

Jesus said to his disciples. Whom do you say that I am?

Simon Peter answered and said: Thou art Christ the Son of the living God.

And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my father who is in heaven. AND I SAY TO THEE, THAT THOU ART PETER, AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT.

AND I SHALL GIVE TO THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven. S. Matthew xvi. 15-19.



Is the Church likened unto a house? It is placed on the foundation of a rock, which is Peter. Will you represent it under the figure of a family? You behold our Redeemer paying the tribute as its master, and after him comes Peter as his representative. Is the Church a bark? Peter is its pilot; and it is our Redeemer who instructs him. Is the doctrine by which we are drawn from the gulph of Sin represented by a fisher's net? It is Peter who casts it; Peter who draws it; the other disciples lend their aid, but it is Peter that presents the fishes to our Redeemer. Is the Church represented by an embassy? Saint Peter is at its head. Do you prefer the figure of a Kingdom? Saint Peter carries its keys. In fine, will you have it shadowed under the symbol of flock and fold; Saint Peter is the Shepherd, and Universal Pastor under Jesus Christ. S. Francis of Sales. Controversial Disc. 42.

CALENDAR.

- APRIL 9—Sunday—Passion Sunday Semid.
- 10—Monday—Office of the Day Simp.
- 11—Tuesday—S. Leo the Great P Conf.
- 12—Wednesday—St Julius I P C Doub Sup.
- 13—Thursday—St Hermengild King and Mart Semid.
- 14—Friday—Seven dolours of B W M Great Doub com &c.
- 15—Saturday—Office of the Day Simp

FUNERAL ORATION ON DANIEL O'CONNELL.

BY THE PERE LACORDAIRE. (Concluded.)

O'Connell knew how to avoid both these rocks he remained young, and unconscious of years to the end of his life. I see youths in this audience. O'Connell was no younger than you when he disappeared from amongst us—he lived and he died in the purity of an uncorrupted youth.—Hardly glanced he at his triumph—scarcely had he forced the doors of parliament by a second election, when he left his position, and to the astonishment of all England, went to Ireland.—What sought he there? He went to announce to Ireland that to give liberty to conscience alone was not sufficient—that God and man are inseparable, and that after having served the kingdom of heaven, there remained for him the duty of benefitting his native land. He had only fulfilled the first commandment, not the second—and as both together make but one commandment, not to have fulfilled the second, was to be wanting in the full accomplishment of the first. He acknowledged himself to be old, to be at the climax of glory—yet his intention was to re-commence his life, and never to rest a single day till he had obtained perfect equality of rights between England and Ireland. For inasmuch as concerned human law, such was the state of the two countries, that the one was merely the satellite of the other. England had annihilated the property, the commerce, the industry—all the rights of Ireland to increase her own; and this odious system placed Ireland in such a state of inferiority, as to make it difficult for its people to drag out existence. Such is despotism, my brethren, and we are all less or more inclined to it—we all to a certain extent seek to diminish the rights of others, to augment our own, and the man who is free from this blot, so deeply fixed in our race, may believe he has arrived at the fulness of perfection of human nature.

O'Connell kept his word. No one day passed over in which he did not insist on the equality of rights between England and Ireland, and he spent in this work the last seventeen years of his life. He succeeded so far that the ministry presented several bills for the purpose of establishing equal rights between the countries, but parliament constantly rejected them. The Liberator was not dejected; he had the gratification to see the corporations of Ireland, hitherto exclusively Protestant, fall under his blows, and the first Catholic for two hundred years, he saw on his breast the insignia of Lord Mayor of Dublin.

This constancy in vindicating the rights of man for his country, without ever permitting himself to be cast down by age or want of success, would have been sufficient to mark the place of O'Connell amongst the liberators of the human race; for whoever serves his country in the general sense of the rights of all is not a man of one age or of one locality. He speaks for the existing people and for those to come; he gives them the example of perseverance, and he throws upon the world seed which sooner or latter the human race shall reap the benefit of. We shall be better

able to estimate the political conduct of O'Connell if we examine the basis on which he founded it and the doctrine which he has left us a legacy of on the subject of resistance to oppression.

To demand your right, such was the strong principle which O'Connell used against tyranny. There is in a right as in all which is true, an inherent force, eternal and indestructible, which never can disappear until rights themselves are no longer named. Tyranny would be invincible could it succeed in annihilating the idea of right with the name, and to silence for ever the mention of it. It endeavours to arrive at this goal, and to stop by every means of violence and corruption the mouth of justice. As long as these remain, a just soul with courageous lips, despotism is uneasy—it trembles—it thinks eternity conspires against it. Any other means are indifferent to it, and do not alarm it much. Do you make an appeal to arms?—a battle settles that. A riot? Is an affair of police. Violence is of time, right is of heaven. What dignity! what strength in rights which are advocated with calmness, with honesty, with sincerity from the heart of a good man. His spirit is contagious—when we hear him our souls acknowledge and adhere to him, a moment is sufficient sometimes to influence a whole people—to proclaim him, and to throw themselves on their knees. It may be objected, it is true, that the demanding of right is not always possible, that there are times and places where oppression is so inveterate that the thought of speech for right is as chimerical as the reality of right. It may be so, but such was not the position of O'Connell and of his country. O'Connell and Ireland could speak, write, petition, associate, elect magistrates and members for parliament. The rights of Ireland were disavowed but not disarmed, and in this state of things the doctrine of O'Connell was that of Christianity and of reason. Liberty is a work of virtue—a holy work, and, in consequence, a work of the soul.

But the demand for right ought to be unceasing, the liberation of a people is not the affair of a day; it encounters infallibly in the ideas passions, interests, and intricate relations of human affairs, a thousand obstacles accumulated by time, and when time alone, aided by a parallel and uninterrupted action, is able to remove. It is not enough, said O'Connell, to speak to day and tomorrow—to write, to petition, to associate for the present, we must speak always, must write always, petition always, associate always, until our end be attained and our rights granted. We must tire out injustice and force the hand of Providence. You see here, my brethren, this is not a school of vain aspirations and without resolution; it is the school of tempered souls, who know the value of the good they seek, and are not astonished that they must pay a dear price for it.—O'Connell, moreover, practised as he preached—that which he said he did; no life was ever more indefatigable than his. He laboured for the future as if inspired by the certainty of the present; he was never surprised, never discontented at not reaching his aim; he knew he could not attain it during his life, at least he had doubts about it, and yet you would say from his enthusiasm, that there was but one day, one step between him and liberty. Who can reckon the number of assemblies he addressed and presided over—the petitions he dictated, his journeys, his proceedings, his popular triumphs, that indecible arsenal of ideas and facts which composed the miraculous tissue of his 72 years! He was, indeed, the Hercules of liberty.

To the perseverance in the demand for rights he added another condition—that was, to be ever

an irrefragable organ of it; and, to explain this maxim by his conduct, we see first that he understood that every advocate of liberty should seek it equally and efficaciously for all, not only for his own party but even for his adversaries—not only for his own religion but for all religions—not only for his own country but for the entire world. Humanity is one, and its rights are the same in all places, even though the exercise of them differ according to the state of manners and of mind. Whoever excepts a single man in petitioning for right—whoever consents to the enslavement of a single man, were that man only bound by a single hair, is not a true man, and is not worthy to combat for the sacred cause of the human race! The public conscience will reject the man who demands an exclusive liberty—one careless of the rights of others; for exclusive liberty is only privilege, and the liberty which cares not for others is treason. We see nations arrive at a certain development of their social institutions, and there stop short or retrograde.—Do not ask why. You may feel assured that within that people there has been some secret sacrifice of right, and that these apparent defenders of liberty, incapable of wishing the same to others as to themselves, lost the illusion which conquers and saves—which preserves and extends liberty. The degenerate descendants of holy conflicts, their enervated discourses roll in a vicious circle, which it is sufficient to fear to know they are already repelled to.

Never did this occur to O'Connell; never, within fifty years, did his discourses lose for one moment the charm of sincerity. It vibrated for the rights of his enemy as well as for his own.—He branded oppression, no matter from whence it came, or on what head it fell; thus he attracted to this cause—to the cause of Ireland, souls separated from his by the most profound abysses—brotherly hands sought his hand from the farthest part of the globe. There is in the heart of an honest man who speaks for all, and sometimes seem to speak against himself—there is, I say, an immense power of logical and moral superiority, which almost infallibly produces reciprocity.

Yes, Catholics, understand this well—if you wish liberty for yourselves you wish it for all men, and for all under Heaven. If you ask only for yourselves it will never be granted. Give where you are masters, that it may be given to you where you are slaves.

O'Connell understood in a further sense, the maxim that we must be irrefragable in demanding our rights. He wished that a sincere and religious respect should be paid to authority, and to the law, which is its highest expression. For authority also is a liberty, and whoever wishes and yet attacks authority, knows not what he says nor what he does. Authority is an integral part of liberty, as duty is manifestly co-relative with right, the right of one man implies the duty of another. Hence it is that political charters, as well as the great charter of the gospel, consecrate at the same time right and duty, liberty and authority. The hand which separates them destroys them, and never shall any people who do not equally respect both be capable of becoming a free people. O'Connell pushed to the extent of superstition his respect for the law—he indulged in every liberty until he encountered a law in force; and yet no man ever made so surprising a use of the small space which persecuting laws left at his disposition. His profound knowledge of law was of great service to him in his magic advances and retreats, and he had the honour to die after forty seven years of political agitation without even having

incurred one final judicial condemnation. Once, at the time of the celebrated meeting of Clontarf, he feared he was caught in a snare from which he could not escape without soiling the baptismal robe of his popular and Christian leadership. On the eve of the meeting, when Dublin and Ireland were gorged with British troops, the viceroy proclaimed that the meeting should not be held. O'Connell shuddered at the thought of the inevitable conflict between the people and the army. Pale and agitated he sent off expresses on expresses, courier after courier during the entire night, and at length at the dawn of day, after a frightful night, he had the happiness to learn that not one soul would be at Clontarf where half-a-million was expected.

This was the occasion of his latest triumph. You know how England wished to punish him for the half century of agitation in which he had plunged the third of her empire—how he was cited, condemned, imprisoned—and how he appeared to the House of Lords, where he knew he had so many enemies. Illustrious epoch! when all Ireland came to visit its captive Liberator in his prison—when the assembled bishops offered up prayers to God that the man of Erin might be comforted in his tribulation, and come forth victorious! This prayer of the nation was heard, and after a magnanimous decree, which declared that O'Connell had not been in the wrong, Ireland had now once more the pride and consolation to carry its venerated father forth in all the glory with which she had surrounded him, and which appeared of increase or of termination.

In the opinion of men, O'Connell ought to have died that day; but the Arbitrer of Destinies and the Judge of Hearts had otherwise decided. O'Connell was a Christian—the faith and the love of God had been the vivifying principles of his entire existence; and yet, truly faithful although he was, perhaps he had not been insensible to the seductions of his magnificent triumphs. Glory is a subtle poison, which penetrates the shield of the best-regulated minds. O'Connell mented that God should purify him whilst alive, and after so many crowns which had never been disgraced, he should place on his head the crown of adversity, without which no glory is perfect on earth or in heaven.

O'Connell saw a portion of his friends detach themselves from him; his soul was wounded in pride and in friendship; it was also stricken in his people, whom he had so tenderly, so efficaciously served. A horrible famine mowed down under his eyes the children of Erin—he saw evils against which eloquence and genius availed nothing, and he felt in his inmost soul the emptiness of glory. But whilst he was a prey to this woe-fraught agony, suddenly, on the sacred banks of the Tiber, a voice was heard, which stirred to their centres the world and Christianity. Each expected a father who felt the wants of the times, who would take them under the direction of his pacific and pontifical hand, and elevate them from the earth to the level of religion.—this expectation and these vows were heard. O'Connell might die—Pius the Ninth had appeared in the world; O'Connell might be silent—Pius the Ninth spoke; O'Connell might descend into the shroud of the tomb—Pius the Ninth was in the chair of St. Peter. The old and dying athlete of the church and of humanity was not deceived—the strength and the weakness of his life were revealed to him; he knew that he had been but the precursor of a greater liberator than himself; and as John the Baptist went to visit in the desert the Messiah he expected, and whose shoe string he deemed himself unworthy to untie, O'Connell turned his eyes