

rock I will build My Church." Again, in plainest of language. He said to that man: "Thou—thou! O rock! confirm thy brethren!" In the presence of all, he demanded of that man the triple, thrice-repeated acknowledgment and confession of his love. "Peter," He said to him, "You know how dearly John, my virgin friend, loves Me. Do you love Me more? You know how well all these around Me love Me. Do you love Me more than all?" And until Peter three times asserted that he loved His Master with a love surpassing that of all others, Christ delayed His divine commission. But, when the triple acknowledgment was made, He said to Peter: "Feed thou My lambs; feed thou My sheep!" "Thou shalt be one fold," said the Son of God, "and one shepherd." That was the visible unity of the Church; that was to be the countersign of the divine origin of the Church of God, and that was to be represented unto all ages by the one Head and Supreme Pastor of all the Pope of Rome (cheers).

Mark the splendid harmony that is here. The Adorable Son of God, is one with the Father by the ineffable union of nature from all eternity. The Son of God made man, still is man, and only man, in the hypostatical union in which the two natures met in one divine person. The Church that sprang from Christ,—the Lord God and man, united,—is to be one until the end of time. And, therefore, the principle of unity passes, as it were, from Christ to Peter, and from Peter to each succeeding Pontiff; so that the Church of God is recognized by its union with its Head, and by that, the One Head, which governs all. Therefore did St. Ambrose say: "Show me Peter; for, where Peter is, there is the Church of God."

Now, you see at once the significance of that first circle of gold that twines round the papal crown. It speaks of the Pope as the supreme pastor of all the faithful. It speaks of him as the one voice, and the only one, able to fill the world, and before whose utterances the whole Christian and Catholic world bows down as one man (cheers). It speaks of the Pope as the one shepherd of the one fold; and it tells us that as we are bound to hear his voice, and as that voice can never resound through the whole Church, which cannot by possibility, proclaim a lie—that when the Pope of Rome speaks to the faithful as supreme pastor, pronouncing upon and witnessing the Faith of the Catholic Church,—that the self-same spirit that preserves that Church from falling into error, preserves her Pastor, so that he can never propound to her anything erroneous or unholy, or at variance with the sacred morality of the Christian law (cheers).

The second circle of gold represents the second great attribute that Christ, our Lord, emphatically laid upon His Church. As clearly as He proved that that Church should be one, so clearly did he pray and prophesy that that Church was to have power and jurisdiction. "All power," He said to His Apostles, "all power in Heaven and upon earth is given unto Me." Behold the Head of the Church speaking to His Church. "Given unto me!" "I am the centre of that power." "As the Father sent me, thus I send you, so do I send you." And then he set upon the brows of his Apostles, and, through them, on the Church, the crown of spiritual power. But, as all power is derived from God, it follows that, in the Church of God, whoever represents, as vicar and vicar, supreme Pastor and ruler of the Church,—whoever represents Christ, who is the source of all power, that man has supreme jurisdiction in the Church of God, not only over the Faithful, but over the pastors of the flock and the Episcopate. James, and John, and Andrew, and Phillip, and the others, were all bishops. St. Ignatius of Antioch, and all the succeeding great names that adorn the episcopal roll in the Church—all had power; all exercised power; and all were recognized as the Church recognizes them and their successors still, as her archbishops and bishops; and all had that power by divine institution, and that their episcopacy in the Church is of divine origin; and yet, that power is so subjugated and subordinated that the Pope, as the supreme bishop of bishops, to whom Christ said, "Feed not only the lambs," my faithful; but "feed my sheep," the matured ones and holy ones in the sanctuary of the Church (loud cheers.)

Finally, the third circle of gold twining around that time-honored crown of the tiara, represents the temporal power that the Pope has wielded for so many centuries, and which has been the cause of so many blessings, and so much liberty and civilization to the world.

It was not in the direct mission of the Church of God to civilize mankind, but only to sanctify them. But inasmuch as no man can be sanctified without being instructed, without the elements of civilization being applied to him, therefore, indirectly, but most powerfully, did Christ, our Lord, confer upon His Church that she should be the great former and creator of society; that she should be the mother of the highest civilization of this world; that she should be the giver of the choicest and the highest of human gifts: and, therefore, that she should have that power, that jurisdiction, that position, in her head, amongst the rulers of the nations, that would give her a strong voice and a powerful action in the guidance of human society (cheers). And as to the second circle of this golden crown—viz., the universal pastorate of the Church—and the supremacy, even in the sanctuary,—both of those did Peter receive from Christ; and these two have been twined round the Papal brow by the very hand of the Son of God, Himself!

The third circle, of temporal power, the Pope received at the hands of the world; at the hands of human society; at the hands of the people. And he received it out of the necessities of the people, that he might be their king, their ruler, and their father upon this earth.

Now, such being the tiara, we come to consider it in the past, as history tells us of it;

in its present, as we behold it to-day; and in its future.

How old is this tiara? I answer that although the mere material crown, and its form dates only from about the year 1340, or '42, and the Pontificate of Benedict the Twelfth, the tiara itself—the reality of it—the thing that it signifies—is as ancient as the Church of God, which was founded by Christ, our Lord. In the past, from the day that the Son of God ascended into Heaven, all history attests to us that Peter, and Peter's successors, were acknowledged to be the supreme pastors of the Church of God. Never, when Peter spoke, never did the Church refuse to accept his word, and to bow down before his final decision. In very first Council of Jerusalem, grave questions that were brought before the Assembly were argued upon by various of the Apostles, until Peter rose, and the moment that Peter spoke and said: "Let this be done so; let such things be omitted; such things be enforced"—that moment every man in the Assembly held his peace, and took the decision of Peter as the very echo of the Invisible Head of the Church, who spoke in him, by and through him (loud cheers). In all the succeeding ages, the nations bowed down as they received the words of the Gospel. The nations bowed down and accepted that message on the authority and on the testimony of the Pope of Rome! Where, amongst the nations that have embraced the Cross,—where, amongst the nations who have upheld the Cross,—where is there one that did not receive its mission and its Gospel message, on the message and on the testimony of the Pope of Rome? From the very first ages, whilst they yet lay hid in the catacombs, we read of saintly missionaries going forth from under the Pope's hands to spread the message of Divine Truth throughout the lands. Scarcely had the Church emerged from the catacombs, and burst into the glory and splendor of her renewed existence, than we find one of the early Popes of Rome laying his hand upon the head of a holy youth that knelt before him, consecrating that youth into the priesthood, into the episcopacy and sending him straight from Rome to a mission, the grandest and the most fruitful—the most glorious of any in the Church. That Pope was Celestine, of Rome; and the man whom he sent was Patrick, who, by the Pope's order, vended his way to Ireland (cheers).—From the Pope of Rome did he (Patrick) receive his mission and his message. From the Pope of Rome did he receive his authority and his jurisdiction. The diploma that he brought to Ireland was attached to the Gospel itself.—It was the testimony of the Church of Christ, countersigned by Celestine, who derived his authority from Peter, who derived his from Christ. And when, in his old age, he had evangelized the whole island; when he had brought Ireland into the full light of the Christian faith, and into the full blaze of her Christian sanctity, the aged apostle, now drooping into years, called the bishops and the priests around him; and, amongst his last words to them were these: "If ever a difficulty arises amongst you;—if ever a doubt of any passage of the Scripture, or of any doctrine of the Church's law—or of anything teaching the Church of God or the salvation of the souls of your people,—if ever any doubt arises amongst you, go to Rome—to the mother of the nations—(and Peter will instruct you thereon!) (cheers). Well and faithfully did the mind and the heart of Ireland take in the words of its saintly apostle. Never—through good report or evil report—never has Ireland swerved for one instant—never has she turned to look with a favoring or a reverential eye upon this authority, or upon that; but straight to Peter. Never has she, for an instant, lost her instinct, so as to mistake for Peter any pretender, or any other Pope! Never, for an instant, has she allowed her heart or her hand to be suared away from Peter! It is a long story. It is a story of fourteen hundred years. But Ireland has preserved her faith through her devotion to Peter, and to the Pope of Rome, Peter's successor; and she has seen every nation that ever separated from Peter—she has seen them, one and all, languish and die, until the sap of divine grace—was dried up in them; and they utterly perished, because they were separated from the Rock of Ages, the Pope of Rome (enthusiastic cheering.)

Just as the people, in all ages, and in all times, bowed down before their supreme pastor, so, also, has the Episcopate in the Church of God, at all times, recognized the supremacy of the Pope of Rome, and, at all times, bowed before the second crown that encircles his glorious tiara. Never did the Episcopate of the Catholic Church meet in council except upon the invocation of the Pope of Rome. Never did they promulgate a decree until they first sent it to the Pope of Rome to ask him if it was according to the truth, and to get the seal and the countersign of his name upon it, that it might have the authority of the Church of God before their people. From time to time, in the history of the Episcopate, there have been rebellious men that rose up against the authority, and disputed the power of the Church of Rome. But, just as the nations that separated from Peter, separated themselves thereby from the unity of the truth, and of sanctity, and of Christian doctrine, and of Christian morality, so in like manner, the Bishop who, at any time, in any place, or in any age, disputed Peter's power, Peter's authority, and separated from him, was cut off from Peter and from the Church; the mitre fell, dishonored, from his head; and he became a useless member, lopped off from the Church of God, without power, without jurisdiction, without the veneration, or the respect, or the love of his people. Thus has it ever been in times gone by. The Pope of Rome commands the Church through the Episcopate. The Pope of Rome speaks and testifies to the Church's doctrine through the Episcopate. Whenever any grave, important question, touching doctrine, has to be decided, the Pope of Rome has always

called the Episcopate about him;—not that he could not decide, but that he might surround his decision with all that careful and prudent examination, with all that weight of universal authority over the world which would bring that decision, when he pronounced it, more clearly and more directly home to every Catholic mind. And faithful has that Episcopate been,—since the day eleven Bishops met Peter, the Pope, in Jerusalem, in the first Council,—down to the day when, three years ago, eight hundred Catholic Archbishops and Bishops met Peter's successor in the halls of the Vatican and bowed down before the word of truth upon his lips (cheers).

Such, in the past, as history attests—such were the two circles of the supreme pastorate and supreme jurisdiction in the Church.

The Roman empire, as you all know, was utterly destroyed by the incursions of the Barbarians, in the Fifth Century. A king, at the head of his ferocious army, marched on Rome. The Pope was applied to by the terrified citizens; and Leo the Great went forth to meet Attila, "the Scourge of God." He found him in the midst of his rude barbarian warriors, on the banks of the Mincio. He found him exulting in the strength and power of his irresistible army. He found him surging and sweeping on towards Rome, with the apparent force of inevitable destiny, and with his outspread wings of destruction. He found him, in the pride and in the supreme passion of his lustful and barbaric heart, sworn to destroy the city that was the "Mother of Nations." And, as he was in the very sweep of his conquest and pride,—unfettered and almost alone, having nothing but the majesty of his position and his glorious virtue around him, the Pope said:—"Hold! Rome is sacred, and your feet shall never tread upon its ancient pavement! Hold! Let Rome be spared!" And, whilst he was speaking, Attila looked upon the face of the man, and presently he saw over the head of St. Leo, the Pope, two angry figures, the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, with fire and the anger of God beaming from their eyes, and with drawn swords menacing him. And, even as the angel stood in the prophet's path of old, and barred his progress, so did Peter and Paul appear in mid-air and bar the Barbarian. "Let us return," said he, "and let us not approach this terrible and God-defended city of Rome!" Attila fled to his northern forests, and Leo returned, having saved the existence and the blood of ancient and imperial Rome! (cheers). But army followed army; until, at length, Alaric conquered and sacked the city, burned and destroyed it, broke up all its splendor and all its glory, overran and destroyed all the surrounding provinces; and, so the destruction that he began was completed a few years later by the King Odoacer, who wiped away the last vestige of the ancient Roman empire! Then, my friends, all Italy was a prey to and was torn with factions; covered with the blood of the people. There was no one to save them. In vain did they appeal to the distant Eastern Emperor, at Constantinople. He laughed at their misery, and abandoned them in the hour of their deepest affliction and sorrow; whilst wave after wave of barbaric invasion swept over the fair land, until life became a burden too intolerable to bear, and the people cried out, from their breaking hearts, for the Pope of Rome to take them under his protection, to let them declare him King, and so obtain his safeguard and his protection for their lives and their property. For many long years the Pope resisted the proffered crown. It grew upon his brows insensibly. It came to him in spite of himself. We know that, year after year, each successive Pope was employed sending letters, sending messengers to supplicate, to implore the Christian Emperor to send an army for the protection of Italy; and when he did send his army they were worse, in their heretical lawlessness, more tyrannical, more blood-thirsty over the unfortunate people of Italy, than even the savage hordes that came down from the north of Europe. And so it came to pass that, in the dire distress of the people the Pope was obliged to accept the temporal power of Rome, and of some of the adjoining provinces. History tells us that he might, in that day, have obtained, if he wished it, the sovereignty over all Italy. They would have been only too happy to accept him as their King; but not just of power, no ambition of empire guided him; and the great St. Gregory tells us that he was oppressed with the cares of the temporal dominion, and that it was forced upon him against his will.

However, now the crown is upon his head. Now he is acknowledged a monarch—a reigning king amongst monarchs. And now let us see what was the purpose of God in thus establishing that temporal power in so early a portion of the history of the world's civilization. At that time there was no law in Europe. The nations had not yet settled down or formed. Every man did as he would. The kings were only half-civilized, barbarous men recently converted to Christianity, wielding enormous power, and only too anxious to make that power the instrument for gratifying every most terrible passion of lust, of pride, of ambition, and of revenge. Chieftains, taking to themselves the titles of Baron, Duke, Margrave, and so on, gathered around them troops, bands of mercenaries, and preyed on the poor people, until they covered the whole Continent with confusion and with blood. There was no power to restrain them. There was no power to make them spare their people. There was no voice to assert the cause of the poor and the oppressed, save one; and that was the voice of the monarch who was not crowned in Rome, the ancient and powerful head of the Catholic Church (cheers). Whence came his influence or his power over them? Ah, it came from this: that, with all their crimes, they still had received from God the gift of faith, and they knew,—the very worst amongst them knew—as history tells us, that when the Pope spoke it was the echo of the voice of God. They acknowledged it, as a supreme power over their consciences, over their actions—as a power that could be wielded not only for their salvation, but even for their destruction, by the terrible sentence of excommunication, by which the Pope could cut them off from the Church. The faith that was in the hearts of these rude kings was also disseminated amongst their people; and so strong was it, that the moment the Pope denounced or excommunicated any monarch, that moment, no matter how great he was as a warrior, as a statesman, as a writer—that moment the people shrank from him, as they would from the pest-stricken leper, and his voice was no longer heard as an authority either in the battlefield or in the council chamber. Knowing this, the people looked up to the Pope; and if any king overtaxed his people, and ground them to the earth, or if any king violated the law of eternal justice by shedding the blood of any man without just cause, or if any king declared an unjust and unnecessary war, or if any king repudiated his lawful wife, and, in the strength and power of his passion, sought to scandalize his subjects, and to openly insult and outrage the law of God,—the people, the soldiery, society, the abandoned and injured woman, all alike, looked up to and appealed to the Pope of Rome, as the only power that could sway the world, and strike terror into the heart of the greatest, the most powerful, and the most lawless king upon the earth (cheers).

History,—from every source from which we can draw it—tells us what manner of men were the kings and dukes and rulers the Pope had to deal with. What manner of men were they? In the eleventh century, the Emperor Otto invited all his nobility to a grand banquet; and whilst they were

in the midst of their festivity, in came one of the king's officers with a long list of the names of men who were present; and every man whose name was called out, had to rise from the banquet, and walk into a room adjoining, and there submit to an unjust, a cruel, and an instantaneous death. These were the kind of men that the Pope had to deal with. Another man that we read of was Lothair. His lustful eye fell upon a beautiful woman; and he instantly wits away and repudiates his virtuous and honored wife, and he takes to him this concubine, in the face of the world, proclaiming, or suggesting that he could proclaim, that, because he was an emperor, or a king, he was at liberty to violate the law of God, outrage the proprieties of society, scandalize his subjects, and take liberties with their honor and with their integrity, which would not be permitted to any other man. How did the Pope in these instances deal with such men? How did he use the temporal power, so great and so tremendous, with which God and society had invested him? He made the murderers do public penance, and make restitution to the families of those whose blood they had shed. He called to him that emperor, Lothair; he brought him before him; he made him, in a public church, and before all the people, repudiate that woman whom he had taken to his adulterous embrace; take back his lawful empress and queen, pledge to her again, by solemn oath, before all the people, that he never would love another, and that he would be faithful to her as a husband and a man, until the hour of his death (loud cheers). Lothair broke his oath—his oath taken at that solemn moment, when the Pope, with the ciborium in his hand, held up the body of the Lord, and said, "Until you swear fidelity to your lawful wife, I will not place the Holy Communion upon your lips." He took that oath; he broke it; and that day month—one month after he had received that Communion—he was a dead man; and the whole world—the whole Christian world,—recognized in that death the vengeance of God falling upon a perjured and an excommunicated sinner (cheers). How did the Pope vindicate, by his temporal power and authority, the influence that it gave him amongst the kings and the nations? How did he operate upon society? When King Philip of France, wished to repudiate his lawful wife, and take another in her stead, the Pope excommunicated him, and obliged him, in the face of the world, to take back and to honor with his love and with his fidelity the woman whom he had sworn before the altar to worship and to protect as long as she lived. How did the Pope exercise his temporal power, when Spain and Portugal, both in the zenith of their power, were about to draw the sword, and to deluge those fair lands with the blood of the people? The Pope stopped in and said, "No war!—there is no necessity for war!—there is no justification for war; and if you shed the blood of your people," he said to both kings, "I will cut you both off, and fling you, excommunicated, out of the Church!" (cheers). Thus did he preserve the rights—the sacred rights of marriage; thus did he preserve this honor, the integrity, the position of the Christian woman—the Christian mother who is the source, the fountain-head of all this world's society, and the one centre of all our hopes (cheers). Thus did he save the people, curb the angry passions of their sovereigns; thus did he tell the king, "So long as you rule justly, so long as you respect the rights of the humblest of your subjects, I will uphold you; I will set a crown upon your head, and I will fling around you all the authority, and all the jurisdiction, and sacredness of your monarchy. I will preach to your people obedience, loyalty, bravery and love; but, if you trample upon that people's rights, if you abuse your power to scandalize them, to injure them in their integrity, in their conscience,—I will be the first to take the crown from your head, and to declare to the world that you are unworthy to wear it" (loud cheers). Modern historians say, "O, we admit all this; but what right had the Pope to do it?" What right had he to do it! What right? The best of right. Who on this earth had a right to do it, if not the man who represented Christ, the Originator and Savior of the world (cheers). What right had he to do it? He had the right that even society itself, and the people, gave him; for they cried out to him, "Save us from our kings; save us from injustice; save us from dishonor, and we will be loyal and true as long as our leaders and our monarchs are worthy of our loyalty and our truth" (loud cheers).

Such, in the past history of the world, was the third circle that twines round the Papal Crown. Now, passing from the past to the time of to-day, what do we find? We find a man in Rome, that ever succeeded to the supremacy of the Church, and in the office of St. Peter,—most extraordinary, particularly in his misfortunes,—most extraordinary in the length of his reign, for he is the only Pope that has outlived "the years of Peter";—most extraordinary in the ingratitude of the world towards him, and the patience with which he has borne it;—most extraordinary in the heroic firmness of his character, and in the singleness of his devotion to his God and to the spouse of God, the Church (great cheering).—Pius IX. (renewed cheering), the glorious Pontiff, the man whom the bitterest enemies of the Church, whom the most foul-mouthed infidels of the day are obliged to acknowledge as a faithful and true servant of the Lord, his God, a faithful ruler of the Church, and a man from whose aged countenance there beams forth upon all who see him, the sweetness and the purity of Christ (great cheering). I have seen him in the halls of the Vatican; I have seen the most prejudiced Protestant ladies and gentlemen walk into that audience chamber. I have seen them come forth, their eyes streaming with tears; I have seen them come forth entranced with admiration, at the vision of sanctity and venerableness that they have beheld in the head of the Catholic Church (cheers). He is extraordinary in that he has outlived the years of Peter. Well do I remember him, as he stood upon the altar five and twenty years ago, fair and beautiful in his youthful manhood. Well do I remember the mighty voice that pealed like a clarion over the mighty square of St. Peter's, and seemed as if it was an angel of God that was come down from heaven, and in a voice of melodious thunder, was flinging a pentecost of grace and blessing over the people (great cheering).—Five-and-twenty years have passed away, and more. Never during the long roll of Pontiffs—never did man sit upon St. Peter's chair so long; so that it even passed into a proverb, that no Pope was ever to see the years of Peter. That proverb is falsified in Pius. He has passed the mystic Rubicon of the Papal age. He has passed the bounds which closed around all his predecessors. He has passed the years of Peter upon the Papal throne. Oh! may he live, if it be God's will, to guide the Church, until he has doubled the years of Peter (great cheering). He is singular in what the world calls his misfortunes; but what, too me, or any other man of faith, must absolutely appear as a startling resemblance to the last week that the Lord, our Saviour, spent before His passion, in Jerusalem. I remember Pius IX., surrounded by the acclamations and the admiration of the whole world. No word of praise was too great to be bestowed upon him. He was the theme of every popular writer. He was the idol of the people. The moment they beheld him the cry came forth—"Viva, viva, il salvatore de la patria!" Long live the savior of his people, and of his country! To-day he must not show his face in the very streets of Rome; and in the very halls of the deserted Vatican he hears the echoes of the shouts of those that cry, "Blessed be the hand that shall be imbued in thy blood, O Pius!" (sensation). Now, I ask any man on the face of the earth, what has this man done? What can the greatest enemy of the Pope lay his hand upon, and say, he has done

so and so, and he has deserved this change of popular friendship, and of popular opinion? The greatest enemy that the Pope has on this earth is not able to bring a single charge against him, during these twenty-five years, to account for that change of opinion. What has changed blessings into curses? What has changed homage and veneration into contempt and obloquy? There is no accounting for it. It is like the change that came over the people of Jerusalem, who, on Palm Sunday, cried "Hosanna to the Son of David," and on Good Friday morning cried, "give Him to us! We will tear Him to bits for it. Has he oppressed the Roman people? No, I lived many years in Rome, under his Pontificate. There was no taxation worth speaking of; there was no want, no misery. There was plenty of education for the children, plenty of employment, plenty of diversion. There was no forcible conscription of the youth, to send them into some vile cess-pool of corruption, in the shape of a burnek, or to hunt them out to the battlefield, to be mown down and flung into blood-stained graves. No; every man possessed his house and his soil in peace. There was prosperity in the land. And over all this there was the hand ever waving a blessing, and a voice invoking benediction and grace for his people.—Whence came the change? No man can tell.—Therefore, I say, this man is extraordinary in his misfortunes, in as much as they bring out, in the most striking and terrible manner, his resemblance to his crucified Lord and Saviour, the Head of the Church (cheers). He is singular in the magnificence of his character. The student of history may read the lives of all the Popes that have come down from Peter to Pius, and I make this assertion, that there is not a single feature of grandeur or magnificence in the character of any one of these Popes, that does not shine out, concentrated, in the character of Pius IX. (cheers). We admire the missionary zeal of St. Gregory the Great, of St. Celestine.—Pius the Ninth has sent from under his own hand, and from under his own blessing, men who have honored his Pontificate, as well as the Church, their Mother, by shedding their blood in martyrdom, for the Faith (loud cheers). From under his hand have gone forth those holy ones who have languished in the dungeons of China and of Japan. From under his hand have gone forth these heroic Jesuit sons of St. Ignatius, that have lifted the standard of the Cross, and uplifted the name—the name which forms their crown and their glory, even in the eyes of men, unto the furthest nations of the earth (cheers). If we admire the love of Rome that shines forth in the character of St. Leo the Great, who was the Pope amongst them all that ever loved Rome and the Romans so tenderly as the heart of Pius IX. loved them (cheers)? When he came to the throne there were Romans in exile, and there were Romans in prison. The very first act of the Pontiff was to fling open the prison doors, and to say to these children of misfortune, "Come forth, Italians! Breathe the pure air and feast your eyes upon the loveliness of your native land" (cheers). There were Roman who were in exile: he sent them the message of manumission, and of pardon, and of love, in whatever land they were, and said, "Come back to me;—come back and sit down in peace and in contentment under my empire; for O Rome, and children of Rome, I love you." This was the language and these were the emphatic accents of the glorious Pius IX.—Where was the Pope who ever embellished Rome as he did? I lived in Rome during the first years of his Pontificate: I lived there in the last. I might almost say that he found it a city of brick, and that he handed it over to Victor Emmanuel, the robber, a city of polished and shining marble (loud cheers). Orphanages, hospitals, public schools, model lodging houses, public baths and lavatories, splendid fountains; everything that the Roman citizen could require, either for his wants or for his luxury, or if you will, his pleasure, the magnificent hand of Pius IX. provided for; for the last five-and-twenty years, that hand has never ceased in beautifying and embellishing his loved and imperial Rome (cheers).—We admire the glorious firmness, the magnificent, rock-like endurance of St. Gregory VII., whom history knows by the name of Hildebrand; how he stood in the path of the impious German Emperors, like a rock against which the tide dashes, but dashes in vain;—so did he stand to stem the torrent of their tyranny and of their corruption. We admire Gregory VII., when, saying Mass before the Emperor, he took the blessed Eucharist into his hands and turned round, with the Holy Communion, and said, "Oh! majesty, I am about to give you the Holy Body of Jesus Christ. I swear before my God," said the Pope, "in whose presence I now stand, that I have never acted save for the Church which He loves, and for the happiness of His people. Now, Oh! King, swear thou the same; and I will put God upon thy lips." The Emperor hung his head and said, "I cannot swear it, for it would not be true;" and the Holy Communion was denied him (cheers). We admire that magnificent memory in the Church of God, which upheld the rights of Peter and of the Church against king and kaiser; but, I ask you, does not the image of the sainted Gregory VII. rise before our eyes from out the recesses of history, and come forth into the full blaze of the present generation in the magnificent constancy and firmness of Pius IX., the Pope of Rome (cheers)? It was a question of only giving up a little child that was baptized into the Christian Church, and engrained, by Baptism, upon Christ, our Lord—a little child that was engrained unto the Son of God and His Church,—had received the rites, and claimed, in justice, to come to know and love that God on whom he had been engrained by Baptism. All the powers of the world,—all the dukes and kings and governments in Europe, came around the Pope, and said, "You must give up that child; he must be taught to blaspheme and to hate that Lord upon whom he has been engrained by Baptism. He must not belong to Christ, or the Church, even though he is baptized into it." And they asked the Pope by the surrender of that child, to proclaim the surrender of that portion of the Church's faith that tells us, on the authority of the inspired Apostle, that, by Baptism, like a wild olive branch let into a good tree, we are let into Jesus Christ. They sent their fleets to Civita Vecchia; they pointed their cannon against the Vatican; and told the Pope that his existence and his life depended upon his giving up that child. And he declared, in the face of the world, and pronounced that word which will shine in characters of glory on his brow in Heaven,—he pronounced the immortal *non possumus*.—"I will not do it, because I cannot do it" (cheers)! If he wants do an epitaph, the most glorious language that need be written on his tomb would be "Here lies the man whom the whole world tried to coerce to commit a sin; and who answered the world 'non possumus,' I cannot do it" (renewed cheers). This is the man that to-day wears, and so gloriously wears, the time-honored tiara that has come down to him through eighteen hundred years of suffering and of glory, of joy and of sorrow.

The third circle,—that of the temporal power,—for a time is gone. There is a robber, who calls himself a King, seated now in the Quirinal in Rome. He had not the decency to tell the Pope that he was coming to plunder him. He had not the decency, when he did come to Rome, to build a house for himself; but he must take one of the old man's houses (sensation). It was a question of bringing his women into these, the Pope's own chambers, which were always like sanctuaries, where ladies, generally are not permitted to come in. There was a kind of tradition of holiness about them and exclusiveness, in this way; and he brings his Queen and his "ladies all" to these chambers where, if they had a particle of womanly decency, and delicacy,