

SKETCHES OF THE REFORMATION.

No institution known among men had ever a more evil origin than the Anglican Church. It is almost unique in its unspeakable infamy. The closest scrutiny can discover in it not one redeeming feature. Savage pride, lust and cruelty on one hand, matchless turpitude and ignoble servility on the other; such are the foul sources of its being. The founders could not even plead the poor apology of fanaticism. They hardly so much as affected a religious motive. That plea was not urged till later, when their heirs found it necessary to justify their work. In the beginning of the so-called Anglican Reformation nobody pretended that the Church had erred in doctrine. The question did not arise. Henry put people to death for denying Catholic truths which Elizabeth put them to death for affirming. When Bacon, Cranmer's Chaplain, prematurely broached Protestant ideas, he was compelled to do public penance, and promptly retract his heresies. England was invited to accept a new lay pontiff, but that in Henry's judgment, was all the reformation she needed. She was free to believe what she always believed; the only new article in her creed being this that all "ecclesiastical jurisdiction" has its fount in "the royal power," and not in the Chair of Peter. Admit that said Henry, and his vice-regent Cromwell, and you may invoke the Saints, hear Mass, adore the Sacrament, and pray for the faithful departed. Woe to you if you refuse to do either! But the invisible allies of Henry knew that this was only a beginning. They looked on with content and waited for the end. It was not long in coming. One of the popular errors of our day is to speak of the Anglican Reformation, as if there had only been one. There were, in fact, several, each differing from the other, though all were potentially included in the first. For not only all the infinite varieties of doctrine within the Anglican Church, but all the swarming sects outside it, spring from the original denial of the supremacy of the Holy See. In that heresy every other is contained. It implies them all. It subverts the Church, denies God, puts Saints and Angels to flight, dries up the sources of grace, robs the Sacraments of their efficacy, kills unity, destroys authority, abolishes mission, and jurisdiction, makes strife incurable and division permanent, and substitutes for the light yoke and unerring guidance of "the blessed Peter, Prince of Apostles," the crushing tyranny of the godless State, or the senseless caprice of the individual conscience. Take away the Holy See, and God's Church is gone. The Church of Cain has taken its place.—London Tablet.

A SERMON OF FATHER BURKE'S.

THE reappearance of Father Tom Burke, the great Dominican, in the pulpit at Marlborough-street Cathedral on Sunday was not the least joyous feature of an occasion which, perhaps, is the most splendid in the annals of the Irish Church. The preacher, we are told, surpassed the sublimest efforts of his former career, and, stimulated by the august presence of a Cardinal who comes to Ireland straight from the centre of Catholicity, by the complimentary approval of the Cardinalatial head of the Irish Church, by the venerable Archbishop whose very name is a sermon, and by the evident sympathy of the congregation which sat at his feet, Father Burke sent forth a torrent of eloquence which bore unresistingly before it the hearts and minds and souls of his entranced auditory. On Thursday, in the new Church of the College of the Holy Cross, Clonliffe, the Archbishop of Cashel delivered a discourse which rivals the strength and beauty of his famous panegyric of Daniel O'Connell—a sermon which astonished the correspondents of the London dailies, and won the admiration of all. In a different style the popular Dominican sent forth his fervid soul in impassioned oratory on yesterday, and thus were furnished within a few days two discourses which shall live as long as the English language, and which prove that Irish eloquence is no lost heritage, but lives in Ireland's Church. The number of people present on on this great occasion is estimated at 8000, and so great were the crush and heat that several had to leave, and some fainted. Father Burke selected as his subject the seven dolours of the Blessed Virgin. He said that the present was an occasion of great joy when they had assembled to greet one of the greatest and highest personages in the Catholic Church. The Cardinal of Holy Church was come to them directly from the side and under the right hand of the Vicar of Christ, the holy, the immortal, and martyr Pope Pius IX. The occasion was joyful because of the consideration and esteem which it had revealed in the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff for Ireland and the Irish Church and people. Ireland had her type of the flight into Egypt when persecution and sorrow came down upon her, and year after year she beheld the best and highest and noblest of her sons go out and write her name in glory upon the pages of many a nation, and proclaim her greatness on many a well-fought field mostly in the cause of justice and of God. In the year 1684 the people of Dublin went out with streaming eyes and broken hearts to see an Archbishop of Cashel dragged through the streets of the city to be tortured in St. Stephen's Green with a fiendish ingenuity surpassing the Turkish atrocities which were horrifying Europe, and when her cathedrals and shrines were demolished, and a strange, a repulsive, a false, and a foreign worship was brought into her holy places, Ireland reached the summit of her Calvary. When God prepared these trials for his people he gave them as a safeguard his holy Church, with its head his Vicar on earth, and a centre, which was Rome; and in all their sufferings Ireland's people and Ireland's Church still turned to the seven immortal hills, and still remained constant to Rome. The Good Friday of our history was past, that gloomy Easter Saturday is gone, and the sun of our Easter has risen over the nation. The fervid genius of Ireland is now about to assert itself again throughout the whole world. The crown of our glory is coming back as the

well earned reward of a people who had known how to suffer with God and for God. Therefore they had come to pledge their returning glories to the envoy of Pius with the same welcome as their ancestors accorded to the envoy of Pope Celestine.—Ulster Examiner.

HELL GATE—GENERAL NEWTON'S TRIUMPH.

THE immense blast, without precedent in its vastness, by which about *three acres* of gneiss, one of the hardest kinds of rock, were shattered, was accomplished on Sunday, September 24th, at ten minutes before three o'clock. So far as known twenty-four hours after the blast, the success of the undertaking has been complete. It was accomplished, also, not only without any serious accident but without any damage whatever, even to the breaking of window glass, in the buildings nearest to Hallett's Point. It has been a great triumph of engineering, and John A. Newton, of the United States Engineers, and Brevet Major-General in the Regular Army, deserves all the ovations and bravos that the public has accorded him. General Newton, who has for seven years been engaged in this great work, has acquired, in a singular degree, both the affection and the respect of the large body of men that have been engaged under his command. He inspired them, also, with the confidence he expressed as to the success of the work; which the result seems fully to have justified. Among prudent men, who professed no professional fitness for forming an opinion, there was a prevailing apprehension that the vast work attempted would end either in failure or in sundry local disasters. General Newton's assurances to the contrary have been fully justified, and the honor and the gratitude of the public for his unceasing care of details, as well as for his correct professional judgment, are rightly lavished upon him. As an old and tried soldier, General Newton from first to last bore the air of quiet and assured confidence. But, as it was an affair without precedent as to magnitude, and, like all other things untried, might have unknown concomitants, we reckon he was, as he ought to have been, very deeply solicitous. As he knelt before the Altar at Mass, that morning, we feel sure that he commended the labor in which he had so long, and so conscientiously been engaged to Him without whose Providence neither the ordinary laws of nature, nor the most cunning designs and works of men, can come to a profitable result. A great many other prayers were offered before our Catholic Altars that morning for a prosperous ending of this great work. It was a beautiful and poetic act in General Newton, in place of himself touching the button that lit the flame, that he caused it to be touched by the finger of his infant daughter Mary, whose hand was guided to it by her mother. It was the suggestion of a great soul. It is the theme for a grand poem.—N.Y. Freeman.

AN IRISH MONASTERY.

A WRITER in the Cork 'Examiner' says some pleasant things about the great Cistercian Abbey of Mellerey which will be read with satisfaction not alone by the old students of Mount Mellerey in America, but by all our Catholic people to whom nothing Catholic is alien:—

I have just made a prolonged stay in Mount Mellerey Abbey, County Waterford. I went to the Abbey without much knowledge of monastic life, or without at all knowing the noble objects that the good fathers of Mellerey had in view. Perhaps a shade of prejudice may have dimmed my judgment in their regard. Belonging to a class of people—supposed to be essentially practical in their view of all things—I was a little inclined to think that monastic life was not much better than a pleasing and poetical speculation.

Experience soon convinced me that whatever is romantic or theoretical or enthusiastic or exaggerated is very alien to the habitual modes and practices of the occupants of Mellerey. A moment's view of the issue of their undertakings places this beyond all doubt. And now, briefly for the proof.

Father Lacordaire remarks that the most astonishing claim which Christ urged upon all mankind was the claim of their love. Hardly, he observes, does love exist without peril of decay amongst members of a single family; hardly even does wedded love retain through the lapse of years its original fervor; yet Christ commands the eternal, undivided love of each individual in all the families of the earth! Father Lacordaire proposed this to unbelievers as one proof of the truth of His mission. He calls attention to the fact that none of the heroes of the human race ever conceived this idea. An Assyrian monarch might insanely bid all men worship him, and a conqueror, going forth from a province of Greece, might force all men to fear him; but which of the world's rulers ever thought of commanding all men to love him?

Now turn to the humble occupants of Mellerey, and see them from two every morning in the year till eight o'clock every evening praying and laboring that blessings may be bestowed on mankind without exception of clime or creed. What is the motive that cheers them on through this ordeal? What sustains them and secures them a place which the world can neither give nor take away? Their love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. See them passing noiselessly to labor in the fields, or to sing the praises of God in their choir. Observe them at the various and incessant duties of the day, and you can perceive from their countenances that their souls are altogether absorbed in God and fed only by the waters of life which flow out from beneath His throne. What can have so transformed men and made them models of true charity, as described by the Apostle in the First Epistle to the Corinthians? Only the love of God could have done so. But their labor of love does not end here. The cry throughout the world now—the universal watchword—is "education!"

An ancient philosopher lays down in his politics three rules