

here, and nothing shall prevent me from going to it. It is a relic I have given you, and I must be allowed to venerate it." Covered with her veil, and preceded by the nuns, singing the De Profundis, she approached the tribune where the heart of her beloved was enshrined in a gold and varnished vase. She clasped her hands, knelt, and kissed the urn across the black crape that covered it. After a silent prayer she rose, sprinkled it with holy water, and turned as if about to retire, but before she had made four steps she fell into a fainting fit, which caused us some fears for her life. She returned to St. Germain that evening.

We have seen this with our own eyes, adds the nun. Our Mother and all the community judged it proper that an exact and faithful narrative of the whole should be made, to the end that it might be kept as a perpetual memorial in our archives, and for those who may come after us.

A little distance from the palace of St. Germain stood a chateau; it was embosomed in a flowery dell; the grounds which extended around it were cultivated with great care and taste, and the elegance of its interior was such as to betoken the possession of great wealth in its owners.

A lady about thirty years of age, but in the prime of woman's beauty, and dressed in the deepest mourning, is making her way through the valley to the chateau. Two lovely children—a boy of six years old, and a little golden-haired girl of three—hasten to meet her, accompanied by a person of middle age, who, from love of those children, has made herself their nurse. She is plain, very; not a soft line is there in her rugged features; and yet, in the eyes of those little ones, she is endowed with every perfection.

Now the beautiful lady has reached the chateau, and she winds her way, followed by her little ones, to a pleasant room, the windows of which overlook the palace of St. Germain, gilded by the beams of the setting sun.

A gentleman is standing at the window, buried in thought, and, touching him on the arm, she says:

"We have just brought her home; oh, she is very wretched," and her own tears fall fast as she speaks of the queen's visit to Chaelott.

Reader, the owner of the chateau is Sir Reginald Marshal St. John; the lady is Florence, his wife.

The children listen, and their eyes are full of tears. Ah, the good old king loved little children. They leave our old friend Grace, and run to their parents.

"When I am a man I will fight for our young king," said the boy, "as you did, papa, for good King James."

"Yes, my boy," replied the marshal, proudly patting the boy on the head, "and may God grant his son may be more fortunate than his father."

"And I, mamma, will be like you," lisped the tiny Mary Beatrice, clinging to her mother's dress, "will be maid of honor to his wife!"

And if our tale of Florence please our readers, hereafter we may tell of the fortunes of her descendants under the last of the Stuart race, gallant Prince Charlie.

[THE END.]

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE

"The Catholic Church the Salvation of Society."

(From the New York Irish American.)

Annexed we give a full report of the beautiful lecture delivered, on the above subject, by the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O.S.D., in the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Brooklyn. The Very Rev. gentleman spoke as follows:—

My Friends: The subject which, as you know, has been announced to you, and which I purpose to treat before you this evening, is the proposition that "The Catholic Church is the Salvation of Society." Perhaps there are some amongst you who think I am an unwarranted courageous man to make so wild and so rash an assertion. But it must be acknowledged, indeed, that, for the past eighteen hundred years that the Catholic Church has existed, Society has always and around to get away from her grasp and to live without her. People who admit the action of the Church, who allow it to influence their history, who let it influence their lives—if they rise to the height of their Christian elevation, if they conform themselves to the teachings of what is true, if they avail themselves of the graces of the Church—they are very often scolded at and called a priest-ridden and besotted people. Now—a-days, it is the fashion to look upon that man as the best of his class who has succeeded the most completely in emancipating himself from every control of religion, or of the Catholic Church. In one sense, it is a great advantage to a man to have no religion,—to shake off the influence of the Church. Such a man remains without much mind. He saves himself from those moments of weakness and remorse that come to most men until they completely lose all reverence for God; and the consequence is that, if he is a sinner, and in the way of sin, he enjoys it all the more; and he can make the more use of his time in every pathway of iniquity, until he has no obstacles of conscience or of religion to fetter him. So far, it is an advantage to be without religion. The robber, for instance, can rob more confidently if he can manage to forget that there is a God above him. The murderer can wash his hands, no matter how deeply he stains them,—if there is no condemning record, no accusing voice, no ear to hear the voice of the blood that cries out against him for satisfaction. He can pursue his misdeeds all the more at his own ease. And, so, for this, amongst many other reasons, the world is constantly trying to emancipate itself from the dominion of God, and from the control of the Church—the messenger of the Saviour of the world. It would seem, therefore, at first sight, rather a hazardous thing to stand up in the face of the world, and in the face of Society—to-day—this boasted society—and say to them: "You cannot live,—you cannot get on without the Catholic Church! She can do without you! A cotter here! A tithing there! A Nation elsewhere! A race beyond! She can do without you. But you, at your peril, must let her in, because you cannot do without her!" Now, this is the pith and substance of all that I intend to say to you here-to-night: but not to say it without proof; for I do not ask any man here to accept one iota of what I say, on my mere assertion, until I have proved it.

My proposition, as you perceive, is that the Catholic Church is the salvation of society—and it involves three distinct propositions, although it may

appear to you to be only one. First, it involves the proposition that society requires to be saved, and then that it requires something for its salvation. Then, it involves the proposition that the Catholic Church, so far, has been the salvation of the world in time past;—out of which grows the third proposition; consequently, she is necessary to the world in all future times; and it is her destiny to be, in time to come what she has been in times past—the salvation of society. These are three distinct propositions.

The man who admires this century of ours and who serenely glories in it—who calls it "the Age of Progress"—the "Age of Enlightenment"—who speaks of his own land,—be it Ireland or America, or Italy or France,—as a country of enlightenment, and its people as an enlightened people,—this man stands amazed when I say to him that this boasted society requires salvation. "Somebody or other must save it. For, consider what it has done? What has it produced without the saving influence of the Catholic Church? We may analyze society, as I intend to view it, from an intellectual standpoint. Then we shall see the society of learning,—the society of art and of literature. Or we may view it from a moral standpoint,—that is to say, in the government of the world, and how the heels of society work in this boasted progress of ours,—emancipated from the Catholic Church, as this society has been mainly for the last three hundred years; in some countries, more, in some countries, less, in some countries, entirely. Now, I ask you, what has this society produced, intellectually, morally, politically? Intellectually, it has produced a philosophy that asks us, at this hour of the day, to believe in ghosts. The last climax of the philosophy of this nineteenth century of ours is "Spiritualism," of which you have all heard. The philosopher of to-day, unlike even the philosopher of the Pagan times of old, does not direct his studies, nor the labors of his mind, to the investigation of the truth and of the development of the hidden secrets of nature,—of the harmonies of the soul of man,—of the wants of the spirit of man. To none of these does the philosopher of to-day direct his attention. But this man,—this leader of mind in society,—gets a lot of his friends round a table; and there they sit and listen until "the spirits" begin to knock: that is the pith and substance of his philosophy. Another man—one of another great school, and, indeed, these two schools may be said to have divided the philosophical empire of our age,—this disciple of another school that sends up its telegrams into our churches and pulpits, says: "Oh, man! man of the children of men,—since thou hast received a commission to sound the Scriptures—to mend the "Word of God" as it is called,—believe me when I tell you that our common ancestor was an ape—and that it was by the merest accident,—the accident of progression; eating a certain kind of food; keeping certain hours; endeavoring, by degrees, to walk erect instead of crawling on our hands and feet,—it was by the merest accident,—a congeries of accidental circumstances,—that we have not tails!" This is the philosophy of the nineteenth century. This is the intellectual grandeur and "Progress of the Age" that says: "I don't require salvation!"

The moral progress of this society, which has emancipated itself from the Catholic Church,—what is it? It has produced in this, our society, sins, of which, as a priest and a man, I am ashamed to speak. It has produced in this City of New York the terriblest itself to a crucified Lord,—that a woman, pretending to be modest, should have chosen Good Friday night to advocate impurity! Just as the intellectual development of our society, emancipated from the Church, has arrived at the glorious discovery of "Spiritualism," so the immoral development of this age of ours has arrived at the deep depth of "free love."

What is the political spirit of society, and the perfection to which it has attained since it has been emancipated from the Church? Why, it has produced the "politician" of our days. It has produced the ruler who imagines that he is set up, throughout all the nations, only to grasp,—justly, if he can, unjustly, if he has no other means,—every privilege of power and of absolutism. It has produced in the people an unwillingness to obey even just laws. I need not tell you; you have the evidence of your own senses; you have records of the daily actions of the world laid before you every morning. This is the issue of the dominant spirit of society, when society emancipates itself from the Church, and, by so doing, endeavors to shake off God. Now we come to the great question: *quis medicabit?* Who shall touch society with a scientific and healing hand? What virtue can we infuse into it? That must come, I assert, from God, and from Him alone, of whom the Scriptures say that "He makes a healthy people" (*facti populum sanabilem*); that He has made our nature so that, even in its worst infirmity, it is capable of cure. He came and found it in its worst infirmity; society rotten to its heart's core; and the interior rotteness—the obscurity of the intellect—the corruption of the heart—manifesting itself in the actions and sins of which St. Paul, the Apostle, says, "*Ne memorabimur in nobis*"—that they must not be even mentioned among Christian men.—Christ, the Son of God, because He was God,—equal to the Father,—giving Himself up to the mighty work of healing this society, came down from Heaven and cured it, when no other hand but His could have touched it with healing; when no other virtue or power save His could, at all, have given life to the dead world, purity to the corrupt world, light to the darkened intellect of man. From Him came life to the dead,—and that life was light to the darkened and strength to the weak,—because He was God.

Then the nations of Greece and Rome appeared in the strength of their power,—proud in their mental culture,—proud in the grandeur of their civilization,—and contemptuously put away and despised the message of the Divine Faith which was sent to them; and for three hundred long years persecuted the Church of God. This great instructor, who came to talk in a language that they knew not, and to teach them things that they never heard of,—both the things of Heaven and the things of earth—this great instructor, for three hundred years, lay hid in the caves and catacombs of the earth, afraid to show her face; for the whole world—all the power of Pagan Greece and Rome—was raised against her. There was blood upon her virgin face. There was blood upon her unspotted hands—the blood of the innocent and of the pure; and all the world knew of Christianity was the strong testimony which, from time to time, was given of it, by youth and maiden, in the arena of Rome, or in the amphitheatres of Antioch or of Corinth. Then, in punishment for their pride,—as an act of vengeance upon them for their rejection of His gospel—the Almighty God resolved to break up their ancient civilization; to sweep away their powers; to bring the hordes of barbarous nations from the North of Europe into the very heart of Rome, the centre of the world's empire, and to crush and destroy it with fire and sword, and utterly to break up all that society which was formed, of old, upon the literature and the philosophy of Greece, and of Rome. Consequently, we behold, in the fifth century, all the ancient civilization completely destroyed, and the world reduced again almost to the chaos of barbarism from which the Pagans of old had withdrawn it. Arts and sciences perished, when the Goth and Vandal, Visigoth, and Ostrogoth, and Hun swept down, fury in their eyes, swords in their hands,—swept down with naked bodies, barbarous language and fierce determination, like a swarm of locusts, over the old Roman Empire, and all the lands subject to Roman sway. A man who called himself the "Scourge of God," Alaric, was at the head of his Visigoths. He was swooping over Rome. He was asked to spare the city out of respect to the civilization of the world and the

tombs of the Apostles! "I cannot withhold," exclaimed the Visigoth, "I cannot withhold. I hear within me a mysterious voice which says: 'Alaric! Alaric! On! on to Rome!' And so he came—and sacked the city, burned and destroyed its temples, and its palaces, and its libraries, and its glories of painting and sculpture—hurled them all into the dust! And the desolations spread world-wide wherever a vestige of ancient civilization was found, until, at the end of that fatal century, the Church of God found herself standing upon the ruins of a world that had passed away. Before her were the countless hordes of the savage children of the North, out of which rugged material it was her destiny and her office to form the society of modern times. Hard, indeed, was the task which she undertook—not only to evangelize them—to teach them the things of God, but, also to teach them the beauties of human art and human science—to soften them with the genial influences and the tender appliances of learning;—to gain their hearts and soften their souls, and mollify their manners and refine them by every human appliance as well as by every Divine influence. For this task did she gather herself up. She, in that day, collected with a careful and with a venerating hand all that remained out of the ruin of ancient literature, of ancient poetry, of ancient history, in the languages of Greece and of Rome. She gathered them lovingly and carefully to her bosom. She laid them up in her sacred recesses—in her cloisters. She applied, diligently, to the study of them, and to the diffusion of them, the minds of the holiest and best of her consecrated children; until, in a few years, all that the world had of refinement, of learning, of all that was refining and gentle, was all concentrated in the person of the lowly monk, who, full of the lore of Greece and Rome—full of the ancient learning as well as of that of the time,—an artist—a painter—a musician—a man of letters—and covering all with the humility of his profession, and hiding all in the cloister, yet treasured all up for the society that was to come after him, and for the honor and glory of God and of His Church. And so, by degrees, the Church was enabled to found schools—and, then, colleges,—and thence to form, gradually, universities,—and to thank for them and to ensure unto them civic and municipal rights, as we shall see further on.

By degrees she founded the great medieval universities, gathering together all those who wished to learn, and sending forth from her cloisters, her Benedictines, her Cistercians, her Dominicans, her Franciscans to teach philosophy and theology, whilst they illustrated the very highest art in the beauty of their paintings and the splendor which they threw around the Christian sciences. Universities were founded by her into which she gathered the youth of various nations; and then, sending them home, amongst their rude and rugged fellow-citizens, she spread gradually the flame of human knowledge, as well as the fire of Divine faith and sanctity; and thus, for many a long century, did the Church labor assiduously, lovingly, perseveringly, and so secured unto us whatever blessings of learning we possess to-day. It is worthy of remark that in this way she saved society for the time, by drawing forth its rude, chaotic elements, and by her patient action in creating the light of knowledge where the darkness of ignorance was before,—with patient and persevering effort bringing forth order out of disorder—until her influence over the world was like the word of God when, upon the first day of creation, He made all things, and made them to exist where nothing but void and darkness was before. Nor can the history of by-gone times be disputed in this: nor can any man allege that I am claiming too much for the Catholic Church when I say that she alone has preserved to us all the splendor of the Pagan literature of the ancient times,—all the arts and sciences; that she alone has founded the great schools and universities of Christendom, and of the civilized world—even in Protestant countries to-day;—may, more, that nearly all the great scholars who shone as stars in the firmament of learning were her children,—either consecrated to her in the priesthood, or attached to her by the strongest and the tenderest bonds of faith. Let my word in this matter be considered exaggerated, let me read for you a passage which this very day struck me—the testimony of a Protestant writer—to what I say. He says to us:

"If the Catholic Church had done nothing more than to preserve for us, by painful solicitude and unrewarded toil, the precepts and intellectual treasures of Greece and Rome, she would have been entitled to our everlasting gratitude. But her hierarchy did not merely preserve these treasures. They taught the modern world how to use them. We can never forget that at least nine out of every ten of all the great colleges and universities in Christendom were founded by monks or priests, bishops or archbishops. This is true of the most famous institutions in Protestant as well as in Catholic countries. And equally undeniable is the fact that the greatest discoveries in the sciences and in the arts (with the sole exception of Sir Isaac Newton) have been made either by Catholics or by those who were educated by them. Our readers know that Copernicus, the author of our present system of astronomy, lived and died a poor parish priest, in an obscure village; and Galileo lived and died a Catholic. The great Kepler, although a Protestant himself, always acknowledged that he received the most valuable part of his education from the monks and priests. It were easy to add to these illustrious names many equally renowned in other departments of science, as well as literature and the arts, including those of statesmen, orators, historians, poets and artists."

This is the testimony of a Protestant writer, confirmed by the voice of history, to which I fearlessly appeal, when I lay down the proposition that if intellectual darkness—if the barbarism of ignorance be a disease in society, then history proves that the Catholic Church has been the salvation of society in the cure of that disease. I might go deeper here. I might show you here in the beautiful reasoning of the great St. Thomas Aquinas how, in the Catholic Church alone, is the solid basis of all intellectual knowledge. "For," observes the saint, "every science, no matter how different it may be from others,—every science rests upon certain principles that are taken for granted—certain axioms that are accepted, without being proved—taken upon authority—taken upon the light of reasoning—believing in the reasoning itself, upon the recognition of that knowledge. Now," he goes on to say, "the principle of acknowledged certainty of some kind or other lies at the base and at the foundation of every science, and of every form of intellectual power." But, in the sciences and in the intellectual world, we find the same order, the same exquisite harmony, which, in the works of God, we find in the material and physical creation. The principle, therefore, of all the arts and sciences, each with its respective power, is that all go up in regular order from the lowest form of art to the highest of human sciences,—astronomy,—until they touch divine theology, which teaches of God and of the things of God.—Upon the certainty of that First Science depends the very idea of "certainty," upon which every other science is based. And, therefore, the key-note of all knowledge is found in the science of divine theology, which teaches of God. Now, outside of the Catholic Church there is no theology—as a science; because science involves certain knowledge—and there is no certain knowledge of divine things outside the Catholic Church. There is no certain knowledge of divine things where truth is said to be in the inquiry after truth, as in Protestantism, where religion is reduced from the principle of immutable faith to the mere result of reasoning, amounting to a strong opinion. There is no certainty, therefore, outside of that Church that speaks of God in the very language of God; that gives a message sent from the

very lips of God; that puts that message into the God-like form of immutable dogma before the mind of His children, and so starts them in the pursuit of all human knowledge, with the certain light of divinely revealed truth, and with the principle of certain, deeply-seated certitude in their minds.

Now, we pass from the intellectual view of society to the moral view of it. In order to understand the action of the Church here, as the sole salvation of society, I must ask you to consider the dangers which threaten society in its moral aspect. These dangers are the following:—First of all, the liberalism, the instability, the inconsistency and the impurity of man. Secondly, the absence of the element of holiness and sanctity in the education of childhood. Thirdly, the sense of irresponsibility, or a personal liberty which not only passes us over from under the control of law, but cuts off our communication with God, and makes us forget that we are responsible to God for every action of our lives; and so, gradually, brings a man to believe that Liberty and Freedom means licentiousness and impurity. These I hold to be the three great evils that threaten society. The inconsistency of man—for man is fickle in his friendship, is unstable in his love, inconstant in his affections, subject to a thousand passing sensations,—his soul laid open to appeals from every pulse and every sense of his for ever palpitating with a quick response, telling the eye to look with pleasure upon this object, as amusing; to the ear, telling it to drink in with pleasure such and such a sound of melody;—and so on.—Need I tell you, my friends, what your own heart has so often told you? How inconstant we are; how the thing that captivates us to-day, we will look coolly upon to-morrow, and the next day, perhaps, with eyes of disgust? Need I tell you how fickle is that love, that friendship of the human heart, against which, and its inconstancy, the Holy Ghost seems to warn us, "Put not thy trust in Princes, nor in the children of men, in whom there is no salvation." To guard against this inconstancy it is necessary to call in divine grace and help from Heaven. For it is a question of confirming the heart of man in the steadiness, in the unchangeableness, and in the purity of the love that is to last all his life long. Therefore it is that the Catholic Church sanctifies the solemn contract by which man promises to his fellow-creature that he will love her; that he will never allow that love for her to grow cold in his bosom; that he will never allow even a thought of any other love than hers to cross his pure imagination of his pure soul; that he will love her in the days of her old age as he loves her, to-day, in the freshness of her beauty, as she stands by his side before the altar of God, and puts her virgin hand into his. And she swears to him a corresponding love. But, ah! who can assure to her that the heart which promises to be hers to-day—who can insure to her that the love, ever inconstant in its own nature, and acted upon by a thousand influences—is not calculated, first to deceive, then to alienate, then to destroy? How can she have the courage to believe that the word that passed from that man's lips, at that altar, shall never be regretted—never be repeated? I answer, the Catholic Church comes in and calls down a special sacramental grace from Heaven; lets in the very body of the Saviour, in its sacramental form, to touch these two hearts, and, by purifying them, to elevate their affection into something more than gross love of sense, and to shed upon those two hearts, thus united, the rays of divine grace, to tinge their lives somewhat with the light of ineffable love that binds the Lord to His Church. And so, in that sacrament of Matrimony, the Church provides a divine remedy for the inconstancy of the heart of man; and she also provides a sanctifying influence which, lying at the very fountain-head, and source, and spring of our nature, sanctifies the whole stream of society that flows from the sacramental and sanctifying love of Christian marriage. Do you not know that this society, in separating itself from the Church, has literally destroyed itself? If Protestantism, or Unitarianism, or any other form of error did nothing else than simply to remove from the sacrament of Matrimony its sacramental character—its sanctifying character,—by that very act, that error of religious unbelief, it destroys society. The man who destroys, in the least degree, the firmness of the bond that can never be broken, because it is bound by the hand of God, and sealed with the sacramental seal,—the man that touches that bond, the man that takes from that sacrament one single iota of its grace, makes himself thereby the enemy of society, and pollutes the very fountain-head from which the stream of our life comes. When, as the prophet of old, came into the city of Jericho, they showed him the stream that ran by the city walls; and they told him: "Now, here is a stream of water; whoever drinks of that water dies; our people are dying either of thirst or of the poisoned waters." He did not attempt to heal the stream as it flowed thereby; but he took to himself salt, and he blessed that salt, and he said to the people,—"Bring me to the fountain out of which this river cometh." And they brought him up into the mountain; and there they showed him the fountain-head of the stream, "Here," he says, "here must we head it." He put the blessed salt into the fountain, the spring from which the stream came, and he said: "Now, I have healed these waters, and there shall be no more death in them." Thus, he purified the fountain-head of the spring of waters of Jericho. Such is the sacrament of marriage to human society. The future of the world, the moral future of mankind—of the rising generations, all depend upon the purity and the sanctity of the matrimonial tie. Therefore does the Church of God throw, as it were, her sacramental salt into the fountain-head of our nature, and so sanctifies the humanity that springs from its source.

The next great moral influence of society which requires the Church's action, is Education. "The child," as you know, "is father to the man"; and what the child is to-day, the man will be in twenty or thirty years time. Now, the young soul of the child is like the earth in the growing season. It is the time of sowing, and of planting. Whatever is put into that young heart in the early days of childhood, will bring up, in the summer of manhood, and in the autumn of old age, its crop, either of good or of evil. And, therefore, it is the most important time of life. The future of the world depends upon the sanctity of education. Now, in order that education may be bad, it is not necessary, my friends, to teach the child anything bad. In order to make education bad it is quite enough to neglect the element of sanctity and of religion. It is quite enough to neglect the religious portion of the education. By that very defect the education becomes bad. And why? Because such is our nature, such the infirmity of our fallen state,—such is the atmosphere of the scenes in which we live in this world,—such the power of the infernal agencies that are busily at work for our destruction, that, educate the child as carefully as you may, surround him with the holiest influences, fill him with the choicest graces, you still run great risks that, some day or other, the serpent of sin will gain an entrance into that young soul, in spite of you. How much more if that young heart be not replenished with divine grace! How much more if that young soul be not fenced round by a thousand appliances and a thousand defences against its enemies! And thus do we see that the principle of bad education is established the moment the strong religious element is removed. Hence it is that, out of the sanctity of marriage springs the sanctity of education in the Catholic Church. And why? Because the Church of God proclaims that the marriage bond no man can dissolve; that that marriage bond, so long as death does not come in to separate the man and wife,—that that marriage bond is the one contract which no power on this earth can dissolve. Consequently, the Catholic woman married

to the Catholic man knows that the moment their lips mutually pronounce their marriage vows, her position is defined and established for evermore; that no one can put her down from the holy eminence of wife, or of mother, and that the throne which she occupies in the household, she never can live to see occupied by another; that her children are assured to her; and that she is left in her undisputed empire and control over them. She knows that—no matter how the world may prosper or otherwise with her—that she is sure, at least, of her position as a wife, and of her claims to her husband's love, and of the allegiance of his worship. She knows that even though she may have wedded him in the days of poverty, and that should he rise to some great and successful position,—even if he became an emperor,—she must rise with him, and that he can never discard her; and consequently she feels that her children are her own, for ever. Now, the element of sanctity in the family, even when the husband is a good man,—even when he is a sacrament-going man, as every Catholic man ought to be,—yet the element of sanctity in the family, and for the family, lies with the woman. It is the duty of the mother. She has the children under her eye and under her care the whole of her life. She has the formation of them—of their character—of their sentiments, thoughts, and works, either for good or evil. The seed to be planted—the formation of the soul,—is in the mother's hands; and therefore it is that the character of the child mainly depends on the formation which the mother gives it. The father is engaged in his office, in keeping his business, or at his work all the day long. His example, whether for good or bad, is not consequently before the eyes—the observant eyes of the child, as is the example of the mother; and it is of vital importance that that mother should blend in herself all that is pure, holy, tender and loving and that she be assured of the sanctity of her position, of which the Church assures her by the indissoluble nature of the marriage tie.

Again, the Church of God follows the child into the school and she puts before the young eye, even before reason has opened,—she puts before the young sense the sight of things that will familiarize the mind of the child with Heaven and with heavenly thoughts. She goes before the world, anticipates reason, and tries to get the start of that "mystery of iniquity" which, sooner or later, lying in the world, shall be revealed to the eye and the soul of this young child. Hence it is that in her system of education she endeavors to mix up sacramental graces, lessons of good, pictures of divine things, holy statues, little prayers, singing of hymns,—all these religious appliances,—and endeavors to mingle them all constantly and largely with every element of human education, that the heart may be formed as well as the mind, and that the will may be strengthened as well as the intellect and the soul of man. If, then, the evil of a bad education be one of the evils of society, I hold that the Church of God, in her scheme and plan of education, proves that she is the salvation of society by touching that evil with a healing hand.

The next great evil affecting the morals of society is the sense of irresponsibility. A man outside of the Catholic Church is never expected to call himself to account for his actions. If he speaks evil words, if he thinks evil thoughts, if he does wrong things, the most that he aspires to is a momentary thought of God. Perhaps he forms a kind of resolution not to do these things any more. But there is no excruciating self-examination; there is no humiliating confession; there is no care or thought upon matters of sorrow; there is no painstaking to acquire a firm resolution; there are none of the restraints against a return to sin with which the sacramental agencies of the Catholic Church, especially through the sacrament of penance, have made us all familiar. The Catholic man feels that the eye of God is upon him. He is told that every time the Catholic Church warns him to prepare for confession. He is told that every time his eyes, wandering through the church, rest upon the confessionals. He is told that every time he sees the priest standing there, with his stole on, and the penitent going in with tearful eyes, and coming forth with eyes beaming with joy and with the delight of forgiveness. He is told this in a thousand ways; and it is brought home to him by the precepts and sacraments of the Church at stated times in the year. The consequence is that he is made to believe that he is responsible to Almighty God; and therefore this obligation, creating a sense of responsibility, arises, and excites this watchfulness of his own conscience. The man who feels that the eye of God is upon him will also feel that the eye of his own conscience is upon him. For watchfulness begets watchfulness. If the master is looking on whilst a servant is doing anything, the servant will endeavor to do it well, and he will keep his eye upon the master whilst the master is present. So a soldier, when he is ordered to charge, turns his look upon his superior officer, whilst he dashes into the midst of the foe. And so it is with us. Conscience is created; conscience is fostered and cherished in the soul by a sense of responsibility which Almighty God gives us through the Church and through her sacraments. What follows from this? It follows that the Catholic man, although in conscious freedom, is conscious that he must always exercise that freedom under the eye of God and under the dominion of His law; so that in him, even although he be a sinner for a time, the sense of freedom never degenerates into positive recklessness or license.

Finally,—in the political view of society,—the dangers that threaten the world from this aspect, are, first of all,—absolutism, and injustice, and oppression in rulers; and secondly, a spirit of rebellion, even against just and established government, amongst the governed. For, the well-ordering of society lies in this: That he who governs respects those whom he governs; and that those who are governed by him recognize in him only the authority that comes to him from God. I say from God. I do not wish here, or now, to enter into the question as to the source of power, and how far the popular element may or may not be that source; but I do say that, where the power exists,—even where the ruler is chosen by the people,—that he exercises that power then as an official of the Almighty God, to whom belongs the government of the whole system which He has created. If that ruler abuses his power,—abuses it excessively,—if he despises those whom he governs,—if he has not respect for their rights, their privileges and their consciences,—then the balance of power is lost, and the great evil of political society is inaugurated. If, on the other hand, the people,—fickle and inconstant,—do not recognize any sacredness at all in their ruler; if they do not recognize the principle of obedience to law as a divine principle,—as a necessary principle, without which the world cannot live; if they think that amongst the rights of man—of individual man—is the right to rise in rebellion against authority and law,—the second great evil of political society is developed, and the whole machinery of the world's government is broken to pieces. What is necessary to remedy this? A power—mark my words—a power recognized to be greater than that of the people or than that of the people's government. A power, wielded not only over the subject, but over the monarch. A power, appealing with equal force and equal authority to him who is upon the throne, to him who is at the head of armies and empires, and to the meanest and the poorest and the lowest of his subject. What power has that been in history? Look back for eighteen hundred years. What power is it that has been exercised over Baron and Chieftain, King and Ruler, no matter how dark the times,—no matter