

Pope's encyclical was put forth, the worldly wisdom of politicians predicted instead of a downfall for Espartero, a long reign of permanent peace and glory. They could not think that a single document emanating from what they esteemed a weak political power, could unseat the leader who under the mask of liberalism rioted on the spoils of religion—the conqueror of Don Carlos, the proud, unyielding Regent of Spain.

Well, the aged Pontiff issued his mandate. Tremblingly solicitous for the welfare of all those children committed to his holy guidance, the deplorable condition of Spain attracted a more than usual share of his regard. He summoned the people to arms. He did not tell them, it is true, to take up those physical weapons which mutilate and destroy. He told them to have recourse to those more potent arms which were never employed in vain—prayer and supplication. The Catholic world listened to the voice of its parent from ten thousand temples; up went to Heaven the incense of a people's entreaties. It was accepted—their prayer was heard; and the enemies of religion in Spain lie prostrate and lifeless.

The firmness, the exalted and disinterested views of the never to be forgotten Pius VII. startled Bonaparte in the meridian of his splendour. He who made thrones his footstool stood in awe of the simple majesty of the holy Pope. He too was made to feel that Rome was unconquerable. He like the Corsican prototype, in all things save talent, the tyrant, the truckling stock-jobber Espartero was compelled to bend before the dignified virtue of Gregory XVI.

We said that Espartero was the enemy of religion. We fear the expression was hazarded without due consideration. We know that evil is permitted in order that good may arise from it. It was Espartero's to do the mischief; it was only God that could deduce the good. If by a moral fiction we could bestow upon such a cause any portion or the merits of the effects produced, we should have hesitated before we had called the regent an enemy to religion.

Nay, he was one of its greatest benefactors. He peopled England and South America with learned and zealous missionaries. They are to be found upon the banks of the Ganges, the Amazon, and the Mississippi. Beneath the burning zone and the icy North, the truths of Christianity are taught to the poor. Its light has illumined the darkened horizon of the pagan. Nearly all the islands in the Indian Ocean have been visited by the pious priests of Spain, outcasts from their native land. Delicate females have braved the perils of the land and the sea upon their missions of love. The Sister of Charity may be seen laboring under the intolerable sun of the Philippines. Even China has had its quota from Spain. Thus will the Catholic world be indebted to Spain as Spain was indebted to that world.

How vain it is to resist HIM who can make our very crimes ancillary to his purposes. The infidels and libertines of the eighteenth century thought they accomplished wonders when they had succeeded in procuring the abolition of the order of Jesuits. If the Jesuits had not been distanced their gospel labours, might have been comparatively insignificant. As it was they went forth in the strength, which the spirit of God imparts to a just and a persecuted cause. The uncivilized savage bowed his proud neck to the yoke of Christianity. The mercies of the Cross were believed in and invoked. Further, the Jesuits found peace at home when they had erected an eternal monument of their piety abroad and many visited the scene of former toils to witness, but not to triumph over the discomfiture of their enemies.

Thus it is and thus it will ever be with Catholicity. Foster or persecute her as you will; endow her churches, or raze them to the ground give her peace or let the blood of her martyrs flow still will she rise triumphant spurning every obstacle that crosses her path; resisting the violence and virulence of man with a might that knows no control—that exceeds all human agency.

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