

territorial sovereignty of the Holy See, which is an absolute necessity for the autonomy, for complete freedom and independence in the government of the Church. We have before, at three conventions, made this free and open declaration, and we shall not stop to declare it our *ceterum censeo* as long as the oppressions of the Holy See continue.

We declare that the Head of the Church has a divine right to independence in the exercise of his spiritual functions, and that this independence is impossible without temporal sovereignty. Divine Providence has ordained that Rome should be the centre of the Church upon earth.

With Leo XIII, we declare:—

"The claims which the Roman Bishop has upon Rome are so sacred and so imprescriptible that no earthly power, no political purpose, no lapse of time can destroy, or lessen or weaken them."

Not only the Popes, but all the bishops of Christendom demand the territorial sovereignty of the Holy See. Of these, almost 300 in number, who had assembled in Rome around the Pope, on the Feast of Pentecost, in 1862, declare:—

"We acknowledge, in fact, that the temporal dominion of the Holy See is a necessity, and was instituted by the evident will of Divine Providence; we declare, without hesitation, that in the present circumstances of worldly affairs this temporal sovereignty is absolutely necessary for the welfare of the Church and for the free guidance of souls. The Roman Pontiff, the head of the whole Church, should not be the subject nor the guest of a prince, but sitting upon his throne and the Lord of his dominion, he can acknowledge no law but his own, and thus, in the enjoyment of a noble, peaceable, and sweet freedom, can protect the Catholic Faith, and defend, guide, and govern the whole Catholic Commonwealth."

Even a Protestant writer, Guizot, says, with the greatest fairness—"The union of the temporal and the spiritual power in the Papacy did not arise from the systematic development either of an abstract principle or an ambitious object. Theory and ambitious motives may have been incidentally connected with it. But what, in spite of all opposition, really and truly brought forth and preserved the temporal power of the Popes, was necessity, a substantial, perpetual necessity. These worldly possessions and temporal power fell to the Papacy as a necessary support of his magnificent spiritual condition. The donations of Pepin and of Charlemagne were but landmarks in this development, which began, spiritual and secular altogether, at an early time, and was materially furthered by the willingness of the nations and the favour of kings. As temporal Lord the Pope has never made much ado, but he had in his temporal dominion an effective guarantee of his freedom of action, and of his moral power." (Thus Guizot).

Rome, with its splendid churches and edifices, belongs to the Pope; it belongs to the Catholics of the whole world, who, by their endeavours, endowments, gifts, and alms, have created that magnificence; there they flock as around a centre; there they have embodied their love and veneration for the representative of Christ on earth. There every stone, every edifice, reminds us of religion, of the blood of martyrs, of the eminent wisdom of the Popes, of the virtues of so many saints. The present condition of Rome, which places the Church, whose members spread over the whole earth, number nearly 250,000,000 souls, in a most unfavourable condition, can evidently not be lasting, and must be abated.

But they refer us to the law of guaranty, which in Title I., Article I., provides that "the person of the Pope is sacred and inviolable," and Article II. provides: "An attack upon the person of the Pope, and the inciting to such an attack, shall be punished in the same manner as an attack upon the person of the King, and the inciting to the same." Such, indeed, are the provisions of the law of guaranty, and yet the Holy Father is exposed to a thousand insults, all of which go unpunished. I but call to mind the terrible outrage committed in Rome last year upon the Feast of Pentecost. A monument is erected to an apostate monk, whose only merit consisted in his revolt against divine authority, who denied his faith, broke his vows, and filled the world with immoral and infidel writings. The law of guaranty is an absurdity. It solemnly guarantees something that does not exist; that is, the independence of the Pope, who is a prisoner in his own house, because he is prevented by well-grounded apprehensions of insult to appear in public.

We Catholics have confidence in God; the noblest attribute of confidence in constancy, and even after years of hope and expectation we still continue to hope, until by divine interposition our hopes shall be realised. Thus did the Church hope for 300 years in the first ages of Christianity, and her hopes were not in vain.

As Attila overran the West with his irresistible Huns, he was met at the gate of Rome by Leo the Great, and Attila turned back. What was there so terrible in the man in priestly raiment seated on a white palfrey? As history relates, Attila saw over St. Leo a higher power and a mysterious force oppressed the mighty man, in whose power it was to crush the kingdoms of the earth. The strength of Leo the Great has again manifested itself in Leo XIII. The Holy See has a mysterious power which impresses itself upon those who can have no idea of its origin. Is it not wonderful that the waves of revolution, after twenty years of storm, break at the gate of the Vatican? Is it not wonderful that the Holy Father, under so many adversities, troubles and sorrows, should still lead the Church of God with a firm hand? Is it not wonderful that the Holy Father, robbed of all his income, can still give free scope to his benevolent love, and although poor himself and living upon alms, he can yet with open hands bestow upon other poor the contributions of love from his children? Who does not perceive here the interposition of Divine Providence in favour of His representative upon earth.

Were it in the domain of possibility for the Church, and with her the Holy See, to perish, then she would have already perished a hundred times. Nothing can come to pass, either from man or from events, that she has not already withstood. The past is a guarantee for the future, that the Papal Chair will again become the seat of judgment to confound the Titans of human wisdom and earthly power.

Et portae inferi non praevalerunt!—and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her—is everlastingly true.

While the enemies of the Church and of human society are everywhere engaged in perfidious plans, Leo XIII. relies upon the one, true, and living God, who leads and directs the world according to His unfathomable designs. In reliance upon Divine Providence we await, with our Holy Father, coming events, and let us ever have our eyes upon the past, in order that the past may be our consolation for the present, and the harbinger of victory in the future.

In the meantime, let us raise our hearts and hands to Heaven and pray, *Ut inimicos sanctae ecclesiae humiliare digneris*—May you confound the enemies of the Church!

THE BANSHEE'S WARNING: A STORY OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641.

(By JAMES MURPHY, Author of "The Forge of Clohogue," "The Cross of Glencarrig, etc., etc.")

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

"Mother, I suppose you know—for you know everything—that Maurice O'Connor is in prison again?"

"Ay, an' I hope he'll remain there till he goes out o'vid the one way."

"You're very unkind, mother. He never did anything to you. He never harmed you or me."

"Didn't he? Didn't they all—"

"Hush, mother. I wonder at you! Listen to me, mother, 'an I'll tell you something you don't know. Maurice O'Connor is in prison on board a ship in the river, and there's one that you know'll break her heart if anything happens him—"

"Lady Helen," said the old woman, with a gleam of vindictiveness.

"No, not her—Miss Carrie Mordaunt. Now, mother, you're nice enough at times, an'—"

"Carrie Mordaunt!" cried the little woman, not a little put about apparently by this news. "That's just as bad. It's bad blood to bad blood joined. The black drop is in her veins, and the false one in his."

"Mother," said the weaver, angrily, "I can't understand this. Since I've come back I've never heard you say a good word or anyone. You spoke as if you hated the whole world and all that's in it. Why would you? The world is going very well wid you now."

"Ay, now. But I don't forget when they set their dogs after me, an' hunted me, as if I wor a wolf, through the woods and marshes. They called me witch, an' ud have burnt me at the crossroads. Why? Because I could 'em what I knew, an' couldn't help tellin' if me life depended upon it, as it did, that their rebellion would end in death and disgrace to them. I knew it. How did I know it? I couldn't tell any more than I can tell why I kem into the world or am stayin' in it, why I live, or walk, or think. I said it, and knew it—not knowin' why. But I saw straight, as I see you now, Roger Maguire and McMahon, an' the ould stock wan and all, hangin' on the gallows tree, or dead on the battle-field, or flyin' for their lives out o' the land, not knowin' where to lay their heads. An' I saw strange faces an' strange men comin' to live in their high towers an' to rule over their broad lands. All that I saw, an' more. Could I help tellin' it? No; I could 'em an' I warned 'em. What was my thanks? To be hunted for a witch; to be searched for wid blood-hounds high an' low, through forest an' swamp, tired, ragged, hungry, and weary—with no kind word from anyone—up in a tree one day, in a cave another, every day, every hour makin' me a dozen years ouldher—for av they caught me, it's in the blazin' fire piled up at the crossroads my last breath 'ud go out in screams!"

The old woman, out of breath from her hurried way of speaking, stopped.

"I never heard this afore," said the weaver—"I never heard any of this afore. You never told me."

"Because I couldn't bear to tell you. I kem to Dublin, sleepin' all day and crouching along the hedges at night. That was the way I travelled. An' there wasn't a wink I slept but I could see afore my eyes the red fire blazin' on the crossroads and a roaring form in it—me! and scarames risin' to the heavens such as never cross roads heard afore—mine! An' all because I could 'em what I knew an' what I saw. I didn't want the knowledge, ask for it, or seek for it; but it kem as my life kem, as my sight kem, an' I couldn't keep from tellin' 'em. That was my thanks. They're in for it, now, an'—"

"They'll win, mother; they'll win. Don't tell me else," said Maugan, not a little thunderstruck at what he heard.

"They'll lose. They'll die, all o' 'em, in the battle-field, on the gallows, or over the say—God knows how or where, if it makes any matter," said she, firmly.

"Well, mother, God spoke afore you!" said her son, reprovingly, "but all that's far ahead. What I'd be glad o' now, if you'd tell me what to do about Maurice O'Connor. I always guessed you knew things that other people didn't—an' dear knows," added he, with a sigh, "it's not a gift to be wished for, but if you can, mother, for the love of God tell me what I ought to do. Can you help me?"

But the old woman, if she knew how, did not answer; but, apparently, full of her own wrongs, gathered up her bent form and hobbled in a wrathful manner out of the room.

"Arrah!" muttered her son, shaking his head dolefully, "it's hard to get the going way on the ould. The troubles have turned her head. What's to be done, now? I must go down to the water and see the ship. Who knows what plan might kum into my head. Maurice O'Connor! Maurice O'Connor! I wor bated for you you never kem. An' tax 'twas the bad night, I'm afearin', for you both that the thunder drove you into the presence of Miss Mordaunt."

With which reflection, he extinguished the candle, climbed up the stairs, gained the street, let down the shutters again, padlocked them, and went his way.