

will follow with enthusiasm the consecrated banner of freedom; and I am proud and happy, my lord, to be one of these. . . . I am well aware, my lord, that my grandfather was a Catholic, and though he had the culpable weakness to forsake the true Church and marry a Protestant, still, my lord—

The orator paused in the midst of his harangue, on observing that Richard made a gesture of disgust.

"That will do, gentlemen," said Richard, a little drily. "Nationality meets friends where it never expected to find auxiliaries—friends of whom, I fear, it has little reason to be proud; but I shall judge by the nature of your answers of the sincerity of your patriotism. Where is Lord Powerscourt at present?"

The two converts to patriotism looked at each other with embarrassment.

"He has left the place, my lord," answered Cleary at last, and speaking with fear.

"You are deceiving me," said O'Byrne; "take care, gentlemen, I may find means of extracting the truth from you—terrible means, which I learned in India."

"By all that is sacred, my Lord," said Tyler, with great appearance of sincerity, "Cleary speaks the truth. His Lordship was excessively feverish and excited by the events of the last few days, and was driven by his blind rage to the most extravagant proceedings. Would that my hand had withered before I filled that fatal warrant directed against innocence and beauty!"

As Richard's forehead scowled a menace at the speaker, Tyler hastened to say:—"When messengers arrived on the heels of one another, announcing that you detained the lady, and roused the peasants, the courage of his lordship evaporated—he became the slave of fear; he had heard of your exploits in France—was aware of your influence in Ireland—dreaded what was going to occur. He ran himself to the stables, saddled in great haste, in spite of his gout, the first horse he laid hands on, and galloped through the back of the park with flowing rein, and in great perturbation, no one knows whither."

Let the old fool go—he is not worth a thought. But Sir George must be above. Ye villains! if ye tell me he is gone—

As both the converts remained perfectly silent, Richard struck the ground with his foot.—"What do you mean?" he asked, "do you hear?"

"My lord, it is not just to blame poor servants like us for an occurrence which we could not possibly prevent," stammered Tyler, in a tremor. "Sir George ran away as hurriedly as my hand and almost as soon."

A terrible malediction escaped from the lips of O'Byrne; and at the same time a cry like that of a hyena was uttered behind him. This roar of disappointed revenge was uttered by the young schoolmaster. But O'Byrne was exclusively occupied with his own feelings, and took no heed of the sentiments of others. Resuming his threatening tone, he exclaimed, "You lie, you scoundrel; you want to save him from my fury, because you know he has wronged me. It would be impossible for a man lying sick in bed to rise and run away—an officer in the British army—a man of honor is not base enough."

"Nevertheless, I assure you, my lord, he has fled," said Cleary, with every appearance of sincere truth. "Sir George bounced out of his bed, at the first news of the rebellion, with wonderful agility; and with his person half naked, and his face covered with bandages, he trampled precipitately down stairs. He spoke a few words to my lord, whom he met at the stable door;—without waiting for a saddle he jumped upon a horse, and galloped away as fast as he could. Sir George is, you know, an excellent horseman;—it is devil catch the hindmost with the pair."

O'Byrne remained mute for a moment. "What has become of lady Ellen?" he said at last. "she has doubtless followed her kinsman?"

Cleary looked at Richard with a knowing grin.

"By dad, that's true," said he, with a laugh, "all forgot Miss Ellen—father, kinsman, and all. As well as I remember, she went to the park a little before the news arrived that you were coming to storm the house with the papists. They only thought of themselves in their terror and bewilderment, and never even enquired for poor lady Ellen. Well, my lord, you have a hostage in her that's not to be despised, should fortune ever become unfavorable to our party—you can—avenge yourself, as the saying is."

Richard cast a glance of scorn at the rascal that made him recoil in terror. Cleary's failure did not deter Tyler.

"My lord," said the clerk, in a low tone of confidence, "all your enemies have not quitted this house. The minister, Bruce, the Justice of the Peace, who signed the warrant, is hidden in the toilet chamber. You may catch him like a rabbit by the ears. The odious turn-out, McDonough, who was so tyrannical to the poor Catholics, is likewise in the house. It would be very easy to seize him, as he can neither stir hand nor foot."

Richard was about to express the fierce loathing with which their turpitude inspired him, when he heard a terrible noise in the interior. A band of insurgents had penetrated at the rear, and were roaring from chamber to chamber—their hurrahs of victory ringing through the deserted edifice. The band that lay before the house, deeming it unfair that these intruders should have the whole interior to themselves, closed up to the hall door, with the view of entering and sharing the pillage; and this, in spite of Richard's commands. The loud fracture of furniture, the crash of broken mirrors, and the smashing of china and delf rang through the palace, and informed the pale ears of O'Byrne that the work of destruction had begun.

"I must go in myself and stop these freebooters," said O'Byrne. "But first—"

The mention of her name made the schoolmaster tremble; he silently bowed his head. "Take a few men, and look for lady Ellen; she must be somewhere in the park—lose no time. This servant," he continued, pointing to Cleary, "will act as your guide. If he wishes to escape punishment, he will prove faithful. You will protect lady Ellen from every species of offence, and if any one has dared to offer her an insult of a serious character you will kill him on the spot. Do you understand—Blow his brains out; I give you authority."

The firm tone in which O'Byrne pronounced these words raised the hair on the head of Tyler and Cleary.

"Where am I to bring the lady?"

"On that subject you must consult herself. You will lead her to the place of refuge she selects. Obey her orders."

Richard plunged into the house while the schoolmaster, accompanied by a few men, proceeded in search of lady Ellen. Richard arrested the "architects of ruin" without difficulty. His presence served to awe the most avaricious and ferocious. He found it impossible, however, to preserve a rich collection of ancient and modern arms which glittered in a superior gallery. He could not resist the entreaties of the unarmed peasants who were ready to meet English muskets with Irish shilleghs. Accordingly the damasked fowling-pieces of Sir George, and the two-handed swords of his ancestors, the matchlocks of the age of Elizabeth, the axes of the time of Boadicea, and the leaf-shaped swords of the Irish were hastily divided among the rebels. Nothing came amiss. Here a peasant might be seen flourishing a tomahawk of the American Red-skins, and there, another alternately brandishing and gapping at a Malay creese. When the arms were shared out, Richard cleared the house of its motley visitors, and placed sentries at the doors with severe instructions. On the other hand, he caused all the provisions in the house to be lavishly distributed amongst the people; and the domestics, who now crept out of the dark burrows in which they had buried their precious persons, might be seen busily sharing and serving meat and drink among their unwelcome visitors. The lawn, covered with gossiping groups, cracking jokes as they lay upon the grass, quaffing ale and eating beef, suggested the idea of a joyous festival, not a grim picture of civil war. Rigorous orders were issued by O'Byrne that no whiskey should be served to the people whose terrible intoxication had often produced disastrous consequences; and owing to the sagacity of his measures, and the vigilance of his subalterns, not a single peasant got drunk in Powerscourt House on the memorable occasion.

Richard entered the house and seated himself in Lord Powerscourt's study, where he wrote to the other chiefs to apprise them of what had been accomplished. Having performed this task, and sealed the letters with a peculiar seal, he descended into the lawn to accelerate their departure. He found the gardens, park, and avenues swarming with a prodigious crowd of people. Women and children had come flocking to see their sons, fathers, or husbands, and formed here and there animated groups. Some of these new-comers were eating and drinking at his lordship's expense in the court, which had been converted into a banquetting hall. Some were going and coming under the flowery shadows of the majestic trees that beautified the park, greatly astonished, like the Doge of Venice, to see themselves in such a paradise. Here a line of men were going through the pike exercise, and there a knot or group were tumultuously discussing the plan of the campaign. Hope and ardor seemed to animate all this multitude. The defeat of a handful of policemen, the flight or silence of the paralysed magistrates, and the capture of Lord Powerscourt's house were regarded as great victories. The very men who, in the morning, saw nothing but disasters, court-martials, and loaded gibbets, now saw the English flying for ever out of Ireland, and hailed that green flag with shouts of transport which Jack Gunn hoisted on the base of a broken statue.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL, HIS FIRST LECTURE IN AMERICA.

(From the New York Irish American.)

As might have been anticipated, the announcement that the Rev. Dr. Cahill would lecture at the Academy of Music on Sunday last, the 18th inst., in behalf of the Sisters of Mercy, drew together an immense audience. The doors were opened a little after six o'clock, and before seven the immense building was crammed to its utmost capacity with a brilliant audience, pervaded by the most enthusiastic desire to welcome and listen to the great Irish lecturer. From the foot-lights to the ceiling was one dense mass of human beings packed so closely that, as the eloquent Doctor himself remarked, they could scarcely breathe, and motion of the slightest kind was utterly impossible. Even the spacious stage was crowded to the back wall; the passages and doorways did not afford standing room for half those who were unfortunate enough to be among the late arrivals, and at least a thousand people must have gone away hopeless of gaining admission at all.

Among those who occupied seats on the front of the stage, immediately in the rear of the lecturer's desk, were his Grace, Archbishop Hughes, Rt. Rev. Dr. Bailey, Rt. Rev. Dr. Laughlin, Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, Archbishop McCarroll, and most of the Catholic clergy of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey.

The appearance of Dr. Cahill was the signal for a tremendous outburst of cheering which lasted several minutes, the audience appearing to be nearly frantic with delight, while hats, hands and handkerchiefs were waved from every part of the house.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided, Archbishop Hughes came forward and was most warmly received. He said it was his privilege and his pleasure to have been designated as fit to introduce the eminent gentleman who had lately landed on our shores, the Rev. Dr. Cahill [cheers]. Of the distinguished character of the reverend gentleman he need not inform them; he was known throughout the world, wherever science was valued. Dr. Cahill had come to this country—he would not say he had come to a strange country, because a large portion of his countrymen were here—and he had not come among strangers, for he had come in the large and enlightened spirit of science to diffuse that knowledge among us that we might stand on a higher scale of intellectuality. The Catholic Church never had been against science, no matter who said

to the contrary, and whenever science came to them, at all it came to them with the greater pleasure from one who had the faith as well as the science. He would only add that Dr. Cahill, in the benevolence of his heart, and the spirit of charity which was characteristic of him, and in a manner nobly worthy of his pursuit, had spontaneously offered to lecture for the benefit of a charity which was dear to them all. The remarks of his Grace were responded to by the audience with renewed enthusiasm.

The Rev. Dr. Cahill on rising to address the audience, was again greeted with a warmth which appeared to affect him deeply. His commanding figure and fine presence as such would at once rivet the attention of any auditory, however cold or hostile. His enunciation is clear and distinct, making every word audible without apparent effort on the part of the speaker; while his voice has that mellow softness and volume peculiar to the Irish tongue, and pleasing above all else to the Irish ear. All these circumstances are only, as it were, auxiliaries of the refined oratory and clear logical reasoning of the learned lecturer, who, in these particulars, has probably no living superior. The effect of the entire conjunction upon an audience so impressive and so favorably disposed as that which filled the Academy of Music on Sunday night may be imagined but cannot be portrayed in words.

Dr. Cahill commenced his address by saying:—"I derive no other reward for coming to America than the high compliment which I have just received from his Grace, my time indeed is very well spent. I have never in my life received from such lips a compliment which makes me feel more happy. And first, your Grace, I beg to offer you my personal acknowledgments for your kind words, which I shall never forget as long as I live. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am at liberty to speak to you. I protest, in all sincerity, that I have never witnessed such a scene before [loud applause]—though I have been engaged in a great number of cities in my own country, lecturing in the various theatres of London by the consent and approbation, and I may say, by the urgent request of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman [applause]. If I were a great deal younger than I am, my feelings would be overpowered with what I see before me. The Archbishop, however, has relieved me of a good deal, for he has convinced me of what I before suspected, that I am not in a foreign country at all, but in Ireland (tremendous cheering and applause). I am not in New York, I am in Dublin (applause). I am not in a strange place, but at home. I shall never cease to be grateful to you for the distinction you have conferred upon me this evening, and I now pledge myself to labor during the short time I shall be amongst you, by every effort in my power, to merit some small portion of this great public demonstration which you have given me [loud applause]. The Archbishop has kindly alluded to my services in the cause of charity. I had been here but a very few days when the Sisters of Mercy learned that I would be prepared to deliver a lecture, and I at once said I would. But the question was, what sort of a lecture I should give, and as it was to be given on Sunday night, I thought it would not be decorous to deliver a lecture on natural philosophy. Therefore, considering the purity of the Sisters, and the professional sanctity of their institution, and also, remembering the sanctity of the day, I resolved to deliver a lecture upon religion, so constructed and so arranged, that as I should be surrounded by various denominations, not a word should escape that would not, as I hope, be most interesting to all classes of religionists of this vast metropolis [loud applause]. I selected my subject; and, though I know you can cheer me very well, I call upon you to give me your breathless attention while I lecture. The subject is, 'The inefficiency of Human Reason to acquire Christian Faith.' No doubt human reason is very efficient in its own small territory, but yet it is limited in the vast universality of things with which we are surrounded. In reference to the body and soul reason is very limited. I can do some smart things upon this earth, but beyond it I can do scarcely anything. It is tolerably efficient in the territory where we all now live, but beyond the grave it is almost all darkness to human reason. Whatever knowledge we do receive from that country, must be communicated by an imperial ruler himself, or through the favored mortals whom he instructs in his cause. But, reason can do some things in this world. All the arts are indebted to it; all the social and liberal arts claim it as their author. It can chain the lightning of the skies, draw treasures from the ocean. The poet lifts his ethereal finger in the divine creations, and we admire the efforts of his reason. The orator, with floods of eloquence, moves thousands as the breeze moves cornfields, or the tempest shakes the forest. The painter may make the canvas speak, the sculptor may make the marble breathe, and the man of science can take his lie, which you think a short one, and send it above the skies from planet to planet unimpeded. When the hurricane makes the mountain nod, when the lightnings flash, and the ocean is lashed into fury, and the skies are darkened in terror, reason constructs its little boat and rides high upon the sullen flood, and looks smilingly at the terrors of the sea in triumphant security. No doubt painting, poetry, and the finger of the musician, can touch chords that bring forth melody and harmony which melt the soul itself. Then we are anxious to draw a picture of human reason which will give it its due meed of praise in the limited domain in which it lives. Reason cannot go further than in the arts, and poetry, painting, and sculpture. Men who know all that, think probably, because they can make iron they can make religion; because silk can be woven, that new dogmas can be added or subtracted from the truth. Here is where reason goes beyond its domain. Even in this world, reason is rather limited in its power. I take a handful of clay, and I ask educated reason—how is it that the elephant's tooth comes from that? how is it that wool upon the sheep's back—that silk—are all productions of that clay—even the breath of the rose. Reason is silent even in its own domain upon such a subject. I ask, will you account to me why the crust of the earth in some places is three miles thick, and in others, nine miles. The king and the peasant, the philosopher and the poor ignorant man, all eat, drink, and are supported by that which is manufactured from the earth under our feet. So, while we give human reason its praise, and have seen its power, we, at the same time, can mark its weakness. But, if I ask reason what has this earth come from, these are questions which belong to the same authority to answer. Is the earth as old as God? No. Then, it is created? Yes. What did it come from? from out of God's person. No. Spirit cannot produce matter. The unorganized spirit cannot be the product of the living God. Not from him? No. It is not as old as He. If it were so, it would be one of his attributes. What did it come from? From nothing. So that human reason, in the human body, has only to stamp on the earth to have that reason levelled into its first existence. This fact appears not only above logic, but, at the first blush, contrary to logic. How can something come from nothing? how can premises of nothing produce a conclusion of something? Thus you will see, that human reason is a most dangerous faculty, while most valuable; that it has a limited scope, and it is exceedingly foolish and perfect insanity to employ it in any country where it has no light from the effect of which it can be raised above the capacity of itself.

When the philosopher reflects upon the fact that the earth is revolving under his feet, and himself with it, if he reason judiciously and logically he would be obliged to say, I have only to look at myself or a grain of sand beneath my feet, to say that my reason, even in this instance, is demolished, and levelled in the dust. But the moment reason approaches to God the Father and leaves this earth, it becomes perfectly silent. How can it know a being that had no beginning and can have no end? Let fancy begin now to travel towards the beginning of his being, at the rate of even sextillions of miles every second, and for sextillions of years, and when it approaches that long journey, as it contemplates its progress, it finds that it has not travelled one inch beyond the line of God's creation. How can reason therefore presume to enter into this country, or to know anything at all except what is communicated to it? Then I ask reason, is God a spirit? Yes. Existing everywhere? Of course. Can he be divided? No. That cannot be. Such a thing as half or a tenth of a God is an idea monstrous. Then he is whole and entire in every part? Certainly. And then we begin to learn as we approach him, that whatever we learn about him must be communicated, though we do not even understand but believe it when we hear it. Upon general principles, is not reason finite, and is not God infinite? How can the finite embrace the infinite? How can the limited take in the unlimited? How can the part contain the whole? It is impossible. An individual says to me, I will believe nothing that I cannot understand. Have you no faith? Certainly none. You are guided solely by human reason? Yes sir. And believe nothing but what you can understand? Yes, sir. Therefore you have left out God. Therefore your system can no more save you than Euclid's Geometry or Blackstone's Commentaries. [Applause.] If you leave everything supernatural out of it, it is proving a new system. The greatest scholar, the most distinguished philosopher, of all other men, the most likely to go astray by looking for God through his reason, for he looks for him where he cannot be found; and the farther he pursues in that direction the farther he goes astray. Therefore the great scholar is the most dangerous man in the world. Such a man will drop into the depths of doubt and infidelity, while the poor servant boy or girl walks securely beneath the glory of revelation.

As we pass on this subject two propositions present themselves. The moment we approach toward Christianity, leaving these abstract questions, then the difficulty becomes more and more enlarged. If I ask human reason what is original sin, the answer is, I do not know I am sure. Do you think man committed an original fault against the supreme Ruler? I cannot say. Well I will give you a little information. We will look at the mineral kingdom. Give me any mineral:—If I know its specific gravity, its hardness, cleave it, know its medicinal qualities, I have not to go over millions of specimens, for, knowing that, I know the whole. So if I know the geographical character of a plant, its parentage, the curvature of its leaves, I know it will be the same a thousand years hence. I go into the animal kingdom and I find that among the seven hundred families of fish each family follows its instincts. They are taught by the invisible hand of their Maker, who has written their constitutional character, and they all follow literally the original instinctive law. But, man, I find is never twenty-four hours in the same way. He has reason. Man kills his father, presents the dagger to the breast of his nearest friend, commits suicide: God never made him that way. He brought that upon himself. He must have committed some great original fault which has caused him to be banished from his father. Who knows when he committed the crime? Can human reason tell that, or what the crime was? No. But I have learned a long time ago, from the old book of Revelation, that the crime under which this unfortunate being staggers in the world, was that of eating an apple, contrary to the command of his Master the Ruler God. Reason asks if eating an apple was such a crime as to be punished with so large a punishment. Yes decidedly. God cannot allow man to live a moment in a state of irresponsibility. He must give him a command that there might be merit in his use of liberty. If human reason smiles. I say to human reason what command would you have given Adam? One more important than that. Will you tell me what it is? I am the Lord thy God? He knew that every day. Do not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain? Of course he would not. You might as well tell a child fourteen years of age not to kill his father. Keep holy the Sabbath day? Every day was the Sabbath day. Honor thy Father and thy Mother? He hadn't any. Thou shalt not kill?—There was nobody to kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery? Woman was not created. Thou shalt not steal? He owned the whole world to himself. Do not bear false witness against thy neighbour? He was the only man in the world himself, and had no neighbour. Do not covet thy neighbour's wife. He had neither neighbour nor wife. Thus you see how foolish is reason, and therefore God gave to Adam the only command he could. It would have been scandalous if he had given some of the commands that I have alluded to. It is remarkable that the command which was given referred to tasting; his palate was a command for fasting; and Adam, when he broke the command, broke the ten commandments. He did all that a man could do against a Ruler, a subject against a legislator. He committed rebellion, doing all that he could do then. How could reason tell that? Does it even comprehend the question how he was to restore himself? No. Sin itself can never produce sanctity. Darkness can never produce light, death can never produce life. Adam could not be restored except by a third person. What kind of a person? A person who could make compensation. For what? For the mortal crime that he had committed. And what is a mortal crime? A crime levelled against the infinite majesty of God. Therefore anything against infinite majesty can only be atoned for by the infinite. The foundations are laid for the Son of God to exhibit the omnipotence and infinity of his mercy. He went before the throne of his Father, saying, fallen man can never work himself into your favor. You must have infinite compensation, and I stand before your throne in the flesh and blood and bones of the guilty man. I am able to pay the debt. I am determined to do it. Therefore, bring forth the vial of thine omnipotent anger and pour it on my head. How could reason know anything of that? Reason could not learn of such a fact. It is beyond its power. It is too limited. The very thing I am speaking about is illimitable. Man is too small a creature to attempt to appear in the presence of God, and his soul covered with chains of crime. How can we know what He knows, or understand what He does not reveal. Reason being exceedingly weak and limited in its own domain, it is foolish, demented and insane when it per se makes the attempt to form a religion for its own salvation. Therefore, as I advance in my programme from point to point, we shall learn the whole character, I hope, of this thing called human reason.

I assure you this human reason, under the circumstances described, is much more extensively employed than you are aware of; but as we come closer to Christianity its incompetency becomes more and more apparent. When we come to look and see what is to protect man against the difficulties which I have just now described, we will find that nothing will protect him but faith. What is faith? When our Lord executed the compact between himself and the Father to redeem us from perdition, he addressed all men saying—I can now save you, and I am willing; but if I save you it must be on these two conditions—that you are to believe what I tell you, and that you will practice what I command. I save your whole being; of course I demand the allegiance of your whole being in return. If you are wanting in faith or practice, you are then in a position as if I never came, as if I had never disarmed my Father's anger, as if I never unbolted heaven. For I will make a compact with my Father, that I will always call upon him to grant me what I want for the world, and if you call upon me I will ask him for it, and he will give it. The conditions of your salvation are faith in me, and practice in accordance with your faith. I want to identify your intellect with mine. The Father will not sit at the table with the Son if they quarrel about their various positions. Our heavenly Father cannot put me with himself on His throne if my intellect is not identified with his and I therefore, call upon you as the first condition of my saving power in your behalf, that I shall have

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This faith, that the Son of God became a man, was made flesh, how can human reason know that? The death of the Son of God—how could reason know the Son of God died by the hands of those he loved best? Man? Yes. They called him a malefactor, tried him as a blasphemer, put him to death as an insurrectionist. Tried by human reason! Never ask me what is human reason after that. That act stamps its character forever. The resurrection of the dead of Christ, the resurrection of the God-man from the tomb in the twinkling of an eye, the immortality of the soul to share in the world to come eternal bliss? Who can do that? Can reason tell you facts like those I have just submitted to you? But salvation is on the right, perdition on the left—what more? On the 25th of December I shall suppose that I am with Reason at the crib where the Saviour was born—the God-man—I believe it. Reason says that is a contradiction. How could God be a creature. He is; and I will give you authority you cannot dispute. I said God-man, I believe it. That is a contradiction—it looks like it. But look! Infinite riches is there poverty. Infinite majesty is there a slave. And more than all, immortality is there. But while faith and reason are thus discussing the plain facts, an army of angels spread their wings over Bethlehem, saying, it is He. I turn to reason. I do not know how it is any more than you do; but I know it is so. I believe it. How can I resist the testimony over my head. But I say to reason, why are you governed by your eye in this case? Why do you reject the authority of the ear? I take the ear. Paul says that faith comes by hearing. I look up to the skies and I hear the whole host of heaven sing, it is He. And there is the whole of our authority, the whole truth of Christianity, in a nutshell;—believing facts which we cannot comprehend upon testimony which we cannot deny [applause].

This, therefore, is what is called revelation. A communication made to us on earth of things which we cannot understand, but coming from authority which cannot be denied. That and the commandments are the two conditions of the salvation of man by the cross of Christ. And this revelation cannot be changed; never. The laws of natural philosophy have never changed. The heavenly bodies never go wrong in their glorious paths; the tides never come later than they should. The world that we live in is as good as it could be made from the materials from which it is made. But let the world be Republican or Monarchical, or have what institutions it thinks proper, the laws of nature are the same. I should expect that when Christ gave us legislation it would be at least as good as that; that it could not change, and that it would be always the same. If I were to speak never so long, I could not say as much as Paul in the different parts of his works which we continuously meet, in which he alludes to the fact that we are all brethren, from the same parent, the same stamp of countenance, the same class of feelings, the same hopes of reward in eternity. Surely we ought to have but one doctrine. The same father ought to publish the same kind of law. How did Paul express it? He was a scholar and knew how to write. He looked through all the universality of his acquired knowledge. He examined the very depths of his inspired knowledge, and he could get nothing better to compare it to than God himself. And what does he say—"One Lord, one Faith and one Baptism" [loud applause.] There is nothing in the world to compare this faith to in oneness except God himself. He is the same yesterday, to-day, to-morrow the same God, unchangeable—no contradiction in the attributes of God, no contradiction in the principles of faith, above all governments, faith like God, holy like God, existing and not depressing the human intellect, as God's grace. Did you ever see anything so beautiful as those words, "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."—But Paul's logic is this, "one Lord, one Faith" not two Lords and two faiths. It is just as absurd to maintain the existence of two Gods as the existence of two conflicting faiths. You will never forget that. Now, I want to conclude that point and ask you where you get that. I should like to be very logical with you; and I say that as you got it not out of your own head you must have got it somewhere else. If it is not natural it must be supernatural, as it leads to heaven to see and enjoy God our Father, and embrace Christ our brother, it must be a gift of Christ—he will always give it to mortal man that asks it. But he will not give it to a man who is persevering in mortal sin, for did he do so, he would be countenancing iniquity. He will give it to mortal man who asks it as the gratuitous gift of his own hand. That is the way to get faith.

Without advancing on the subject, it is clearly a thing which is not within the gift of human reason, and can only be got from a supernatural source, from Christ himself. You, therefore, must have concluded long before this that faith and good works are two conditions without which man cannot be saved. The two enemies of Christianity then, are the men who follow human reason—what we call modern philosophers, who reason against revelation—and the wicked men who practice against the commandments. You read the pamphlets of the philosophers, and you glean from them that which raises his judgment and his puny intellect to knock down revelation. Of course all he wants is to throw it all down, and strangle you; and the wicked man overturns the commandments. Would you not think a supreme ruler, knowing everything, ought to meet this case. I expect he will. I expect that my Father will place some land-mark before his erring children, that they may not be carried away by these disastrous principles. He has done so. He has given us the most exquisite programme, the most finished piece of legislation that ever mortal eye beheld, no one, by any possibility, being able to understand it, except it comes from the Divine imperial lips [applause]. Yes, the whole volume of the New Law is nothing more than a draft to carry out these two principles, and keep reason within its proper boundary; and a most magnificent boundary it has got; but no one is more determined than I am to resist it from passing one inch beyond. It reduces the human intellect to its proper position, and then sanctifies the human heart. If it steps beyond, human reason is annihilated in the first page of the Bible, and if it is not able to read the first page, how can it read the second? If it cannot read the alphabet, how can it read the whole work?—Intellect is annihilated even in nature. What next? To purify the human heart, forty days were passed in fasting. Forty days an immense space in the life on earth of the Saviour. Christ lived on earth thirty-three years, and only three years of that time were passed in preaching. Before he began his mission, the turrets of which were built upon a foundation sunk into the earth by thirty years of humility, he spent forty days in fasting. A miracle! For himself? No—for us; telling us how to subdue the passions of others by beginning to subdue our own. After he had given to you the generous and imperishable example to purify yourself, he became transfigured—for what? For the poor. Every body knows what a precious part of his flock is the poor man. The rich man too, he loves. The rich man can employ his means and education and influence for the purpose of furthering the interests of religion, as the cherished friend of Christ; but the poor man walks poorly clad on the thorny paths of poverty and mortification, amid the scorn of society. But he is dressed in Christ's own livery—walks in His path, speaks His language,—the noble poor man,—and ultimately reaches the heights of immortal glory. What next? Every moment the Son of God was performing His miracles, curing the blind and the