

"THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS."

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON BY

VERY REV. FATHER BURKE, O. P.

On Sunday August 18th, the corner-stone of the new Church of the Sacred Heart, at Courtwood Queen's County, Ireland, was laid by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Kildare, and Leighlin. The sermon of which the following is an extract, was preached by Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P.

Father Burke ascended the pulpit, and preached the following sermon:—"I saw the Holy City, the new Jerusalem, coming down from Heaven, from God, arrayed as a bride adorned for her bridegroom," words found in the 21st chapter of the Apocalypse of St. John. May I please your lordship, dearly beloved brethren, we are assembled this evening under the bishop and pastor of our souls to consecrate and to lay with prayer and benediction the corner-stone of this new temple of God, which is about to be erected under the title of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and as the Scriptures tells us that all things in the works of God are harmonious, and fit one unto another, I ask you to consider this evening how fitting this church shall be for the title which it is about to receive, and I ask you to consider what that title means. The Sacred Heart of Jesus. "Oh, Heart!" exclaims St. Bernard, "the thought of Thee is balm to my inner soul, the sight of Thee, contemplated by the mind, is a joy to mine eyes, and the sound of Thy name is as the music of Heaven to mine ears," for, dearly beloved, when Almighty God vouchsafed to become man, and for us men and for our salvation vouchsafed to incarnate the Holy Ghost and of the Virgin Mary, in that hour of His greatest mercy He showed the greatness of His love for man, in that He took to Him a human heart like yours and mine—a human heart indeed in its capacity for joy and for sorrow—a heart most human in the depths of its sympathy, its tenderness, and its love, but at the same time a heart which was divine, and the object of all adoration in heaven and upon earth, and even in hell, where the devils trembling still believe because it was the heart of a divine person, Jesus Christ in whose bosom it was—the bosom of God. But that human heart which the Son of God took to Him, He took for all the purposes for which He creates the hearts of ordinary men, and just as our minds are made to know so our hearts are created to be receptacles of the affections and to be the home of love. Even so when the Son of God took a human body and a human soul that Sacred heart of His He took for the purposes of loving, and the heart of Jesus became the great vehicle and the great receptacle of that infinite love of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost which was shown to man in the incarnation of the Eternal Word. And now, so much being said for the Sacred heart of our Lord and for the purpose for which He took it to Himself, I ask you to consider the words of my text. St. John the Evangelist beheld with prophetic eye the glories of the Church which was to be the bride and Lamb of God, and he described her as she appeared to Him in the heavens coming down from Heaven, from out the very mind and heart of God, but coming all robed in splendor and majesty, coming clothed in the very highest form of loveliness and beauty, like the young bride of a king arrayed and adorned to meet her royal bridegroom. What was the beauty of the Church of God of which St. John here speaks—what was the perfection of beauty of which we read almost in every part of the inspired Scriptures—God at one time saying to His spouse, "Thou art all fair, oh my beloved, and there is no stain in thee;" again the Apostle proclaiming, says, "Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for her, that He might present her to Himself without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but a glorious Church, perfect and worthy to be the bride of the Lamb of God?" What is the beauty which belongs to the Lamb of God? It is, my beloved, none other than the beauty of God Himself. Thus saith the Lord, "Thou wast made exceeding beautiful because of my own beauty which I have given to thee, saith thy Lord thy God on Zion." This church, which, rising here amongst these historic plains, which fling up towards Heaven the loveliness of pointed arch and wall, traced window, and a spire climbing with a holy ambition high into the clouds, until the setting sun of the world's Redeemer—the Cross of Jesus Christ—shall be flung broad and wide over many a road until that gilded cross shall catch the first rays of the eastern sun rising in the morning in the east, and shall be the last object to receive the last adoring rays of the same luminary as he sinks in the western horizon in the evening—a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever" to every eye that beholds and every heart that comprehends the mystery of its beauty of this church? How shall it participate in the loveliness which will make it to be as a bride arrayed for her bridegroom? I answer its beauties are intimated in its title—the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Consider the beauty and loveliness of the Sacred Heart of our Lord, and see how faithfully that beauty which is of God shall be put upon this Church, his spouse. One of the great wants of our age is not so much faith as tenderness and love for Jesus Christ. Oh! it is not strange that Catholic hearts should be cool towards the Sacred Heart of Jesus, while the heart of the Church, their mother, ever burns with the fresh bridal love for the Sacred Heart of her bridegroom? Is it not still stranger that many outside the Catholic Church should imagine that we Catholics have not a proper, or sufficiently ardent, or sufficiently adoring love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ! Oh, how little they know of the thoughts of our faith—how little they know they know the yearnings of our hope, the strong emotions of our Catholic charity, else in their kindness, they would never think such a thought of us or speak such a word. Most beautiful of all that ever was created in Heaven or upon this earth—most beautiful of all the works of God is the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, and its beauty is mainly three-fold. First, the beauty of His infinite holiness; second, the beauty of His vast tenderness and large bounty which knew no limit to the greatness of His mercy; and third, the beauty of His immortal, imperishable, eternal divinity, reigning in the Sacred Heart of the Redeemer. I take these three, and ask you to consider them, first, in the sacred humanity of the Sacred Heart of our Lord, then we will apply them to this very church, within whose incipient walls we are assembled this evening. First of all, the heart of Jesus Christ, the Virgin's son, was the most beautiful thing that God ever made because it was the holiest. Formed out of the most pure, the most immaculate materials, elaborated with the most precious and thoughtful care of the mind of God, and joined by a personal union with the Eternal Divinity of the Word, that heart of the man-God had become the heart of God Himself in Jesus Christ. How pure and holy that sweet heart of Jesus was, formed out of the blood of Mary the Blessed Virgin. Mary, the Virgin of whom it was said, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, that it was one of her privileges of our humanity to be able through all generations to call her blessed. Mary, the virgin whose graces were so abundant and so excellent and so unique in themselves that the very archangel who came down before the throne of God bowed down before her as one of an order of grace superior to his, and declared that she was "full of grace," and that her name was blessed before all women, for the Lord God was with her. That sacred blood that was in the virgin's veins was preserved from the slightest shadow or thought to sin allied. Where all sinned

Mary alone was immaculate. Enshrined in the omnipotent and eternal decrees of the Lord God, her maker, the ocean of original sin surging up like the flood of old, and sweeping over the whole face of human creation, touched all, defiled all, spoiled all, but God said to its waves at the very highest—"Touch not my immaculate one—she is my love, my star, and my dove, and there is no spot nor stain in her. Why did Mary receive this grace? In order that the veins of her bosom, unstained and unspiced by the slightest shadow of sin, might be worthy to give the materials of that human but most sacred heart of Jesus which was to be for ever a living chalice of the precious blood. Thus, pure in its origin, God made for Himself out of Mary's blood a human heart, so large, so ample, so strong as to be able to bear the rushing floods of the infinite sanctity of God that came upon Him. For that heart was united in the sacred humanity of our Lord to the Divinity, so that the result of the union was not a human person but a divine person, and the heart that was throbbing in the bosom of Jesus Christ was the heart of God. Secondly, consider how unique in its beauty was this Sacred Heart of God. All other men had hearts narrowed by selfishness, defiled in some way or other by sin. Mary herself, though immaculate had incurred the debt of original sin, and was as much saved, and as truly, though differently, by the blood and passion of her divine Master as yours or my soul. But even the man after God's own heart, even the Royal Prophet left behind him the record of a heart open to temptation—a heart easily inflamed by impure love. Jesus alone of all men had a heart of infinite holiness, but to that holiness was added the other beauty of infinite tenderness and largeness of mercy. He took that human heart to Him for the same purpose of loving His fellow-men, and loving them with that mighty heart. What were the wants that that sacred heart of His failed to feel? Were the people hungering around Him, He spoke to His Apostles and said—"I have compassion on this multitude; My heart is moved for them; and I will not send them away fasting." Were the people ignorant He went out and led them out to the mountains, and for three days and three nights there did He speak and teach till the clouds of ignorance rolled away from the eyes of their souls, and from the darkness of their ignorance he brought them, through the compassion of His Divine Heart, into His own admirable light of knowledge. Were they sorrowing, He hastened to wipe away their tears. It is now a sister weeping, or a brother's grief. Tears are falling over the grave of Lazarus, and he is rescued from the very jaws of death. Is it a weeping mother as she follows her only son to the grave? Seeing her, as St. John the Evangelist says, He was touched, and moved, and shaken with pity. Weep no more, He said, and He gave back with His own sweet hand that child to its mother's bosom. Is it the sinner crawling to His feet, heart-broken with sorrow—a sinner whom all men will avoid, a sinner so despised that even the priest and levite. Scribe and Pharisee gather their robes and say—"Begone, touch us not, we are clean." One only could she come to, and from Him she derived the sanctity of Heaven by her repentance. Did He refuse her when Magdalen cried, marking her humble course by her tears? Oh, no. His divine heart was moved by compassion, and when she arose from His sacred feet, she was pure as the Angel Gabriel was when he saluted Mary. Nay, more, the sinner not drawn to Him in repentance, but caught red-handed in her sin, was not condemned by Him, but rather she went away like an angel of God in her restored contrition. In fact, every spiritual and temporal want found its safety in drawing upon the infinite fountain of the mercy and tenderness of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. The moment that our Lord fashioned and formed that Sacred Heart for Himself out of the heart's blood of His Virgin Mother, from the moment He took it to Himself, never for one instant of time did the Son of God separate Himself from that heart. Never for an instant did His all holy and adorable divinity, never for all eternity shall the heart of Jesus Christ be without the love of God throbbing with a divine love in it. Even when He was dead on the cross—even when the Sacred Heart, so easily moved, so abundant in its care, so tender and anxious in its own mercy—when the Sacred Heart, so forgiving that, with upturned eyes, He prayed to His Eternal Father in Heaven that those who crucified Him might be forgiven; even when the sweet heart ceased to beat and was dead—even though the human soul had fled, the Divinity of God never left it, and the angels in heaven were adoring this pulseless heart of Jesus Christ during the hour He remained on the cross. Behold, then, the three beauties of the Sacred Heart. Behold these walls to-day. The corner-stone is laid in prayer and benediction, and within these walls shall rise up prayer and benediction for all time. Everything around these walls in future shall be the most precious that the mind of man can conceive, the ingenuity of man discover, the elaborate cunning of the artificer's hand form into shape and beauty. All the richest marbles torn out from the heart of the earth, gold and silver, orient pearls, the fairest flowers of the earth, the labor of the mother bee, all that the earth has, all that the depths of the sea can render, all that the hills contain, all that the green face of nature can produce, all shall be selected and gathered here; and when we have done all this, and more, yet shall we fail infinitely from the beauty and loveliness of the house in which God vouchsafed to dwell. These walls shall be eloquent as they resound to the Word of God for many a day, and within these walls will be found the same mercy, the same powerful means of intercession, the same ready pardon, the same strong omnipotent grace of absolution that Magdalen received at the feet of Jesus Christ from His Sacred Heart. All shall be found within these walls, and the three fold beauty of that Sacred Heart shall not be wanting. It was an eternal heart from the moment of its creation, taken unto God, assumed unto the Divinity to be no longer the heart of man, but to be the heart of God and to abide there for ever and ever. As long as man remains on earth to cross the threshold of that sacred door, so long shall that door remain open to him. These walls, may, indeed, perish; time in its relentless action, the malice of men and the thousand accidents of flood and of storm may demolish them; but these walls will rise again as the fabled bird arose from its ashes—they shall arise again as they are arising to-day where the more ancient walls perished, or if they still remain are only supported by the loving ivy that first trained itself around them. Venerable in their ruin and beautiful we see them throughout the land, these evidences, not of a faith that has gone by, but only evidences of the action of time and of man, but renewed as the strength of the eagle is renewed in buildings like this—monuments of the faith that though material edifices perish the faith they represent, and on which they were founded and built up, shall never perish on this earth as long as human intellect remains to believe and human heart to love Jesus Christ. Therefore, we may well apply to this temple the words—This is my resting place, said the Lord, for ever and ever. Here shall I dwell, because I have chosen it for Myself. You see the Lord has chosen this place. God was looking down from Heaven upon this very spot, and said, there shall I dwell for ever and ever, there shall I dwell among the children of Mine, for I have chosen that spot. We know it to-day, and we shall know it better when still more generous in our efforts, still more munificent in our charity, we shall have it completed and beautified. Entering with joy, according to the words of the psalmist, into the courts of the new Jerusalem we shall here upon the altar on the day of the consummation of its beauty behold the tabernacle of

God, and He shall here dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and the Lord God in the midst of them shall be their God. This is the object of our hope to-day. Our faith has begun the work, our hope shall continue it, our love for our God shall consummate it and make it perfect in all its loveliness and beauty, and with God's blessing great shall be the reward in Heaven for all eternity.

PREMIUM DAY at the PROPAGANDA.

On Monday, the 20 August, the distribution of prizes took place at the Propaganda in the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Franchi, the Prefect, and of Monsignor Agazzi, the Secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda. Many distinguished persons were present. In the Faculty of Theology Charles MacCarthy, an Englishman of Irish descent, the Rev. Bartholomew MacCarthy, of the Irish College, and the Rev. Dennis O'Connell and Rev. Cornelius Vincent Mahony, both of the North American College, were created Doctors.

In the Faculty of Theology *ex auditoribus Sacre Scripture*, Mr. McDonnell, of the North American College, got the first premium, while the second fell by a lot to a Belgian, Reverend Hyppolyte Flamant; the Rev. Charles Grannan of New York and Joseph Lucow, a Bulgarian, being equal in merit. In Dogmatic Theology Peter Corcoran, an Irishman, got the first premium, and Reverend C. P. Grannan, of New York, for the second premium. In the Faculty of Theology *ex auditoribus Sacre Scripturae*, the second prize falling by lot to Hyppolyte Flamant, to whom were equal in merit Peter Corcoran, Irishman, Thomas Langan, Irish College, Patrick MacConville, Irishman, and Joseph Lucow, Bulgarian.

John MacElhinney, North American College, and Philip Duffy, were equal in merit *ex auditoribus Sacre Theologiae*, and took accordingly the first and second prizes. Francis Smith, Irishman, and Michael MacCarton, of the Irish College, took by lot the first and second prizes respectively *ex auditoribus theologiae moralis*, having their equals in merit Thomas Bourke, Irishman; Frederick Kleene, North American College; Bartholomew Sullivan, of Springfield, U.S.; John Bourke, N.A. Coll.; William Murphy, Irishman; Michael Hoban, N.A. Coll.; William Daly, N.A.; Conrad Abels, Batavia; John Briody, Irishman, and Jeremias Makdasai, a Chaldean.

*Ex Auditoribus Historie Ecclesiasticae*:—The first prize was obtained by Peter Barral, of the Mission of the Heart of Jesus, and the second fell by lot to Conrad Abels, John Bourke and John Hassan being equal in merit.

*Ex Auditoribus Juris Canonici*:—The first prize fell to Bartholomew Sullivan, and the second to William Miggeel, of Cincinnati, U.S.

*Ex Auditoribus Liturgie Sacre*:—The first and second prizes were adjudged by lot to John O'Reilly, Irishman, and John Hassan, of the Irish College, the following being also equal in merit, namely, Michael O'Donnell, of the Irish College, James Quigly, of Buffalo; Francis Smith, Irishman; Bartholomew O'Keefe and John Hassan, Irish College; and John Briody, Irishman.

In the Faculty of Philosophy *ex auditoribus Ethice* Joachim Cuculla took the first prize, and the second fell by lot to Patrick Hartigan of the Irish College, equal to him in merit being a Syrian, Antonio Russo.

*Ex Auditoribus Physico-Matheseos*, Innocenzo, Mattei, a Roman; Enrico Franceschi, a Roman, and Thomas Farrelly, of the Irish College, were equal in merit, and the prizes fell by lot to Mattei and Farrelly.

*Ex Auditoribus Physico-Chimice*:—The first and second prizes fell respectively to Joachim Cuculla, Albanian, and Thomas Hackett, a Scotchman, John Audo, a Chaldean, and Thomas Farrelly of the Irish College being equal in merit.

*Ex Auditoribus Logice et Metaphysice*:—The first was obtained by Thomas Hackett, a Scotchman, and the second by Innocent Ryan of the Irish College.

*Ex Auditoribus Mathematicis*:—The first prize went to Paul Carriere, of the mission of the Heart of Jesus, and the second to Godfred Raeber, a Swiss.

In Hebrew, Thomas O'Donnell, of the Irish College, and Otho Ortuod, a Dane, were equal in merit and the prize fell by lot to the latter, and the second to the former.

In Greek, Thomas Hackett and Innocent Ryan were equal in merit and took prizes by lot.

Several other prizes were gained by the students of the Irish College and of the North American College.—London Tablet.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

THE MOST LEARNED CATHOLIC IN THE WORLD AT MASS.

[M. D. Conway in the Cincinnati Commercial.]

I have just been near two miles away, and before seven in the morning, to attend Mass. It was through a desire to look upon the face of John Henry Newman. Three ladies, who were also desirous of seeing him, went with me, and we found the famous father just beginning to celebrate Mass with the assistance of two neophytes. In the spacious Gothic chapel of the oratory there was but one auditor, a young girl of some sixteen summers, meekly kneeling, all alone. Besides her the most learned Catholic in the world had for his audience four Protestants. The altar at which he officiated was at a corner of the building. There was only one candle, and that had been lit simply to enable him to read. On the upper wall above his head was a large crucifix, and beneath it—on a level with his face—an oil picture of St. Veronica about to place the handkerchief on the face of Jesus. The famous man, far away in his corner, with his silvery head bent and his voice murmuring on swiftly in a monotonous feminine tone, presented a picture not likely to attract or impress many in the enterprising city. I found it difficult to persuade the churchwoman that her trouble was illogical, or the others that it was a far nobler sight we had witnessed than if we had seen Dr. Newman in the House of Lords, where he would have been if he had not preferred veracity to self. There is no doubt that the general mind and feeling of England have been in some way borne so far away from the ancient religious atmosphere that each person views with surprise and disgust every pious ceremonial except his own. Every service requires a special training and habituation; to all others it seems to be some kind of necromancy, and the horror of it in many seems to amount to a superstition. Father Newman is a man of strange visage. His forehead appears extremely low (partly from the way his unparted hair falls over it); the top of his head seems flattened; the mouth bears an expression of unconscious pain; the chin is large and juts out; the nose is very prominent, like that of Wellington. When the features are fore-shortened, in the front view, and the clear, luminous eyes bent downward or nearly closed as prayers are offered, the face has the appearance of that of an extremely aged woman, and one nearly imbecile. Another turn, bringing a half side face, an open eye, an upraised head, and the effect is one that seems to call for an Angelo to portray. There was at another part of the wall a picture of an old saint with clasped hands, a saint—Francis d'Assisi, perhaps—in ecstasy. Just after looking at that my eyes turned to Father Newman, whose head was raised by the candle beyond it, and he seemed to be the successor of all the saints who lived in days when saints could be real. But it required an effort of the historical imagination to place the good fa-

ther in his proper environment. Birmingham echoed her invocations with early steam-whistles. The sounds of an awakening city stole in with the morning light. At eight o'clock the aged man gathered in his arms his books and other articles, quite a load, and with faltering tread on the altar steps passed out to his mysterious but certainly hard labors. It is but too plain that Father Newman is quite feeble, more so than can be accounted for by his years. I have been told by a person in the neighborhood that the other priests at the oratory have several times had to interfere in order to check ascetic tendencies in the interest of his health, and I heard also that lately he had persuaded him to give up to others the office of waiting at table, an occupation which the brethren fulfil in turn. Dr. Newman, it was said, yielded reluctantly to their entreaties. He preaches in the Oratory pretty regularly on Sunday mornings, but they who go to hear him out of curiosity or in expectation of a grand discourse are invariably disappointed. Some acquaintances of mine who went to hear him last Easter Sunday told me that the discourse was such as might have been addressed to Sunday-school children not yet in their teens. It amounted only to asking them if they would not be very much surprised if a person whose funeral they had attended was to meet them, alive and well. After saying in various ways that they would certainly be very much surprised, he related the story of the resurrection in the language of the Testament, and so ended. But there are very few except the poor and ignorant who ever attend, and possibly Father Newman does not associate such happiness with much knowledge as to induce him to disturb the contentment of his lowly auditors. At any rate, so far as I can remember, it is now many years since any pulpit performance of his has reached the public ear.

LITERATURE.

SOME CALUMNIES REVIEWED.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS.

Sir,—The lustre that gather round the age of Pericles, when the Aspasia ruled the state to the dishonour of Greece, shows that the depth of thought, and the elegance and grace of form, are not incompatible with depravity in morals, and absurdity in faith. The refined age of Roman literature, the age of the princes of Latin poets, orators, and historians, shall be forever infamous, for the unbounded licentiousness of the Floridia, and the immorality of private life; for the sanguinary instincts of a people, which had spent of the 700 years, from Numa to Augustus, 699 in perpetual war; where fellow beings slew one another for the pleasure of Roman ladies. We learn, then, from the archives of nations, what we otherwise know, that the grace and amenity of polite letters, are not inconsistent with cruelty, depravity, and obscurity; that absurdity continued place in profound and judicious minds.

Literature is not the messenger of moral virtue, and if our moral life is superior, as it infinitely is, to that found in the polished nations of antiquity, we owe it not to letters.

Our language like our people, is a concrete of various elements. The Saxons came without wives and without an alphabet; Rome gave them the one, Britain the other.

Literature progressed slowly. A new world was in formation, Chaos brooded over the ruins of dismembered society, forests covered the cities of populous cities. One had to travel miles to find a human habitation. Everything was in confusion. Ten, twenty, different peoples speaking as many different tongues, were crowded together. Law was nowhere, violence was everywhere. Every-one's hand was raised against his neighbour. Order, subjection, industrial labour, letters, fled to the fastnesses of the mountains with the monk, whence with him by degrees they ventured to descend to teach frisky men to submit to the peaceful toils of husbandry and enter the thorny paths of civilized life.

The Doric Greek after the various modifications had to descend through the hymns of the Salu, the idiom of the Twelve Tables of Duilius, Ennius, Lucilius, through a period of 800 years to become the eloquent of Cicero, the elegant of Horace, the divine of Virgil; and through 900 more to expire in the *rustic Roman* of the IX. century, and dying assume a multiplied life in the various tongues of civilized Europe. Men had yet to wait 400 years before these tongues could put on a written form, content with the few ideas which an imperfect language could communicate. The press in its rudest form was yet 600 years away, and the art of paper making of any valuable quality almost as remote. Papyrus was unobtainable, and other accessible material of enormous price. We read that the Countess of Arjon paid for a book of homilies of no particular value 200 sheep, 40 bushels of rice, and the same of millet. "The English," says Hallam, "was seldom written and hardly employed in prose till after the middle of the XIV. century."

"John Tauler, a Dominican friar of Strasburg," he says, "is deemed the first prose writer in German, Tauler died in 1361." "By the year 1400 we find national literature in seven national tongues."

To popularize education, to prosecute the sciences and arts successfully, would indeed, be such circumstances, miraculous. But the Church, the motive power of all things then, effected that miracle.

Protestants from garbled and mutilated texts scattered by the way side, by the first fathers of their faith, have written our history, referring to works they have never read, and making them say what they never contained. A combination against truth, such history contains not the facts of the times they treat of, but the malignancy and hatred of their authors. Yet though the boundless ocean of Protestant falsehood, a pure stream of truth flows as through the sea permeates a current of fresh water.

of the XIX. century do so. He states also, that of all the children of schoilage in England only two per cent attended for five years, that is only 99,000 in the whole country. The debates on the Education Bill in 1870, show that in Birmingham out of 58,000, between the age of three and thirteen only 26,000 went to school, that of 58,000, in Leeds, only 18,000 went, in Manchester, out of 60,000, only 25,000 went, in Liverpool of 90,000, only 30,000; so of these great cities 60 per cent were illiterate.

But placed as we are in the Middle Ages, we find ourselves in the midst of an endless perspective. Were all the great names and great works merely stated, the labour would be almost endless. The greatest names of modern times have been created by plagiarisms from the old ones. National vanity, to cover its sordidly, has formed idols of men, whose sole merit is to have been inspired and guided by Medieval Science. Let a few facts show the darkness into which peridy has cast the popular mind. There were, in those times, presses in 50 Italian cities, besides numbers in Florence, Bologna, Milan, Rome and Venice; there were presses in almost every city and town in France; and there was hardly less literary activity in other European countries. Not the shadow of interference from authority. Alexander the VI. in a bull, 1571, the first ever issued on such matters, interferes with publication in Cologne, Mentz, Frevest, Magdeburg, for special reasons, but not elsewhere. There was not at that time one press in England; not one till the end of the reign of Elizabeth; and Hallam tells us how the myrmidons of power broke in on an occasion, broke the press, and carried off the broken parts. Buckle cites Anthony to show, that there were few printers, out of London, in England, in 1714. Not one at Chester, Liverpool, Whitehaven, Preston, Manchester, Birmal, Leeds, Lichfield, etc. Not one circulating library before the middle of the XVIII. century in all England, London included.

The library of Munich claims to be in possession of 20,000 volumes printed in the first fifty years of the art of printing. During the first hundred years of the discovery of that art, Scotland could boast of having printed only seven little books; and England's claim, would be about the same numbers; and that not from regular printing presses, for they had not one.

Protestants found us with 45 universities, in one of which, the Roman, there were 100 paid professors. "But," says Hallam, "there was no considerable town in Italy, besides the regular universities where public instruction in the Greek as well as Latin tongue was not furnished, and in many cases by professors of fine taste and recondit learning, whose names were then eminent."

Calepio's Latin Dictionary published in 1502 and 1581 contains eleven languages. "It is still," says Hallam, "if not the best, the most complete Polyglott Lexicon for the European languages." "France," says he, "possessed by general confession, the most profound Greek scholar in Europe, Budon, if this could have been doubted he raised himself to a pinnacle of philological glory by his commentarie *Linguo Graeco*, Paris 1529." "In this large and celebrated treatise Budon has established the interpretation of a great part of the language." "This great work of Budon has been the text-book and common store house of succeeding lexicographers." "Vorsalius" continues Hallam, "first gave a complete description of the human body with design." Portal placing Vorsalius before all other men no matter of what branch of science, "remarks," says Hallam, "that many discoveries supposed to be modern, may be found in the old anatomists." "Lavasseur appears to have known the circulation of the blood through the lungs, as well as the valves of the arteries and veins and their direction, and its purpose."

Of Da Vinci, Hallam says: "The discoveries which made Galileo and Kepler, and Mostina and Maurolycus, and Castelli and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, the very theories of recent geologists are all anticipated by Da Vinci within the compass of a few pages. . . so as to strike us with something like the awe of preternatural knowledge. If any doubt could be harboured, not as to the right of Leonardo da Vinci to stand as the first name of the fifteenth century which is his beyond all doubt, but as to his originality in so many discoveries, which probably no one man, especially in such circumstances has ever made, it must be an hypothesis not very untenable, that some parts of physical science had already attained a height which mere books do not record. The extraordinary works of ecclesiastical architecture in the Middle Ages, especially in the XV. century, as well as those of Tossanelli and Fioravanti, which we have mentioned, lend some countenance to the opinion; and it is said to be confirmed by the notes of Fra. Mauro a lay brother of a convent near Venice, on a planisphere constructed by him and still extant."

A FEW MORE CITATIONS FROM THE SAME. "Italy, the genial soil where the literature of antiquity had been first cultivated, still retained her superiority in the fine perception of its beauties, and in the power of retaining them by spirited imitation. It was the land of taste and sensibility; never surely more so than in the age of Raffaele as well as Ariosto. Far from the sluggish ignorance of the transalpine aristocracy, the nobles of Italy accustomed to city life and to social festivity more than to war or the chase, were always conspicuous for their patronage and what is more important than mere patronage, their critical skill in matters of art and learning. Amongst the ecclesiastical order this was naturally still more frequent."

Erasmus, whom Protestants are pleased to consider a half-brother, thus describes the first members of that celebrated brotherhood, whose misstatements I have been correcting:—"Certain cities of Germany are filled with errors, deserters of monasteries, married priests, a multitude of hungry, ragged fellows. Nothing is seen but dancing, eating, drinking, badness; they neither teach, nor learn. Their conduct is without decency or candour. Wherever they establish themselves, their morality and piety disappear. We have heard often enough the Gospel, the Gospel, the Gospel; we would like to see some of the morality of the Gospel. They are in pursuit of two things only, plenty of money and a wife. Their Gospel furnishes them all the rest, full freedom to live as they please. I have been eye witness of such conduct (at Basle) that, even, had their dogmas displeased me less, I would by no means hold communication with them."

SCHISMATICAL PRIESTS

Several of the unfortunate Schismatics, who have intruded themselves into parochial charges, solely upon the appointment of Protestant lay patrons, or the Government, held a conference lately at Breslau. The popular idea is that the object of the meeting was to take into consideration the material difficulties affecting their position, in consequence of the almost universal abstention of the people from holding any communication with them. Thus it is well known that Wuriz, the "State" parish priest at Birngraft, can find no one to supply him with milk, or butter, or bread, except a Protestant who lives some miles away. Several others are in nearly similar circumstances. They receive, indeed, the revenues of parishes, but they are surrounded with difficulties in making use of them. As for their spiritual ministrations every one avoids them as profane sacrileges. Nevertheless they had the audacity to pass a resolution, stating that they were content with the progress they were making.