The echo of the whōle sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each. ROSSETTI.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, one of the chiefs of what is known as the Pre-Raphaelite school of modern artists, has won distinction both as painter and as poet, although he used the pen much more effectively than the brush. He was born in London, of Italian parentage, in 1828. He was one of a family whose members all made their mark, either in the world of letters or in that of art. He died in April, 1882.

SECTION II.

I.

5. THE MARCH OF HUMANITY.

THE march of humanity is a grand drāmȧ; the parts are played by persons who pȧss by and disappear: man is very little; Gŏd alone is great. Nēither the actors who figured on the scene in the ăncient empires of the East, nor Alexăn̈der invading Asia and reducing numberless nations into servitude, nor the Romans subjugating[1] the world, nor the barbarians overthrowing the empire and breaking it in pieces, nor the Mussulmans rụling Asia and Africa and menacing[2] the independence of Europe, knew, or could know, that they also were the instruments in the great designs whereof we admire the execution.

2. I mean to show from this that when we have to do with Christian civilization, when we collect and analyze the facts which distinguish its march, it is not necessary or even ŏft*en* proper to suppose that the men who have contributed to it, in the most remarkable manner, understood, to the full extent, the results of their own ĕffŏrts. It is glōry enough for a man to be pointed out as the chosen instrument of Providence, without the necessity of attributing to him great ability or lŏfty ambition. It is enough to observe that a rāy of light has descended from heaven and illumined his brow; it is of little importance whether he foresaw that this ray, by reflection, was

[1] **Sŭb'ju gāt ing**, conquering. [2] **Mĕn'ac ing**, threatening.

destined to shed a brilliant light on future generations. Little men are commonly smaller than they think themselves, but great men are ŏft*en* greater than they imagine; if they do not know all their grandeur, it is because they are ignorant that they are the instruments of the high designs of Providence.

3. Another observation, which we ought always to have present in the study of these great events, is that we ought not to expect to find there a system of which the connection and harmony are appȧrent at the first *coup-d'œil.*[1] We must expect to see some irregularities and objects of an unpleasant aspect; it is necessary to guard against the childish impatience of anticipating the time; it is indispensable[2] to abandon that desire which we always have, in a greater or less degree, and which always urges us to seek every thing in conformity with our own ideas, and to see every thing advance in the way most pleasing to us.

4. Do you not see nature herself, so varied, so rich, so grand, lavish her trĕasures in disorder, hide her inestimable[3] precious stones and her most valuable veins of metal in masses of earth? See how she presents huge chains of mountains, inaccessible rocks, and fearful precipices, in contrast with her wide and smiling plains. Do you not observe this apparent disorder, this prodigality, in the midst of which numberless agents work, in secret concert, to produce the admirable whōle which enchants our eyes and ravishes the lover of nature? So with society; the facts are dispersed, scattered here and there, frequently ŏffering no appearance of order or concert; events succeed each other, without the design being discovered; men unite, separate, co-operate, and contend; and nevertheless time, that indispensable agent in the production of great works, goes on, and all is accomplished according to the destinies marked out in the secrets of the Eternal.

5. This is the march of humanity; this is the rụle for the phĭlosŏphic[4] study of history; this is the way to comprehend the influence of those productive ideas, of those powerful institutions, which from time to time appear among men to change

[1] **Coup d'œil** (kọ̄-dāl'), slight view; glance of the eye.
[2] **In dis pĕn'sa ble**, necessary.
[3] **In ĕs'ti ma ble**, too valuable to be easily mĕasured or appreciated.
[4] **Phĭl o sŏph'ic**, according to the principles of philosophy; răti*o*nal; călm; wise.

the face of the earth. When, in a study of this kind, we discover acting at the bottom of things a productive idea, a powerful institution, the mind, far from being frightened at meeting with some irregularities, is inspired, on the contrary, with fresh coŭrage; for it is a sure sign that the ide'ā is full of truth, that the institution is instinct' with life, when we see them pass through the chaos of ages, and come safe out of the frightful ordeals.[1]

6. Of what importance is it that certain men were not influenced by the idea, that they did not answer the object of the institution, if the latter has survived its revolutions, and the former has not been swallowed up in the stormy sea of the passions? To mention the weaknesses, the miseries, the faults, the crimes of men, is to make the most eloquent apology for the idea and the institution. In viewing mankind in this way, we do not take them out of their proper places, and we do not require from them more than is reasonable. We see them enclosed in the deep bed of the great tŏrrent of events, and we do not attribute to their intellects, or to their wills, any thing which exceeds the sphere appointed for them: we do not on that account fail to appreciate[2] in a proper manner the nature and the greatness of the works in which they take part; but we avoid giving to them an exăggerated[3] importance, by honoring them with eulogiums[4] which they do not deserve, or reproaching them unjustly.

7. Observe that I do not ăsk from the philŏsŏphical historian an impassive indifference to good and evil, to justice and injustice; I do not claim indulgence for vice, nor would I refuse to virtue its eulogy. I have no sympathy with that school of historic fatalism which would bring back to the world the destiny of the ăncients; a school which, if it acquired influence, would corrupt the best part of history and stifle the most generous emotions. I see in the march of society a plan, a harmony, but not a blind necessity. I do not believe that events are mingled up together indiscriminately in the dark ûrn of

[1] **Or'de al,** severe trial.
[2] **Appreciate** (ap prē'shĭ āt), to rate things at their true value.
[3] **Ex ăg'ger āt ed,** greater than truth or justice would warrant.
[4] **Eū lō'ġi um,** a set or studied speech or writing in praise of the character or services of a person.

destiny, nor that fatalism holds the world enclosed in an iron circle. But I see a wonderful chain extending through the cōurse of centuries, a chain which does not fetter the movements of individuals or of nations, and which accommodates itself to the ebb and flow which is required by the nature of things: at its touch great thoughts arise in the minds of men. This golden chain is suspended by the hand of the Eternal; it is the work of infinite intelligence and ineffable love. BALMEZ.

JAMES BALMEZ was born at Vich, in Catalonia, Spain, August 28, 1810, and died in his native city, July 9, 1848. Called to the priesthood at an early age, he devoted himself with extreme ardor and most brilliant success to the philosophical and theological studies necessary for that career. He entered the field of literature in 1840, by the publication of an essay on "Clerical Celibacy," and in the same year undertook the preparation of that great work on "European Civilization" which has established his reputation as one of the most profound and solid thinkers of the century. He is also the author of a much esteemed work on Logic and of an Elementary Course of Philosophy.

II.

6. SAINT GREGORY THE GREAT.

PART FIRST.

WE can always find a *vettura*[1] in the *Piazza Santi Apostoli;*[2] and with this assurance we turn our faces toward the beautiful square, on which stands the bąsilica[3] founded by Constantine, and which cherishes the relics of the holy apostles, SS. Philip and James. The *vettura* secured, let us take the "Way of Triumph"[4] to San Gregorio on the Cœlian Hill; for it is the 12th of March, St. Grĕgory's own feast.

2. Skirting the vĕry edge of the newly excavated Forum, passing through the Arch of Titus, with its noted sculptures, among which the "Seven-branched Candlestick" always cătches the eye, and having the ruined palaces of the Cæsars continuously on our right, we soon stand face to face with the Colosse'um. Our driver pauses here from habit; for who would pass this venerable rųin, even once, without a tribute of respect?

[1] **Vettura** (vet tų'rà), an Italian four-wheeled carriage.
[2] **Piazza** (pe ăt'zà) **Santi Apostoli,** Square of the Holy Apostles, on which stands the church of that name.
[3] **Ba sĭl'i ca,** in ancient times the imperial palace; in modern times the principal churches in Rome are called basilicas.
[4] **Way of Triumph,** the road by which the Roman conquerors entered Rome.

Thence, turning sharply to the right, we enter, through the Arch of Cŏnstantīne, the shaded avenue which leads dīrĕctly to San Gregorio. On our left wave the umbrageous groves which still mark the precincts of the sacred wood of the Camenæ, while on our right the hill is crowned by picturesque convents with their stately pälms. We have only time to take in at a glance these varied surroundings, when the ancient church of St. Gregory the Great, on the Cœlian Hill, seems to meet us in the way.

3. The natural elevation remains the same as when the place was known, in the sixth century, as the palace of the senator Gordianus and his wife Silvia. A triangular plot of green sward, set with pink daisies, gives an open space before the church and its three adjacent chapels, which range themselves, with their gardens, on the arc of a circle above. As we climb the long flight of worn, irregular steps, we are glad to take breath; then, turning, we find before us one of the most impressive views of the palaces of the Cæsars.

4. An apparently interminable length of ruins stretches before the eye, in a way to give us a full sense of their utter desolation; for of all the Cæsars who revelled in these palaces, or from them ruled the world, not one has left a trace of his individual self on an arch or an apartment. We can not tell to which of all who gloried in the title of Cæsar belŏnged one of these desolated rooms. While, turning the eye to the right, close by the Cumæan groves, the picturesque apse [1] of SS. John and Paul, martyrs under Julian the Apostate,[2] with its lines of closed arcades, its tall campanile [3] in brick, its flying buttresses throwing arches and shadows across the street leading over the

[1] **Apse,** the arched end of a church, in which the high altar stands.

[2] **Julian the Apostate,** the nephew of Constantine, the first Christian emperor of Rome, was born in Constantinople, Nov. 17, 331, and died in Persia, June 26, 363. He was carefully educated in the Christian faith, but, on ascending the throne in 361, abandoned it, and subjected his Christian subjects to an insidious persecution, debarring them from all civil and military offices, closing their schools, and compelling them to contribute to the rebuilding of pagan temples. All his edicts against the Christians were revoked by his successor.

[3] **Campanile** (kăm pa nē′lâ), bell-tower; in Italy this is on one side of the church, generally separated from it.

Cœlian Hill, preserves, for the consolation of the pilgrim of to-day, the very spot on which two members of the imperial household shed their blood for Christ.

5. "Is there not something grand in standing on this spot, more than on any other in Rome, when we think of the Cæsars? For Saint Gregory was the grandest Roman of them all," said a voice at our side. "And who is this Gregory?" may exclaim, in his turn, many a one who has made classical history his ōnly preparation for a visit to Rome; while the voice at our side cries merrily: "We must have something in our memories besides our classics to take us through Rome intelligently. Somebody has lived here besides the Cæsars and Mark Antonies and Brutuses. Plutarch's Lives and Gibbon's Decline and Fall must be reinforced by the Lives of the Saints, and the Mŏnks of the West, and a lesson or two from the Breviary!" [1]

6. Taking the question of our classical tourist for a text, let us find out who this Gregory was, and why he was called Great, even in a line of Pontiffs which challenges the world's rulers to produce their like, and among whose two hundred and fifty-nine members only one other, Pope Leo I., has received, at the same time as that of Saint, the surname of *Great.*

7. The year 540 saw the birth of the only son of the senator Gordianus and his wife Silvia. Both claimed a descent from the most illustrious families of Rome; illustrious by reason of their virtues as well as of their nobility and opulence. Yet no sōoner had their lives been crowned by this hope of perpetuating their name in the future, than Gordianus consecrated himself unreservedly to Gŏd. Silvia received a similar inspiration, and retiring from the palace, lived with her son in a small house near it, and opposite the church of SS. John and Paul. Here she instructed the little Gregory in the best way to serve God, and noŭrished in his soul the precious seeds of dĭvīne grace. No sooner was he sent to school than he was the admiration of Rome for his quickness in learning, the brilliancy of his wit, and the charms of his elocution. His talents seemed to mark him out for the service of the State. He lived in his own pal-

[1] **Brē′vi a ry,** a book containing the Office read every day by priests, in which there are brief histories of the saints.

ace on the Cœlian Hill, in all the magnificence usual for one of his rank, and was named by the reigning emperor, Justin II., prætor, or first magistrate of Rome.

8. In this position Gregory filled the eye of the Roman people, so exacting in regard to majesty of presence in their prætors, as well as virtue. He appeared always before the people in the robes of his ŏffice: rich silks, embroidered with gold and adorned with precious stones; and everywhere he was received with joyful respect. But on the death of his father, a change came over the spirit of Gregory. In the midst of his prosperity he had practised a rigid virtue, and it had been his delight to converse with men consecrated to God. But now an interior voice called him to follow them from the world. The force of secular habits, the magnificence and even applause of his admiring fellow-citizens, however, were strong with Gregory; and it was ōnly after repeated inspirations to a higher life that he believed himself seriously called to it.

9. At last, however, his intimate relations with the monks of Monte Cassïno,[1] the disciples and successors of Saint Benedict, and still more a divine enlightenment of his mind in regard to spiritual things, enabled him to break all his ties to the world. Fully in earnest, he immediately endowed six monasteries in Sicily, and established the seventh under the patronage of Saint Andrew in his own city of Rome, and in his own palace on the Cœlian Hill. His palace transformed into a monastery and hospital for the poor, he took the habit of a Benedictine and put himself under the strict rule of his order. Once a monk, he determined to be the model of monks, as he had been of magistrates, applying himself to the perfect fulfilment of the rule and the special study of the Sacred Scriptures. He ate nŏthing but vegetables soaked in water, which his mother, who had become a religious since her widowhood, sent to him every day in the silver porringer he had used as a child.

10. And the Romans—if their eyes had followed him with delight when he appeared among them in all the magnificence of a Roman prætor, how much more now in the black habit and cowl of a Benedictine monk! For this people, apparently so

[1] **Monte Cassino**, a mountain lying half way between Rome and Naples, on which stands the monastery founded by St. Benedict in 529.

devoted to outward grandeur, have a singular capacity for understanding the grandeur of voluntary poverty. And as for Gregory, no young novice ever yielded himself more completely to the charm of a true vocation. To follow the routïne of prayer and study was a heaven upon earth to this devoted son of Saint Benedict; and it was with a cry of anguish that he hĕard himself called upon by Pope Benedict I., in 577, to perform the same duties of cardinal-deacon which his father had executed before him.

11. To this period, however, we can date some of the most interesting details of his life. As cardinal-deacon to the poor of Rome, he received at the door of his monastery one day a shipwrecked sailor, who begged piteously for älms; so piteously, that when the usual coin did not satisfy him, Gregory gave him another. Two days after, the importunate sailor returned, and was more importunate than before. Gregory had no lŏnger the patrimony of a patrician to draw from. That had been given to the poor when he took his Benedictine habit. Having no more money at hand, Gregory bethought himself of the silver porringer, sole memento of his former opulence, of his mother's love, of his peaceful days with her as a child, still bearing the marks of his childish use, and laid it unhesitatingly into the hands of the beggar; and then in truth Gregory the monk belonged whōlly to God and to His poor.

12. One day Gregory's course led him through the slave-market, where three beautiful youths, of most fair complexion, golden hair, and eyes as blue as the Italian sky above them, attracted his attention. "Of what nation are they?" he inquired. "Angles," was the reply. "Say rather Angels," he exclaimed, with all his natural enthusiasm. Then, with a touch of heavenly sorrow on his face, he sighed "that they who had such cŏmely faces should have souls devoid of interior joy." And so it proved that the sorrow of Gregory was to be the joy of the Angles, or the English; for instead of saying, as many would have done, "What angels of children!" only to go their way and forget the needs of their souls, Gregory never again forgot that far-off Island of Britain from which they came. His soul was consumed with a desire for their salvation, and he finally persuaded Pope Benedict to allow him to take a com-

pany of monks and go to England (ĭng'gland), where so beautiful a race were serving idols instead of the true God.

13. The whōle of this had been done quickly, on the inspiration of the moment, with the Pope. But no sooner were the Romans aware that Gregory had left the city for this distant mission, than they ran in a body to the Pope, saying, "You have offended Saint Peter; you have ruined Rome in allowing Gregory to leave us." Pope Benedict, ōnly too well pleased to yield to the popular voice, sent messengers after Gregory, who overtook him in three days, and conducted him back to his monastery. His disappointment was great, but his purpose remained unshaken.

14. His monastic peace suffered still more when, in 578, Pope Pelagius II. sent him as nuncio to the Emperor Tiberius in Constantinople. During this involuntary absence, which lasted six years, he was accompanied by many monks of his own community, reading and studying with them, and following, as closely as possible, the observance of the Rule: "Thereby," as he writes, "to attach myself by the anchor's cable to the shōre of prayer, while my soul is tŏssed on the waves of human affairs."

15. While Gregory was in Constantinople, the patriarch, Eutychius, who had suffered for the faith under Justinian, fell into an error concerning the resurrection of the body, and this error appeared in a book which he put forth. Gregory, alarmed, held several conferences with the patriarch ; and as this prelate was very humble, he was no sooner convinced of his mistake than he was ready to retract it. Soon after this he fell sick, and was honored by a visit from the emperor. Not willing to lose this opportunity to correct his error, he pinched up the skin on his shrivelled hand, saying, "I believe that we shall rise in this very flesh."

III.

7. SAINT GREGORY THE GREAT.

PART SECOND.

RETURNING to Saint Andrew's and the routine of monastic life, Gregory was immediately elected abbot, and his loving care for the souls of his brethren was like that of another Benedict of Montę Cassīno. He shared all their crŏsses, their trials, and assisted at the holy death of those who were called to their etĕrnal reward. But this fraternal affection for his brothers in religion did not prevent his exacting the strictest obedience to their holy Rule.[1] A monk, who was also a skillful physician, was found, at his death, to have secreted three gold pieces, thus breaking the rule which forbids private property. Gregory ordered the three pieces of gold to be thrown upon the corpse, which was then buried without one mark of respect. This act of justice performed, all the masses for thirty days were said for the unhappy monk.

2. In 590, an overflow of the Tiber was followed by a pestilence, of which Pope Pelagius died. Gregory was immediately declared Pope by the senate, the people, and the clergy. Terrified at the thought of such a responsibility, Gregory protested, and wrote to the Emperor Maurice, beseeching him not to confirm the election. His letter was intercepted, and in its place one was sent from the Romans themselves.

3. While all this was pending, the pestilence ravaged Rome. Then it was that the great soul of Gregory rose up for the protection of his native city. From his monastery on the Cœlian Hill, Gregory organized that procession on three successive days in which appeared, for the first time, all the abbots of the monasteries with their monks, and all the abbesses with their nuns. On the last day, when these communities were slowly defiling before the tomb of Hadrian, singing litanies and psalms, Gregory saw on the summit of the tomb an archangel, who was sheathing his sword, like a warrior returning from the slaughter. From that moment the plague ceased. A representation of this angel in bronze, placed upon the spot, has given to the mausole'um its present name, *Castel Sant'Angelo.*

4. Meantime the emperor's confirmation of the election sped on its way. Gregory no sooner heard this than he fled from Rome to one of the caves to be found everywhere among the surrounding mountaĭns. He was finally discovered by a pillar of light over the cave. Seeing it to be the manifest will of God, Gregory no longer resisted the election ; but to the end

[1] **Rule,** the regulations and customs by which a religious community orders the daily life of its members.