

words: "Non in multitudine exercitus victoria belli, sed de coelo fortitudo est." Below is the list of those who fell. A generous victor would have allowed the vanquished the sad privilege of honoring their dead. But United Italy is a stranger to any such feeling. The monument is still standing, but the following inscription—a standing insult to the Catholic world—is chiselled across its base: "This monument, which the theocratic government erected in memory of foreign mercenaries, Rome redeemed leaves to posterity as an everlasting remembrance of its darkest days."

Still another. Four years ago the universal Church rejoiced in the celebration of the sacerdotal jubilee of its supreme head, Leo XIII. Even Protestant states were not indifferent to the event. It was reserved for his own city to insult him. A statue of the apostate monk Giordano Bruno, whose infamous life is mirrored in his writings, was erected on a public square of Rome. The unveiling took place on Whitsunday, and was accompanied by the impious boast that whatever the Church had received by the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles was now about to be snatched away from her, and men would henceforth look to the ex-Dominican for light and guidance. And only a few months ago, as an answer to the outburst of joy on Leo XIII reaching his fiftieth year in the episcopacy, another statue was raised to the traitor Mamiani, who, though a member of the ministry of Pius IX, and sworn to fidelity, was in league with the heads of the Revolution, and betraying his sovereign, until exposed by his Catholic wife. Thus, not Bacchus, Venus, and Apollo, but Mamiani and Giordano Bruno are the gods of modern Rome.

The last. The "Pious Works" was perhaps the most beneficent establishment of papal rule. By this name is meant the immense fund formed by the offerings of Catholic charity the world over, and with which was supported a countless number of hospitals, orphanages, poor-schools and other charitable institutions, for the relief of every form of human misery. Crispi, hard pressed for money to support the army and the fleet, found the funds of the Pious Works mismanaged, declared them

confiscate, and established a Department of Charity to administer them. God's poor were the only sufferers, for those who were able to assist them were unwilling, and those who were willing were unable, while the members of the new Department lived faithfully up to the motto that charity begins at home. The result is a prodigious increase of poverty, so that in a country where every second man is a Count, and every third woman a Duchess, the aristocracy of beggars threatens to rival in numbers and influence that of blood.

To protest against the continuation and aggravation of these iniquities, the Holy Father has often raised his voice in complaint and warning. To borrow well-known words, he has claimed perfect liberty as his sacred and inalienable right, and has asked in the name of humanity and justice that this liberty, equally indispensable to the peace of the Church and the welfare of mankind, be scrupulously respected by all secular governments. Thus far his words have seemingly fallen on deaf ears, and Italy remains the brightest gem in the rich treasury of man's dishonor. How long will this state of things last? Probably a generation, perhaps a century. God's ways are not the ways of men, nor are his years ours. But a day will come when He will have his own, when all that is truthful and just and honest and religious in the world will rise up in righteous and devastating wrath against what is most lying and most unjust, most dishonest and most impious. Then it will be proclaimed in no uncertain tone that the Papal States belong to the Christian world, and of them the Pope is King. Then this last occupation of Rome will take its place in history by the side of the Egyptian slavery of the people of God, English rule in Ireland, and the Reign of Terror.

I know by experience how difficult it is for a Canadian to bring home to himself the existence of so infamous an injustice; we are so happily situated in our own country. But suppose for an instant—by a *reductio ad absurdum*—Dalton McCarthy, Premier of Canada, with Mr. Meredith, Minister of Justice, and Col. O'Brien, Commander of the forces on land and sea. Imagine next—no idle fancy with such a