

practice of this beautiful religion of yours? When were you at confession last?"

That same day he sought a priest, went to confession, and next morning before the altar he thanked God for the moment of humiliation that had made him blush for his coldness in his Master's service. From that time he renewed the practice of his religious duties, never again to cease.

To human science was now added the science of God—science divine which dominates all others, to make them the instruments and ornaments of true civilization. He was almost always to be seen at St. Sulpice at that time, where he heard Mass before beginning work. Every day he recited the beads in honour of the Blessed Virgin, a devotion with which his pious mother had inspired all her children. On Sundays the parishioners of St. Sulpice for a long time admired a stranger of serious and noble mien, profoundly recollected, praying assiduously before the altar. It was the exile, recommending to God his soul, his family and his country.

Without citing the stirring lessons furnished by the startling events that had been accomplished in France, since his previous visit to that country, there was another revelation for him. The Abbe Rohrbacher has just published his "Universal History of the Catholic Church." No book ever exercised so powerful an influence upon him. It penetrated him with the spirit of Charlemagne and St. Louis. Three times he read the twenty-nine volumes through. Thanks to his excellent memory, he could quote whole pages in support of his opinions.

IV.

The exile was now great enough to measure himself with the Revolution, humble enough to kneel before the Church. He was of the race of real liberators and God could open to him again the doors of his country.

On September 14th, 1860, the Catholics of Ecuador succeeded, by the capture of Guayaquil, in throwing off the revolutionary power, and, with one voice, Garcia Moreno was elected President. He set to work at once to clean these Augean stables. He himself gave the example of perfect disinterestedness, and would accept only half the offered salary that was his due. He filled the public offices with honest and competent men, he reformed the army, and he reformed the system of education. Colonies of Christian Brothers, Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of Charity, were invited to Ecuador to labour in this vineyard of the Lord. Catholic teaching took root in the country, to the great despair of its enemies.

But he had it at heart to break utterly the chains of the Church. He could not bear to see the Queen of the world at the feet of the civil power. He accomplished this by the magnificent Concordat, the project of which he submitted to Pius IX. In April, 1862, this Concordat was solemnly promulgated in all the cities of Ecuador. To the sublime chant of the *Te Deum* and the roar of artillery were unfurled the flag of Ecuador and the Pontifical banner, whose mingling colours symbolized to all eyes the true union in place of the late deadly opposition, which was hereafter to exist between Church and State.

With such help Garcia Moreno could work efficaciously to redeem his people. Besides the usual pious exercises of each week, a special retreat was preached each year for the soldiers, and with marvellous fruits. Schools increased, and nearly every province had a college, besides the seminary of the diocese. As to material progress, let us take the testimony of one of Garcia Moreno's enemies. "We are forced to acknowledge," says he, "that during his rule Ecuador has made rapid progress. He has developed her commerce, multiplied her ways of communication, and, by bridges without number, connected mountains over abysses. Nothing could restrain the national progress under his management, which will soon make of this Republic the most prosperous State of the South American continent."

Let it not be forgotten that this is the testimony of one of his foes.

One of his most beautiful acts, as President of Ecuador, was his protest against the sacrilegious invasion of Rome by the troops of Victor Emmanuel; a protestation sent

not only to the invader but to all Christian Governments, calling upon them to prevent this—the greatest injustice of modern times. His voice rang through the whole world, and awoke echoes loud enough to cause the spoilers to tremble. It was said that he had saved the honour of his age, and, in the nobility and courage of his words, one forgot the weakness of the country that took it upon herself to speak for all the world.

V.

To complete the portrait of Garcia Moreno, let us add that this man, so great in public life, showed himself amongst his family and friends, simple, demonstrative, even joyous. He loved his home-life, though often forced to separate himself from it. His wife, from whom he had no secret, shared his joys and sorrows. When death took from him his little daughter, he was for a long time inconsolable. "How weak I am, I who thought myself so strong," was his cry. His affection then centred itself upon his son, of whom he wished to make another self. He educated him, however, without weakness, in the love of God and of his duty.

On the last page of his *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, we find written the following resolutions:

"Every morning I will pray and ask particularly for the virtue of humility. Every day I will hear Mass, recite the Rosary, and read a chapter of the *Imitation*, with the rules and instructions. I will try to keep myself in the presence of God. I will offer my heart often to God, chiefly before commencing any action, and make an effort, by a glance at Jesus and Mary, to restrain my impatience and curb my natural inclination. I will desire all sorts of humiliation, taking care, however, not to merit them, and will rejoice when anyone blames my actions or myself. I will have no other intention in all my actions than the greater glory of God. I will make a particular examination of conscience twice a day, and a general examination in the evening. I will go to confession each week."

From this we may judge clearly of his interior life. Here the soul of the man is laid bare. Those who knew him best saw how scrupulously he performed his devotions. In camp and on journeys he would kneel and recite his beads, together with his *aide-de-camp* and the persons present. He would find means, at no matter what sacrifice to hear Mass on Sunday. On horseback, and often during a day and night, he would reach the capital almost exhausted with fatigue, yet assist at Mass before entering his own home.

Every evening, surrounded by his family and household and persons of his staff, the President recited prayers, followed by a pious reading or commentary, to express his sentiments of love of God and the confidence of His mercy with which his soul was filled. On Sunday it was worth while hearing him explain the catechism to his servants, and to see with what religious respect he assisted at the Divine offices, accompanied by his wife and son. On great occasions he went in state to the Cathedral, surrounded by his Ministers and officials, and the civil and military dignitaries. He paid frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and when the Holy Viaticum was being carried to the dying, he loved to follow as escort, a lighted torch in his hand. At the Feast of Corpus Christi, there could be seen the chief of the State, in full uniform and wearing all his decorations, heading the procession and bearing the holy standard.

He had unbounded confidence in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. To belong more particularly to her whom he called "his good Mother in Heaven," he joined one of the associations established in the capital by the Jesuits. There were two sections of this association—one for persons of distinction, the other for working-men. He joined the latter, and when told he had made a mistake, that his place was in the other reunion, he replied that his place was with the people; and he assisted regularly at their meetings, proud and happy to wear his medal of Mary among them, and they proud to have in their midst the President of the Republic.—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

(To be concluded next week).