

*DELEND A EST ROMA.**

Standing in the Senate of ancient Rome Cato held aloft fresh figs which had been gathered but three days before under the shadow of Carthage, and cried again and again, "*Delenda est Carthago!*" Carthage was mighty; Carthage was hostile; Carthage was near; therefore, Carthage must be destroyed. To-day we hold aloft fruits gathered beneath the shadow of Rome and cry, "*Delenda est Roma!*" The shadows of oblivion hide the Rome which Cato loved. Her ambitions, oppressions and cruelties are no more. All that was earthly, sensual and devilish in her Bacchanalian mysteries burned out long ago, and only ashes remain on the polluted and forsaken altar. But another Rome has arisen, a Rome which bears aloft the name of Jehovah instead of Mars, of Christ instead of Bacchus, and of Mary instead of Venus. If within her there are mysteries, they are not named Bacchanalian, whatever may be their nature. This Rome has a past out of which hellish fires gleam and bloody memories pour. From its horrid dungeons, its inquisitorial chambers, its devouring flames come the echoes of pitiful moanings and shrieks of mortal agonies. Rome has cursed souls with curses unspeakable and full of shame. By her machinations homes have been made hells, nations have been degraded and continents have grown dark beneath her portentous clouds of intrigue and violence. But this Rome has a present also. Her ambitions are not dead; they are as deathless as Satan's bitter hate. Rome does not change at heart. The principles which guided her five hundred years ago are the principles which guide her to-day. More than this, her plans are more matured, her purposes more settled, and her aims more far-reaching to-day than ever before. She has hitched her wagon to the star of universal empire. Give her opportunity, and the ambition which sometimes seems held in leash will bound forward like a loosened hound. To bend the earth to her supreme sway is the dream of Rome. Read media-val history and remember that Rome does not change. Watch the glare of martyring fires and shudder before rivers of blood, and then remember that Rome does not change. She denies the past,

*An Address, delivered at Murie Hall, Boston, Mass., November 1, 1891.