

France she turned as pale as a lily. "Oh my pretty darling," says I to myself, if you only knew what I am doing to you, you'd cry your two bright eyes out.

Nance's discourse increased rather than lessened Neill's distress, and he retired to bed with a mind distracted with anxiety. Neill and Mr. McDermott were punctual at six o'clock the next morning.

After the lapse of some minutes, Lieut. Vernon, accompanied by two other gentlemen, one of whom seemed a surgeon, the other to belong to the military, made their appearance. They bowed politely to Neill and McDermott, and the military gentleman came forward and commenced arranging preliminaries with McDermott.

Pistols being placed in their hands, the combatants took their places, the word was given, and they fired almost at the same moment. Both parties stood their ground; and when the smoke cleared away, young Vernon was observed to stagger.

Neill mechanically put his hand to where he pointed, and found the blood was slowly trickling from his cheek. Vernon's ball had passed close to his head slightly grazing his cheek-bone.

He pressed his hand and relaxed into a swoon. The generous words of his adversary gave fresh pangs to Neill. He hung over him distracted and with difficulty could be forced away by the terror-stricken attorney, who stood heavily cursing his unlucky stars for having led him into the business.

CHAPTER VII.

Glad to escape from his own reflections, O'Donnell consented to go anywhere, and accompanied McDermott to the quay, where, as luck would have it, they found a Dutch brig about to sail for Antwerp.

Neill would have refused his kind friend's generosity, had not the fear of awakening his suspicion deterred him. McDermott wrung his head at parting, and desired him to write to him on his arrival.

Twelve months passed away; young Vernon was perfectly recovered, and now looked as gay and light-hearted as ever; McDermott had come back from the wilds of Connemara, and, pen behind ear, sat rascinated in the mysterious depths of his dark, dusty little office, looking as utterly unconscious of duels, plots, conspiracy, or any other reasonable intention, as any legal gentleman could possibly be.

Some time after this, the town of Galway was thrown into some excitement by the sudden demise of the old miser, O'Donnell, who was found dead in his bed one morning by the old woman who attended him. The authorities took possession of the mansion in the absence of the old man's only relative.

for secret and valuable services rendered by him, to resume the title of Baronet which had been extinct in the family. The non-appearance of any money, reputed so enormously rich as O'Donnell, coupled with the important revelations made in the papers, excited some surprise.

To the last, the O'Donnell's evil star seemed to shed its malign influence on poor Nance Meelan; for, after much solemn foolery and many profound cogitations amongst the sage magistrates of Galway, it was at length decided by these doughty functionaries that no one but the old woman who attended him had spirited away the miser's wealth.

Colonel Vernon had become acquainted with part of the early history of the late Count O'Donnell—how he had acquired his enormous wealth was a secret he had carried to the grave with him—and had received several letters from the old man on his return from abroad, testifying his strong anxiety to repurchase the castle and domains of Kilmagh, the ancient possessions of his family, and offering a most liberal sum for its purchase.

This proud and melancholy satisfaction, it appeared, the old man had only permitted himself once. He had roamed through the noble woods of his ancestral home, and surveyed with a bitter and envious smile the noble modern mansion, the stately gardens, spacious fish-ponds, grottoes, conservatories, and all the magnificent improvements that the good taste of Colonel Vernon and predecessors had adorned the grounds with; he had shut himself up in the old castle, and rejecting the service of an attendant who offered to escort him about it, had explored every inch of it alone.

Little now remains to add. The wealthy handsome young Baronet was considered a parti sufficiently eligible for even the beautiful and accomplished Miss Vernon, particularly as the lady's predilection had been pretty strongly displayed. Col. Vernon most cordially assented, and Edward, who had already conceived a warm friendship for his quondam antagonist, was delighted. A due and reasonable time for courtship having elapsed, Nance's predilection of the 'lay-cup' was fulfilled, for the nuptials of Sir Neill O'Donnell and his beautiful lady having been daily solemnized the happy couple set off in a coach and four to spend the honeymoon at Kilmagh Castle, whither Mr. McDermott had been despatched with full powers to put it in the most magnificent order.

Great were the rejoicings that took place on this evening in the good town of Galway; bonfires and barrels blazed and sputtered in every direction. Sir Neill took a magnificent farewell of his town-folks; every tavern and eating-house displayed a store of good cheer to be taken *ad libitum* (gratis) to all comers, and for ten days the Green Dragon and his brethren, conduit-wise, ran whiskey and port-galore for all who chose to partake of them. Poor, faithful Nance was placed at the summit of her ambition by being appointed house-keeper of Kilmagh Castle; she turned her back upon her native town with a firm resolution never to trust her bones inside it again—a vow which she most religiously kept. On the birth of an heir to Sir Neill, the following year, Nance begged, with tears in her eyes, to resign her honorary situation and take care of her "darling's" child. Her request was complied with, and she flourished long enough to the nursery to rear a goodly plant of the O'Donnells.

THE END.

DISCOURSE PRONOUNCED AT ROME, BY MONSIGNOR DEBANDON, BISHOP OF ORLANS, ON THE 23RD OF JUNE, 1867. (Translated for the Dublin Telegraph from the French by J. F. L.)

Quid statim, aspicimus in celum? Why stand you there looking towards heaven? Yes, we all turn our eyes to heaven at this moment. In the Catholic Church the eyes, the hearts, the fears, and hopes of all are turned towards heaven. But in the midst of this extraordinary emotion, what means this great and solemn assembly? Who are those whom I see from all parts of the world, so deeply moved at finding themselves in Rome together? Why are they met in this Holy City, and how comes it that they are assembled to-day in this sanctuary?—All here fill my mind with wonder! Who are those two sisters at the feet of the Holy Father? One comes from the West, the other from the East; one more happy than the other—more happy in her faith, in spite of so many and such painful trials—more happy in her fidelity—more happy, above all, in the constant benediction of God; the other greatly afflicted in heart, in that heart troubled and agitated for long centuries—more afflicted also in her children—more afflicted, in fact, than words can express in the profound and mysterious chastisement of Providence. And who am I, whose mission it is to explain before you this unexpected meeting? Yes! here, indeed, amazes me, and I am astonished even at myself. It is the Churches of the West and the East that meet here in this great assembly; of which Rome offers at this moment the most magnificent spectacle: one implores the other, at the feet of our common Father, who blesses both; and it is a bishop of the West, the humblest among them, who now speaks in a pulpit in Rome at the Foot of the Eternal Chair,

the bishops of the entire world, in favor of the Churches and the Bishops of the East. Or, rather my lords, is not it, is it not, is it not, in your presence, which speaks here; I am only a voice—No. And what discourse would not appear a weak one before you. Therefore, it is not a discourse I intend to make to this people. No! I come simply to say—"Come and see!" See, who we are, who all those bishops assembled together, and why God has brought them here, and see also what are the wants of this Church of the East, which implores your charity. For so great a subject, let us ask of God the assistance of His Grace, by the intercession of Mary—*Ave Maria*.

Why then, beloved brethren, is there such an extraordinary assembly of Catholic Bishops in the Holy City, and in this temple to-day? From whence do they come? *Qui sunt hi, et unde venerunt?*—(Apost. vii. 14). They come from all Christendom, as did formerly those Hebrews, of whom the Testament speaks, who hastened to Jerusalem, on the days of great solemnity; they come from every tribe, from every nation, from every tongue under Heaven is spoken. *Ex omni tribu et lingua et natione quae sub caelo est* (Act. v. 9), from all parts of the world, civilized or barbarian. Bishops of all the Spanish dominions; assembled in such imposing numbers, and after so many years' absence, you come from that land, still virgin in its faith, which sustained for six centuries an untiring and invincible crusade against Islam, and which neither infidelity, nor schism, nor heresy, could ever alter. Bishops of the British islands! you come from Ireland. I name her the first. I owe her that honor—she is the most faithful. You come from that Old Erin, so patient, so generous, so heroic, whose sons are everywhere devoted to apostleship and martyrdom! You come from the valiant and mountainous Scotland; you come from that great England, whose sons we cannot number without being deeply moved—without feeling our hearts divided between a profound sentiment of regret and hope! To come to Rome, you followed the route which the holy missionaries of ancient times followed when the great Gregory, seized with an ardent love for your country, sent them across the seas to carry the lights since so much troubled, of his evangelical faith. But to-day some new rays of light announce another triumph, and soon, I hope, there will be but one flock and one pastor.

They come, beloved brethren, as I said just now, from every country in Europe; from Catholic Belgium, so generous in its offerings to the Holy Father, and whose son shed their blood, as did those of Ireland, and of France, for the Holy See; they come from that Holland which heresy in vain endeavors to possess; from Saxony, from Switzerland, from those high mountains on which still is to be found the pure and artless faith of former centuries. They come from Bavaria, from the borders of the Rhine, from Germany—land of deep learning, where profound discussions on doctrine are carried on, and where you, great bishops, under the obedience of Jesus Christ—in *obsequium Christi* (2 Cor. x. 5), lower all vain and pompous science raised up against the science of God. They come from that Hungary, the land of Christian heroes, who, the last of all drove from Europe the Islam invaders. They come, in fine—and I must say it to the praise of those sovereigns, alas! strangers to our faith, who nobly, in this case, raised themselves above the dark shadows of their former fears—they come from Prussia, from Russia—they come from that unhappy and unfortunate Poland, Catholic to the very core, and whose unceasing woes, until God at last shall consider them with pity, must move with the deepest sympathy every Christian and patriotic heart.

Nay, more! They come from the most remote continents—from the utmost extremities of the earth. Bishops of both Americas! neither the immense extent of the seas, nor the fatigues and dangers of such a long journey could deter you from coming. Borne along by those fire-winged modern vessels, you come from the north, from the south from Canada, from Mexico, from the United States, from the Republic of the Equator, bearing on your venerable features the marks of your laborious apostleship in these immense dioceses where the Gospel has not yet achieved its conquests. A deep feeling of ardent faith and self-sacrifice has lately animated your new-born churches, recently founded under the blessing of our common Father. He blesses, and we all bless with him, God for your arrival—the most generous of all.

And yet, I mistake. There are some who have come, with still more fatigue, from the deserts of Africa, from the burning sands, from unknown islands, from those climates so fatal to Europeans, where those intrepid missionaries carried the Gospel, confronting death every day. All their companions are dead! They themselves have escaped only by a miracle from the slow martyrdom which destroys them; but in the bottom of their hearts, as the immortal Archbishop of Cambuy said formerly:—"There is a more powerful fire which consumes them, and makes them triumph over all, by faith, and by their sublime and invincible courage," and from the remotest parts of Guinea and Abyssinia, where they preach the Gospel to the Negroes; from the Ocean Archipelago, where they teach it to the savages, they have come. The peril of the common Father of all touched them in their distant solitudes, where they remained without consolation, if God were not always with those who seem alone and abandoned in the world, with those who have sacrificed everything, and who, according to the admirable expression of St. Paul, "have given their souls for the name of our Saviour Jesus, and who abandon themselves up to the grace of God, *traditi vivitae Dei*"—(Act. v. 40). And there are some whom I have not named, brethren, but let me be permitted to say, with simplicity, it was our duty. It was requisite for us to attest, by our presence here, that France has not ceased to be the eldest daughter of the Church, and that between the Holy Roman Church mother and mistress of all, and the Church of France, it is, as St. Paul said formerly, "a life and death union." *Ad confederationem ad commemorandum*—(2 Cor. vii. 3). *Qui sunt hi et unde venerunt?* Who are they and from whence do they come? I told you, my brethren: but how did they come? Ah! I might repeat with your great Saint Gregory: "Under the feet of the Saints of God the ocean inclined." *Pelibus sanctorum substratus Oceanus*. The ocean, the Mediterranean, all the seas, saw them, and in surprise asked themselves, whether do these men go? And, softening down, the waves under their feet bore them with respect to the gates of the Eternal City. You know the rest; for this interesting description has been made, and I may finish the text of St. Gregory: "The ocean heard resounding once more the ancient and joyful Alleluia." They came with holy canticles on their lips, and with love of the Holy Father in their hearts. They were heard, when stepping on the vessel, which was to take them to Rome, chanting the *Ave Maria* Stella, and repeating it to her whom the Church calls the Star of the Sea. Marseilles, Catholic Marseilles, received them with joy. And during a calm passage across the sea, too slow for their ardent wishes, they repeated their canticles, which re-echoed in the distance over the sonorous and brilliant waters; and when, at last, they landed in the first hospitable town forming part of the patrimony of St. Peter, they sang with joy the beautiful psalm—*Letentium sum in his quae dicitur sunt mihi*—(Ps. 121). I was overjoyed at what was said to me—"You enter at last into the house of God." In *domum Domini* ibimus. And it was with those holy sounds and an explosion of love and faith that they landed on the Italian ground. *Italium! Italium!* surrounded with all those priests, who piously came to accompany them to the gates of the Eternal City. Ah! I should reproach myself not to do solemn homage to so many generous priests. Yes, brethren, it is consoling to the hearts of your bishops, to the heart of your

common Father, to see you in such numbers in this city, on the day of the great solemnity of the Holy Episcopacy to prove (this) of the world the indissoluble union of the Episcopacy and the Sacrament, and their inviolable attachment to the Chair of St. Peter. It is admirable, it is edifying, to see you prostrated with so much faith and piety in these famous sanctuaries, ennobled, consecrated, by the *souvenirs* of the saints, by the blood of the martyrs. God alone knows, and your humble prebiteries will alone be the only witnesses, at the price of what sacrifices, of what privations, you have accomplished this pilgrimage. But, good priests, what matters it to you? You will be happy to be able, even in your poverty, to prove to Pius IX., and to the world, that there is in the Church but one heart, and one soul, when the heart of Jesus Christ is in question. Yes, I bless you all, I bless you with tenderness and respect—but God alone, by the voice of his Vicar, can reward you.

O Holy Hierarchy of the Catholic Church—work of a simple and yet truly divine force. In the depths of her bosom, beyond the reach of all human power, the Church of Jesus Christ possesses two fixed and immortal principles of vitality, two invincible powers of expansion and concentration. And it might be said of this great Hierarchy as of those celestial armies, of those heavenly constellations of stars spread over the vault of heaven. Each planet has its laws, its movements, its regular action; and yet is not independent and isolated in space, but forms a part of a whole system, gravitating round a bright sun, the principle of all movement, and centre of all light! Such is the Catholic Church. She distributes to the firmament of the spiritual world, as so many focuses of light and life, her bishops, with their priests, *Vos estis lux mundi*—(Mat. v. 14)—said our Lord; like so many stars—stellae, said John the Evangelist. But these stars of the firmament of the Church, like those of the sky of our world, have also their bright centre, which attracts them to it, and around which they move regularly and harmoniously. This centre of the Church, this sun of the world of souls is the Holy See!—that is, the Hierarchy and the splendid unity of the Church. And if that law was violated, that unity broken, what would remain of the world of souls? Stars wandering deities through space—sidera errantia confounding their orbits, dashing against each other, and perishing in darkness.—(Judic. 13).

But, eternal thanks be rendered to God, a different spectacle is offered to the world to-day in these bishops from all parts of the earth, peacefully assembled around the Apostolic Chair; and that is what makes your beauty and your force, O Holy Church of Jesus Christ, when you advance with Peter as your head, like that army of which the Holy Scripture speaks—*Ut castrorum acies ordinata* (Cant. vi. 2), presenting to all an invincible front, pressing down on your enemies with all the weight of your serried battalions. Jesus Christ your invisible Chief, directing from above your movements, making you always act together, and uniting here below all your strength in one action (*Bosuet—Sermon on the Unity of the Church*)—that is, who we are, brethren, from whence and how we came. And now where are we?

We are here, in the Holy City, in the Eternal City, in this Rome—the dear and common country of all Christian hearts. And who does not feel it, who does not say it, who does not see it, in that thrilling expression of hearts and lips? All here are a satisfied, happy at home, as in their own country, in their own house, in their own family.

We are here among all the *souvenirs* of fame, of the greatest thoughts, of the greatest things, between the tombs of heroes, and those of martyrs, on a predestined soil, where the ruins are glorious, where the very dust is blessed. And at what hour are we here? We must say it, in the hour of peril, but entirely fearless of it. We are here—who would not remark that strange conjuncture of times—like the Apostles at the Cenacle, between the Ascension and the Pentecost, praying, hoping, but fearing naught. There are, I know, some who fear for us, who are solicitous about us, and who, perhaps, said, in railing at our departure:—"But where do you go? Your God is no longer there. He has disappeared." *Ubi Deus eorum?*—(Psalm 113, 17).

So did the Jews rail, sure of having sealed down the tomb of Jesus Christ, when the disciples shut themselves up with Peter and Mary in the Cenacle. And the very day when this blasphemous rillery was expressed, at the dawn the heavens suddenly opened, and unknown sounds were heard; the Holy Ghost the spirit of truth, the spirit of love and of force, descended with his flame into the hearts of men, manifesting his presence by action, the effects of which is still felt in the world. And if all yielded before the irresistible empire of the Apostolic word—if the law of charity and of grace was founded on earth—if I speak to you—if you are here after eighteen centuries—if your hearts are filled with holy fire, it is to the virtue of that immortal day that we owe it. You who believe that the Church is in its decline, examine her well, and see in her looks that flame of life, and on her forehead that eternal youth, and tell us if all that is not standing, unperished, living, immortal by divine virtue, and for ever invincible, by Him who descended on the Apostles the morning of that day, when a thousand voices exclaimed around your fathers: *Ubi est Deus eorum?*—Where then is their God?

Well! this is what we have done. We have shown here full confidence for this great anniversary, which this year will be solemnized by the canonization of our martyrs; glorious *souvenir*, which proves that the virtue of the Pentecost, still lives in our time. That cruel Japan and tyrants may strike the apostles of the Gospel have blood in their veins ever ready to be shed for Jesus Christ, and the Church is still unimpaird in her strength, and will never fail in the great mission given to her by her Divine founder, which is to be here below the saviour and defender of truth and justice.

Sometimes in those intervals, I must not say of discouragement and despair, but of sorrow and trouble, which in evil days affect even the strongest minds, when men leave the ways of God, people say to themselves, O, what trials God gives to his Church! But I am tempted to say, O, how! How consoles her! How he supports and glorifies her! How? By, I know not what, divine power. He brings about, after passing trials in her pilgrimage here below, unexpected and triumphant success. The trial is the morning mist which rises up sometimes to fright the timid traveller. But he who has courage, and continues his journey soon sees the cold and damp vapors melt away, and the sun shine forth in splendor in the heavens. Christians, Christians! weak in faith, what do you fear? *Quid timidi estis?* (Matt. viii. 26). God is behind the cloud; wait a little. He will show Himself, and you shall see Him in all His strength and glory!

For my own part, when I look upon you—when I count your numbers, and hear the thrilling expression of your souls, I cannot help saying to myself:—"There is here some secret and all-powerful action of Jesus Christ; it is like a dawn, like a distant echo of victory. Yes this is like the eve of the day of triumph, if it is not victory itself. It is the eve of one of those victories of which St. Paul sang, when he said, 'The victory which triumphs over the world is our faith: *Hoc est victoria quae vincit mundum, fides nostra*' (Ep. Joan. v. 14). And, in fact, I ask it even of those who have not the happiness of being joined with us in faith and in hope. Is there here below a people, a king, a sovereign power, whatever it may be, that with a simple wish of the heart, expressed in the mildest, the most reserved, and the most diluted terms, could suddenly shake the whole world, and bring from all the extremities of an empire, the representatives of every people, coming to lay at his feet their devotedness and their love? No, and I wrong no person on earth in saying that there is not one among them that could thus stir up the whole world. I repeat

of this an evident sign of the presence of God in the Church, and for the day fixed by Providence a certain promise of victory. And had we not to strengthen our souls with great thoughts? The very ground we tread on is enough to inspire us with such hopes. I love, I love, when I am in Rome, to make researches after our origin. I love to descend into the very bosom of the earth to visit these immortal catacombs, sanctified by our martyrs, and to find in them the holy *souvenirs* and blessed bones of those who died for Christ. And in the depth of these holy places, where I love to penetrate, there is one which I have looked for before all others; and whose heart-rending horror and glorious wretchedness you have also, perhaps, contemplated. I allude to the Mamertine prisons. Yes, when I want to stimulate my courage, it is there I go I descend to the lowest depths of the place, and drawing in my mind all profane *souvenirs* of Jugglers, the accomplices of Ostianine, and all the others, that the spot calls to memory—it is there I find Peter and Paul. What passed through the souls of these great apostles, chained down in that great dungeon. More light, no more sun, no more life. And then dragged out of it in silence, on taken to the garden of Nero, the other in a different direction, where his head fell, for he was a Roman citizen, for the first, he had the incomparable honor, justly reserved for the Prince of the Apostles, to be crucified like his Master, but with his head downwards. Deeply moved by this *souvenir*, I issue from out this darkness, and I find once more the light of day, and my feet touch the Capitol. I see that motionless rock celebrated by the poet—Capitol immobile saxum, but in the place of Jupiter's Capitoline, whom Peter and Paul saw, I perceive the cross of their Master—it reigos, it triumphs, it is glorious: they are dead! I continue to wander about this Rome, deserted to my mind, notwithstanding the crowd, and I find these two men, one of the Trajan Column, with the keys of the Kingdom of heaven in his hands; the other on the column of Anthony, with the sword of eloquence which vanquished the world. And they a dead! I go farther. I enter into the garden of Nero, where that miserable wretch made use of the first Christians as burning lights for his nocturnal revels—*Ut non tunc luminis usum*; and even there, where the granite obelisk is raised in the middle of the great square I read *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat*. And they are dead! I move on. I pass among the temples, the holy images, and the porticoes, and I penetrate into that basilica, the wonder of the world. I enter amidst that light, that splendor, that immensity, and those rays of every glory: from the Father of God shining forth from the vaulted roof, among cherubim and angels, down in that glorious tomb; and among the great figures of prophets, evangelists, doctors, chiefs of orders, and all those who founded something on earth, I read in characters of gold—*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc Petram edificabo Ecclesiam meam, et portae inferi non prevaudent adversus eam*.—Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.—(Matt. xvi. 18).

And, in truth, when I observe those great contrasts when I am overwhelmed with admiration in presence of those monuments and those triumphs, when I come to say to myself, "There are men who want to live there," in the midst of this splendor and grandeur. No, it is impossible! The very nature of things themselves forbid it! History cannot be made over again! But if such were the case, Rome should be razed to the ground, and a new one made to your measure. For the honor of the world remains in your place, and let the Vicar of Christ remain in possession of his.

It is true, and we must say so, that from an humble origin we have providentially been raised to magnificence and splendor—to that legitimate honor of the Roman purple; but know it well, we do not forget our origin, and, however it may appear, do not believe we care for this purple. It covers great virtues and great light, which for eighteen hundred years have not failed in the hearts of the Pontiffs; and we repeat with St. Paul, and no one repeats it better than the Sovereign Pontiff, the object of our disinterested love, and our greatest treasure. Yes, our venerated Pontiff, in his sublime poverty, repeats, and we all with him, and with St. Paul, the great Apostle—*Scio et abundare, scio et humiliter* (Philip. iv. 12). I have known how to enjoy abundance, and I know now how to bear with humiliation and distress: as the day of want has come, the bread my children give me is sweet and pleasing to my heart. When it pleases God to send peace and glory to His Church, brethren, she knows how to enjoy it; not for herself, but for you. For her part, she never forgets Bethlehem, nor Galvary, nor the Mamertine Prison, nor the Catacombs, ready to descend into them again, if God desire it, certain, to-day, to come out with that sacred flame of Christian virtue, without which the whole world would fall back into darkness, in that eternal night which, as your great poet sang, ever threatens the countries where impiety reigns:—*Impiague aeternum timorem, stricken noctem!* And here, brethren, a thought strikes me—a comparison presents itself to my mind. There are at this moment, while you are listening to me, two cities where every language is spoken, and where every nation is represented—London and Rome. London, where, for the Great Exhibition of all human industry, the rich and the learned are assembled—Rome, where, grouped around the Common Father of the Faithful, are high up on a steep quarter of the Christian world, St. Peter, and happily the hypothesis is impossible, that by a brilliant, misfortune all that London contains was swallowed up in some sudden convulsive movement of the ground. It would, indeed, be a catastrophe, one which tears would be shed; but, after all, one that might be repaired; for, in fact, such an event was witnessed in the world before—even here, in this Rome, where we are, and where the ancient world makes, as it were, a perpetual exhibition of its industry, its art, and its riches; but one day God sent the tempest, and all the marvels of the old world disappeared, and it is those very Popes, called by historians by the sages of the nineteenth century, who searched for these relics around the ruins. They rescued them from the dust of Nero's palace, Apollo, that false God but lovely statue, they placed it in their palace. They assembled around them the works of Raffaele, Michael Angelo, and Bramante; they had also those of Overbeck and Tenerani; but several centuries of efforts to resuscitate the arts of the old world were never able to surpass them. If you are proud of what you call your discoveries, brethren, lend an ear to the extraordinary sound of that immense destruction. Let your mind, full of construction, reflect a moment on that ancient world, powerful, ingenious, polite, brilliant, and see all that crushed down, disappeared in a frightful crash! But what did humanity do? It began again, and after nineteen centuries, we see it again expose its statues, its labor, and its industry.

And it is not you nor I who wish to curse modern industry; it is the daughter of labor, and labor claims all our respect; you find his nobility in his punishment. What created the marvels of modern industry? The free labor of the honest and intelligent artisan. Who made labor free? Who made the workman honorable? It was Christianity! Without it, what would industry be? Far from it, what would become of it? Industry unwittingly bows down, like a docile servant, and assists the work of God. It brought us here, and I think those ingenious instruments that accelerate here below the steps of those men who are sent to preach the Gospel. Only to those men assembled far from us, and from a distance, in the midst of the splendor of the intoxication of riches and success, I cry out to them—think of God! Then I turn to Rome. In Rome, God is the object of our thoughts! No riches, no intoxication! A poor priest, surrounded by poor priests; apparent debility fears and adieus, mingled with prayers! Three hundred aged men assembled around another old