

And he looked up like a tired child
 Into a Mother's face.
 "O Star of Hope!" he whispers low,
 "Turn here those loving eyes,
 Whose hue is like the gentle blue
 That glows in Southern skies.

10. Say, what mōre can I give? My blood
 And the fall of countless tears
 Have flowed in ceaseless tōrrents
 O'er these sins of by-gōne years.
 Yēt still these demons häunt my päth,
 And claim me for their own;
 With bitter gibe and jest they mock
 Each deep repentant moan.
 They mind me of the written bond
 Which signed my soul away;
 Oh! would that at thy blessed feet
 The bloody paper lay!
 Sweet Mother! let the cause be thine,
 Then surely were it won;
 And let one ray of comfort gleām
 On the soul of thy guilty son!"

11. With childlike sobs Egidius lay
 Upon the marble ground;
 His heart was full of voiceless prayer,
 When there came an awful sound;
 'Twas the cry of baffled malice,
 And it rang through the vaulted aisles,
 And the hideous echo seemed to rock
 The convent's massive piles.
 "There, take thy cursèd bond," it cried,
 "Which never had I given,
 Hadst thou not won her mighty aid
 Whom thou callest Queen of Heaven."

12. He saw it falling through the air,
 He knew the ruddy token—

Once more he grasped it in his hand,
 And the chains of his life were broken.
 He looked—a dusky demon form
 Fled howling from the light;
 He raised his eyes to his Mother's face,
 But the big tears dimmed his sight!
 Yet through their veiling mist he gazed,
 And the dull cold marble smiled,
 And an aureole of glory played
 Round the brow of the Royal Child.
 The light was piercing to his heart;
 But who may his rapture paint?
 That hour broke the bonds of hell
 And gave the Church a saint.

The Author of "Christian Schools and Scholars."

SECTION XII.

I.

47. ATHENIAN PUBLIC SPIRIT.

THE Athenian people were never known to live contented in a slavish, though secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No; our whole history is a series of gallant contests for pre-eminence; the whole period of our national existence has been spent in braving dangers for the sake of glōry and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, as characteristic of the Athenian spirit, that those of your ancestors who were most eminent for it are ever the most favorite objects of your praise. And justly; for who can think without amazement on the virtue of those men who resigned their possessions, turned their backs upon their city, and embarked in their ships rather than live the vassals of a stranger; choosing Themistoclēḡ, the adviser of the mēasure, for their commander; stoning to death Cyr'sillus, for recommending submission to tyranny; and not himself only, but your wives stoning his wife?

2. Athenians of that day went in quest of no orator, no leader through whom they might enjoy a state of prosperous slavery: they chose to reject even life itself unless they might enjoy that life in freedom. Each man of them believed that he was born, not to his parents only, but to his country. What then? He who regards himself as born only to his parents waits in passive resignation the hour of his natural dissolution; but he who feels that he is the child of his country also, will rather die than behold his land enslaved, and will account the insults and the disgrace that await the citizens of a conquered state more terrible than death itself.

3. Should I attempt to assert that it was I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No; it is my point to show that such sentiments are properly your own; that they were the sentiments of my country long before my days. I claim but my share of merit in having acted on such principles in every part of my administration. He, then, who condemns every part of my administration—he who directs you to treat me with severity, as one who has involved the country in alarms and perils—while he labors to deprive me of present honor, robs you of the applause of all posterity. For if you now condemn Ctesiphon on the ground that my public conduct has been wrong, you condemn yourselves also as wrong-doers, not merely as the victims of the caprice of fortune.

4. But that can not be! No, my countrymen, it can not be that you have done ill in rushing bravely upon danger in order to secure the liberty and safety of all Greece! No! I swear it by the spirits of our sires who rushed upon destruction at Marathon! by those who stood arrayed at Plataea! by those who fought the sea-fight at Salamis! by the men of Artemis'ium! by the others, so many and so brave, who now rest in the sepulchres of the nation!—all of whom their country judged worthy of the same honor; all, I say, Æschines; not those only who prevailed, not those alone who were victorious. And with reason. Each of them had performed the part of gallant men. Their success was such as the Supreme Ruler of the world dispensed to each.

DEMOSTHENES.

II.

48. PERORATION¹ OF ORATION ON THE CROWN.²

TWO qualities, men of Ath'ens, every citizen of ordinary virtue should possess (I shall be able in general terms to speak of myself in the least invidious³ manner): he should both maintain in office the purpose of a firm mind and the course suited to his country's pre-eminence, and display on all occasions and in all his actions the spirit of patriotism. This we can do in virtue of our nature; victory and might are under the dominion of another power. These dispositions you will find to have been absolutely inherent in me. For observe: neither when my head was demanded, nor when they dragged me before the Amphictyons,⁴ nor when they threatened, nor when they promised, nor when they let loose on me these wretches like wild beasts, did I abate in any particular my affection for you.

2. This straightforward and honest path of policy from the very first I chose; the honor, the power, the glory of my country to promote—these to augment—in these to have my being. Never was I seen going about the streets elated and exulting when the enemy was victorious, stretching out my hand, and congratulating such as I thought would tell it elsewhere, but hearing with alarm any success of our own armies, moaning and bent to the earth, like these impious men who rail at this country as if they could do so without stigmatizing themselves; and who, turning their eyes abroad, and seeing the prosperity

¹ *Pēr' o rā' tion*, the concluding part of an oration.

² *Oration on the Crown*. This oration, which has been called the finest specimen of oratorical power ever delivered, was uttered by Demosthenes ostensibly in the defence of Ctesiphon, but really in his own. After the battle of Chæronea, Demosthenes having successfully acquitted himself of the commission assigned him by the Athenians, to repair their damaged walls and for-

tifications, a golden crown was decreed him by the city at the request of Ctesiphon, an influential citizen. Æschines, a rival orator, attacked the decree as contrary to law, and the case was publicly argued, Demosthenes gaining his cause and Æschines being doomed to exile.

³ *In vid' i ous*, likely to provoke envy or ill-will.

⁴ *Am phic' ty ons*, an assembly or council of deputies from the different states of Greece.

of the enemy in the calamities of Greece, rejoice in them, and maintain that we should labor to make them last forever.

3. Let not, O gracious God! let not such conduct receive any manner of sanction from Thee! Plant rather, even in these men, a better spirit and better feelings! But if they be wholly incurable, then pursue them, yea, themselves by themselves, to utter and untimely perdition by land and sea, and to us who are spared, vouchsafe to grant the speediest rescue from our alarms, and an unshaken security!

DEMOSTHENES.

DEMOSTHENES, the greatest of Grecian orators, was born in Pæania, near Athens, probably in 385 B.C.; died in 322.

III.

49. CATILINE DENOUNCED.

HOW far, O Catiline!¹ wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembly of the senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed?—that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge here in the senate?—that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted?

2. Alas, the times! Alas, the public morals! The senate understands all this. The consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council—takes part in our deliberations—and, with his measuring eye, marks

¹ **Sergius Catiline**, a Roman senator, who, in the year B.C. 63, plotted the slaughter of the senate, the firing of Rome, and the overthrow of the republic. His enmity was particularly directed against Cicero, his successful rival in the struggle for the consulship. Even after his intrigues had been discovered, and all Rome placed under guard, Catiline had still the boldness to take his place in the senate, where Cicero addressed him in the speech from which this lesson is an extract. Catiline afterward fell in battle against his countrymen.

out each man of us for slaughter! And we all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the state if we but *shun* this madman's sword and fury!

3. Long since, O Catiline! ought the consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others! There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless, because forbearing. We have a decree—though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard—a decree by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it rather done too late, than any man too cruelly.

4. But for good reasons I will yet defer the blow long since deserved. Then will I doom thee, when no man is found so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt. While there is one man that dares defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the republic without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy variest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream.

5. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason—the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noonday, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire as thou wilt; there is nothing thou canst contrive, nothing thou canst propose, nothing thou canst attempt, which I shall not know, hear, and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the state than thou in plotting its destruction.

CICERO.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, a Roman orator, statesman, philosopher, and poet, was born at Arpinum, Jan. 3, 106, B.C., of an equestrian or knightly family, and was assassinated near Formiæ, Dec. 7, 43, B.C.

IV.

50. CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

MY LORDS:—In presenting myself to your lordships as the advocate of the measure now proposed to your consideration, I am only indulging in the pleasing task of discharging a debt of gratitude which has long weighed heavily upon me, for, independently of the indisputable policy of uniting all classes of his Majesty's subjects in a common participation of the blessings of the constitution, and for other reasons which I leave to be argued by other noble lords, I owe too much, as an individual, to the Catholics of this empire, and to those of several foreign states, not to avail myself with eagerness of every opportunity of advocating these claims, as a measure of justice to the one, and as a grateful return of liberality to the other.

2. It is already well known to your lordships that of the troops which our gracious sovereign did me the honor to entrust to my command at various periods during the war—a war undertaken expressly for the purpose of securing the happy institutions and independence of the country—that at least one-half were Roman Catholics. My lords, when I call your recollections to this fact, I am sure all further eulogy is unnecessary. Your lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what difficult circumstances they maintained the empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people; how they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe; and how, by unprecedented efforts, they at length placed us not only far above danger, but at an elevation of prosperity for which we had hardly dared to hope. These, my lords, are sacred and imperative titles to a nation's gratitude.

3. My lords, it is become quite needless for me to assure you that I have invariably found my Roman Catholic soldiers as patient under privations, as eager for the combat, and as brave and determined in the field as any other portion of his Majesty's troops; and, in point of loyalty and devotion to their king and country, I am quite certain they have never been surpassed. I claim no merit in admitting that others might have guided the storm of battle as skilfully as myself. We have only to

recur to the annals of our military achievements to be convinced that few indeed of our commanders have not known how to direct the unconquerable spirit of their troops, and to shed fresh glories round the British name. But, my lords, while we are free to acknowledge this, we must also confess that without Catholic blood and Catholic valor, no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents in Europe might have been exerted in vain at the head of an army.

4. My lords, if, on the eve of any of those hard-fought days on which I had the honor to command them, I had thus addressed my Roman Catholic troops: "You well know that your country either so suspects your loyalty, or so dislikes your religion, that she has not yet thought proper to admit you among the ranks of her citizens; if on that account you deem it an act of injustice on her part to require you to shed your blood in her defence, you are at liberty to withdraw;"—I am quite sure, my lords, that, however bitter the recollections which it awakened, they would have spurned the alternative¹ with indignation, for the hour of danger and glory is the hour in which the gallant, the generous-hearted Irishman best knows his duty, and is most determined to perform it.

5. But if, my lords, it had been otherwise; if they had chosen to desert the cause in which they were embarked, though the remainder of the troops would undoubtedly have maintained the honor of the British arms, yet, as I have just said, no efforts of theirs could have crowned us with victory. Yes, my lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud pre-eminence in our military career, and that I, personally, am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow—for the honors which you have so bountifully lavished on me, and for the fair fame (I prize it above all other rewards) which my country, in its generous kindness, has bestowed upon me. I can not but feel, my lords, that you yourselves have been chiefly instrumental in placing this heavy debt of gratitude upon me, greater, perhaps, than has ever fallen to the lot of any individual; and however flat-

¹ *Al ter'na tive*, a choice between two things, one of which may be taken, and the other left.

tering the circumstance, it *often* places me in a very painful situation.

6. Whenever I meet (and it is almost an every-day occurrence) with any of those brave men who, in common with others, are the object of this bill, and who have so often borne me on the tide of victory; when I see them still branded with the imputation of a divided allegiance,¹ still degraded beneath the lowest *ménial*, and still proclaimed unfit to enter within the pale of the constitution, I feel almost ashamed of the honors which have been lavished upon me. I feel that, though the merit was theirs, what was so freely given to me was unjustly denied to them; that I had *réaped*, though they had sown; that they had *börne* the heat and burden of the day, but that the wages and repose were mine alone.

7. My lords, it is indeed to me a subject of deep regret, that of the many brave officers of the Roman Catholic persuasion, some of whom I have had occasion to bring to the notice of the country, in relating the honorable services they have performed, not one has risen to any eminence in his profession. It is not to be supposed that *either* talent or merit is the exclusive privilege of Protestantism. Attached as I am to the Reformed Church, I can not give her that monopoly. No man, my lords, has had more experience to the contrary than myself. Entrusted with the command of two Catholic armies,² I soon found that, with similar advantages, they were quite equal to our own. The same hatred of tyranny, the same love of liberty, the same unconquerable spirit, pervaded both the soldier and the peasant of those two Catholic states. I even found amongst them Irishmen whom the intolerance of our laws had driven to shed the lustre of their talents over a foreign clime.

8. It now becomes me, my lords, to speak of the liberality which I experienced at their hands. Notwithstanding that I dissented from the religion of the state, it was never made a preliminary that I should abjure my own creed and conform to another; and why should I demand this sacrifice from those

¹ *Al lè' giance*, the obligation which binds a subject to his prince or government. ² *Two Catholic armies*, those of Spain and Portugal.

who are now only petitioning your lordships for similar opportunities of serving my country? My known denial of Catholic doctrines presented not the smallest obstacle to my advancement; *nèither* my merit nor my capacity were weighed in the scale of speculative belief in religious *ténets*; it was my country, and not my faith, that was my title to approval. I was an accredited delegate from the British empire, and that was sufficient.

9. I was entrusted with the supreme command of all their forces; I was admitted to their councils; I was called upon for my opinion in the senate; and for the services which I was fortunately enabled to render them, nothing could exceed the prodigality of the reward. The highest honors, the most munificent donations, and, perhaps, the most splendid presents that ever were bestowed upon a subject, were all showered down upon me with the most generous profusion. Every succeeding service was met with a fresh eagerness of reward; and in countries *supereminently*¹ Catholic, I was loaded with benefits only equalled by those bestowed upon me by our own Protestant legislature. Indeed, there was not a Catholic state in Europe which was not emulous to overpower me with honorable distinctions, and to place me under an imperative obligation to it.

10. I feel it, therefore, my lords, to be an act of the purest justice on the one side, and of only reciprocal liberality on the other, to lend my most fervent and cordial support to the measure now before you—to open to my Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen the same road to preferment along which I have been so generously borne, and to display to continental Europe our determination to follow the example she has set us, by putting an end to the reign of bigotry and exclusion forever. My lords, it is a great additional gratification to me to advocate these principles in conjunction with a distinguished member of my family, so lately at the head of the government of his native country—a country ever dear to me from the recollections of my infancy, the memory of her wrongs, and the bravery of her people. I glory, my lords, in the name of Ire-

¹ *Sū'per èm'i nent ly*, in a superior degree of excellence.

land; and it is the highest pleasure I can ambition¹ to be thus united with the rest of my kindred in the grateful task of closing the wounds which seven centuries of misgovernment have inflicted upon that unfortunate land.

WELLESLEY.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, Duke of Wellington, was born at Dangan Castle, County Meath, Ireland, on or shortly before May 1, 1769, and died at Walmer Castle, near Deal, England, Sept. 4, 1852. At the head of the combined forces of England, the Netherlands, and Germany, he defeated Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815. From 1828 to 1830 he was the English prime minister, during which period he made the speech from which this lesson is an extract.

V.

51. FUNERAL DISCOURSE ON CONDE.

COME, then, inhabitants of the earth! Come, rather should I say, come, princes and lords! You who rule the earth, and you who open to man the gates of heaven; and you, more than all the rest, princes and princesses, noble scions of so many kings—lights of France—but to-day obscured and covered with sorrow, as with a cloud.

2. Come and see the little that remains to us of so august a birth, of so much grandeur, of so much glory. Cast your eyes on all sides; behold all that magnificence and piety can give to honor—a hero! Titles, inscriptions, vain marks of that which no longer exists, figures which seem to weep around a tomb, and the frail images of a grief which time carries away with all the rest; columns which seem to wish to elevate even to the heavens the magnificent evidence of our nothingness; in all these honors nothing is wanted—except him to whom they are given.

3. Weep, then, over these feeble remains of human life; weep over this sad immortality which we give to heroes; approach, in particular, O ye who run with so much ardor in the career of glory—warlike and intrepid souls! Who was more worthy to command you? Where have you found so noble a chief? Weep, then, for this great captain, and say, in sighing: Behold

¹ Am bition, to desire with eagerness. The verb "to ambition" is, however, obsolete, as well as inelegant.

him who led us through perils; under whom so many renowned leaders were formed; so many warriors who have been elevated, by his example, to the first honors of the camp; even his shadow might yet have gained battles.

4. Behold in his silence his name even animates us, and warns us that if in death we wish to find some repose after our labors, and hope to reach happily our eternal residence, we must, while serving the kings of the earth, also serve the King of Heaven. Serve, then, this Immortal King, so full of mercy, who will reward you for even a cup of cold water given in His name, more than all the others for all the blood you shed for them; and commence to count your services as useful from the day you give yourselves to so generous a Master.

5. And you—will you not come to this sad monument; you, I say, whom he loved to rank among his friends? All together, in whatever degree of confidence he has received you—surround this tomb; give him your tears and your prayers, and, admiring in this prince a friendship so generous, an intercourse so sweet, preserve the memory of a hero whose goodness equaled his courage. May he ever be to you a dear remembrance, and may you profit by his virtues; and may his death, which you deplore, serve, at the same time, as a consolation and an example!

6. For myself, if I am permitted, after all the others, to come and render my last tribute at this tomb, O prince, the worthy object of our praises and our regrets, you will live eternally in my memory; your image will there be impressed, not with that air of triumph which promises victory—no; I wish to see nothing which death can efface—you will have in that image only those traits which are immortal. I shall see you such as you were on that last day, under the hand of God, when His glory commenced to appear in you.

7. There I shall see you more glorious than at Friburgh, or at Rocroy, and, ravished at so beautiful a triumph, I shall exclaim in thanksgiving with the beloved Apostle: "The true victory, that which places under our feet the entire world, is our faith."

8. Enjoy, then, O prince, this victory; enjoy it eternally, by the immortal virtue of this sacrifice. Accept these last efforts

of a voice which was known to you; you will put an end to all these discourses. Instead of deploring the death of others, great prince, I wish henceforward to learn from you how to make my own holy; happy, if warned by these white hairs of the account which I must soon render of my stewardship, I reserve for the flock which I am bound to feed with the Word of Life, the remains of a voice which will soon be hushed, and of an ardor that is growing cold.

BOSSUET.

JAMES BENIGNE BOSSUET, Bishop of Meaux, one of the most powerful writers and celebrated preachers of France, was born at Dijon, Sept. 27, 1627, and died in Paris, April 12, 1704. In 1670 Louis XIV. entrusted him with the education of the dauphin, for whose special instruction he wrote his celebrated "Discourse on Universal History," which still ranks as a masterpiece. His most important controversial work was his "History of the Variations of Protestantism." As an orator he particularly excelled in funeral addresses, his panegyrics on Henrietta of England, the great Condé, and on the Duchess of Orleans being still quoted as examples of pure eloquence.

SECTION XIII.

I.

52. GOD.

- O** THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide:
 Unchanged through time's all dev'astating flight;
 Thou only God! There is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One!
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
 Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone:
 Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
 Being whom we call God—and know no more!
2. In its sublime research, philosophy
 May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
 The sands or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
 There is no weight nor measure; none can mount

- Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
 Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
 To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
 And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,
 Even like past moments in eternity.
3. Thou from primeval¹ nothingness didst call,
 First chaos,² then existence: Lord! on Thee
 Eternity had its foundation: all
 Sprung forth from Thee: of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole origin: all life, all beauty Thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth create;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! glorious! great!
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!³
4. Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
 And beautifully mingled life and death!
 As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.
5. A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
 They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
 What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
 A glorious company of golden streams—
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
 But Thou to these art as the noon to night.
6. Yes, as a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost.

¹ Pri me'val, original; the first. ³ Po'tent ate, one who possesses
² Cha'os, an empty, infinite space; very great power or sway; an em-
 a yawning chasm. peror, king, or sovereign.