

eller seen so grand an idea of the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ! Here He reigns! Who can deny the historical facts which I have narrated? Who can deny that, to day, our ear is charmed with the sound of music—our eye delighted with the contemplation of paintings—our hearts within us lifted up at the sight of some noble monument of architecture—who can deny, with such facts before him, that it was the Church that created these things? Who can deny that she is the mother of these—and that she brought them forth from out the chaos and the ruin that followed the destruction of the pagan civilization? But whilst she was their mother, she was also their highest inspiration. For, remember, that the zeal in art may be taken from earth, or drawn from heaven. Art may aspire to neither more nor less than "to hold the mirror up to nature." The painter, for instance, may aspire to nothing more than to render faithfully, as it is in nature, a herd of cattle, or a busy scene in the town. The musician may aspire to nothing more than the pleasure which his music will give to the sense of the voluptuous in man. The architect may aspire to nothing more than the creation, in a certain space, of a certain symmetry of proportion, and a certain usefulness in the work of his hands. They may "hold the mirror up to nature"; but this is not a perfect idealisation of art. The true ideal holds the mirror of its representation not only up to nature, to copy that nature faithfully, but—higher still—to God, to catch one ray of divine inspiration, one ray of divine light, one ray of heavenly instruction, and to fling that pure, heavenly light over the earthly productions of his art. This pure inspiration is only to be found in the Catholic Church. It is found in her music—those strains of hers which we call the "Gregorian chant,"—which, without producing any very great excitement or pleasure, yet fall upon the ear, and through the ear, upon the soul, with a calming, solemn influence, and seem to speak to the affections in the very highest language of worship. Plaintively they fall—yes, plaintively—because the Church of God has not yet shone over the earth in the fullness of her glory—plaintively, because the object of her worship is mainly to make reparation to an offended God for the negligence of his people—plaintively, because the words which this music breathes are the words of the penitent and the contrite of heart—plaintively, because, perhaps, my brethren, the highest privilege of the Christian here is a holy sadness, according to the words of Him who said: "Blessed are they who mourn and weep, for they shall be comforted."

In the lapse of years, the Church again brought forth another method and gave us another school, which expresses to-day the pious exultation, the rict of joy, with which, on Christmas day, Palestine sang before Pope Marcellus, in Rome. Who can say—who is there with trained, sympathetic ear who hears them, who cannot say—that the inspiration which is in them is altogether of heaven—heavenly; and that it lifts up the soul to the contemplation of heavenly themes, and to the triumph of Jesus Christ. The highest inspiration came through faith.

Let us turn to the art of painting. So long as this noble art was in the hands of the monk—the man of God—so long has it been a masterpiece of painting, such have never been mastered by any that since came forth—masterpieces by men who fasted and prayed, and looked upon their task, as painters, to be a heavenly and a holy one. We read of the blessed Angelico, the Dominican painter, whose works are the glory of the world to-day—of a man of him, that he never laid his brush to a painting of the Mother of God, or of our Lord, except on the day when he had been at Holy Communion. We read of him that he never painted the infant Jesus, or the Crucifixion, except on his knees. We read of him that whilst he brought out the divine sorrow in the Virgin Mother, for the Saviour's sake—what he brought out the God-like tribulation of Him who suffered there—he was obliged to dash the tears from his eyes—the tears of love—the tears of compassion—which produced the high inspiration of his genius. Nay, the history of this art of painting teaches us that all the great masters were eminent as religious men, and that when they separated from the Church, as we see, their inspiration left them. The finest works that Raphael ever painted were those which he painted in his youth, whilst his heart was yet pure, and before the admiration of the world had made him stain the integrity of his mind. The most rugged, the almost omnipotent genius of Michael Angelo, was that of a man deeply impressed with faith, and most earnestly devoted to the practice of his religion. When, over the high altar of the Sistine Chapel, he brings out all the terrors of the Divine Judgment, which he puts there in a manly and majestic attitude, not of blessing, but of sweeping denunciation over the heads of the wicked—he, took good care, by prayer, by frequent confession and communion, and by the purity of his life, to avert the judgments that he painted falling on his own head. The most glorious epoch in the history of architecture was precisely that in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when there arose the ministers of York; of Westminster; of Notre Dame, in Paris; of Rouen; and all the wonderful old churches that, to-day, are the admiration of the world, for the grandeur and majesty of their proportions, and the beauty of design they reveal. These churches sprung up at the very time that the Church alone held undisputed sway; when all the architects who built them were nearly all consecrated sons of the cloister. It is worthy of remark that we do not know the name of the architect that built St. Patrick's, or Christ Church, in Dublin. We do not know the name of the architect that built Westminster Abbey, nor any one of these great and mighty medieval churches throughout Europe. We know, indeed, the name of the architect who built St. Paul's, in London, and of him who built St. Peter's in Rome. They were laymen. The men who built the marvellous medieval churches were monks, and are now in the dust; and, in their humility, they



**Dr. O. Gordon Hewitt, Dominion Entomologist, says,** referring to the infantile rate from intestinal diseases and diarrhea spread by the house fly, he believes that the so-called harmless fly, by causing the death of thousands of infants, as well as spreading the germs of typhoid fever.

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brought the secret of their genius to the grave, and no names of theirs are emblazoned on the annals of the world's fame.

Thus we see the highest inspiration of the arts—music, painting, and architecture—came from the Catholic Church, and that the most attractive of them all were created in her cloister. The greatest painters that ever lived had come forth from her bosom, animated by her spirit. The greatest churches that ever were built were built and designed by her consecrated children. The grand strains of ecclesiastical music, expressing the highest ideas, resounded in her cathedral churches. The world had grown under her fostering care. Young republics had sprung up under the Church's hand and guidance. The Italian republic—the republics of Florence, of Pisa, of Venice, of Genoa—all gained their municipal rights and rights of citizenship (rights that were established for protection, and to insure equality of the law) under the Church's protection. Nay, more, the Church was ever willing and ready, both by legislation and by action, to curb the petty tyrants that oppressed the people; to oblige the rugged castellan to emancipate his slaves. The Church was ever ready to send her highest representatives, Archbishops and Cardinals, into the presence of kings, to demand the people's rights; and the very man who wrote the first principles of the British Constitution from an unwilling and tyrannical king, was the Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury—the only man who would dare to do it, for (and well they knew it) he could not touch the Archbishop, because the arm of the Church was outstretched for his protection. Society was formed under her eyes and under her care. Her work now seemed to be nearly completed, when the Almighty God, in His wisdom, let fall a calamity upon the world. And I think you will agree with me—even such amongst you (if there be any) who are not Catholics—that a calamity it was. A calamity fell upon the world in the sixteenth century, which not only divided the Church in faith, and separated nations from her, but which introduced new principles, new influences, new and hostile agencies, which were destructive of the most sacred rights. I am not here this evening so much a preacher as a lecturer; I am speaking to you rather as an historian than as a priest; and I ask you to consider this: We are accustomed to hear on every side that Protestantism was the emancipation of the human intellect from the slavery of the pope. To that I have only to answer this one word: Protestantism substituted the uncertainty of opinion instead of the certainty of faith which is in the Catholic Church. Protestantism declared that there was no voice on earth authorized or empowered to proclaim the truth of God; that the voice that had proclaimed it for fifteen hundred years had told a lie; that the people were not to accept the teaching of the Catholic Church as an authoritative and time-honored law, but that they were to go out and look for the faith for themselves—and in the worst way of all. Every man was to find a faith for himself; and when he had found it, he had no satisfactory guarantee, no certainty, that he had the true interpretation of the truth. If this be emancipating the intellect—if this changing of certainty into uncertainty, dogma into opinion, faith into a search after faith, be emancipation of the intellect—then Christ must have told a lie when he said: "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free!" The knowledge of the truth he

declared to be the highest freedom, and therefore, I hold, not as a priest, but simply as a philosopher, that the assertion is false which says that the work of Protestantism was the emancipation of the intellect. All the results of modern progress—all the scientific success and researches that have been made—in a word, all the great things that have been done, are all laid down quietly at the feet of Protestantism as the effects of this change of religion in England. Nothing is more common than for good Protestants to say, that the reason why we are now in so civilized a condition is because Martin Luther set up the Protestant religion. Protestantism claims the electric telegraph. The Atlantic cable does not lie so much in a bed of sand as on a holy bed of Protestantism that stretches from shore to shore! They forget that there is a philosophical axiom which says: "One thing may come after another, and yet it may not be caused by the thing that went before!" If one thing comes after another it does not follow that it is the effect of the other. It is true that all these things have sprung up in the world since Protestantism appeared. It is perfectly true that the many have learned to read since Protestantism gained ground. But why? Is it because the Catholic Church kept the people in ignorance? No; it was because of a single want, it was not the time Protestantism sprung up that the art of printing was invented. Of course the many were not able to read when they had no books. The Catholic Church, as history proved, was even far more zealous than the Protestant new-born sect in multiplying copies of Scripture, and in multiplying books for the people. One of the reproaches that is made to us to-day is, that we are too busy in the cause of education. Surely, if the Catholic Church is the mother of ignorance, that reproach cannot be truly made. Now, Protestants are making a noise and saying that the Church in every country and on every side, is planning and claiming to educate! But all this is outside of my question. My question deals with the fine arts.

Now, mark the change that took place! Protestantism, undoubtedly, weakened the Church's influence upon society. Undoubtedly, it took out of the Church's hands a great deal of that power which we have seen the Catholic Church exercise for more than a thousand years, upon the fine arts. They claim, or they set up a rival claim, to foster the arts of music, of architecture, and of painting, so that these may no longer claim to receive their special inspiration from the Church, which was their mother and their creator, and through which they drew their highest inspiration. Well, the arts were thus divided in their allegiance, and thus deprived of their inspiration, by the institution of this new religion. I ask you to consider, historically, whether that inspiration of art, that high and glorious inspiration, that magnificent ideal, was not destroyed the moment it was taken out of the hands of the Catholic Church? I say that it was destroyed; and I can prove it. Since the day that Protestantism was founded, architecture has decayed and fallen away. No great cathedral has been built. No great original has appeared. No new idea has been declared schism in the Church, and warred against legitimate authority. No Protestant has ever originated a noble model in modern architecture. It has sunk down into a servile imitation of the ancient Grecian forms of Greece and Rome. Nay, whenever the ancient Gothic pile—majestic and inspiring Christian churches—fell into their hands, what did they do? They pulled them down in order to build up some vile Grecian imitation, or else they debased the ancient grandeur and purity of the Gothic cathedral, by mixing in a wretched imitation of some ancient heathen or pagan temple.

As to the art of painting; the painter no longer looked up to heaven for his subject. The painter no longer considered that his pious idea was to instruct and elevate his fellow man. The painter no longer selected for his subjects the Mother of God, or the sacred humanity of our Lord, or the angels and saints of heaven. The halo of light that surrounded the Virgin's face as it grew under the creative hand of the young Christian painter of Urbino, disappeared. The highest ambition of the painter now is to sketch a landscape true to nature. The highest excellence of art seems now to be to catch the colors that approach most faithfully to the flesh-tints of the human body. And it is a remarkable fact, my friends, that the art of animal painting—painting cows and horses, and all these things—began with Protestantism. One of the very first animal painters was Ross, a German Protestant, who came to Rome, and the reproach of his fellow painters was, "There is the man that paints the cows and horses." Even sacred subjects were dealt with in this debased form—in this low and empty inspiration. Look, for instance, at the Magdalen, at the Madonnas of Rubens. Rubens, himself, was a pious Catholic; yet his paintings displayed the very genius of Protestantism. If he wanted to paint the Blessed Virgin, he selected some corpulent and gross-looking woman, in whom he found some ray of mere sensual beauty that struck his eye, and he put her on the canvas, and held her up before men as the Virgin, whose prayer was to save, and whose power was above that of the angels. The artist who would truly represent her on canvas must have his pencils touched with the purity and grandeur of heaven.

Music lost its inspiration when it fell from under the guidance of the Church. No longer were its strains the echoes of heaven. No longer is the burden of the lyre the heavenly aspiration of the human soul, tending towards its last and final beatitude. Oh, no! but every development that this high and heavenly science receives, is a simple degradation into the celebration of human passion; into the magnifying of human pride, into the illustration of that is worst and vilest in man; and the highest theme of the musician to-day is not the "Dies Irae"; it is not the "Stabat Mater"; the wailing voice of the Virgin's sorrow; it is not the "Alleluia" to proclaim to the world the glories of the risen God; no, the highest theme of

the musician, to-day, is to take up some story of the sensual, and merely human love; to set that forth with all the charms and all the meretricious embellishments of art. Thus do we behold in our own experience of to-day, how the arts went down, and lost their inspiration, as soon as there were taken from them the genius and the inspiring influence of the Church that created them, and, through them, civilized the world, and brought to us whatever we have of civilization and refinement in this nineteenth century. Thank God, the reign of evil cannot last long upon this earth. It is one of the mysterious circumstances that the coming of our Lord developed. Before the incarnation of the Son of God, an evil idea seemed to be in the nature of man. It propagated itself, it found a home, and an abiding dwelling amongst the children of men. But, since the incarnation of the Son of God, since the Eternal Word of God vouch-

safed to take a human soul, a human body, human sensibilities, and, I will add, human genius—since that time, the base, and the vile, and the ephemeral, and degraded, may come; may debase art and artists may spoil the spirit of art for a time—but it cannot last very long. There is a native force, a nobleness in the soul of man that rises in revolt against it. And to-day, even to-day, the hour of revival seems to be coming—almost arrived—is already come. The three arts of painting, of music, and architecture, seem to be rising with their former inspiration, and seem to catch again a little of the departed light that was shed on them and flowed through them, from religion. Architecture revives, and the glories of the thirteenth century, though certainly they may not be eclipsed, are almost equalled by the glories of the nineteenth. But a short distance from this, you see, in the middle of this great city, rising

in its wonderful beauty, that which promises to be, and is be of all the glories of this country, the most glorious—the great cathedral. Across the water you see, in the neighboring city of Brooklyn, the fair and magnificent proportion of that which will be, in a few years, the glory of that adjacent shore, when on this side and on that each tower, and spire, and pinnacle upholding an angel or saint the highest of all will uphold the Cross of Jesus Christ. Music is reviving again—catching again the pure spirit of the past. A taste for the serene, the pure, the most spiritual songs of the Church, is every day gaining ground, and taking hold of the imagination. Painting, thank God, is reviving again; and of this you have here abundant proof. Look around you. No gross, earthly figure stands out in the bare proportions of flesh and blood. No vile exposure of the mere flesh invites the eye of the voluptuous to feast itself

upon the sight. The purity of God is here. The purity of the Church of God overhangs it, and the story of these scenes will go home to your heart and to the hearts of your children, as the story that the blessed Angelico told in

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX

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Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets contain the active principles needed for the digestion of every kind of food. They go to the assistance of the weakened stomach, and enable the sufferer, right from the start to assimilate and get the benefit of the food eaten. With this assistance, the digestive organs regain their tone, and soon the use of the tablets is no longer necessary.  
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