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"Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel," (Cor. I., 9, 16.) That is the most essential lesson for the moment that Almighty God wishes to convey to his rational creatures. However unworthily, we are only occupying the place and performing the functions of Christ himself, and we must do what we feel and know he would do if he were still in his visible form on the earth. We have been sent, as St. Paul teaches, "Not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel," (Cor. I., 17.) We have been set up as watchmen on Mount Zion, and guards on the turrets of Jerusalem,—that is, on the high places and prominent localities, and in the most conspicuous

positions of God's Church all over the world.

It is from us, therefore, that Fenians and all their sympathizers, and all other people, must learn, not mere politics, but politics or anything else that will have a bearing on religion. It is from us alone they can and ought to hear, and infallibly know, when their politics interfere with the everlasting teachings of God's religion, and when they are pushing their principles too far. If secret societies be formed, and foul murders and dastardly assassinations be hatched, and hellish passions be roused in the name of patriotism, then we are no longer at liberty to look on without soiling our hands and our consciences, and becoming, negatively of course, but still morally, responsible for the crimes of our erring people. If we blow not God's trumpet in Israel, the sins and the blood of the people will be on our heads. But if we blow the trumpet. and that the people heed it not, their blood will be on their own souls, (Ezech. 33.) It was thus that the Saviour himself blew the trumpet, and cried out in thunder tones to the Scribes and Pharisees, and the blood-thirsting hypocrites and assassins of his own time, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets, and hast stoned those that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children, as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, and thou wouldst not."

Such are the correlative duties of Priests and people to teach and to believe—to command and to obey; but as the ardent admirer and bereaved friend and panegyrist of Mr. McGee, I must now come back to the important part he played in the old and young Ireland controversy, and to the