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THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

THE

“NEMO” LETTERS

BY

VERY REV. D. F. BARRY,

O. S. B.

Sydney :

J. G. O'CONNOR, “NATION” STEAM PRINTING WORKS,
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BERNARD KING & SONS
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THE REV. D. M. BARRY

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1884

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PREFACE.

THE following letters are given publicity, in pamphlet form, at the request of those in whose judgment I have more confidence than I have in my own. The title of this pamphlet is a misnomer. The subject of the "Church and Science" is one of too great a range to find anything but a most meagre exposition within the limits of a *brochure* of a few pages. It reaches to heights to which the writer has no pretension. Whatever little advantage education may have given him in the way of ecclesiastical lore, the boon is still more restricted in regard of science; and an extensive knowledge in the walks of learning—ecclesiastic and scientific—would be necessary for the adequate treatment of such a subject as the "Church and Science." It may stand in partial apology that the writer had not the choice of the subject. The letters were written to meet what seemed a misrepresentation in matters literary concerning the Catholic Church, and an effort was made to correct it. The matter elicited a criticism which the writer had not anticipated, and the correspondence, consequent, developed topics more or less relevant with the text of the ground first broken.

The Catholic Church does not encourage controversy. *Non in commotione Deus.* The Lord is not a God of wrangling. Our pulpits, press, and platforms, seldom resound with the strife of ecclesiastical polemics. Our great duty is to "teach" what we "have received" and to defend it, when necessary, against attack or misrepresentation. If we fail in the latter we do so through ignorance of the defensive treasures which the Church, for such purposes, has hoarded in her granaries. In whatever point this effort fails to meet an attack, it fails from a like ignorance.

The first four letters are allowed to stand, almost identically as they appeared, in the *Sydney Evening News*. The last two papers are added to remind Protestants, who are so ready to

spring to the attack, that when put upon their defence, their case does not present a very brilliant aspect, and that they need their strongest armour against the crushing evidences of their own partisans.

I am happy to acknowledge the courtesy of the *Evening News* in the correspondence, and the generosity of the *Nation* in its reproduction of the letters and the communications from correspondents, incident to the publication.

D. F. BARRY, O.S.B.

October 20, 1889.



THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

LETTER I.

SIR,—In your leader of June 26 you take exception to that portion of Cardinal Moran's address at St. John's College, in which his Eminence spoke of the Catholic Church as the promoter and encourager of science. In support of your opposition you instance the treatment of Galileo by the Church, and assert that "He was compelled to curse and abjure the doctrine of the movement of the earth, was imprisoned for the remaining portion of his life, and was denied burial in consecrated ground." It is not the first time that this aspect of the matter has been put in print. You will, I am sure, allow me a little space in an effort of elucidation.

"To listen to the pathetic recitations and reflections, repeated in hundreds of productions," says the Protestant writer Mallet du Pin—"how Galileo was sacrificed by the barbarity of his age, and the enmity of the court of Rome—how tyranny and ignorance united to stifle his science—how the Inquisition tried to crush a fundamental truth of astronomy in its birth—all this is more than a thrice told tale. But such statements," he continues, "are mere romance. Galileo was not condemned as a good astronomer, but as a bad theologian. He might have made the world turn as he pleased, had he not mixed the matter up with the Bible. His discoveries made him enemies; his controversies alone raised up his judges, and his petulance was the source of his annoyance."

No celebrated man ever yet stood in two shoes who had not his friends and foes. Now, let us look at Galileo as we see him reflected from those that he loved. Here is one—Guichardino, ambassador of a grand duke at Rome. It is clear from the correspondence of Guichardino that Galileo wanted to establish his system on the Bible, and to make it not only an article of science, but also an article of faith. "He" (Galileo), says his patron, "insisted in his dispatches of March 4, 1616, that the Pope and the Holy Office should declare that the system of Copernicus was founded on the Bible. On this point Galileo was persistent, and would yield nothing to the advice of friends." But, granted that the Holy Office did condemn the system of the earth's movement as heretical, when was the Inquisition or any particular congregation of the Church regarded as the seat or source of infallibility? Take an example near home: A prelate was dispatched a short time since to Ireland by the Holy See to examine and collect evidence on the Irish question. With what consequence? He returned and placed the matter of his labours before a congregation, and on the result of its decision the

Holy Father issued a rescript. How was that rescript received? Did anyone attach to it any idea of infallibility? None at all. The enemies of Ireland welcomed it with applause. By the friends of Ireland it was received with respectful regret and unmistakable disapproval.

What tribunal of men, as men, is not subject to error? Look at the assemblies that govern the world from pole to pole. Are they always wise, just? If, then, the congregation of the Inquisition condemned the system of Galileo as heretical or contrary to faith, why force the acceptance of such a decision on the Universal Church? She never pronounced upon it. No Pope ever pronounced *ex-cathedra* upon the merits or demerits of the system. We are daily told that "Science is but in its infancy." And a bouncing brat it is. What was the state of science 50 years ago compared with its triumphs of to-day? Go back 300 years and ask the question. To condemn the men of such distant period for not seeing at once what has become as plain as the nose on one's face is to condemn mankind for having passed through infancy to manhood. That neither Church nor Pope condemned the system is clear from the action of the prelates and great orders of the Church, some siding with Galileo, others against him. If Jesuits and Dominicans condemned him, Dominicans and Jesuits defended him. From the cloisters of schools and monasteries, presided over by illustrious prelates and generals, came expositions, defences, etc., of the system. As to the treatment which the philosopher received at the hands of Pope and prelate, we had best let Galileo tell that himself.

"The Holy Father," he writes, "deems me worthy of his esteem. . . . I am lodged in the delightful Palace of the Trinity on the Mount. When I arrived at the Holy Office two Dominicans invited me frankly to make my apology. I was obliged, as a good Catholic, to retract my opinion. In punishment I was forbidden controversy, and after five months' sojourn quitted Rome. As the plague was raging at Florence, I was assigned for residence the palace of my best of friends, Monsignor Piccolomini, Archbishop of Sienna, where I am enjoying the utmost tranquillity. At present I write this from the Villa Arcestro, where I breathe the purest air in the confines of my beloved country." (Letter of Galileo to his disciple, P. Receneri.)

At the hour when most opposed, in 1624, he was received, embraced, and pensioned by Pope Urban VIII. on the sole condition that he should be more circumspect in the exposition of his system. "The pension given by the Pope," says the illustrious Protestant writer, Sir David Brewster, in his work on the "Martyrs of Science," "was not one of those recompenses that Sovereigns sometimes grant to the services of their subjects. Galileo was a stranger

in Rome ; the Sovereign of the States of the Church owed him no obligation. Thus we must regard that pension as a gift of the Pontiff to science itself and as a declaration to the Christian world that religion was not jealous of philosophy, and that the Roman Church everywhere respected and cherished human genius." Such was the decision of a truly great man after weighing all the pros and cons in the case in question—a witness beyond all suspicion and thoroughly conversant with the subject upon which his genius was being exercised. His conclusion makes short work of the curses, condemnations, and refusal of Christian burial with which the cant of prejudice and the flippancy of twaddle have surrounded the case of Galileo.

You deem the Cardinal, "in claiming credit for the Papacy as a patron of art, was on safer ground." Think you there is art without science? Is there no science in St. Peter's, Westminster Abbey, "The Graces" of Canova, or the Transfiguration of Raphael? Does the Pope curse with one hand the science in the *Canto firmo* of the *Dies iræ*, *Miserere*, and *Te Deum*, whilst he blesses with the other the art of music? It is well to understand terms before rushing to conclusions.

Yours, etc.,

NEMO.



THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

LETTER II.

SIR,—If you will kindly permit me to say it, I think you have made too much of my concession that the Inquisition condemned the system of Galileo. If the Inquisition condemned what was black, it seems not a logical sequitur to me that it thereby also condemned what was white. Yet this appears to me the position you assume from my admission. As already stated, Galileo's system was condemned, not because it was scientifically sound, but because it was theologically erroneous. As Mallet du Pin happily put it, it was not his good science that was condemned, but his bad theology. This you appear to admit, and conclude that the condemnation of bad theology involved the condemnation of sound science. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

"Any way," you say, "he suffered ten years' imprisonment for saying the earth went round the sun." Will you pardon me if I say that this "ten years' imprisonment" was all "a yarn," and that the *e pur si muove* (the earth does move) scratched on the walls of his prison is a myth. "Whether his offence," you add, "was technically described as bad theology or good science, was, we suspect, as immaterial to him as it is to us." But do you not think that anything bad deserves to be condemned in proportion to its badness? Is it sound sense or philosophy that it should be "immaterial to us" whether a thing is bad or good? Galileo lived in an age when a man was expected to "stick to his last." *Cuique artis sue*, "every man to his trade," was as good common sense in those days as it is now, only it was acted on more then. It was in violation of this good principle that Galileo got astray. Bold man! he dared to be his own "cobbler," and put his foot in it. The Church, by a little pressure on his "pet corn," made him extract it. This is about the long and short of Signor Galileo's case. This is his story: He was of gentle birth, poor. He was put to medicine. He soon displayed a genius for mathematics. He wisely followed the bent of his genius, and threw "physic to the dogs." At an early age he was entrusted with the chair of mathematics in his native town, Pisa. After five years he proceeded to a similar position in the University of Padua, and taught there, *omnium applausu*, for twenty years. Thousands from all quarters flocked to his bold and eloquent scientific lectures. His patrons were many in Church and State. His enemies—the tribute envy ever pays to worth. During all those years of scientific display, he was not only not condemned by Rome, without whose consent he could not have held his diploma a day, but he received every encouragement in his studies.

When he eventually resigned his chair, he "would write a book," and soon his troubles began. His "Dialogue," which caused them, was given to the world in, for the time, charming Italian. In it, putting aside his "last," he went for the *omne scibile*—"jack-of-all-trades" business—with the usual result. He would harmonise the system of the world of Ptolemy and Copernicus with the inspiration of the Bible. Copernicus was himself a divine, and avoided the blunder which involved Galileo. It was said of Lord Brougham that "he would have known something of everything if he had known a little law!" Galileo stood in somewhat similar relation in matters theological. He was amongst the anticipated Buckingham, "who, in the course of one revolving moon," would be "poet, statesman, fiddler and buffoon." Yet, if there be one branch of knowledge, of literature which, like "Lady Common Law, will admit only of one bed-fellow," that branch is mathematics. Pope assures us that—

"One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

Nor did he leave unscathed the "Jack-of-all-trades" in letters, who goes "fooling" around the stars, when his fists would be more appropriately employed grasping a plough-handle.

"The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

Alas! for a Pope to lash the "crams" of the nineteenth century, and give us a little digestion! I should regret, indeed, if a word I write should be construed as militating against the noble attainments of Galileo. But he was a man of "one genius," and should have confined himself to "one science." It is true the shores of time are beacons by a few universal geniuses—men

"So varied that" they "seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome,"

but so rare as to be of humanity, the "glory and the shame."

You admit, I presume, that Christ established a Church. If you can point out to me where that Church was in the days of Galileo, except as the Church that had a Pope for supreme pastor, and the congregation of the Inquisition as a portion of its disciplinary life, I will take a back seat and give you all the "cake." As the Church of Christ her first commission was *docete*—"teach." It was the divine imprimatur of her magisterium, and her credential to the *omnes gentes*—the nations of the earth—who were to be her harvest and constitute her "crown and her joy." The matter of her teaching was divine revelation—truth. *In generationem et generationem annuntiabo veritatem tuam ex ore meo.* "Unto generation and generation I will announce thy truth from my mouth." Now, on the principle that *corruptio optimi pessima*, the corruption of what is best, is the basest

corruption, and as theology concerns man's supremest welfare, his immortal portion, it is the office of the Church of God to guard us on this point, even against an "angel from heaven." *Christus instituit ecclesiam suam tanquam bene recteque ordinatam rempublicam*—Christ hath established His Church as a wisely ordained and well regulated state—and Peter is the "watchman on the tower," *qui videat ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat*, to see that the state suffer no detriment.

How wisely and well that state has been governed, ages have proved. "There is not," says Macaulay, "and there never was on this earth a work of human policy so deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. . . . It is impossible to deny that the policy of the Church of Rome is the very masterpiece of human wisdom." It suited Macaulay to regard this "very masterpiece of human wisdom" as a "human policy." We accept the compliment, but reject the explanation. Its only satisfactory explanation is the indwelling of the "Spirit of Truth" that was given to her to "teach" the Church "all things," and "abide with" her "for ever." *Anima que hoc corpus vivificat est Spiritus Sanctus*. "The soul," says St. Thomas, "that vivifies this body is the Holy Ghost." "All power" was given to her. "Whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in Heaven." "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound also in Heaven." "As the Father hath sent me, I send you—go. He that hears you, hears me." "He that will not hear you" has placed himself without the pale of salvation. Power doctrinal, power legislative, power coercive, corrective, was here bestowed. Power to direct by council, to command by laws, to restrain by judgment, to punish by salutary correction in infliction, having one supreme end in view—the amendment of the offender. Penance, censure, pain, the three degrees of correction.

It is ever in virtue, and in the exercise of such office that the Church condemns errors and corrects offenders. But the Church punished Galileo. What then? True, we are living in the nineteenth century, when we may not shake a rod at an unruly school brat. *O Tempora! O Mores!* In the earliest ages of the Christian Church, was not her discipline most rigorous? Did not Peter visit with the extremity of infliction a "lie?" Did not Paul tell the Corinthians he would "not spare them if they sinned?" Did he not hand over the "flesh to Satan" to correct the "spirit?" Did not St. Ambrose stand at the door of his Cathedral and refuse admission to the great Emperor Theodosius till he did public penance for his transgressions? You deem me rash for instancing the testimony of Sir David Brewster. Pardon me if I deem it conclusively pertinent. You say that the great writer, "whilst establishing the kindness of the Pope's personal dispositions towards Galileo, explicitly states

that the pension and other favours were conferred to induce the philosopher to reticence." Surely you could not have had the words of the great scientist under your eye when penning the above? They enforce almost the very contradiction of your assertion. "Thus," says Sir David, "we must regard that pension as a gift of the Pope to science itself, and as a declaration to the Christian world that religion was not jealous of philosophy, and that the Roman Church everywhere respected and cherished human genius." Your readers will decide this point for themselves.

Your remarks on the "Utterances of the Vatican Council of 1870" seem to me too vague to form grounds for any comment, and I regret that in confirmation of your appreciation you did not ally yourself to better company than the perjured monk, Mr. Loyson (Pere Hyacinthe), whose excerpt as given by you, has about as much reference to the question introduced as the moon has to green cheese. However, you are not alone in thinking the Church retrogressive in not putting herself in harmony with what is called "modern civilisation." When Lord Elgin was ambassador at the Court of Peking, some missionaries requested him to speak to the Emperor, in order to secure freer access in evangelisation. He did so. "Sir," said his Majesty, "go to your missionaries and tell them to return to their country, and agree amongst themselves what Christianity is, and then they will have a better chance of propagating it here." If all you clever men would only agree as to what you mean by modern civilisation we might compromise, if we could not fuse. Whatever you do mean by this modern civilisation, judging by its fruits, it seems at least of a very mixed nature.

Mr. Mill found the age very unproductive of great men, and grieves over "the decay of individual energy and the weakening of the influence of superior minds over the multitude." Mr. Lecky pronounces the age "venal, unheroic, mercenary. It exhibits a decline in the spirit of self-sacrifice, and in the appreciation of the more poetical or religious aspect of man's nature." Carlyle thinks "the great men of this age are lucky or unlucky gamblers, swollen big." A great French poet declares the very air of the age fatal to true greatness—*mais on meurt en votre air*. "One would say," writes Tocqueville, "on looking through the records of our time, that man is unable to effect anything either on himself or those around him." "Thou Sodom of the centuries!" exclaimed a great divine in reproach of its want of purity of life in all its social relations; and Lord Lytton termed it a century of "puffs, powders, patches, bibles and *billets-doux*."

Now, if these be some of the fruits of "modern civilization," and by their fruits you shall know them, do you think the Church retrogressive, because she does not raise her right hand in benediction over such results, such abortions? As



Cardinal Moran's address at St. John's College was the occasion of this correspondence, permit me to say, however insignificant the compliment, that I deem the address excellent, the very best given us by his Eminence since he came to the colony. Many thanks for your kind words and the concession of your valuable space, which could have been more profitably occupied than by the contributions of

Yours, etc.,

NEMO.

Your remarks on the "I have seen" of the "I have seen" of 1870 seem to me to form a most valuable contribution and I regret that in consequence of your absence this year it was not all possible to better company than the present month. Mr. Moran's (late Illinois) whose experience is given to you has about as the question is introduced as the most has to give choice. How ever you get along in thinking the "I have seen" is not putting itself in company with what is called "modern civilization." Was your light was emphasized at the Court of Louis some missioners requested him to speak to the Emperor in order to secure their respect in investigation. He did so "Sir," said his Majesty, "and to your mind matter and tell them in return to their duty and give respect themselves what (mistakenly) is, and then they will have a better chance of propagating it here. If all our clever men would only agree as to what you mean by modern civilization we might compromise it we could not lose. Whatever you do mean by this modern civilization is a name at least of a very mixed nature.



Mr. Mill found the very unproductive of great men, and gives over "the decay of individual energy and the weakening of the influence of superior minds over the multitude." Mr. Mill pronounced the age "small, narrow, and ungenerous." It exhibits a decline in the spirit of self-sacrifice, and in the opposition of the more practical or religious spirit of man's nature. Carlyle thinks "the great men of this age are lacking in noble qualities, swollen big." A great French poet declares the very air of the age fatal to the "greatness" of man. "The world says," writes Tocqueville, "on looking through the records of our time, that man is unable to exert anything either on himself or those around him." "The modern of the century," exclaimed a great thinker in response of the want of purity of life in all its social relations, and Lord Byron termed it a century of "puffs, powder, patches, dikes and dikes." "How it seems to some of the fruits of 'modern civilization' and of their fruits you shall know them, do you think the French 'I have seen' because she does not raise her right hand in benediction over each mortal which she created?"

THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

LETTER III.

SIR,—Be good enough to allow me to add, that if I said nothing of Kepler, it was not because there was nothing to say—still not much, only this : Kepler was a Protestant, and was being persecuted by Protestant theologians for maintaining the Copernican system. Protestants, having no divine church to fall back upon, having the “Bible and the Bible only,” deemed the Copernican theory fatal alike to them and their “inspired word.” In his hour of danger, Kepler placed himself under the protection of the Jesuits, who condemned his “bad theology,” but admired his “good science,” though he remained a stout Lutheran to the end. If to shelter and protect Kepler was persecution, then was he persecuted by the Church of Rome.

“Bruno,” you inform us, “and 32,000 others were burnt by the Inquisition.” Balmez declares that “the Roman Inquisition has never been known to pronounce the execution of capital punishment, although the Apostolic See has been occupied during that time by Popes of extreme rigour and severity in all that relates to the civil administration.” “We find in all parts of Europe,” he writes, “scaffolds prepared to punish crimes against religion ; scenes which sadden the soul were everywhere witnessed. Rome is one exception to the rule ; Rome, which it has been attempted to represent as a monster of intolerance and cruelty. It is true that the Popes have not preached, like the Protestants, universal toleration ; but the facts show the difference between the Popes and the Protestants. The Popes, armed with the tribunal of intolerance, have scarce spilt a drop of blood ; Protestants and philosophers have shed it in torrents.” As you have justly said, these are matters now of antiquarian research. Perhaps it will not be amiss to give the result of the most searching and most analytical mind of Europe when sifting the evidence on this matter.

“The Spanish Inquisition,” wrote Dr. (Cardinal) Newman, “which really was bloody, is confessed by Protestant authorities, such as Ranke and Guizot, to have been a political—not an ecclesiastical—institution ; its officials, though ecclesiastics, were appointed by the Crown, and removable at its pleasure ; it had indeed been originally authorised by the Pope (Sixtus IV.), who, at the instance of the civil power, granted it a bull of establishment ; but, as soon as it began to act, its measures so deeply shocked him that he immediately commenced a series of grave remonstrances against its proceedings (by briefs dated January 29, 1482, and August, 1483), and

bitterly complained that he had been deceived by the Spanish Government. The Protestant Ranke distinctly maintains, that it was even set up against the Pope and the Church, 'as the jurisdiction of the Court,' he says, 'rested on the royal supremacy, so its exercise was made available for the maintenance of the royal authority. It is one of those spoliations of the ecclesiastical power, by which this Government rose into strength. . . . In its nature and its object, it was a purely political institute.' Moreover, the Pope, anxious and displeased at what was going on, appointed a new functionary to reside on the spot, with the office of Judge of Appeals from the Inquisition in favour of the condemned; and when this expedient was evaded he appointed special Judges for particular cases; and, lastly, when the cruelty of the Spanish Government and its officials, lay and clerical, defeated his second attempt to ameliorate the evil, then he encouraged the sufferers to flee to Rome, where he took them under his own protection. In this way it is recorded by the unfriendly historian, Florente, that in one year (1488) he rescued 230 persons and 200 in another (1498). . . . Moreover, the Pope (Paul III., in 1546, and Pius IV., in 1563) refused to allow the Spanish Government to introduce their Inquisition into Naples or the Milanese, which then belonged to Spain, from his disapprobation of its rigor."

Every monstrosity of Catholic States in ages gone by is placed by bigotry and ignorance at the door of the Church of Rome. How ready the heads of those states were to revolt against the Church when it suited their lusts or ambition we need not go beyond England to discover—with such examples before us as a William, a Henry II, a John, or Henry VIII. To hurl boulders at your neighbour's weather-board, whilst your own glass cottage is just on the opposite side of the street, is not, generally speaking, regarded as an act of supreme policy. When interested and partial writers cite individual cases against the Holy See, they very seldom, or never, back up their citations by quotations from the Pope or the Church. Now let us look at "Pope Luther" to see what his principles and teachings were on toleration in general. In his book, entitled "The Papacy of Rome instituted by the Devil," Luther there lays down his principles of toleration. "The Pope is the devil. If I can kill the devil, why not do it at the peril of my life? He is a ravenous wolf, against whom the whole world should take up arms, without waiting for orders from magistrates; in this matter there is no place for regret, except that regret of not being able to at once destroy him. The Pope once convicted by the Gospel, the whole world should rush upon him and slay him, with all those that are on his side, kings, princes, and nobles without distinction. If we punish robbers by the rope, assassins by the sword, and heretics by fire, why should we not do the same to the dangerous preachers of corruption—to popes, cardinals, bishops,

and the whole tribe of the Roman Sodom, who incessantly poison the Church of God? Yes; we should fall upon them with all sorts of arms, and lave our hands in their blood. Monarchs, kings, and nobles, who make part of the Roman Sodom, should be attacked with every manner of weapon. We must wash our hands in their blood."—T. XIII, p. 233, sq. Such is the idea of toleration given us by the first Reformer (?)—the "Peter of Protestantism." The following is the Paul's—Calvin's—"As to the Jesuits," says Calvin, "who oppose us, we must slay them, or, if that cannot be conveniently done, we must banish them, or at least crush them by lies and calumnies"—*Jesuite vero, qui se nobis maxime opponunt, aut necandi, aut si hoc commode fieri non potest ejiciendi, aut certe mendaciis et columiniis opprimendi sunt.* The above quotations would look well framed and hung round the neck of the pastor of Pitt-street, if the great man will pardon the liberty.

Yours, etc.,

NEMO.



THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

LETTER IV.

SIR,—When you kindly opened your pages to my communications I did not anticipate that your generosity would have been so heavily taxed. However, as your patience seems not yet exhausted, and as the subject in reference is interesting, perhaps you will allow me a few words to my would-be critics. To the gentleman who modestly signs himself “Truth,” I have very little indeed to say. Like some of whom Russell Lowell, in one of his charming essays, writes: “The elasticity of his swallow is so expansive” that I should fear to bring my boots and breeches within the circumference of his eddy. In matter such as here debated, half-educated people, “like half-formed insects on the banks of Nile,” only go to bathe when the tide is out, and mistake a mud bath for a plunge in the briny. We know the consequence of a rub against them—*Regardez mais n’y touchez pas*. If a good bigot be a good thing, “Truth” is a very fine specimen—a species of North-of-Ireland petrification—or if of native product, then assuredly from “Cow Flat.” One may hope to throw a ray of light across the path of the genus “Truth.” One should be very vain to hope for a convert. The task would be about tantamount to the effort to

“Taich an ould cow paternoster,
Or whistle Moll Roe to a pig.”

Another gentleman, who appears to “half know everything from a cedar to a hyssop,” is humble enough to hide the light of his countenance under the mantle of “Justitia,” and the combination, or outcome, of “Truth and Justice,” is a *rudis indigestaque moles, quam dixere chaos*. “Justitia” has thought fit to travel over a great deal of historical ground. Unfortunately for him, as for so many of his kind, the soil is almost entirely ecclesiastical, and from its extent, variety and age, requires more than a rough ploughing to obtain the harvest hidden in its bosom. “A little learning” here “is a dangerous thing.”

Now, without following “Justitia” through his “rude and indigested heap,” let me take one instance which he himself furnishes, to show the “little learning, the dangerous thing” with which he thrusts himself upon public attention. He is speaking of the persecution of scientific men by the Church, and informs us that what especially made this persecution atrocious was “the awful constitution of the Inquisition was such that it deliberated on a man’s life and liberty in secret. No public prosecutor appeared, no advocate to defend,” and one of the victims of this system of iniquity,

we are told, was "Peter Abelard, 1140." It is true "Justitia" had informed us a little earlier that "the Inquisition was introduced into France in 1208," 66 years after Abelard's death! But we are, for the moment, in the middle ages, and this is near enough. Besides, perhaps some priest of the day "was paid one hundred pounds"* to bring him back out of Purgatory; and thus Peter Abelard might have been condemned by the Inquisition.

Born in 1079, Abelard was destined for a career of arms. But, as he was of timid nature and brilliant intellect, Mars was bowed out by Minerva, and the orrery of philosophy was emblazoned by a glowing, if transitory, luminosity. At the age of 20 his dialectical skill was sufficiently cute and cutting to measure itself with the best blades of the age. At the hour the reputation of William of Champeaux was at its height in its University career, and Abelard became a listener, and was filled with ambition to surpass his master, to whom "shoals of students flocked from every coast," and whose reputation won for him the proud appellation of "*Columna Doctorum*." To upset such a fame in the most renowned school of Europe, in the throng of his admirers, was worth endeavouring. He essayed and succeeded, and soon became the "admired of all admirers." "It was a proud moment for Abelard when, by the unanimous voice of intellectual Paris, he was elevated to that distinguished position which he had so long coveted." He became the idol of the great capital. Crowds surrounded Pope in his days to touch his hand. The students rushed from dinner to see Gray pass through the quadrangle of the University. "More attractive to the Parisians was the fine figure, beautiful countenance, and distinguished air of the brilliant philosopher of the day." His teaching was lucid, clear, sparkling—the simple classic of a Greek in the majestic roll of a Roman—his range most comprehensive—"ignorant," it was said of him, "of nothing under heaven except himself." "One Pope," remarks Guizot, "nineteen cardinals, and more than fifty bishops and archbishops—French, German, and English—and a much larger number of those men with whom Popes and bishops and cardinals have to contend, were his disciples." Pray, sir, remark how this poor scientist was persecuted by the "awful constitution of the Inquisition," as his history proceeds. Now came his fall.

His guilty passion for Heloise, and the shameful vengeance wreaked upon him by her brutal father, Fulbert, drove him to the abbey of St. Denis, where the voice of the charmer of the schools was joined with the monks in the plaintive psalmody of the cloister. But intellectual contention was strong within his soul; the simple monks were too ignorant for him, and to stop his sarcasm and ridicule they had on one occasion recourse to the *argumentum ad baculum*, and cud-

* See page 41.

gelled him. He abandoned the abbey, and retired to a solitude near Troyes. But the solitude soon became a thebaid. "Students," he writes himself, "came crowding to me from all parts, and leaving the towns and cities were content to live in the wilderness. They set up little tents for themselves, and put up with wild herbs instead of delicate viands. People said one to another, 'Behold the world has gone after him.' At last, as my oratory would not hold them, they enlarged it, building it of wood and stone." To this dwelling he gave the name of Paraclete.

After some forty years of teaching, and producing such works as *De Generibus et De Speciebus, Sic et non*, and "Christian Theology," it is not astonishing that a meteoric mind like Abelard's should have fallen into errors in philosophy and theology. However, he was the "enfant gaté" of his day, and minds of his nature take a lot of spoiling. But his crop had been growing in the minds of the multitudes of his disciples, and the time arrived when conivance became participation. A monk, William of St. Thierry, in his quiet cell, was the first to formally gather from Abelard's works his various errors, and forwarded them catalogued to the great St. Bernard, the Abbot of Clairvaux. Eventually, a case was drawn up against Abelard by St. Bernard. "When he speaks of the Holy Trinity," says Bernard, "it is in the style of Arius; he is a Pelagian when he speaks of grace, and a second Nestorius when he speaks of the person of Jesus Christ. His vanity is such that he brags as if there was nothing in Heaven or on earth that he did not know; and, in truth, he knows a little of everything except himself."

The war soon waxed warm. Abelard poured out a torrent of abuse on Bernard, and the followers of each took their respective side, in which the saint of the age and the most brilliant philosopher were the two chief contentents; the one armed with authority, the other with rationalism—authority where reason found her repose, rationalism where reason had outstripped her confines. As Rome had to be the final arbiter, "what Bernard dreaded most was the bias of those bishops and cardinals who had been disciples of Abelard, and were now in Rome." A letter containing the accusations was sent by Bernard to Innocent II., a copy of which was transmitted to Abelard. After due consideration Abelard begged the Archbishop of Sens to call a council, promising to appear on the day and meet all accusations. The Archbishop complied, and summoned a Provincial Council for the octave day of Pentecost, 1140.

The fame of the coming contest drew a mighty crowd in due time to the city. The day arrived, and a striking scene ensued. The great Church of St. Stephen is thronged. Louis VII. of France is on the prepared

throne — Godfrey, Bishop of Chartres, legate of the Holy See, presides, a man of great prudence and moderation. On either side range bishops and archbishops, and prelates of high and low degree, university scholars of every grade, abbots, religious, theologians, men of letters, knights and barons, and monks of many orders—'twas a grand array! There is a subdued murmur of conversation as the hum of a hive in a summer lime tree. How will it end? Abelard! yes, we know him. He has enslaved France by his brilliancy. Too well many of us know, who ventured a lance with him, how the moment he got an opening he played with us for an instant, and gave us our quietus, as were we but a baby or a bauble. None could hold a lance against him. His all is at stake now, and he will be wonderful! But this monk—this Bernard—"there was something sadly awful in that noble forehead—in the classical turn of those sensitive lips, in the flame of those piercing eyes, and in the movement of that slight frame, wasted with long vigil, with terrific penance, with burning love for the House of God, and with the ceaseless friction of a laborious life."

At a signal from the ceremoniere Abelard, in his black Benedictine robe, steps into the place allotted him in the assembly, preceded by his illustrious disciple, Arnold of Brescia. He had no sooner done so than Bernard stood forth to confront him. He held in his hand a scroll containing the heresies of Abelard, and, in a clear, firm voice, read them out in the hearing of the assembly. "He then fastened his calm eyes on his antagonist, and informed him that he had the choice of three courses: To defend the propositions, to amend them, or to deny they were his. There was a moment of pause. In an instant all eyes were turned on Abelard, and the pulses of that assembly quickened whilst waiting, though for a moment, for the sounds of that well-known voice which had rung out the issues of many a victory in the arena of intellectual strife. Abelard spoke: 'I will not answer the Cistercian,' he exclaimed, 'I appeal from the Council to the See of Rome.' "The assembly was speechless with astonishment; the bishops looked on each other with blank surprise. And men had hardly recovered from the shock when they were conscious that Abelard had turned his back upon king, legates, and bishops, and, followed by his wondering disciples, had left the church."

The rest is soon told. The council condemned the errors which Abelard himself had not the courage to defend. He was then 60 years of age; his career was closed. He retired to the Abbey of Cluny, where Peter the venerable, always his kind friend, made the few ordinary years of his life the sweetest his life had known. "Never did I see," writes the venerable Abbot, "a man more humble, whether in gesture, habit, or countenance. He read continually, prayed often, and kept silence at all times except

PROTESTANTISM AND LIBERTY.

THE position of Protestantism, during the centuries of its existence, towards Catholicity has been one of dire antagonism. It is not a libel on its efforts to say, they have not been brilliantly successful. The opposition was at first run on theological grounds. Beaten here, Protestantism changed front and united, with every opposing power and force, against Catholicity. All means were allowable to that end. In this respect Protestantism has been most successful, and the combined result of all has been to make modern history in its relations to the Catholic Church little better, in the words of de Maistre, than a "conspiracy against the truth." Because she would not allow so much liberty to everybody, until there was not sufficient authority to govern anybody, the Catholic Church was declared the enemy of all liberty, and her intolerance held up to the nations of the earth as an object of universal scorn.

The eighteenth century may be regarded, from a Catholic point of view, as the century par excellence of misrepresentation. It was the century in which Protestantism held most sway in Europe. In the ages past the axe or sword "had done the nobler deed." The pen and the press took up the running in the eighteenth century, and "a conspiracy against the truth" was the culmination. In that century philosophy was the handmaid of Protestantism against Catholicity, but it was the philosophy of Bollingbroke, of Hobbes, of Proudhon, of Spinoza, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Voltaire, Rousseau, *et hoc genus omne*. By erroneous theology and false philosophy the Catholic Church was not only accused, she was condemned, immolated. As the enemy of liberty she was struck down: as the foe of toleration, she was shown none. And she was so treated by Protestantism, which is supposed to hold aloft the banner of liberty, enfolding the principle of toleration.

Liberty! Toleration! Sacred words, which in their true significance must be cherished and guarded by the Church of Christ wherever she is. Liberty, one of the high privileges which make man a "little less than the angels." Man, a duplex nature, spiritual and temporal. Liberty will follow his order, his constitution, for in office it has a twofold obligation—to God and Cæsar. This distinction must be maintained, or liberty will be impaired or lost. It cost the Church of the first centuries torrents of blood to maintain this necessary all-important distinction. Not one grain of incense would she burn in honour of Cæsar as Pontifex. The two orders must be distinct and separate—true liberty demands it. This distinction has ever been insisted on at all cost by the Catholic Church

throughout her entire history. With what result? Put aside all Catholic witnesses in the matter; turn to non-Catholic sources. Take two of the greatest minds of their age—Guizot and J. S. Mill. Let them give their evidence.

“One beneficial consequence which M. Guizot ascribes to the power of the Church,” says Mill, “is worthy of special notice — the separation unknown to antiquity between temporal and spiritual authority. He, in common with the best thinkers of our time, attributes to this fact the happiest influence on European civilisation. It was the parent, he says, of liberty of conscience. The separation of temporal and spiritual is founded on the idea that material force has no right, no hold over the mind, over conviction, over truth. Enormous as have been the sins of the Catholic Church, in the way of religious intolerance, her assertion of this principle has done more for human freedom than all the fires she ever kindled have done to destroy it.”—Mill, *Dissertations and Discussions*, Vol. II, p. 243.

Now, what has been the action of Protestantism towards this separation of the temporal and spiritual—this great distinction which the best thinkers of our age regard as the “parent of liberty of conscience?” What was it, but the complete surrender of the principle upon which “liberty of conscience” is founded! We are a British-tongued people. What took place in England in illustration?

Did not Protestantism hand over to Henry VIII. authority spiritual and temporal? Did it not at one blow destroy the principle for which the Church had so nobly and at such enormous sacrifice contended for fifteen hundred years?—the principle that “material force has no right, no hold over the mind, over conviction, over truth.” Was not the action, the conduct of Henry VIII. worthy that of a Nero or a Commodus, the moment Protestantism gave him back the power with which the emperor of Pagan Rome was invested? And, if to-day “the King can do no wrong,” it is because one royal Protestant head has rolled on a scaffold, and the nation has snatched from the hands of its monarch the authority with which Protestantism had so slavishly and so wickedly invested him. In this matter Parliament has replaced the Catholic Church; but the monarch has been degraded in the transition. He is no longer a king—he is a figure-head! What has been the effect of Protestantism on the character of the kings of England? Stand forth Protestantism—give up your records and archives. Where are the kings of England? If you ask the Catholic Church for hers, she points to her Alfreds, her Edwards, her Richards, her Henrys, her Plantagenets—her armies, “one half of which could beat the whole of France while the other half looked on.” Her kings were the heroes and the inspiration of divine Shakespeare’s sublimest muse. If kind Providence should ever bless

us with a second Shakespeare, what trait, what character will he find in the Protestant kings of England to inspire his verse or engage his genius? Here is the first of them painted by the undying words of Macaulay. "A king (Henry VIII.) whose character may be best described by saying that he was despotism itself personified; unprincipled ministers; rapacious aristocracy; a servile parliament. Such were the instruments by which England was delivered from the yoke of Rome. The work which had been begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, was continued by Somerset, the murderer of his brother, and completed by Elizabeth, the murderer of her guest."—(Macaulay, *Edinburgh Review*.) And here is the last of them from the Greville Memoirs—"William IV. was such an ass that nobody does anything but laugh at what he says. . . . What can you expect from a man with a head like a pineapple? . . . He always continued to be something of a blackguard and something more of a buffoon."—Greville Memoirs, Vol. III., pp. 33-410. What have they left to England to challenge the admiration of the world? "There are all the coats he (King George IV.) has ever had for fifty years, 300 whips, canes without number, every sort of uniform, the costumes of all the orders of Europe, splendid furs, pelisses, hunting coats and breeches, and among other things, a dozen pair of corduroy breeches he had made to hunt in when Don Miguel was here. His profusion in these articles was unbounded, because he never paid for them, and his memory was so accurate that one of his pages told me he recollected every article of dress, no matter how old, and that they were always liable to be called to procure some particular coat or article of apparel of years gone by. It is difficult to say whether in great or little things that man was most odious and contemptible."—(Greville Memoirs, Vol. II., p. 23.) The English language, in prose and poetry, has pretty well exhausted its vocabulary of opprobrium in application to England's Protestant Kings. Byron summed them up in a line—

"The fools and oppressors called George."

Nature finally refused to continue the connection, and foreigners were called in *horresco referens* to relink the line of the Plantagenets! This was the effect of Protestant liberty and toleration on the once glorious race of England's monarchs.

What effect on Protestantism itself had Protestant liberty and toleration? It became at once the creature and slave of the State. Cramer was its first Archbishop, and took his "commission" from Henry VIII.; and on the death of Henry he surrendered his archiepiscopal authority to the infant monarch, Edward VI., and received it back at his hands as "the only source of all manner of temporal and spiritual jurisdiction within the realm." "It is plain," says the Protestant Collier, "that the bishops, through the whole course of King Edward's reign, were upon their good behaviour for their office and had

the express clause of *quandiu se bene gesserint* as long as they shall behave themselves, put in their patent, that the king might recall their jurisdiction and strike their character dead when he pleased." Shades of Lanfranc, Anselm, Langton and Becket, such base, such treacherous servility must have made your dry bones rattle in your tombs under the shade of Canterbury Cathedral! Had these saintly archbishops cowed beneath the tyranny of the monarchs of their respective times—the "fierce Conqueror," his son William Rufus, the tyrant John, and the unscrupulous Henry—hapless had been England's destiny.

"They" (the Benedictines), says Sir James Stephen, "can boast in Lanfranc another primate to whose farseeing wisdom in the government of mankind may not obscurely be traced much of the vital spirit of those remarkable institutions which are still the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race in our islands and in the North American continent. How vast is the debt of gratitude England owes to her great primates, Lanfranc, Anselm, Langton, and Becket, or rather to that benign Providence who raised them up in that barbarous age. Whatever may have been their motives, whatever their demerits, they, and they alone, wrestled successfully with the despotism of the Conqueror, and his descendants to the fourth generation, in maintaining amongst us, even in those evil days, the balanced power, the control of public opinion, and the influence of moral over physical; a force which from their times passed on as a birthright to the Parliament of Henry III. and his successors; and which at this day remains the inheritance of England and of all the free communities with which she has covered and is still peopling the globe. Unchecked by the keen wisdom of the ecclesiastical policy and the Roman sympathies of the Benedictine Lanfranc, the fierce Conqueror would have acquired and transmitted to his posterity on the English Throne a power absolute and arbitrary, beneath the withering influence of which the germ of the future liberties and greatness of England would have prematurely perished." Is it possible to conceive any two conditions more diametrically opposed than the conduct of the Catholic Archbishops of Canterbury before the "fierce Conqueror" and the "bad, bold kings" with whom they had to deal, and the cringing, contemptible conduct of the usurpers of their Sees before Henry VIII. and his successors?

When Pope Urban wanted the weight of England's influence against the anti-Pope Clement, he sent the Pallium by the Archbishop of York to William Rufus to be bestowed by the king on his Archbishop of Canterbury. But Anselm, knowing the wily monarch better than Rome, refused the investment at the hands of the king. The Pallium was placed on the high altar of the Cathedral, and Anselm approached and invested himself with the emblem. "Ye be under us, by God's calling and ours," was Henry's reminder to

Cranmer, "the most principal minister of our jurisdiction." And the degrading position was accepted. Cæsar was again Pontifex Maximus.

"Absolute monarchy," says Guizot, "triumphed simultaneously throughout Europe with the Reformation." Barlow told Henry VIII. in 1540, that "if the king's grace, being supreme head of the Church of England, should elect any layman to be bishop, without mention made of any orders, he should be as good a bishop as the best in England." Cranmer was allowed the liberty of recanting six, and Latimer eight times. "Good churches," says Emerson, "are not built by bad men." It is thus Macaulay paints Cranmer: "Intolerance is always bad, but the sanguinary intolerance of a man who thus wavered in his creed, creates a loathing to which it is difficult to give vent without calling foul names. Equally false to political and religious obligations, he was the fit tool of Somerset, and then of Northumberland. When the former wished to put his own brother to death, even without the form of a trial, he found a ready instrument in Cranmer." No wonder that beneath the influence of such men the altar, the sacrifice, and the priesthood were soon obliterated, and religion itself became whatever the State liked to make it. *Cujus regio, illius religio*, a principle subversive of all liberty of conscience—the embodiment of intolerance.

The Ritualistic periodicals of the day compare the leading English Reformers with Marat and Robespierre. The *Church News* terms Crammer, Latimer, Ridley, Jewell and the rest, "apostates, traitors, perjurers, robbers, and persecutors." Dr. Littledale, (D.D.) calls them "utterly unredeemed villains;" and Mr. Baring Gould declares the Reformation to have been "a miserable apostacy." If this be hard language—rough treatment—the Protestants must settle it amongst themselves—it is all their evidence.

So much for the effects of liberty and toleration on the Protestant Church. But the end had not yet come—there was a "deeper depth" still in store. The source and fountain of ecclesiastical authority now is the Committee of Privy Council. Of what does this Committee of Privy Council consist? Of twelve members, of which three only are ecclesiastics, the remaining nine may be Dissenters—in fact, may be anything. For a Church—for its final judicial court—this would be a monstrosity. For an Establishment, probably it is about the proper thing.

And the nation at large—how fared it beneath the new liberty diffused by Protestantism?

"It is an unquestionable and most instructive fact," writes Macaulay, "that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in the zenith, were precisely the years during which national virtue was at its lowest point." "Sacriligious avarice," says Camden (Edward VI.) "ravenously

invaded church livings, colleges, chauntries, hospitals and places dedicated to the poor, as things superfluous. Ambition and emulation among the nobility, presumption and disobedience among the common people, grew so extravagant that England seemed to be in a downright frenzy."—(Camden: Introduction to the Annals of Queen Elizabeth.) Burnett is equally forcible: "This gross and insatiable scramble after the goods and wealth that had been dedicated to good designs, without the applying any part of it to promote the good of the Gospel, the instruction of the poor, made all people conclude that it was robbery, and not for reformation, that their zeal made them so active. The professors of the people gave their enemies great advantage to say that they ran away from confession, penance, fasting and prayer, only to be under no restraint and to indulge themselves in a licentious and dissolute course of life. By these things that were too visible in some of the most eminent among them, the people were much alienated from them; and as much as they were formerly against Popery, they grew to have kinder thoughts of it, and to look on all the changes that had been made as designs to enrich some vicious characters and to let in an inundation of vice and wickedness upon the nation."—(History of the Reformation.)

"Churches ran greatly into dilapidation and decay," says Stirpe, "and were nasty and indecent for God's worship. Among the laity there was little devotion—the Lord's day greatly profaned and little observed; the common prayers not frequented. Some lived without any service of God at all. Many were heathens and atheists; the Queen's own court an harbour for epicures and atheists, and a kind of lawless place; because it stood in no parish." The *Westminster Review* of January, 1870, informs us that the condition of things in the time of Henry VIII. was of so atrocious a nature that "London deserved a thousand times more plagues than ever fell on Tyre or Sidon or even on Sodom and Gomorrah." Let it be remembered that this state of things was the result of Protestantism in the flush of its vigour. We expect the purest water at the fount—evidently the stream was corrupt in its source. Clearly the liberty, the toleration which Protestantism gave to king, Church and people was a liberty that quickly degenerated into licence and a toleration that permitted a condition it could no longer control.

"Would I could efface from our annals," says the Protestant Fitzwilliam, "every trace of the long series of iniquities which accompanied the Reformation in England—the injustice, the oppression, the rapine, the murders, the sacrileges there stamped. Such were the means by which the inexorable and sanguinary tyrant, the founder of our faith, established his supremacy in the new church, and all who wished to preserve the belief of their fathers and adhere to the authority, which

he himself had taught them to revere, were treated as rebels and soon became his victims." He was the worthy introducer of an intolerance that ran through the line of his dynasty for three hundred years, worthily terminating with the execration by George IV. of the pen with which his unwilling fingers signed the Act of Catholic Emancipation—1829. Through the whole of those three centuries there was never a measure introduced into the public consideration of the country that contemplated the amelioration of the people at large, but was opposed by the intolerance of the king, the Tory and the Church. They were the Trinity of opposition to every boon that was, by its nature, sufficiently extensive to embrace in its blessings subjects without distinction.

And now, if we want to see intolerance in its most odious aspect, we have but to cross the channel that separates England and Ireland. Look at the religious condition of the latter country from the day Protestantism assumed the "Ascendancy." Whilst the isle of Erin "holds a seat on this distracted globe," a geographical point under the stars of heaven, or a record in the annals of time, she is doomed to stand forth a monument of the most tyrannous persecution the modern world at least has known. Indeed, Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke declare the persecution to have surpassed in virulence anything revealed by even the worst days of pagan barbarity. And why? Because Ireland would not accept a religion at the hands of Henry VIII. and his successors. The entire province of Ulster was cleared of Roman Catholics and given to Protestants. The Protestant Archbishop of Armagh—holy man—got 45,000 acres; Trinity College, 30,000; and the "skinners," tanners," and "dry-salters," London traders, received 209,000 acres of the richest soil of Ireland. The rest of the province was divided between Scotch and English Protestants.

Then came Cromwell, and five million acres were given to his Protestant followers, with the choice of "hell or Connaught" for the Catholics. They chose the latter, thinking "he might want the former for himself." The tale is told in a few words: Catholic Ireland was to be Protestantised or exterminated, and the most ingenious system that "the most perverse ingenuity could invent for the oppression, impoverishment, the degradation of a people and abasement of human nature itself," in the language of Burke, was put in full force for almost three hundred years, and was sanctioned in the name of religion. It was the reign of "Protestant Ascendancy." It was a reign of intolerance, and when it fell, but a few years back, it fell by the indignant hands of its own people, whose name had been dishonoured by its baneful history.

"The Irish Church," said Robert Lowe (Lord Sherebrooke), in one of the final debates on the matter, "is

founded on an injustice; it is founded on the dominant rights of the few over the many and shall not stand. . . . The curse of barrenness is upon it; it has no leaves, it has no blossom, it yields no fruit. Cut it down; why encumbereth it the ground?" It was such a deformity that Gladstone declared: "If you take away its abuses, there will be nothing left."

It was only in 1745, after the victory of Fontenoy and invasion of Scotland by Charles Edward, that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (Lord Chesterfield) allowed, by proclamation, Catholic chapels, known officially as "Mass Houses," to be opened in Dublin. In 1758, the Lord Chancellor of Dublin, at the trial of Mr. Saul, a Catholic merchant, laid it down from the Bench "that the laws did not presume a Papist to exist in the Kingdom, nor could they so much as breathe there without the connivance of the government." Demourier's victory at Jemeppe, the general triumph of the French Republic armies, and the execution of Louis XVI., dictated a policy of concession to Catholics, and the first Catholic Relief Bill of April 9th, 1793, was passed. It was external pressure that compelled Catholic Emancipation in 1829, and the Fenian insurrection that forced on the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

Sir Henry Parkes, in the course of his speech at the Free-trade Conference, on August 31, having occasion to refer to the Irish Church, said:—"The crying grievance of that established Church was enough, one would have thought, to have shocked the common sense of every person who was acquainted with its history; these churches were supported by the collection of tithes, which, at times, were collected at the point of the bayonet." He knew one case "where the clergyman went with the soldiery and shot down a widow's son in the collection of his tithes." Sir Henry summed up the iniquity as a "monstrous grievance." And yet this "monstrous grievance," this Church "founded on injustice, cursed with barrenness, without leaves, blossom, fruit," this monument of "abuse" pure and simple, found not only supporters—the cry of the "Church in danger" was rung through the land and shook it to its centre.

One rev. gentleman, addressing a large meeting, declared:—"If they dare to lay unholy hands on the Church, 200,000 Orangemen will tell them it shall not be." And her Majesty the Queen was reminded that, if she should sanction disestablishment, there would be danger of her "crown being kicked into the Boyne." Another ecclesiastic, in similar strain, said:—"If the Church establishment be destroyed in Ireland, there cannot, there shall not, there must not be peace in Ireland." At a large meeting, presided over by the Duke of Manchester, at Portadown, Ireland, in May, 1868, the Rev. Mr. Ellis said:—"We will fight, as men alone can fight who

have the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other ;" our voices " shall be echoed and re-echoed from earth to heaven and from heaven to earth. No Popery ! No surrender !" The Rev. Leslie Chanter announced that the " Orangemen would not allow Gladstone and his crew to trample on the throne and the Protestant constitution. Only the Channel rolled between them, they, the Protestants of the North, would march to the House of Commons and compel their enemies to be silent while their representatives were speaking. . . . Gladstone and his co-conspirators might be hanging as high as Haman."

It is only *fair* to the Orangemen to say that all these choice selections are from their rev. representatives, and were applauded to the echo. How easy it is to transfer this bigoted intolerance and disloyal sentiment from England or Ireland, in 1868, to the Sydney Exhibition Building, July 12, 1889. And all this from the ministers of the Gospel ! " Doff it, doff it for shame, and hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs."

In conclusion, whenever a Protestant, be he English, Irish or Scotch, hears the word intolerance, let him think of Ireland and hang his head. Protestant intolerance in Ireland sinned not only in excess—it sinned in principle. That a doctrine which does not rest on authority should overthrow authority by liberty, and should then destroy liberty by tyranny and oppression—that is the perfection of intolerance. Such is Protestant intolerance. Protestantism attacked not only the religious life of Ireland, it aimed at the destruction of its civil, social and national life. It was supported in its efforts by the sympathy and power of the greatest empire the world has known. All that earthly wealth, status and influence could do was done for it ; and after three centuries trial, it was declared to have been " founded on injustice, cursed with barrenness, without leaves, without blossom, without fruit—a monstrous grievance"—a mass of " abuses." There was but one conclusion—" Cut it down, why incumbereth it the ground !"



PROTESTANTISM AND LITERATURE.

THE domain of letters, since the rise of Protestantism, has been taken so completely under the wing of the non-Catholic mind as to constitute a species of Protestant preserve. There was a thorough opposition on the part of Protestantism to admit Catholicity to any participation in the advance and progress of civilisation, as represented by the benign influence of letters. Indeed, Catholicity was not only refused claim to any portion of enlightenment, but she was painted as the foe of all enlightenment and the home of darkness and retrogression. Two circumstances tended to confirm this—Germany and England, two of the greatest European powers, had become, the latter especially, so completely Protestantised, and had attacked Catholicity in all its works and labours so effectually, as to leave them little better than a heap of ruins. In years these ruins themselves were taken as witnesses of the fate which the works deserved; and it was thence contended that Protestantism had to lay, and did successfully lay, the foundations of all the boons and blessings which modern society regards as its highest privileges—not only laid the foundation, but erected the superstructure until it now stands, in the nineteenth century, a monument of surpassing merit.

This is pretty well the Protestant story of the matter. But it is not all the story. The ruins, at last, began to be examined into. *Spiritus Domini ferebatur super aquas.* A breath of life was being infused into the “dry bones.” True criticism and impartial investigation were brought to bear, and at the beginning of the present age commenced an era of exegesis which revived the claims of Catholicity and supported them in proportion to the breadth and depth of the researches effected. The ruins were not “dead,” they were but “asleep,” and when awaked to all their significance, were found to be full of science, of taste, of intelligence, of calculation, of force, of wisdom, of reason, of sentiment, of delicacy, and of that especially which breathed through them and had been their inspiration, their creation, Christian faith, Christian hope and Christian charity. They were Christianity personified—the very principle, the vivifying force which the ruins were supposed to deny.

Macaulay found them, “not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour.” Stolberg, Schlegel, Veith, Molitur, enter the Catholic Church, because they discover, from the examination of the ruins, “that all that is beautiful in art and nature is nowhere to be found except in the Catholic Church.” The complete temple could be recon-

structed only from the ruins—and while the name of the Catholic architect is buried in the oblivion of modesty, some modern Protestant brewer will receive a knighthood for the expenditure of one hundred thousand pounds in an act of reparation.* The Protestant could do the stone work—the design, the creation was Catholic. And when the temple was restored, what did it proclaim? The science, the art, the taste, the refinement, the industry of ages gone! Science, in its construction, its statistics, its mechanism, its optics, its accoustics, its metallurgy, its chemistry; art, in its paintings, its music, its statuary, its mosaics—its sanctuary a dream of beauty—the whole a poem of life—hymning everlastingly to heaven and earth *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus.*

“Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength and Beauty all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.”—Byron.

To-day, we study, we admire—we despair ever to rival.

When Protestantism took possession of the land, did she erect rival temples to show the superiority of her light, her art, her science? She robbed, she plundered them, she beat them flat to the earth, she “made a desert and she called it peace.”

Under the shadow of those glorious Catholic piles, letters found their home. There Anselm wrote his “Philosophical Meditations,” which even Descartes could never fathom, and from which he derived all his worth. There St. Bonaventure caught the very reflection of the temple, and united in so admirable a manner the human and the divine, in letters, by his “*Reductio Artium Liberalium ad Theologiam*” as to win the title of “Doctor Seraphicus.” There Gerson or Kempis traced the lines of a book (“Imitation”)—the “divinest that ever left the hands of man;” and there Thomas, the angel of the schools, built up his sublime “*Summa*”—the indubitable monument of the greatest mind that ever blessed God’s earth! In his “*Summa Contra Gentes*,” of 400 pages, there is more theological and philosophical science than in all the pages that ecclesiastical Protestantism has ever produced.

And now pass from the temple to the school—the home and centre of the intellect. Put aside the numerous parochial, cathedral and monastic schools that covered the land, and look at the Catholic Universities of Europe, before the birth of Protestantism. Here are some of them, with the dates of their foundations; and let it be remembered that they were all the foundations of Popes, or helped, encouraged and approved by Popes:—Oxford, 895; Cambridge, 915; Padua, 1179; Salamanca, 1200; Aberdeen, 1213; Vienna, 1237; Montpellier, 1288; Perouse, 1305; Heidelberg, 1346; Prague, 1348; Cologne, 1358; Turin, 1405; Leipsic, 1408; Lorraine, 1425;

* Sir A. Guinness, St. Patrick’s, Dublin.

Glasgow, 1453 ; Pisa, 1471 ; Copenhagen, 1498 ; Alcalá, 1517. The renown of those of Paris, Rome, Lisbon, Naples, Florence and Milan need no detail. There were altogether 63 Catholic Universities in Europe before the advent of Protestantism. Where are the Universities built by Protestantism? Echo answers, where? To the Catholic Universities students crowded from all quarters—literally by tens of thousands—Oxford at one portion of the 13th Century could boast her 30,000. At Paris, 20,000 was pretty well a common number. Paris was the “city of letters,” and drew to itself the intellectual wealth of Christendom.

“Whatever a nation has that is most precious,” wrote William of Brittany, author of the *Philipide*, in honour of Philip Augustus ; “whatever a people has most famous—all the treasures of science, all the riches of the earth, lessons of wisdom, the glory of letters, nobility of thought, refinement of manners, all this is to be found in Paris.” Petrarch likened the University of Paris to a “basket filled with the rarest fruits of every land,” and described the French as “gay of humour, fond of society and pleasant in conversation ; they make war on care by diversion, singing, laughing, eating and drinking.” “The beauty of the city, its light elastic atmosphere, the grace and gaiety of its inhabitants, and the society of all that was most choice in art and learning, rendered it no less fascinating a residence in the thirteenth century as the capital of learning than it has since become as the metropolis of fashion.”—(Christian Schools and Scholars.)

During the same era, Naples, with its ten thousand scholars, under the reign of Frederick II., was a rival in more ways than one of Paris. “The city itself, edging the double crescent of blue water with perfect sky, sea and air ; then the luxuriant Campagna to the east, with its villas, buried amongst branching pines and groves of orange blossom ; then the stretch of the azure Mediterranean, dotted with gay barges of pleasance and dark galleys of war, tended to relax the virility of a religion which teaches that the road to heaven is the road of prayer, mortification and self-restraint. All writers of this period describe Naples, with its houses running up seven stories high, as the most beautiful and the most wicked city in the world.” The most anything it was, except the most stupid, dolt, ignorant, dark, dismal, dreary abode, as it and all its kind have been painted by Protestant history—as cursing the earth without a point of redemption, before the rise of the “blessed Reformation.” “Frederick II. represented the brute force, intellectual license and moral depravity of the thirteenth century ; his enthusiasm for poetry and letters was quite as remarkable as his ambition and taste for war. He had been the pupil of three Popes. He spoke Latin, Italian, German, French, Greek and Arabic. . . . He occupied

many of his leisure hours in his choice library poring over rolls of Greek and Arabic manuscripts. . . . So great a sympathy did he entertain for struggling genius, that he supported two hundred students at the University out of his own private purse—that they might thus have some tincture of philosophy. But Frederick was a thoroughly worldly man: Learning did not lead him to the practice of Christianity. . . . His life amongst the infidels in the East appears to have upset his faith. . . . Some say that, no longer believing in the reality of a future life, he abandoned himself to all the licenses of sensuality. . . . When in the South, he slept away his time with all the voluptuousness of a Sultan in his harems of Puglia and Sicily. His castle Foggia was built in the Moorish style. At his splendid court were collected together, from Germany, Italy and the East, the highest that could be found at the day, of courage, eloquence and learning, the flower of chivalry, the depth of science—kings and warriors, troubadours and minstrels, wits and beauties—all that was gayest and brightest, all that was gorgeous and magnificent. Here were nurtured the grandchildren of Averroës, the most celebrated of Arabian philosophers. Here were seen the swarthy Saracens, with their strange costume, standing guard; graceful Mamelukes, attentive in their silent service to every want; astrologers from Bagdad, with their loose garments and flowing beards; and Jews, learned and sedate, the interpreters of wisdom that lay concealed in precious manuscripts brought over from Arabia.”—(Life of St. Thomas of Aquin, by Most Rev. R. B. Vaughan, O.S.B.)

The bold and searching hand of Dr. Vaughan manifests no desire to conceal the dark spots in Neapolitan life at the court of the Emperor Frederick II., in the thirteenth century. Extremes haunt humanity, much wealth, much poverty, much virtue, much vice. The dangers that spring from the very refinement engendered by Christian civilisation can only be guarded against by Christianity itself. But here there is not decay, lifelessness, inertness, mental listlessness, infecundity, night, as Protestants portray the scene. On the contrary, all is life, vigour, elegance, refinement, pleasure, genius. Why, it was a condition of things which should stir to admiration the soul of Matthew Arnold—the handsome eulogiser of the court and times of Marcus Aurelius—“an epoch akin to our own,” and held up as a model for the nineteenth century.

“The Catholic Church,” says one author, Charles de Villers, “held the nations of the earth in studied ignorance—the friend of superstition. Education was rendered almost inaccessible to the people; the study of ancient languages was as a monstrosity, an idolatry—the scriptures were severely interdicted.” Then comes another Protestant author to assure the world that all this is miserable sophism. “All these rhapsodies about the darkness of those times are so familiar

to us that we are better occupied in proving two and two make five than in denying them. Yet this darkness, this obscurity, is very easily pierced and torn asunder."—(Daniel. The Bible in the middle ages c. 8, p. 3.)

The Church had made such strides in true civilisation at the advent of Protestantism, that when snatched from her hand, its forces became means of havoc and destruction. By what means were Luther and his fellow-reformers able to assail the Church, except by those which she gave them, if turned to a perverse use and intention? It was said of Nicholas de Lyra, a celebrated professor at the Paris University, and of whose productions Luther availed himself—

" Si Lyra non lyrasset
Lutherus non saltasset."

If Nicholas had not lyred, Luther had not danced. It was turning the cannon against its own citizens, and claiming the glory of the science because the barbarians knew sufficient to lay the city in ruins.

However, over the ruins they held two benefits aloft as the ark in the deluge—the Bible—the Bible only and private judgment. Before the Bible, the Bible only, Catholic civilisation went down—its temples were plundered, its altars removed, its sacrifice abolished, its priesthood proscribed! The Bible remains! What will they do with it? What treatment will it receive at the hands of Luther himself?

"We do not wish," wrote the first Reformer, "to read or to hear Moses. Leave him to the Jews to serve as mirror to the Saxons without embarrassment to ourselves. Moses is the very master of slayers—none surpassed him when there was a question of striking terror, of torturing, of tyranny." Of Ecclesiastes Luther wrote—"This book is truncated; it has neither boots nor spurs; it mounts in sandals as did I myself whilst as yet a monk." Of the Gospels, "The Gospel of St. John is the only really tender, the only true Gospel; the three others having spoken much more of the works of Christ than of His words. The Epistles of St. Peter and St. Paul are above the other three Gospels; . . . the Epistle of St. James is a veritable epistle of straw. . . . and as for the Epistle to the Hebrews of St. Paul himself, we need not hesitate if we encounter on our way some word, hay, or stubble. Let everyone regard the Apocalypse as his mind shall dictate; for me, my mind rejects it, and that suffices me to repudiate it."

The Bible was to be "guide, philosopher, and friend," and such is the treatment it received at the hands of the arch-reformer. And yet, not long after Luther's time, his successors taught the inspiration of Scripture to the very "Hebrew points and accents." "Having set up the Bible as their sole guide," says Dr. Pusey, "in opposition to the Catholics, to uphold its entire inspiration, in every word and

syllable, became a point, not so much of religion, as of honour with the party; and the consequence has been that the descendants of those very men, who cried up the Bible as everything, have now succeeded, as we see, in degrading the Bible as almost nothing." "They now," says another writer, "reject all supposition of inspiration, and regard the whole of the Scriptures, from beginning to end, as a series of venerable, human, and therefore fallible documents." If Cocceus found Christ everywhere in the Old Testament and Grotius found Him nowhere, it is but logical that Straus should find Him in neither New nor Old.

This, certainly, was a logical deduction from the treatment of the Bible by Luther himself. Such was the effect of the guardianship of the Bible at the hands of Protestant Germany. In England the Book of Common Prayer, in the times of James I., was declared "to differ from the truth of the Hebrew in at least two hundred places." The ministers of the Lincoln diocese, addressing the King, pronounced the English translation of the Bible to be "a translation which is absurd and senseless, perverting, in many places, the meaning of the Holy Ghost." Another declared "it perverted the text of the Old Testament in eight hundred and forty places." On the words "this is My body" no less than two hundred different interpretations appeared before the end of the sixteenth century; and "as many distinctions of the Sacraments as there were men who disagreed about them." Such was the effect of Protestantism on the literature of the Bible.

The Renaissance, or revival of letters, is an orient especially claimed by Protestantism, and the foundation of the claim is the reiteration with which it has been put forward, and the persistent denial of any share in the merit, by Catholicism. When the matter has been really sifted it is found that the Renaissance began about a hundred years before Protestantism arose, to break the Christian unity of Europe.

"Dante and Petrarch," says Hallam, "are, as it were, the morning stars of our modern literature"—the former, termed the *magnus philosophus, magnus theologus, et magnus poeta*; philosopher, theologian, poet, and, great in all, was the great leader in the revival of letters.

The *Divina Commedia* was an outcome of Catholic teaching and literature; nor was its profound erudition any obstacle to its conquest over the minds of the age in which it was written; a sure sign that the age was sufficiently advanced to appreciate its merits. Its first great achievement was to raise the vernacular in which it was written to the dignity of a language. Chairs were soon established throughout the republics of Italy for the expositions of the power and beauties of the Divine Comedy, and Boccaccio and Petrarch lent their refinement and polish to the majestic,

massive language that Dante had bequeathed them. Petrarch was called to Rome—was crowned its Laureate in the Capitol, Easter Sunday, 1341, and hung up his laurel wreath in the Basilica of the Apostles. From that hour his whole soul was devoted to the revival of the classic languages of Greece and Rome, under the most encouraging patronage of the Vatican. His own enthusiasm, and the high honours and rewards that crowned his success, inflamed the desire of others to imitation and rivalry, and to such an extent were their labours carried that a revolution was effected in the studies of Christendom, and measures even had to be taken against an element in literature that threatened the extinction of Christian ideas. And when Petrarch and Boccaccio passed away, although they left none to inherit their genius, there came on a race of quiet workers in the same line, a race of grammarians and critics, searchers and examiners, that continued successfully to widen and solidify the great foundation upon which the polite literature of a later Europe was to rest and be built up.

"It was from Italy," says Hallam, "that the light of philological learning spread over Europe." Italy may claim, without division, the whole glory of the revival of letters. At the very date of Luther's revolt there sat in the Chair of Peter, a Pope (Leo X.) of whom Erasmus wrote—"He has the genius and virtues of all the Leos who have preceded him, and to perfect goodness of heart, he unites an incredible strength of soul." "The result must be," says Hallam, "to convince us of our great obligations to Italy for her renewal of classical learning. . . . We have the greatest reason to doubt whether, without the Italians of those ages, it would ever have occurred." Nor could Hallam overlook the merits of the Popes in the revival.

"Letters had no patron so important," he says "as Pope Nicholas V., 1447, nor has any later occupant of that Chair, without excepting Leo X., deserved equal praise as an encourager of learning. . . . He founded the Vatican Library, and left it enriched at his death with five thousand volumes; a treasure far exceeding that of any other collection in Europe. Every scholar who needed maintenance found it at the court of Rome. . . . Italy, the genial soil, where the literature of antiquity had been first cultivated, still retained her superiority in the fine perceptions of its beauties and in the power of retracing them by spiritual imitation."

"Italia, too, Italia looking on thee
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages
Still

The fount of which the panting mind assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill."

—(Childe Harold, c. iii, c. x.)

As in letters, so in the cultivation of every branch that tended to the true development of modern civilisation Italy was the "light of ages." "If there be a church," says San Priest, "predestined to a social mission which, far from throwing obstacles in the way of civilisation, has developed and fostered its germs, in the focus of ardent faith, the Roman Church must be recognised by these features. . . . Her true character was always to unite the maintenance of faith with the exercises of all the human faculties, to regulate them all without proscribing any of them. . . . Rome attached to the altars of Christ the imagination itself, the rebellious slave of reason." When the Church won her victory over Pagan Rome, "she cursed the idols," says San Priest, "and blessed the temples."

This has ever been the policy, the action of the Catholic Church. Whatever of good, the work and progress of human ingenuity, throughout the whole extent of its multiplied combinations could achieve, was accepted by the Church, was by her blessed. Whatever was bad she condemned; whatever was indifferent, she endured. Wherever she found genius, talent, whether in the beggar boy of the street, like Luther, or in a Medici, or Mirandolo, royal by mind and nature, she gave them both the same chance. Out of her coffers she made the street boy rich as the prince in all that was necessary for mental development; and profound talent was the key that opened the way to all her emoluments—from the professor's chair to the throne of the Popes. If a Leo X. filled the Papal Chair, so did a Sixtus Quintus. Her whole domain was the pasture of the mind, and her supreme policy—the survival of the fittest.

Her monastic schools were the homes of the needy scholar. But they were the homes of culture and refinement—of "plain living and high thought." "Any one Benedictine Monastery," says Gibbon, "has done more for literature than our two universities of Oxford and Cambridge." If a monk here or there disgraced his call, was the parent to be cursed, because the son, in spite of care, became a scandal? Blame not the warmth of the bosom that fed, but the venom of the snake that turned and stung.

When Protestantism took possession of Europe, how did she act towards these abodes, these homes of "plain living and high thought?"—"any one of which did more for literature than Oxford and Cambridge together." How did it act towards every such monument of culture, of progress, of illumination? It acted as the Goth, the Hun, and the Vandal acted towards the masterpieces of humanity—laid them waste with fire and sword! Science, art, literature, civilisation went down before their vulgar *crucifigatur*, with a hatred and extermination worthy the followers of an Aleric or a Totila! Here is a part of the picture as drawn by the

hand of even a warm partisan of the Reformation: "It must be confessed," says Charles de Villers, "that the Reformation was for a time the source of retrogression in letters, culture, and science. How figure to ourselves the indescribable devastations of which Germany was the theatre—the war of the peasants of Suabia and Franconia, of the Anabaptists, of Munster, of the league of Smalkalde against Charles V., which lasted to the treaty of Westphalia, and even after the treaty to the end of the bitter contest. The Empire was changed into a vast cemetery—the tomb of two generations. Cities were reduced to ashes; schools deserted; fields abandoned; manufactories in flames; minds embittered, exasperated by long divisions. Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists, Anabaptists, Moravians, accused each other of the bitter plagues of their country—torn asunder not only by her own children, but delivered over to bands of Spaniards and Italians, to the fanatics of Bohemia, to hordes of Turks, French, Swedes and Danes, who bore everywhere the carnage and desolation of civil and religious war. A long period is necessary to any country to recover from such a state of commotion and ruin. It was not only on its native soil, where its cause was maintained with such obstinacy, that the Reformation produced such cruel disasters. France escaped not; but the troubles of this country were not of such long duration as those of Germany, which was in a most deplorable state when France had already cured her wounds, and had even arrived at the very apogee of her literary and political glory. The evils to the Low Countries were on a par with those of the rest of the Empire. In fine, England saw herself delivered over to two intestine commotions, resulting from the same Reformation. It is clear, that, since the out-pouring of the barbarians from the North upon the Roman Empire, no event provoked in Europe, ravages so long and so universal, as the war enkindled on the hearth of the Reformation. In this respect it is only too true—it retarded the progress of general culture."

And all this in the name of religion—reformation! True, incontestably true, the manners, the morals of the age wanted reforming. If, for example, the connubial life of the times wanted reforming, are we to believe that Luther and his disciples were divinely inspired to such a reform by the permission of two wives to the Landgrave of Hesse Casel, or six to Henry VIII.—or sixty-six to either of them, for that matter? And if the purity of the priesthood had been infringed, was it from a divine source that Luther was inspired to reform it by the violation, in his own person, of every vow and obligation that heaven and earth must regard as sacred? Truly may it be said of such reforms and reformers

"Rules for good manners you with care indite,
Then, show us what is wrong by what you write."

In what age is there not room for the reformation of manners, morals? Reform them, by all means. But woe to the monk or the "angel of light" that presumes to reform the Doctrine of the Church of Christ!

What a contrast the above presents with the evidence given on behalf of Catholic times by the ablest men of our age. By Guizot, who declares that the "Catholic Church powerfully assisted in forming the character and of furthering the development of modern civilisation;" that her schools and monasteries "were philosophical schools of Christianity;" and that her monks "were active and potent at once in the domain of intellect and in that of reality; that the human mind, beaten down by the storm, took refuge in the asylums of churches and monasteries." By Ranke, who declares that "a slow but sure and unbroken progress of intellectual culture had been going on within its (Church's) bosom for a series of ages—all the vital and productive energies of human culture were here united and mingled." By Lecky—the "Papal Government has had no rival and can have no successor; the Papal power was on the whole favourable to liberty; the Catholic Church was the representative of progress; Catholicism laid the very foundations of modern civilisation." Of Mr. S. Laing—"the Catholic Church and her establishments were the only asylums in which the spirit of freedom and of independence of mind . . . were lodged, kept alive and nursed to their present maturity; all that men have of social, political and religious freedom may be clearly traced in the history of every country to the working and effects of the independent power of the Church of Rome." "It will remain for ever true," says another, "that the genius of invention created the press under the influence of the old religion; that the genius of discovery sailed to the shores of the New World under the shadow of the cross, and that the sons of the middle ages laid the foundation of our own progress."

"The nineteenth century," says Professor Tyndall, "strikes its roots into the centuries gone by, and draws nutriment from them." "Not a man in Europe now," wrote Dr. (Cardinal) Newman, "who talks bravely against the Church, but owes it to the Church that he can talk at all." Macaulay put it thus—"We often hear that the world is constantly becoming more and more enlightened, and that this enlightenment must be favourable to Protestantism and unfavourable to Catholicism. We wish we could think so. But we see great reason to doubt whether this be a well-founded expectation. We see that during the last three hundred and fifty years the human mind has been in the highest degree active. . . . Yet we see that Protestantism has made no conquest worth speaking of. . . . As far as there has been a change, that change has been in favour of the Church of Rome. . . . At first the chances seemed to be decidedly in favour of Protestantism, but the

victory remained with the Church of Rome. Nor has Protestantism, in the course of two hundred years, been able to reconquer any portion of what has been lost. . . . During the nineteenth century, this fallen Church (Catholic) has been gradually rising from her depressed state and reconquering her old dominion. . . . Whatever was lost to Catholicism was lost also to Christianity. Whatever was regained by Christianity . . . was regained also by Catholicism. . . . We deem it a most remarkable fact that no Christian nation, which did not adopt the principles of the Reformation before the end of the sixteenth century, should ever have adopted them. Catholic communities have since that time become infidel and become Catholic again, but none has become Protestant."

Such was the testimony of the brilliant historian, in his splendid review of Ranke's "History of the Popes," of the effect of letters and enlightenment on the march of the Catholic Church. And it is clear as day, that the impetus which she then received has increased with the progress of her years, until she stands before the world to-day—nor need we go out of our glorious colony to see it—with such signs of victory on her brow, as entitle her children to believe, that she is swiftly and surely marching to the reconquest of more than ever she lost, by the blow dealt Christian unity, by the Protestantism of the sixteenth century. But the severance was that of the branch from the "Tree of life." The unity remains—the unity is the *spiraculum vite*, the "breath of life," breathed by Christ into His Church—*accipite spiritum*—it is the meaning of her power, the guarantee of her victories.

And the branch—Protestantism—if it be but a branch, will be eventually—when the sap is dry which it drew from the Tree when falling—infecund from want of unity—discord will be its history. Need we pass our own shores to see it—whether in the display over a panel in a reredos or the election of a Bishop to a See.

But the fatal disunion is still deeper—is incurable. It has already branded Protestantism, from its own lips, as a "hundred sects battling in one church." When Dr. Moorhouse, the late Bishop of Melbourne, made an effort to arrest what he truly termed in his able address "the fatal progress of division, which is breaking the Protestant Church to pieces," this was his experience:

"In the face of such a spirit . . . the attempt to bring the Protestant churches a little nearer to each other, seemed to be hopelessly in advance of the age. What could be the value of brotherly advances by one party in the English Church, if they were to be accompanied by language so irritating from another party therein. I felt tempted to recall that picture of brothers, hopelessly estranged, which represents

them as frowning cliffs, split asunder by an earthquake and severed by the inrushing sea :—

‘A raging sea now rolls between,
But neither, rain, nor frost, nor thunder,
Can wholly do away, I wean.
The marks of that which once hath been.’

The scorn of the original rift appeared to be ineffaceable, and it seemed that the raging sea must ever overwhelm, beneath its bitter waters of pride and prejudice, every vessel which strove to bear the olive-branch from one of its shores to the other ; must ever drown, in the clamours of its stormy passions, every timid whisper of returning love.”

No wonder he fled from such a “vessel” and such a “sea” to a ship and a haven secured—not by the principles of religion—but by the power, law and emolument of the State. No wonder Dr. Barry followed his example.

From the contrast of Catholic unity and Protestant dissension there was, there is, but one conclusion. Macaulay saw it and announced it in language, the beauty and force of which shall live as long as it deserves to live—for ever.

“She (Church of Rome) saw the commencement of all the Governments and of all the Ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world ; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on the broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul’s.”

* RELIGIOUS DISPUTE AT BATHURST.—ORANGEMEN v. ROMAN CATHOLICS.

(BY TELEGRAPH.)

BATHURST, Monday, 15th July.—Regarding the Orange demonstration here on Friday last, the Rev. C. Stead is reported to have said that in this colony a man, who was a terrible drunkard, a dreadful swearer and a thorough-paced gambler, died with marvellous suddenness, and “his poor wife paid £100 to the priests to get him out of Purgatory.” He mentioned another case where an infant, three years old, died, and its mother, who earned a living by sewing, paid £5 to get it out of Purgatory. Mr. John Meagher has publicly offered that if Mr. Stead proves that the priests accepted the money alleged to have been paid in either case he (Mr. Meagher) will place £50 in the hands of the editor of the *Bathurst Times* and another £50 in the hands of the lady president of the Poor Relief Society.—*Sydney Daily Telegraph*.

[Rev. Mr. Stead failed to take advantage of Mr. Meagher’s offer. Ed.]

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