

PIUS THE NINTH AND HIS PONTIFICATE.

SINCE our last issue the Catholic world has been called on to mourn a great loss. The Bark of Peter, wherein Christ yet sits invisibly teaching the children of men, as he did of old on the shore of Tiberias, has been bereaved of her venerable helmsman, worthy successor and representative of the great "pilot of the Galilean lake," as he was of our Blessed Lord. Pius, ninth of that name and two hundred and fifty-second among the lineal heirs of St. Peter, after a long reign of nearly thirty-two years,—with all its vicissitudes of triumph, popular applause, dethronement, flight, exile, victorious return, invasion, spoliation, and final imprisonment,—has been called to rest from his labors, and receive the reward of all that he has spoken, done, and suffered on behalf of Holy Church, intrusted by divine disposition to his rule and guidance. Never, since the first High Priest of the New Law was slain by Nero, has the death of Rome's Pontiff so deeply moved the great heart, and elicited the tears of the Christian world, as in the case of Pius IX. It has stirred up the better nature, and evoked the sympathies even of those who are neither Catholics nor Christians. The infidel press of Italy and France has had the manliness to honor after death him whom it feared, hated, slandered, and outraged whilst living.

To the credit of our country it must be said, that not only our secular, but even sectarian, journals manifested their respect for his memory, and their admiration of his lofty character and many virtues. In all the great cities of the land, the funeral services were attended by large numbers of Protestants, whose reverent demeanor sufficiently showed that their presence was due not to idle curiosity but to genuine condolence with their Catholic fellow-citizens in their loss of a great and good man on whom the eyes and admiration of the world had been fixed for nearly a third of a century. In this universal chorus of praise, the harsh, discordant voices we have heard have been few, but yet enough to prevent our forgetting that the spirit of heresy, when untamed by education or other restraints, in dealing with the Catholic Church, cares nothing for truth, nothing even for that social decency which is respected even by the infidel and semi-pagan world around us. God forbid that at such a time we should stain our pages with such filth either to expose or refute it. Yet, that we may not be unjust, it is proper to state that these few breaches of social decorum have come from the Lutheran, the Presbyterian, and the (Northern) Episcopal press.

But, though this feeling of sympathy was general, yet nowhere

was it more clearly evidenced than amongst our Southern people, Protestant as well as Catholic. In Louisiana, as soon as the Pontiff's death was announced, the Supreme and District Courts, the Federal as well as the State tribunals were adjourned out of respect to the illustrious deceased. In the Superior Criminal Court, it was Judge Campbell, one of the most distinguished jurists of the country, and formerly judge of the United States Supreme Court, one of the pillars of the Episcopal Church in New Orleans, who moved the adjournment of the court, in language that was full of reverence and eulogy for the departed Pontiff, and most honorable to the manly, generous heart of the speaker. The answers of the judge in this and in the other courts were all in the same kind strain. The funeral procession in New Orleans was most imposing. It was marshalled by one of Louisiana's noblest heroes, the gallant knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, whose name will live forever in the heart and memory of the people, not only of the Pelican State, but of the entire South. And in that same procession—oh, wondrous power of Catholic unity!—under his lead, with reverent mien, marched brave Northern men, Federal soldiers, who had subdued the South in spite of her heroic resistance, and who even yesterday were the unwilling but only upholders of a rotten, usurping government, revelling in fraud and robbery, and draining the life-blood of Louisiana. In Mobile the funeral procession was a solemn pageant, the like of which had never been witnessed since the building of that city. The citizens, Protestant and Catholic, kept it as a holy day; in the procession were men of every creed; resolutions were drafted by a Protestant pen on behalf of the citizens, expressing their grief for the death of the venerable Pontiff, their appreciation of his exalted character and spotless life; and, what was more edifying still, one or two sweet, gentle words from the lips of the amiable Bishop of that city so moved the entire assemblage that they fell on their knees, as if by irresistible impulse, to receive the blessing of the venerable Archbishop of New Orleans, who presided at the solemn obsequies. And well might the Southern people do honor to the memory of Pius IX., even apart from his high station and noble qualities. Their gratitude, like their other feelings, is warm and enduring. They could not but remember that, during their cruel struggle, a handful against a host, with all the world combined against them, HE was the only one among the princes or potentates of Europe, who, from the purest, most disinterested motives, without entering into the political question between North and South, had treated them in the Christian spirit that so eminently became the universal Father. Nor should we forget to chronicle the important fact, which has been strangely overlooked by the Catholic press of the North and West, that on the Sunday

previous to the funeral procession, all the Protestant ministers of Mobile had eulogized Pius IX. from their various pulpits. Special mention and grateful acknowledgment of this fact were made in the Mobile resolutions of which we have spoken. And we think all our readers in every latitude will not refuse to join with us in praising the big, generous, Southern heart of those ministers, who, waiving all differences of creed, were unanimous in doing honor to the memory of Rome's noble Pontiff.

It is unnecessary to enter into any details of the life of our late Holy Father, as they are already spread out for the reader on the pages of so many of our daily and weekly journals. We propose to confine ourselves to a few reflections on his Pontificate. Pius IX. was unquestionably the Pontiff of his epoch, and, as such, marked out by heaven. In every critical period of the life of the Church, God has been pleased to raise to the See of Peter the men who were fittest for the burden He designed them to bear. And when they put their hand to the work, He was ever at their side to inspire them with His wisdom, to encourage and uphold their feebleness with His grace. The Son of the Living God, whose words "Duc in altum" (Luc. v., 4), has emboldened the timid Peter, has never failed to nerve the heart and strengthen the hands of the Pontiff whom He chose to represent Him in the hour of danger. And this applies to nearly all of them; for when has the Church been wholly free from the assaults of the gates of hell? Her days of peace and sunshine have been few and only vouchsafed at intervals. But to be tossed about on the wild waves, and to be buffeted by the cruel storms of this world, is her ordinary portion. Of the early Pontiffs, though little is known beyond the fact of their martyrdom, we may justly conclude from reason and analogy that Cletus, Xystus, Soter, Zephyrinus, Anther, Eutychian and the rest had each his special mission, and fulfilled it well, as became men sent of God, though no record survives to bear them witness. Sylvester; Julius, Liberius, Damasus, and Leo the Great were chosen by Him to repress and conquer the heresies that either openly or covertly made war upon the Trinity and Incarnation. Those noble saints, the two Gregories, second and third of the name, were divinely commissioned, not only to check Iconoclasm but to save Western Christendom from the Byzantine yoke and its withering influences, to evangelize Germany and Northern Europe, and to strengthen and solidify the base of that Temporal Power which (scanty as it might be) was to prove a safeguard for the Pope's spiritual independence, and enable him to humble tyrants, to protect oppressed peoples, and establish permanently civilization in the West. So, too, God raised up those two great saints, Leo IX. and Gregory VII., to save His Church from the pestilential ravages of simony, clerical incontinence, and Cæsaro-

papism, which were laying waste the fairest portions of her vineyard, and would have ended (could God permit such to happen) by turning the comely Spouse of Christ into a decrepit handmaid of earthly princes, like the Byzantine and Russian churches.

To Pius IX. likewise there was given a mission from above, differing in some of its special features from those to which his predecessors were called, as the war waged to-day against the Church differs in some respects from that waged in the past. The purpose of "the Gates of Hell" never changes; it is only the strategy and weapons that change. The devil grows wiser with experience. As he looks upon the religious systems or shadows of Christianity which he has hitherto set up to withdraw men from their allegiance to the One, True Church, he smiles knowingly. They are weapons that have done their work well so far, but now they have lost their edge, and have become clumsy and worthless. He must provide others, and plan a new campaign. With increase of age and experience he has grown also bolder and more insolent. Man imagines and makes a daily boast of it, that he has grown in intelligence with the growth of the ages, and that this growth, or *progress*, as he calls it, has received in modern times a peculiarly wonderful development. But the devil, who is far older and wiser, seems to think differently. He deliberately mocks the supposed growth and refinement of the intelligence of our age by coolly proposing to it—what he never would have dared propose to the benighted minds of the Middle Ages—a return to that Paganism from which the Church rescued our fathers. A monstrous, shocking proposal, no doubt; but Satan understands well the world with which he has to deal. He is not going to offer again to their adoration Jove, Venus, Plutus, and Laverna, nor Thor, Woden, and Freya, under which various names he once contrived to have himself worshipped. No, he gives them Paganism without its material idols. But, as idols are symbols, he gives them instead for object of worship what they symbolized, viz., the *jus fortioris*, the might which makes right, the supreme law of brute force, the right of the senses to shake off all restraint, the right of the cunning hand to grasp all that comes within one's reach, rights typified in the idols of heathendom, and which Christianity came to teach us are no rights at all, but evil passions, that work the death of soul and body. But above all he gives them, as the chief idol of the spiritual pantheon, an emanation from his own nature, a portion of his choicest attribute, that Titanic pride, that cast him headlong out of heaven.

From this pride springs the right (so-called) to think, say, and do what we will, without caring for the authority of God or man. This is the boasted freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press, of which we hear so much, brave words

that in the mouth of good men may have a good meaning, but nothing of the kind among those who are loudest in repeating them. Man, they insist, is the sole judge of his belief and of his morals. Freedom of action, though a necessary consequence of this, may be actually (but not rightfully) restrained in its exercise by a superior force; but where such does not exist, as in the case of the State, freedom of action can have no limit. Hence the State is absolute in all matters of morality which depend on its good will and pleasure. The State is, properly speaking, the creator of right and wrong. This is no exaggeration, but a proposition laid down *totidem verbis* by the Bismarckian professors of Germany. The family and marriage ties have in their very name what makes them odious and inadmissible. They are bonds of restraint incompatible with freedom, and, therefore, must be got rid of. Hence the freedom of divorce and the breaking down of parental authority. The dignity and sacredness to which woman became heir through the Virgin of Nazareth are unknown, or hateful, rather, to these disciples of Satan and his neo-paganism. They may talk in fine terms about woman, her high place in society, her loveliness, and so forth. But let none be misled by this empty prattle. It is not the language that Christians use, and which springs from love and respect. It is the lying flattery of the serpent, born of lust and wild desire. It was heard before the days of Christianity on the lips of lewd poets and gay debauchees in Rome and Athens, and has the same vile meaning now as then. But the Epicureans of that day were not half as wicked and pernicious as their modern successors. The former were simply taught by their philosophy to give themselves up to a life of quiet enjoyment. But Satan has filled the latter not only with moral rotteness but also with his own spirit of restless activity. Like him, they go about seeking whom to devour. They glory in being his apostles. They must rob Christ of that world which He conquered through Peter and his fellow-fishermen. So thoroughly have some of them become possessed of their infernal master, that they have been heard to declare that the world would never be as it should, until the hateful name of virtue was abolished, and man had learned to look upon God as a personal enemy! And these atrocious blasphemies, at which the Christian shudders and weeps, were no hasty expressions uttered during midnight orgies, but deliberately written and recorded in print. To secure the rising generation, children must be corrupted as early as possible. We have known some of them to take children whose infant lips were just budding into human speech, and take a hellish delight in teaching them to pronounce the filthiest language, the most horrid blasphemies against God, His saints, and His Church, of which the little innocents were

wholly unconscious. This may be pushing a wicked principle to excess; but the principle exists, and the determination to bring as many children as possible slowly but surely under its baneful influences. Hence the theory of compulsory education by the State, which some silly people at home regard as the beneficent offspring of New England's fertile brain. It is of European origin, and Satan should get the credit of his work.

Like all Satan's works and devices, the new system by which he seeks to undo God's work and overthrow His kingdom upon earth is built upon lying and deceit. In its theory man is promised freedom—freedom from God, religion, and morality; but in practice the price of this freedom is slavery. He must become, to say the least of it, the slave of the State. For statolatry is one of the primary articles of the new creed. But is not the State eminently the type of freedom, the aggregate (so to speak) of individual freedoms, the result of popular will expressed by suffrage? No. The State is to be no freer than the individual. Its government is not what it appears on the surface. The true seat of government is in the *Vente* or Lodge, and what is there decreed sooner or later must become law. The people is proclaimed sovereign, but if it do not quietly submit to the true sovereigns who live underground, or invisible, it is as likely to be decimated by *mitraille* as any hostile army. All the pet watchwords of this system are an illusion and a snare. It boasts of its love of science; but woe to the scholar who will not follow in its wake, or attempts to avail himself of science for the support of religion and morality! To hear them declaim, one would fancy there were no bounds to intellectual freedom, but the sternest intolerance lurks beneath these fine phrases, and woe to him whose researches lead him to disagree with the conclusions laid down by organized impiety. It cries out for a separation of Church and State; but this means only that if the Church will descend from her lofty position as friend and ally of civil government, and sink to the level of its slave, she may be allowed at this price to drag out her existence in some shape for awhile, until that happy day arrive when all the forms as well as the essence of religion are to be swept away from the face of a renovated world. Secular or unsectarian education is another favorite war-cry. Does it mean that sectarian wranglings are to be excluded from the education given by the government? Far from it; it means simply that children by theory and practice are to be grounded in the notion that religion is not *objective*, and, therefore, of very little consequence, since one can be a good citizen without any religion at all, that it makes no matter what one believes, since one creed is as good as another, and that Catholicity, which teaches the contrary, is a mediæval superstition behind our enlightened age.

And this rotten abomination, this huge pile of error, crime, filth, and blasphemy is the great idol, or Pantheon of idols, if you will, of our day and generation, on which they lavish the incense of their praise, and which they seek with impious zeal to force on the adoration of unwilling peoples!

It would be an insult to the intelligence of the arch-fiend to suppose that he would call by its true name this or any other of his devices, or allow any of his disciples so to call it. The Father of Lies is too old and has learned too much of human nature not to know how much consists in a name. Three centuries ago there was a great revolt against the Church, a most unnatural rebellion against an authority that the whole world then held to be of divine institution. But this was not the foul name he taught the authors of the movement to give it. It was called the Reformation of the Church, a Protest against doctrines of men, the Gospel, and other such high-sounding names of illusive meaning. So, too, with Satan's last great plan for entrapping not only stray individuals but entire communities, and, if possible, the whole Christian society, and making them partners of his guilt and everlasting ruin. He calls it and teaches men to call it Progress, Liberalism, Modern Civilization; north of the Alps his creatures call it *Cultur*, and the war waged for its maintenance by one of the foremost commonwealths of Europe is called the *Cultur-kampf*, or crusade of the new civilization. When a government enters upon a crusade against its subjects at home, it is not likely to be satisfied with the pen as an agent in promoting the cause. Having heavier weapons within its reach, it naturally grasps them, and we find accordingly the whole State machinery, legislative, executive, and judicial, of the Prussian monarchy brought to bear on the propagation of *Cultur*. Fines, imprisonment, and exile await those who will not be converted to the new ideas.

This system of neo-paganism is not wholly new, but its last development is an improvement by Satanic genius on its former phases. We saw it at the close of the last century, but that was its first grand essay to get possession of the world, and partook of the awkwardness usually discernible in first efforts. Then it called itself philosophy. One day, sooner perhaps than they expected, the hopes of its adherents were realized. Plato's famous prayer was heard, and "philosophers" hold in their hands the reins of government. The world knows what followed, and yet shudders at the horrible recollection. On the banks of the Seine and Loire the guillotine, *noyades*, and *fusillades* were the favorite instruments used by "philosophy" in regenerating the people, while in our day, on the banks of the Oder and Vistula, under the milder influence of the gentle Bismarck, *Cultur* promotes its purpose by such tender means as dungeons and

confiscation. Philosophy fell, for a time at least, overwhelmed by its own imprudent violence. So dreadful had been the atrocities that marked the French Revolution, so shocked were the nations by this shameful relapse into barbarism, that good men and lovers of peace and order, as soon as they once more breathed freely, began good-naturedly and honestly to persuade themselves that a return of such horrors was impossible, and that the "philosophy" which had engendered them might lurk for awhile in secret dens and conventicles, but would never dare lift up its head or show its face again in Europe. Little did they know of the cunning and patient endurance with which Satan knows how to inspire his followers. The smouldering remains of that great conflagration were not extinguished, as men fondly imagined; they were only covered up and hidden carefully from view, but ready on the slightest opportunity to burst into a flame fiercer than ever. The defeat of this wicked crew only served to teach them a lesson of caution. They concealed themselves until they could reappear under a new disguise and with a new name. They bided their time, and their time came towards the close of the first half of this century.

This was the formidable enemy that Pius IX. was raised up by God to drag from its hiding-place, to do battle with, and with God's blessing to conquer. No sooner was he elected than the champions of Liberalism, having received their instructions from Mazzini in London, began to fawn on the new Pope, to stifle him almost with the incense of their vile adulation, to clamor for reforms. This was to be the first breach in the walls of the venerable fabric of Religion and Christian civilization. The States of the Church once gained would be a lever to revolutionize Italy, and Italy revolutionized would destroy the Papacy. In the first days of his Pontificate Pius, yielding rather to the impulses of his own kind heart than to popular outcry, pardoned many who had been exiled for political offences; most of them with generous charity he looked upon as not wholly corrupt, as capable of better things, and who from youth and inexperience had been led astray by designing men. But with these came back many who had grown old in iniquity, and stood high in Masonry, Carbonarism, and the other revolutionary sects. They all swore fidelity to their benefactor, but with few exceptions were soon faithless to their oaths. It could not have happened otherwise, for they were all entangled in the deadly toils of the secret societies, whose members dare not be faithful to father or mother, magistrate or prince, their conscience, their Church, or their God, whenever such loyalty clashes with the obedience sworn to their secret chiefs. Pius pardoned the guilty, restored them to their homes, and granted the desired reforms. He even went farther, and granted as much of a representative and constitutional government

as was possible in the Roman States. It was a hazardous experiment, but in the providence of God its disastrous issue was not without advantage. Pius had in the goodness of his heart trusted the enemies of his predecessor to the fullest extent. He virtually said, "You have repented, and I forgive; you have sworn to be loyal, and I take your word. Here are the elements of true progress and rational liberty for which you ask. I confide them to your hands; use them wisely and honestly for the good of the people. Prove by your example to the rest of Italy that constitutional government is not necessarily what they fear, a hotbed of strife, agitation, and revolution, a menace to public tranquillity and hostile to the interests of religion." And these faithless men renewed their oaths with the intention of breaking them! Why should we detail the abominable scenes that followed ere long, and made of the Holy City a pandemonium upon earth? They go to war in his name, but in spite of him, and in open defiance of his authority. They revenge on him their well-deserved and ignominious defeat. They murder in open day his minister, and under the very windows of his widow and children sing hymns in praise of the dagger that slew him. An armed mob marches to the Quirinal, points cannon at the gate, and robs the Pontiff of the last shadow of his sovereignty. Then follows a reign of terror, assassination, and anarchy, during which Pius escapes the hands of his ruffianly jailors and finds a safe refuge in Gaeta.

That Pius IX. failed in his purpose cannot be denied. But the failure was not his fault; it was his misfortune, like that of an unsuspecting lamb who should happen to fall in with wolves dressed in sheep's clothing. But it had one solid and lasting advantage. It unmasked the hollow-heartedness and hypocrisy of these men. It prevented his ever trusting them again; and, thank God! will make it impossible for any of his successors ever to run the same risk and be imposed upon in the end by the honeyed words and plausible promises of men who laugh at perjury, and know nothing of truth or honor. And thus, through the admirable, though mistaken, clemency of Pius IX., which has covered him with undying glory, it has pleased Divine Providence to bring to light and lay bare before the world the perfidy and impious schemes of Liberalism so clearly that he who does not or will not see them is inexcusable.

After his return to Rome, Pius IX. began with still more earnest zeal his warfare against the new enemy he had all along been manfully struggling with in his Letters, Allocutions, and other public utterances. Now, however, he applied more directly to the task assigned him by Providence, and gave out in most solemn tones his Apostolic voice as the successor of Peter condemning

error and confirming his brethren. What else could he do? It was not his mission to destroy these blasphemous novelties with the strong hand of carnal power, but with the gentler agency of the Word of Life. He could wield only the sword of the Spirit, and he wielded it most efficaciously. Three public Acts of his Pontificate in this respect deserve special attention.

The first is his Dogmatical Bull on the Immaculate Conception, in which it is defined that Mary, mother of God, through the merits of her Divine Son, was preserved from Original Sin from the very moment of her conception. This was not only a yielding to the ardent desire of all Catholics, who wished this point defined, nor simply a desire to honor the Great Virgin by placing on her brow a diadem that crowns and completes all her other glories. All this, no doubt, was in the Pontiff's mind, but his definition contained something of deeper significance. In one of her anthems the Church sings of the Blessed Virgin: *Gaude Maria Virgo! quia cunctas hæreses sola interemisti in universo mundo.* "Rejoice, O Virgin Mary! for thou hast destroyed all heresies throughout the world." This may be understood in a devotional sense. In Heaven the Church has powerful friends, who are always praying for her welfare—the angels and saints, especially St. Michael, St. Joseph, Sts. Peter and Paul, and others. But far above these in intensity and efficacy is the prayer of the Blessed Virgin, beseeching God that He would preserve uninjured the work of her Divine Son—the Church on earth; that He would protect it from violence without and rebellion within her borders; in other words, persecution and heresy. Infinitely higher than all these is the High Priest of the New Covenant, ever living to make intercession with the Father on behalf of His Church. But He in His infinite condescension honors His servants and friends, and above all His Holy Mother, by attributing to their intercession what can be obtained only through His Divine merits and accomplished only by His Divine power. Thus, He glorifies His friends, without violating His promise, *Gloriam meam alteri non dabo* (Is. xlviii., 11). Not only in ordinary language, but in the language of Scripture, what is done by God is attributed to the human agent through whom He does it. Thus, we read of miracles wrought by the Prophets and Apostles; whereas, none but God, properly speaking, can work a miracle. So the Church justly styles the Virgin the destroyer of heresies. But beyond this devotional sense there is another still higher, the theological sense of the anthem. Mary is unquestionably the connecting link between earth and Heaven in the great work of man's redemption. If her relation to our Saviour be correctly ascertained, the Incarnation becomes plain and intelligible, as far as mystery can be understood. And if that relation be

infallibly defined by the Church, and held to by her children, there is no room for error in teaching and explaining Christ's Incarnation. The formula contained in those few potent words which the Church so highly values, and which have become a *tessera fidei*, MARY, MOTHER OF GOD, is a key to all difficulties. It is like Ithuriel's spear; for at its touch error, however speciously disguised, forthwith must drop its fair exterior, and resume its own foul shape and hideous look. In this sense Mary destroys heresies, because her position in the New Dispensation is dogmatically incompatible with all the heresies that afflicted the early Church regarding the doctrine of the Incarnation. But this mystery involves not only the doctrine of the Trinity, but that of the Atonement, its nature and extent, original sin, grace, the sacraments, etc. Hence, as an accurate conception of Mary's place in the doctrine of the Incarnation is necessary for the right understanding of that mystery—so, too, it may be called necessary for correct appreciation of all the doctrines involved in it, and is, therefore, virtually the overthrow of all errors to the contrary. Pius had all this in view when he issued his dogmatic constitution. He knew that the cardinal doctrine of the Incarnation was nearly lost sight of by the world, and that this was one reason why neo-paganism swallows up so many victims. Every one must have some divinity, and if he abandon the true God and His Christ, he must worship idols, either material or spiritual. The educated man, who dechristianizes himself, is very apt to fall back on Humanity; and this, in fact, is a favorite idol and war-cry with the neo-pagans. He, therefore, with Apostolic voice, recalls to the mind of all, and solemnly reaffirms that great fundamental truth of Christianity, without which the world would be an abyss of despair and its history an inextricable mass of confusion, admitting of no explanations. But how did he affirm the Incarnation through the Blessed Virgin's Immaculate Conception? This is essentially connected with her maternity, for without it the latter is inexplicable. It was the first step in her life leading to the great consummation for which she was chosen as the instrument, the coming of God in the flesh to dwell amongst us. And as all the parts of her mysterious life were connected in the Divine counsels, her sacred maternity presupposes her having been spotless from her first hour of existence. In thus proclaiming this special privilege and dignity of her who was to become Mother of God, the Pontiff reaffirms not only the Incarnation, but all the great truths that cluster around it, like tendrils round the vine, and particularly the doctrine of original sin, which the world has come to despise and disbelieve, though without it man is an unfathomable mystery. He had another object in view. That virtue which pre-eminently

shone in her is woman's noblest ornament, and one of the costliest jewels with which Christianity enriched the world. It is precisely what is ridiculed, despised, and hated by the modern Pagan who boasts of civilization. The Pope reasserts Christ's doctrine on this score, and reminds woman of the high sphere to which Christ's law raised her, and of what constitutes the true glory of womanhood.

What Pius did in the second place for the good, not only of the Church, but of mankind, was the Vatican Council. Thereby he taught the world the true meaning of reason and of authority, and their mutual relations. By authority, of course, is meant *Divine* authority. For human authority, as such, has no legitimate control over Reason. Reason has a vast and almost unlimited sphere of her own, in which she may range at will. She must not leave it to soar into the region which God has set apart for His revealed truth, which must be entered with bended knee and not on the wings of investigation. If Reason disobey this mandate, its rash flight will be justly punished. It will lose the truths it has learned or may yet learn in attempting to scrutinize those which are beyond its ken. Its wings will melt away under those celestial ardors, and like Icarus it will fall from the sky into the abyss of doubt, negation, and ignorance. God is the author both of Reason and of Revelation; hence, though they differ, they cannot contradict each other. Truth is simple and essentially one; therefore, it cannot be divided against itself. If Reason were true to herself and her own interests, instead of murmuring and rebelling, she would rejoice that the world has received such an amount of revealed truth as the Church possesses. It is no encroachment on her rights, but is really for her a guide and support. When in her investigation she meets with something which seen at one time has a look of truth, seen again appears doubtful, is it not a relief and a comfort to her when she learns that Divine Revelation has pronounced upon it one way or the other? She is spared all further investigation. She has added to her stock of truth, and so far limited (which is a great gain) the extent of her liability to error. For, if hereafter she meets with propositions that are corollaries of the condemned error, she will know exactly in what category to place them. Could there be a more fitting answer than this to the wild, senseless outcry of the modern Pagans, who only exalt and magnify Reason in order that they may drag it down into the mire in which they wallow? It was the noble, just protest of him who is the divinely appointed guardian of Truth, and at the same time the protector and avenger of Reason's rights, as the Holy See has proved itself more than once. Reason has her own domain, within which she reigns, and over

which she sheds a brilliant, beneficial light, derived from her Author. Let her leave it, and her brightness fades away, and her whole territory is given up to darkness. It is as if the sun or the moon were to abandon their orbit, and go wandering at random through space. What could we expect but night and universal chaos? This is the substance of what the Vatican Council teaches with respect to human reason, its powers, rights, duties, and limits.

The same Council with a wonderful unanimity (which the world is pleased to deride, but vainly struggles to explain away) decreed that the Pontiff, when solemnly judging and deciding as Head of the Church, cannot err in doctrine or in moral teaching. This is nothing more than a development of Christ's words in St. Matthew, where He promises to build His Church on St. Peter, in order that the gates of hell might not prevail against it. Since Peter, not in his perishable person, but in his office, is the source of the indestructibility of the Church, it follows that the same office in the successors of Peter will continue to save the Church from destruction. If the Pontiff in his office were not infallible, he might help to bring about the destruction of the Church, instead of saving it. All Christendom had believed for fifteen hundred years that the successor of Peter was infallible. It had been practically acted on from the beginning, and though there were now and then a few dissentient voices, the Church contented herself with enforcing this practical view, by forbidding under the heaviest censures any appeal from the Pope's decisions to a General Council. But when the fullness of time had arrived, guided by the Holy Ghost, she defined it in the Vatican Council.

Her object was twofold. First, to show those unhappy men who call themselves Christians, and are tossed about by every wind of doctrine, not knowing what to believe, or how to ascertain the meaning of the dead letter of Scripture, which in cruel mockery is offered them by the sects as the Book of Life. What wonder is it that so many of them in disgust turn away from Christianity as a failure, and plunge into the tempting illusions of neo-paganism? Let them turn their eyes to the Church of Ages, let them linger at its portals, and from the everlasting chair of Peter they will hear a living voice, the voice of Christ speaking through His Vicar, which will reanimate and give life to that dead letter of Scripture which puzzled and perplexed them so long. It will, with sweet violence, "compel them to come in," that they may find peace and rest for their souls, and a sure pledge of salvation.

In this spirit did the Vatican Council speak to men, teaching the Catholic doctrine to the children of the Church, clearly and solemnly reiterating it for those outside, and inviting them to return to their Father's house. Some shut their ears like the

Pharisees of old, others heeded the invitation and returned to the Church of their Fathers. Amongst these was Rev. Dr. Stone, now Father Fidelis, the Passionist. When we saw the other day in the papers his beautiful funeral discourse on Pius IX., we could not help thinking what a deep underlying current of gratitude accompanied those eloquent words in praise of his august benefactor, whose sweet voice had been to him a message of heavenly peace.

But the voice of the Vatican was for others a warning, a terrible voice, and this was for another purpose. There have often been factions in the Church, created by proud men and their admirers, who frame systems of their own, and try to circulate them as a more rational view of Christian doctrine than that which is held generally in the Church. Rome hears of it and condemns them. Such men are not disposed to submit, and insist with brazen face that they have been misunderstood or misrepresented. Rome gives them another hearing. It is found that they were only playing false to gain time. They are again condemned and ordered to retract. This their pride forbids, and they fall back on the theory that the Church, not the Pope, is infallible, and that before submitting, they must know if the universal Church approves the Pope's decision. It makes no difference to them whether the whole Church thinks with the Pope or against him. All they want is to remain in the Church, and spread their errors inside of her communion. Thus did the Jansenists act, thus, too, the Febronians, the Hermesians, the Liberal Catholics, the Dollingerites and other Catholic devotees of Germany's *Cultur*. It was high time that this scandal should cease, and this unworthy, dangerous subterfuge be swept away forever. The Church felt herself constrained to exclaim with holy David, *Multiplicati sunt qui oderunt me*. "My foes have grown to be so many, that I can no longer tolerate the presence of domestic enemies to rend their mother's bosom while her hands are engaged in battling with those outside. Let them go out and join those with whom they have made a common cause." And the wisdom of her policy has been manifested. The Dollingerites have been thrust out and have found their proper place in the hostile camp. They are high in favor with Bismarck and his infidel host, and while they last, which will not be long, they will be his recognized allies in the open field.

Because the council declared the Pontiff *infallible*, some outside the church affected to believe, and persisted in asserting, that the definition made him *impeccable*. This, though really too absurd to need refutation, has been sufficiently answered by Catholic theologians, who have been forced to repeat over and over again what the Church teaches on this point. She teaches, that the Pontiff is not free from danger of sin in his actions, because he is always

subject to human frailty. He is not free from error in his every-day judgments about men and things that surround him, nor is he free from danger of sin if these judgments be not founded on prudence, and tempered with charity. Catholics have repeated this so often and so earnestly, that it is absolutely a waste or an abuse of Christian charity to suppose good faith in nine out of the ten, who yet pretend to believe that the Pontiff's infallibility involves impeccability. It was but yesterday that the Catholic world *en masse* rose up to confound this absurd slander, by praying for the soul of the deceased Pontiff. That prayer, if one will but consult the Roman Missal or Pontifical, meant simply this: that God would forgive him his sins, if any remained unforgiven, that He would shorten his time of expiation in purgatory, if he had any to undergo. And this testimony of the Catholic world was the more valuable because given unconsciously, without reference to the non-Catholic world, without a thought of their objections and misrepresentations, but solely as the spontaneous dictate of Catholic belief.

The last great act of Pius was the promulgation of the so-called Syllabus. That it was good and needed is plain from the angry storm of opposition and vituperation it has raised among the enemies of God and man throughout Europe. Our own anti-Catholic press, political and religious, blindly re-echoes the mad outcry, though we strongly suspect that some editors, if questioned, would not be able to tell whether the Syllabus be a man or a thing, a state paper or a new implement of warfare. It is a *résumé* of the chief errors of the neo-paganism of our day, with their condemnation. Those men who yet retain the Christian spirit, though outside of the Church, will find in it nothing to displease them, nothing that is not in exact conformity with the teaching of the Gospel, if they will only examine it with candor and impartiality. But such men are very few, and too often know nothing of the Syllabus, save from the slanders and misrepresentations of its enemies. It was intended principally to save Catholics from falling into the current errors of the day; but we feel sure that there is no one outside of the Church, if he believe honestly in the New Testament as a standard of morals for individuals and commonwealths, who will not recognize in the Syllabus the very teaching of Christ and his Apostles—if he can only bring himself to read it without prejudice, and forget for a few moments what has been taught him from the cradle, viz., that nothing good can come out of Nazareth.

The Pope's enemies revenged themselves on him in the same way that armed iniquity usually revenges itself on the defenceless just man who has the courage to rebuke it. They determined to hurry the execution of an iniquitous plan, long before formed, to seize the Roman State, to dispossess Pius of his sovereignty, and

then to expel him or hold him prisoner as might suit their purpose. Part of the programme was carried out after the Franco-Italian campaign of 1860, with the connivance of that Imperial hypocrite, Napoleon III., who inherited nothing of his uncle's grandeur but his gigantic faculty of lying. Romagna and the Marches were wrested from their rightful sovereign by dark deeds of underhand plotting, hypocrisy, and open violence, the prelude of what was yet to come. Naples, Tuscany, Lombardy, Venice, and the smaller principalities had already, by fraud or conquest, fallen under the yoke of the infidel government of Piedmont. Rome was hemmed in on every side as by a wall of fire. Still the Piedmontese dared not seize their coveted prey, so long as France forbade it. But the long-expected hour came at last, and the ruler of France gave the word. Napoleon III. at the moment of his setting out, not for Berlin,—as the knave, dupe of wily knaves, imagined,—but for Sedan, exile, and the ruin to which the curse of Christ's Vicar was irresistibly forcing him, withdrew from Rome the handful of soldiers that had hitherto sufficed to keep the Piedmontese from carrying out their criminal designs. As soon as the news came of the disastrous losses of the French armies, Victor Emanuel wrote, or was forced to write,—for the wretched man was no free agent,—a brazen-faced letter to the Pope, in which that degenerate scion of the saintly house of Savoy had the hardihood to ask the Father of the Faithful to surrender his States for the good of religion and of Italy; in other words, to commit perjury and injustice, and betray the Holy See, of which he was not the owner but keeper and guardian, for the aggrandizement of Piedmont. The Pope replied to the royal whited sepulchre with a letter of mild rebuke, in which the dignity of the sovereign and the majesty of the man so happily blended as to extort the admiration even of his enemies and habitual revilers, such as the *London Times*. Before the answer was received, Victor Emanuel sent sixty thousand men to seize by force what he knew never would be surrendered. The venerable walls of Rome were bombarded by Bixio and his Piedmontese hordes. The Pope, after a feeble resistance, meant only as a protest against violence, capitulated to prevent the unnecessary shedding of blood in his defence. The enemies of God and man had won the long-coveted prize. Rome was theirs, and neo-paganism was to be enthroned in her ancestral home. But those iniquitous conquerors were not satisfied with their triumph. They would not be true to their instincts, if they did not seek to add falsehood to violence. To hoodwink the non-Catholic world—or perhaps in contemptuous mockery of its well-known credulity—the attempt was made to legalize the high-handed robbery, by pleading the good will and consent of the vanquished and

despoiled. A farce, called an election, or *plebiscite*, was hurriedly gotten up, and the result was what its authors chose to make it. French, German, English, and even American correspondents *who were in the secret*, wrote home glowing accounts of the unanimity of the Roman people in rejecting Pius IX. and adopting the sway of Victor Emanuel. Some amongst us may have believed it, because sectarian bigotry loves to believe anything to the Pope's disadvantage; but surely not all could be so easily duped. There are too many of us who know all about the returning boards of South Carolina and Louisiana, and their predecessors and counterparts in New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities. And it is quite natural for them to suspect that possibly there may be Andersons, Packards, Corbins, and Chamberlains, though with names of more euphonious sound, on the banks of the Tiber. Italy, we are constantly told, is making rapid strides in the path of modern progress; why should she not possess this notable feature of the new civilization? It is enough to say that the voting was held in presence of the conquering army; it was conducted by Piedmontese officials or their partisans. Yet we must not overlook their generosity. In manipulating the returns, they kindly and, of course, most disinterestedly, made over to Pius IX. some few hundreds or thousands of votes which he never received. For it is well understood that no Catholic in Rome insulted his sovereign and Father by going to the polls. Robbed of his temporal patrimony, to avoid all appearance of compromise with iniquity, and to maintain his spiritual independence, the Holy Father had no alternative but to retire into voluntary seclusion, or rather forced imprisonment, in the Vatican.

It has been made a matter of serious accusation against Pius IX. that he shut himself up in the Vatican. His Piedmontese jailers and the correspondents of the anti-Catholic press throughout the world, give out that he was perfectly free, and that he was only playing the part of "prisoner" to impose upon the Catholic world, rouse their sympathies, and help the collection of Peter's pence. Even one whom we formerly held to be a good and honorable man, William Howitt, has put his name and signature to this malicious falsehood, and done what he could to give it currency. In the first place, the Catholic world is not so simple and stupid, so easy to be imposed upon, as these wise ones imagine or pretend. And if it were, it does not need the gratuitous proffer of help from the infidel and the heretic to get rid of its delusion. There are thousands of intelligent Catholics from America, Great Britain, France, and Germany who have visited Rome or lived in it for the past eight years, and who know all about it, and who have a sincere conscientious love and respect for truth, which William Howitt and his fellow-cor-

respondents never had or have thrown to the winds. All of these are a sufficient guarantee, if we needed any, for the fact that Pius IX. was, as his successor is now, virtually a prisoner. Leo XIII. has received no written mandate to keep within the walls of his palace, but if he came out and showed himself in public, he would be insulted and outraged, and perhaps his life endangered. And this would be done nominally by a mob, but a mob relying on the connivance, aye the encouragements of Rome's Piedmontese rulers. They proved it the other day. When they ascertained that Leo XIII. was to be crowned in the Vatican Basilica, King Humbert or his counsellors sent through the Prefect of Police a message to the Vatican, notifying the Pope that if the ceremony were performed in public the government could not prevent hostile demonstrations. In other words, the Lodges had agreed to get up a riot in the church during the ceremony, and the government, through the official guardian of the public peace, notifies the Pope that it cannot prevent it or protect him. What an attitude for a civilized government! It has an army in Rome of thirty thousand men, besides gendarmes and police in great numbers, and declares that it cannot protect a feeble old man from a handful of its own devoted friends and supporters. If King Humbert and his Prefect of Police were telling the truth, it would be a confession that there was no government in Rome. But it was not the truth. It was a barefaced falsehood. "We cannot prevent it" meant simply "We WILL not prevent it." What are civilized nations to think of a government that promotes and encourages rioting and disturbance of the public peace? The same day the police looked on approvingly while the mob broke the windows of an American lady, the Countess Teodoli, who had illuminated her windows in honor of the new Pontiff's coronation.

But why dwell on particular cases? What was the object of the Piedmontese in coming to Rome and making it their capital, for which it was in every way unsuited? It was not to unite Italy. This was only the lying pretext. It was to drive out the Pope; to rob him of his temporal power, with which, having lost their faith, they thought the existence of his spiritual power inseparably connected. It was to abolish the centre of Christendom, to pave the way for the abolition of Christianity itself. This they deny; and the non-Catholic world, though it half suspects the truth, out of blind hatred for our religion, overlooks the fact. They say, not in words, but in fact: Let Christianity perish if we cannot get rid of the Pope in any other way. But deny or conceal the fact as they will, it is true and unquestionable. In a moment of candor it has been confessed by the godless conspirators themselves. Here is what one of the foremost among them said at the

opening of the "Democratic Congress," held at Milan, in the beginning of 1873 :

"Rome is not a mere territorial conquest. We do not know what to do with a few inches of land more or less. Its chief importance lies in the moral triumph the fall of the Eternal City gives to Italy, and which will inevitably cause the *destruction of the spiritual power of the Pope*, the monastic orders, and all the worn-out phantasmagoria of a religion which has no longer any right to exist. The Ministry tells us, in order to justify its policy of conciliation, that Rome is the capital of Christendom. Granted, and it is precisely for this reason that we should hasten to suppress the religious orders in Rome, till we can go further; *for there must be no longer a Christendom nor centre of Christianity, and it is our glory and our happiness to do away with this its last trace, which is a stain on the civilization of Europe.*"

The speaker was Benedetto Cairoli. Is not this the new Premier of the Piedmontese (or, as they falsely call it, *Italian*) Government? If not, he is his brother. The Cairoli brothers are all of the same political opinions—all Atheists; hearty haters of the Pope, because they know him to be the head of Christianity, and—to give the Devil his due—all of them men of singular courage and a bravery worthy a better cause. What chance will Leo XIII. have under a man who has come to Rome and holds the reins of its government for the purpose of destroying Christianity?

Pius IX. died in prison, conquered by a hostile army, stripped of all his power, and wholly at the mercy of his enemies. Was his mission on that account a failure? Was the Divine purpose for which he was raised up frustrated? By no means. His great duty of unmasking and condemning Liberalism has been performed. How far he has conquered it will be shown in years to come. His wise words, his noble endurance, his lofty example, cannot be lost, and must yet produce fruit. Gregory VII. died in exile; conquered in human eyes, but really the conqueror, as time showed. The contemporaries of great Pontiffs are not always able to see the glorious results with which events passing before their eyes are pregnant. Who in the days of Pius V. understood how fully he had crushed the naval power of the Turkish Empire, and rendered the religion and civilization forever safe against the danger of being buried under the darkness of Ottoman sway. It is only now that we can understand what an important part in the history of the world belongs to the battle of Lepanto, in whose waters the pride and power of the Mussulman invader was buried, never to rise again. In beholding the results, we are compelled more and more to admire the heroic Pontiff. He stood almost single-handed. The Catholic princes of Europe, distracted by petty jealousies, looked on with cold, cowardly indifference. France, like the Protestant states of Germany, was ready to join at any time with

the Turk, or at least to encourage him—to use him in order to humble and injure Austria. And it may be remarked, parenthetically, it would be well for those who are fond of tracing God's vengeance on France for the last ninety years to the sins of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., to look a little farther back, and remember the diabolical statecraft of Francis I. and subsequently of Richelieu.

So, too, coming generations will appreciate, better than we can, the work of Pius, and peoples yet unborn will praise and bless his name. As the good seed of word, deed, and example sown by the saints on earth grows apace, and with it their glory in heaven, so will the good seed, sown by the teachings, magnanimous deeds, and painful sufferings of Pius, grow with the ages, and add to his glory before angels and men. But God has been pleased to glorify His chosen High Priest even during his life and in his death. He gave him, as the Psalmist says, *longitudinem dierum*—a length of days unprecedented in the annals of the Church, a reign that exceeded that of all his predecessors, not excepting the twenty-five years of the first among them, St. Peter. He glorified him also in the sight of his enemies, by humbling them, by showing himself not only the protector of His servant, but also the avenger of his wrongs. The Divine words, *Nolite tangere Christos meos*, were not only a command, but a warning and threat; and those who in defiance of it dare lay hands on the Lord's anointed seldom live and die happily. Pius lived to see almost all his enemies disappear from the face of the earth. Some of them, like Cavour and Napoleon, died and “made no sign.” To human eyes they went unrepentant, with the brand of anathema yet hot upon their brow, before the awful Judgment-seat. Some few, like Victor Emanuel, La Marmora, and others, were happily for themselves conquered by the terrors of approaching death and judgment; and in their last hour they begged pardon of God and the Pontiff, whom they had so cruelly outraged. But some were made visible tokens to the world of God's vengeance. The direst enemy that Pius ever had—the lying emperor who on the same day sent one message to the Pope, assuring him of protection, and another to Cialdini ordering the massacre of Castel Fidardo—was not long after himself shamefully defeated, dethroned, and driven out to die in ignominious exile. The base Achitophel (Von Arnim), who conducted the negotiations between Pius and Bixio's invading host and betrayed his trust, was soon after disowned, persecuted, and cast out into perpetual banishment by his haughty master in Berlin. And Bixio—the truculent Bixio—who set out on his Roman expedition with the boastful menace that he would throw the cardinals into the Tiber, what was his fate? His bones were picked up by his travelling companions on a barbarous coast, and to this day it is

uncertain whether he was devoured by cannibals or by wild beasts. Nations, we are taught by Revelation, are punished for the sins of their rulers. And how have the nations fared, whose rulers helped to dethrone Pius IX.? Look at France. When Napoleon's horrible perfidy first became known to Pius, the shock was too great for him, and he actually shed tears. A French prelate, who witnessed the scene, exclaimed afterwards, in a tone of prophetic indignation, "As sure as there is a just God above us, those tears will yet be expiated by the life-blood of France." The Prussian war and its disastrous results; the Commune, which reigned and was overthrown yesterday, but may reappear to-morrow; the abject submission, since then, of McMahon and his cabinet to some of Bismarck's threatening mandates—all these have sufficiently verified the bishop's prophecy. Again, look at England, whose infamous Russells, Mintos and Palmerstons fostered disorder and revolution in the Roman States, and by their intrigues paved the way for Mazzini's reign of terror and anarchy. What is now her condition? Stripped of her power and prestige, and with all her bullying and bluster the laughing-stock of civilized nations—an object of pity and contempt, even to the Mussulman!

We have no space to speak as we should wish of the Pope's many virtues, that have endeared him to his children, and made his name venerable even to those who are outside the Church. But we cannot help calling attention to one in particular, his wonderful charity towards his worst enemies. In denouncing error, evil doctrine, the pestilential theories of the day which are dressed up so plausibly as to impose even on some of "the household of Faith," his language is stern, severe, and uncompromising. But while severe with error or wrong-doing, he was meek and gentle with the person of him whose teaching or action was wrong. Never, in private conversation, did he allow an angry word to escape him against those who had outraged him by falsehood, perjury, contumely, or even open violence. This surely exhibited him as the true servant and imitator of his Divine Master, "in whose mouth was found no guile; who, when He was reviled, reviled not; when He suffered, threatened not." (1 Pet. ii., 23.)

Our American Church is under many obligations to Pius IX. He was always her special Father and Benefactor. To him we owe all but one of our ten Archbishoprics, and at least three-fifths of our sixty odd Episcopal Sees and Vicariates. Our American college in Rome (with the possible or probable confiscation of which Ulysses S. Grant instructed Minister Marsh not to interfere) was also his munificent gift. And all amongst us, clergy or laity, who have had the honor of being admitted to his august presence, can testify to the tender, loving solicitude he always manifested for whatever

concerned the growth and welfare of the American Church. He also, as we all and even our Protestant fellow-citizens can bear witness, took a lively interest in the material prosperity and progress of the American people. And that interest was heartfelt and sincere, not the stereotyped, hollow, conventional language of modern diplomacy. We therefore owe him a special debt of gratitude, and ought to cherish and honor his memory with special affection.

We have lost Pius IX., but God has put in his place one whose name has already become a familiar word on the lips of Christendom. For what special purpose Leo XIII. has been raised up by Providence, we know not. Time alone will reveal it. In his portrait may be discerned a peculiar sweetness, tempered with an expression of sadness, which presages perhaps the suffering of the martyr, and the calm, meek spirit of resignation which is to accompany it. His name is of happy augury, for it indicates strength, the royal energy that conquers, the powerful voice that strikes terror into the beasts of the field. Besides, it recalls the memory of the many Leos who have been among the greatest Pontiffs of the Church. *Quid dulcius melle, et quid fortius leone?* as was said in the answer to Samson's riddle. May Leo's Pontificate unite the sweetness of honey with the strength of the lion! May he have sweet, persuasive words for his children, and even for his enemies, blended with inflexible rigor and indomitable strength in defending the rights of the Church, and condemning the errors that belong to the false impious civilization with which Satan is now making his last effort to delude mankind and overthrow Christianity!
