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THE PAPACY  
AND  
MODERN CIVILIZATION.

IN FIVE DISCOURSES.

BY  
DR. MILEY,

AUTHOR OF "ROME UNDER PAGANISM AND THE PAPACY;" "THE HISTORY OF THE PAPAL STATES;" "NAPOLEÓN III. ET LA PAPAUTÉ," ETC.

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"The universal aptness of a religious system for all stages of civilization, and for all sorts and conditions of men, well befits its claim of divine origin. She is of all nations and of all times, that wonderful Church of Rome."—*Kinglake's "Eöthen,"* p. 112. London, Longman, &c., 1858.

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DUBLIN: GERALD BELLEW,  
PUBLISHER, AND WHOLESALE AGENT FOR THE SALE OF THE  
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS,  
78 & 79, GRAFTON STREET.  
1860.



## NOTICE.

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It has been said of these discourses that they condense the pith of libraries into a few pages, and requite an hour's reading with a knowledge more matured and comprehensive of the great subject of which they treat, than could perhaps be arrived at by the desultory research of years.

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**Deacidified**

# The Papacy and Modern Civilization.

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## FIRST SERMON.

“Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church.”

*Matt. xvi. 18.*

WHEN a sculptor wishes to execute in marble or in bronze some grand master-piece of art already conceived in his imagination, he takes a mass of plastic clay, and applies himself hour after hour to mould and reproduce from this ignoble matter the exact resemblance and embodiment of the glowing image in his mind. Recollecting this, beloved brethren, it will be all the more easy for you to meditate with advantage on the subject on which I propose at present to address you—that is, on the wonderful ways by which it pleased the Divine Redeemer, making choice of a lowly fisherman, Simon Bar-Jona, of Bethsaida, to mould and fashion him by his heavenly parables and lessons, until at length we see fully, perfectly reproduced in his person that model and standard conceived in the divine mind, of all that the vicegerent of Christ, his *alter ego* on earth, the viceroy of his “everlasting kingdom,” ought to be.

May the Divine Paraclete illumine, purify, and dispose our minds; and may the immaculate Virgin, ever gracious, vouchsafe to assist us by her prayers. *Ave Maria.*

From the first moment of St. Peter's being presented to our Saviour, the divine work of fashioning and disposing him for his wonderful destiny begins. On seeing him approach, conducted by his elder brother, Andrew (*John*, i. 42), Jesus said to him, “Thou art Simon Bar-Jona—thou shalt be called Cephas, which is interpreted a rock.” Nothing more was added then. It was not intimated why this title is to be given, or in what it is that

Simon is to resemble a rock; but it is then and there revealed and irrevocably fixed that with this dignity, whatever it may be, the humble fisherman of Bethsaida is predestinated to be one day invested—" *Simon Bar-Jona, tu vocaberis Cephas.*"

Shortly after, however, in another scene—that set forth in the 5th chapter of St. Luke, wherein the Redeemer preaches to the multitudes from the bark of Simon Bar-Jona, and the latter, hoping against hope at his command, launches forth into the deep—the divine sublimity of the office and dignity reserved for St. Peter begins to be more clearly and definitely revealed. Thus, it becomes now plain enough that in the mystic bark of Simon is to be established the chair of truth; that there is to be the throne of divine authority; and that thence are the doctrines of eternal life to be proclaimed to the nations, aptly typified and represented in those countless crowds that throng the shore—" *Et sedens docebat de navicula turbas.*"

And then the miraculous draught of fishes—what else is it but a feeble foreshadow of that infinitely more stupendous miracle, which is to cause the Jew and the Gentile, the Roman, the Greek, and the barbarian to gather, as if from the four winds of Heaven; until the Church of Peter, the home and sanctuary of the nations, knows no boundaries but those of the world? And mark well, beloved brethren, how it is to Simon, and to Simon alone—though others who were to be apostles were present—that the mystic import of all this is applied by the Redeemer. When all were seized with wonder and awe at what they beheld, Jesus said to Simon, "Fear not! henceforth, it is men thou shalt capture—" *Noli timere, ex hoc jam eris homines capiens.*"

Without attempting to glance, even though it were only thus rapidly, at many other similar passages abounding in the Gospels, wherein we are permitted to follow as if step by step, and observe this heavenly work as it progresses, I come at once to the grand decisive words which I have taken for my text—"Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church."

You recollect, beloved brethren, how the Virgin is saluted with the title of "Blessed" by the Archangel, when, as ambassador of the Most High, he comes to announce to her that she is chosen

for the holiest, most divine dignity, that even omnipotence could confer upon a creature ; and now, when the Saviour is about to proclaim his choice of a vicegerent in the person of the lowly fisherman, observe how he styles him "blessed"—"*Beatus es Simon Bar-Jona.*" At first, as you recollect, it was merely promised that at some future time not specified, Simon Bar-Jona should receive the title of Cephas, which is interpreted Peter, but now the title is actually conferred: "And I say to thee," says the Redeemer, "*Tu es Petrus*—thou art a rock." Nay, more, the reason is assigned for the propriety and fitness of this title, inasmuch as there is to be a perfect analogy and likeness between his office and dignity in the Church of Christ and that of the foundation or corner-stone in a building. "Thou art Peter, and on this rock *I will build my church*"—that is, it is now revealed that by divine decree the poor illiterate fisherman, after being prepared for and exalted to the perfect likeness of the grand antetype existing in the divine mind, is to be constituted the immovable foundation, support, and corner-stone of the Church of Christ: "*Et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam.*"

Nor is this all, beloved brethren ; for it is added that with such solidity is this foundation to be established, that even the "gates of hell shall not prevail against it ;" that all the might, all the stratagems of the powers of darkness, though eternally renewed with ever-varying forms and augmenting fury, shall never be able, I do not say to overthrow, but so much as to damage it slightly, or cause it to nod or tremble on its basis, thus rendered imperishable and infallible by guarantee divine: "*Et portæ inferi non prevalebunt adversus eam.*"

In fine, allowing the antetype and predestinated pattern in the divine mind to reveal itself, and break forth upon us with all its ineffable grandeur, the Redeemer adds—"And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven." Oh ! now, indeed, it is that the dignity in reserve for the fisherman begins to impress us with all its divine sublimity. That "kingdom" foreshadowed in innumerable and magnificent types—that "kingdom" whose glories, though beheld but in vision, had power to stir the breasts of the prophets with their loftiest and most glowing inspirations—that "kingdom"

which the Archangel Gabriel announced should never have an end—that kingdom, the advent of which the great St. John the Baptist, the angel of the desert, was sent forward to proclaim, and which the incarnate Deity came on earth to establish and to preach—its sceptre is confided to Simon Peter's hands! "*Et tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum.*"

Nor is his to be a mere empty title, only a shadow of authority. Far from that! for everything appertaining to the government and economy of that "kingdom," his jurisdiction is to be co-ordinate with that of God himself. "And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and *whatsoever* you shall bind on earth shall be bound also in heaven"—your act shall have simultaneous effect in heaven and earth—"and whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven."

And when all these promises are fulfilled and ratified; when, still on the border of Genezareth where he first called him, the Lord confers on Simon Peter the charge of supreme pastor of his fold—oh! Christians, what a master-work and stupendous miracle of omnipotence, condescension, and wisdom infinite is presented before us in this Prince of the Apostles, in this Supreme Pontiff, this infallible foundation and support of the Church of Christ; in this key-bearer of heaven, and viceroy armed with power co-ordinate with that of God over the Messiah's "everlasting kingdom," raised up, as we have seen, from the lowliest fortune—that of a rude, illiterate fisherman on a midland lake, and prepared for and made worthy of this inconceivable authority and grandeur, exclusively and altogether through the wisdom, grace, and mercy of our Blessed Lord—of Him who chooseth the weak things of this world to confound the mighty, and the foolish to confound the wise—thus making it self-evident to the most heedless that all the wonders that illustrate the establishment, the ever vivid action, and the march of the Church militant through the world is His work alone, and that thus no flesh may presume to glory in His sight. "*Et infirma mundi elegit Deus ut confundat fortia: et ignobilia mundi et contemptibilia elegit Deus, et ea quæ non sunt, ut ea quæ sunt destrueret: ut non glorietur omnes caro in conspectu ejus.*" (1 Cor. i. 27, 29.)



Nevertheless, what is seen to happen regarding another great work of God, happens also here. No doubt, the form of our first father, as moulded from the earth by art divine, must have been grand and impressive to behold, even while still inanimate; but it is not till the godlike soul is breathed into this form by the Deity that Adam lives and moves, and looks the lord of the creation, "with glory and with honour crowned;" in like manner, it is not till he is touched by the divine fire, and that with the descent of the Paraclete a supernatural effulgence irradiates and vivifies his being a hundred-fold, dissipating for ever that mist which theretofore allowed him to see but dimly, and to feel the divine influences working within him with only a torpid sense; it is not till he is filled with the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost that the virtues, powers, graces, thus accumulated in the soul of the anointed vicegerent of Christ are beheld to break forth in all their irresistible energy.

Five thousand are converted by his first discourse, as, utterly insensible to the fears of which he was whilome the victim, he proclaims the divinity of the Crucified before the infuriated multitudes, who, but a few weeks before, had rejected Jesus for Barabbas, and clamoured with impious imprecations for his blood. Ruthless scourging, chains, and bondage, far from having for him any terrors, are sources of heavenly joy. All the threats of the tyrant reprobates of the Sanhedrim, who recoiled not from deicide, are impotent to deter him from proclaiming the divinity of their victim, and the virtue of his all-saving name. There radiates from his person a supernatural influence that cures all maladies; nay, wherever his shadow falls amongst the suffering throngs gathered along his path, there they are healed instantaneously, and restored by miracle to all their energies. The "King of Terrors," at his command, delivers up his captives, and at the word of his reproof, as by a thunderbolt, Annanias and Sapphira, in judgment of their sacrilege, are struck dead. It is on his initiative the place left vacant in the college of the apostles by the prevarication of Judas is filled up. It is by him the Gentiles are admitted to the benefits of redemption, made free of the empire of Christ. In Antioch he first founds the Christian name, and overrunning the immense and

distant provinces of Pontus, Gallatia, Cappadocia, Asia, Bythinia, subduing them by conquests more rapid than those of the first Cæsar, he plants them everywhere with churches, and brings them permanently into subjection to Christ.

Yet all these wonders are, so to speak, but essays—mere preliminaries to the grand and crowning enterprise reserved for him as prince of the apostles—his advance against the capital of Romulus and the Cæsars, against heathen Rome, the head-quarters of Lucifer. And success so miraculous crowns his efforts, that the Church founded by him in the heart of that second Babylon, the Seven-hilled City, doomed ere long to be totally overwhelmed by the vials of divine wrath, and swept, with all its grandeur and pride, “like the dust of the threshing floor,” from the face of the earth, has become so illustrious for sanctity and authority, that, as we are told by St. Paul before he set foot in it himself, its renown had become great throughout the whole world.

And now, beloved brethren, in order to wind up my subject, and, though hastily, to come to a conclusion, I must for a moment recall your thoughts to that scene on the shore of Lake Genezareth, where our Lord puts the last hand to the divine work of preparing the lowly fisherman to represent Himself, and occupy His place on earth.

He has constituted Simon Peter the corner-stone of his Church; transferred to him his sceptre; invested him with supreme, universal authority over his kingdom. What, then, remains? Is not this the climax? No; the crowning glory of all is yet to come. After all this the Redeemer solemnly announces to St. Peter, that it is moreover in store for him to ascend and occupy the throne from which he has subdued the world, and shall continue to wield dominion over it. “*Ligno non ferro domuit orbem.*” He warns him that, like himself also in this, he is to die upon the cross—a promise, the accomplishment of which was brought about in the manner in which I shall now narrate to you, brethren, in a few rapid words:

In that fearful persecution which was excited by the powers of darkness, exasperated at the triumph and renown of the still infant Church of Rome—a persecution in which we learn from

the Pagan historian Tacitus that a multitude of Christians, beyond counting (*"ingens multitudo"*), after being submitted to tortures the most atrocious, were put to death—it was on St. Peter, as might be naturally anticipated, that the demons and their devoted agent, Nero, concentrated their most direful rage. But in the darkest hours before the dawn which was to see him led forth to martyrdom amidst the bloodthirsty outrages of the heathen multitude, as happened when the angel liberated him from the hands of Herod and all the heinous anticipations of the Jews, his prison doors were now also opened, and at the impassioned entreaties of his disciples, the venerable captive consented, though reluctantly, to withdraw for awhile from Rome. Hardly, however, in passing the gate Capena, has he set foot on the Appian way, when he beheld coming towards him his divine Lord and Master, bowed down once more beneath His cross.

*"Domine quo vadis"*—cried out St. Peter—"O divine Lord, where art thou going?" And Jesus answering him, said, "I am going to Rome to be crucified again—*Vado Romam iterum crucifigi.*"

The memory of the warning on the shore of Genezareth came full on the soul of St. Peter, with the sound of those divine words; and hastening back to the hideous dungeon of the Tullianum, he was thence drawn forth next morning. And as his divine Master and Model had been dragged to Calvary, midst every sort of outrage and suffering, his vicegerent, the venerable Prince of the Apostles, bowed and broken more by austerities and apostolic labours than by years, after having been first scourged, was hurried along to a narrow plain, nearly on the highest point of the Janiculum looking out over the Vatican Fields, where in after ages his matchless temple was to rise, and commanding the entire view of the Seven-hilled City, already doomed to destruction for rioting in every species of abomination and in martyr blood. There, fastening him hand and foot, they put him to death upon the cross.

Behold, at length, beloved brethren, the crowning glory! The Redeemer by his death having made a throne supreme of his cross, transfers it from Calvary to the Vatican, that his vicegerent

being thereon established, crowned with the martyr diadem, may be in a position—he and his successors after him—to wield, by divine sanction and authority, the supremacy over his Church and kingdom with which he has invested him.

Reserving until next Sunday (8th July) to show that the inheritance of this supremacy, in its plenitude, by the Roman Pontiffs is, of all historical facts, the most undeniable—I conclude with one single moral lesson derived from the heavenly theme we have been considering, deeply regretting that time does not allow me to dwell on many others equally salutary and instructive which it suggests.

When, on the one hand, we consider the pre-eminence to which our Lord exalts St. Peter, and the honours, favours, and privileges, he heaps upon him; and, on the other hand, behold him first promising him the cross, and next bringing it to him on his own shoulders, that he may thereon be put to death; how can we any longer look on the trials and sufferings which Providence permits to overtake us as a curse, or otherwise than as a blessing and a mark of predilection? Oh! should we not blush to repine or be disheartened under the strokes of adversity in presence of the Prince of the Apostles, the supreme vicegerent and favourite of the Lord of Glory, thus expiring on a cross. If destitute of the heroic charity which caused St. Peter and his glorious colleague, St. Paul, to thirst after the chalice of their Saviour's suffering, and long to return love for love, even in the shedding of their blood, oh! let us at least not murmur, whatever the penance may be that shall be imposed on us from on high; let us rather embrace it with humble, cheerful resignation, and pray to be animated by some scintilla of that divine fire which, in its full and perfect ardour, caused the apostle to exclaim: "God forbid that I should glory except in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world."

## SECOND SERMON.

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“ *Et regni ejus non erit finis*—And of his kingdom there shall be no end.”

*Luke, i. 33.*

WHAT is here announced by the Archangel Gabriel to the immaculate Virgin, relative to the kingdom of her divine Son, his true Spouse, the Catholic Church—her gaze fixed steadfastly on the Papacy as the realm founded by St. Peter—has ever professed and still professes to believe: that is, she holds it as a fundamental doctrine of faith, that this kingdom, which is the Church of Christ, purchased by his blood and preached by his apostles, shall never fail—never have an end, either as to universality or duration; that its perpetuity is to know no interruption; but that, without waning or decay—its existence characterised by a divine and everlasting youthhood—it is destined to continue to the end of time, not to be even then extinguished, like other empires, but, under a triumphal instead of a militant form, to flourish and reign for all eternity—“ *Et regni ejus non erit finis*.

Many there are, however, who unfortunately make it their religion to deny all this. According to authentic and authoritative documents, such as the Homilies of the Church of England, the most moderate section of Protestants make profession of the belief that for “one thousand years and upwards” no vestige or appearance of this kingdom was anywhere to be discovered, while all the rest deny that it has ever had a *visible* existence at all.

This subject, which I undertake to treat to-day, in showing that the kingdom announced by the archangel, and of which the sceptre was confided to Simon Peter’s hands, is perpetuated in the Church presided over by the Roman pontiffs, is so immense, that to those acquainted with it, it may seem little short of teme-

riety to attempt to master it in half an hour. Nevertheless this may possibly be accomplished, at least as to the great point at issue, by adopting a novel test and form of argument, which you will easily and perfectly understand from an illustration, which is this: Were some eccentric philosopher to rise up in an assembly and deny that the sun is the source of light, the shortest and best way to convince him of his folly would be suddenly to exclude the solar rays, and leave the darkness to refute and confound him.

Applying this to our subject, I take the foe and blasphemer of the Papacy at his word, and say to him, "Very well; let it be for a moment supposed that the thing is as you proclaim—that is, that the Church of the Popes is not the realm of Christ, but of Antichrist. The better to test your assertions by the consequences which will follow from them, let us suppose the Papacy blotted out from the ecclesiastical firmament, as something hostile to heaven." It will then be seen at a glance that this supposition is so fraught with impiety and the most revolting blasphemy, that all who believe and hope in a Redeemer must recoil from it with horror.

O Paraclete Divine! illumine the darkness of our understanding, that we may see the truth, and so move our refractory and sluggish hearts, that, seeing it, we may fervently and practically embrace it!

As I said incidentally, on Sunday last, the ancient Testament has for its scope and all-pervading purport the establishment on earth of the Messiah's kingdom—its immensity, its glory, its never-failing perpetuity; and, in like manner, amongst the aims of the Gospel were—first, to proclaim the approaching advent of this kingdom, as in the case of St. John the Baptist and of the apostles in their first mission; next, to announce its being founded—to illustrate its economy, its destinies, in heavenly parables—to fix its form of government, appoint its viceroy and his subordinates. All this is done by our blessed Lord himself.

To insist on any proof of this would be like setting down the Lord's Prayer as apocryphal, or stupidly ignoring, not to say the assertions a thousand times repeated of Holy Writ, but the most solemn, momentous, and impressive facts of the Gospel.

Thus, as I have quoted in my text, the herald of the Most High, in delivering his message, announces to the Virgin, that, of the kingdom of her Son, "there shall be no end." Again, when he is born in Bethlehem of Juda, there come to Jerusalem wise men, kings and satraps, conducted miraculously by a star from the far-off east: they ask—"Where is he that is born king of the Jews?" They, the depositories of divine tradition, seek him as a king: the authorized interpreters of the law and the prophets tell them, unhesitatingly, where is the predestinated birth-place of their king; and in Bethlehem, it is, as a divine king, the magi adore him and pay him the homage of their gifts.

It must have also struck you often, brethren, that the impulse of the Jewish multitudes, whenever they are moved by his miracles, is to seize the Messiah and proclaim him king; and the dread that this might actually take place, especially after his raising Lazarus to life, and his triumphal progress down Mount Olivet, midst hosannas and acclamations to the Son of David, greatly influenced the Sanhedrim in their diabolical resolves.

Again, the rabble of Jerusalem, and the legionaries of the Prætorium, derided and outraged him as a king. Pilate himself, though a Gentile and a polished Roman, was so penetrated with this idea (universally attaching to the Messiah) that he writes with his own hand, and commands to be fixed above the head of the Crucified, that he is a king; and peremptorily refuses, at the instance of the Jewish princes, to cancel or even to modify the inscription. "*Quod scripsi, scripsi*" was his answer; and thus the inspired handwriting remains there, for ever proclaiming, like that gory wreath upon his brow, that he reigns from the cross a king, and the founder of an "everlasting kingdom"—the same, mind you, brethren, of which he gave the sceptre to Simon Peter.

If, therefore, there be any one thing more evident than another in Holy Writ, this is it—that a kingdom is to be established on earth by the Redeemer, which, in extent, grandeur, and duration, shall cast all other empires into the shade. In short, it is forced upon the conviction of the most heedless investigator of the records of inspiration, that so paramount is this realm and its destinies, that the duration of the world itself is altogether contingent on,

and subservient to, the interests of this kingdom ; and that whenever the number of the elect, its happy citizens, shall be filled up, then shall time be no more, and the figure of this universe shall vanish.

But, beloved brethren, if the belief of the foes of the Papacy, of those who proclaim it to be the realm, not of Christ, but of Antichrist, be admitted, what will follow ? Why, that all these glorious and divine predictions, guarantees, and facts, are mere chimeras ! If, according to their tenets, the spiritual empire of the Popes is to be set aside, nowhere in the whole world can there be discovered anything bearing the most remote resemblance to this kingdom of the Messiah. Susceptible of the most overwhelming proof for the whole 1,800 years, what I here assert is admitted and proclaimed by the most moderate of our adversaries as indubitable and of faith for the “ space of 1,000 years and upwards,” while by all the rest it is admitted without any reserve whatever, inasmuch as they deny altogether the visibility of the Church.

That is to say, beloved brethren, were this anti-Papal doctrine to be admitted—I shudder, even in vindicating God’s holy truth, to state it—it would follow that the Christian, instead of looking up to that bleeding form, that thorn-crowned head, with faith, hope, love, commingled in unutterable gratitude and enthusiasm, should have to hang his head in shame, seeing that the divine Author of his religion—to whom be glory, praise, and benediction for ever—would be thus exhibited in the light of an impostor, whose promises have failed, whose predictions have not been accomplished, and against whom, contrary to his solemn guarantee to Simon Peter, his adversary, Satan, whose head he was to have crushed, has triumphantly prevailed !

O beloved brethren, from such outrageous impieties, even in supposition, and to vindicate the divinity of our Redeemer, the truly Christian soul recoils with horror. Yet such are the inevitable, logical consequences of the doctrine denying the Papacy to be from God, refusing to recognise in the Church, presided over by the Roman Pontiffs, that kingdom of the Redeemer, the subject of innumerable prophecies, promises, instructions, and parables,



which, like one uniform and harmonious design, run through the entire tissue of Holy Writ.

The conclusion is therefore inevitable, that unless it be held, as we Catholics hold, that in the spiritual, ecclesiastical empire, ruled over by the Roman Pontiffs, we behold the kingdom of which the "keys," the sceptre, was confided to St. Peter, there is no Church of Christ, no Christian religion. And, therefore, beloved brethren, it is demonstrated that we have identically the same certainty, pledges, and securities for the Papacy's being a divine institution, the perpetuation of the reign of St. Peter, that we have for the truth and divinity of Christianity itself—that is, in the supernatural order of things, to ignore the Papacy as the centre of the Christian system would be like, in the natural order, blotting out the sun from the firmament.

One mode for refuting the philosopher relative to the sun was to leave him in the dark ; another would be to dazzle him into conviction by a sudden in-rush of light ; and to add a hundred-fold to the force of the argument just concluded, and which is overpowering by itself, I have only to invite the gainsayer to fix his eyes upon the Papacy, to consider calmly and examine by all sorts of tests the spiritual realm, the Church presided over by the Popes of Rome—for what will be the result ? Why this : that he will find himself overpowered by the evidence, clear as sunlight, of these two grand characteristics :

First, that in this Church of the Popes he beholds the embodiment and realization of the types, figures, prophecies, and promises of the ancient Testament having relation to the Messiah's kingdom—its wonderful existence, perpetuated through innumerable dangers and disasters during eighteen centuries—its universality, embracing subjects of every tribe, and tongue, and nation—its grandeur—the majesty and impressive pomp with which it is invested—its triumphs and accumulated trophies—in these we have sufficient proof of the assertion. I may add, that one of the most remarkable of the "Oxford conversions" was brought about by the evidence of the fact, that in the Papacy is fulfilled everything that the ancient Testament foreshadowed of the kingdom of the Messiah.

The second characteristic which must strike the dispassionate beholder is, the perfect reproduction and accomplishment in the Church, which is subject to the successors of St. Peter, of all that is said in the Gospel of the future Church of Christ : its gradual rise and development illustrated in the parable of the mustard seed—its preaching the Gospel to all nations—its unity—its indefectibility—its finding light in every uncertainty, liberation from every danger, in holding by the infallible authority of Peter, who is the rock against which the gates of hell for 1800 years have raged in vain.

All this is so self-evident, that amongst those who are separated from the Catholic Church, you will always discover an instinctive repugnance to speak of St. Peter—of the promises made to him—of the supremacy and privileges conferred upon him ; though, manifestly, these are the genuine, infallible, and self-evident characteristics by which the true Church can be always, and with perfect facility, discovered.

It would be unpardonable to omit a third characteristic of the Church of the Popes—viz., to uphold, defend, exalt, and propagate the glory of the Redeemer :

In testimony of his divinity, all the Pontiffs of the first three centuries laid down their lives ; all those of the three following combated victoriously in its defence ; and then comes on that memorable conflict for the Cross against the Crescent, which, with ever-varying fortune, was waged by the Popes at the head of Christendom, till their perseverance and heroic devotedness to their Saviour were crowned with triumph after a thousand years. This Church of the Pontiffs has never indulged a hope, never prayed for grace or blessing, except “through our Lord Jesus Christ—*Per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum*”—and oh ! has she not the ineffable consolation to be upbraided and reviled for respecting *too much*—regarding in a light *too exalted*—the immaculate Virgin Mother, who bore him in her womb ; and of paying an exaggerated homage to that most adorable sacrament in which he has given us himself. The virtues which he distinguished and seemed to love most, she has everlastingly exalted. The immortal exploits, the sanctity, the devotedness, faithful unto

death, of his favourites, the saints of every class, she celebrates in a never-ending round of festivals; and the "Sermon on the Mount," in which he laid down and expounded the doctrine of Christian morality and perfection, do we not behold it fully realised in the discipline and in the institutions and practices which the Pontiffs never ceased to enforce and encourage?

CONCLUSION.—In the first form of this argument, the Papacy having been set aside, in order, by palpable effects, to convince its opponents of their folly, we found that the Christian religion disappeared along with it, thus showing that they are one and the same thing; in the second form of the argument, the process by which conviction came, that the Church of the Popes is the realm confided to Peter, resembles that by which we satisfy ourselves that the sun is the fountain-head of light, by endeavouring to fix our gaze on its meridian splendours.

This, in ordinary times, might perhaps suffice; but now that all the attacks of the Church's enemies are concentrated on this point, it is all the more urgent that the faithful should be thoroughly instructed concerning it. I will therefore, please Heaven, recur on Sunday next to the same subject, bringing home the proof to the last degree of conclusiveness—first, by showing, from what I may term the dynastic spirit of the Papacy, how St. Peter, as the promises to him imply, would seem, through his successors, to perpetually reign in person over the Church; next, by showing that the eternally vaunted objection from the Apocalypse, instead of being favourable to the assailants of the Popes, should be a new and cogent motive to bring them to conversion; and finally, by showing how manifestly and perfectly what may be reverently entitled the divine plan and programme of the new dispensation, as expounded by St. Paul (1 *Cor.* i. 18, 31), has become an impressive and ever-operative fact in the existence of the Church of Rome.

O beloved brethren, what a source of gratitude to have inherited this faith of St. Peter; and as nothing on earth was able to make your forefathers relinquish it, let your purpose be steadfast and ardent, with the aid of God, to hand it down untarnished to your children. Far, however, from anything bordering on bravado, let the feeling be a sentiment of deep contrition, on considering how

profound and yawning is the abyss but too often opened by sin between daily practice and the profession of a faith so glorious. Forget not, either, that he who knew how, from the furious persecutor and enemy of his name, to raise up a "vessel of election," one found worthy even to be associated with the Prince of the Apostles in bearing that name and proclaiming its divinity before the nations and the most dreaded potentates of the world, is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

To him, the "Immortal King of Ages," be glory and praise for evermore. Amen.

### THIRD SERMON.

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“ *Et tibi dabo claves.*—And to thee (Simon Peter) will I give the keys”—  
the sceptre—(*Matt. xvi. 19*).

THUS is St. Peter personally singled out, in the most emphatically exclusive manner, to be the viceroy, head, and ruler supreme of that kingdom, which for two Sundays past has been the divine, and, I trust, not uninstrucive subject of our meditations: “ *Et tibi dabo claves*”—to thee, Simon Peter, will I give the sceptre, and to no one but to thee.

Nothing, therefore, can more perfectly express the relations established by the Redeemer between St. Peter and his realm, than these memorable words of St. Ambrose, “ *Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia*”—that is, wherever Peter is, there is the Church, and nowhere can the Church be, where Peter is not. And thus is obtained a positive mark and characteristic by which we can easily and infallibly test the pretensions of any sect, society, or denomination whatever, to be the true Church; for, according to this canon of St. Ambrose, grounded on the words of our Lord in the text, no aggregate of professing Christians, no matter what their claims in other respects may be—no ecclesiastical organization, no matter how ancient, how immense—nay, I will add, how devoted to Christ, his Virgin Mother, and his saints, can still be the true Church, unless it holds by Peter, and has inherited his authority.

Hence, although in demonstrating on Sunday last, that, in the Church of the Pontiffs, all that had been foreshadowed, predicted, promised, in the Ancient and the New Testament regarding the kingdom and Church of Christ, was mirrored forth and perfectly accomplished, the divine institution of the Church of Rome and its title to be the only true Church were established beyond

dispute ; nevertheless, in order to carry the demonstration to the highest pitch, I propose to-day to test the pretensions of Rome itself by the canon or note of St. Ambrose, which, as I have already observed, is but a deduction from the text, "*Et tibi dabo claves.*"

There are foes of the Papacy who deny that St. Peter ever set foot in Rome. Are there vouchers, not only to disprove this, but to demonstrate that in Rome are found all those indications, monuments, traditional associations, festivals, maxims of government, devotional influences, which we should naturally expect to meet with in the place where the Prince of the Apostles, in many labours and sufferings, established his see, and to which, in there consummating his martyrdom, he had bequeathed the inheritance of his supremacy ?

Let us pray fervently, beloved brethren, that the Divine aid and blessing may be with us in this momentous inquiry. *Ave Maria.*

First : Was St. Peter ever in Rome ? "That St. Peter was in Rome is proved by Ignatius, martyr (a disciple of St. John's the Evangelist) ; from Papias (another disciple of the apostles) ; from St. Dionysius of Corinth (who might have seen St. John) ; from St. Irenæus (a disciple of St. Polycarp, disciple of St. John) ; from Caius (a Roman presbyter who had lived with the cotemporaries of St. Peter) ; from Clement of Alexandria (Origen's preceptor) ; from Tertullian (who wrote his Apology before the year 200) ; from Origen, Cyprian, Lactantius, Eusebius, Athanasius, Epiphanius, Julian the Apostate, Augustine, Palladius, &c." So favourable is this quotation that you will imagine, probably, it must be from some Catholic writer. No, beloved brethren ; this is the testimony of a bishop of the Church of England. The learned Dr. Pearson, of Chester, not only lays down this proposition in his work entitled "*Dissertationes de Serie et Successione Primorum Romæ Episcoporum,*" but, after demonstrating it with remarkable erudition, and in the most conclusive manner, expresses his wonder how its truth could have ever been called in question : "Wherefore, it is wonderful—*mirum est*—that there could be found any to deny that Peter ever was at Rome."

Not less striking is what has been recorded on the same subject by Samuel Basnage—a continental writer, not more remarkable for his learning than for his zeal as a Calvinist. “There never was a tradition sustained,” he says, “by a greater number of witnesses, than that which states St. Peter to have preached at Rome, so that it is not possible to deny it—*Neque unquam traditio fuit quæ majori testium numero cingatur; ut de Petri in urbem adventu dubitari non possit.*” (Am. Politico Eccles. t. i. p. 728.)

To show what is the tone of really learned Protestant opinion in our own time, one quotation will suffice; it is from Dr. Neander, of the university of Berlin, looked up to by the Evangelicals of Germany as their most eminent authority in ecclesiastical history. He says—“It is hypercritical to call in question the tradition, preserved by the harmonious testimony of ecclesiastical antiquity, that St. Peter was at Rome.” (Hist. of the Chr. Rel. and Church, &c., vol. i. of Rose’s transl.)

Nothing, therefore, can be more solid and unassailable than the title established by Rome on this point, and it is the capital one—the root and principle of all the rest.

Again, if we look in Rome for the *vestigia*, the footprints, so to speak, the monuments, traditional associations, which should naturally be supposed to survive in a place where St. Peter had lived and laboured as an apostle and died a martyr, are we doomed to be disappointed? On the contrary, at every turn, we are met by traces and echoes of his existence, testimonials of his apostolic toils and sufferings, memories of the heart reaching back to the blessings he bestowed, to the enthusiastic devotion and love which he inspired.

There are the vestiges of the patrician palace in which, on his first arrival, he was received with hospitality, and where he celebrated the divine mysteries in a chamber still venerated as a most hallowed sanctuary. There is preserved the tufo-stone on which were left his knee-prints, as by prayer he overthrew the arch-heretic and impostor, Simon the Magician. The sand-crypts and the catacomb, where he was wont to baptise the pagan converts, and

offer the eucharistic sacrifice; are there. His first epistle to the churches dispersed through Pontus, Gallatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bythiania, is dated from Rome, which, according to St. Jerome, was then universally known amongst the Christians as the mystic Babylon, doomed, like its prototype, to be utterly subverted and destroyed, in punishment of its enormities.

In the dungeon (the Tullianum) where he was confined, and which is hollowed out of the bowels of the capitol, you still see the fountain of water which sprung up from the rock at his command, when his keepers and guards, converted by his presence, were to be baptised. In the same place is the huge, massive stone to which he was chained, and which served him for an altar. A wayside chapel, called *Domine quo Vadis*, marks the point on the Appian road where he met our Lord coming Romeward with his cross. On the site of the prison where was the Tullianum dungeon, has stood a church from the remotest times bearing the title of *San Pietro in Carcere*—St. Peter in Prison; and in *Santa Maria Traspontina*, beyond the Tiber, they show the pillar at which he was scourged, when on his way to martyrdom. The scene of his crucifixion was marked from time immemorial by a church dedicated in his honour, and known as *San Pietro in Montorio*; and a beautiful oratory, by Bramante, canopies the identical spot where the cross was planted.

But that monument and trophy most worthy of the Prince of the Apostles, and which dazzles into the conviction that Rome is his, and inherits his regalia with his supremacy, we must look for on the adjacent Vatican plain, where the direful persecution described by Tacitus took place, and where were the entrances to the sand-crypts and catacombs, in which his venerable body, after it was taken down from the cross, was reposed by his disciples.

Soon after St. Peter's martyrdom a little oratory was built above his tomb, and we find from writings of the first half of the second century that it had even then become renowned as a sanctuary among the Christians, who called it "the Martyrion," or "Confession of St. Peter." It was replaced by the grand Basilica, erected, adorned to the last degree, and endowed with immense



riches by Constantine the Great, in honour of the Prince of the Apostles. But this temple, the *Limina Apostolorum* for all nations during twelve hundred years, was to be immeasurably surpassed by another erected on the same site, and concentrating every perfection in itself, wresting even from the opponents of the Papacy the avowal that it is the greatest monument of all but inspired genius, and matchless amongst the structures ever raised by human hands in the divine honour—

“For thou, of temples old or altars new,  
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee.”

To end here, though what has been said implies a great deal, would be to give only a most maimed and inadequate notion of the ever-present and vivacious influence exercised by the Apostle throughout the long-protracted and so often varying destinies of Rome.

It is to St. Peter that all who did not perish in that first and most terrible sack, slaughter, and burning of the Seven-hilled City by the Goths, were indebted for their safety. His temple, by the command of Alaric, the Gothic king, was respected, devoutly respected, as an inviolable sanctuary and place of refuge, even for the pagans, who fled thither from all parts of the burning city. And again, when Attila, “the scourge of God,” was rushing headlong to put the last hand to the destruction which Alaric had not completed, it was the sight of St. Peter, menacing him from mid-air above the head of St. Leo, that terrified him, as he confessed to his Tartar warriors, and made him retrace his steps. Belisarius, when preparing to meet the impending assault of the Ostrogoths, had ordered a certain portion of the walls that seemed tottering to be thrown down and rebuilt; but on the assurance of the Romans that this “leaning wall” was under the special protection of St. Peter, he countermanded the order, and that wall, still called “*il muro-torto*,” stands firm in the same state in which Procopius, secretary of Belisarius, describes it 1300 years ago. From a single strophe of a hymn, which was composed at a date still earlier than this, and which you may see *in extenso* in the Roman Breviary, 29th June, you may collect how the Roman

Church and the Romans gloried in, and were devoted to, the Prince of the Apostles :

“ O Roma felix, quæ duorum Principium  
Es consecrata glorioso sanguine ;  
Horum cruore purpurata, cæteras  
Excellis Orbis, una, pulcritudine.”

Further on, when the possessions of the Roman Church begin to be enlarged by whole provinces loudly imploring its protectorate, and by donations from kings and emperors, what do we behold ? A thing that is very striking—that it is directly to the “ Blessed Peter” both the submissions of the peoples and the donations of the princes are made. It is “ for love of the Blessed Peter” that Pepin leads his victorious Franks across the Alps—it is to Peter that Robert Guiscard and the other Norman conquerors of Naples and of Sicily knelt down on the field of battle to pay homage for those fiefs of his Apostolic See.

When diplomas, or acts to attest and secure their donations, are executed by Pepin, Charlemagne, Ludovicus Pius, and princes of the succeeding imperial dynasties, they speak invariably of the offerings and gifts as made to the “ Blessed Peter,” Prince of the Apostles ; and in token of solemn ratification, those diplomas and deeds are deposited on St. Peter’s shrine. Not to fatigue with examples of this, it will suffice to remind you that the “ Patrimony of St. Peter” is the designation by which the aggregate of these possessions has been known from immemorial time.

But of the relation of the Popes themselves with St. Peter—and that is the chief point—I have as yet said almost nothing. Their acts, kept by the notaries of the Roman Church, repeat, during the three first centuries, this sentence, almost without varying, of each successive Pope, “ *Martyrio coronatus sepultus est juxta corpus beati Petri ;*” so that for all those crowned with martyrdom during the first 300 years, their glory and their solace was to be laid in death beside the body of St. Peter. Again, it has been a uniform law for the Papal dynasty to define, decree, and perform all acts of supreme authority, in the name and by the sanction of St. Peter. Nor was this a sentiment confined to the dynasty of the Popes or to the Roman Church. We find it to

have been Catholic from the earliest times. When the apostolic letters of Pope St. Leo the Great, condemning the heresy of Nestorius, were read at Calcedon, the whole Ecumenic Council broke forth into this acclamation, that in the decision of Leo they had the definition of St. Peter himself—“*Petrus per Leonem locutus est.*”

If, then, a right of possession, a never interrupted, always vivifying dynastic influence and moral presence were ever established, surely it is here for St. Peter in favour of Rome. Rome is his, and he possesses it, as we have seen, in a multitude of ways. Manifestly, the Prince of the Apostles is the beginning and the end, the infallible support and moving power of that unrivalled system of government which, from thence, has fashioned, controlled, and directed the destinies of Christendom, during now over eighteen hundred years! He lives in its religion, he is lovingly and devoutly honoured in its grandest festivals and trophies. His “keys” have supplanted on all its monuments the “fasces” of the consuls and the Cæsars. He reigns in the never-interrupted dynasty of his successors, who there govern by his authority, legislate in his spirit, and have ever gloried to use as their great seal of office the “*annulus piscatoris,*” the ring of the fisherman, Simon Bar-Jona, of Bethsaida.

Verily, therefore, is the Ambrosian canon decisive for the divine rights of Rome. Where Peter is, there is the Church—*Ubi Petrus, ibi ecclesia.* He lives, in a thousand ways, and reigns in Rome.

It is painful to turn from such a theme to deal, I will not say with the objection, but with the affront with which the Church, thus irresistibly demonstrated to be the true spouse of Christ, is wont to be assailed, not by the learned section of Protestants (for they are with us in this as in the other instance regarding St. Peter’s being at Rome), but by those who seem to think it is by renewing the most insulting imputations, a thousand times refuted, that they are to establish their claim to be the only true disciples of him who invites us to learn of him to be “meek and humble of heart.” Fortunately, however, but very few words will suffice to show that, far from being fatal to the pretensions of Rome to be the head and centre of the true Church, this apocalyptic imagery

about the "woman" robed in scarlet and the rest affords a most convincing argument in their favour, and in this way :

First of all, the angel, interpreting the vision regarding this "woman," tells St. John (xvii. 18) that it is the Rome then existing, A.D. 98—that is, about thirty years after St. Peter's martyrdom—the Rome then actually wielding the sceptre of universal dominion from the Seven Hills where it was seated (xvii. 9), that, on account of her enormities, and above all of her revelling in Christian massacre and blood, is doomed to speedy and total destruction, in pursuance of that judgment of the Most High, for the execution of which the saints in heaven seem impatient.

In the second place, we behold in the pages of authentic history how, as had been threatened, the vials of the divine wrath were poured out on imperial, heathen Rome, in quick succession. Genseric, with his ruthless Vandals, rushes to plunder and destroy all that had escaped the barbaric fury of Alaric and his Goths. Then there are Herulians and Allani, with a hundred motley hordes, Suevi, Turkolingi, Huns, and rival chiefs, the Otcars, Orestes, Ricimers, all struggling to be foremost in the work of destruction. Belisarius also, in his efforts to recover and defend Rome for his master, the Greek emperor, contributed not a little to the ends of Divine justice in this regard.

But it was for Totila, the terrible King of the Ostrogoths, that the final stroke was reserved. He decreed to reduce the City of the Seven Hills, the haughty mistress of the nations, to the condition of a "pasture for cattle," and he kept his word. The rock-built walls and chief surviving monuments, palaces, temples, and amphitheatres, he overthrew—the proud gates of bronze he carried off as trophies in his plunder train—the senate he "extinguished in its own blood;" and the remnants of the Gens Togata, the once kingly "populus," was dragged away into hopeless and ignominious captivity.

The place where Rome once stood, except round the tombs of the apostles and martyrs, remained a howling solitude, as we are told by cotemporary writers, for upwards of forty days; and as for the Seven Hills, they have never been re peopled or become the site of a city from that time to the present.

Now, when to these two grand facts of the Divine judgment against Pagan Rome, and its execution, we add this other not less impressive, that the barbarian destroyers of the Seven-hilled City seemed to be driven on to the execution of their task by an irresistible, preternatural influence—"Seek not, man of God," said Alaric to the hermit who sought to bar his path in the Apennines, "seek not to turn me from my purpose, for a voice that I dare not resist cries out to me without ceasing, 'Forward and destroy Rome!'" And when, in setting sail from Africa, the pilot demanded from Genseric to what point he should steer, the Vandal king replied, "Abandon the fleet to the winds, for Heaven will know how to guide it to the guilty shore!"—when, I say, this is taken with the facts of the judgment and its literal execution on Rome Pagan, it seems a thing incredible that those who pique themselves on respect for the Word of God should seek to apply these long-since-executed threats to Rome Papal, thus reducing the divine judgment (not yet executed, according to them) to a dead-letter, and not only subverting history, but again bringing disgrace, as far as they can, on the veracity or the power of God!

Thus, the fortune of Rome, guaranteed in heaven, once more prevails; and instead of being humiliated or stripped of her divine prerogatives by this attempted impeachment from the Apocalypse, the City of St. Peter is thereby exalted a hundred-fold, and rises before the mind refulgent with new and more overwhelming evidences that it is the capital on earth of the Redeemer's "everlasting kingdom."

Illumined by the divine revelations regarding it with which St. John was favoured, this region on the banks of the Tiber, girded round about with a time-worn ring-wall, appears before us in its proper light—the battle-field on which the struggle between the Supreme Vicar of Christ and the Powers of Darkness was decided. A glance at the Forum and the "seven hills," where, "drunk with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus," and "filled with names of blasphemy," heathen Rome once rose in all its unrivalled power and magnificence, is enough to show how terrible was the conflict—how total and irreparable the defeat—the scene of all that pride, and might, and grandeur being now, as it has been for thirteen

centuries, "a marble wilderness," "matted and massed with ruins." And a glance at Rome of the Pontiffs, majestically reclining on the Campus Martius, its back to the Capitol, its look full of devout enthusiasm and faith turned towards the "wondrous dome" which canopies the tomb of St. Peter, is also enough to assure us on which side was the victory, and by whose right arm it was achieved.

Here, then, again, we have by a new title the Prince of the Apostles identified with Rome. Rome is his by right of conquest. Having wrested it through himself and his successors from the power of Satan, who had made it his stronghold and headquarters for ages, he consecrated it for ever to Christ, to be the see and capital of his Church till the end of the world.

Glory, then, and praise to the Eternal wisdom and mercy which has made the way of salvation so plain that ignorance itself cannot mistake it! To discover with infallible certainty the true Church, we have only to ascertain where Peter is—*Ubi Petrus*; and where Peter is has been made so manifest by all sorts of wonders during 1800 years, that it is easy even for a little child to find it out. So manifest is this grand historic fact by which we are enabled to discover the true Church of Christ, that as our Lord had promised, it is like "a city seated on a mountain." It cannot lie hid, and unless people shut their eyes, they cannot help seeing it.

## FOURTH SERMON.

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“*Hic erit magnus*—This child shall be great.”—*Luke*, i. 32.

HERE, beloved brethren, is another announcement by the archangel to the Immaculate Virgin, relative to the divine child to be born of her womb.

It is of his destinies on earth the archangel speaks; for his greatness, as God, is from eternity, and, infinite in itself, admits of no increase; whereas, on the contrary, the greatness set forth in the text is to be acquired and progressive—“This child *shall* be great.” That is a greatness not his at first, he shall afterwards obtain, in proportion as his kingdom, insignificant like the mustard seed in its beginnings, shall grow, dilate, and be exalted, adding conquest to conquest, accumulating trophies, and “drawing all things to itself.”

Now think you, beloved brethren, would it be a thing becoming our Divine Redeemer—who has been thus pleased to order it so, that his own greatness on earth shall be progressive, expanding from obscurity to glory, until the whole world shall not be able to contain it—that his *alter ego*, the head and viceroy of this kingdom, thus surpassingly magnificent, his supreme *locum tenens* and representative should be, in grandeur and dignity, anything inferior to a king? Is it not a thing abhorrent to Christian sentiments, and not to be tolerated even in thought, that the “keys of the kingdom of heaven,” the sceptre of the Man-God, should be carried by a liveried dependent, like an usher’s mace, in the tinselled and ephemeral pageants of a court?

No; it is manifestly repugnant to correct Christian feeling and instincts, that the supreme representative of the “Lord of Glory,” and the depositary and delegate of all his authority, should, by

divine appointment, be the creature and dependent of any potentate on earth.

But to this it may be replied, perhaps, that on looking more narrowly into the subject—on considering the position of the Papacy, not as created by an enthusiastic imagination, but as appointed by Providence—we shall discover motives to abandon altogether or at least to modify this first impression!

Quite the reverse, beloved brethren. The more we consider and examine the divinely appointed position of the Papacy, and the nature of its responsibilities, the more glaringly absurd and abhorrent becomes the supposition that the position of a subject, underling and dependent, could have been that ordained and predestinated by the Redeemer for the Pope. And this conclusion, forced upon us by the nature of the Papal institution and of its responsibilities, is strengthened a hundred fold by positive manifestations of the divine will, as we gather them from occurrences which form the most prominent facts of history.

May the glorious Prince of the Apostles, prevailing on the Queen of Angels and of men to join him in his prayer, obtain for us to investigate prudently, and for the greater glory of God and of his holy Church, this hitherto untrodden ground. *Ave Maria.*

First, then, as to the position divinely appointed for the Papacy. Only listen to what the prophet Isaiah says of it: "And the nations shall walk in thy light, and kings in the splendour of thy rising. Lift up thy eyes and look around thee," he continues, "behold in what myriads they congregate and flock to thee from every side. From afar off thy sons shall come, and beside thee thy daughters shall rise up. Oh! then, what rapture in thy gaze, and how thou shalt abound. Thy heart shall expand with joy and be filled with wonder, when the multitudes of the sea and the might of the nations shall crowd around thee. It will be like an inundation, their coming from the east: camels in innumerable bands, with the dromedaries of Madian and Epha. All from Saba they shall arrive, bearing tribute of gold and frankincense, and making the ways re-echo with their hymns to the Lord."

Such is the position of the viceroy of the Messiah's kingdom, as foreshown in vision to Isaiah. This glowing imagery does not



come up to what we know from history the reality of the Pope's position during a long succession of ages to have been. Wherefore, again I ask, is it congruous—is it not a thing manifestly incredible, to suppose the status and position divinely appointed for the Pope to be that of a dependent and underling? In ages of faith, when Christian instincts were uppermost, both princes and peoples would have been shocked at the very thought, and have indignantly resented it as an affront to the Christian religion.

Again, strong as this argument is from the position of surpassing grandeur divinely appointed for the Pope, it is far excelled in force by that derived from the nature of his responsibilities. When the successor of St. Peter ascends the throne, what is the admonition that comes to him from on high? Why, the following: “Behold I have to-day constituted thee over nations and kingdoms”—and for what purpose, to what end is the Pope so constituted, think you, brethren? For mere pageantry and display, perhaps? Oh! far from that. Hearken again: “Behold I have to-day constituted thee over nations and realms, to pluck up and destroy, to overthrow and scatter—then to build up and to plant—*Ecce constitui te hodie super gentes et super regna, ut evellas et destruas, et disperdas, et dissipas, et ædificas et plantes.*”

That is, for the Popes it has been a duty and heaven-appointed mission to win the world from Satan unto God; to convert a howling wilderness of barbarian violence, crime, and ignorance, into the smiling vineyard of the Lord. At the peril of his soul, the Pope is bound to stand for Christ against all the powers of the world, and against the “gates of hell.” The decalogue, and the rigorous maxims of the Crucified, he is to uphold against the ungovernable passions of high and low—eternally in revolt against them. The loftier the eminence on which the delinquent is enthroned, the louder must be his voice of admonition and rebuke; and were the hand lifted for the “judgment of God” to tremble or falter before the lustre of a diadem or the terrors of a sceptre, would it not be a recreant act of treason against the “King of kings?” For the viceroy of Christ's realm has this also in command: “Dread not the terrors of their presence, for I will endow thee with fortitude, so that thou shalt look on them without fear;

for to-day I establish thee like a fortress city, and as a column of iron, and as a wall of brass, over all the earth."

Why, the repugnance of light for darkness is not more manifest than that of responsibilities such as these for a dependent, subject condition. For my part, I can no more imagine it than I can believe what would be a blasphemy—that the power to bind and loose on earth, conferred upon St. Peter, was made to depend on this condition: that in each instance the judgment or decree should be sanctioned by the *exequatur* of a secretary of state and the *visa* of the police! And is not history there exhibiting proofs innumerable of the impossibility of the Pope's discharging those duties while under control and subjection—that is, when not enjoying sovereign independence, or, in other words, when not reigning as kings?

No; so glaringly evident is it that this territorial sovereignty is essentially necessary to the exercise of the spiritual supremacy, that even the feverish ambition and darling projects of Napoleon I. could not blind him to the fact. He admitted, in his conference with the late Prince Metternich on this subject, that the nature of the Supreme Pontiff's office rendered it indispensable that the territory of his residence or see should be independent—exempt from all external suzerainty and control, or, as the Emperor with characteristic energy expressed it, "*Frappé de neutralité.*"

Therefore, the truth is manifest—the successor of St. Peter must, of necessity, be a king. Rule the Church he cannot without wearing a diadem—either the tiara or the crown of martyrdom. And who, brethren, will say that what is so plain, even to our stupidity, escaped the all-seeing Eye, and was left unprovided for? God forbid that I should have courage to say or think it, especially since the wording of the recent Encyclical Letters, relative to the States of St. Peter, apparently leave no room for doubt or uncertainty on this head.

But against all this it will possibly be objected that, had it entered into the designs of the Redeemer regarding St. Peter and his dynasty that they should be kings, he would not have failed, from the very outset, to assign them a capital, leaving the circumjacent territory, perhaps, to the same law of gradual expansion

and increment that regulated the rise of the spiritual empire itself.

And is it not thus precisely we find that, by Divine appointment, the matter happened? The Prince of the Apostles is sent to conquer Rome, and bring it into subjection to Christ, and, as we saw in the last sermon, he signally and completely conquered it. We saw in what innumerable ways, and by what divine and irrefragable rights and titles Rome is his.

By divine precept or inspiration, St. Peter having thus fixed his see in Rome, it follows that his viceroyalty, with all its rights and prerogatives, are irrevocably attached to Rome; so that whoever is elected its bishop becomes, *ipso facto*, and by divine right, the successor of St. Peter, invested with all the prerogatives of the Papacy. So true is this that no power on earth could affect that the Bishop of Paris, for instance, or of Milan, or of Avignon, or of Antioch, or even of Jerusalem, should be Pope; or prevent from being as truly Pope as St. Peter whosoever is validly elected Bishop of Rome. Behold then, beloved brethren, how divine and indissoluble is the union established between Rome and the Papacy. Now, to deny that such an ordination on the part of heaven—particularly when we recollect what has been just proved as to the position of surpassing grandeur and boundless responsibilities divinely appointed for the Popes—does not evidently imply that in that same city the Popes are to be lords paramount and kings—what else is it but a censure of the Divine consistency, more especially when we consider that astonishing series of Providential interventions by which so many efforts to wrest Rome from the Popes have been frustrated, and made to recoil with ruin on their promoters?

During, now, more than fifteen hundred years—that is, from the day that Constantine removed the throne of the Cæsars to the shores of the Euxine, in order to make way for the throne of the Pontiffs—who shall be able to count the efforts, desperate and apparently irresistible, to deprive them of Rome? But, one and all, they are defeated, and that by the most startling and unthought-of ways:

After the transfer of the empire by Constantine, his sons and

the sons of Theodosius also return to reign in Italy ; but a hand, the same that later menaced Attila, seems to warn them off from Rome. Rome being thus interdicted them, Milan and Ravenna become alternately the capitals of the West. Then appear the Barbarians. They are driven on as if by preternatural fury to possess themselves of Rome. Alaric the Goth, Genseric the Vandal, take it in turn ; but it is as if the same invisible power that terrified the Hun from approaching it, will not suffer either Goth or Vandal to tarry there. After a brief halt, and without any visible cause to disturb them in their conquest, they seem in haste to depart, like executioners who have accomplished their forbidding task. Further on, Herulians and Ostrogoths endeavour to found a kingdom in Italy. Rome is taken and retaken ; they can capture, pillage, reduce it to solitude, but there none of them can reign. The capital of Odoacer, of Theodoric, Vitiges, Totila, is at Ravenna—it is everywhere but at Rome.

The Byzantine Romans arrive under Belisarius and Narses, but it is only to prevent the Ostrogoths from taking root in the patrimony of St. Peter. They, too, are warned off from Rome. The Byzantine capital of Italy is not Rome, it is still Ravenna. The Greeks in their turn are driven out by the Lombards. These, of all the invaders, have most set their heart on making Rome their own ; but in punishment of their unparalleled rapacity, perfidy, and ingratitude, their dynasty was for ever extinguished, and their efforts to destroy the temporal power of the Popes only increased and established it more solidly than ever.

The Saracens next renew the effort. Their emirs have sworn to stable their horses in St. Peter's, and make mangers of the tombs of the Apostles ; but like the simoom of the desert, the breath of His indignation, who protects Rome for the Popes, dispersed them utterly.

Amidst the anarchy in which Christendom was plunged by the Norman, Saracen, and Hungarian invasions, all overwhelming it from opposite quarters at the same time, oh ! what hideous struggles take place between the feudal chiefs—Counts of Tusculum, Cenci, Roman barons—to make spoil of the patrimony of the Apostles. This brought the Teutonic kings from beyond the

mountains; and their dynasties—Othos, Henries, Frederics, Saxons, Hohenstauffens, Swabians—in proportion as they came to covet the capital and patrimony of the Popes, which, at their coronation in St. Peter's, they had each sworn to defend, one after another become anathema, and wither.

How account for a defence into which all nations and dynasties are thus pressed by turns, unless we recognize in it the work of the Redeemer, who transferred his sceptre to St. Peter, and guaranteed that his throne, even with its temporal immunities, should stand for ever! Ostrogoths, Greeks, Lombards, by turns defend the patrimony which they had each endeavoured to usurp—by turns they resist the rescinding of the decree establishing over Rome and Central Italy the divine right of the Popes.

To come to modern times—the vicissitudes in which the Papacy has been tried, do they not read like a chapter of the ancient Testament, wherein we are permitted to behold the undisguised action of Providence in ordering and directing the events of history, so manifestly are the successive interventions in its favour the work of heaven? Now, to deny the immediate agency of Providence in this series of wonders, embracing fifteen centuries—what else is it but to deny that there is a Providence at all?

The demonstration, some one will say perhaps, is dazzling, and carries conviction with it; but is there not one insuperable objection to the theory—an objection admitting of no reply? St. Peter and the Popes, his successors, for 250 years *lived as subjects*, and who will say that the Church was not then governed well and perfectly? This is the so-called unanswerable objection; here is the peremptory reply to it.

Most true it is that the Church was well and perfectly governed by the martyr Popes; but far from true—nay, utterly and manifestly false it is that they *lived as subjects*. I maintain that even in the catacombs, and by divine right of martyrdom, they reigned as kings.

This is startling, to be sure, but the proof of it is as clear as light.

To be a subject one must be recognised as such by the state. No one can live or practically be regarded as a subject, who is

utterly ignored, repulsed from the pale of the realm, and denounced as a public enemy by the supreme authority. I suppose no one will question this. Now, was not this the position of all Christians in Rome during the entire period referred to? To be a Christian was to be guilty of high treason—*læsæ majestatis*—against Cæsar. They were, it is true, to be found in the Forum, in the Comitia, and in the Senate, on the Campus Martius, and even on the Palatine, but nowhere were they *recognised as Christians, but to be slain*. The Roman law ignored the right of the Christian to exist, and wherever detected, left him no alternative between apostacy and death.

All this was pre-eminently true of the Popes. It was an axiom of state policy with the Cæsars, rather to tolerate a rival in the purple than a Pope in Rome. The state knew them not, except to behead them, or otherwise cruelly put them to death. Therefore, it is not true to say, that during these 250 years the Popes and the Christians under them *lived as subjects*, and none but those whose acquaintance with history is merely superficial could ever have imagined anything of the sort.

The real position of things within the precincts of Rome during that epoch was this: enclosed by the same ring wall were two hostile camps or cities, two powers at internecine war with each other, and reciprocally refusing to hear of truce, or quarter, or suspension of arms. Nero and his successors, on one side, with the colossal brute force of the Pagan world, exerting might and main to crush the disciples and extinguish the name of Christ: St. Peter and his successors, on the other side, resisting these efforts, and labouring, and praying, and preaching, and “spending themselves, and being spent,” not only to uphold that name, but to propagate it, to exalt its glory, and to bring down into subjection to it every altitude, even that of the Cæsars.

Hence, it came to pass that while the Cæsars reigned on the “Seven Hills,” St. Peter and his successors were *compelled* to reign in the Catacombs over “subterranean Rome,” inhabited by a people outlawed as “enemies of the human race,” and thus obliged, whether they would or not, to form a separate state. I say “separate state;” and no one who has thoroughly investi-

gated how the Roman Christians lived at that time, and moved, and had their being in their divine vocation ; no one who knows in what a strict sense they formed a religious community, entirely legislated for, judged, governed, and, in case of need, supported, exclusively by the Popes—will be inclined to cavil with this expression.

What, therefore, can be more manifest than that St. Peter and the Popes of the martyr epoch *did not live as subjects* of the Cæsars ; but that, thus forced to reign over “ Christian Rome,” and governing the universal Church with sovereign independence—the state looking for nothing from them but their lives—they were as strictly speaking kings as Adrian I. or Innocent III., bating, if you will, a regalian display, which, after all, is but accessory, and touches not the substance. And, as we find it stated in ancient documents of history, it was in effect under the influence of this sentiment, probably suggested from on high, at the same time that he saw the vision of the cross and the monogram of Christ, that Constantine the Great removed the seat of empire to the Bosphorus, in order that Rome, where Providence had already caused them to reign in such a miraculous manner, might, for ever after, without rivalry or molestation, belong to the Popes.

Therefore, what would seem, from a superficial view of history, to be an insuperable objection, is discovered, on a more judicious and profound investigation of the subject, to be singularly favourable to the view I venture to put forward ; that is, that territorial sovereignty, essentially and by divine ordination, attaches to the Papacy, because the position forced upon the Popes of the catacombs, in the first place, left them perfectly and sovereignly free and uncontrolled in the government of the universal Church—the pagan state having no thought to interfere with their acts, but only to take their lives ; and, in the second place, subjected to their administration the temporal as well as the spiritual affairs of the Roman Christians, together with their donations and bequests to the Apostolic See, and their incalculable charities.

Here, therefore, we indisputably discover the temporal kingship in a form, germinal and not yet perfectly developed, if you will, but, nevertheless, in strict analogy with the then abnormal state

of the Church, and prepared to expand progressively, as it is seen in effect to do, and attain its full consistency in proportion as the Church emerges from the exceptional state of persecution, and identifies the whole social system under the title of Christendom with itself.

As to the actual crisis, however menacing it may appear, it would be pusillanimous on our part, beloved brethren, with so many guarantees of the divine protection before us, to fear that it is destined to be fatal to the territorial sovereignty of the Popes. I think, and have always thought, it was a great misfortune that what is called the *projet* or programme of Villafranca was not, from the outset, thoroughly adopted and supported; for I believe that the stability of order in Europe, a peaceful future for Italy, and a new era of glory for the Papacy, were in embryo in that plan. But no matter how this may be, and even though, in penalty for letting slip a golden opportunity, a long train of disasters may be added to those which have already happened, nevertheless, the rights of St. Peter, even as to his states and their capital, can never, depend upon it, brethren, be permanently set aside; because of him who guarantees to protect them it is written, "He shall be great;" and because it is in establishing and protecting the Papacy his greatness is pre-eminently displayed.

He made choice of a lowly fisherman, rude, illiterate—Simon Bar-Jona, of Bethsaida. Under his divine teaching and influence, before three years, this Simon Bar-Jona becomes Simon Peter—Simon the "corner stone" and infallible support of the Church of Christ. He is entrusted with the "keys of the kingdom of heaven," with the sceptre of the Messiah, having attached to it a jurisdiction universal, and that has the self-same force in heaven as on earth.

Inspired by the Paraclete whom the Saviour sent, this fisherman is found to be in all things equal to those superhuman charges and prerogatives. He lays the foundations of a new and everlasting empire, and, in the space of two centuries and a-half, victorious over all that earth and hell combined could devise or effect for its destruction, this empire has signally triumphed amidst the applause of the world, which from the outset had been furiously opposed to



it. The name of the fisherman becomes the watchword of safety—it rescues doomed cities from fire and sword—drives back and terrifies the most furious invaders—it becomes the object of profoundest veneration and most enthusiastic love for kings and warriors who respect or fear nothing else on earth. The dynasty of his successors become the arbiters of the nations, and triumph, apparently without an effort, over all those great catastrophes from age to age, in which all the others that warred against them go down and disappear for ever.

Wherefore, brethren, you have only to point to the Papacy, His grandest miracle, should you be ever asked by an unbeliever for proof, peremptory and decisive, of the divinity of your Redeemer.

To him, “the immortal king of ages,” with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be glory, benediction, and praise for ever and ever. Amen.

## FIFTH SERMON.

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“Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth—but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.”—*Matt. vi. 19.*

GAZED on with adoring admiration by the countless multitudes whom his miracles and his mercies have attracted round him, not only from every region of the Promised Land, but from far beyond its borders—his divine voice so modulated that every ear of the myriads hears, and every soul is enraptured in listening—the meek and most benign Redeemer, being seated on a grassy eminence, in the midst of his apostles, promulgates that perfect exposition of the Christian moral law, entitled the Sermon on the Mount; and, coming to speak of the principles and dispositions by which such interests as I have to treat of to-day—the interests of modern enterprise and civilisation—should be controlled and governed, he says: “*Nolite thesaurizare vobis thesauros in terra*—Be averse to hoarding treasures on earth.” He then adds that not perishable wealth, but everlasting bliss, should be the object of the soul’s attachment; that to combine the service of God and of mammon is not possible; that even for such necessaries of life as food and raiment we are not, like the heathens, to be over solicitous; and, in fine, that if first and before all things we seek the kingdom of God and his justice, all things, objects of the avarice and inordinate yearnings of the heathens, will be granted to us in this life, in addition to the eternal blessing of the next. The concluding exhortation is, not to be solicitous for to-morrow.

I pause not to argue for the right of the Redeemer to implicit obedience in all that He here enjoins. Were I addressing myself to heathens or unbelievers, it would cost but little trouble, by an appeal to His miracles, His mercies, the universal triumph of His

Cross, to make this right the plainest thing in the world ; but the Divine authority of Him who preached on the Mount being supposed to be admitted by all having an interest in the great question at present to be tested ; the object of inquiry is not, whether these precepts are as binding as any of the other commandments of God, but whether, being understood in their genuine meaning, modern enterprise and civilization are in harmony or contradiction with them ; and, if in contradiction, whether and by what means the conflict can be adjusted.

To handle this subject in a perfect and elaborate manner, a vast number of details should be inquired into through official reports and evidence. We should have not only to dissect and analyze the system by which monster cities live and are said to flourish, to investigate the working of commerce, the effects of speculation and credit, the condition and habits of the operative masses in great centres of industry ; but we should have to penetrate into the mines—an underground world—see how it fares with the myriads of human beings who, without respect to sex or age, are brought together and densely crowded in enormous factories, spinning-mills, forges, potteries, furnace-fields—familiarise ourselves with the manners, customs, and conversation of the wharf, the forecastle, the workshop ; not forgetting to interrogate the inmates of prisons, workhouses, hulks, as well as of all the dens of misery, of all the haunts of crime and profligacy—the hideous vermin that brood, pullulate, and are dissolved in rottenness, beneath the gold-embroidered laticlave of modern civilization.

For all this, which will naturally find its place in the series of discourses on the Sermon on the Mount, reserved for an appropriate season, there would not be time at present ; and, moreover, what I may call a bird's-eye view of the subject will amply suffice to show : first, how flagrantly at variance with the exhortations of the Redeemer are enterprise and civilization, as they exist in the great commercial countries with which we, as a people, are connected ; and, secondly, in what consists the principle by which they can be reformed—that is, brought into harmony with the morality inculcated on the Holy Mount.

To begin, then, with the greatest emporium and capital of the

modern world, let us inquire what heed is there paid to the great leading precepts—"Have not the heart in earthly treasure; be not solicitous for to-morrow." Look, consider well, the scene it presents. Those myriads, who are hastening towards its centre from all points of its immense circumference, are they not bent on entering their practical protest, in one form or another, against those principles?—do they not prove by work as well as by word that the uppermost thought is to win earthly wealth, to heap treasure on treasure. In processions interminable they come—alacrity in every movement, intense fervour in every feature, as they repair to the grand central pagoda of Mammon, its purlieus and its dependencies; and "Bank," "Bank," "Bank," heard high and shrill as the muessin's cry above those resounding tides of enterprise, is London's response to the exhortations from the Holy Mount—"Have not the heart in earthly wealth." And as for the warning against being over solicitous, are they not there incessantly interrogating the lightning, and fatiguing it with their errands, that they may know at once what is passing everywhere, all with a view to winning wealth; and were the abyss of futurity like the abyss of the ocean, no doubt we should hear forthwith of an electro-cable company for establishing telegraphic communication between the day of judgment and the present day.

Now, a glance over the world at large. First, on the waters. The winds, it seems, were not swift enough, and oceans, seas, estuaries, and mighty rivers all over the globe are everywhere kept incessantly in turmoil by what, from this eminence of imagination, look like demon ships vomiting smoke, shrieking as if from rage or torture, and driven onward furiously in the teeth of the tempest. What is their motive who freight, man, command, and steer those ships? Gain! Over the whirlpools, through the icebergs and the tornado, they are rushing in quest of wealth—to heap million on million. Ship after ship is swallowed up in the abyss, or wrecked on shore or reef by the raging waves and winds; but for the one that perishes, ten, all treasure-seeking, are seen to steer fearlessly forward along the wake and athwart the fragments of the lost!

Next, on the land. Those groups of white-handed, graceful-

mannered men, manifestly unused to handle either spade or mattock, who are they? They are hurrying to and fro, having only tent shelter, eagerly searching from place to place in the out-of-the-world, inhospitable wilderness, bereft of comfort, often of food, and incessantly exposed to peril of life. They delve in the arid soil, they strive to mine through the flinty rock, they sift the sands, they grope among the shingle and the mire; what tyrant passion, stronger than all the rest, has torn them from their darling pleasures, pastimes, and pursuits, to condemn them to perils, privations, and taskwork so ignoble? Thirst of gold.

Again, if we inspect the mechanism by which empires are governed, do we not find that with parliaments and diplomatists this is the most absorbing care—how most promptly and effectually to clear the way of every bar or obstacle that might retard the speed of the treasure-hunters in their headlong career?

I rush at no conclusion: let this great problem be reasoned out fairly, on matter-of-fact evidence; but in presence of such an aspect of affairs as we have thus seen exhibited by the great countries claiming foremost rank in commercial enterprise, manufacturing industry, and so-called civilization, am I not entitled to inquire at once, whether it is indicative of a religious compliance with the Saviour's exhortation—whether it argues a preference for heaven over earth as a depot for capital, as the surest and most profitable source of investment? Does it not, on the contrary, present us with a striking resemblance, at least, of a general and determined revolt against the commercial legislation and political economy of the Sermon on the Mount?

But it may be rash, perhaps, to judge from those appearances. Perhaps, after all, the secret of effecting that which was pronounced impossible by our Saviour, has been discovered, and that, in point of fact, the worship of God and of mammon have been successfully combined.

To determine the real state of this matter, out of a mass of testimonies in my portfolio, I select two, both most competent and above suspicion—one for the capital London, and the other for England at large.

In a leading article on the state of religion in London, we are

informed by *The Times* of the 10th of last month, that in the metropolis, generally speaking, "the religious profession is *nil*." It then goes on to observe: "If anybody wishes to be an apostle to the Gentiles, or, as we now call it, a missionary to the heathen, he need not wait to learn half-a-dozen languages, or spend a fortune at college, or purchase an outfit, or cross one or two oceans, or run the risk of being eaten by savages. He has only to walk a couple of miles in any direction in this metropolis; or, if that be too much, go to the nearest mews or back lane, and he will find plenty of stray sheep whom no pastor ever sought out, with whose hearts no man of God ever communed, who have indeed heard of the Church, and have been baptized—nay, married and churched in its fabrics, but who know about as much of its faith as if they were the intended objects of the projected mission to Central Africa." Again, *The Times* says, speaking not of London, but of England generally: "It is evident that the great masses of our population have to be made Christians of at all, in the most general sense."

*The Morning Post* of the 14th instant, in commenting on the judge's charge when opening the assizes in another great emporium of enterprise, rehearses a fearful catalogue of crimes—four murders, fourteen cases of manslaughter, twenty-four of burglary, besides robberies, stabbings, with a host of other offences, some of which are not to be named in this holy place, and then adds: "Little flattering as this conclusion may be to our national vanity, we doubt whether the Liverpool calendar is not a very tolerable index of the state of crime all over the country." Then, having instanced some of the revolting enormities which have occurred in England, the article concludes thus: "While such things can occur at our very doors, it is vain to plume ourselves upon a civilization and refinement which yet abound with passages worthy of the recent savage episodes of the Lebanon or Damascus."

Therefore, the word of the Divine Legislator is vindicated—it is proved on this most unexceptionable evidence, that to combine the worship of mammon with the Christian religion is not possible—nay, that the attempt has resulted, not only in the almost total extinction of Christianity, even in the greatest centres of

modern civilization, but also in such a moral degradation of the masses, including all sexes and ages, even down to childhood, that if not established by parliamentary reports, it should, for the honour of human nature, be set down as incredible.

And yet this is only the outside and infinitely least repulsive view of the maledictions which this oblivion of the Redeemer's law has engendered, threatening to sap the basis of all credit, which is confidence, corrupting official probity and honour, and seeming for a season to have almost utterly dissolved the most hallowed bonds of nature. And if a few of those deeds of darkness, accidentally brought to light, so shocked the world—great heavens! what must be the effect on Him, infinitely holy and just, who beholds all that is passing in the heart of nations abandoned to this crime-engendering passion?

But an outcry is raised, as if, by the tendency of my discourse, I prove myself the advocate of idleness—the foe of industry, enterprise, and enlightened progress.

In every sense the reproach is ill-founded. Far from being the advocate, I am the determined foe of idleness, holding, as I do, that there is in it this two-fold enormity—first, it violates what I conceive to be a primary law of our nature, because even in Paradise man was not to be exempt from labour, but was placed there under the obligation to keep guard over it, and even attend to its cultivation—“*Et prosuit eum in Paridiso voluptatis, ut operaretur et custodiret illum.*” Secondly, it is so wicked under the new dispensation, that it deprives of the right to live, the Apostle commanding: “If any man will not work, let the same not eat.” Therefore, I am not the advocate of idleness—I am its determined enemy, as I am bound to be by the doctrine, the spirit, and the practice, even in her ascetic orders, of the Church of Christ.

But then, if such a foe to idleness, and, by necessary consequence, such an advocate for industry, how, it is asked, can I consistently find fault with modern enterprise and civilization, which are nothing but inevitable consecrations of industry, of the activity, physical and intellectual, of man?

The difficulty is plausible, but it is not solid; it is only a

sophism which vanishes of itself, as soon as the question is understood and exhibited in the proper light :

Why have I asserted just now that idleness outrages a primary law of our being? Here is the reason : When I find that man, immediately on his creation, is placed in the beautiful and immense region called Paradise, with charge to himself and his posterity to be occupied about its preservation and culture, not only am I authorised, but I am obliged to conclude, that in forming man the Creator had exquisitely adapted the laws, constitution, and affinities of his nature with his destiny, combining the occupations with the enjoyments, in a superlative degree, of country life. But what sort of logic or reasoning would it be to conclude, that because man was formed and contrived, so to speak, with art divine, for a life of activity, amidst the flowery lawns and enchanting scenery and delights of Paradise—that, therefore, I should recognise his congenial sphere in the filth-infected city, in the profound and memphytic caverns of the earth, at the torrid furnace mouth, and midst the ten thousand fetid abominations exhaling incessantly from the alembic, wherein the tawdry attractions and pestiferous luxuries of modern civilization are manipulated and prepared? On the contrary, is it not manifest that I am bound to conclude, that in being cooped up in cities, especially when of overgrown extent, and thus exposed to the contact and pressure of masses, notoriously the cause of corruption, not alone moral but physical, and of all sorts of vices, enormities, crimes, and excesses, a fatal violence is offered to the equilibrium of the laws, instincts, sentiments, essential to undemoralised humanity.

When, in addition to this, I see Cain, the fratricide, founding the first city, as if to have a lurking-place for his infamy ; and his progeny—addicted to manufactures and arts—become so perversely wicked that, first, they corrupt by their intercourse the righteous moiety of the human family, called till then the “children of God ;” and finally provoke that divine vengeance which drowned the primæval world in the waters of the deluge ; it is natural—I hold, it is inevitable—that a dark suspicion should arise, that in this career—which, mark you, was not sanctioned or appointed by the Almighty, but which man fallen, the guilt-stained malefactor,



made choice of for himself—there must be some mysterious mischief, generating wickedness, and pregnant with calamities. And, surely, in what we read of monster cities, after the deluge, throughout the heathen world—sources of contamination to whole empires, objects of the divine wrath, which causes some to be overwhelmed by avalanches of fire falling on them from heaven, or swallowed up in the earth, or swept from its surface, like Babylon and heathen Rome—there is nothing to dissipate this suspicion, but everything to strengthen it.

You ask me then, and not, perhaps, without some anxiety: 1st, Do I only admit of the progress, the refinement that emanates from, and is compatible with, country life—or, at least, with a state of society not altogether fashioned in, and influenced by, great cities? 2ndly, Do I regard cities—monster cities, especially—as objects of the divine displeasure, and consequently condemn the progress of which they are the expression?

This two-fold question—it is a momentous one—would require, if time permitted, to be handled with great precision, and examined from various points of view. Eager to be brief, I now answer it by asking another:—Had you met the raging persecutor, breathing only threats and havoc, as he was careering furiously along the highway to Damascus, would you have bid him “God speed?” Oh, no! for his careering, his haste, his progress then was only a speeding to perpetrate crime, inflict misery. But had you met him after his conversion, in the career of his apostleship, bearing the blessings of redemption from nation to nation, you would undoubtedly have fallen down and kissed the very dust beneath his feet. Well, now, to my mind civilization also presents itself under a two-fold aspect—the one resembling the career of Saul the persecutor, the other of St. Paul the apostle; the one a volcano of raging passions—*spirans minarum et cœdis*; the latter a “vessel of election,” rendered irresistible in his career of mercy and benediction by the fire of divine charity glowing within his breast—devoted, consecrated with all the powers of his being, ready to make every sacrifice, to spend himself and be spent for the salvation of his brethren, and to pour out his blood for the honour of his divine Master’s name.

This answer would be perfect, you say, could it only be supposed that redemption, with its blessings and responsibilities, extends not alone to individuals, but to society at large.

And how, beloved brethren, can it be doubted that it is so, or that the charge to labour for the conversion and sanctification of the human race, as well in its social as in its individual capacity, is comprehended in the grand commission of the Church to teach all nations? "Hasten after them in their insane and disastrous career," said the Redeemer to the apostles. "If they refuse to halt or retrace their steps, still go on with them, preaching and doing good to them all along—if they requite your charity with persecution, let that be only a fresh incentive to zeal, remembering that 'I am your reward exceeding great.'"

And in acquitting herself of this mission, what wonders has not the Church achieved? Has she not literally "renewed the face of the earth," and from the ruins of heathenism created the Christian world? Do we not behold this tender and wise Mother, ever guided by the suggestions of the Holy Ghost, indefatigable in her endeavours—by hospitals, schools, orphanages, houses of refuge, convents—to remedy or mitigate the evils which the recklessness of enterprise, the crimes, corruption, and innumerable catastrophes attaching to civilization are necessarily inflicting on society.

But if religion has this mission, a reciprocal responsibility devolves on civilization. For erring and guilt-burdened society, hope there is none, but on the condition prescribed for the individual delinquent—"The Almighty wishes not the death (perdition) of the sinner, but that he be converted and live." But how is civilization to be converted, and consequently saved and sanctified? Besides the law laid down by the Redeemer for this purpose, there is no other, viz.—not to suffer what is only temporal to supersede the interests of eternity—to have the heart set on these as paramount to all others—and in no speculation or enterprise to go counter to the dictates of religion. If this be made the rule, we have the guarantee of that Word which shall outlast both heaven and earth that all the rest—earthly grandeur and prosperity—shall follow: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

In a word, from being heathen, as it was by origin, or as it has again become by relapse, civilization, to be converted, must become Christian—Christian in spirit and in practice. Society, being as much the creature of God as individual man, to escape the Divine displeasure—to be a blessing and not a scourge—in its attempts at progress, must conform without reserve to the dictates of Christianity.

It follows, therefore, that for all who are engaged in enterprise, commerce, industry—thus toiling in the cause of civilization—there arises a special class of responsibilities, as sacred and stringent as they are obvious. Such persons are bound to their operatives beyond the mere payment of wages, and to the inhabitants of the locality which is the theatre of their enterprise, beyond the punctual fulfilment of their business engagements; because for both the one and the other—the employed and the in-dwellers—there arise, along with certain temporal advantages, greater dangers to salvation—greater necessity for superior acquirements and increased expenditure, in order to keep pace with the accelerated march of progress, and rise with society to the higher elevation to which the leverage of this enterprise exalts it. In supplanting an old order of things, which, if homely and deficient in brilliancy, was still homogeneous and complete within itself, they incur the manifest obligation of not allowing, through niggard illiberality and defect of zeal for the public good, the new one which they substitute to entail discredit and injury, by being abandoned in a chaotic, half-finished condition.

To illustrate my meaning, and render it fully intelligible, I have only to appeal, beloved brethren, to yourselves.

The fascinating aspect and outline of the promontories and mountains sheltering this favoured region which you inhabit—the beauty of lawn and upland, studded with villas, embowered in groves and stately trees—the rivalry in charms between land and sea—the far-sweeping bend of the shore contrasting with the beetling cliffs—the hills arrayed in purple, the valleys in emerald overshadowed by variegated woods, and re-echoing with the music of waterfall and rushing stream—these and the thousand other

attractions lavished on this heaven-favoured place, first arrested, then fascinated the eye of enterprise; and the day-dream of industrial genius, to make of it the most commodious, the loveliest sojourn in the island, is hourly, and with energy, being worked into a reality. From an ordinary village the place has already grown into a flourishing town, and from day to day seems to dawn into the outlines and aspect of such pleasure cities as Castellamare on the Bay of Naples, and Lausanne on the Lemman Lake. And do you mean to tell me that it is not an anomaly, a contradiction not to be tolerated, to pretend that no bettering of opportunities and appliances relative to the education of the children of the people is to be aimed at, but that things are to be left on the same degraded level as before, while all this new creation—fraught at once with opportunities and temptations—is springing up around them? Must they still be content, in those days of electric telegraphs, express trains, and mechanics' institutes, with what was but a miserable pittance, even when the merchant journeyed in the pack-saddle, and, on his return, narrated to open-mouthed audiences how he had actually beheld Dublin Castle, and traversed all the legendary dangers of Loughlinstown Hill without detriment to purse or life.

Had ours, as of old, remained a sequestered district, with but little to disturb the uniformity and comparative security of rural life, religion would have still made shift to prepare the rising generation for their humble destinies in this world, as well as for the bliss of eternity, by the catechism alone; but, by your new-born enterprise, your ambitious civilization, the poor are placed at a disadvantage, unless exertion be made to advance their educational opportunities proportionately with the new order of things. Wherefore, it is not alone that you will violate charity—you will be guilty of injustice if you reject their claims. And, in general illustration of my thesis, I fearlessly assert that, instead of a pride and a blessing, it will be a calamity and a disgrace, if two different lines of railroad from the capital, concentrating here, are to inundate us with gay, but caustic throngs, who, as their mood may be, will either be scandalized or amused at the ludicrous and damning

contradiction between a pleasure sojourn having pretensions to be the Castellamare of Ireland, and a population abandoned to old-world ignorance and rusticity.

“There is no savage beast,” says the prophet, “but has care of its young; even dragons and wild dogs are eager to cater for their little ones.” Oh! God forbid that I should for a moment believe, that a people whom I respect and esteem so highly for their excellent qualities, and whose hopes of salvation involve my own, should deserve to be likened to that slur and dishonour even of the brute creation, the ostrich, of which it is written: “*Duratur ad filios suos, quasi non sint sui.*” Its eggs are dropped on the sand-paths of the desert, and there it abandons them to every danger. If not crushed by the thousand accidents they are thus exposed to, the young come forth under the fostering sun-beams, and they cry to the parent for help, unnatural and without bowels of pity, it listens ineptly to their cry, but heeds it not. “The ostrich (says holy Job) is hardened against its offspring, as if they did not belong to it at all.” On the contrary, beloved brethren, the zeal with which you will acquit yourselves of the duty which devolves upon you on this occasion, will be another added to the many proofs of the active charity with which you sympathize in all that concerns the welfare, temporal and eternal, of your neighbours, who may stand in need of assistance. Thus will you lay up for yourselves treasures, where the moth cannot corrode, nor thieves dig through and steal, and secure the bright destiny, even in heaven, in reserve for those “who instruct many unto justice.”

END.

