

tian Hope. And it is of this boon that Socialism, the curse of modern civilization, would rob the nations of Christendom.

The main error of Socialism, and which constitutes its most pernicious feature, may be summed up in a few words: the real Paradise in which we must centre all our hopes is not in heaven but here upon earth. In attempting to propagate this belief among their fellowmen the leaders of Socialism vie with their own masters of the lodges. They proceed, however, with less circumspection. They proclaim it aloud and without palliatives, and when they find Christians whose consciences are dulled by the number of their transgressions, and years of estrangement from the practices of their Church, they succeed in making numerous dupes among them.

When this paradise upon earth is to be realized, and in what precisely it is to consist, are points which the apostles of Socialism are wary about determining. And it is not without reason. Nothing is more *indeterminate* than that final *term* which they assign to human life, and which for that very reason is an absurd contradiction; nothing is more inaccessible than that singular destiny illusively offered to all; nothing is more opposed to the constant aspirations and real yearnings habitual to all mankind for six thousand years; nothing, in fine, less capable of appeasing and satiating the heart of man created for God, for immortality and for heaven.

We could not do better than quote here the words of the distinguished modern Roman orator, Montefeltro. "Christian Hope," he says, "carries our thoughts beyond this life on to a future existence, to that moment in which the thick veil shall fall, and in which the exile, stretching out his hands to the promised country, will be satiated with the happiness so ardently desired, and the Christian, after having triumphed over the world and