

and it was sufficient to gaze in the countenance, or even on the mingling air of the cavalier, to discover that he by no means underrated these advantages. His garb was of carnation colored velvet, puffed with silver tissue, immense roses decorated his shoes, and his light brown hair redolent with perfume, was carefully trained into curls that fell even below his lace ruff. He advanced towards Lucy with a sliding affected kind of step, that spoke as plain even as words, could speak his already formed opinion of her utter inability to resist the galaxy of perfections that were concentrated in his own proper person. Perceiving the condition of Euphrasia, who, scarce recovered from her nervous prostration, still reclined upon the couch, he said with some asperity both of look and tone:

"Did Gilbert fail to deliver to you my strict commands; weak and foolish woman, you do but destroy yourself, these struggles with your doom are vain. Speak, Euphrasia, of what is it that you complain? That humanity which induced me to save you from your contemplated fate, has it failed to accede to all your reasonable wishes since you dwell here? Have I not a right to expect that even for the sake of gratitude you should console yourself?"

"Aye, you indeed, poor vain butterfly, driven by bad precept and example upon deeds not consonant to thy nature!" said Euphrasia, rising, "you indeed might claim my gratitude, but gratitude is a noble feeling, one that belongs to that class of emotions which the world calls virtuous, and you know it is long since I had ought to do with virtue; why then should you expect me to be grateful—gratitude from me! that were indeed to gather grapes from thorns!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

REV. FATHER T. N. BURKE.

"The Work of Christian Reparation."

This address was delivered by Father T. N. Burke, O. P., in Cork, at the Retreat to the young men of that city:

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

"I have said, you are gods: all of you sons of the Most High."

These words, dearly beloved brethren, are taken from the Book of Psalms. These words, come to us from the mind and the heart of God. They are essential and eternal truth. Heaven and earth may pass away, but these words of God can never pass away; and they are addressed to every man who has faith, and hope, and love in Jesus Christ. Take them, therefore, beloved as if they were spoken individually to each and every man amongst you. Take them as if you heard them, not from the lips of man; for, although they are spoken to you tonight by the lips of man, they are not the less the words of God. Take them as if an archangel of God—as if Our Divine Lord Himself standing before each and every man of you, alone in the solitude of His chamber, and with that voice of archangel or of God Himself, said to each and every man of you:—"I have said—and I am God—I have said thou art a god; thou art a son of the Most High." My brothers, if it were given to you or to me to hear these words from some Divine messenger—if, when we kneel at our morning or evening prayer, or whilst we were alone in the workshop, or in the office, or out taking an evening walk—if an archangel of God flashed into our presence, as Gabriel came into the presence of Mary, and if he said:—"Oh, man, I bear to thee a message from the lips of God. Thou art a god! Thou art a son of the Most High!" Oh, with what ineffable humility, and what unspeakable gladness and gratitude would we kneel before the heavenly messenger to acknowledge the glory and the dignity which he proclaimed to be ours. I say to you, this evening, to each and every man amongst you the words are not mine; they are the words of God; they are the very breathing of the Holy Ghost, and I only repeat them—"I have said, you are gods; all of you sons of the Most High." What have you come here for, this evening? What has brought you together—this glorious assemblage of mankind? What secret attraction has led you into the presence of Jesus Christ our God? It is for the purpose of beginning the exercise of a religious retreat—it is to hear what you are, what are the designs of the God who made you, and by what means you are to fulfil the grand purpose, for which God has created you. It is to resolve, with the blessing of God, to rise in thought, in hope, in desire, aye and in the very practice of life, to all that God intends you to be. My dear brothers, is it not this has brought you together this evening? I have summed it all up when I have said to you:—"You are gods; for you are sons of the Most High."

Reflect—and I think it is necessary to put it before you in the very opening of our Retreat—reflect, oh, my dear brothers, oh my fellow-men, that all the injuries insults and outrages that the Son of God received, from the day that He was born in Bethlehem, unto the day that He was buried in the tomb at Gethsemani, He received from the hands of men. No woman ever raised hand or voice against Jesus Christ. The Virgin's child, born of the purest, the holiest and most perfect of all creatures in heaven or on earth—Mary the Virgin Mother—He received from her nothing but service the most loving that ever was rendered by a creature to God, and adoration the most perfect. The tradition of Mary's devotion and of Mary's love seems to have been taken up by the womanhood of the world, for nowhere do we read in the Gospel that God was ever outraged by a woman. Even during His Passion, whilst He toiled laboriously up the rugged sides of Calvary bending under the weight of His Cross, women were there, but they went over our Divine Lord, and they offered Him the tribute of their womanly sympathy and great love; so that He paused, even in that most painful journey, to say to them, "Weep not for me, oh daughters of Jerusalem; but weep for yourselves and for your children." When His very apostles abandoned Him, and none remained but the solitary John, there was standing by the side of the cross of Jesus, Mary His mother, Mary of Cleophas, the mother of Salome, and Mary the Magdalen. They were not ashamed of Him; they were not afraid to be known as His followers and His disciples. When He was buried in the tomb, and all His apostles had separated and scattered themselves for fear one fearless woman remained there weeping, in spite of all those who reviled and scoffed, at her in her sorrow; Magdalen remained weeping and saying:—"Where is my Lord? Where is he gone? Where have you taken Him, that I may go and find Him?" Oh, my fellow-men, it was from our sex our Lord received all His injuries. It was a man who betrayed Him, it was a man who denied Him, it was men that scorned Him, it was the hand of a

man that planted the thorns upon His brow, it was the hand of a man that struck the nails into His hands and feet, it was a man that pierced His dead heart upon the cross with a lance; it was men that maligned Him in life, that mocked Him in death, and that sought to dishonour Him even when He was laid in the tomb. Therefore, I conclude my brothers, I think you will agree with me, that the work of Reparation to Our Divine Lord belongs to us, men—that to us pre-eminently belongs the work of making some reparation, some satisfaction to the Man-God, Jesus Christ, whom our sex so reviled and abused upon earth.

And it would seem as if Christ our Lord Himself intended that the work of reparation should belong pre-eminently to men. It was the very sex that dishonoured and outraged Him that He most raised and crowned with honour and glory. It was to men that He said, "Upon thee will I build my Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it;" and it was to a man He said: "To thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, and whatever you loose upon earth shall be loosed also in Heaven." It was to man that God entrusted His own most precious Mother when, dying, he said to John, "Take my Mother she is thy Mother;" while to the woman he said, "Behold thy son." The work of Reparation belongs to those who most grievously outraged the Son of God. That work is ours; and if we had no other motive under heaven for devoting ourselves, heart and soul and body, to the service of Our Divine Lord who came down from heaven to redeem us, it would be a sufficient motive for us to think that men were the enemies and crucifiers of Jesus Christ.

Well, that work of Reparation, of love, was committed to the manhood of Christianity. Christ our Lord found us debased, degraded, dishonoured. Our crimes were such that the Apostle St. Paul says, "I will not describe, for I dare not mention them to Christian ears." He tells us that the very laws of nature were broken and trampled upon by manhood from the beginning of the world. But Christ the Son of God coming down from Heaven in all the fullness of His divinity, in the infinite sanctity of His Godhead, became man, and became man so that he was really and truly man as he was really and truly God. As the Redeemer of the world He owed as much to Mary, His human Mother, as He owed to the Eternal Father of Whom He was begotten not made, uncreated from all eternity. Truly man He took our humanity into His own Divine person—He assumed it into His Godhead—He made it a portion of Himself, and, thus honoring and raising up that degraded, that fallen, debased manhood of Christendom to come to the great work of Divine Reparation. This work, dearly beloved, was first entrusted to the Eastern Church. For a time they understood the mission, and the manhood of early Christianity of Asia rose to the grandeur of the magnificent work which God had designed for them. Oh, how magnificently they attested their estimation of Jesus Christ, how grandly they proved their love for Him! when armies of martyrs went forth to shed their blood in the confession of His Divinity—when the manhood of Asia assembled at Ephesus in the seventh century, and proclaimed aloud that Mary the mother of our Divine Lord was the very mother of God! But they forgot their dignity, they forgot their mission, the glorious work of reparation passed from the East to the West, and the manhood of Europe was called upon to bear testimony to Jesus Christ. Well and nobly did they also accomplish their task for many an age. We behold in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, two hundred thousand mailed warriors go forth from England, from France, from Germany, from Spain and from Italy, to do battle during those glorious Crusades for the empty tomb in which the Saviour was laid, and for the holy place of His Nativity; they knew how to shed their blood for their God, and immense reparation was offered to the outraged Redeemer by the manhood of Western Christendom. But, dearly beloved, they also, like the men of the East, have forgotten their glory—they have let their grand mission go out of their hands. No longer does the manhood of the Western world rise up and proclaim the eternal Divinity, the infinite glory of Jesus Christ, the first of men. Their voices are silent, their national action is paralysed, their power is gone from them.

But amidst these western nations there was one lonely island, far out in the ocean waves, but little known to the rest of the world, known to them only as they knew the sun in the heavens, and they knew nothing of him but that he illumined the whole earth and warmed it with his rays. So the rest of the world seems to have known but little of that western Island except this—that it was the home of Divine Light, that it was the sun of the nation, that it sent forth its missionaries, its scholars, its saints and apostles to the end of the earth—that it shed forth a light of divine knowledge and sanctity upon all the nations around. Ireland! Ireland! the most ancient of them all—Ireland that from the first days of Christianity kept the pure light of Faith—Ireland that for 1500 years has borne one glorious, faithful, united testimony to God and His Christ. Ireland was known amongst the nations only as the mother of saints—the island-home of saints—an island home from whose cloisters and monasteries wonderful men went forth, astonishing the nations by their learning, dazzling them by the splendor of their sanctity. A portent, a wonderful thing amongst the nations of the earth, all they knew of her was—every man that came from her, and every man she sent forth from her prolific bosom was a preacher and a living representative of the Son of God amongst men. The manhood of Ireland got their mission. Well and nobly did they respond to it. The manhood of Ireland took hold of the Cross, and they vowed a vow at the very feet of their Apostle, that the Cross of Christ, their Redeemer, should be their crown and glory, for all the ages of their existence. They were to uphold it at home and abroad—they would live beneath it, live beneath the consolatory shadow of the roof upon which their Redeemer was outspread in crucifixion for the salvation of men—they would make His life their life, they would reconcile all their sorrows and sufferings to His—they would live and stand by Him, and if necessary would die for Him. And, oh blessed be Thy name, O Eternal Son of God! O Thou God of strong and immortal love! Your presence here this evening, my presence in this old, time-honored habit, proclaims to earth, to heaven, to hell, that the manhood of Ireland has never forgotten its sacred work of reparation, that that manhood of Ireland stands to-day, as our fathers, before us in many a dark day of suffering and sorrow stood and flinched not, by the rood, by the Cross of Jesus Christ, prepared to look upon Him, prepared to study Him, anxious to know Him, eager to love Him, and whose highest ambition was to put Him into their lives, to make themselves conformable to Him, in order that the words of our text might be fulfilled—"I have said, you are gods, all of you sons of the Most High."

It is for this you have come together to-night, it is for this I have come amongst you, an Irishman among Irishmen, and a Catholic priest among his brethren of the household of Faith. It was for this that I hastened to come among you eager to find myself in the midst of you, and at this moment weighed down and crushed in spirit to the very earth, by the sense of my own unworthiness to speak such words as I come to speak to such men as it is my privilege to address.

Dearest beloved, what is this work of reparation to which our God has called us, and how are we to accomplish it? This is what we have come here to learn. I answer, the work of reparation which we men are to make to our Divine Lord is pointed out to us in the very words in which the manhood of His time demanded His blood without pity. The Redeemer of the world was brought before the Ro-

man Governor, and he was accused falsely, and there were perjured witnesses there to swear away the life of Jesus Christ. Pilate, the Roman Governor, saw at once that our Divine Lord was an innocent man; he did not believe that He was, even a prophet of God, he barely looked on him as a man accused by his fellow men, and when he examined the charge he said, "That man is innocent." Then he spoke to the Jewish people, the manhood of Jerusalem; and he said: "This man you have brought to me is innocent, whom I cannot in truth or in justice sentence to death; if I do I shall be shedding innocent blood." They clamoured for the unjust judge to condemn our Lord, and he, to satisfy his own conscience by a faint pretext, caused water to be brought and he washed his hands, saying, "I wash my hands of the blood of this innocent man." Then the manhood of Jerusalem cried out, "His blood be upon us and upon our children, but let him be crucified!" Now I say to you the curse which the Jews invoked on themselves has been to us a blessing.

It is the prerogative of the Almighty God, because He is God, it is the great privilege and attribute of God, because of His sanctity and because of His power, to be able to change a curse into a blessing. There was never a curse invoked on this earth that the Almighty God did not turn into a blessing. The very first curse that God put upon man was this: "Thou shalt die the death." That curse was changed into a blessing by the death of Jesus Christ. God said to our mother Eve in the day of her sin: "In pain and in sorrow shalt thou bring forth thy children." It was a curse, I grant—yes a malediction from God upon woman, yet it contained a hidden blessing. To Mary standing at the foot of the cross, at the very moment when the seven swords of sorrow had pierced her heart, at the very moment when her pains were multiplied beyond human comprehension, at the very moment when the words of the prophet were fulfilled in her who said, "To what shall I compare, O Virgin daughter of Sion, to what shall I liken thee? for great as the ocean is thy sorrow"—at that very moment our Lord commanded her to be the mother of all men, when he said to her, "Woman, behold thy Son;" and in the person of John He made us all His spiritual children. So that when we contemplate that most fearful of imprecations—when they called down on their heads the very blood of their Redeemer, the very blood of their God for they said: "If we are shedding that blood unjustly, let that blood accuse us—let that blood be as a mountain of malediction upon our heads"—in that curse we find the most sublime of all blessings, the grandest of all mysteries, the secret of all Christian sanctity.

Is there a man amongst you that can afford to contradict these words? Is there a man that can afford to say "No; let His blood be not upon me; I will not have it?" Is there a man amongst you that would refuse to take a share in that mighty blessing? What would become of us if that rain of Divine Mercy in the blood of the Redeemer did not fall and touch everyone of us? "The blood," says St. John, "of Jesus Christ the Son of God, cleanses us from all sin. Without that blood there is no redemption." If the blood of the Redeemer were not mystically tinged the sacred font of regeneration, what power would there be to wipe away the sinner's guilt? Does not the blood fall upon our souls in the holy Sacrament of Penance, that fountain of Divine mercy, that Bethesda of God, ever moving in the Church? Does not the love of God flow in the body and blood of Jesus Christ, Whom we receive in the Holy Communion? Does not the blood of God sanctify the lives on which it touches? Does it not sanctify the heart with which it is joined? Does it not sanctify even the very blood of our bodies when we receive it?

Behold the work of reparation! It is our duty as men, as Christian men, to stand before our Divine Redeemer, and say, "Lord, the Jews cried out, 'let Thy blood be upon us and upon our children, but be Thou crucified;' I say to Thee, O Lord, Thy blood be upon me, but thou be glorified for ever." Sacramental lives, lives of purity guided by the light of faith, cheered on by the beam of hope, strengthened and impelled upon the royal road by the vigor of charity—lives clinging to the cross, lives sanctified by the sprinkling of the blood of the Lamb of God as the houses of the Jews were sanctified by the blood of the paschal lamb; lives of penance, frequently feeding on the body and blood of the Lord in the Sacrament of the strong, the Holy Eucharist! In this, the sacramental life, shall we rise to the glory of our mission, to the grandeur of that reparation which God demands of every one of us. It is incumbent upon us more than upon any other manhood in the world, because the traditions of our faith come down to us with more sanctity, more suffering, and more of everything that makes faith pure, and grand, and holy, than the tradition of any other people upon whom the sun of God shines at this moment.

It is not so easy as we may think to make that glorious reparation; it is not so easy to preserve all the traditions of faith and sanctity that have come down to us; it requires great and constant grace from God and Divine mercy and powerful aid and help from the Lord, our God, to enable us to do this. When we look around us upon the manhood of the world, when we behold the cultivated intellect of this age of our's arrive as at the conclusion of all its philosophical knowledge, at the denial and repudiation of God; when we behold the novelists of the age arrive as at the conclusion of all their study, at the maxim that it is better to be a sinner than holy, that it is better to be unchaste than pure; when we behold the historians and the learned guides of our age, men of knowledge and intelligence, arriving at conclusions like that publicly propounded by one of the leading historians, with regard to this country—"If the Irish were not so chaste they would be a better people; they would be wealthier and stronger if they thought more of this world and less of offending God;" when we find that even when God has blessed a people with great power, when He has granted victory to their arms, when He has dispersed all their adversaries and scattered their enemies, that the people think their victory is not complete until they have crushed and broken down the Holy Church that Jesus Christ founded; when we see all this universal depravity, this perversion of literature, debasement of principle, repudiation of all international honor, rejection of family ties and piety; when we find the legislators of every kingdom in the world actively engaged in futile efforts to unbind that sacred bond of which Jesus Christ spoke when He said—"Those that God has joined together let no man put asunder"—when we see all this, we conclude that it is not so easy for a people to keep to God unless the Almighty God grants them a special grace.

The hour and the day are come when this powerful grace, this spiritual ambition, this clear promise and easy conditions on which our hope as Christians is built up, this cross of love upon which our charity is to be founded—the hour and the day has come, and the Almighty Himself is about to open his treasure in an especial manner and pour this grace upon you. Remember that this grace of God contains everything necessary for the most needy; for this conversion if he be a sinner, for his strength if he be weak, for his consolation if he be in sorrow, light in darkness, perseverance if he be wavering. All these graces the Almighty God gives in an especial manner during the days of a religious Retreat, such as this upon which you are now about to enter. At all times the hand of God is open, but at the time of Retreat it seems as if He opened both His hands, or rather as if He opened the treasury of Heaven, and poured out all its contents upon man. Behold now is the acceptable time—now is the day of salvation. Now is the time when at the early morning hour the word of God, the word of

which the Holy Ghost said, "The declaration of Thy Word, O God, gives light and gives intelligence," the word of God strengthened, faith, animating hope, unkindling charity, creating zeal, strengthening the weak, consoling the afflicted, encouraging the strong—when that word in the early morning will be spoken to you, then after the word spoken by the lips of man will follow the words of God incarnate on the altar. When at the close of the evening, after the sun has set, before the darkness of the night is incumbent upon the earth, once more the light of the word of God will arise, the Word which is made powerful even upon the lips of infants, which depends not upon him who speaks it, be he ever so unworthy, but the word which brings its power, its influence, its sanctifying grace from the God who spoke it first; then, perhaps, the hardest heart amongst you will be struck by the Word of God, as when Moses of old struck the rock, and the water poured forth from its adamantine bosom. So the word of God like a two-edged sword, will pierce the hardest heart amongst you, and from that salutary wound will come forth the tears which St. Augustine, the greatest of penitents, called "drops of blood from a bleeding heart;" until there comes upon you the grace of true sorrow, humble confession and sanctifying compunction; until you are enabled to approach with more than ordinary worthiness to the Table of the Lord. And then this Retreat will close, sending every man amongst you away, no longer alone, but with your Lord and Master in your bosom, there in your hearts to be cherished, adored, loved, preserved, that in His strength you may fight the battle of life, conquer the Angel of Death, and raise to the glory of an immortality in Heaven like to that of Jesus Christ.—Cork Examiner.

WHAT WAS IRELAND IN ITS GOLDEN AGE?

The religion of pagan Ireland, though natural, was sublime. It was a poetical pantheism. Its manners corresponded much with those of the earliest inhabitants of the globe as described in the Bible and the most authentic profane writers. From the annals of this people, it appears that the transmigration so common in Europe and Asia were unknown and disliked in Scotia. In fact, it appears that they loved ardently the streams, and the vales, and the hills, and the islets where their forefathers chanced to have settled. In the history of ancient Ireland there is no such account as the exodus of the Allobroges described by Caesar. In their wars, we recognise a fixed authority and an acknowledged generally spontaneous allegiance. They loved poetry, genealogy, tradition, religion, and race. Since the clouds of religious prejudice have begun to vanish, men are getting a clearer insight of this ancient people. It seems that they used clay, wickerwork, timber, and stone for their buildings. Hospitality was a marked characteristic of the Celtic people. But the most wonderful fact connected with the race is the alacrity with which it accepted Christianity in Greece and in Rome. Christianity was established by martyrs' blood and miracles. In the Roman Empire, Christianity expanded with the lapse of time. We do not wish to vouch for the accuracy of the miracles related in Colgan's "Vita Tripartita;" but the conversion of a race within the lifetime of one man, and the abiding persistency of that rare, though changeable so suddenly in so many things, are facts which seem humanly inexplicable. Without the shedding of blood, and without the lapse of ages, a change from heathenism to Christianity was wrought, at once marked and productive. With all their attachment to land, to race, to tradition, and to Druidism, the Celts suddenly became Christians. To Rome and France they are debtors for the knowledge of the Christian Revelation, and to Rome and France they have abundantly refunded the debt. The Celtic character was elevated by Christianity, and, although Christianity did not eliminate its shortcomings it was brightened, polished, and rendered more endearing. And this brightened, polished, and endearing Celtic character, beautified by Christianity, had a wonderful influence both in Ireland and abroad. There is something unaccountable in human affairs when one views the human race as a whole. One portion of mankind is submerged beneath desolation and affliction, while another rises in happiness and prosperity. There is a strange coincidence in the introduction of Christianity into Ireland before the middle of the fifth century and its acceptance by the Celtic race, with the fact that the Pelagic, Latin, and Grecian races were superseded by the Teutic, Slavonian, Scandinavian, and Teutonic tribes. While Genseric gave Rome to his Vandals to be plundered and destroyed through fourteen days, St. Patrick was converting Celts, ordaining priests, founding schools and monasteries and churches. While Christian rites and religion were trampled on by barbarian heathens, heathens were hurrying with avidity towards Christian rites and religion. While on the European continent princes were elevated to proud places, disowning the religion of Christ, and contemning literature, those that sat in the proud places of insulated Ierne were cementing the Christian literature in juxtaposition by a splendid saint of imperishable memory, St. Patrick. While the smoke of the Alexandrian library rose to heaven, as incense over a dead body, incense rose during Christian sacrifices among a people whom the nations of those times fancied to be the last that saw the setting sun. While the universities, temples, sciences, and civilization of the nations bordering on the Central Sea were vanishing away, Christian universities, Christian temples, Christian sciences, Christian civilization, were in the ascendancy among a race that was deemed to inhabit the extremity of the earth. While Christianity was splintering away into sects and schisms among the converted Gentile Greeks and Romans, Christianity fixedly and indelibly arose among the Celts. On the continent of Europe great universities had been few, and had been distant from one another by hundreds of miles; in Ireland universities were many, and were within communication by a good day's journey. Through the accounts which have come down to us, taking both the European and Celtic story, there is no reason to judge that the Christian temples in Erin might not well have stood a comparison with those of Europe. Though there were no such vast municipal aggregations of people in Hibernia, such as were found in Rome, or Constantinople, or Alexandria, or Antioch, yet we know there is a vast difference between the number of the inhabitants and the quality of the minds of the inhabitants; that there is a vast difference between the estimate of real estate in a city and the estimate of real happiness in a city. Where do we read of, or where are the traces of baths, theatres, amphitheatres, museums, hippodromes, and the like indications of civilization? There are none. Granted. Are baths, theatres, amphitheatres, triumphal arches, pagan museums, or of luxury and tyranny? What we know is that, while Europe from the river Po to the Arctic, and from the Volga to the Atlantic, was devastated and depopulated by barbarians, and was a land of barbarism; while England abandoned by the Romans, and cleared of its aboriginal population, desecrated by heathen Saxons; while the language, laws, manners, and the generations impregnated with the genius of Rome were flooded as with a sea of lava, a new order of things arose in an ocean-washed island which the Celts called Eire or Erin, the Romans Hibernia, the Greeks Juverna or Ierne, and it may be an ancient writer Ogygia. Is it not worthy of Home Rule?—N. Y. Tablet.

An old cynic says: "With many women, going to church is no better than looking into a bonnet-shop."

HOW DID THE WORLD STAND WHEN IRELAND WAS IN GLORY?

In the transmigration of races, changes of territorial boundaries, modifications of society, mutations of religion, formations of states, on the continent of Europe, in ancient days, a great part was enacted by the mighty empire of Rome. Through four centuries after the coming of Christ, Christianity was engaged in destructive warfare with the pagan throne and paganism. After four centuries after the coming of Christ, paganism was dead and Christianity was in possession of the throne. All through the beautiful land margining the Mediterranean from the Atlantic Ocean to the shores of the Caspian Sea, from the forests of Germania and Sarmatia to the Libyan desert and Abyssinian mountains, idols had fallen and the Cross was raised; pagan temples were destroyed, utilized, or consecrated, and Christian churches were erected; gods, goddesses, and nymphs were despised, and Christ was worshipped.

The thirteen dioceses of the Roman Empire in the reign of Theodosius included Spain, Gaul, Britannia, Vindictia, Rhætia, Noricum, Pannonia, Dacia, Moesia, Illyricum, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, and Northern Africa. Throughout these there were splendid, populous, and wealthy cities, filled with baths, palaces, churches, theatres, and amphitheatres. One might travel on solidly built roads, amid well-cared vineyards and corn-fields, and behold princely villas and princely domains. In the days of the Roman Empire there were families with yearly incomes equal to the annual revenue of third-rate European powers. There was a Cæsar or Cæsars with uncontrolled jurisdiction, and an aristocracy with inconceivable family pride. Though there were no Homers or Virgils, no first-class orators or sculptors, towards the end of the fourth century, yet their works might be seen, ancient literature lived in parchment, there were magnificent universities, there was refinement and a gorgeness of life. The Roman Empire was considered as indelibly fixed amidst mankind as an island set in the ocean. But from Asia on the east, and from the woods of Sarmatia and Germania, the human family had been surging for centuries to its confines. The passing of the Danube by the Goths was the prelude to the downfall of Rome. The Goths were the first wave of a universal and irresistible cataclysm rolling over the Roman Empire. The Gothic victory at Adrianople sent Frigern and his followers like a whirlwind on their errand of destruction. With equal vehemence and violence swept over the city which was styled Eternal, and the empire which was deemed everlasting, Alaric with his Goths, and forty-five years later, Genseric with his Vandals. As the rarefaction of air produces a vacuum and calls in the surrounding atmosphere, so the removal of an embankment sends the water on its course, so the destruction of the barriers of the Roman Empire invited, and sent in headlong career over all the dioceses of the empire, the outside nations. The Huns from Asia, led by Attila, rolled through the empire in countless hordes, and, though beaten by Aëtius on the plain of Chalons, where the assembled races of the East met in battle with the races of the West, never returned to their original abodes, but remained a component part of European society. From the deserts of Arabia the Saracens or Moors swept along the Southern shore of the Mediterranean into Spain. The Alans moved from Scythia, through Sarmatia, Germania, and Gaul, into Spain. Spain was likewise scourged and peopled by Sueves, Visigoths, and Vandals. France was devastated by Alans, Sueves, and Vandals, while in it Visigoths and Burgundians made permanent settlements. Scandinavia sent out to conquer, to ravage, and to occupy Europe, barbarian hordes, known as Gepidae, Goths, Heruli, Lombards, Vandals, and Normans. Germany was a beehive of barbarians. The Gepidae, after traversing the wilds of Sarmatia and Dacia, settled in Illyricum. Sarmatia, that is Russia, had never been civilized. Italy and Greece had been the grand points of attraction for all the plunderers from Sarmatia, Germania, and Scandinavia. Odoacer, King of a Scandinavian tribe, the Heruli, was proclaimed king of Italy. The Saxons and the Angli conquered Britania. Where then was European civilization? When Europe was either barbarian, or in the hands of barbarians, where was civilization? The boundaries of dioceses and provinces, as constituted by Theodosius, were no longer recognized; Roman consuls, praetors, prefects, laws, customs, and the whole governmental machinery were violently swept away; Roman cities with their baths, temples, theatres, amphitheatres, palaces, and universities were depopulated and plundered, or, it may be, buried in ashes, never to rise any more; Roman bridges were broken down. Roman farms wasted, Roman villas and towns set on fire: the master and slave, the noble and the plebeian, the churchman and the layman, the learned and unlearned, the old and young, were, without distinction of sex, murdered, sold as slaves, or retained to gratify the barbaric tastes of savages from time immemorial. There is something melancholy in contemplating the uprooting of the Roman Empire. The destruction was unfeeling, completely, and irreparably accomplished. There was a thorough metamorphosis of the physical, governmental, social, religious, and literary condition of the Empire. Arts, manners, dwellings, food, dress, customs, underwent a sudden, violent suppression or transformation. Nomadic races loving conquests, having fixity of settlement, the enemies of cities, sciences, and civilization, oscillated over Europe. Roman power was no more, the face of Europe was changed; politico-military barbarian governments arose; the arts were despised; education was in disrepute; and, to add to these evils, Christians and Christianized barbarians persecuted with relentless animosity, on account of religious controversies. Who was to raise up order out of anarchy? Who was to influence the savage minds from the steppes of Russia, the forests of Germany, and the snows of Scandinavia? Where were the agencies of regeneration in religion and civilization? Who was to instruct the warrior-chieftain; and to eradicate the heathenism of ferocious raiders intoxicated with triumph and jubilant over plunder? Is not Ireland worthy of Home Rule?—N. Y. Tablet.

MR. FREEMAN, THE HISTORIAN, ON HOME RULE.

(To the Editor of the Weekly News.) Sir,—Many of your readers will have read with interest the able article on Home Rule by Mr. Freeman, the distinguished historian of Federalism, in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. As this article is in substance a reply to my speech on the subject in the House of Commons, perhaps you would permit me briefly to rejoin. Mr. Freeman's statement of the problem to be solved is almost identical with mine. He concurs with me in recognising the undesirableness of separation between Great Britain and Ireland, and the practical failure of the existing attempt at incorporation. The only question is as to the solution of the problem. If separation be admittedly undesirable, incorporation be admittedly impracticable, what then? Mr. Freeman does not suggest any solution of the problem. The solution I advocate is the Federal one. I submit that this is, precisely the state of things for which Federalism is suited. In the House of Commons; and in my *Plea for Home Government*, I adduced in support of this view Mr. Freeman's own admirable statement of the conditions short for Federal government. As the passage is short and apposite, permit me to repeat it. "Federal system," says Mr. Freeman, "requires