

respect, as in the human compound, all that man can do is to supply the matter, to determine the subject; but the substantial form, the soul, the real authority comes from God. It is purely and simply a participation of His own divine authority, just as the light of the moon is a reflection of the light of the sun, and note well, that by being thus reflected from the essence of God to the soul of man, authority loses nothing of its essential qualities. It remains the same divine entity, the same blessed sacrament of God's infinite power, wisdom and goodness exercised for the same ultimate end, the supreme beatification of man. And this is true of civil as well as religious authority.

Is it a wonder that the church who teaches and practices such doctrine has been called by a most intelligent non-Catholic historian (Guizot) "a school of respect?" Is it a wonder that guileless souls turn toward authority as the sun-flower turns toward the sun? Is it a wonder that they see in it the force that bears up the world, the Holy Ark of the human race, the soul of societies and families—for each individual human being, the way, the truth and the life of him who said of superiors:— "He, who heareth you, heareth me; who despiseth you, despiseth me!" Is it a wonder that to rebel against lawful authority, lawfully exercised, is considered the greatest impiety? Is it a wonder that in the inspired words of St. Peter (2 Pet. II-9), among so many guilty souls whom hell claims and awaits, there are none whom it demands with more violence, and whom it will torment more furiously than the despisers of authority, the seditious and the anarchist? How can I omit reminding you, that on this very day, Oct. 29, the miscreant who dared to raise his bloody hand to crush authority, paid the temporal penalty of the blackest crime the 20th century has on record; and if reports are true, was hurled into eternity vociferating blasphemies against power. The scene is too horrible to dwell on it. Let us, for a relief, turn to the serene figure of the victim. Two personal reminiscences, briefly told, will sum up in a striking manner what I have just said.

It was during the encampment of the G. A. R. in Buffalo, Aug., 1898. One of the city's parks had been reserved and an officer placed on duty to guard the entrance. President McKinley