these questions, I discuss them as an intelligent man would discuss them—as an American. I discuss them as one who has a right, and who will speak so long as he can make his voice heard in any place. Lastly, after I have proved these things, I wish briefly to state what is the Catholic doctrine in regard to parents sending their children to these schools.

When a public speaker looks down upon an audience, he thinks to himself, how unlike the people are, how different their prejudices, how varied their relations in life, how separate each one of the vast assembly is from every other. So, entering upon this argument, I feel sure that if I have strength I shall say some very strong things to-night. Entering upon this argument, it chiears me to think that there is at least one starting point—that there is one point about which we all agree; and that point is this:—In a country such as ours we are all agreed upon the necessity of education. Now, to my mind, education means simply civilization. The child is born a little savage. It contains within itself the possibilities of every crime, no matter how refined, no matter how intellectual, no matter how cultivated its parents. The little child contains within itself the possibility of any crime, no matter how shocking or atrocious, whether against God or man. It contains also, I know, the possibility of every virtue. It is—to use one of those quaint, but very expressive comparisons of the Middle Ages—it is simply a piece of unmodelled wax, which can be formed into an angel, or which can be moulded into a demon. Yes, in every community, in every family, in every age, in the quietest country town, as well as in our great city, there is ever an invasion of barbarians. They come not now, as once they came, from the forests of Germany, to burn and sack the cities of Italy. They are not called Goths and Vandals, as they were called then; no, they are born in the very bosom of civilization; and they are called children. This is the great work of society. Here is the never-ending labor of human progress—to educate children. What work is so great as this? Who, after all, are those that we should be most grateful to? Who are the greatest benefactors of mankind? Tell me not that they are kings or magistrates; tell me not that they are jurists or poets, orators, or distinguished writers or leaders of thought. No; the real benefactors of mankind, the very pillars of modern civilization and all society are those who are entrusted with the education of our children.

I am well aware, my brethren, that sometimes it is said that Catholics, especially the Catholic priests, like to keep their children and their people in ignorance. Now, I indignantly deny that calumny. I deny it and I refute it. The religion which boasts in times gone by of her St. Augustine and her St. Thomas, two of the greatest geniuses that ever walked this earth—that boasts of her Bossuet, her Fenelon, and her Charleagne, and her proud Napoleon, who bent his intellect to her doctrines—that, in modern days, counts among her children a Manning, a Wiseman, a Faber, and a Newman—has no need to cloak any of her doctrines with the veil of ignorance and obscurity. Absurd proposition!—Never dare to tell me that. Never dare to say, as some Protestants say, that the sun of intelligence will dissipate the shadows that cloud the Catholic mind. Now, I defy any Protestants to answer the arguments I bring against his religion, and I defy him to answer those that I can bring in defence of my own. More than this, who has been the great educator of mankind? It was the Roman Catholic Church. She came from the Catacombs, and founded, at first, her parochial schools for the poor, which were the model of which the present public schools in this city are only the most miserable counterfeit. It was she who founded the Universities in England. Remember well, O Protestants—for you are too apt to forget these things—remember, that it was Catholic hands that built Oxford and Cambridge. In France, it was Catholic hearts that founded the University of Paris. It was the Pope who built the University in Copenhagen, and the many in Italy and in Spain. And to me, most glorious of all, it was the Roman Pontiff who gave his sanction to the building of my own *Alma Mater*, the University of

Louvain, in Belgium. Now, I will permit no one to say that I, as a Catholic priest, wish to keep my people in ignorance. I respect human reason. I admire, with all the capacity of my nature, that hardy human intellect which is abashed by no obstacle; which has unveiled before our eyes a world of marvels; which traces, on the one hand, the courses of the planets, and on the other shows us the multitudinous forms of life in the drop of water. I admire that reason which is ever pressing onward ever towards the mysterious progress of the future. No, never say I love ignorance; never say that I would cramp the intellectual faculties. I contemplate the human reason with a holy respect; and I bless God who has made it so great and powerful! But however much I love education, however much, especially in this country, I would like to see every single citizen educated according to his station in life, still I must affirm that it can never be done by our public schools.

Sometimes it is made a matter of reproach to us Catholics, that we are mostly of foreign birth or parentage; that our priests are generally educated in other countries; and that, therefore, it is difficult for Roman Catholics to properly imbibe what is called the spirit of American institutions. Let no one think to escape my argument by such a mean subterfuge as that. My ancestors were tilling the ungrateful soil of New England long before the first gun was fired in our revolutionary war. They gave their blood for the independence of this country; they have fought in every war since; they have ever been loyal to the land; and whatever privileges, whatever blessings I enjoy here, I have received as a heritage from them—a heritage that I shall jealously maintain.

I enter now upon my argument. In the first place, what is the social condition of America to-day? The public schools have been in existence since the earliest years of this century. If we allow that a child usually passes some six or eight years in these schools, we have now among us about ten generations of public school children? What have they done to improve the morality of the country? It is nearly time, and I think the most enthusiastic admirer of these public schools must admit it is nearly time, that we should see at least their first fruits. What do we see? What do we see when we look to-day abroad upon the face of American society? Ah! it is a sad thing for one who loves his country to think how universal is the political, social and the domestic corruption of this country. Never, in the annals of any nation, has corruption taken so deep a root in so short a time? We have a President—what shall I call him? He is scarcely a man. We have a President who has amassed a fortune in a position which Jefferson and our earlier Presidents left impoverished. The Vice-Presidents, both incoming and outgoing, are publicly branded with perjury and theft. Congressmen, who are known to have stolen, sit quietly in their seats, in those seats and in that hall made venerable and honorable by Webster, Calhoun, Clay and Douglas; they sit there quietly, and say: "I am, indeed, convicted of theft; but you dare not expel me, because of the revelations I could make." You have a man now presiding over your Senate, a body formerly the most honorable, to-day presided over by one whom the records of a hotel show to have come there and remained with another man's wife. This is American politics; and these are the statesmen of the public schools! We have no more statesmen: we have only political thieves, trained in our public schools. The moral corruption is still worse. Look at society. In many States divorces nearly equal the number of marriages. Bankers everywhere defraud. Dishonesty has become universal. It pains me quite as much to say this as it does any American to hear it. Dishonesty! I leave it to you if dishonesty has not become almost universal? No one knows whom to trust. The most honorable firms of our city have proved insolvent. The poor starve in our streets; while a lady last week, almost in the same moment that a wretched creature was dying of starvation, a lady carries to a ball one hundred and forty thousand dollars, in laces and diamonds, on her dress! Women, worse than that—women, educated in these public schools—now advocate, both by their voice and by the papers which are allowed to circulate in all parts of the land, advocate unbridled licentiousness, and all the doctrines of free love. And, worse than all the rest, we are assured by the testimony of the most reputable physicians, that even lawful wives have become so debased by this education, that they no longer hesitate to murder the offspring of their womb, before it is born!

Such is not an exaggerated description, at the present moment, of American society. Now, bear witness to this one point: I do not say, I never yet have said, that the public school system is entirely responsible for these evils. No: I do not wish to go so far as that. I say that it is one of the outgrowths of it. I say simply this: if there is anything in reason, I think you must admit that, when, after seventy years trial of the public schools, we have this state of affairs, it proves that the public school system is incapable of dealing with these evils. And how, indeed, can we expect it could? What new power is there in the public school, as it is at present organized, to heal these great disorders of the social body? What new principle of life can be introduced there? What hope can we have that the future will reverse the experience of the past? That these public schools, having existed about as long as the degeneracy of the country, are now to change, and to prove the regenerators? Alas! Alas! I think there is none. Lay it in all frankness, for I always say exactly what I think—I think it, not as a priest, nor as a Catholic, but as an American citizen—I think that the nation is lost!

Now, let us look a little deeper into this question. I have taken up simply one argument, and, remember, I have taken up this argument, that the people have become gradually corrupt in spite of the public schools; and I draw from that the legitimate inference that the public schools are unable to check the evil. But we will go into the real reason that the American people are so much in favor of public schools; and I think we will find it based on this maxim:—"Educate the people and they will be virtuous." Nothing is more erroneous than that idea, as I am going to show. But ask any ordinary American what we should do to improve our country, and he will say:—"Educate your children in the public schools, and they will be all right." Now, unfortunately, Americans have almost ceased to think for themselves; unfortunately, we read so many newspapers that we have almost lost the power of reason. We no longer seek the finest authors of English literature; we no longer seek that which is of real benefit; but we surlit ourselves with the froth which reporters place before us every day of our lives. Now then if there be anything untrue, it is this very maxim that education will make people virtuous; and I appeal to history for the proof.

In the most cultivated times of Greece and Rome, they were most corrupt; and it was that very corruption which seemed, in some way, to lead to their ultimate degradation. In Europe, to-day, perhaps the most virtuous peoples are the Irish and the inhabitants of the Austrian Tyrol; and both of these peoples are, to a great extent, uneducated. It is proved also by those whom we know to have been educated—by the great writers of past times. Horace who wrote the most exquisite Latin verse, was a man of most licentious life. In Ireland no one will dare to tell of the immorality of Swift. Burns, we know, had the falling which is only too common with his countrymen. Shakespeare and Byron were men of extremely bad lives. In France, Voltaire, one of the greatest of French writers, was a man whose turpitudes were of such a hideous nature, that no one would venture to put them in print. In Germany, Goethe, who has handled his own glo-

rious German tongue with a power, nobody can rival—Goethe was a bad man. Boccaccio, who founded the Italian literature by his writings, was also a wicked man. Now I cite these examples merely in this one sense,—to show that it does not necessarily follow that education leads to virtue; for, remember, that these persons whom I have cited were not educated with the education a child receives in our public schools; they were not taught simply to read and write and spell and learn the names of distant countries on the globe;—they were men, not only of education but of genius, who knew all the subtleties of language and of grammar; who wielded the most powerful influence of their times. And, if education did not make them good, how will education make children, with only a little smattering of reading and writing,—how will such an education as that make the children of the working classes good? Never was there a greater fallacy than to say that ignorance and vice go hand in hand. How can I express my indignation at such a sentiment as that!—what a calumny against us all!—what a calumny against our race, to say that the poor workman, who never has had educational advantages, cannot be as virtuous, as noble, and as good in the sight of God, as the most cultivated man of the land! Yet that is, practically, what we assert, when we say that education and virtue are one. I should like to know who is the most intelligent being outside the blessed in Paradise? We are taught to believe this,—we know it and must believe it,—it is the devil himself,—the being who possesses more intelligence than any man that ever lived, but who is at the same time the most wicked of God's creatures.

Now, I have said this much for the historical part. I have shown, first, that the nations that were the most cultivated were the most corrupt; that men who were the most cultivated and refined have been also most corrupt.

I wish, now, to enter into another argument. It is not very often, I think, that the works of Messrs. Huxley and Spencer repose on a Catholic altar. However, as Protestants look up to them as the leaders of all modern thought, and as I feel unwilling to quote anything from memory, least I should do injustice to these distinguished writers,—I made up my mind that I would bring them both; and I will show you exactly what they say. Taking up the question of education, the former says:—

"At any rate, make people learn to read, write, and cipher; say a great many; and the advice is undoubtedly veritable as far as it goes. But, as happened to me in former days, those who, in despair of getting anything better, are met with the objection that it is very like making a child practice the use of a knife, fork, and spoon, without giving it a particle of meat. I really don't know what reply is to be made to such an objection."

And again—

"What wonder, then, if very recently an appeal has been made to statisticians for the profoundly foolish purpose of showing that education is of no good—that it diminishes neither misery nor crime among the masses of mankind? I reply, why should the thing which has been called education do either the one or the other. If I am a knave or a fool, teaching me to read or write will not make me less of either one or the other—unless somebody shows me how to put my reading and writing to wise and good purposes. Suppose that any one were to argue that medicine is of no use, because it could be proved statistically that the per centage of deaths was just the same among people who had been taught how to open a medicine chest, and among those who did not so much as know the key by sight! The argument is absurd; but it is not more preposterous than that against which I am contending. The only medicine for suffering, crime, and all the other woes of mankind is wisdom. Teach a man to read and write, and you have put in his hands the great keys of the wisdom box. But it is quite another matter whether he opens the box or not. And he is as likely to poison as to cure himself, if, without guidance, he swallows the first drug that comes to hand. In these times, a man may as well be purblind, as unable to read—lame, as unable to write. But I protest, that if I thought the alternative were a necessary one, I would rather that the children of the poor should grow up ignorant of both these mighty arts than that they should remain ignorant of that knowledge to which these arts are means." *Lay Sermons: London, 1872, pp. 30-39-30.*

This sentence, my brethren, tells directly against the public schools in this way—that they only teach reading and writing, but they don't teach a person how to make a good use of what he has learned. I see something a great deal more forcible here in what Mr. Spencer says. In the first place, he has relieved me of the task of refuting a common theory which he does so well that I will not attempt it after him. Herefutes the idea of ignorance leading to crime in this way:—

"In newspapers they have often met with comparisons between the number of criminals who can read and write, and the numbers who can not; and, finding the numbers who can not greatly exceed the number who can, they accept the inference that ignorance is the cause of crime. It does not occur to them that other statistics, similarly drawn up, would prove with like conclusiveness that crime is caused by absence of ablutions, or by lack of clean linen, or by bad ventilation, or by want of a separate bed room. Go through any jail and ascertain, how many prisoners had been in the habit of taking a morning bath, and you will find that criminality habitually went with dirtiness of skin. Count up those who had possessed a second suit of clothes, and a comparison of the figures would show you that but a small per centage of the criminals were habitually able to change these garments. Inquire whether they had lived in main streets or down courts, and you would discover that nearly all urban crime comes from holes and corners. Similarly, a fanatical advocate of total abstinence, or of sanitary improvement could get equally strong statistical justification for his belief."

Further on, he says:—

"Are not fraudulent bankrupts educated people and getters-up of bubble companies, and makers of adulterated goods, and men of false trade-marks, and retailers who have light weights, and owners of unseaworthy ships, and those who cheat insurance companies, and those who carry on turf-chicaneries and the great majority of gamblers? Or to take a more extreme form of turpitude—is there not among those who have committed murder by poison within our memories, a considerable number of the educated—a number bearing as large a ratio to the educated classes as does the total number of murderers to the total population? This belief in the moralizing effects of intellectual culture, flatly contradicted by facts, is absurd, a priori. What imaginable connection is there between learning that certain clusters of marks on paper stand for certain words, and the getting a higher sense of duty? What possible effect can acquisitions of facility, in making written signs of sounds, have in strengthening the desire to do right? How does knowledge of the multiplication-table, or quickness in adding and dividing, so increase the sympathies as to restrain the tendency to trespass against fellow-creatures? In what way can the attainment of accuracy in spelling and parsing, &c., make the sentiment of justice more powerful than it was; or why, from stores of geographical knowledge, personally gained, is there likely to come an increased regard for truth? The irrelation between such causes and such effects, is almost as great as that between the exercise of the fingers and strengthening of the legs. One who should by lessons in Latin hope to gain a knowledge of geometry, or one who should expect practice in draining to be followed by expressive-rendering of a sonata, would be thought fit for an asylum; and yet he would be scarcely more irrational than are those

who, by discipline of the intellect, facilitate the prospect to produce better feelings." *Study of Society* Appleton, 1874, pp. 361, 362, 363.

I am very glad to have such an authority as Mr. Spencer for that. If I had said it, it would have had comparatively little weight. But now comes the following, from a man who is certainly more qualified, who looked on this question as I believe every sensible man must look on it,—that intellectual culture alone is not a blessing,—it is a deformity educating only one side of human nature. Side by side with these two authors, I wish to quote the other. In the farewell address of Washington, he says:—

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness,—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connexion with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us, with caution, indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in the exclusion of religious principles."

Now, my brethren, there was a time when the words of Washington had weight with his countrymen. There was a time when all American citizens, no matter how exalted their position, still looked up with reverence to that pure statesman, who had guided them through a seven years' war. Alas! I am afraid that time has passed away. I am afraid that we are so besotted in our miserable prejudices in favor of these public schools, that even the voice of Washington, speaking to us in his Farewell Address, speaking to us from beyond the tomb, has no echo in our hearts. For we have become a people utterly pagan. The poor Indian in our western prairies has some deity which he reveres with his whole soul. Even India and China have their religious beliefs. And what a glorious sight was ancient pagan Rome, when her triumphant legions returned, bearing their eagles, preceded by the Generals, their Consuls followed by the entire populace, to the temple of Jupiter, to render thanks to the king of the gods for the new victory of Rome. We call them pagans; but would that we were ever as they!—would that this great American professed even a false religion, rather than no religion at all. If there is one religion that is false, more base, more degrading to the human mind than idolatry itself, that religion is indifference to religious truth and this is the religion of the American people.

I wish, now, to enter into the second part of my argument; but I see that I have talked much longer than I intended about this first question. I say, then, that the public schools are manifestly unjust to Roman Catholics. You will bear witness to me that I have nothing against these schools in themselves,—that I have only dealt with general principles in their regard,—and that I have simply said that intellectual training, without religious training, would prove the ruin of the child and of the country. We all know that many scandals exist in public schools; but I prefer not to refer to them;—I even prefer to think that they are exaggerated in our papers. And when I read, for example, a few weeks ago, in the *Herald*, in regard to the question of punishment, that the details were too obscene to be published, I preferred not to think of them. I prefer to say nothing more than this,—that they are simply pagan schools. It is a gross injustice to attempt to force Catholics to attend them. I protest, then, against these schools, not only in the name of my brethren in the faith, but in the name of every person,—of every person who has any religious convictions whatever. If pagan Americans wish to send their pagan children to pagan schools, let them do so; no Catholic can for that. But I protest, for all who have a conscience and a religion;—I protest in the name of that ancient religion which has come down for four thousand years—I protest in the name of the Israelites, I protest in the name of the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and the Episcopalians, who revere the faith which has been handed down to them by their parents; and I protest, above all, in the name of the Roman Catholics, against the injustice of forcing the religious portion of the community to send their children to schools where they are certain to lose all religion.

Whatever other sects may do,—for us, in this matter, there is no compromise. No Catholic who is properly instructed can send his child to a public school without a grievous sin. There was, at one time in this country, a maxim which was accepted by every citizen in it.—It was the maxim that led first to the revolutionary war, that cost us seven years of bloodshed, that impoverished the entire land, that desolated nearly every home; that maxim was this—"No taxation without representation."

But what do I see in the public schools? The public school is the State Church of America; and Catholics are forced to attend there against their will;—they are taxed for its support. In this city alone more than three millions of dollars are annually taken from the treasury in order to support public schools. In the State there are ten millions, and in the entire country there are forty millions.—Where was injustice ever seen so flagrant as this? It is known that this money is drawn from the poorest portion of our people in this city, who are compelled to do one of two things,—either to send their children to these schools (which they cannot conscientiously do), or else build Catholic schools themselves. What a burden has the State placed upon us in this matter! No wonder Catholics are indignant when they think of it. No wonder that for more than forty years, the venerable prelates of this diocese, and the Catholics united with them have not ceased to raise their voices against the great wrong. What a burden for our priests, who already live or six times as much work to do (as our rapidly increasing numbers), as any priest in Europe! They are compelled to strain every nerve, and go out among their people—among the poor, hard-working people—to get assistance to build schools, that these children, who are so dear to their hearts, may not lose that holy faith for which for three centuries, the Irish people have given up everything. Is this not sad? No wonder the Catholics are indignant! No wonder that our best smart when we think how severe is the lash which the State, that boasts of its liberty, has applied to us because we have not power to defend ourselves.

But, unjust as it is to the Catholic Church, it is still more unjust to the taxpayers. I am speaking now not merely of Catholic taxpayers; but of taxpayers in general. I am going to say something which I have never yet seen or heard, but which is very true, indeed, and which is a matter of respect for every taxpayer of this city. By the last Report of the Public Schools, it appears that they have a average attendance of about one hundred thousand pupils—it is ninety-nine thousand and some odd hundreds—we will call it one hundred thousand.—For these pupils they spend three millions two hundred thousand dollars. Now, then, that gives an average of thirty-two dollars for every child in the public schools. We, too, have our schools; we have more than fifty schools in this city already, raised up by the untiring labor of good and generous priests; raised up [I am not afraid to say it] by the working people of this city, at the sacrifice of many