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THE
SERMONS, LECTURES, AND SPEECHES

DELIVERED BY HIS EMINENCE

CARDINAL WISEMAN,

Archbishop of Westminster,

DURING HIS TOUR IN IRELAND.

IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1858,

WITH HIS LECTURE DELIVERED IN LONDON

ON

THE "IMPRESSIONS" OF HIS TOUR.

REVISED BY HIS EMINENCE.

WITH A CONNECTING NARRATIVE.

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PREFACE.

IT was a kind thought of others that prompted the publication of this volume. When the events were over of which it is a record, when the little had been said and done that, at the time, attracted some attention, there was no other idea than to let them drop into the current of the past, and be remembered or forgotten as chance might direct. It was, however, resolved, without any participation of the author's in the design, to collect the fragments of what to him had been a "feast of soul," and preserve them, however little worthy of such an honour.

This being determined on, he felt that he could not commit to any other revision than his own, what he had spoken. The short-hand writers' notes, however able, from which it had to be published, were necessarily inaccurate ; and he felt it would be unfair to reprint them without accurate correction. And this no one could well make, especially after a certain

lapse of time, except the original speaker. Indeed, if he had refused, or even not offered his concurrence in this part of the work, he might have seen himself reasonably charged with sentiments or assertions which had never proceeded from his lips, and possibly opposed to what he had really uttered.

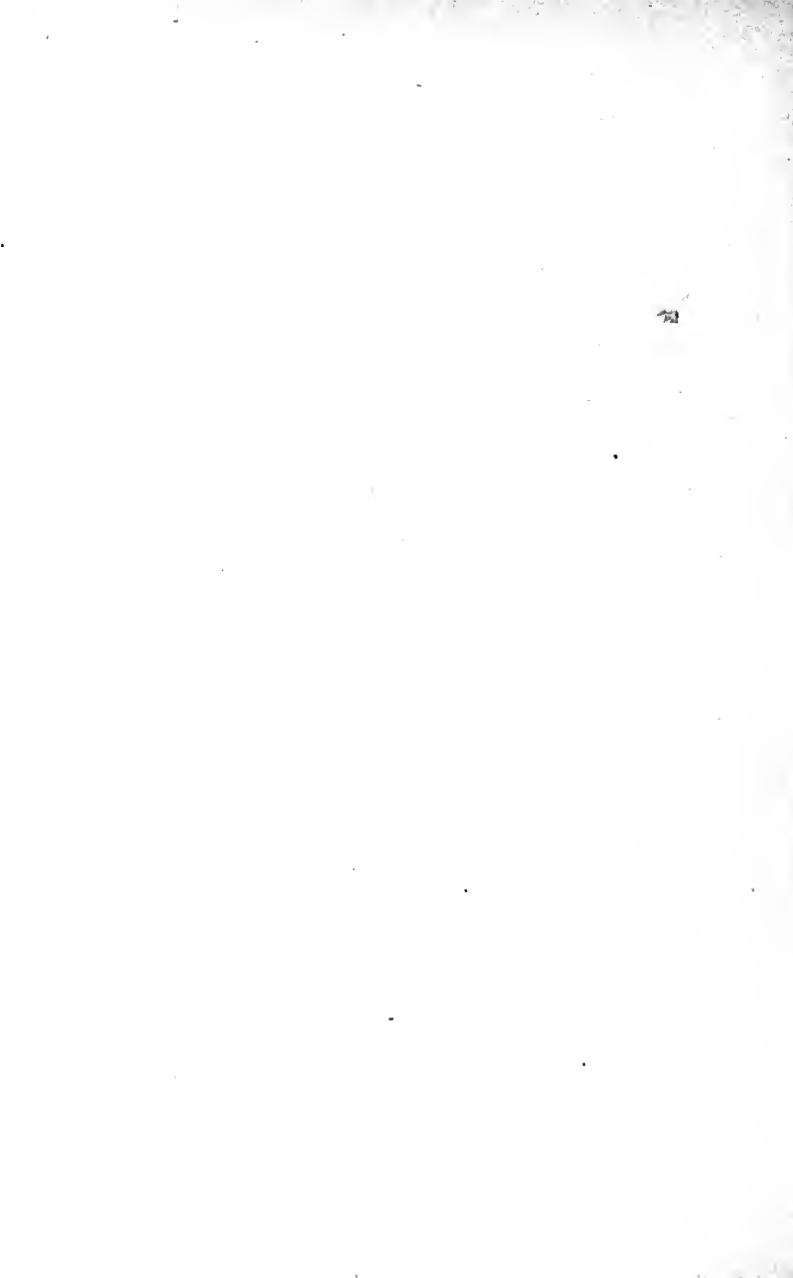
This will be his apology for what otherwise, in addition to many other imperfections, might have had to bear the imputation of being a selfish proceeding. But should any further excuse be considered necessary for his share in this publication, he could find it in the wish expressed, by authority too deeply venerated by him to be disobeyed, even in a desire, that an accurate account should be published, of the events of the short visit to Ireland here commemorated.

The connecting narrative has been entirely entrusted to other hands. The ground-work of it is necessarily the day-by-day report of papers at the time; but they have been revised, and, no doubt, toned down, by a lay gentleman of considerable literary experience and celebrity.

If there be any interest attached to this volume, or any advantage resulting from it, the reader must hold himself entirely indebted to the generous kindness of

the publisher, who has done so much for the moral and religious press of his country, and whose spirit of enterprise is always regulated by such high motives as stamp a patriotic and Catholic character on all that he undertakes. His countrymen know well how to appreciate his persevering efforts.

London, Feb. 26, 1859.



CARDINAL WISEMAN'S

Tour in Ireland.

It is proposed in the following pages to connect, by a narrative, the Sermons, Lectures, and Speeches delivered by Cardinal Wiseman on the occasion of his visit to Ireland. This, the only object of the narrative, will be answered by a history of his Eminence's progress, as plain and as short as may be found to consist with a fair knowledge of the circumstances under which these compositions were delivered. The best memorial of the unprecedented enthusiasm with which the people saluted the presence of the Cardinal exists in his Eminence's own descriptions, and the subject is one upon the details of which the narrative can well afford to be almost silent.

His Eminence arrived in Kingstown, from Holyhead, at nine o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 23rd of August, accompanied by the Rev. E. L. Clifford and his kinsman, Mr. Wiseman. He was received on landing by Captain Bellew, Mr. Burke, of Loughrea, and the Rev. William Derry, P.P., Eyrecourt; while the passage leading

from the steamer to the railway station was occupied by crowds, who had assembled in anticipation of the arrival of his Eminence. At the station he was met by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. The Hon. and Right Rev. Monsignor Talbot, one of his Holiness's principal chamberlains, and domestic prelate, accompanied him to town. On arriving at the Westland-row terminus, the Cardinal, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the other dignitaries and clergy, proceeded to the residence of his Grace, in Eccles-street, to breakfast. Shortly after twelve o'clock his Eminence drove to the Imperial Hotel, where he was joined by the Archbishop, the Very Rev. Mgr. Yore, the Very Rev. Mgr. Meagher, and the Hon. and Rev. Mgrs. Talbot and Clifford, with whom he proceeded to visit the principal religious and charitable institutions of the city.

On Tuesday morning his Eminence left the Broadstone terminus by the half-past ten o'clock train for Ballinasloe. He was accompanied by the Right Rev. Dr. Mac Nally, Bishop of Clogher, the Bishop of Elphin, the Bishop of Cloyne, the Rev. E. L. Clifford, the Hon. and Right Rev. Monsignor Talbot, Mr. Wiseman, the Rev. William Derry, P.P., Eyrecourt, the Rev. Mr. Bannon, Captain Bellew, and several other clergymen and gentlemen, who intended to be present at the ceremonial in Ballinasloe. Long before his arrival, however, a large number of clergy and laity, including several ladies, had assembled on the platform to pay their respects to his Eminence, and to ask his blessing. His Eminence was received at the terminus with the most marked respect by the officers of the company. and, upon his departure, expressed his sense of the courtesy

and attention which had been shown him. Although anxious preparation had been made by the Bishop of Clonfert, and by the Town Commissioners of Ballinasloe, to do honour to his Eminence on his coming to assist at the consecration of their church; yet the most remarkable feature in the welcome accorded to the Cardinal was the enthusiasm of the people. It would be a mistake to measure, by any ordinary standard, the strength and duration of Irish enthusiasm in matters of religion. Probably no political question or political emergency is of sufficient interest, in their present apathy and disappointment, to draw five thousand Irishmen together, though with solicitation and under pressure; whereas the poorest peasant, recognizing in the Cardinal not only the champion of his religion, but a man nearer in place and function to the Pope than he had ever seen, or might ever hope to see again, leaves his house and his work for no heavier bribe than the Cardinal's blessing, which, coming from the Cardinal, he values as a more direct emanation of virtue from the Roman See. The peculiar significance of this enthusiasm was not lost upon the Cardinal. His coming was looked forward to with the deepest interest, and, on its being known that he might be expected by the train arriving at two o'clock, the Town Commissioners, and the inhabitants generally, proceeded in a vast concourse to the railway station, considerably before that time, to bid him welcome, and to receive his benediction. Meanwhile, at almost every station along the line, crowds of people gathered, who cheered loudly, and evinced the utmost happiness at seeing the Cardinal. The display of

public feeling which took place at Mullingar, where the train stopped for about twenty minutes, was such as took him altogether by surprise, and afforded him the sincerest gratification. Along the platforms, and at every point from which a view could be obtained, clergy, gentry, and people gathered, and on his Eminence appearing, hailed him with continued cheering. He was conducted to a waiting-room, in which he assumed some of his cardinalial costume, consisting of the scarlet cassock, mantelletto, and mozzetta, with the rochet, head-dress, and pectoral cross. The bishops and clergy in attendance also put on their robes. When they reappeared, the multitude prostrated themselves in the most reverential manner, and received the Cardinal's and the bishops' blessing. There was a similar demonstration at Athlone, where the train made a brief stay. On its approach to Ballinasloe, the interposition of the clergy became necessary to moderate the enthusiasm of the people, who pressed forward, not without danger to their lives, and, as the train rolled slowly alongside the platform, the cheering was vehement.

As the Cardinal's visit is now an event of historic interest, and as it is matter of distinction to have been present upon any of the occasions made memorable by his progress, we subjoin, in a note, the names of those who took part in the occurrences described.

[The Lord Bishop of Clonfert, the Rev. Sir Christopher Bellew, Bart., S.J.; the Rev. Malachy Greene, P.P., Clontuskert; Rev. Wm. Manning, P.P., Aughrim; Rev. Mr. M'Gauran, P.P., Ahaseragh; Rev. Mr. Kirwan, R.C.A., Ballinasloe; Rev. Dr. O'Brien, President, St. Jarlath's, Tuam; Rev. Mr. Walsh, P.P.,

Lusmagh; Rev. Mr. Egan, P.P., Cloghan; Rev. W. King, P.P.; Rev. Mr. M'Namara, C.C.; Rev. Garrett Dillon, Castleblakeney; Rev. W. Larkin; Rev. J. Noone, P.P., Menlo; Rev. John Macklin, P.P.; Rev. James Hynes; Rev. Michael Callahan, P.P., Kiltulla; Rev. M. Galvin, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Pelley; Dr. Burke, ex-chairman Town Commissioners of Ballinasloe; George Crowe, Esq., Aughrim; Robert Bodkin, Esq.; William Hynes, T.C.; Michael Finnerty, T.C.; Timothy Egan, T.C.; John O'Shaughnessy, Esq., Birchgrove; Hugh O'Kelly, Esq., Woodmount; Francis E. Madden, Esq.; Wm. Costelloe, Esq.; Junius Horan, Esq.; Geoffrey Prendergast, Esq.; Dr. Colahan; Thomas Hyde, Esq., solicitor, T.C.; Patrick Ward, T.C.; John Heenan, T.C.; Wm. O'Shaughnessy, merchant; Robert H. Smith, Esq., T.C. (*Western Star*); Thomas Carroll, T.C.; William Laghey, merchant; Garrett Larkin, Esq., Cruagh House.

On the platform were several Protestant gentlemen of the town. Amongst those who travelled with Cardinal Wiseman were the Lord Bishop of Elphin, the Lord Bishop of Clogher, the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, the Bishop Elect of Killaloe, the Rev. E. L. Clifford, the Hon. and Right Rev. Monsignor Talbot, Mr. Wiseman, the Very Rev. Dr. Derry, P.P., Eyrecourt; the Rev. Mr. Bannon, P.P., Moyne, County Tipperary; Captain Bellew, and other gentlemen.]

On the road leading to the station, at either side, were a number of carriages occupied by ladies from the town and the country, who joined most cordially in the general manifestation by waving their handkerchiefs. When the Cardinal stepped out on the platform, the clergy and people crowded around him, and, kneeling down, received his benediction.

The carriage of Captain Bellew was in waiting, and his Eminence, having been conducted to it by the Bishop of Clonfert and Mr. Bellew, took his seat with the Bishop of

Clogher and Monsignor Talbot, amid incessant cheering. The carriage went at a slow pace in the direction of the town, preceded by the multitude, carrying flags and green boughs, and followed by a long line of carriages and vehicles of various descriptions. The windows of almost every house in the line of route were occupied by ladies, who waved handkerchiefs and banners as his Eminence passed. When the procession had reached about half way into the town, the horses were removed from the carriage in which his Eminence sat, and he was drawn in triumph through the streets. At various points large poles were elevated, from which floated banners and ribbons; and across the street in which Gill's Hotel is situated, garlands of green boughs were suspended, intertwined with flowers, from a central point of which hung a banner bearing the inscription—"Welcome, Cardinal Wiseman, to Ballinasloe." Soon after entering the hotel, he presented himself at the balcony, when the vast multitude went on their knees, as one man, and received his benediction.

His Eminence frequently expressed his surprise at the enthusiasm of the demonstration with which he had been welcomed, and on his arrival at the hotel, when surrounded by the prelates, clergy, and laity, who were present to offer their congratulations and respects, he stated that he was deeply impressed with the reception which had been given him, and would ever remember it with gratitude.

The displeasure of the "Irish Church Mission Society," at the triumphant visit of the Cardinal, and the violent efforts of the parties composing it to do something to make an appearance, were manifested by various ludicrous

circumstances. Walking through the town, the attention of a stranger was attracted by observing here and there on the walls large placards setting forth in imposing type that the society would give the sum of £40,000 to any person or persons who would prove the Catholic rule of faith, and specially inviting his Eminence to claim that sum by complying with this requirement of the society. Members of the society, well known for their controversial harangues in Townsend-street, came down specially. A letter, signed by sixteen Protestant clergymen, challenging him to a public discussion, was forwarded to him. An incident which occurred on the arrival of his Eminence at the railway station is worthy of mention, as indicating the dismay which the visit of his Eminence caused in the minds of a few, who are not at all sympathized with by the respectable Protestants of the place. As the Cardinal was proceeding from the train to the carriage which was in waiting for him, amidst the cheers of the crowd, there appeared at the window of a second class carriage a pale face, every feature of which was quivering with emotion. It was that of a person who, judging from his general appearance, was a clergyman of the Church of England, and who was understood to protest, in the most excited manner, "as a British subject, and a member of the church as by law established, against the introduction into this country of Popish ceremonies." The gentleman continued to talk a great deal, and to shake his head very energetically, as if he felt what he said ; but, fortunately for himself, nobody, save one or two who were pressed by the crowd against the carriage which

he occupied, heard a word of his address. The multitude passed on, cheering as they went, and, in a second, this very foolish gentleman was left alone. He had evidently come from town specially for the purpose of thus making himself ridiculous by uttering his "protest," which was altogether unheard by the multitude, and only laughed at by those who did hear it. It is proper, however, to state that the respectable Protestants of the neighbourhood altogether disclaimed any connection with such offensive proceedings.

The demonstrations of joy and welcome on the arrival of Cardinal Wiseman were continued throughout the evening and up to an advanced hour at night with increasing enthusiasm. The streets were crowded by the inhabitants, not only of the town but of the country around, who poured in to participate in the general happiness. Numbers of respectable persons came from distant places in order to attend the ceremony of next day.

The town was brilliantly illuminated, and although a few houses were in darkness, they were so few that the circumstance served to show, more strikingly, the universality of this tribute of respect to his Eminence. The majority of the windows were also decorated with flowers tastefully* disposed and formed into appropriate devices. Chinese lamps were hung out at favourable points in the open air, and thousands continued in the streets through the town till near midnight. Several more prelates arrived, including the Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishop of Galway.

His Eminence was entertained at dinner, in Gill's Hotel,

by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Clonfert. There was a very large company of bishops and clergy present to meet him.

The utmost order and decorum characterized the conduct of the people, a result which rather disappointed some who are not their friends.

THE CONSECRATION OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

The consecration of the Church of St. Michael, Ballinasloe, took place on Wednesday, the 25th of August, and, from the nature of the circumstances connected with it, was perhaps the most remarkable religious ceremonial in this country for over three hundred years. The Church, to the erection of which the faithful people of the district have contributed from their humble means during several years past, is a graceful structure. Many venerable prelates, and hundreds of zealous clergy, came from various parts of the country to assist at the rite of consecration; the people congregated in thousands, and an illustrious member of the Sacred College—the first of that body who has been enabled to officiate in this country for centuries, made the occasion memorable by his presence. He was hailed with an enthusiasm that proclaims, above all things, the attachment of the Irish people to the See of Peter; while all classes, and both sexes, united to do him honour and give him welcome. The demonstrations which surprised and gratified him on his entering the town were continued with increasing fervour from the moment of his arrival. In the course of Tuesday evening, hundreds came into town from distant parts of the country for the

purpose of witnessing the ceremonial of consecration, and on that night the entire accommodation for visitors was exhausted. The next morning, from an early hour, the roads leading into Ballinasloe were thronged by carriages and by foot passengers, proceeding to the centre of interest. The streets were so crowded that it was with difficulty a man could make his way from one point to another, especially in the neighbourhood of the new church, or of the hotel at which Cardinal Wiseman was staying, and in front of which large groups of persons were constantly assembled. The shops were closed, and all business was suspended. In order to meet the anxiety of the clergy and laity in various places far beyond the bounds of the county to have an opportunity of attending, special trains were run upon the Midland Railway, and numbers availed themselves of this facility.

The church consecrated on this day stands at the eastern end of the town, on the bank of the river Suc, a tributary of the Shannon. It is built from designs by Mr. M'Carthy, which had the additional advantage of being revised by the late Mr. Pugin; and the mention of two such names affords a sufficient guarantee of the ecclesiastical character of the building. The design is one which is not uncommon at present. It includes a nave, chancel, two aisles, an apse at the eastern end, and lateral chapels, one of which is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and the other to St. John the Baptist. The style of architecture is early English, of the decorative period. The extreme length of the nave, including the chancel, is 150 feet, and its width, including the aisles, is 60 feet. The building is lofty,

probably 60 feet from the floor to the reach. The aisles are separated from the nave by stone pillars, from which spring arches, also of cut stone. The chancel, the chapels, and sacristy are tiled in appropriate patterns, and the high altar of rich marble was this day consecrated with the church. The roof is an open one; and the openings formed by the structural timbers of the line and purloins have been filled up with panel work of various patterns. There is one feature particularly deserving of notice, and that is the large chancel arch separating the nave from the chancel, which runs to a height of about 45 feet. The tower and spire will be about 175 feet high from the ground. The former has been already carried to about the top of the roof, and will be proceeded with immediately. The work generally is of the most solid description. The area of the church has been almost entirely enclosed by an iron paling of suitable design. In the apse there is a stained glass window, the architectural character of which may be said to be borrowed from the neighbouring ruin of a Franciscan convent at Kilconnel. The fundamental lines are exactly the same. The window is indebted for much of its effect to the artistic and elegant designs of Mr. Barff, carried out to the entire satisfaction of those who entrusted him with the commission. The church is dedicated to St. Michael, the Archangel, and the scriptural incidents connected with him, such as the expulsion of Satan from heaven, after the design of Michael Angelo, and the blowing of the last trumpet, are naturally prominent in the design. In the same line of lights are figures of St. Gabriel

announcing the Incarnation to our Lady, and of the angel Raphael, upon his journey with Tobias. In the lower line of lights are the saints for whom there is the greatest veneration in the diocese of Clonfert—St. Patrick, the apostle of the country; St. Brendan, patron of the diocese; St. Bridget, patroness of the country; and St. Dymphna, a royal Irish virgin, martyred at Gale, near Antwerp. The head of the window contains, in its most prominent light, a picture of our Lady in Glory, and in the two adjacent compartments are figures of venerating angels—one bearing a crown and the other a sceptre.

The ceremony of consecration, which is not of frequent occurrence here, as prescribed by the Pontifical, is of great length and singular impressiveness. It was performed by the Bishop of the diocese, assisted by a large body of his clergy. His lordship, in full pontificals, began the rite at seven o'clock in the morning, and had not concluded before eleven. About ten feet above the ground round the inside of the walls were placed crosses in brass work, and at the top of each cross was a lighted candle. These crosses, which are anointed with chrism, serve for ever as a memorial and evidence of consecration. They are yet to be found on the walls of now ruined churches. It would be out of place here to give a description of the rite of consecration. It is sufficient to say that every part of it was brought out in its full beauty by the manner in which it was performed.

The general congregation was not admitted until eleven o'clock; and from the extent of the church and the vast crowds waiting anxiously to obtain entrance, the

admission in a regular manner was a work which occupied considerable time. The arrangements, however, were excellent, and were efficiently carried out by the gentlemen who acted as stewards at the different doors, and throughout the interior. The altar, altar platform, and steps, are of pure marble, and the decorations were in good taste. At the Gospel side stood the Cardinal's throne on a dais, and covered by a canopy, the entire being of rich scarlet. The seats for the bishops were erected at both sides towards the front, and they were also covered with scarlet cloth. The faldstool for the celebrant of the High Mass was placed on the Epistle side, and opposite to him the chair of the Bishop of the diocese. The following prelates were present:—

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam.

The Lord Bishop of Clonfert.

The Lord Bishop of Elphin.

The Lord Bishop of Ardagh.

The Lord Bishop of Clogher.

The Lord Bishop of Cloyne.

. The Lord Bishop of Kilmacduagh.

The Lord Bishop of Ross.

The Lord Bishop of Galway.

The Coadjutor Bishop (elect) of Killaloe.

Their lordships were attired in rochet, cope, and mitre.

The clergy, nearly four hundred of whom were present, wearing soutanes and surplices, were ranged in the choir to the right and left of the sanctuary, and many also were dispersed throughout the church.

[The following were amongst the clergy present:—The Very Rev. Dean Durcan, P.P., Swineford; the Rev. Peter Daly, P.P., Galway; the Very Rev. William Derry, P.P., Eyrecourt; Rev. E. Coyne, R.C.A., Tuam; Rev. Mr. Reynolds, P.P., Claremorris; Very Rev. Patrick M'Gauran, P.P., chaplain to the Bishop of Elphin; Rev. William M'Gauran (Elphin); Rev. Patrick Duffy, P.P., Dunmore; Rev. John O'Grady, P.P., Athenry; Rev. Mr. M'Loughlen, C.C., ditto; Rev. Mr. Burke, C.C., Menlo; Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, Mountbellew; Rev. Mr. Hardiman, P.P., Ballinrobe; Rev. Thomas O'Malley, C.C., Miltown; Rev. Edward King, P.P.; Rev. Mr. M'Namara, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Bannon, P.P., Moyne, County Tipperary; Rev. G. Harold, Ballybrack, County Dublin; Rev. Wm. Morris, P.P., Borrisoleigh, County Tipperary; Rev. Mr. M'Manus, Francis-street; Rev. Mr. Beardwood, Dublin; Archdeacon Fitzgerald, P.P., Rathkeale; Rev. James Roche, P.P., Wexford; Rev. Thomas Roche, C.C., Enniscorthy; Rev. Mr. Roche, P.P., Clare-Galway; Rev. Mr. Nolan, R.C.A., Ballina; Rev. Mr. Hughes, C.C., Enniskillen; Rev. Mr. Rush, O.S.D., Galway, and several other members of the same community; Rev. Mr. Commins, P.P., Galway; Rev. Mr. Head, P.P., Newinn, Woodlawn; Rev. Mr. Cavanagh, P.P., Oughterard; Rev. Mr. Daly, Galway Diocese; Rev. Mr. Joyce, ditto; Rev. Dr. O'Brien, President St. Jarlath's College, Tuam; M. L'Abbé Cruise, of Paris, one of the Emperor's chaplains (this divine is connected by birth with Ballinasloe); Rev. M. Greene, P.P., Clontuskert; Rev. Dean Burke, Clonfert; Rev. William Manning, P.P.; Rev. Mr. M'Gauran, P.P., Ahascragh; Rev. J. Noone, P.P., Menlo; Rev. Mr. Egan, P.P., Cloghan; Rev. Mr. M'Donnell, P.P., Fintona, Clogher; Rev. Mr. Walsh, P.P.; Rev. James Hynes; Rev. Mr. Joyce, P.P.; Very Rev. Dr. Shannon, P.P., Gort; Rev. William Macklin, P.P.; Rev. Mr. M'Kernie, P.P.; Rev. E. M'Kenna, Monaghan Seminary; Rev. Mr. Burke, P.P.; Rev. J. Flannelly, Abbey; Rev. J. Cavanagh, P.P., Abbey; Rev. Geoffrey Burke; Rev. Mr. Barry, P.P., Clara (diocese of Meath); Rev. Mr. M'Cullagh, P.P., Tullamore; Rev. Mr. Smith, Longwood; Rev. Mr. Colgan, Summer-hill (Co. Meath); Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor, P.P., Templemore;

Rev. Thomas Coen, P.P.; Rev. W. Manning, P.P.; Rev. P. Conallen, P.P.; Rev. L. Egan; Rev. T. Walsh, C.C.; Rev. R. Rafferty, C.C.; Rev. M. Clarke, P.P.; Rev. J. Larkin, C.C.; Rev. T. Head, P.P.; Rev. T. Pelly, administrator; Rev. J. Whelan, administrator; Rev. William Derry, P.P.; Rev. J. Hynes, C.C.; Rev. J. Cavanagh, P.P.; Rev. P. Burke, P.P.; Rev. J. Kernan, C.C.; Rev. J. Macklin, P.P.; Rev. T. Mulkerin, C.C.; Rev. T. Ryan, C.C.; Rev. A. Griffin, P.P.; Rev. T. Cahalan, P.P.; Rev. T. Burke, P.P.; Rev. J. Farrell, C.C.; Rev. F. White, C.C.; Rev. J. Calloggy, P.P.; Rev. M. Walsh, P.P.; Rev. P. Galvin, P.P.; Rev. J. Walsh, C.C., from diocese of Clonfert, &c., &c.

There was a very large assemblage of the Catholic gentry of the county in the nave. Amongst those present we observed Lord Ffrench, Pierce Joyce, Esq., High Sheriff of the county; Sir Thomas Burke, Bart., M.P.; Sir Thomas N. Redington, K.C.B., and Lady Redington; Charles Farrell, J.P., Dalystown; James Smith, Esq., Masonbrook; Captain Thomas Bellew, Robert D'Arey, J.P., Woodville; Oliver Dolphin, jun., Tervoe; Edmund Donnellan, Esq., Hillswood; P. M. Lynch, Renmore Park; Captain Eyre, Edward Brown, Coloo; D. Bodkin, Esq., Annagh; the High Sheriff of the town of Galway; J. Daly, Esq., Castledaly; Cornelius O'Kelly, Esq., Gallagher; James Blake, Esq., Ardfry; Ambrose O'Kelly, Esq., Fairfield; Charles Bianconi, Esq.; Patrick O'Kelly, of Craron; Dr. Burke, ex-chairman of the Ballinasloe Town Commissioners; John Blake, Esq., Cregg; M. O'Leary, Esq., Manager of the National Bank, Loughrea; Richard Kelly, Esq., J.P., Chairman of the Town Commissioners, Tuam; P. Blake, Esq., Bayview; John M. O'Hara, Esq., Sub-Sheriff; Matthew Ryan, Esq., Mullagh; Thomas Macklin, Esq., Loughrea; Garrett Larkin, Esq., Craugh; James M'Dermott, Esq., J.P.; James Daly, Esq., Coolanny; Francis Lynch, M.D., Loughrea; Major Cruise, James Skeritt, Woodville, Eyrecourt; Thomas Hyde, Solicitor, Ballinasloe; Joseph Henry Cowan, Esq.; Alderman John Reynolds, Kiltormer; Michael M'Dermott, Rahamore; Thomas Larkin, Esq.; Edmond Kelly, Killeen; John Blake, Esq., Fertagh; John Blake, J.P., Tintrim; Pat. Sweeny, Esq.; P. O'Rorke, Esq.,

Chairman of the Town Commissioners of Athlone; J. O'Kelly, J.P., Gurtrary; Thomas Coen, Esq., Manchester; William Hynes, T.C., Ballinasloe; T. Egan, T.C., ditto; John O'Shaughnessy, Esq., Birchgrove; James Horan, Esq., Francis E. Madden, Michael Finnerty, T.C.; Hugh O'Kelly, Esq., Woodmount; P. Colahan, Esq., M.D.; Geoffrey Prendergast, Esq.; Patrick Ward, T.C.; William O'Shaughnessy, Esq., merchant; William Costelloe, Esq., and many others.]

Shortly after eleven o'clock the procession of bishops, clergy, and assistants, preceded by the processional cross, the bearer of which was attended by acolytes, entered the sanctuary from the sacristy. The trains of the bishops were borne by youths attired in cassock and surplice. The Cardinal walked last, attended by the deacons at his throne, the Rev. E. L. Clifford, the Rev. Sir Christopher Bellew, Bart., and the Rev. William Burke, his Eminence's nephew. His Eminence wore the ordinary robes of a Cardinal. When he had taken his place on the throne, and the prelates were in their seats, the pontifical Mass was begun by his Grace of Tuam, who officiated as celebrant. He was attended by the Rev. Eugene Coyne, as assistant priest; the deacon being the Rev. Mr. Pelly, administrator, Loughrea; subdeacon, Rev. Mr. Mulhern, Ballinasloe; masters of the ceremonies, the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, St. Jarlath's College, and the Rev. Mr. Whelan.

Ilari's Mass was chaunted in a solemn and effective manner by a choir of clergymen, assisted by some accomplished amateur vocalists, under the direction of C. B. Lyons, Esq., Secretary to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. The Choir included the Rev. George Harold, Dublin; Rev. Mr. Hampson, Lusk; Rev. Michael Mullaly, of St.

Mary, Star of the Sea; Rev. Mr. M'Manus, St. Nicholas of Myra, Francis-street; Rev. Mr. Daniel, St. Catherine's, Meath-street; the Very Rev. Dr. Dunne, President of Carlow College; Rev. Dr. M'Manus, of St. Laurence O'Toole's Seminary, Harcourt-street; and Rev. Mr. Beardwood.

The Mass was proceeded with by the Archbishop, as far as the Gospel, and at this point his Grace took his seat on the faldstool, on the Epistle side. Cardinal Wiseman then quitted the throne, attended by his deacons, and kneeling before the high altar, prayed for a brief space. He then arose, and ascended a dais, which was erected in the centre, just at the junction of the nave and the chancel, in such a position that he could be seen and heard distinctly by the vast multitude who filled to overflowing every portion of the church, and who were hushed into the deepest silence. His Eminence addressed the assemblage as follows :—

THE SERMON.

“Our mouth is open to you, O ye Corinthians! Our heart is enlarged.”—2 Cor. vi. 11.

SUCH, my brethren, are the words which naturally came to my lips on reflecting how, for the first time, they should open before you after many years' silence in this island. They refused to address you in words that could savour even remotely of controversy, for I felt that I had to speak to a congregation of faithful

people, in whom the true, sound, and orthodox faith was so deeply implanted as to require no words of encouragement from me. I felt that it must be presumption to address you in words of instruction in the presence of an assembly of venerable bishops, each of whom is more worthy to teach than I, and who yet form a portion of those whom I am bound to address. No, my brethren, I felt it was only in words of congratulation—words of joy—words of exultation I could speak to you: that I might associate myself with those deep, earnest, and most holy feelings which must pervade you on a day like this; and that it was only because my heart would expand in the midst of you that I would even presume to speak to you. All I have seen around me—all that at this moment I see—serves but to expand and widen still more my heart, and to deepen within it those feelings which are common to us all, and which in their exuberance must needs overflow; and thus the heart being enlarged, the mouth must needs open to become, as it were, the floodgate through which these feelings may be poured out, so as to mingle with yours. And then this our common joy, like the waters which the prophet Ezechiel saw first collected in the temple and then issue through its gates overflowing, will go forth from these more sacred precincts, a swelling flood, to mingle with the exultation of the multitudes outside.

Therefore, my brethren, you will excuse me if in my address I say that which has been said to you a thousand times—if I repeat to you what your own feelings probably have already suggested. For when I see myself here, in the centre of this splendid edifice, it is not the beauty of its architecture, nor the solidity of its construction, nor the amplitude of its dimensions, which strike and move me. I can consider it but in one light—not merely as a magnificent temple—not merely as an evidence of the skill, or the taste, or the generosity with which it has been raised; but it is to me only another monument of your faith—of that undying faith which is the portion of your country. It is upon this alone I can speak to you to-day. Whatever I may say, suggested by circumstances, will be simply to tell you how I feel, and, therefore, how I must express my thoughts upon that which forms the great glory of this land—its prerogative—its privilege from God, that unalterable and unfailing faith which has endured for ages, which is prouder now than it has been at any previous period, and which will, I trust, go on for ever, manifesting itself even with greater magnificence than it has done in our days.

If every country and every nation has received special blessings from God, it would be superfluous to tell you that the one which distinguishes this land to

every one who visits you—that which marks you in history, and will give its peculiar characteristic to the narrative of events in this your Island of Saints—is the wonderful gift of a living and lively faith, to which tests have been applied, such as it has never pleased God to subject any other nation to. The course of Divine Providence has generally been that persecution should assail an infant church. We are told that the young plant requires the watering of the gardener that it may take a deep root in order to spring high; and we know well with what it is that God has watered in almost every country, the infant church. We know it is the general law that the seed of faith should be cast in sorrow, in order that its sheaves may be borne in joy. Often the apostle himself dropped into his own furrow and fertilized it, but the sprinkling of tears, mingled generally with blood, was the rule whereby God gave the first birth, and then increase to His church, wherever through the ministry of man he planted it. Here this order of Providence may be said, to a great extent, to have been reversed. It seems as if there had been something pure and even congenial in the very soil, which opened itself and received gladly the seed of life, and made it produce one hundred fold; so that the life of one great and holy Apostle sufficed to see the entire land Catholic. It was because here almighty wisdom

wished to give evidence of the power of God and of His Providence with His church—to show how faith could endure the trials of centuries—not that sharp tribulation of the sword, which raises the courage of men, and makes even their natural feelings come in to aid the instincts and dictates of faith and of grace; but that slow and wearying action which tires out the patience of men, and seems almost to wear out also the action of grace and to complete the proof in one land that there was no trial to which the faith could be exposed which it was not powerful enough to conquer.

And this has been the trial which, if viewed by merely human eyes, gives us the strongest evidence that this faith is divine, that its energy is celestial, and that its gift is of God. If it had been but a human institution or principle, it must long since have yielded. All which it has resisted and overcome proves to demonstration that the finger of God has been instrumental in this long preservation, and His eye wonderfully watching over that which was His own.

My brethren, take the first and simplest test of the power of human opinion. In the moral as in the physical world, bodies act reciprocally in proportion to their masses; but we know well what must overcome. The earth curves according to its own will the direction

of its satellite, and then, after making it revolve round its own great orbit, obedient in its turn with the rest of the planetary system, it yields to the attractive force of the huge mass which dominates over it. It is the same with those bodies on which moral action is exercised. The peculiarity of the social state in this country has divided the population into two distinct classes. I am not going for a moment to dwell upon the political or social character, or upon the causes or consequences of this state. I assume the fact as it is, and I ask you to put side by side these two bodies acting, necessarily, the one upon the other, in this as in every other country. Throw upon one side wealth, nobility, and worldly position, the influence of superior education of the highest class, literature, science, and whatever belongs to those who command, according to this world. Cast into the other scale poverty and misery, the absence almost for ages of the power of culture, the dependence totally for all that is necessary in this life, for daily food itself, upon those who belong to the other class. See these two bodies acting for centuries reciprocally upon one another. Suppose it to be a matter of mere human opinion, human principle, science, or of that knowledge of every sort that distinguishes them, and judge if it is possible that for hundreds of years that which is so much greater, more powerful, and more wise in the eyes of the world ought

not to have crumbled and crushed under itself that which was absolutely subject to it, and lying under its feet, and reduced it into a homogeneous mass ; and breaking down the barriers of opinion that separated the two, have made them in this become but one.

I ask you not merely to solve this problem in theory, but to solve it in practice, and to do that go to the neighbouring island where God has cast my own lot, and see what has been the result of a similar condition of things. At the period when first religious differences began in that country, we know that the mass of the people were attached most deeply to the religion of their forefathers. They made pilgrimages of grace, as they were called—they rose, again and again, in insurrection, to prevent that change of religion which was attempted to be introduced amongst them, and they were crushed. Their efforts were stifled, and what was the result? A few years of superiority in one class which monopolised all earthly advantages wore away the patient resistance of those who would not otherwise have altered their faith, until at length districts which once were most fervent and most zealously Catholic hardly heard that name amongst them, and scarcely a trace was left in the feelings and traditions of the people, of the former existence of the Catholic Church amongst them. What has caused this difference? How is it that there it has been easy to sweep

away, and that without any great destruction of outward and visible securities, the whole fabric of the faith, leaving nothing, not even the least vestige of a name to mark a traditionary remembrance of the old faith and holy thoughts of the people? I cannot see any difference except in this, that there was a heavenly power exercised here—that the whole of this trial was permitted by God for a great and special purpose. I cannot see but this difference, that it pleased God by one of those dispensations, which we must not endeavour to penetrate, to allow religion there to take, perhaps, a nobler and more magnificent hold upon the surface of the land, demonstrating itself by more splendid edifices, by more noble endowments of universities, and colleges, and hospitals; whilst here he made its roots strike deep into the very soil, and so take possession of the soil, that it was impossible to ever uproot it.

You know, and I need not tell you, how tremendous were those cruel acts whereby property was either confiscated or destroyed, and the inhabitants of whole districts were swept away, with a view, if possible, to remove the Catholic population, and with them take away the faith from the land. But, notwithstanding all this, the faith still survives. For, my dear brethren, they could not tear away the name of the saint from the cairn upon the rock or the mountain

to which he had immortally attached it. They could not destroy that veneration for the holy places to which pilgrims went in their joy or in their sorrow, nor make them lose the remembrance of the saint who had imparted holiness to their valleys. They could not make your sacred walls and hallowed fountains cease to yield their precious streams, or lose the gifts which endeared them to the devotion of the nation. And more, they could not turn the hearts of the people from the rifled monuments of the piety of their fathers, their venerable roofless churches, under the shade of whose walls lie buried the bones of their Catholic ancestors, nor from those holy monasteries which, if they no longer shelter learning, at least preserve in their history all that was precious, of those who have been faithful to that same religion. No, they could not take away from the land such monuments and such traditions. They could not even, in altering the language of the people, pluck from their tongues the sweet names which associated, not only with venerable monasteries, but with countless fields and valleys, signifying that some church or holy edifice had once stood, or some pious servant of God had once dwelt there. The land was sanctified throughout, and that faith spoke out not alone, as the prophet says, from "the stones in the walls," but from the very rocks and valleys of the land, and no power of man, no influence of class could remove it from the

foundation which it had in the very soil, as well as in the hearts of the people of this country. I know what those will say who smile at all such ideas, and think that I am speaking with prejudiced warmth and enthusiasm about what by them is regarded as an evil. They will say—"Yes, the Catholic religion has taken deep root in Ireland as a weed would do, which it is difficult, by any cultivation, to pluck up and eradicate." But I, my brethren, accept that simile, and bless God that it is so, and I will say why. There is not a plant however precious and valuable to man, which is not somewhere the indigenous growth of the land. There is not a grain which you cultivate in your fields—not a tree that blossoms in your orchards—not a flower that blooms and yields sweet odour in your gardens, which somewhere does not belong to the soil, and can no more be eradicated thence, than the briar or the thistle from its native place. Such I believe to be faith in this country. It is the true growth of the soil itself; and beautiful indeed, as the most fair and lovely flower of the garden—graceful as the rose of Jericho, sweet as the lily of the valley, stately as the cedar on Libanus, fruitful as the grain which, in the steppes of Tartary, is to be gathered ripe, and uncut by the sickle, rich as the clustering grapes of the vines of Engaddi, where they grow amid the ordinary productions of the soil; and where, unlike those in the

gardens of Judea, they need not to be planted or pruned. As indigenous as any of these—as fruitful and as beautiful the Catholic faith is the growth of this land; and not only, therefore, do I accept the simile, but I thank God that it is so—for again I say it cannot be rooted out. Oh! no, it shall not be rooted out. My dear brethren, that God who has watched for so many hundred years over His faith in this land—never will He allow His work of ages to be made void by the policy, by the learning, by the astuteness of man; but that which He Himself has planted shall grow, and strengthen, and become more powerful, and shall send forth its branches, as it is doing, to the uttermost parts of the earth. The emigrants will carry this holy faith beyond the waters to the farthest islands of the sea. The missionary will go rejoicing in his work, and bearing the glad tidings of God and of salvation to the savages of distant shores; and the faith planted here, after it has struck such deep root, and after it has withstood the storms which have so long raged over it in its native land, will fill islands and continents with the blessings which it has here bestowed upon those who surround me.

Or, my dear brethren, I will rather compare it to another of the gifts of God, suggested by this thought. There are lands, as we all know, in which

the Almighty has so scattered gold, that it is everywhere to be found. It is to be picked up in large masses on the mountain sides, or dug out where deep in the bowels of the earth, or it is to be gathered from the sands of the torrent or the desert ; but everywhere it is to be found mingled with the soil. Now, such is the faith of Ireland. Throughout the length and the breadth of the land it is present to us in a fair and alluring form. It is mingled with the entire soil, and is to be found in the sands of your sacred streams and holy springs. It is to be discovered pervading every retreat in which the hermit has once lived, or in the desolate valley in which the saint has died. Everywhere this pure gold of faith is to be found. Oh ! treasure it well, remembering that the smallest fragment of it is more valuable than all the riches that earth can give. It is a treasure which cannot be consumed on earth, and which reserves the fulness of its blessings for heaven.

But, my brethren, the field in this world in which God has treasured this precious seed of faith is the soul of man. There He has laid it deep, and there it has been closely watched and nourished in Ireland, until at length its fruits are becoming manifest as to-day in all that now surrounds us. Religion presents two distinct aspects. The one is that which is purely

interior—that faith, that hope, that love which are in the Christian—those holy thoughts, those sweet graces and converses with God, those sacramental influences which fill and nourish the soul—all these form the true substance of religion. But it has also its outward aspect; and when the two are united for a period of years, not only do those things, which are external and visible, become subsidiary to faith, supporting and encouraging it, and assisting its growth—but perhaps they are attended also with this great risk, that the two become so united together that it is impossible even to impair the one without injuring the other. It is as a tree around which a more tender plant has entwined itself, weaving its branches with those of the supporting stem, clothing and adorning it in return with its leaves, its blossoms, and its fruit, the fibres of the roots growing closely interlaced together. Attempt to cut down at last the one plant which gives nothing but strength and support, and the danger is, that you will not only injure but perhaps totally destroy that which it sustains. And so, although religion consists pure and undefiled in that which is within, in all the virtues to which it gives birth, and in all the beauty with which it adorns life, yet it has pleased the providence of God that His Church should become so associated with outward appearances, giving support and often glory, that it is

difficult to assail the one without injuring the other. The very name of Church has acquired a double signification for the exterior building in which the solemn rites are performed, connected with the faith which is professed by those who worship therein; and the destruction of the outward church seems almost necessarily to imply some diminution or some weakening at least of the inward forces of that church which dies not. At least there are numbers, even of those who are faithful, of those who believe, whose faith is much sustained by the outward ministrations which God has provided. It is difficult to imagine a church persevering in its fervour when the visits of its priests are fraught with danger—when months and almost years may elapse before the faithful can receive the consolations of religion, or the food which God gives to His church by the agency of its ministers. When that constant watchfulness of the pastors who have their flocks constantly under their eyes is withdrawn—when the shepherd is struck—the sheep become scattered: and it is certain that the loss of spiritual ministrations to the wants of the people—of spiritual assistance to the poor—of the means of maintaining places for their education, or for their comfort in illness—weakens to a great extent the power of religion. And if these are in the hands of others who use them for the opposite purpose of perverting and alluring

away from the truth, then there is indeed danger that many in the church may fall away.

But in another respect, your country stands alone in the dispensations of Providence, in dealing with the Church at least in Europe. Notwithstanding all that was done to destroy the Church of God in this land, He, in His mercy, maintained inviolable the succession of its pastors, and gave an unbroken chain from its great Apostle to this hour, and thus made a firm and strong bond, to which were attached all the other graces and blessings that religion can give. This was, indeed, His greatest crowning act of love—one that showeth He would not be angry for ever, and which proved that He was striking with the rod of the father, and not with the axe of the judge—that if He seemed to withhold the hand of mercy, He did not hold forth that of justice. But what became of religion—where were its noble churches and splendid monastic institutions? They were either swept from the land or reduced to ruin, or transformed into strongholds of animosity, and made the places from which have since come forth efforts to destroy, if possible, the faith. Why, my brethren, if there remained—I will not say a splendid cathedral, but a church like the one in which we are now assembled—preserved from the olden time for Catholic worship, I believe that, notwithstanding the stability of its structure, the very

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stones would be kissed away by the lips of pilgrims. The worship of God and the ministrations of its superior pastors in their vesture of holiness, as you have witnessed to-day, was a sight which, by your fathers in the last three centuries, would not have been dreamt of as possible, and the constant dedications of churches like this in every part of the country is a sign of the faith which they might have believed was possibly reserved for some centuries hence. To what a condition then were things reduced! It would appear that the best symbol of the Church, as it was for a long time in this country, is exactly one of those ancient churches I have described, from which every buttress has been plucked away, the roof stripped off, the altar overthrown, the niches plundered, and the walls defaced, and well nigh ruined; but in the meantime all this had not been able to wipe away that sacredness of consecration which they had received, nor to draw away the affection of the people; for it yet remained a consecrated ground for them. Imagine now a congregation assembled in such a place, worshipping God according to the religion of their fathers, and then let us figure to ourselves that God should do habitually for it what He did for the B. Peter of Alcantara, when he took shelter in a dilapidated house, and God sustained with His hand the storm of snow that was threatening to overwhelm him, and kept it

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suspended over his head like a transparent and graceful roof, beyond the architect's skill, so that what of itself was the emblem of cold and poverty became at once a warm and genial shelter, and yet allowed the cheering light to come softened through it upon those below.

Now, similar to this was the Providence of God with your fathers. It was from the very pitiless bleakness of the storm which long afflicted their Church that He wrought the security against the evil powers that sent it, and He "*qui dat nivem sicut lanam*," wove from its very missiles the warm shelter of their piety; and it was through all this apparently oppressive and heartless storm that the mild rays of faith streamed through and brightened the hearts of all that were there assembled. And then, when it cleared away, the sun was shining brightly, it had risen in its beauty, and it is mounting towards its meridian now. No doubt, the wonderful Providence of God made use of the very spoliation and poverty of the Church here as the means of guarding it from the seductions of the world.

Oh! my brethren, it is this that forms the real wonder of the existence of the Church now so flourishing in this land. It is, that notwithstanding the destruction of what would appear the natural and visible support and sustainment of the faith, notwith-

standing the sweeping away in a short time of that which was considered, from the usage and enjoyment of ages, to have become a part of religion; still the faith maintained itself unshaken and unaltered. And why? Because, not merely had it taken root in the soil to the depths of the foundations of its holy places, but deeper far in the hearts, in the consciences, in the souls of the people, even to a depth that all the influence of the earth could not reach.

Now, my dear brethren, I have dwelt long upon the past trials of our faith in this country. I have spoken of things which belong rather to generations now gathered to their fathers than to you; for you live in an age of promise, in an age of hope, and yet you, almost every one, who listens to me, have witnessed perhaps the most severe and terrible of all the trials to which that Church has ever been exposed in this country. I have described two trials. One consisted in the destruction of worldly prosperity and the reduction of the great bulk of those who professed the Catholic faith to a state of abject misery; the other in that overwhelming persecution which threatened to destroy, and which, as far as its influence went, tried to annihilate the Church itself, by depriving her children of spiritual succour. The one reminds me of those messengers who rushed to Job to tell him that the Sabeans had come from one side and the Chaldeans

from another, and destroyed his fields, swept away his herds, killed the herdsmen, and left him a poor and wretched man. The second brings before me that still more terrible trial which went sorely to his heart, when the children of his house were gathered together in the home of their elder brother. Oh, what was that home to all of us, the sons and daughters of the Church, but the home of our elder brother, Christ Jesus, in which, like the children of Job, your forefathers were gathered to partake of his own banquet, when in a moment the four winds of heaven came contending, rival powers—religions of opposite and conflicting creeds—that blew from every side against that house, and it was cast down and made a heap of ruins, underneath which a certain number perished. Neither of these trials shook for a moment the faith, or seemed, I may say, to disturb that deep-rooted religion which existed in the hearts of the people; but the Evil One knew that he could inflict another trial still. “Skin for skin,” he said, “and all that a man hath he will give for his life. But stretch forth thy hand, and touch their bone and their flesh, strike them with famine—strike them with pestilence—and see if they will not bless God and die” (Job ii. 4). And the blight came and the pestilence came, and the children of the land were laid low, and fathers and mothers wept over whole families whom the hand of death

struck down before their eyes, and they mingled their tears with those of their pastors, who were themselves despoiled by their own charity, and by the prevailing want of what was necessary to sustain their lives. Yet, blessed be God under this awful, this unparalleled affliction, this great and truly patient people spoke not a foolish thing against their Maker, and sinned not with their lips. In un murmuring, in patient suffering, they recognized in this affliction the hand of God. They saw in their deep misery but the chastising of children by their Father. They bowed their heads, and died as if they had been an army struck by the Angel of Death passing over them. They were buried in silence and in sorrow; and those who survived went again to the holy work, blessing and praising God, without a murmur or complaint. And was not this final trial enough almost to have shaken in the hearts of the people that continued confidence in God, and to have made them think that they were hardly treated by their heavenly Father. No; like Job, they bore all, meek and unrepining: but yet the hardest trial was to come. For then it was, when the people were thus stricken almost with what looked to the world a leprosy—when nothing but sorrow and suffering seemed to be the inevitable lot of this country—then it was that the comforters came—then it was that men appointed from various reli-

gions in the three kingdoms met together, and came with food in their wallets to tempt, and with money in their purses to bribe, with light in their hands like the cunning fowler only to mislead, and they sat on the ground around their victim; for their comfort was reproach, and their consolation but rebuke. They pretended to have come in charity, to lighten the hand of God upon the people; but in truth their mission was to lay it as heavy as possible upon them, and make them believe, if it could be done, that their Almighty Father had abandoned them, or rather that they were—for these were almost the very words used—given up in their hunger and misery into their hands to relieve them, but only on condition of a sacrilegious apostacy.

Oh! sad alternative, to betray the faith which for ages no trial had shaken, or to see their children starve to death before themselves! This was the trial of trials—and by it was accomplished in the history of this people what was symbolized in the holy patriarch of old. Surely the patient and long suffering of this country will be rewarded, and there will come, like the friends of Job, those who will give their “sheep or their ear-rings” (Job xlii. 11) to restore something of what belonged to the poor sufferers of days gone by.

Such is the faith as it appears to me in this country. Forgive me if, from the abundance of the heart, the

mouth has spoken. I am unable to do more than this, to express those feelings which I may say are natural to me, but which have received such strength and enlargement since I came here amongst you. There now seems to be a bright dawn of a glorious future. It has been shrewdly remarked by a modern writer, that the darkest hour of the night is that which precedes the dawn; and your darkest hour has past, and the dawn is coming. You have its harbinger in this church which speaks to you of what is going to be done, and what is being done, everywhere for the faith. Here this poor population have seen this edifice rise—not from the efforts of a few rich at a distance, but from the persevering exertions of themselves. They have the satisfaction of knowing that this church, after God, is their own: nay, indeed, it was their own, but since this morning God has taken it to Himself, and may He alone be Lord and Master here for ages to come. You have proof of this in these venerable prelates who have come to attend the solemnity—in many who have laboured long for the love of God and the salvation of souls, and who are already veterans in His ministry, but gladly see around them disciples who, by the example they will receive, will carry the hierarchy forward to the end of the century; and around them is a race of zealous priests which cannot be extinguished, of

men who are not to be left behind in what is called "the progress of the age," and who will show you (of which this very temple is proof) that there is nothing that can be done for the honour of God intellectually, artistically, and scientifically, which they are not ready to apply for the vindication of the faith and the advancement of religion. This, my dear brethren, is what, above all things, I now exhort you to; let the faith be kept within you alive and fervent, come what may. If our calculations prove false—if God is pleased to allow you to be more severely tried than your fathers, fear not; stand the test of whatever earth can do in order to put to a further trial that faith which is in you. Your pastors will lead you; these holy bishops will be ever in the van, and they will conduct you certainly to victory, as they have done before. When this morning that procession of holy prelates entered here—when they passed within this arch of the sanctuary—what else was it but a triumphal arch which spoke to you of victory—of victory without anger and without pride—of victory won by meekness and perseverance of faith—a victory which only shows they have learned the lessons taught by the Apostle, which they, in like manner, will hand down to their disciples? "Thou," says the Apostle to Timothy, "hast fully known my doctrine, my faith, long-suffering, love, and patience."

(2 Tim. iii. 10.) Aye, these are the conquerors : faith, long-suffering, love, and patience. It was once, and only once, in history, that the gate of Jerusalem became an arch of triumph. Multitudes passed through it to mount the neighbouring hill on which to sacrifice in honour of a victory. There were Roman centurions at the head of their troops ; there were horsemen with their banners, and infantry with their eagles ; there were magistrates and lictors, and civil officers ; then there were priests and scribes, Pharisees and Sadducees, and a vast multitude of men, Jews and Gentiles, and strangers from every country under the sun. But who was the triumphant conqueror who closed that procession as he passed beneath that arch ? It was the smitten and not the smiter—the reviled and not the reviler—who in meekness, patience, and humility, ascended the capitol of the world, the Calvary on which he offered the most precious of all victims to achieve as well as commemorate the great victory over death and hell. A likeness of this is the victory to which we must aspire—one which we must gain by our endurance in and for the faith—by our constant perseverance in it, in spite of what the powers of earth or hell may do against it. Let us prove that we are followers of that meek but mighty God, and as we imitate Him in His lowliness, His mildness, and gentle-



ness, we may be assured we shall resemble Him in His conquest and glory.

At the conclusion of this discourse, which had been listened to throughout its delivery with the most profound attention, his Eminence was conducted back to the throne, and the Archbishop of Tuam continued the Mass. At the offertory, the choir chaunted the *Cibavit eos*. The scene presented throughout the building at the period of the elevation of the Sacred Host—the union of all, Cardinal, prelates, clergy, and people, alike prostrate, in silent reverence, before the Holy of Holies—was a sight which none who witnessed will ever forget. The High Mass having concluded, the choir chaunted the *Te Deum*, and the benediction of the most adorable Sacrament was given by the Archbishop. The choir chaunted Latham's *Tantum ergo*. A procession was formed in the same order observed on entering the church, and the prelates and the clergy, with his Eminence, returned to the sacristy.

In the course of a short time a deputation of the Town Commissioners was introduced, and the following Address from that body, on behalf of the inhabitants, was read by Dr. Burke and handed to his Eminence:—

“ *To his Eminence Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman, Lord
Archbishop of Westminster.*

“ MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE,—We, the inhabitants of Ballinasloe, dutiful and docile children of the Catholic Church, beg leave to approach your Eminence in a spirit of the most profound respect and veneration for your

sacred character, and to assure your Eminence that we hail your arrival amongst us with the greatest joy. Under any circumstances the visit of a cardinal prince of the Roman church to our parish would demand an expression of our homage. In him we would recognise a chosen counsellor of the Sovereign Pontiff, a member of that august body by which the Vicar of Christ on earth is immediately surrounded and supported in the government of that unbounded kingdom of which we glory in being citizens. But to be honoured with the presence of your Eminence on such an occasion as the present—to have your Eminence amongst us taking a part in the consecration of the church we have struggled to erect—to hear your Eminence within its walls—to see your Eminence associated in the impressive ceremonies by which it is dedicated to the honour of Almighty God, and its altar consecrated to His worship—to see your Eminence so associated with our own bishop, with the illustrious metropolitan of this province, and with the other most reverend prelates here assembled, this is, indeed, a privilege we could not have anticipated. The career of your Eminence is not unknown to us. We recognise in your Eminence one who has successfully explored every region of science, and has laid the collected treasures of your learning at the service of your holy religion—one whose chaste eloquence, meek, yet fervent zeal, have been employed by Divine Providence to win the erring to the paths of Catholic truth, to confirm the domestics of the faith in their attachment, and to revive and inflame the hereditary love of Catholics for their holy mother the Church. We are persuaded that to no one

under God is the Church more indebted than to your Eminence for the brilliant victories she has achieved in our times over her adversaries. The peaceful triumphs, of which the gifted converts that have crowded to her sanctuary under the guidance of your Eminence, are the witnesses and trophies. Fitly, then, do we acknowledge ourselves unable to declare the full measure of our gratitude to your Eminence for your gracious compliance with the invitation of our bishop. We can, however, retain, though we cannot adequately express, the feelings of love and respect that commingle with our joy on this memorable day. We shall treasure the memory of the happy event that has brought together for our advantage and to our honour the illustrious Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and so many of the learned, zealous, and beloved bishops of Ireland; and most cordially do we wish your Eminence length of years to edify by your pious example, and continue the bright polar star of the Church, and that when it shall please the Almighty will to remove your Eminence from the wide sphere of your usefulness, you will receive at His hand that crown of glory He has promised to His faithful labourers in the vineyard.—Signed on behalf of the inhabitants.

“DOMINICK BURKE, M.D.”

His Eminence in replying said:—“That having already repeatedly expressed the feelings of delight that filled his very soul, and his gratitude for the enthusiastic welcome with which he had been greeted, he would not trespass on the meeting by a repetition of what he had

already said—he would rather notice the singularly laudable example set by the inhabitants of Ballinasloe, in their persevering exertions, happily this day rewarded. Their church, beautiful, spacious, and grand as it is, is the work of their own hands, not the creation of some few rich, but of the people, all contributing to the construction of it by their sustained, cheerfully-given donations. They possess it now such as to be not unworthy, rather as worthy as anything human can be, of its Divine destination—the place of sacrifice to the true God. They would, no doubt, continue in the same praiseworthy career, so deserving of imitation even by others, and, having had the happiness of forming an acquaintance with them, he would not give up the hope that some day he should be informed that the tower of their church was finished, and be then again afforded an opportunity of meeting Catholics, to whom he could not but feel most attached and grateful.”

The Lord Bishop of Clonfert, attended by a large number of clergy, presented his Eminence with an Address on their own behalf.

Address of the Bishop and Clergy of Clonfert to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE,—We, the bishop and clergy of Clonfert, approach your Eminence with profound sentiments of love and veneration to hail your auspicious

coming, and to bid you a respectful and hearty welcome to the diocese which has this day the honour to receive you. We take leave to assure your Eminence that, in common with the Catholic world, we rejoice in the daily accruing proofs afforded by your zeal, your learning, and your piety, of the wisdom that inspired the illustrious Pontiff, now ruling supreme in God's kingdom on earth, to enrol your Eminence in the Sacred College. Prepared by a life of ecclesiastical training and study for the exalted place to which you have been called, your Eminence has been, moreover, peculiarly fitted for the apostolate of England by a mildness of character that recalls the memory of the sainted De Sales, and that, in the midst of provocation, has never for a moment been found defective, and a clearness of judgment that has enabled your Eminence to see the position taken in our day by the adversaries of religion, and to seize with the skill of a Bellarmine or a Bossuet on the points that can be most happily turned by the defenders of Catholic faith against the ever-shifting forms of error. The restoration to the Church in England of the normal condition of the hierarchy canonically governing under the supreme rule of the successor of St. Peter, has shown with what firmness and discretion your Eminence is endowed in the arrangement of affairs of the highest importance to the well-being of religion. The affection of the clergy and faithful Catholics of the diocese of Westminster vouches for the paternal care and the zealous solicitude of your episcopal government. When we remember how many of our countrymen are your Eminence's spiritual children, and how many priests of this very province labour under your

Eminence in caring the flocks of our Divine Master, we feel ourselves almost in the same relations with your Eminence as with an Irish bishop. We are proud, too, in the recollection that your Eminence loves our country as that of your family. But, most eminent Lord Cardinal, these are considerations common to us with all Catholics—at least, with all Irish Catholics. There are others that now more urgently demand expression. The diocese of Clonfert has been placed by your singular kindness under special obligations to your Eminence. The generous promptitude with which your Eminence acceded to the request that you would come and join us on this our day of joy, and the hearty co-operation given by your Eminence to our humble efforts on behalf of religion, whilst they thoroughly accord with your Eminence's well-known readiness to oblige, leave to us a debt of gratitude which we may acknowledge but cannot discharge. We can only make this humble effort to thank your Eminence, and at the same time assure you that our most earnest prayers shall be perseveringly offered for your welfare."

His Eminence replied to the address, and spoke to the following effect:—"My Lord Bishop of Clonfert, although I cannot admit that I am at all entitled to the very great compliments contained in the valued address from your lordship and your venerable clergy, I shall so far accept them, as they tell me that whatever I have endeavoured to do in the service of the Church has met with your and their approbation, as most assuredly what your lordship and your zealous clergy

have done and are doing command my most hearty approval. I should naturally be willing to employ my humble faculties, such as they are, in the service of the Church of Ireland, for it was in Ireland I first learned the language in which I address you. For when I first came to Ireland a child I did not know a single word of the English language. It was in this country I acquired it. This country has a claim upon me to use it for the advancement of its religious interests. I have come here to do so on your invitation, my lord, for whom I entertain so sincere respect, and whom I will take leave to call my friend. Since it became known, my lord, that I had accepted your invitation, I have been repeatedly pressed to preach in other parts of Ireland ; but I have steadily refused to go anywhere until I should have fulfilled the engagement I had, with great pleasure, made to your lordship. It was to comply with your request, my lord, I came to Ireland, and it was, I conceived, my duty to come directly here to give whatever assistance I could render on the joyous occasion that has brought so many of the bishops of Ireland, so many of its venerable priests, and such countless multitudes of the Catholic people here together. I have received from you, my lord, and from your clergy, and from your people, such an enthusiastic welcome as that I cannot ever forget its warmth and its earnestness, nor

the numbers that have given it to me. Whatever I expected from the pious veneration of the people of Ireland for those whom God has placed as bishops in His Church ; and however prepared I was for sharing in the demonstration of the respect sure to be paid in Ireland to them ; I did not, I could not, imagine such things as I have here witnessed, and have been the undeserving object of. It is well that there is one present who has remained purposely to attend at the sacred function now over, who will start to-morrow to bear the tidings of its joy to the Sovereign Pontiff himself. Monsignor Talbot, who enjoys the confidence of the Holy Father, and who accompanies him in his moments of relaxation from his overwhelming occupations on the throne of St. Peter, is here, and will assure you himself, my lord, that he will gladden the heart of the Holy Father by a recital of what he has seen and felt on this day and yesterday. He will tell his Holiness of the beautiful, massive, spacious church, dedicated to the honour of God, under the title of that glorious archangel whose protection hovers over the Vatican. He will tell his Holiness that nowhere, not even in the heart of Italy itself, could the love and veneration due to the Head of the Church be more powerfully manifested than it has been in Ballinasloe. He will tell his Holiness that the multitudes here assembled had but one

thought, one heart, and that the thought and the heart were for the See of Peter, for Pope Pius the Ninth, and for those who, however faintly, were supposed to reflect some of the light that issues from that centre, and enlightens the Church of God. For myself, I can only feebly essay to tell my joy and my gratitude to your lordship and your clergy.

The High Sheriff, together with a number of gentlemen of the County of Galway, presented his Eminence with an address on behalf of the Catholic inhabitants of the county of Galway:—

Address of the Catholic Laity to his Eminence Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE—We, the laity assembled to witness the consecration of the new Catholic Church, Ballinasloe, respectfully beg permission to tender our humble but hearty welcome to your Eminence on your auspicious arrival amongst us. Interested as we are in all that redounds to the glory of God and to the exaltation of His Church, we have long felt joy and pride in the high intellectual powers and the richly cultivated talent which have won for your Eminence a world-wide literary reputation, which have been successfully exerted in the service of God and of our holy religion, and which have silenced the sophistry of Infidel Sciolists, who dared to maintain that faith was inimical to knowledge, and that

science was irreconcilable with religion. Warmly attached as we are to the Holy See—that dear mother Church, for devotion to which our ancestors suffered exile and death, and we ourselves continue to endure a modified persecution, we are rejoiced to do honour to the illustrious Cardinal, by whose presence we are visibly reminded of the close connexion of the Catholic Church in these islands with the centre of unity, the successor of Peter, the vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth; remembering, too, that Irish blood flows in the veins of your Eminence, we venture almost to claim the great qualities of your Eminence as in some degree our own; and whilst we willingly receive you with all the reverence due to your exalted station, and with all the dutifulness of obedient spiritual children, we mingle with our welcome that familiar warmth and cordial enthusiasm with which we are wont to greet the coming of our own most distinguished kinsmen in the flesh.

Signed on behalf of the laity here assembled,

PIERCE JOYCE,

High Sheriff of the County Galway.

His Eminence, in reply, said — I cannot adequately express the satisfaction I feel at receiving from the lay Catholics of this vast assembly, through the chief civil officer of the county of Galway, so strong an assurance of their approval of my endeavors to promote the common cause of our common religion. I am particularly grateful for that part of your address, Mr. Sheriff, in which you state that my

presence is a visible sign of your close connexion with the Apostolic See. I am not authorized to appear before you as its representative, nor can I assume such a character. Yet I am, beyond what I can say, gratified that you, and the Catholics here assembled, are pleased to accept my visit as an occasion for testifying, in the solemn manner you have done, your well-known devotion to the See of Rome. I thank you most sincerely.

Monsignor Talbot being called upon, rose, and in a most feeling speech assured the assembly of his own gratification, and of the willing report which he should shortly make to his Holiness of the warm proofs which he had witnessed of devotion to the Holy See at Ballinasloe.

During these proceedings, large masses of the people crowded the open space in front of the church and thronged the streets branching from it, awaiting the appearance of his Eminence on his return to the hotel. A passage was formed through which he might be enabled to proceed in the open carriage of the Bishop of Clonfert. On his appearance, attended by that prelate, he was hailed with deafening cheers, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which were repeated again and again long after he entered the hotel. At this period there could not have been less than from 20,000 to 25,000 persons assembled in the great square before the church and adjoining streets. The conduct of the people at every stage of the proceeding was most exemplary.

In the middle of the great market place the carriage

stopped, and the Cardinal addressed the immense multitude, who, on their knees, in perfect silence, received his blessing.

The collection which was made after the sermon realized a very large sum.

His Eminence was entertained at a dinner in the evening, at which all the bishops and a large number of clergy and some gentry were present.

Grand Banquet to his Eminence.

The impressive and memorable proceedings in Ballinasloe, on Tuesday and Wednesday, were brought to a termination last evening, when his Eminence was entertained at a grand banquet. Upwards of 150 prelates and clergy sat down. The utmost enthusiasm and the strongest desire to do honor to the distinguished guest were manifested by all present.

The LORD BISHOP OF CLONFERT presided.

The cloth having been removed and grace said,

The Right Rev. Dr. Derry rose and proposed the health of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius the Ninth. His lordship observed that on such an occasion, and in such an assembly, their first homage was due to the head of the Church. It was only necessary to make the announcement, and he was sure they would enthusiastically perform that duty. His lordship would not present for their admiration and filial reverence the personal virtues so happily characteristic of the reigning Pontiff; neither would he make more than a passing, though

assuredly a most sincerely grateful, mention of the special obligations of Catholic Ireland to his Holiness. In the days of its agony, the common father of the faithful seemed to concentrate all his solicitude on our sorely-tried Church; having, alas! at that very time, much that was trying to his soul to endure in his own dominions, his Holiness continued to fix his loving regard on this famine-stricken land, and hastened to its relief. But these things are so well known that the grateful memory of Irish Catholics readily anticipates a reference to them. His (the Bishop of Clonfert's) own elevation to the episcopate, amongst the very first raised by the Holy Father to that dignity in Ireland, of course had impressed him with special feelings of duty and gratitude to his Holiness that cannot be a consideration for his lordship to offer to others, however deeply fixed in his own soul it must ever remain. His lordship would rather propose to those illustrious and most reverend personages present, to the clergy he had the happiness of seeing around, and to his lay friends here, distinguished as they are by their loyalty to the Catholic Church—his lordship would rather propose to this great assembly Pope Pius the Ninth in the great absorbing character of the spiritual sovereign, to whom we all alike owe unqualified religious obedience in the character of the head of the Catholic Church, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth. He then gave—

“The long life, health, and happiness of our Most Holy Father the Pope.”

The Hon. and Right Rev. Monsignor Talbot, on rising to acknowledge this toast, said he should first disclaim the

notion of being deemed worthy to speak the feeling of the Holy Father. He had the honor, however, of knowing, personally, and, in the familiar intercourse it was his high privilege to be admitted to by the Sovereign Pontiff, with what loving interest his Holiness regarded the Catholics of Ireland. He would not fail to state to His Holiness, immediately on his return to the Eternal City, for which he was to start next morning, with what bounding enthusiasm the bishops and clergy here assembled, and, if possible, with what still greater enthusiasm the faithful, warm-hearted lay children of the Church manifested on this glorious day their love for his Holiness and their devotion to the See of St. Peter. For himself he could say, that the events of the day would never be effaced from his memory; that the earnest, glowing piety of the Catholics of Ballinasloe, and of the countless multitudes that thronged into it to share in the religious joys and get the blessing of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster—that their fervor, and their sincerity, their orderly conduct, and their affectionate attachment to their pastors had opened to him new views of Catholic society. Though of an Irish family, he had not been in Ireland for upwards of twenty years; he heartily regretted that such was the case, for every year was a year of loss. It was not until he came, on the kind invitation of their bishop, to be present at the consecration of the noble church in which they had spent so edifying a day, that he could form any idea of the glorious union between the people of Ireland and their clergy,—of the unexcelled, if ever rivalled, devotion of all—people, priests, and bishops—to the

Sovereign Pontiff. He was happy that he had remained in Ireland purposely to be present on the auspicious occasion that brought the vast multitude together, and that enabled him to touch, as with his hands, the one heart that throbbed in that mighty assembly. The report he would be most happy in making to his Holiness, in the course of a few days, would be most cheering to his paternal heart, and would be, he would venture to say, accepted as a most agreeable tribute from the ever-faithful Catholics of Ireland.

His lordship again rose, and remarked that he need not preface the toast that he knew every one expected him to propose. It was well for him that he was anticipated by the knowledge they all had of his Eminence, and that their respect needed not to be evoked by any observations of his. The Catholic world was familiar with the life, the services, the virtues of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. His Eminence was essentially an historic personage of the nineteenth century. The Church of God is, after all, the kingdom whose history is the real history of the world, and in that history few of our day hold a more dignified place than Cardinal Wiseman. When some future Bossuet will write another universal history, and, placing himself in some lofty eminence of the Church, shall survey and sketch the vast field before him, undoubtedly the illustrious man who has been with us to-day will be amongst the most prominent on the historic canvas. His lordship, however, felt that whilst, on the one hand, these truths respecting his Eminence are perfectly well known to the most reverend prelates, to his lay

friends, and to the clergy, they, on the other hand, too far transcended his powers of bringing them out in suitable language. He would, therefore, refer the assembly to their own hearty appreciation of those qualities of eminence which combined so harmoniously with his rank in the Church to command their respect and admiration. He would rather look upon his Eminence in the relation in which he then stood to himself and to his diocese—a relation which he (Dr. Derry) could turn to with less misgivings, as to his manner of dealing with it, than with those attributes of his Eminence's character that have won the homage of the Catholic world, and have been signally recognized by the Sovereign Pontiff himself. He would, therefore, take leave to present his Eminence to them as a guest, who had, in the course of the day, brought the resources of his mighty mind and the richness of his eloquence home to those who had come to share in their religious festivity, and to impart to it what all Catholics in Ireland will deem the charm of his presence. But even in this more humble endeavor to express his own feelings of gratitude and joy, his lordship could not proceed without at once becoming conscious of how far he must fall short of his own conception of the obligations he thus presumes to acknowledge. He (Dr. Derry) would, therefore, ask his most reverend brethren and all his other friends to come to his relief, and compensate for his inability, by drinking, in the way in which it was right it should be drunk, with all their heart and soul,—

“The health of the illustrious Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster.”

The Cardinal, on rising to return thanks, would first observe that the kind and graceful manner in which the bishop had proposed his health as a guest relieved him of much of the difficulty he should have otherwise felt in acknowledging the great compliment he had just received. Indeed, everything he had seen or had shared in since he came to Ireland, and especially since he came to Ballinasloe, was so impressed with kindness, that the last mark of their respect, which he now desired to thank them for, could hardly surprise him. He should in frankness admit that what he witnessed, and what he had to be grateful for, far exceeded any expectation he might have formed in England. He knew, indeed, what faith there was in this country, how devoted the inhabitants were to their religion, and how they inherited the love of their persecuted ancestors for the See of St. Peter. Yet, living in another country, where such scenes as had cheered and delighted them all these days past could not take place, he had formed no idea of the glowing warmth and of the enthusiasm of the piety of those mighty masses of Irish Catholics whose cheers had scarce yet ceased. Looking back to the demonstrations of popular devotion to the church, which so happily marked that festive day, he could scarcely think of them as realities; he needed an effort to satisfy himself that what he saw was not a dream. He was

not unprepared for finding a suitable church erected in the town to which he was invited by his friend the Bishop of Clonfert ; but here again his expectations were undeniably exceeded by the reality—a church that might well be said to be artistic in its design, solid in its structure, and spacious in its dimensions—a church admirably fitted for its sacred purposes, and bespeaking an expenditure such as many a rich city might not be willing to incur—an outlay of mental and bodily labor that can be understood only by those who, like the Bishop of Clonfert, have had to deal with the difficulties of such an undertaking.

Here, then, again, said his Eminence, even my anticipations are short of the agreeable reality that I have been enjoying since my arrival. I believe I might naturally feel too much delight in such joyous manifestations as those I have just referred to, and I ought, perhaps, to look upon it as a salutary dispensation of Providence in my regard, that my allotted sphere of action is in a country where such external influences are rarely, if at all, felt. The sense of duty, the voice of conscience—not the cheers of a warm-hearted religious multitude—must exclusively prompt to its performance or repay me. In the morning I go to the church, offer the holy sacrifice, address the worshippers, or go through some other function. I leave

the church and return home without any external indication to show that deep interest in what has been done, such as in Ireland greets the Irish ecclesiastic at every stage of his missionary labors. It may be that sometimes a small knot of humble, yet cheerful members of the flock will group around the church door and smile their satisfaction, or perhaps even allow their gushing feelings to find vent in some religious exclamations. But I never need inquire whence those sympathising Catholics come. I know well they are from Ireland—mayhap from Ballinasloe or Galway, or Mullingar, but certainly from the country where the faith flourishes in all its primitive verdure and fruitfulness. Such scenes as these that buoy up the Irish priest and the Irish bishop are simple impossibilities with us, and it may be well for me that they are, for with my natural inclination to enjoy them, I might be exposed to the danger of partially, at least, allowing them to take too great a hold of me, and thereby to impair the disinterestedness of that sole principle of duty which must, as I am circumstanced, be on earth my motive and reward. But Irish ecclesiastics, with hearts as warm as those of their affectionate flocks, are not in any such danger. Their entire identification of temperament and feeling with those to whom they minister saves them from it, and long may that mutual warmth, acting and react-

ing, continue to inflame their zeal, and love, and devotedness to the Catholic Church.

The Catholics of England are deeply interested in the continuance of that glorious union that characterises the Irish nation—the union of its bishops, priests, and people. The fate of the Catholics of England may be said to depend on the Catholics of Ireland; not, indeed, because these come and form congregations and churches in the cities and towns of England—not because wherever they settle in England congregations and churches are established. Important as these advantages are to a country in which the true religion had almost become extinct, it is in another sense I mean to say, that the fate of English Catholics depends upon their brethren of the Catholic Church in Ireland. The dominant power in the state may afford to disregard the complaints and remonstrances against the injustices of which still the Catholics of both countries have too much cause to complain; and vexatious obstacles to the free exercise of the Catholic religion may be maintained or introduced in despite of us English Catholics. But no party that may have the administration of the affairs of the British empire can venture to treat with contemptuous disregard the just and united demands of the Catholic people and the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland. Let the priests of Ireland then act as they

so well know how to act, earnestly, disinterestedly, and with fearless perseverance in resisting all encroachment on them, and in obtaining redress of the grievances which religion has still to contend with. It was indeed consoling and hopeful to see, in the course of last year, how the Catholics of both countries worked together with these views—to see the Irish members of parliament and the Catholic peers of England united in demanding for their religion what, as citizens, Catholics are entitled to. It will be amongst the most pleasing of the impressions left by my visit to Ballinasloe, if it conduce to foster that spirit of union between the Catholics of both nations, subjects of the same sovereign, but still more closely allied as members of the same Church. The day now nearly spent is one to be “marked with a white stone;” indeed, I shall never forget it. The incidents of it will continue on my memory fresh as at this moment, and for ever shall I be grateful for the reception I have met with from my most reverend and right reverend brethren—from priests to whose deserts it is not necessary I should bear witness, for their power in word and work is to be seen in the virtues of their flocks—and from the vast multitudes whose welcome still rings in my ears; and, my Lord Bishop of Clonfert, I shall surely not forget my obligations to your lordship for having given me the opportunity for so

much enjoyment. I was happy to have it in my power to oblige your lordship, whom I so much respect—whom I will call my friend; but you, my lord, have reversed the obligation. I stand indebted to you, my lord, and can only repay your lordship with my abiding gratitude.

His Lordship the Bishop of Clonfert proposed the health of the metropolitan the Archbishop of Tuam, who replied with his usual eloquence.

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman rose and said that he would now ask their lordships and that influential assembly to drink the health of the bishop of the diocese. His lordship, Dr. Derry, was, indeed, well known to them, as it was attested by the presence of so many distinguished prelates, who came, at no doubt much personal inconvenience, from the remotest quarters of Ireland at his call, to rejoice with him in the happy event of this day, as it was demonstrated by the presence not only of these venerable bishops but by that of the High Sheriff and the Catholic gentry and people of this great county, as well as by the visible joy of all the priests to-day met in the beautiful church of St. Michael. This showed how sincerely his lordship was respected by all classes. His Eminence was satisfied that without further preface he might confidently ask them to drink the

health of their host. I will not deny myself the pleasure, said his Eminence, of again saying that I am happy at having shared in his lordship's happiness to-day. His work of anxiety has to-day received the blessings of God and of the Church. He will, no doubt, still continue it; but so much has been done, and all that has been done has been so well done, that his lordship's mind may henceforward be at ease about the accessories of the goodly structure. I need not say with what provident care and liberality his lordship has acted as our host. The scene of this evening within these doors in its way vies with the scale on which, in the church and in those crowded streets abroad; everything has been carried on. His lordship's taste, fulness of heart, and hospitality, have to be acknowledged by all his guests. My lords and gentlemen, let us drink heartily the health of the Right Rev. Dr. Derry, the Bishop of Clonfert.

His Lordship, on rising to return thanks, was loudly cheered. He said that he would unaffectedly declare he was unable to thank his Eminence and his most reverend brethren, and his lay friends as well as the clergy, for all the kindness they had that day shown him. He must only throw himself on their indulgence for his imperfect utterance of the feelings of gratitude with which he was filled. To his Eminence above all he was indebted beyond his capacity to acknowledge. He (Dr. Derry) must have

appeared to many to have acted boldly and presumptuously; when it became known that he had invited Cardinal Wiseman to preach in a country town in the west of Ireland. But he (Dr. Derry) from the day he had the honor of being admitted to an acquaintance with his Eminence, was so struck by the good nature and affability of that illustrious prince of the Church, that he had not much misgiving about the fate of his request; and if he could not show his Eminence the wealth or pomp of other places, he knew he could present to him a body of clergymen that would be invigorated and cheered by his Eminence's presence and blessing. He knew he could show him the treasures of the Church in the multitudes of her faithful children, and he was confident his Eminence would be satisfied. His Eminence came on these terms, and they had been kept. The people had crowded round him to share in his blessing; the priests had knelt before him and had been strengthened; and he (Dr. Derry) was happy, and surely he ought to thank his Eminence for all these benefits.

The Bishop again rose and proposed "The Health of the Laity."

The High Sheriff responded in eloquent terms.

The company soon after separated.

ATHLONE, MONDAY, THE 30TH

This day a highly influential meeting of the Catholic clergy and principal inhabitants of St. Peter's and St. Mary's parishes was held in this town, for the purpose of voting an address to Cardinal Wiseman, on his return this

day from the west, on his way to the residence of John Ennis, Esq., M.P., at Ballinahoun. Patrick Rourke, Esq., J.P., was called to the chair; William Kelly, Esq., solicitor, acted as secretary. The following gentlemen—the Ven. Archdeacon O'Reilly, P.P.; the Rev. Mr. Dardis, C.C.; William O'Connell, M.D., and the secretary—having been appointed a committee, drew up the following address, which having been read, was unanimously adopted:—

To the Most Illustrious and Most Rev. his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, Lord Archbishop of Westminster.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE—We, the inhabitants of Athlone, beg to offer to your Eminence, on this your first appearance amongst us, a true Irish welcome. To the real nature of this welcome your Eminence cannot now be a stranger. We behold in you the distinguished scholar who has laid science and the “wisdom of the world” under tribute to revelation, and who has, as it were, wrested the weapon from the foeman's hand, and planted it as a pillar beneath the Church he assailed; we behold in you the champion of our faith, who in the hour of danger stood most firm and yielded not; we cannot, therefore, but take a pride in the learning which once made our own old Church illustrious; we cannot but revere the constancy which won for it merit, and we trust perpetuity, particularly as those high gifts of blessing and of grace have been bestowed on one of our own race and blood. Accept, then, the respectful homage of the inhabitants of Athlone, which we present to you as a prince and defender of the Church, and we flatter ourselves that the homage we

pay to you, and through you to our Holy Father, will not be unacceptable; for it is meet, indeed, that the members of the most tried and faithful Church in Christendom should duly honor the greatest and most exalted dignitaries in the world.—Signed on behalf of the inhabitants at public meeting assembled,

P. ROURKE, J.P., Chairman T.C., *Chairman.*

WILLIAM KELLY, Solicitor, *Secretary.*

As it had been ascertained that his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman would arrive in town on Monday, vast crowds poured in from the counties of Westmeath, Longford, and Roscommon, and the approaches to the terminus were blocked up by anxious thousands, and the platform was filled by a number of ladies and gentlemen, anxious to receive the blessing of his Eminence, or to see one whose name is so intimately identified with the struggle for religious freedom and the spread of Christian truth in the sister country. On the arrival of the up-train from Galway, conveying his Eminence from Kilcornan, the residence of Sir T. N. Redington, the cheering from the persons on the platform was taken up by the vast assemblage outside, and when his Eminence left the train, the cheering became most vehement and enthusiastic. He was received by the Bishops of Elphin and Ardagh, who conducted him to the waiting-room, where the address from the Town Commissioners, on the part of the inhabitants, the address of the clergy, and the address of the Catholic Young Mens' Society, were read, to which his Eminence returned suitable replies, in which he graciously

acknowledged the compliment paid to him, and expressed the liveliest interest and solicitude for the spiritual and temporal welfare of those who had joined in the warm and enthusiastic tribute of respect. The carriage of Mr. John Ennis, M.P., was in readiness to convey his Eminence to Ballinahoun House, where his Eminence remained on a visit up to Wednesday morning. As the carriage moved slowly through the masses of persons who had congregated in the streets, the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. From time to time the carriage had to stop in consequence of the roadway being blocked up by the crowds anxious to obtain the benediction of his Eminence, who was much affected by the generous feeling of welcome and respect which was manifested towards him. His Eminence was accompanied by the Rev. E. L. Clifford, the Rev. Mr. Burke, Mr. Wiseman, and J. Ennis, Esq., M.P. After a drive of nearly five miles, his Eminence arrived at the demesne of Ballinahoun House, where the tenantry of Mr. Ennis were assembled, and gave his Eminence a most cordial reception as the carriages occupied by his Eminence and suite drove through the grounds leading to the principal entrance. A distinguished party was invited to meet his Eminence at dinner. On Tuesday morning his Eminence set out for a visit to Birr, a distance of nearly sixteen miles. He was accompanied by his host, the Rev. Messrs. Burke and Farrel, Westland-row; Mr. Wiseman, Mr. Errington, and Mr. J. E. Wallis. His Eminence was induced to take the long drive to Birr by his anxiety to inspect the celebrated telescope erected by Lord Ross, and to visit the schools and convent, previously known to him,

of the Sisters of Mercy. The roads along which his Eminence proceeded were lined by hundreds of the country people, who asked his blessing as he passed. In all cases where the request was made, his Eminence gave his benediction, and nothing could be more edifying than the joy evinced by the people on receiving it; and in several instances children were presented to him by their mothers, and the sick were brought forth to receive his blessing.

The town presented a scene of much enthusiasm and excitement; and although it was harvest time, the place was crowded by thousands of all classes, anxious to pay a tribute of respect to his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, who arrived shortly before four o'clock, from Ballinahoun House. After partaking of luncheon his Eminence, and the gentlemen who accompanied him, proceeded to the beautiful Catholic church, which was crowded to the doors. The Rev. Mr. Egan conducted his Eminence within the rails of the sanctuary, when an address was read from the inhabitants, in which was conveyed their deep sense of gratification at his Eminence's appearing amongst them, and the expression of their affectionate veneration for him as a prince of the Church, and the uncompromising defender of the faith. His Eminence returned a reply replete with eloquence and paternal tenderness. At its termination, he gave the vast assemblage his solemn blessing, as they devoutly knelt to receive it. The Cardinal then proceeded to the beautiful demesne of Lord Ross, who was absent in London, and who, many years ago, had most courteously exhibited his new telescope, still unfinished, as well as his smaller ones, to the

Cardinal, then Bishop, and the guest of Mr. Bennett, of Thomastown. However, the absence of the noble astronomer was compensated by the courtesy of his representative, who most obligingly had everything prepared so as to show to perfect advantage the mechanism of the splendid instrument, which is a national monument of the scientific attainments of Ireland, and of the ingenuity of its noble projector and constructor. On his Eminence's again appearing in the street, he was received with enthusiastic cheering, and as he drove out of town on his way back to Ballinahoun House he was followed by an immense crowd, who cheered him most vehemently as he went upon his way.

As it had been ascertained here on Wednesday morning that the Cardinal would start for Dublin, from the Moate station of the Midland Great Western Railway, crowds from all the surrounding districts poured in, for the purpose of showing him every mark of respect and veneration, and to do him honor as a prince of the Church and a representative of the Holy See. One can scarcely convey a notion of the joy and enthusiasm of the people, who were dressed in their holiday attire; and all work was suspended to enable them to pay their tribute of respect to the Cardinal. For five miles of road, along which his Eminence had to drive from Ballinahoun House to the railway, people were assembled in thousands, and as the carriages occupied by his Eminence and friends came up, the cheering was loud and general. In the town three triumphal arches, most tastefully designed, were erected. As his Eminence approached, the cheering of the people

became deafening, and as his carriage proceeded through the dense mass, men and women pressed round the vehicle, all appearing overjoyed at having an opportunity of testifying their love and veneration for a prince of the faith for which they, as well as their forefathers, had suffered so much. It was a most exciting scene as his Eminence approached the terminus. Not less than twenty thousand persons had assembled, and through those the carriage of his Eminence could make but very little progress. On arriving at the platform he was met by a number of clergymen and other gentlemen, who presented him with the following address:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE,—We, the Clergy and laity of the parish of Kilcleagh, which you have so honored by a visit, beg leave to approach your person with sentiments of the most profound respect, and to bid you, in the simple but earnest language of our country, “Cead mille failthe.” It is a proud thing for us to see a prince of the Holy Roman Church tread the soil of our parish; and this pride is enhanced by the consideration that, in your Eminence’s person we behold a prince who more than adequately sustains the oldest and noblest dignity in the world. It is a joyous day for us to see in the midst of us a prelate who has rendered such signal services to the old Church, which is so dear to us, intrinsically and extrinsically—intrinsically for the treasures it contains, and extrinsically, for the costly sacrifices which our forefathers made to uphold it. Passing over the services which you have rendered to the Church by your matchless lectures on controversy, and by your incessant

preaching of the words of truth and life, you have silenced the falsifiers of history and the misinterpreters of science. by demonstrating to a convinced world that their theories were not "a joint" in the fitness of things, and that all the sciences, even in their present imperfectly developed state, serve to illustrate and confirm the principles of revealed religion. There is, however, another joy of ours which must find utterance; it is this—that, though your birth and lot have been cast in other regions, you are of the pure old blood of this land. For these, and many other reasons which we forbear to mention, we are full of pride and joy this day, and we hail, with rapturous delight, the opportunity which is thus so graciously afforded us of doing reverence to your sacred person, and of offering assurances of the liveliest devotion and gratitude.

The train being obliged to start, his Eminence was compelled to forward his reply from Dublin, that evening, in writing. It was as follows:—

Reverend Brethren and Friends—The shortness of time which I was able to pass at Moate, and the kindly pressure by which I was surrounded, did not permit me this morning to reply to the warm-hearted address presented to me, for the same reason, only in writing. But I seize on the first moment of leisure, after my arrival in Dublin, to thank you for the expressions of regard and affection which it contains, and to assure you that it will form an imperishable record of what my eyes witnessed with sincere delight.

The enthusiasm of your Irish hearts has been manifested by many tasteful decorations on my path, and on the very cottage walls, prepared to welcome my arrival amongst you, though only for a moment. Rapid as was my passage through your ranks, my eye did not overlook any one of these affecting demonstrations of your Catholic feelings; for I feel sure that these were the true spring of your affectionate expressions in speech and in writing. Long may endure that unanimity of sentiment which I witnessed this morning between priests and people, and abundant be the blessings which God will pour upon all, in reward for such hearty friendliness as I, though personally unworthy, have experienced from you.

The vast multitude having knelt down, his Eminence gave them his solemn pontifical benediction, and, taking his seat in the train, proceeded to Dublin, followed by the heartfelt prayers of the poor for his welfare and happiness. Great numbers assembled at the Mullingar station as the train approached; and his Eminence, seeing that the people were most anxious to pay their respects to him, came out of the carriage which he occupied and gave his blessing to the kneeling crowd, after which the train proceeded at a rapid pace to Dublin.

DUBLIN.

Arrival of his Eminence in Dublin.

His Eminence arrived in town on Wednesday, by train from Athlone, at twelve o'clock. He was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Clifford, the Rev. Mr. Burke, Mr. Wiseman, and J. Ennis, Esq., M.P., D.L., chairman of the Midland Great Western Railway Company. On the arrival of the train at the terminus he was received by the principal officers of the company, who conducted him to the carriage which was in waiting to convey him to the Imperial Hotel. During the day a large number of the clergy and laity called to pay their respects to his Eminence. After partaking of some refreshment, he proceeded to take a drive in the suburbs, and when he returned to the hotel, large crowds were assembled to see him and to receive his blessing. Shortly before seven o'clock he proceeded to the grand banquet given by the Lord Mayor. His Eminence wore the undress costume of a cardinal. On appearing in the street he was hailed with loud cheering by more than a thousand persons, who surrounded the principal entrance to the hotel. On arriving at the Mansion House, a considerable crowd had collected in the large space in front, who welcomed his Eminence with a hearty Irish cheer.

Banquet at the Mansion House,

IN HONOUR OF THOMAS BRIGHT, ESQ., ENGINEER OF THE
ATLANTIC CABLE.

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, in proposing the health of the Lord Mayor, spoke as follows:—

GENTLEMEN,—I have presumed to rise almost against the remonstrance of my Lord Mayor, assuming to myself the privilege of proposing to you his health, which, I think, should take precedence now of every other consideration. It would ill become me to expatiate upon his excellent qualities or his civic virtues, because I have had such slender opportunities of becoming acquainted with them, compared with those which you who surround me enjoy, that the most I could do would be to endeavor to echo those sentiments which you already entertain, by repeating what some of you may in your kindness have communicated to me. I consider that the fact of his presiding this evening, and of his having been raised by his fellow-citizens to the very highest civic position which could be the object of ambition to any one in his position to attain—the fact of his having been raised to the chief magistracy of the capital city of this portion of the empire, speaks forcibly as to his merits, and at once proclaims your high opinion of him.

At the same time I am glad to find since I entered this room, that our acquaintance is not merely of this evening. Though he has entertained me in common with many others with so much splendor, it appears that many years ago I had the advantage of being his host. Amongst the Tusculan hills, in a sweet and lovely recess, which many who are near me have often enjoyed, he was good enough to be as one of our own little community—a youth himself, mingling amongst the youth of that day (I am sorry to say that we are no longer such)—and he reminds me that he was then associated within our humble collegiate walls with two men that I consider it a pride to have been at any time connected with—the two illustrious cardinals, Pacca and De Gregorio. I therefore feel that I have this evening renewed that loving bond of hospitality, and that familiar tie, which in ancient times was indissoluble, and which, once enjoyed, was expected to continue through life. I think myself happy in having the opportunity of renewing those early relations of friendship.

If it would be presumptuous in me to speak of those personal qualities that belong to your estimable chairman, there can be no impropriety in my alluding to those more public and general circumstances which I think we may well congratulate ourselves on being probably the future characteristics of this his civic

reign. I have been travelling—not indeed through the whole length, but at any rate through the entire breadth of this island, and I think this year it will be especially enriched by the hand of Providence with what must be considered amongst the greatest of its desires, as of earthly blessings—an abundant harvest and an untainted food.

This will, I trust, be one happy retrospect of his mayoralty in Dublin. And further, I have approached sufficiently near the shores of the west to have almost caught distant sight of the steam which, parting from this coast, went forth as the banner on another of those messengers which have been despatched with such enterprise, and I trust with such success, to vindicate the geographical position of Ireland on the map of the world. For, if in the olden time she was considered the “Ultima Thule,” as the last spot in the relative position of nations, she is now the foremost, the *avant guard* of Europe in its advancement towards the great continent of the west; and if her craggy shore has been the very spur and buttress which Europe has thrown out against the roaring Atlantic ocean, it is likewise the nearest point from which Europe can stretch across to grasp the hand of friendship with a new and increasing world.

But still more has his lordship reason to congratulate himself that his year of office has been sig-

nalised by the accomplishment of that great enterprise of which he has so admirably spoken, and which has procured for us this evening one of the most admirable specimens of simple and modest eloquence, that really unassuming and truthful narrative which has told us so much that we were unacquainted with, at the same time, that it has been disincumbered of all that could be personal or presumptuous, and has advanced tenfold in our estimation—for the merit of modesty is beyond that of genius—the praise which we had in our hearts allotted to Mr. Bright.

It is difficult, after what has been said, to return again to the subject; but you will pardon me if I indulge in a few obvious reflections suggested by this wonderful work. Hitherto there seems to have been above earth but little or no obstacle to the enterprise of man; and yet he has often been baulked in his attempts to pass from one land to another. In his panting impatience to communicate with his fellow-man wherever he might be found, or in obedience to that supreme law which commands him to go forth and people the earth, he has endeavored to track his way to its remotest regions—he has dived into the darkest of its valleys, and there groped his way amidst the stones of the torrent to create a path beyond the chains of mountains that seemed to shut him in. He

has climbed as high as it was possible for all his breathless vigor to bear him, until at length he has come to the snow-built pyramids on the summit of the mountain or the impassable glacier; and then he has turned its flank, and with wonderful perseverance has made his way into the opposite region. But who ever thought till now of at once plunging into the very depths of the ocean, without the power of seeing a single step beyond him; almost beyond the power of the fathoming line to reach, to a depth, as we have been told, as great as the height of the highest mountains explored but by a few individuals? And there he has ventured to trace his path, and has traced it without deviation, and without yielding to any, however formidable obstacles. He has made that path bury itself deep into the very undermost of the valleys of that unseen region; he has made it to ascend its steepest precipices—to cross its highest mountains—to pass down again; till thus by an effort of perseverance, the like of which the world has never witnessed, the two continents have been moored safe to one another—moored so safe by this little metallic hawser as no other power, no amount of “inky blots and rotten parchment bonds,” or protocols or treaties could ever have done.

And what is the result of this mighty work? Why, the Greek used to boast of his fire, which would burn

under the sea, and which, attached to the keel of a ship, would destroy it in the midst of the sea ; and we know how the power of electricity has been similarly employed to explode mines high into the air and cause the sacrifice of hundreds of human lives. But this little spark which we are now sending under the ocean—this flash of lightning which passes from shore to shore—this fire which burns inextinguishable below the depths of the mighty waters, may truly be considered, if it were not too sacred an expression to use—to be the flame of that love and of that charity between the two nations of which the sacred text says, that “many waters shall not extinguish it, and floods shall not overwhelm it.” Yes ; I have no hesitation in saying, that it is time now for the American eagle to let go those lightnings which it is represented as grasping in its talons, and let them drop into the ocean, and they will cross it safely and come to us, not accompanied with any roar of thunder, but murmuring the words of softest peace.

But while this graver aspect of things comes naturally to the mind, there is one which presents itself to me that I cannot forbear to linger on with more of tenderness and love. I can imagine a poor mother in the west of Ireland—a poor Galway or Mayo peasant, who had sent her stalwart sons, the promise of her old age, far away as emigrants to those distant regions

to gather their gold, not that which nature has sown broadcast on the surface of the land, but that which honest industry reaps from it. I can imagine her, when perhaps the days of her widowhood have come, sitting on the farthest crag that juts into the Atlantic, contemplating that waste of waters no longer as a desolate wilderness which separates her from those she loves, but as a means of instant communication with them, as a way of making known to them her joys and her distresses, and of receiving back in a few hours words of consolation and of promise. It will unite the hearts of many now estranged; and though it may look rather chimerical to consider instances of this individual reciprocal communication as of frequent or of common every-day occurrence, yet it will sweeten the bitterness of separation, and make emigration no longer be exile. It will prevent the severing of one from the other resulting in a loss of kindred feeling, and it will constantly renew the affections of life. When those who are in America, wandering in the wastes of the north, or buried in the forests of the west, know day by day how the sun is shining, or the earth is looking in their own native land—when they know as if they were upon the spot what measures of improvement are before the legislature, and before the people—when they know, on the other hand, that at home all the prospects of their

adopted country are known, the promises of the harvest, the state of commerce, and the improvements of society, and that, in fact, the communication between the two countries is no longer a matter of weeks, or of months, as formerly, but of hours—a much closer bond of union will be formed than was imagined by those persons who believed that by looking at the same sun, or moon, or star, at a stated hour, they were brought into communion with one another.

It is, therefore, a matter of just pride that this island has been chosen by Divine Providence as the means of this most happy communication—of this binding of nations and worlds in bonds which we may trust will be irrevocable and indissoluble peace. It is no small honor for it to have seen the most splendidly successful application of the most magnificent of those gifts of science and genius which God has given for a blessing and an honor to this age. It is no slight compensation, that after so many years of sorrow and suffering, of calamities of every sort, of famine and disease, this glory should have been given as a recompense to this noble land. I congratulate you on your having been this evening united and associated with the noble engineer who has executed a task so truly honorable to the whole nation; and that this has been done under the auspices of

your Lord Mayor, to whom has been appropriately reserved the honour of celebrating in a public manner this splendid achievement. If that this great and wonderful occurrence has taken place under his civic magistracy, may be considered accidental—the having united us here, the noble and elevated thought of bringing so many gentlemen of name, family, and high character to do homage to the genius that has wrought this great work—is his own idea, for which he is justly entitled to our gratitude. I therefore propose his health, and though I suppose one cannot wish him a longer duration of his present honors, at least let us hope that he may have many years to enjoy the looking back upon the present hour.

The health of the Lord Mayor was drunk most cordially.

After returning thanks, the Lord Mayor again rose, and in proposing the next toast, said—I have the honor to propose the health of a distinguished guest whose name is inscribed upon the roll of the illustrious literary celebrities of this age, and whose exertions in the cause of science and progress have met with a grateful recognition from men of all creeds in the country of his adoption. I consider myself fortunate in having the honor of his presence on an occasion like the present, which owes its origin to a wonderful scientific triumph, which must materially assist in advancing still more the great cause of civilization, and in promoting peace and good will amongst men, to the advancement of which so many years of his life have been

energetically devoted. I should be doing great injustice, both to myself and the eminent Cardinal to whom I refer, if I did not convey my sincere conviction that his philanthropy embraces all mankind, and his great and successful exertions in the cause of social improvement have ever been directed towards the general public good. Nearly a quarter of a century ago he accorded to me, in a foreign land, the rights of hospitality. I feel honored at seeing him here to-night, and at having this opportunity of paying my respect to the great talent which produced that remarkable work "The Connection between Science and Revealed Religion." I have the honor to propose—"The health of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman."

His Eminence the Cardinal rose and said—

My Lord Mayor and gentlemen, my first duty is very simple, for I do not see what I can do more than thank you with all my heart for your kindness in drinking my health. Your Lord Mayor was kind enough to invite me before I came to Ireland, understanding that I was about to make a tour here, to partake of his hospitality to-day, and I accepted the invitation with pleasure, because I thought it was due to an invitation from one who represented so worthily a noble city, towards which I could not but feel the greatest respect, and for whose charities it must be my anxious desire to labor. I accepted it also because my knowledge of him convinced me he was personally deserving of any mark of regard it was in my power to pay him.

I have no reason to regret that on receiving it I at once cheerfully acceded to his invitation, and I can answer for myself, that it has procured for me an exceedingly interesting, and I hope, a profitable evening. I have heard with the greatest pleasure what has been said; and I shall return, I am sure, deeply impressed with the noble manner in which the duties of the Mansion House are discharged in this metropolis. I have, of course, no pretension to dive deeper into its mysteries than those which have been unveiled to us, but I can truly say, and you will join me in the statement, that if all the performances expected from the Lord Mayor are conducted in the same agreeable and substantial manner as those of this evening, he must be a most transcendently good chief magistrate. I have nothing more to add, except that what the Lord Mayor has been good enough to say of me is true, so far as it describes the existence of my earnest wishes for the welfare of my fellow-creatures. I have never had anything more at heart than to exert whatever slender abilities or means of improvement Providence has been pleased to bestow upon me, for the purpose of vindicating the truth of revelation, and of applying so much of science as came within my limited range towards the defence of God's exalted truths. If I have at all succeeded in this—if, through divine Providence, I can pretend to

the accomplishment of good, however small, by means of my poor attainments and limited powers, as well as by the unmerited position I fill, I feel it my duty to say, that whatsoever the advantages may be, I lay them, after offering my tribute of them to the Almighty Giver, at the feet of Ireland.

DUNDALK.

HIS Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster left the Amiens-street terminus of the Dublin and Drogheda Railway for Barmeath, the seat of Lord Bellew, at one o'clock on Thursday. He was accompanied by Lord Bellew, the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, Principal of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and the Rev. Messrs. Crolly, Clifford, and Burke. Large crowds assembled at the entrance of the hotel, who cheered his Eminence most heartily as he drove off. On arriving at the terminus, his Eminence was received by the principal officials of the company, who conducted him to the carriage which had been prepared for him.

At the Balbriggan and Drogheda stations considerable crowds of people assembled, and when the train stopped at these places, they pressed forward with reverent eagerness to the carriage which his Eminence occupied, and kneeling on the platform received his blessing. Several

of the clergymen of Balbriggan and Drogheda were in attendance to pay their respects to his Eminence, and had the honor of kissing his hand. A similar demonstration took place at Duinleer, where a large assemblage of people collected to welcome his Eminence, and received his blessing as he proceeded towards the carriage of Lord Bellew, which was in readiness to convey him, and the distinguished party accompanying him, to Barmeath, and as the carriage drove off, they gave vent to their feelings in loud and repeated cheers. A large number of the local gentry and clergy had been invited to meet his Eminence at Barmeath.

On Friday the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster made his entry into Dundalk amidst a scene of enthusiastic rejoicing, which has had no parallel in the history of the town, and cannot certainly have been surpassed by any similar demonstration in this island. Whether we regard the immense multitudes who took part in the proceedings, or the spirit by which they all were animated, and the exertions made to do the highest honor to their illustrious visitor, the reception accorded to Cardinal Wiseman by the inhabitants of Dundalk must be considered an event of a most remarkable character. No evidence was needed to prove the devotion of the Catholics of Louth to the faith which has descended to them from their forefathers, or the respect, reverence, and affection with which they regard the ministers of that religion; but if any one entertained a doubt upon the point, this magnificent demonstration, the warmth and enthusiasm everywhere expressed, and the joy which beamed on the countenances

of the multitudes who thronged the streets, would quickly and effectually have dispelled an idea so erroneous.

The decorations were probably on a more extensive scale than has ever been witnessed before in any Irish city. From the extreme end of the town, at the Newry side, through the main thoroughfare, Clanbrassil-street, through Park-street, Anne-street, and Dublin-street, as far as the railway station—a distance of at least a mile and a-half—every house was decorated with garlands of evergreens and wreaths of flowers; whilst numerous gay flags waved in the breeze, and inscriptions of welcome were displayed in prominent situations. The effect of this profuse display of green leaves and of the festoons of flowers, which were in many instances most tastefully arranged, was extremely novel and pleasing. The decorations opposite to the old market-house, and in the immediate vicinity of the residence of Peter Russell, Esq., were particularly deserving of observation. Opposite to the market-house a triumphal arch, adorned in the usual manner, had been erected. From the top of it a banner was suspended, upon which the words “Cead mille Fealthe” were inscribed, and a variety of flags were grouped together and erected upon the summit of each of the supporting poles. Two other poles, from which flags were also displayed, were erected at the pathway on each side of the road; and from the windows of the adjacent houses flags, banners, and bannerets of every hue, size, and description, added, by their glowing colors, to the brilliant effect.

It was expected that his Eminence would arrive in town at eleven o'clock from Barmeath, the residence of Lord

Bellew, where he had spent the previous evening. A number of the inhabitants, accordingly, went out to meet him, accompanied by a band, and carrying several very handsome banners, on some of which religious devices were painted; flags, glowing with brilliant colors, and glittering with gold and silver, were also profusely displayed. The crowd, which increased to an enormous multitude as it proceeded onward, advanced about two miles before the carriage containing his Eminence and other distinguished persons was seen approaching. A cheer, loud, enthusiastic, and prolonged, immediately rent the air; the band played an appropriate air, and when the cortege drove up, the people, unharnessing the horses, proceeded to draw the Cardinal's carriage for the remainder of the way. His Eminence repeatedly bowed in acknowledgment of the cordial applause of the people, and appeared to be much gratified with the warmth of his reception. The procession, for such it may be called, then moved slowly onward, surrounded and followed by the people, who renewed their cheering at frequent intervals. The road and streets were lined by spectators, who joined heartily in the acclamations, and every window along the line of route was filled with ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs as the Cardinal's carriage drove slowly past. It was nearly twelve o'clock when his Eminence arrived in town, and he proceeded without delay to the church. His Eminence was accompanied by Lord Bellew, George Bowyer, Esq., M.P.; the Rev. E. L. Clifford; the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth; the Rev. Mr. Crolly, Maynooth; and the Rev. W. Burke. Several Catholic clergymen, from various parts of the

county, occupied the vehicles by which the carriage of his Eminence was accompanied into the town.

The church of St. Patrick is a fine ecclesiastical structure. It was erected some years ago by the unaided exertions of the Catholic clergy and parishioners of Dundalk, and it now stands an enduring monument to their piety, zeal, and perseverance in the cause of their holy religion. The interior is spacious, forming a central nave terminating in front of the sanctuary, within which is the high altar, and two side aisles, formed by rows of pillars of graceful workmanship. At the end of each aisle is a side altar, railed off of the other portions of the structure. The whole of the interior—roof, side walls, and pillars—is painted and decorated in the most chaste and beautiful style of art, the prevailing color being azure and gold, with various tintings of exquisite delicacy and finish. The church is lighted principally by stained-glass windows, representing scriptural and devotional subjects; and at the end, facing the grand altar, is erected a powerful and sweet-toned organ, with capacious gallery for the choir. Ample preparations had been made in the interior of the church for the ceremonies of the day. Within the sanctuary, to the left of the altar, was placed a dais covered with crimson cloth, on which was the chair of state to be occupied by his Grace the Primate. Two seats, also covered with crimson cloth, were placed to the extreme right of the altar. These were set apart for the reception of prelates. Immediately in front of the Primate's chair, and advanced to the sanctuary railing, was a platform, ascended by three steps richly carpeted, from which his

Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop had to preach. To the left of the altar stood the throne whereon his Eminence was to assist at the High Mass. It was covered with scarlet damask cloth, embossed with gold flowering, and the overhanging canopy was richly fringed. The clergy of the various diocesses, to the number of over two hundred, assembled in the compartments of the church allotted to them, namely, the sections of the side aisles nearest to the small altars. Amongst the clergymen were the following:—

The Rev. M. Corrigan, P.P.; Rev. M. Brennan, P.P.; Rev. M. Loughran, P.P.; Rev. G. M'Guire, P.P.; Rev. P. Dorian, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Mooney, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Smith, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Callan, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Pentony, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Kearney, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Malone, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Mulligan, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Gartland, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Cassidy, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Began, Administrator; Rev. P. Carden, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Kearney, P.P.; Rev. Mr. M'Veagh, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Byrne, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Curly, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Hoey, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Clifford, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Birmingham, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Clifford, C.C.; Rev. Mr. M'Quaid, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Gillen, C.C.; Rev. Mr. M'Nally, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Campbell, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Magin, C.C.; Rev. Mr. M'Ginity, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Dooly, C.C.; Rev. Mr. M'Kenna, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Brennan, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Crawley, Maynooth; Rev. Mr. Hanratty, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Mocken, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Powderly, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Kearney, C.C.; Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan, C.C.; Rev. Dr. Rogers, Rev. M. M'Keon, C.C.; Rev. J. Levens, C.C.; Rev. P. Keran, C.C.; Rev. W. M'Ardle, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Duggan, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Stokes, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Lennon, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Loy, C.C.; Rev. Mr. M'Keon, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Arkin, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Tierney, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Farrell, C.C., &c., &c.

Shortly before noon, the high altar, which was magnificently decorated for the occasion, was lighted up with a

profusion of wax candles, and soon afterwards his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate, attired in his episcopal vestments, came forth from the vestry, followed by bishops and clergy, and assumed the chair of state in readiness to receive him. The following prelates, attired in episcopal robes, and wearing the pectoral cross, were in attendance:—

The Right Rev. Dr. McNally, Bishop of Clogher.

The Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Kilmore.

The Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Bishop of Raphoe.

The Right Rev. Dr. Blake, Bishop of Dromore.

The Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, Bishop of Down and Connor.

The Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Derry.

The Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Coadjutor Bishop of Raphoe.

The Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, Coadjutor Bishop of Dromore.

At a quarter after twelve o'clock the cheering of the people outside the church announced the arrival of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The entrance gates were then thrown open, and his Eminence, who was attired in the scarlet robes and white ermine cape of a cardinal, and wore the pectoral cross, was received by the following clergymen:—The Rev. Dean Kiernan, P.P., Dundalk; the Rev. Canon Rogers, P.P., Togher; the Rev. Canon Tierney, P.P., Tallantstown; the Rev. Canon Lennon, Crossmaglen; the Rev. Canon Murphy, P.P., Killeavy; the Rev. Canon Gaussen, P.P., Corbeg; the Rev.

Canon Quinn, P.P., Tynan, and the Rev. Canon Levens, P.P., Ardee. A procession was formed, and his Eminence, preceded by the Rev. Canons, passed up the nave, the organ pealing forth its triumph, and having entered the sanctuary, bowed to the primate, the prelates, and the clergy, who received him standing, and was then conducted to the throne. The ceremonial prescribed by the Roman Pontifical, on the occasion of High Mass celebrated in the presence of a cardinal, was then commenced—his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon officiating as high priest celebrant; the Rev. P. Hanratty, assistant priest; the Rev. R. O'Sullivan, deacon; the Rev. G. Weir, sub-deacon. Masters of the Ceremonies—The Rev. F. M'Ginity and the Rev. J. Levens; the Rev. Dr. Russell officiated as assistant-priest to the Cardinal; and the Rev. Mr. Clifford and the Rev. Mr. Burke as assistant-deacons at the throne. The aspect of the interior of the sanctuary during the celebration of High Mass was brilliant in the extreme, and the sight of one of the princes of the Church presiding in state at the offering up of the holy sacrifice, surrounded by venerable prelates and a large body of the clergy, must have filled the hearts of the devout congregation with fervent devotion and thanksgiving to God that they were allowed to assist on an occasion so interesting and impressive, and which will be so memorable in the annals of the Catholic religion in this country. Immediately after the first Gospel, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster left the throne, and ascending the platform in front of the sanctuary, addressed the assembled multitude.

THE SERMON.

“ This is the victory which overcometh the world—our Faith.”

—1 JOHN, v. 4.

WHEN we contemplate the Apostles undertaking their ministry, we cannot fail to be struck with one singular feature of their characters, the calm and undoubting manner in which they assumed command over the whole world. The world of their day was the world of power, of wisdom, and of glory. Never had the Roman empire extended its arms so wide asunder, nor held the extremities of its dominions with so firm a grasp. Never had learning, philosophy in particular, been more cultivated and favored in Rome itself. Never had such magnificent monuments been raised, such luxury displayed, such spectacles witnessed, as in the Gospel era, from Augustus to Nero. It was looking down immediately on a world like this that John, already enriched by the experience of sixty years since our Lord's ascension, confidently writes the words of my text. He describes, indeed, what had already been done.

Yes, the Apostles had already mastered the world. They began by dividing the Roman empire, and the nations beyond its pale, into ecclesiastical provinces ; shared them out among themselves for con-

version, without calculating difficulties, or forecasting consequences ; and, what is most wonderful still, they soon reduced them into full subjection. Each president soon saw, seated by his side, a bishop who ruled the hearts and wills of thousands ; and every proconsul found enthroned in his metropolis a primate or patriarch, who governed an ecclesiastical province more peacefully than he did a civil one. And this new distribution of the empire long survived, and survives yet, the imperial adjustment of administration. Thus did the weak confound the things of this world—confound the strong.

And so the Apostles grappled with the world of wisdom. They pronounced its philosophy folly, its learning ignorance, its principles false. They set up a new knowledge, new maxims, an unknown truth. They spoke with certainty, not experimentally ; not to meet the present want, or suggest an expedient. Every disposition which they made was a perpetual law ; every admonition an eternal precept. Their declarations were not to be matured by experience, or modified by time. The entire system was cast at once, and came perfect from its mould ; with a confident assurance that as it began so it would continue to the end of time. And thus did the foolish things of the world confound the wise.

With the glorious world of their day, the Apostles

simply closed by contempt, they raised nothing against it but the cross; in ought else God forbid that they should glory. They trod barefoot upon its gold and jewels, its pageants and triumphs. One may imagine the scorn with which Peter or Paul looked on any gorgeous pomp that passed them, thinking in his heart: "One day a far more noble array shall bear my crucified Lord across this very spot, so proudly adorned by the persecuting emperor." And it has been so. Every year the successor of St. Peter carries the adorable Mystery of Love across the site of Nero's circus.* And thus did the contemptible things of this world confound the glorious.

But then this victory was not thus to end. So long as the *world* lasts, it has to be overcome by faith. There is a sublimity in the very simplicity of the prophecy; for what less than a prophecy is that which has to be fulfilled in every age? When victory is mentioned, conflict is pre-supposed; and when we speak of perpetual victory, we speak also of perpetual conflict between that which conquers and that which has to be repeatedly subdued.

Nor does St. John speak of faith as the result or the crown of such victories, but only as the means whereby they are to be obtained. Most distinct is

* The square of St. Peter's.

the character of the two, of faith and of the world. The first is simple and definite; unvarying with time and country—our faith: the other vague and general; different in every region; changeable, so that no one could then foresee its possible phases—the world.

Our faith, what was it? It was not our learning, our skill, or our science. It was not what was to be the possession of the wise, or the inheritance of the opulent, or the spoil of the valiant, or the badge of the great and noble. No. It might be possessed by any one who had not the least eloquence to propagate it, nor the genius to defend it, nor courage to be its apostle. This faith was to be easy of access, to be light of burthen, and to adapt itself to the smallest amount of ability. Then it was not to be the faith of one, or of another, it was to be “our faith;” the faith of each and every one who belongs to the true Church, and is in communion of her sacraments. Such was the faith that had to conquer the world.

Let us suppose that at the time when St. John wrote these words, there existed in the Roman empire a chieftain who had obtained many triumphs; who had conquered provinces; had enriched his legionaries; had added the title of the Gallic or the Parthic to his name; and that towards the end of his long life, he should concentrate the skill gained by long experience to the devising of a means whereby the empire should

be rendered for ever invincible. Let us imagine him producing a weapon, be it sword or lance, so light that it could be wielded by any stripling conscript, and declare solemnly to those who trusted him, that by its single power all possible foes should be effectually subdued. Were some one standing by, who possessed the gift of prophecy, an Apostle, for instance, we might conceive him glancing into futurity, and thus addressing him :—

“In a few years hence all the power of Rome will be required on her eastern and north-eastern frontier, to beat off the flying squadrons of Parthians and Scythians. They rush like a flight of locusts round your legions, discharge their fatal arrows in a cloud into the midst of them, and sweep into the desert on their fleet steeds, defying all pursuit, and never come within reach of your new weapon. How will you cope with them ?

“Then later will appear a race, clad, man and horse, in steel of finest temper, dashing like a whirlwind into the enemy’s ranks; men wielding huge maces of studded iron, which crush the helmet deep into the brain ; or, ponderous swords which cleave the cuirassed knight to his saddle-bow. Have you calculated how your new arm will meet *their* assaults ?

“In fine, the whole face of war will change : strength of arm or temper of metal will little avail.

From iron mouths will issue clouds of smoke, amidst a roar as of thunder, hurling missiles that bear a certain though unseen death, and able by one blow to mow down entire ranks of enemies. Will your youths, armed with your light weapons, be able to rush against the jaws of these monsters and silence them or overthrow them?"

Now, something to human ear as rash and as unwise as would have been to a foreseeing mind such a promise of victory to an unvarying feeble weapon, might have sounded to a thoughtful one the assurance of the Apostle of unfailing success to a weak principle against an infinitely varying antagonistic power. For the changes in civilization could easily be, and have been, as great as those in warfare. Yet faith has sufficed for all.

What more varied than the worlds of Britain and Gaul from those of Rome and Africa, from those of the half-civilized regions of Asia, or the fabulous East beyond the Indus? Yet, one by one faith has subdued them. But in succeeding ages was the victory without fail?

It was in the golden days of Roman greatness, at the very era of imperial power and wisdom, that the feeble old man of Ephesus spoke his word, and seemed by it fearlessly to say: "Mighty as is this empire, it is in your power to overcome it." "And how?"

“By your faith.” It was not long before the word was tested ; indeed it had been so before uttered. Fierce persecution assailed the Church. The religion of Christ, at first despised, had grown up strongly. Its enemies thought it would be easy, should it become troublesome, to pluck it up by the roots. If this had ever been possible, it was now too late ; the axe was required to fell the vigorous plant. Willing victims come forward on every side ready to attest, even by death, the sincerity of their faith. Among these it will not be difficult to select a champion, who, like David, shall defy and put to shame the entire host of the Philistines.

See there, a venerable man come to Rome from the East, on purpose to bear such witness. He wears the cloak of the philosopher ; his pen and his speech seek opportunities to explain and defend those truths, on behalf of which he is ready to die. And so he will ; but we cannot accept him as the representative of our thought. Pardon us, holy Justin, glorious martyr of Christ ! Thou art filled with earthly wisdom as with divine ; thou art learned in all wherein thy heathen antagonists pride themselves. Thou art not the foolish thing which we seek, that we may confound the wise.

Then behold, there stands ready before the tribunal an unlettered soldier, who, bred in camps and tutored

in battle, rough and hardy, will scarcely be able to reply to the interrogatories of its judge. He has declared himself a Christian, he has proclaimed his faith. Yes, and he will brave all torments, and gladly give up his life in its defence. Still, forgive us, noble centurion and blessed martyr, if we accept thee not as our avowed delegate, to prove the axiom of John. Thou art robust and stalwarth, used to suffer pain and brave public death. Thou hast of the strength of this world, and we want the feeble to confound its strong. And where shall we find this ?

Go into the innermost recesses of some old Christian house—one in which the true religion has already passed into an inheritance, and the traditions of heathenism have died out. There you may perhaps find a virtuous maiden concealed like a modest flower from the gaze of men, the joy of her parents, their solitary hope. She has shrunk instinctively and by her choice from public resorts ; she has not frequented the Forum, she has abhorred the licentious theatre, she has never mingled in the gay assemblies of pagan households. Gentleness, modesty, and sensitive delicacy are among her first qualities, carefully cultivated from her infancy. Let her be seized by some traitor, and suddenly dragged forth before the public eye ; as that of one who has lived long in a dim light and is placed at once in the glare of mid-day is her

dazzled vision. It is not a crowd but a multitude by which she is surrounded—a clamorous, lewd, and brutal mob. Her modest charms whet their appetites for blood. On each side of her are coarse and savage executioners, red from the wine-press of martyrdom, in which they have crushed the best fruit of Christ's vineyard, playful in the handling of their rude implements of torture. Before her is the judge with his assessors and attendants, cold and stern, determined not to be overcome by a child like her. She may hear at a short distance the howling of wild beasts and the yells of fifty thousand human beings equally thirsty for her blood. Her life hangs in the balance against the words that she shall speak ; with life are honor, ease, enjoyment, rank. All are hushed to dumbness listening for the words of the bashful, blushing maiden, anxious and eager for her to yield. "Only say, 'I renounce the Christian faith,' and you are safe," insinuates blandly the softened president. She pauses but for a moment as she lifts her eyes to heaven, and stretches forth her arms in prayer ; then with a calm look and firm voice exclaims : "I believe in my Lord Jesus Christ."

That is enough ; a shout of fury cuts off all further explanation ; the wild beasts are let loose upon her, or she is hideously tortured, till at length her mangled remains are dragged and flung away, to be recovered

and enshrined by friendly hands. Who has conquered here? The very enemy owns it. The crowd itself is abashed; more thoughtful and feeling hearts are softened; the very judge mutters, "she has fairly beat me." And what was it in her that conquered? Neither strength nor wisdom, only her faith. She believed in Jesus Christ; she proclaimed this belief, and it brought on her trial; she held it steadfast, and she overcame by it.

A couple of centuries more and that empire of paganism is extinct, and the Christian one of the West is fast declining. Italy is become the prey of barbarous hordes, who in their ferocity spare nothing, and in their rapid succession leave no intervals for restoration, or even for breath. One of these tribes, the most terrible of the invaders, has crossed the Alps, spreading desolation around, and sending forward to Rome notice of its anticipated glut amidst the remains of ancient riches. So successful, so haughty is the career of this irresistible band, that its leader, Attila, takes the name, which all accord to him, of "the Scourge of God." But on the Chair of Peter sits a Pontiff of noblest Roman spirit, national and ecclesiastical, learned, saintly, eloquent, and fearless; one who knows it to be among the highest prerogatives of the shepherds of his fold to meet the wolf that would attack it, beat it back, or give their lives

for their sheep. He goes forth, therefore, from his capital, attended by his unarmed clergy, travels to the boundaries of middle Italy, and confronts the barbarian chieftain at the head of his savage host.

He speaks to him with authority and gentleness combined ; the proud Northern listens like a docile child to the paternal admonition, replies with deep respect, submits, and commands his impatient followers to banish from their thoughts all golden visions of the south, breaks up his camp, and turns back. What a victory over that new world of stern and warlike mould, which was about, not so much to absorb existing races as to stamp them all with its own image, and mingle intimately its iron with their crumbling clay ! And by what means was it wrought ? What conquered here ? Faith. The perfect trust of Leo—so well called the Great—in the authority and perpetuity of his See, in the promises made to Peter, in its rock-like power to beat back the waves of earthly might, was the form taken by that faith, which, through him, overcame the Huns, and in them and Genserick, soon after, with his Vandals, the new world of rude prowess and unsapped vigor. This is the victory—your faith.

And now, coming down nearer to our own times, we may wonder if, when John wrote these words, he saw in a new Apocalypse the proud Reformer of the

sixteenth century studying how he might pervert them to work their own refutation ; striving to make them mean, that dry, personal belief, without a particle of other virtue, or even alliance with Faith's brightest sister, Charity, should suffice for salvation, and thereby overthrow the faith which in Agnes or Leo had overcome the ancient worlds, and make it lie a prostrate ruin at the feet of *his* sensual world ? Did he contemplate the French philosopher of a later period collecting with wicked industry all the known or supposed results of science and history, to destroy faith, and thus break or rust the weapon whereby the world was to be vanquished ? And after that class of sneering, sarcastic men, who disbelieved everything, even their own assertions and almost their own existence, had passed away, did the Seer of Patmos behold another in Germany and England taking up their cast-off tools, re-polishing and re-sharpening them, to carry on, with greater ingenuity and coolness, and without the same scoffs or mocking air, the attempt to destroy faith in the learned and unlearned ?

This, my brethren, is now going on around us, at least in the neighbouring island. Yet the taint of infidelity has not reached Ireland ; it is a land in which it can no more live than any other venomous reptile. There is a repulsive vigor on its very shore, a belt of rejective power girding its coast, which does

not allow the insidious destroyer to crawl in. And of what is this formed? Is it that the great progress of learning enables your poor to oppose knowledge to knowledge, and so repel infidel teaching? Who, for a moment, believes it? Does any one imagine that because our children are taught to measure the distance from city to city over the map of the world, or because they learn the names and habits of four-footed beasts, of birds, and fishes, the likeness of which covers their school-walls, or because they are made quick at mental computation or at grammatical derivations, they are made proof against "oppositions of knowledge, falsely so called"? You know well that it is not the extension of such secular education which prevents the corruption and seduction of the Irish people. It is their *Faith*, simple and lively, that foils and puts to rout every attempt to lead them astray; which does battle with the world of subtle disputation, bold denial, and learned theories. The simple Creed in the peasant's mouth is a preservative against all errors. His humble confidence in the sound teaching of his clergy, his artless submission to the authority of his bishop, his firm attachment to the Chair of Peter, the consolations which he has derived from it in every dark or trying hour, its associations with all that is beautiful and virtuous to his mind,—such are the securities of his lively faith; and these suffice to

render it unchangeable. This is the Faith by which the things that are *not* in the estimation of the world overcome the things that *are*, that no flesh may glory in God's sight.

Nor can any one pretend that this is a barren and uncultivated quality. Only look around you and ask what has given birth, growth, and beauty, to this holy edifice. It is but one of the many fruits of Ireland's productive faith. No doubt much has been bountifully contributed by the rich towards its erection and its adornment; but it is to the faith of the poor that the unceasing and unwearying task of both is due; and they have right to glory in the work. Scarcely can I remember a parish church more complete in every respect than this. It has been conceived in a noble and generous spirit—one commensurate with that faith which is the faith of thousands; it is spacious, bold, yet regular in form, pleasing in proportions, and accurate in its design. Every detail is here, every part finished; all its windows glow with sacred light, filtered, as it were, of coarser rays, and purified as they pass through the warm tints of heavenly images. And now, to complete the holy work, roof, pillar, and wall give back that light varied by their own varied hues, and sparkling on their burnished gold. Brilliant, indeed, and glorious is the whole spectacle of this church, thus giving us

proof how the faith, which no persecution has been able to shake, no seduction to weaken, no time to wear away, still, in all that regards advancement of whatever kind, knows how to enjoy its full advantages. It has engaged here every resource of revived art, in building, in carving, in painting, in staining, and in metal-work, to pay homage to the faith that first raised, and then would beautify, the House of God.

Then if you wish to make and see this country happy, look first of all to the preservation of its people's faith. Everything else that is good will flourish and prosper if engrafted on this, while its venerable episcopate, so noble a portion of which I have the happiness of being associated with here, under its learned and saintly primate, and the zealous clergy of whom so many have come to grace our solemnity, will never slacken their hands in defending and cultivating this precious inheritance of Ireland. Let no one be led away by the idea that in endeavouring to promote material progress, religious considerations may be kept out of view. There never can or will be any real good where this separation of interests is contemplated; for there is no real good but what is moral, and no solid moral good which is not religious. Keep a watchful eye on every system of education which tends to lessen, still more to exclude religious

influence in its teaching. However tempting the scheme, however liberal the promises, however plausible the motives, listen not to the proposal. By whatever names the institutions may be called, keep jealously aloof from them: but in the education of the poor, more especially, prevent, by every possible means, any encroachment on the purely Catholic principles of training the child in the knowledge and practice of religion; give him faith, strong and lively, solid and pure, and he may go forth into the world with the assurance that he will conquer.

The assistant priest having then announced from the platform, first in Latin, and then English, an indulgence of one hundred days, granted by his Eminence the Cardinal to all present in the church that day, the High Mass was resumed. At the consecration his Eminence knelt in front of the altar, surrounded by the masters of the ceremonies, the assistant priests, and the deacons of the throne, and the Host was elevated by the High Priest celebrant amidst a solemn silence, unbroken even by the tinkling of a bell, or a murmur from the vast multitude of adorers. The final blessing having been pronounced by his Eminence, the High Mass terminated. A solemn benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament followed; after which his Grace the Primate, and the deacons and sub-deacons, retired into the vestry. His Eminence then left the throne, and, attended by the Rev. Mr. Clifford, the Rev. Dr. Russell, the Rev. Mr. Burke, Lord Bellew, Mr. Bowyer, M.P., and other

gentlemen, proceeded down the nave to the entrance gates, where he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers from an immense multitude who had assembled in front of the church with the banners of the various trades, flags, and evergreens, and, after a short delay at the house of the Very Rev. Dean Kieran, drove to the residence of Mr. Peter Russell, where the Primate, the other bishops of the province, Lord Bellew, Mr. Barnyer, the High Sheriff, and a numerous party of friends had been invited to meet him. After luncheon, he proceeded to the convent of St. Malachi—a community of the Sisters of Mercy, under the direction of Mother De Sales. His Eminence having been introduced to the superioress and sisterhood, passed to the convent schools, where eight hundred female children, educated by the good Nuns, were awaiting him, and presented him with an address. At its close he blessed the little ones who had assembled to pay him their simple homage, and addressed to them a few appropriate observations; and, after a short walk in the garden of the convent, he returned to the residence of Mr. Russell.

The choir of the church was under the direction of Mr. Levey. The parochial clergy were indefatigable in their exertions to insure the carrying out of the necessary arrangements in a proper manner, and it is pleasant to know that their commendable efforts were attended with complete success. Not the slightest disturbance took place during the entire of the day. The people held their holiday at the visit to their town of one the greatest ecclesiastics of the age, manifesting throughout a decorum, regularity, and good humour, which well sustain the repu-

tation of Dundalk as one of the quietest and most orderly towns in Ireland. It is to be regretted that the vulgar protestantism, from which even this place is not free, exhibited itself in one of its most sneaking as well as offensive forms, namely, the appearance of handbills, which were shoved surreptitiously, during the night, under the doors of nearly all the Catholic shopkeepers of the town, calling upon the Cardinal Archbishop to prove from Scripture the doctrines of the Catholic religion. These documents purported to be signed by the Protestant curate of Dundalk, and three other "gentlemen" who felt chafed in spirit at the manifestation of Catholic piety which they had been obliged to witness in the interesting events of the last two days.

In the evening his Eminence was entertained at a public banquet in the Court-house, at which over two hundred persons were present.

A few minutes previous to the commencement of the banquet, his Eminence was conducted into one of the grand jury rooms, where addresses were presented to him from the clergy of the diocese of Armagh, and from the Town Commissioners, representing the laity of Dundalk.

The Very Rev. Canon Tierney, P.P. of Tallonstown, read the address from the clergy, which was as follows:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE,—We, the Archbishop and Clergy of Armagh, approach your Eminence to express the delight we feel on meeting you in this part of Ireland, and to offer you the homage due to your exalted rank in

the Church. A long period of time has elapsed since our country has received the honor which your Eminence has been pleased to confer on it. But long as the interval between the thirteenth and the nineteenth centuries, and many as are the changes which have passed over Ireland during that time, no change has taken place in the sentiments of the Irish people as far as regards the dignity with which your Eminence is invested. The cardinals who visited our country in times long past found in it what your Eminence has found in it—a people devotedly attached to the Holy See—tenacious of the doctrines which St. Celestine sent St. Patrick to preach, and emulous in the expression of their respect for a Prince of the Catholic Church. We bless God for having preserved among us the faith for which our forefathers suffered; and our hearts are filled with delight in having this opportunity of offering to your Eminence the homage which they tendered on occasions similar to the present. In offering to your Eminence this tribute of our respect we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of recalling to our minds the fact that there exists between your Eminence and the Irish clergy those relations which most powerfully contribute to produce union and sympathy among men. On the roll of illustrious men who have sprung from Irish parents, we rejoice in being able to place the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, with whom we are also happy to be connected by ties of a higher order than those of country or of race. Speaking the same language, living under the same laws, and professing the same faith as your Eminence, we feel that our dearest interests are bound up together; and whilst

we desire to partake of the light which your science and wisdom diffuse around you, we are equally anxious to share in your trials and solicitude for the Church of Christ. In the storm which assailed you when you first assumed the dignity with which you are now invested, our voice was not unheard, and from the church in which your Eminence preached to-day the clergy of Armagh sent you the expression of their sympathy. That these bonds of sympathy and union between your Eminence and the clergy of Ireland will be drawn closer by your present visit to Ireland, we entertain the most sanguine expectations. Your Eminence, we are sure, has beheld with feelings of unmixed delight the ardent faith of the Catholics of Ireland, their devotion to the Holy See, and how zealously they are applying themselves to the rebuilding of their temples and the decoration of their sanctuaries. We have experienced the same feelings, in witnessing the interest your Eminence has taken in our people, and in listening to the words of encouragement you have spoken to us. In a few days you will take your departure from our shores; but the gratification your visit has imparted to us will be long felt, and the honor you have done us will not be soon forgotten. Our fervent prayer to God will be, that you may return to England in renewed health, and be spared long to adorn the Church which has placed you among her princes.

His Eminence delivered the following reply:—

My Lord Primate and Clergy of the Diocese of Armagh,—It would not become me to detain you at

this moment, by any lengthened reply to this most kind and friendly address. I shall have, perhaps, a more favorable opportunity, in the course of the evening, of expressing my feelings in connection with the more general topics to which it alludes. Allow me, therefore in simple but affectionate words, to thank you most sincerely for having addressed me in such kind terms; and, at the same time, to assure you that every word which has been spoken comes home to my best affections, and that I accept the address, not as conferring thereby the slightest advantage on you, but simply as an acknowledgement of the bond which unites me so closely with you, the clergy and people of Ireland. At the same time I beg most cordially to express my admiration of what I have seen. I own I was not prepared to find so much done within a few years for the advancement of the outward beauty of religion, and for the multiplication of those establishments and monuments which speak to the feelings of the people, and encourage them to practice religion, and, at the same time, secure its stability by addressing their lessons to their understandings as well as to their hearts. I again thank you sincerely for this kind address, and I will not detain you from what I know is awaiting us, the pleasure of being united together in a more ample space.

The Chairman of the Town Commissioners then read the Address from that body, viz:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE,—We, the Catholic inhabitants of Dundalk, approach your Eminence with feelings of the most profound respect and veneration for your character as a Prince of the Church. We are deeply sensible of the high honor conferred on our town by the visit of a man so distinguished as your Eminence, and gratefully acknowledge the kind consideration which has induced your Eminence generously to accept the invitation of our venerated and beloved pastor, the Rev. Dean Kieran. We joyfully and heartily welcome your Eminence to Dundalk as Catholics, recognizing the unyielding champion of our religion, whose brilliant and powerful eloquence and bright example have won so many triumphs for truth, and done so much to reconstruct the ancient glories of Catholicity in England. As citizens, we bid your Eminence welcome, acknowledging the talented and accomplished scholar whose world-wide fame sheds lustre on our nation—whose master-mind, travelling the whole range of the sciences, has rendered them subservient to the illustration of the principles of revealed religion. In these days of progress and enlightenment, when science, with giant strides, is conquering time and space, and most minds are strained to keep pace with the rapidity of discovery, we are proud to be able to point to your Eminence as holding the foremost place amongst the great men of your time, and showing to the world that the most exalted piety, and the most profound theological learning, with the most thorough devotion for the Church, are not incon-

sistent with the successful cultivation of every branch of secular knowledge. We pray God to bless and protect your Eminence, to guide your actions, and strengthen your efforts in aid of our holy religion.

His Eminence replied in the following terms:—

You will allow me to be very brief in simply thanking you very sincerely, indeed, for this expression of your kind feeling. I know that there can be no stronger bond between men than that of common faith, and, therefore, I am not a stranger amongst the Catholics of Dundalk. I, however, rejoice to have had an opportunity of fulfilling a promise long since made, that the very first occasion that brought me to the shores of Ireland, should, at the same time, conduct me within the walls of Dundalk. It has been a great gratification to me to witness what I have seen to-day, and to have assisted at the celebration of divine service within your noble church, so beautifully decorated and finished. The presence of your venerated Primate and of so many other prelates and clergymen, on this interesting occasion, must have been as gratifying to you all as it has been a source of the greatest pleasure to me. Again I thank you most sincerely for the kind expressions contained in your address.

The Banquet.

THE VERY REV. DEAN KIERAN

occupied the chair. On his right sat Cardinal Wiseman; the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate of all Ireland; Lord Bellew; the Right Rev. Dr. MacNally, Bishop of Clogher; Very Rev. Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth College; and on his left the Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Bishop of Raphoe; Mr. Bowyer, M.P.; Mr. Caraher, High Sheriff of Louth; Rev. George Crawley; Rev. James Tierney, P.P., &c., &c.

Thanks having been offered by his Eminence,

The Very Rev. Dr. Kieran rose and said the first act he would ask them to perform was one of an agreeable nature, combining as it did the fulfilment of a sacred duty with the enjoyment of a very high pleasure. For fourteen hundred years this country had been distinguished for its attachment to religion; in spite of all the shocks and impediments it had encountered in its course, it had always pursued its course round the centre of union, and never wavered for one moment in its attachment to the Holy See. Blandishments had been employed to break her fidelity, and cruelties had been inflicted to lessen her attachment; but neither threats nor promises had any effect in separating the people from the faith. He was sure they cherished these sentiments, but as it was proper on some occasions to give expression to the feelings of attachment to the Holy See, he thought he would be properly inaugurating the proceedings of the evening by

proposing to them to drink "The health of their illustrious Pontiff, Pius IX."

The toast was drunk with all the honors.

The Very Rev. Dr. Kieran again rose, and said, that as the proceedings were entirely of an ecclesiastical character, they had thought it right to exclude all political toasts, with one exception, which was made not to meet those charges which those with whom they originated knew to be false, but because they really wished to avail themselves of every opportunity to express their friendship and feelings of loyal attachment to her gracious Majesty. It was strange, indeed, that a charge of disloyalty should be made against a people who had been loyal in the worst of times; and still more strange that such a charge should be made by a people who themselves had not treated their monarchs with the greatest respect. The Irish people, however, had the consolation of knowing that their sovereign—whose virtues made allegiance to her a pleasing duty—had no doubt about their loyalty. She had received, during her visit to Ireland, repeated proofs of the attachment of the Irish people; and she might rest assured that she had not a more faithful and loyal body of subjects than the Catholics of Ireland. He would give them "The health of Her Majesty the Queen."

The toast was duly honored.

The health of the Prince of Wales having been proposed,

The Very Rev. Dean Kieran again rose and said, the next toast he had to propose was one which did not require many words from him to insure for it the warmest and most enthusiastic reception which Irish hearts could give.

They all felt that an honor had been conferred that day on the town, such as never was conferred on it before, and, probably, never would again. It was true, that in that part of the world there was not much devotion to science. Whether that arose from want of time or apathy for such pursuits, it was not necessary now to discuss; but, nevertheless, they could all admire one who had achieved renown for himself in the learned world, and their admiration was not likely to be the less when the individual so distinguished happened to be the child of Irish parents. It was their pride, their glory, and their happiness, to have amongst them on that occasion such a distinguished individual as his Eminence the Cardinal. It might be truly said of him, as it had been of another great Irishman, that "he handled every subject, and whatever he took up he illuminated and adorned." Such a man the Church delighted to honor. It had been said against the Catholic Church—and what has not been said of her—that she was the enemy of progress and the friend of darkness, because she knew her dominion was founded on it; but the acts of the Church disapproved all these allegations. To complete the character of such a man as Cardinal Wiseman it had been allotted to him, in addition to his great natural gifts, to suffer for the Church of Christ. He (the Very Rev. Dean Kieran) was not now going to dwell upon transactions which had already brought a blush into the face of those who acted a prominent part in the disgraceful proceedings to which he alluded. No doubt his Eminence must have felt great pain at the passions that were raised against him like the

waves of an angry sea; but he never shrunk from his post, because his faith was firm in Him who governs the winds and waves, and who employs the passions of men to carry out his own purposes, as he makes use of the storm and tempest to purify the atmosphere. At length the storm passed away, and their illustrious guest remained to enjoy the consideration which never failed to comfort the hearts of those who suffered in the right cause. The clergy of Louth could look back on these times with the proud consciousness of having discharged the duty which that crisis imposed on them. Whilst all England appeared to be lashed into a state little short of demoniacal phrenzy against the Cardinal, the clergy and the people of Ireland were frequent in the expression of their deep sympathy with him. In the church in which they had been assembled that day to hear his Eminence preach was heard the expressions of honest sentiments and manly resolutions that came warm from their hearts, pledging them to the sustainment of the great cause in which the Cardinal had been engaged. They then told the people of England that they might as well howl at the moon with the view of putting out her light, as, acting as they were, with the object of driving Cardinal Wiseman from his post, and that the man whose letter raised the storm, would, probably, fall from power never to rise again. But whatever they did for the Cardinal on that occasion he had more than repaid them. His visit to the town would form a bright epoch in its history; and when he left Ireland he would carry with him their blessings and wishes for his happiness in time and eternity. He would give them "The health of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman."

The toast was drunk amidst enthusiastic applause.

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, on rising to return thanks, was received with enthusiastic cheering. When silence was restored he spoke as follows:—

It would be mere affectation in me to say that I was not prepared for the high honor which has this evening been paid me. I cannot, however, help commencing my address to you by saying, that I was totally unprepared for the warm-hearted, eloquent manner in which your beloved pastor has been pleased to introduce my name to you. I came here to discharge a twofold duty,—first, a duty devolving on me because, as has been so well observed, the clergy of this diocese took a foremost part in a crisis of some danger, and gave me, not only the support and strength of their sympathy, but still more, that real and valuable assistance which the expression of their sentiments then brought me ; and next, because I have long promised to myself the pleasure of visiting this town, and of witnessing, as I have done to-day with delight, the monument of real social and religious progress which I consider the people of Dundalk to have raised in Ireland. I have long heard of its grandeur and of its beauty, and I have long promised that when an opportunity should be afforded me I would visit it, and lend my feeble exertions in any way in which it might be thought valuable

towards promoting the ultimate success of so noble an undertaking, by contributing my small aid for bringing to perfection so great and beautiful a work. I have simply discharged this twofold duty to-day, and I claim nothing more than that friendship, that kind regard which I have received everywhere else, and which is due more to the position in which it has pleased our Holy Father to place me, than to any pretensions which, individually, I may possess.

However, instead of merely paying me a respect to which my position might entitle me—instead of merely listening for an hour or more to whatever I may have been able to say on a theme in itself interesting, you who are here present, and the thousands who are without, have made it a day of what I cannot call anything less than triumph—of triumph not for me, but for that supreme Pontiff with whom the good and faithful hearts of Catholic Ireland have been kind enough to consider me as intimately connected. I am sure that my presence here has excited the warm enthusiasm of Irish hearts, not for one instant because they imagined that I came here possessed of any dignity of a temporal or of a mere social character—not because for one instant they dreamed that I might, by appearing here, or by any word I might utter, excite even a passing display of political feeling. That, I am sure, nobody for a instant

imagines. Any one who has witnessed the conduct of the population of this district to-day must know perfectly well that their enthusiasm was nothing more than an earnest expression of purely religious feeling, of attachment to their ecclesiastical superiors and to the Church which has bestowed upon them, the poor particularly, I may say almost the only happiness allotted to them on earth. We know perfectly well that any other version of my motives for coming here, or of the kind manner in which I have been received by the people, is pure fiction—is, in short, one of those examples of that playful imagination which is so commonly exercised by the English press in dealing with events in this country. I am sure that no one, whether in Ballinasloe or in Dundalk, who has had an opportunity of listening to the beautiful and natural effusions of religious love which have met my ears on every side, could for a moment imagine that this good, and zealous, and warm-hearted people intended their proceedings to be anything else than an exhibition of religious warmth and enthusiasm, cheering to their hearts, and consoling them amongst their many miseries—past miseries, I should say—because everything I have witnessed around me shows me that there is a bright and glorious day coming both for social prosperity and for religion in Ireland.

There is always a fear, when the transition takes place in any country from one social state to another, that it may in some way injure the interests of a higher character which it is our duty to cultivate. I own that I am one of those who feared that what we read of the prosperity appearing in the country might in some way obscure those high and noble feelings of attachment to religion which have formed the greatest boast, the real prerogative of the Irish people—that the removal of those great calamities that have visited Ireland, the relief from which might be considered to constitute almost perfect happiness, might, however slightly, diminish that amount of pure attachment which this people has always manifested towards the faith. We have, in fact, heard some boasting of late, that after Ireland had been tried and tested in vain by the touchstone of adversity, she might yield, perhaps, to that more fatal and fearful trial of happiness and prosperity ; but my visit, short as it has been, has consoled and gratified me in nothing more than this, that I have been enabled to satisfy myself, that while the enemies of the people and of the Church take care to put prominently forward whatever may serve their purposes, they are careful to conceal everything that may be adverse to their views ; and, therefore, while they speak of tillage and all that relates to agrarian peace

and welfare, they are most studiously careful not to let us know the real progress made in everything that developes religion, gives it solidity, and adds to its beauty. They have endeavoured, as far as they were able, to keep us in profound darkness on that subject. I have, therefore, been astonished—I have been most agreeably surprised, in finding that religious progress is far in advance of what is considered social improvement in Ireland. This is abundantly manifested in the grand and magnificent scale on which all her religious edifices are now constructed; in the more purely ecclesiastical and religious forms on which everything appertaining to religion is planned and executed; in the perfect monastic character of its religious institutions, whether they be monasteries or convents, and in the munificence with which institutions of charity and of education are brought, not merely into existence, but to perfection.

In all these things there has been an advance within these few years back far beyond what I should have thought possible, taking into calculation the mere length of time that has elapsed, and the resources at the command of those whose duty it is to watch over the material and outward interests of religion, as well as over its inward and spiritual influences in the hearts of the people. Wherever I have gone in Ireland, in the east, or in the west, in the capital, in

Galway, or here on the confines of the north, I have been surprised to see what an infinite variety of beautiful works of piety are rising, and with what good taste and liberal spirit they are carried out. I am rejoiced to see such splendid edifices rearing their heads in your towns and cities. It is quite manifest that the times of misery and of concealment are passed away ; and it is a most grateful sight to see in this town, and in others which I have visited, the Catholic Church asserting its real position—not a dominant position, but its natural place before the eyes of men, as the representative of the faith which is enshrined in the hearts of the nation. The church which now adorns your town, grand and noble in its dimensions, showing that it has a large body of believers attached to it who assemble within its walls to worship their Creator, and at the same time presenting so much elegance in its architectural outline, and such exquisite beauty and taste in all its decorative details, proves that true religion here is not the faith of a mere persecuted remnant of a people thinned by disease, famine, and emigration, but that it is still and ever will be the religion of Ireland—of Ireland in country and town, of Ireland as a whole people, of a land which has defeated every attempt to rob it of its faith or to weaken its attachment to its principles.

I came to Ireland with no more than two simple

objects in view. A few months ago, I believe in May last, the Bishop of Clonfert wrote to me in consequence of some efforts which he had been kindly making on behalf of some good religious of my diocese. In forwarding to me the remnant of the collection which had been made in his diocese, he intimated that some time in August or September he should be opening a large church in Ballinasloe, and he mentioned, as an inducement to me to come over to preach at the opening, that the building of this church was the work of the poor. He stated that they had no patron to encourage or assist them ; but that, in spite of open and unabashed opposition, they had, by their own unaided exertions, succeeded in erecting a large and beautiful church ; and he added, in his kindness, that my presence there would be a great encouragement, and some recompense to these poor people for the sacrifices which they had made to accomplish that pious object. This last consideration was the motive which induced me to visit Ireland. Had the good bishop told me that the church had been erected by some noble and wealthy patron, who wished me to assist at its consecration, I own that I would have shrunk from doing so, under the pressure of my own duties, and should have hesitated to accept the invitation, however pressing ; but when I was told that the church was the work of the poor, and that their faces

would be brightened and their hearts warmed by my appearing amongst them, I felt that a duty was imposed upon me from which no prelate, however exalted his position, could shrink. I, therefore, for that reason alone, resolved to visit Ireland. I was then reminded by your excellent representative, Mr. Bowyer, that I had previously made a promise to him, that should it ever be in my power I would come to Dundalk, and visit that church which has so long been the object of the solicitude of the inhabitants of this town and its neighbourhood. I promised him that I would come, little knowing how soon I should be called upon to fulfil that promise. Though I have been invited again and again to visit other parts of Ireland (and I may state that I am already engaged to preach and lecture in the metropolis), my answer to those invitations in every instance has been—"I made my first promise to Ballinasloe, I made my second to Dundalk, and I will do nothing else until I have fulfilled these obligations." Therefore it is that I have come to Dundalk in the second instance, and afterwards I shall have to render what little assistance I can to other institutions; but I feel that I have discharged the two great and principal obligations which were imposed upon me by my present visit to Ireland. I have not yet visited any of my own friends and relations. I have not re-visited the scenes of my

early life, which are in the south of Ireland ; because I have felt that I must first discharge my duty to those places to which I have been invited on purely ecclesiastical and religious grounds. I have now stated the reason of my coming here ; and whatever certain persons, in the exercise of that playful imagination to which I have before referred, may circulate on the subject, I can only say that I have given you the simple truth. I have come to you merely as a bishop and a cardinal, invited for an ecclesiastical purpose. I have discharged that duty to-day, and I depart with a heart full of emotion, animated with the kindest and most friendly feelings towards the people, towards their pastors, towards the venerated archbishop, and the other distinguished prelates who have assembled on this occasion. I shall also retain a vivid remembrance of my visit to your town, and in future I shall always have one temptation to resist, and that is, when perplexed and anxious, harassed and annoyed on every side, I shall be tempted to say, "I will run off to Dundalk." However, who knows but that I may have the pleasing opportunity some day of re-visiting you. What you may do after what you have already done no one can tell ; but I think the next thing will be to see if we can't induce the Pope to come here. I am quite sure that his Holiness would see much in this town to rejoice and gratify his kind and paternal

heart ; but in his default I am here, however feebly, to represent the feelings of that Holy See to which I am so warmly and devotedly attached.

It has given me the greatest pleasure to partake of this banquet, at which the warmest attachment to the Holy Father has been so clearly testified by priests and people. For your kindness in inviting me to participate in this agreeable festivity, I thank you with all my heart. This morning we were united together in a more sacred place, where everything by which we were surrounded reminded us entirely of our higher duties towards God and towards His Church. This evening certainly shows us how truly the same spirit can be manifested in a banquet of love, in which the priests and the people are united, and at which we are honored by the presence of visitors who, I am sorry to find, the rules of such a meeting as this do not allow to be more than spectators. It shows how, assembled at this festive board, we can be cheerful and happy together without false excitement, united in that bond of friendship which a common faith easily transforms into a bond of sacred affection.

His Eminence then rose again and said, that since he came to Dundalk he was rather inclined to feel that he had been placed in the very disagreeable, though very common position now-a-day, of not being the right man in the right place. Here was their

Archbishop, worthy of their veneration and their love, who had humbly subsided into a second place in the proceedings of the morning: for it was only in obedience to his desire he took the position which he felt was due to his Grace—and here, again, at their festive board, the Primate had acted in the same self-denying manner. Although he knew he inflicted pain upon his Grace, he could not avoid in his presence speaking in eulogistic terms of him. Long before he was promoted to the position which he now so worthily filled, his name stood high amongst the authorities of the Church as a writer, and as an expounder of Holy Scripture; and since his elevation he had been enabled to exhibit on a larger scale those admirable qualities which before had been confined to the lecture-room and the study. To-day he was in the midst of his people, and it was fitting that they should express their warm admiration and unaffected love for him, feelings in which he heartily joined, for he entertained them in the most sincere and warm manner. He would propose to them “The health of his Grace the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland,” wishing him length of days and long rule over his most important province.

The toast having been duly honored amid loud cheers, His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, who, on rising to

respond, was received with loud applause, said, that he could not find language in which to express his feelings on the present occasion for the very great compliment that had been paid him. It is true that he occupied a high position in the Church of Ireland; but that was the very source of his diffidence; for when he considered how inadequate he was to comply with all the requirements expected from one in his position, he felt that his defects and shortcomings were more prominently brought forward. However, for the honor conferred on him that day by having his name mentioned in such complimentary terms by so illustrious a dignitary of the Church, he would feel always most proud and grateful. His Eminence had been the leader of a movement in the sister country which had consoled them all, and which had resulted in the accession to the true Church of so many of those illustrious men who were now the ornaments of the Church. These men would tell them that they were moved and directed by his Eminence's kindness of heart as much as by his well-stored mind, which supplied them with solutions of their difficulties. He felt that it was owing to this kindness of heart that he was indebted for the compliment which had just been paid him. It was a source of joy to him to witness the proceedings of that day; and he was sure that every Catholic in Ireland would now feel himself a greater man as he entered his house than he ever did before. It was to be regretted that any person should be so ill-natured as to be displeased because the people expressed their joy in so edifying a manner, and to appear to think that they discovered in this ovation of the people something derogatory to the

Sovereign of the country. Some portion of the newspaper press endeavoured to construe into an act of disrespect to her Majesty a circumstance that occurred in another place without the slightest foundation for so doing; for that dinner was a private one, and every one knew that the omission of the Queen's health, under such circumstances, could not be construed into any disrespect towards her Majesty. The same newspaper, however, a short time ago, prophesied that his Eminence would be extinguished. But he had risen triumphantly over all these attacks, and in his triumph the people of Ireland felt that they themselves triumphed. His lordship concluded by again expressing his thanks for the manner in which his name had been introduced and received.

The Very Rev. Dean Kieran then gave the toast of "The Hierarchy of Ireland," which, notwithstanding the shocks to which it had been exposed, still remained on the spot where it had been planted by St. Patrick. There were many illustrious members of the hierarchy present, one of whom, though advanced in years, had come over specially from England to do honor to the Cardinal. He would give them, then, the toast of "Dr. McGettigan and the Hierarchy of Ireland."

The toast was drunk amid loud applause.

The Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Bishop of Raphoe, responded. In his whole life, he said, of seventy-seven years, he never rose to return thanks with such pleasure and delight as he now did. He asserted, without fear of contradiction, that there was not a hierarchy in the world more attached to the centre which God, in his wisdom, established to hold his Church together, than the Hierarchy

of Ireland. They had one of that body coming to-day on two sticks, and scarcely able to walk, to pay his respects to an illustrious Prince of the Roman Church. The Catholics of Ireland had gone through a series of unparalleled troubles and persecutions. He was old enough to remember going with his father to hear Mass at the side of a mountain, with the impending cliff protecting the worshippers from the inclemency of the weather, and when they were obliged to have two men stationed on the top of the hill watching lest the Puritans should come down upon them. He recollected when there was not a Catholic chapel in the diocese of Raphoe, and now it was full of noble edifices, which, although they might not vie in splendor with the church of Dundalk, were inferior to few chapels in other parts of Ireland. He remembered also, when he was sent to college, there were only four places for the diocese of Raphoe. Now there were fourteen, besides two in Paris, two in Rome, and four on the Dunboyne establishment. These were sufficient proofs of the advance which Catholicity was making in Ireland. The venerable prelate concluded amidst loud cheers, by again returning thanks for the manner in which the toast of the Irish Hierarchy had been received.

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman again rose and said,

That after their venerated archbishop and the illustrious prelates, towards whom the company had already expressed their good wishes, there was no one who had higher claims upon their attachment, respect, and gratitude, than the distinguished pastor of

the parish, the Very Rev. Dean Kieran. They all knew his virtues and his great merits much better than he could pretend to do. He could be only witness of what he had seen that day, but that alone fully demonstrated the claims which Dr. Kieran had upon the affection of the flock over whom he so worthily presided. The magnificent church in which they had worshipped God that day had received its finishing touch from his hands, and though some might be more vast, and others of higher architectural and artistic pretensions, there was no sacred edifice which had been more fully carried out to the perfection of which it was capable than that church of Dundalk. The admirable arrangements of that day, which had rendered it one of real enjoyment to all, were also attributable to the Rev. Dean Kieran, and he, therefore, called on them to drink his health, long life, and happiness.

The Very Rev. Dean Kieran, on rising to respond, was loudly cheered. He said that no language could adequately express the gratitude which he felt for the compliment that had been paid him. He imagined that morning that his joy was complete on this side of the grave. When he saw the magnificent spectacle which the church presented—when he heard the grand music which proceeded from the organ and swelled through the aisles—when he observed the piety of the people, and looked upon the throng of priests and prelates who surrounded the altar,

and, above all, when he listened to the inspiring eloquence of his Eminence, he experienced sensations of pleasure and delight which he had never felt before. He rejoiced especially at that glorious and edifying spectacle on account of the flock of which he was the unworthy pastor. His Eminence had given him the credit of having given the finishing touch to the beautiful church which adorned their town; but the merit did not belong to him; it was due solely to the people, by whose generosity that noble structure had been erected. High as was the delight which he experienced at the proceedings of that morning, it appeared that still further gratification was in store for him. He had just heard his health proposed by one of the most eminent men in the Church of Christ, and proposed in language which might raise him in the opinion of others, but must lower in his own, because he felt that he was not deserving of such praise. The very rev. chairman concluded by again thanking his Eminence and the company for the manner in which his health had been proposed and responded to.

The Very Rev. Dean Kieran then proposed the health of the Catholic laity, to whose generosity, he said, they were indebted for the many temples of worship, convents, and schools, which happily now exist throughout the country. He would give them the toast of "Lord Bellew and the laity of Louth."

The toast was duly honored.

Lord Bellew briefly returned thanks on behalf of the Catholic laity of the country.

The company then separated.

DUBLIN.



A HIGH and memorable distinction was on Sunday conferred upon the Catholic faithful of the diocese of Dublin by the presence and preaching within its cathedral church of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. His Eminence's rare talents, vast acquirements, distinguished virtues, and unostentatious piety, as well as his exalted position and great services to religion and literature, combined to create in relation to his visit the strongest and most pleasurable interest. The progress of his Eminence through the country had been marked by most enthusiastic demonstrations of public respect and affection for him, but at no place could there have been a more striking exhibition of warm feeling than took place yesterday on the occasion of his visit to the cathedral. The Grand Pontifical High Mass, at which he was to preside, would not, it was announced, commence until twelve o'clock, but for nearly two hours before that time the church doors were besieged with applicants for admission, a large proportion of them having tickets, with which they had previously provided themselves, in order to be enabled to secure the most favorable positions. The nave, the aisles, galleries, and every available portion of the church were densely crowded long prior to

the arrival of his Eminence; while outside were assembled vast masses of people, filled with an eager desire to enjoy the happiness in seeing so renowned and beloved an ecclesiastic, and, at the same time, to manifest their attachment to him. Cardinal Wiseman, attended by the Rev. Monsignor Clifford and the Rev. Mr. Burke, arrived at the cathedral at twelve o'clock. His Eminence was in full cardinalate costume, including the *cappa magna*. He was received at the grand entrance by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, attended by his secretary, the Rev. Dr. Murray, and accompanied by the Dean and Chapter in their robes. The Dean presented his Eminence with the aspersorium, with which he sprinkled those present, and was then conducted up the centre of the nave to the throne prepared for his reception. While his Eminence was proceeding along the church, attended by the Archbishop, and followed by the Chapter, &c., the choir sang with full organ accompaniment the anthem *Ecce sacerdos magnus*, expressly arranged for the occasion. The striking effect of this beautiful composition, and the circumstances of its first performance here, excited general attention. At the Epistle side was placed on an elevation, corresponding to that of the episcopal chair, the chair of the Archbishop. The other prelates present were the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bishop of Wheeling,* United States; and the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bishop of Bombay. The Chapter occupied a choir extending around the front of the sanctuary.

THE SERMON.

“ And He was subject to them.”—ST. LUKE, ii. 51.

BENEATH the roof of a church, dedicated to the glorious and ever Blessed Mother of God, where from every side shine down upon us the emblems of her dignity, on a day on which is commemorated that maternity,* which communicated to her all her sublime prerogatives ; in the presence of a faithful people, who know how to love and to reverence her, it would be contrary to every sentiment that inspires me, if I spoke to you to-day upon any other subject than that which the time, the place, and the attendance so naturally suggest. It is not necessary for me to say anything to you who hear me in support of the Catholic doctrine concerning devotion to the Blessed Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ ; it is not requisite that I should even explain to you, as if you were an ignorant flock, the nature of this devotion, its character, its conditions ; nay, it is not expedient that I should try to recommend that devotion or endeavour to add anything to the fervour which I know animates the people of this island, and this city in particular—the

* The Feast of the Maternity, kept in Ireland on that day.

fervour of that deep, most loving, most faithful affection towards her whom they consider their patroness, their mother, their best and truest friend, their intercessor, for ever beside the throne of her Son. No, my brethren, it is not for any of these purposes that I will address you, but it is rather to give utterance to those sentiments of corresponding love and devotion which form a tie between us, as every bond of faith and piety ever must. I will speak to you upon the only topic which naturally comes to one's thoughts here ; and I am sure that you would think I was wandering from what belongs to this day—that I was withholding from you the food proper to this festival of Mary, if I did not endeavour to place before you such thoughts as, with my inadequate powers, may show you how this festival of the maternity of the Blessed Virgin recalls to us the illustrious virtues with which she was endowed, and the sublime privileges with which she was invested. We will simply go through a few passages of her life, and consider her in her various relations with her Son ; and see how we can trace those memorable events that distinguished her in the world, that have raised her to a place beside the throne of that Son in heaven, to her simple but glorious title of “ Mother of Jesus.”

And first, my brethren, let us begin by contemplating her from the moment in which she verified the

words of the angel, and gave to the world the Incarnate Word. It is certain that if we look around on earth for a type and representation of the best and purest possible affection; if we look for love in its utmost intensity, in its most unselfish simplicity, in its sweetest tenderness, there at once arises to our minds that natural affection which binds the mother to her child. For that pledge of God's love she is ready to sacrifice herself, forgetting every consideration; not only will she sacrifice health and all the pleasures of life, but life itself, if necessary; and we cannot imagine a being more ready to give her existence for another than the mother who sees her child in danger and resolves at once to make herself an oblation for its safety. So remarkable is this affection, that God has beautifully chosen it as the representation of His own love for man. He does not content Himself with saying to us, "I am your father," notwithstanding all the natural ties of affection the title suggests, but He compares Himself to a mother in His true love for us. He could not give us any image more complete to show the tenderness of His love for us, than by comparing Himself not to a father, but to a mother: "Can a mother forget the child of her womb? And even if she should forget it, yet will I not forget thee."*

* Is. xlix. 15.

Still, my brethren, perfect as is this love considered as the highest and holiest of earthly affections, there must be, and there is, a love superior to it—far greater, far higher—a love divine. The mother must love God more than the infant, for which she is ready to sacrifice herself. No virtuous, no pious, no devout mother, but knows this, that rather must she lose her child than lose her God ; and it is difficult to realise the magnitude of this love that transcends the love of the mother for her child. There are times when, perhaps, in her heart she reproaches herself with not loving God as she loves her babe. Even the holiest mother will confess that there is more emotion and sensitiveness, and more practical devotedness in the mother's love for her child than in any other; and that willingly would she love God in the same way that she loves the object of her maternal affections; willingly would she feel ready to do or to suffer as much for God as she does for the little object of her tenderness. In danger, therefore, is even this maternal love of being carried to excess, so intense is its nature. When the moment of real trial comes; when sickness strikes the child; when, like David, she prays and fasts for its life; when she offers herself in exchange that the child be spared ; when the hour comes that she sees this little dear one begin to pant, and its breath gradually pass away,

though she knows that the transition is only from a life of darkness and prospective misery to one of deathless life and infinite happiness, still she regrets to part with that child for her God, and for a short moment, perhaps, she repines and sorrows. If, after a few instants of bursting grief, she begins to reflect well, what are the humble words that come first to her lips? "Oh! I have loved that child too deeply; I made it too much the idol of my affections, and God has taken it to Himself." We see, then, my brethren, that this love of the mother, however beautiful, however natural, however commended, and again and again inculcated by the law of God, may become a dangerous affection, inasmuch as it may know no bounds, and possibly absorb all that divine love due to the Creator and Giver of all things. This danger is illustrative of the force and power of the mother's affection for the child.

To only one being on earth—to only one of God's creatures has it ever been, or will ever be, granted that this love could not be misplaced—could not become excessive. For, by virtue of the maternity of Mary, she was constituted the Mother of God; and there was no possible danger of her ever carrying the maternal affections, I will not say into excess, but even to the nearest approach of anything that was not pure and perfect, holy and most acceptable.

The caresses she lavished upon her child she lavished upon God. Exercising the right of the mother, she embraced her child, and it was God she embraced. Every time she administered to Him the nourishment which His infancy was pleased to require, she was giving to the incarnate God a part of herself, bestowing upon God a gift which no other being was entitled or permitted to confer. This union of the maternal love with the divine love was indissoluble. The two branches of charity growing in her were so completely intertwined, that no power on earth or in heaven could separate the one from the other, or even for an instant disunite them, giving her, consequently, this singular prerogative, that, taking the highest, the most pure and perfect standard of human love, she was privileged to exercise it towards her God, so that it was impossible by any effort of her virginal heart to love too much, for she was loving God with all the power of a mother's affection for her child, and was, at the same time, rendering the love which others could only direct to the creature, to her Creator.

Surely, then, my brethren, we have here, referable to the maternity of our dear and blessed Lady, all that constitutes at once, in this earthly love of the mother for her child and divine love of the creature for her God, saintliness in its highest possible perfection. What is the standard of holiness? The love

of God, the observance of the first commandment—love God above all things; for those who thus love God fulfil the law. If, therefore, the love of God constitutes the very form and substance of holiness—if to Mary was given the privilege of loving with a fervour of love that could belong to no other creature—if she could love her God with all that intensity of affection the highest that earth can furnish, as the representation of the most complete and perfect love, that of the mother for her child, which was her relation to God—she had consequently communicated to her a character of love incommunicable even to blessed spirits; and it was this love of her God which raised Mary to the height of holiness, and made her become the most precious and the most beautiful of His saints.

Let us now dwell for a few moments upon the second stage of the relations between the Blessed Virgin and her Son, and see what character it bestows at once upon her, different from that which belongs to any other person. The gospel of this day—the words which I have chosen from it for my text—give us at once a clue to this. Our Lord has grown into that period of life when a youth has a will of his own which he may follow, and when he knows full well his prerogatives. But He lived in Nazareth, subject to His parents—“He was subject to them.”

You understand, of course, what that must mean. It follows that from that time He obeyed any order given Him, in that relation of parent and child. It does not mean that in greater or more important things He conformed to the will of His mother and of Joseph, His reputed father. The word "subject" signifies, as every one well knows, that submission which is due from the child to the parent, from the subject to his prince; which characterizes the servant in his conduct to him who rules over him. It means the habit of constant obedience, the observance of every behest, the readiness in every time and every place at once to do what is bidden; it means the disposition of mind, and of will, and of heart to sacrifice a personal will to the will of another, to substitute another's will for one's own. Such is what we understand by these words; and now let us see what is the depth of their meaning. Our Lord is living familiarly at home, as other children might live with their parents; He works at a menial trade; He is in that poor household the attendant upon his Mother. He is not called Rabbi, or Master, or Lord, as afterwards He was. He is still known by the name of His infancy—by the dear name which the angel communicated to Mary—by that sweet name of Jesus, which was always upon the lips of His mother and of Joseph. He is called, He is sent, He is commanded, or, command being unnecessary, He is desired to do whatever is needful for

that little household. As His reputed father advances in years, and is approaching to his end, the obligations assumed by the Blessed Youth, His industry, His submission, His labors only increase.

I have asked already what does this imply? Our blessed Lord is God as well as man. As God, His holy will is none other than that of His eternal Father, with whom His union is so complete that it is impossible for Him, in any way, to have any will in contradiction to that of the Father. He cannot, however slightly or imperceptibly, depart from the will of His Father, for it is His own. No authority, no jurisdiction, no command could possibly induce Him to depart in the smallest degree from that eternal will in which He is himself partaker, and which is His own divine will, and in which there can never be otherwise than full and perfect identity, not conformity, with the will of God. Now, my dear brethren, when our Lord obeys man, when He puts His will at the disposal of a creature, it cannot be, except on the condition of complete certainty that there will be in every command and in every desire that may be expressed to Him, a perfect uniformity with the will of God. It must be the same to Him to obey the will of Mary as to obey His Divine Father; for, if the two are at variance, He must disobey the creature. Not only must this fact of conformity between the commands of the one and the will of

the other be such, but it must have been to the knowledge of God a certainty that it would be always such. The fact of declaring that Jesus was subject for eighteen years to that blessed Mother at once implies that He knew, during the eighteen years, as during the years that preceded, that there would be no discrepancy between the will of her and the will of His Father, with whom every act, every thought, every breath of His must be in necessary unison. Now, my brethren, we may desire to love God to the extent of our power. Man may seek to the utmost to do what pleases the Almighty, and yet we know it is impossible for him, in this world of imperfections and temptations, always to be sure that his will and his acts are in accordance with the will of God. On the contrary, it is only after he has discovered the will of God that he can truly say he has endeavoured to follow it. It is a perpetual study, a constant care and anxiety with him that whatever he does be conformable to God's will. We must endeavour, as it were, to move in the same line or the same orbit, following exactly, step by step, Him from whom alone we can learn and derive that power of conformity to His will in all things. The privilege and the blessing of knowing that they thus conform to Him is reserved for those blessed spirits, the souls of the just made perfect, who live in God and in the eternal enjoyment of His presence, who cannot for a

moment change in their devotion to Him, or in their state of perfect uniformity with His will. This will be the happy lot of man redeemed and saved, when the time of trial is gone by, and when he can no longer follow his own earthly desires. But to Mary, upon earth, was granted this high prerogative of being in perfect conformity in her own actions to the will of God. So complete was this identity of sentiment, that the Son of God Himself was able to obey her with the full certainty that every command of her's, that every request of her's would be in perfect and entire concord with the will of His heavenly Father. And so every look of Mary was but the reflection of the eye of God; every word that passed from her mouth was the echo of the voice of God coming from His throne; every command or wish she expressed, every impulse and every suggestion harmonized with His. Beloved brethren, what are the conditions necessary for love? The desire of being in perfect unity and harmony with the object of affection; and Mary can truly be said to have been in entire union of heart and soul with God, and not alone in love but in action and in word.

Is there yet a higher step which it is possible for a human creature to aspire to, for bringing himself or herself nearer still to God? There remains but one, and it is that higher love and uniformity with God's will which naturally inspires the creature with a desire,

if possible, to co-operate with the Creator ; to be not merely a material instrument, but truly a sharer in His own work ; to be chosen to act in His name, and to exercise power which, emanating from Him, is still so entrusted that it may be used with the freedom that gives merit to its application. Do you not think that the angels in heaven who see the face of the Father, passing a blissful eternity in the contemplation of Him, esteem it a distinction to be still further deputed to perform the will of God ? Do you not believe that the guardian angel who is sent in charge of the least cast-away amongst the children of men—the poor foundling that is left to perish—considers himself invested with a mission full of dignity, full of glory, because he is thereby doing the will of God, carrying out His purpose, the salvation of mankind ; or that when an illustrious angel like Gabriel, Raphael, or Michael, receives a commission to bear some glad tidings to the world, or perform some great work of divine dispensation, he unfurls his wings with delight, leaves the immediate presence of God, which we imagine him locally to contemplate, but which never departs from Him, and proceeds gladly, whether it be to Daniel to expound prophecy, or to Mary to bring the message of eternal love, considering it the highest honour to be thus enabled to assist in carrying out the

glorious, the magnificent designs of God ? And what was the position of those great men of the old law, commencing with Moses and proceeding down to the Machabees, who were ordained to become the chiefs of God's people; to whose guidance and care was committed the carrying out of His great mercies; who bore in their hands the rod of His omnipotence; who carried in their breasts the secret of His wisdom ? Were they not honoured beyond all other men ? Did they not consider it a glory to be thus intrusted with any great mission of providential action ? There was too, my brethren, in all this some reward of honourable distinction for those so engaged. The angels thus employed are distinguished amongst the heavenly hosts, and have specific names, recorded that we may single them out for devotion; and those who were so honoured amongst the men of the old law were thereby raised above the rank of ordinary prophets, and became the heroes, the great men of the earlier dispensation.

But to take part in the work of God silently, unknown, without reward from mankind, at least during life, without those incentives which make men equal to a great and high mission in the world, that was a merit reserved for her, without whose co-operation it is hard to say in what state mankind would have been. God was pleased that it should depend on her that the greatest of mysteries should be accomplished.

He gives her time to deliberate; He accords her permission to suggest difficulties, to make her own terms, that she shall not have to surrender the precious gift which she values higher than the highest imaginable of honours, so that it requires the assurance that to God's omnipotence even the union of the two prerogatives is possible, and that attribute is to be exerted for her. And so it was not until she had said "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to the Word," that the great mystery was accomplished.

And now pause for a moment. Here is the greatest of God's works, not since the creation of the world, but during the countless ages of His own existence, the Word incarnate, the Word made flesh. Yet how singular is the part of Mary in this mystery. She utters the words; they scarcely fall from her lips, and she alone remains intrusted, not only with the precious gift itself, but with the knowledge of it. No one else can have known it. Joseph himself was not aware of it, till an angel revealed it to him. Allow me now for an instant to deviate from the line which I was pursuing. I have addressed you as good and faithful Catholics, believing what the Church teaches you, and also as servants of Mary, feeling true devotion towards her; but I beg here to make a remark which may, perhaps, be useful in conversing with others. Look

at those men who, unhappily for themselves, know not, and understand not, the prerogatives of Mary; look, I will not say, at those more wretched men who have the hardihood, the unfeelingness, the brutality, to decry her, but to those who, in more respectful terms, profess simply to overlook her. Just see the position in which such persons are placed, as to their belief. They say, "we cannot worship," as they call it, the Virgin Mary; we cannot honour her, because in doing so we should be derogating from the honour due to her Son, to the Word incarnate, to Jesus Christ. I would say to these men: How do you know that He was incarnate? How do you know that the Son of God became man? You say in your creed that He was conceived of the Holy Ghost. Who gave you evidence of that conception? Gabriel did not manifest it. He vanished as soon as he had delivered his message. You do not believe, no Protestant believes, that the Bible is a simple *revelation*; that is, a series of truths not known, and which could not be known by human means. The Evangelists themselves—the one from whom I have quoted—tells us that "Mary laid up all these words in her heart," and that he sought information from those who knew everything from the beginning. Mary was the only, the sole witness in the world to the mystery of the incarnation. There was only her word that she conceived thus miracu-

lously of the Holy Ghost. She told it to the Apostles, and they believed it, and recorded it with the sanction of the Holy Spirit. The real source of the historical and inspired testimony of the accomplishment of the great mystery of the incarnation is Mary; and those who reject her could not have come to believe, except through her testimony, that God took upon Him our nature. It is through her that they know it; yet they pretend that honour to her is at His expense. But as it was with her co-operation that this great mystery was wrought, so was it right that through her it should be communicated.

The time at length came for the awful completion of that eternal mystery of man's redemption which was to astonish men and angels. There was one heart in which all that was to come was faithfully treasured—her's who had listened to the wonderful and mysterious words of the venerable old man that told her, in the days of her motherly happiness, that the sword of affliction would pierce her heart. Oh, she had often, no doubt, conversed on the painful topic with her Divine Son. She knew too well what was the course He had to run. She knew wherefore He had come into the world, and how every breath of His was an act of obedience to the will of God. She knew well that He had bitter food, indeed, to take, which was not prepared for Him by her hands. She had lived, by

anticipation, in the suffering which naturally resulted from this knowledge communicated to her, and she well knew the time was come when, at the last passover with His disciples, He was about to cast aside this world, and enter into the kingdom of His Father. Then did she know that another cup besides that of His paschal feast was to be placed in His hands, to be drained by Him to the dregs. She knew that well—so well that it is hardly necessary even to have recourse to the pious tradition that she saw in a vision what passed in the garden of Gethsemini. But certain it is that the morning dawn saw her hasten to her Son, in order to carry out that conformity which she had preserved with the will of God during the whole of her life; that conformity which had been so great, that her Son, in obedience to her will, anticipated the time for the performance of His first miracle. It was right that this conformity should at length be transmuted into a perfect unity, incapable of the slightest separation; and that could only be done as it was accomplished on Calvary at the foot of the cross.

My dear brethren, why was Mary there? That simple question in its answer solves a great problem. Why was Mary there? It was no part of the sentence on Jesus, as if to increase or to enhance the bitterness of His death, that His mother should stand by, and it never was commanded in any nation,

however barbarous, that the mother should be at the scaffold when her son expiated what was, rightly or wrongly, imputed to him as his guilt. It was not compulsory on Mary to be at Calvary; she was not driven there, nor was it usual in her to seek publicity. She had followed him, indeed, through all his mission in Judea; but she used to stand without, and the people who surrounded Him would say, "Your mother and brethren are outside." She did not claim the privileges of her rank to be close to Him when he was disputing with the Pharisees or instructing multitudes. When He went into a house to perform His miracles, or to a mountain to be transfigured, He took Peter, James, and John. We read not that Mary presumed to follow Him, and exult in the magnificent exercise of His divine power or the manifestation of of His heavenly glory. No, she followed at a distance; she kept near Jesus, watching over Him. But she knew that it was not her hour; that it was not yet the time when her parental duty was to be associated with her parental rights. She had lived the whole of her life in retirement, first in the Temple, then in the cottage at Nazareth. And she who naturally shrunk from the assemblies of men came forth at the time most trying to her feelings, to be present at the execution, the brutal execution of her Son, in that form of suffering which was most revolting and

most cruelly rending of her tender heart. Mary came forth to witness the death—of whom? Of her only beloved son, of her only child, whom she remembered once an infant in her arms. She will draw nigh to see these hands cruelly pierced, which she had so often pressed to her lips; she will stand by and see that noble, that divine countenance—the first look from whose eyes beamed upon her, the first smile of whose lips shone upon her heart—bedewed with blood, streaming from the thorny crown; to see Him still bearing the marks of having been beaten, and buffeted, and defiled by spittle and mocked by his persecutors. She came to seek Him at the hour of this suffering. And why? Because the heart of the mother must be near that of the son, in order that they may be both struck together, and so endure most perfect union of suffering, that she may be said truly to co-operate, in sympathy, with the divine work of salvation.

Suppose, my brethren, you have two masses of unalloyed gold. Let the one be heavier than the other, of incomparably greater value, more beautiful in its colour, more pure in its substance, and in every way more precious from a thousand associations. Let the other be also indeed of great price, though very inferior to it. What will you do that they may become only one? Cast them into the same crucible, heat them

in the same furnace, and they will melt into one, so that you may not separate them again. What a furnace of affliction, what a crucible of torture and of anguish was that in which the two hearts of Jesus and Mary were fused in that hour on Calvary ; and could it have been possible that there should arise a difference of thought, of feeling, of desire between the two ? could it have been possible to unravel them, having lost every other thought, every other idea, in the predominant one of accomplishing the great sacrifice which God had appointed for the salvation of man ?

As musical chords, when in perfect harmony, will so sympathize, that if the one is struck its vibrations will be communicated to the other, and agitate it in perfect accord, so did the fibres of those two most blessed hearts, agreeing so justly in tone, utter the same sweet strain of patient love ; and every pang and throb of one was faithfully repeated in the other.

Then this conformity went further still. In that most solemn hour Jesus formally recognized Mary as His mother, as He proclaimed God to be His father. What could she aspire to but imitation, however imperfect, of what the Heavenly Father was accomplishing in His well-beloved Son ? Then, as she knew that the Eternal Father was surrendering Him to sacrifice

and to death out of love for man, could she do less than surrender Him too? And she is come hither for this very purpose. Therefore does she stand at the foot of the Cross, that for lost man she may make a public and willing sacrifice of all that is dear to her on earth. Only she, His mother, can thus put herself into strict uniformity with His Almighty Father. As she accepted Him at His incarnation, she yielded Him at His death, saying: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed and fully accomplished ever be the will of God:" yes, although it may wring her maternal bosom, and drive the sword of affliction deep into her loving heart, even to its inmost core. Thus it is she became a co-operator, as far as possible, with God in His great work; she became the priestess on the part of mankind, to whom was allowed to accomplish the holocaust which was considered too difficult and painful for Father Abraham, the sacrifice of a beloved child. While we know that Jesus Christ is alone the priest and the victim to His Father, we do not derogate from the infinite majesty, efficacy, and sublimity of the oblation of the Lamb upon our altars, by believing that He permits us, His unworthy priests, to be, in a certain degree, His coadjutors in the work, not in any way increasing its efficacy by aught that we can do, but still, standing as it were at His side, His ministers,

soliciting and producing the divine action, without which nothing that we can do would take effect. In some such manner it may be said that Mary, loving God as no other creature ever loved Him, loving in uniformity with His divine will, in a way never granted to any other being on earth, at length reached that which must be the very consummation of the desire of love, that of acting, working, and suffering with God; taking part, so far as human infirmity can do, in the accomplishment of His sublime and glorious work of redemption.

My brethren, I am sure that many of your hearts have been suggesting that this maternity of Mary extends beyond one dear Son; and you ask, are not we her children? Do not we commemorate this day her kind, affectionate, and efficacious relationship with us of a mother to her children? I need not tell you that, when the two sacred hearts of Jesus and Mary were so melted together in affliction as that they could not be separated, that was the hour in which the fully-recognised brotherhood between Jesus and us was established. The relationship which commenced with the incarnation, caused us to become His brothers truly, and Mary consequently to become our mother; but His parched and quivering lips, just before He uttered His last cry upon the cross, proclaimed this relationship,

and bade her receive from John his love as a child, and John to receive her's as of a mother. We accept these words in their fullest sense. We take our place willingly with the beloved disciple without fear of being rejected, and gladly send up our prayers to Mary for intercession, as our mother sitting on her throne in heaven. We cannot place her in the ranks of other saints who are partaking of bliss with Him. There are amongst them, no doubt, those to whom we owe special devotion, those who are the patrons of our country, those who planted and defended its faith, who were celebrated for having honoured it, and, still more, blessed it. There are also there our guardian angels with the mighty host of blessed spirits that we know to be ministering before the throne of God. Yet, not with the honour that we pay, or the prayers which we address to any of this glorious array of saints and angels, can we classify the deeper devotion, the more fervent supplications, still less the filial duty which we owe the mother of God. We speak to them as saints, as faithful servants of the Lord, as our friends who have preceded us to glory and can assist us there; but to none can we use the words which we can apply to Mary; to none can we speak as a child to its mother; with none other can we establish our claim to the patronage, care, and love, which, as children of a common mother, every day and every night we are

at liberty to demand from Mary. Even as Solomon, when his mother was announced, rose and bowed to her, and placed her on his right hand on a throne before all others, so is Mary placed between the Heavenly Host and her Son; so that when we think of her, we may lift our minds and thoughts to her as one enjoying heaven like a solitary, brilliant luminary, shining between Him and the highest rank of those blessed hosts. And why? Because she is the mother of God. Her maternity has bestowed upon her that which, after all, is the completion of her love. Her love is perfect, her conformity is rendered eternal, and her co-operation with Jesus continual in that constant flow of her kindness to us, in that perpetual representing of our wants to her Divine Son, in her faithful intercession for us all, consistently with her singular prerogative as the mother of God. Then, beloved brethren, cease not in your affection to her. Mind not more than you do the winds that fly past you words which you may hear in disparagement of this most beautiful devotion, as if the worship of our divine Lord suffered from devotion to her. Pray frequently in your necessities to her, in your wants, in your trials, personal or domestic, and feel sure that she will attend to your petitions. Be assured that the link which bound Him to her on earth, and continues to unite Him to her in heaven,

also binds us to her, so that in Jesus and Mary we have our confidence, our hope, and, in the end, eternal bliss.

At the conclusion of the sermon, which produced a vivid impression, the mass was proceeded with, and during its celebration the devotional concentrated demeanour of the vast congregation indicated hearts overflowing with humility and love towards God. The benediction having been given, the Cardinal, the bishops, members of the chapter, and clergy generally, left the sanctuary in procession and went to the sacristy.

His Eminence made a brief stay in the presbytery, where a number of introductions took place, and he was then conducted to the carriage in waiting to convey him to the residence of the Archbishop in Eccles-street. The street in front and in the neighbourhood of the cathedral and presbytery was blocked up with thousands of people, and when his Eminence appeared, he was greeted with oft-repeated peals of enthusiastic cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. The people pressed around the carriage, and some ardent men, notwithstanding urgent remonstrances to the contrary, insisted upon taking the horses from the carriage and bringing his Eminence in triumph to Eccles-street—a compliment which was paid him amid hearty cheering, with surprising vigour and expedition.

Amongst the array of gentry who occupied places in the nave of the church were, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress and family, and also several members of the corporation.

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman delivered a lecture on Monday evening at the Rotundo, on "The Ornamental Glass found in the Catacombs," in aid of the funds of the male orphanage under the management of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Long before eight o'clock, the hour appointed for the commencement of the lecture, the Round Room was crowded to excess by a very brilliant audience, which included a considerable number of ladies. Upon the platform, and in the immediate vicinity of the chair reserved for his Eminence, we noticed the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Bishop of Clonfert; the Very Rev. Dean Meyler, the Very Rev. Monsignor Yore, V.G.; the Rev. Canon M'Cabe, Very Rev. Dr. O'Connell, the Rev. M. Collier, the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, &c. The back benches were crowded with Catholic clergymen. The street opposite to the principal entrance to the Rotundo was densely thronged by people anxious to catch a glimpse of his Eminence, who, on his arrival, was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheering, which was renewed again and again. At a few minutes past eight o'clock his Eminence entered the room, and his appearance on the platform was the signal for a vehement and protracted burst of applause. When silence was restored, he spoke as follows:—

THE LECTURE.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I can hardly flatter myself that the subject on which I have proposed to address you will prove to be one of very great or general interest ; and it may require, perhaps, some little explanation how it came to be selected. I was pressed to give a lecture on behalf of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, an institution the excellence of which my own experience has sufficiently made known to me. At first I declined, from not feeling exactly prepared to lecture on any particular subject. And I feared that amidst the pressure of engagements already accepted I should not be well able to make sufficient preparations, to acquit myself in a proper manner of such a duty. However, further urged, I thought it became me to yield, and to attempt at least to do something, if it was in my power, for an institution which I so highly prize. And it so happened that at the very moment when I was reflecting on what subject I should address you, I received the plates of a most interesting work in course of publication in Rome, by one of the most learned ecclesiastical archæologists ; who in sending them to me accompanied them with a message

that he should be very glad if I would give a lecture upon his work.

It was a subject, indeed, familiar to me for many years, but still not in the way in which he has brought it before us. For here we have collected together, with immense diligence and illustrated with rare erudition, all that has been written by others at any former period, with vast additions of new and interesting matter. It seemed to me as if the subject was placed before me exactly that I might have no excuse for refusing the kind request urged upon me; and, therefore, I fear it was in a thoughtless manner I wrote that I would lecture on "The Ornamental Glass found in the Catacombs." Were I going to speak on the Catacombs themselves; were I going to attempt to take you by the hand, to give you the clue, not of some little reading, but of a good deal of personal observation, to lead you safe through those sacred labyrinths; were I going to introduce you into several of those splendid halls in which the early Christians held their meetings—those chapels in which, after having attended through years of persecution the divine mysteries, they at length chose and received their sepulture; were I going to unfold for you the beautiful and touching evidences of the virtues of those early Christians which are to found engraved on every wall, painted on every ceiling, even laid upon the floor

on which we should tread; were I going to entertain you with even a more religious view of this immense and deeply interesting subject, by tracing the connexion between the early and later Church, I should feel that I had in my hand a theme upon which indeed I could not only convey, perhaps, to many some information that would be interesting, but upon which I could appeal to the feelings and the hearts of every one present.

But it is not so. I am not going at all to speak of the great themes which this subject opens naturally to our minds. I am about to lead you to grope in the very dust of those sacred, and now tenfold hallowed places. I am going to request you to accompany me while we search here and there in obscure nooks; while, with taper in hand, we explore the mortar that once shut in the tomb of a martyr, or even of an ordinary Christian, and see what little remnants we can find of their smaller works, of the most frail objects that came from their hands—bits of glass, hardly one intact, hardly one entire.

When I said that I would treat of the ornamental glass of the cemeteries, perhaps some were inclined to think that large portions of glass, variously painted, representing on a large scale sacred objects, such as we meet in our cathedrals, and even in modern churches, were manufactured and used by the ancient

Christians ; and that those had been somehow or other collected together. Far from anything like this must you expect. It is only something exceedingly slight of which I shall treat, and yet, I will venture to say, not without its own peculiar interest. The glass of the catacombs consists of fragments, not one single piece of it having come down to us in its entire state. Fortunately, the parts most interesting to us have been preserved and have been collected; and it is concerning these that I am going to address you.

You will almost be inclined to smile when I say at once, for the truth must come out, that I intend to speak to you about nothing else but pieces of glass which have once formed the base, the bottom of common drinking glasses of different sizes. Nothing more than this. I will, however, divide my subject so as to bring it before you in as clear and complete a manner as it will bear. I regret that it is not in my power to put before your eyes what would, more easily than any description of mine, convey to you an idea of these interesting little monuments. I could not, indeed, place here before you drawings even of the largest size of them in existence. It would only be by magnifying them to gigantic proportions, and thus, in fact, destroying all their beauty, that I could give you an illustration, an idea that would be taken into the mind through the sight, of any of those

objects. You must, therefore, trust to the inadequate description which I can give you of them.

The material, then, as I have already said, of which these cups or glasses were made, was plain, simple glass. Take either a common tumbler or a wine-glass, or a still larger glass made in the form of a flat cup, with two handles, such as you see now used for ornament, or to put flowers in; imagine each of these completely broken away at the sides, and nothing left of them but the base. This will give to you a very sufficient idea of what remains to us of a multitude of those figured glasses: and I may as well say at once that there is only one single fragment in existence of the side of one of any of them, and that is a small portion, which shows that sometimes, at least, the sides were treated in the same manner as the bottoms. All these fragments belong, as I have said, to three sizes. The first was, no doubt, the base of a sort of cup, wide and shallow, with a foot to it; the other two forms belong to simple drinking glasses; and in every instance, except one in the British Museum, the smallest were so convex below that they could not possibly have stood on a table, but must have been either drunk off at once, or placed in a hollow base like an egg-cup, for, in reality, they are as near as possible like the end of an egg.

We have then three sizes, or three averages, for .

measuring them pretty accurately. I find that the greatest dimensions of any discovered is between four and five inches in diameter, speaking of the painted parts, because sometimes there is a plain margin left all round. The painting on any one of these glasses does not exceed four and a-half inches at most; and that we may consider as the first size or module. The second ranges from four and a-half inches to about three; and then there comes the third, which goes from that size to one much less; so small, and yet, as we shall see, embellished in the most extraordinary manner. Of these glasses, or pieces of glasses, some hundreds now exist; they are almost in every museum in the world. We have some, very small pieces chiefly, in the British Museum, but one or two of them of some value. There are one or two in France, in the Fould Museum; there are one or two at Florence; there are perhaps half-a-dozen in one or two private collections in Italy; as at Bologna and at the towns of Urbania and of Pesaro. But by far the largest number are in Rome, and the greatest quantity of these naturally in the Vatican Museum, where for a long time there has existed a portion known as the Christian Museum, containing in it works and objects belonging to the early Christians; and there especially is an immense collection of these glasses. It will be easy, after what I shall have to

say, to understand why the great bulk should exist there. In what is called the Kircherian Museum—a museum collected by a celebrated man known to every one acquainted with science, Father Kircher, attached to the Roman College in the hands of the Jesuits—there also is a most valuable collection. It is in this college that the father of the society, whose book I have lately had before my eyes, lives and works. It is Father Garrucci, already known to the world by a number of most erudite and deeply interesting archæological works.

As yet I have said nothing of what makes these glass ornaments so particularly interesting. It is this, that in every one of these glasses so preserved there is a representation of some sort, figures, inscriptions, symbols, whole scenes, detached figures, in fact every variety of representation, and all these of the brightest, most intact, and pure gold. First, how have they been placed there? The artist took his glass—and it seems to have been indifferent, if it had to receive a foot, whether he took the polished surface of the upper part of the foot on to which the cup had to be fitted or whether he took the bottom outside of the cup itself. Upon one or the other he spread, perhaps with a kind of gum, a gold leaf. If he put it upon the pedestal he would, of course, have to cut this into whatever it was to represent in the direction in which

it had to be seen. If he put it on the outside of the bottom of the glass he must, of course, have been obliged to reverse the letters and the figures, in order that, when turned over and looked at from within, they should be in the right direction. With a graver he cut out of this little leaf of gold all that was not to represent a figure. For example, say it was a head in the centre surrounded with a border, and then between the head and the border the name of the person or the inscription. Well, all that was not to represent the head, the border, and the inscription, was removed, the gold leaf was cut away, and the glass left plain ; and then by some process the foot and the glass were put together and soldered by the melting of the glass, so as to form one solid mass, retaining the gold leaf between the two, inaccessible to the air, and consequently incapable of ever tarnishing or obliterating ; and so the glasses remain unaltered till this day.

You may, perhaps, think this is a very simple and easy process ; it is by no means such. It is followed as yet in the manufacture of gold mosaic, such as I shall have to speak about later, and such as forms the ground of the great mosaics in the old churches of Italy. For instance, in the dome of St. Peter's, the whole ground is of gold mosaic. But there is this difference between the two works, that in the ancient

glasses the gold is placed between two layers of crystal, while in the mosaic there is only one, on the upper surface. But the process is just the same. In the mosaic the base is a piece of vitrified substance, which, if I have to allude to again, I will call at once by the Italian name (for, I believe, we have not a name exactly corresponding to it) of *smalto*, a word supposed to be derived, at least by very learned etymologists (as by Bochart), from the island of Malta, from which it originally came, or it is possibly an oriental word, and has been adopted in Italy. Our word "enamel" came from it, but does not mean exactly the same thing. This substance is made in large masses, vitrified and opaque, which have to be broken with a hammer, and are of different colours. With these the large mosaics are made in their papal manufactory. Pieces are put together of different tints and shades of each so nicely graduated, that they amount to about 20,000 varieties, and can copy the most delicate transitions laid in by the brush. The figures thus produced have, like old paintings, a mere background of gold, and it is of this that I am speaking. Such is the case, for example, with the splendid series of papal portraits now being restored, in mosaic, in the church of St. Paul, in Rome. That ground is prepared simply thus: a piece of the same material of which the mosaic is made, of a red or yellowish colour,

is overlaid with gold leaf, and then a thin sheet of glass is thrown over it; consequently, every piece broken to any size presents a golden face, which cannot be touched by the air. It is so firmly encased between the two substances, the opaque *smalto* and the white or bright glass, that it shines through, but cannot be reached in any way by any impurity.

When I was in Rome last I visited the establishment where such mosaics are made for the state, and I brought away a piece of this gold mosaic. I found, after my return, that there was a house in London, having extensive glass works, where they were most anxious to reproduce this material. I entrusted the piece I had to an architect, who is very well known in this city; and when I last saw him he told me that, up to that time, they could not by any process produce the golden mosaic, and that they had been totally foiled. The only way to succeed was to learn how it was done in Rome. The moment they put the hot liquid glass on the gold leaf curled up and burned till it was black; so that it required no little skill to make those beautiful and delicate figures, which I have described, on the Catacomb glass. The artists often left parts of them not thicker than a thread, and yet they threw the glass over them so as not to spoil the finest lines. Of course we cannot ascertain the number of failures there may have been then; but it must have

been a very common art—an art exercised by many, and without any great difficulty. It cannot either have been a very expensive one.

There is one instance only in which there have been discovered three layers of the glass, two besides the foot, so that the gold can hardly be seen inside. That, however, is a solitary exception. The smaller glasses—those which were like our drinking glasses and not flat cups with a foot, *tazze*, as the Italians call them—must have been made in another way, the same, indeed, as to the material process; but there being no foot, the glass must first have been made like a plain tumbler; then the gold must have been laid and cut out on the outside of the bottom, and finally the glass convex end, such as I have described, fused below all. The art, therefore, was essentially the same. Sometimes there is a degree of finish added, by the outlines being just touched with a line of black, so as to define the gold edge better, and perhaps take away any little jagged extremities, and give it a more artistic effect.

There is another higher degree of embellishment used in the smaller glasses. It is not uncommon to find, outside, ornaments of different colours, blue particularly, round the edge. These were evidently improvements added afterwards. But sometimes the colours are enclosed within the glass, like the gold. These are red, green, azure, white, and other beautiful

colours. The highest and rarest form, however, in which these glasses appear to have been wrought, was where the wheel and diamond dust must have been used. First an engraving was cut into the glass, representing the figures intended to be produced, made hollow like a seal. This was filled up with a vitrious substance of different colours, and then covered by a sheet of glass melted on, so as to enclose a coloured picture. These, however, are extremely rare examples, and must have been much more expensive.

After having thus given an account of how they were made, judging, recollect, from what we see, the next interesting question that meets us is, what is the origin of these glasses? By whom were they made? Who were their artists? It is singular that not a single author, certainly not a single profane author, mentions the existence of this art. Pliny tells us three ways in which glass was manufactured, the same as are used now; by blowing, by turning in a lathe, and by chiselling or modelling; but says not a word about this method of ornamenting them. And there is, in truth, not a single passage which, upon examination, can possibly be applied to this method of treating glass. It, therefore, was not known, as far as books tell us, among the heathens—no, not even alluded to. There is mention of Ptolemy having had two gilt glasses borne in triumph, in order

to exhibit them as wonderful specimens of art ; but we have no evidence that by gilt glass was meant the insertion of the gold into the glass. It may have been merely what we see now every day, glass gilt by gold applied to the outside of it, and burnt in. This silence is singular, because we have clear evidence that from the time of Caracalla, until certainly past the time of Constantine, this art existed in Rome. Caracalla flourished, if one may apply such a word to such a monster, about the year 211, and among the glasses found, is one with his effigy, and coins of his time represented on it. Now, we know too well that after the death of a man like that, who was hated and abhorred while living, no one would take the trouble to preserve his image. On the contrary, as this was found on a Christian tomb, and he was one of the persecutors of the Church, it is not likely the Christians would represent him, at least after he had been taken away. There might have been reasons before that why the manufacturer would be induced to make such a figure ; but it is not likely that it was repeated after. At any rate this specimen may be considered as fixing the earliest date we have for certain. There have been many antiquarians who considered these glasses as reaching back to the first Christian century, or, at least, to the second. Most of them, however, attribute them to the third. Yet many specimens, it

must be admitted, cannot have been produced till the fourth century, because they represent popes and martyrs who did not live till the beginning of that, or the latter part of the preceding century.

We have thus a range, for certain, of 100 years, during which this method of working glass was pursued at Rome; and yet there is not an allusion to it in any writer. Some quote a passage in Tertullian, in which he tells us that Christians painted the Good Shepherd on their chalices. We shall see, however, that these glasses were not chalices. Then what he describes may have been mere paintings; nor does it follow that our glasses were produced in Africa, where he lived. It is certain, in fact, that we have no passage in any historian or writer of the four first centuries which alludes to the custom of introducing gold into glass, and in that manner representing sacred or profane objects; in other words, of producing a picture in gold within the glass. We have no record of this practice; and it is also remarkable, that in the multitude of such glasses which have been found, there are none of a period much later than the first establishment of Christianity under Constantine. A few years after his death we find not a trace of them; and, therefore, we may establish this singular fact, that there existed for 100 years a peculiar method of adapting glass to certain purposes, which was confined to some

set of men or other, from whom it never went forth to the public. Let us see now who these men were.

The first limitation I must make is this, not a fragment of this golden glass has ever been discovered out of Rome. There is no other object of antiquity found in Rome that we do not find in other places—busts, sarcophagi, bas-reliefs, and mosaic pavements; there is nothing heathen which luxury excited the ingenuity of men to produce which is not to be found in palaces, and theatres, and baths, in other parts of Italy, in tombs particularly, as we shall see; and not only in Italy, but in every part of the Roman empire. And yet not one smallest fragment of this glass has ever been found out of Rome. Therefore we may naturally conclude that its manufacture was confined to Rome itself. We know that the ancients made use of glass, and that they could work it beautifully from the earliest period. We have evidence brought out with great ability by a celebrated German scholar, Michaelis, in his biblical dissertations, that at Tyre glass was manufactured from a peculiar sand found there. If you go to the British Museum you find large and beautiful glass vessels, and small ones delicately finished, brought by Mr. Layard from Nineveh. You find abundance of glass objects in the Egyptian collection; you find it constantly in Etruscan and in Roman tombs; you find it in English ones too. I re-

member that a tumulus was excavated in Essex, some years ago, by, I think, Lord Maynard, and there was found a glass vessel not only intact, but containing the fluid in it, which had been there either from Roman or British times. In the Vatican Museum there is a beautiful glass vessel in which the hair of a lady has been preserved, and is yet quite in its integrity. In fact, there is no question that glass was anciently manufactured in every shape and form. It was also the custom amongst the ancients, the Irish, the Etruscans, the Romans, every nation almost, to put into sepulchres objects of art. Most precious things, as you all know, have been found in tombs; all the ancient jewellery which we possess has been discovered in them. When we open Etruscan tombs, for instance, which are still visible above ground, and which are the only vestiges remaining of Etruscan cities destroyed 500 or 600 years before Christ, we find, perhaps, a thousand pounds worth of golden jewellery remaining untouched. We wonder they were never plundered; but respect for the dead, and the dread of approaching their last abode, kept marauders aloof.

Further, I must observe that there is a small number of these glasses—but sufficient to form a class—which have upon them heathen representations, from which, therefore, a pagan could not in any way draw back with abhorrence or disgust, and which he might

very well have employed as funeral glasses to commemorate a death, or to drink from at a funeral, or some other occasion of friendly conviviality. The heathens, therefore, might very well have put glasses of this sort into tombs, but the conclusion we are still more driven to is, that they were not in possession of this beautiful art—that they did not know it. For if they had known it, there is no doubt it would have extended to such a degree as to have become a common work, and we should meet it in their sepulchres and in other ruins. The absence of this peculiar glass manufacture from not only the remains of all monuments, but more completely from the monuments of the dead, is sufficient evidence to antiquarians (for I do not know that the point has ever been disputed) that the Christians alone invented and reserved to themselves this beautiful art.

This may be considered a fact proved by every one of the glasses that have been found—hundreds and hundreds—which, however, bear no proportion to what must have been wrought. For we know how little now remains of what once existed in the Catacombs. Not only has every one of the glasses been found in the Christian Catacombs, without exception, but most of them have been found stuck fast in the mortar at the head of Christian tombs. It was customary to fasten outside the grave not only objects put there for

a religious purpose, but also mere tokens of affection. We know that one form of vessel placed at the head of the tomb is held to be a certain indication that it is that of a martyr. For it was a general custom, when a martyr suffered, to collect his blood in small phials, and at his funeral, when the body was laid in its little cell, cut out of the rock, in the wall of the Catacomb, wrapped up in linen and quick-lime, and when the grave was closed with tiles or slabs of marble, these phials were pushed into the body of the mortar so as to be there embedded; and there they have remained by hundreds, and I might say thousands, till the latest period. In many places the phials have fallen out and the impressions only remain. I happen to have with me a most beautiful specimen of that sort of glass. It is carved or moulded in the most elegant manner. [His Eminence here exhibited the glass, and said it was taken not long ago from the head of a tomb in the Catacombs, where it had remained, probably, 1600 or 1700 years.]

But, besides these objects, which had a more secret meaning, the Christians showed their affection by fastening objects of price to the tombs of their friends, and these are to be found in almost every museum. A large number of most precious gems have been found in the Catacombs, and numbers are in the Vatican and elsewhere. Sometimes it was a coin which

they placed and left in the mortar; sometimes it was a locket with a beautiful cameo upon it, or even a seal with figures carved upon it. These have been found after many ages still remaining in their places, but a great many have dropped out; and singularly enough the mortar must have been so fine, it must have been so like plaster of Paris, that now when the gems or the coins are lost, the figures can be copied, and the legend read, reversed upon the lime. It is no wonder, therefore, that amongst their other beautiful objects, the Christians should have similarly placed our glasses. Whether they put them in entire, and by accidents from various causes, as stones falling from the roof, or from uncautious handling by visitors or plunderers, or from a thousand other accidents, their sides have all been broken off; or whether the Christians broke them themselves to secure them the better, for it is clear that the entire glass projecting from the wall would be exposed to be knocked out or to drop out, it is impossible now to tell. We have one or two instances which make it probable that sometimes at least they inserted them entire. One of the most celebrated explorers and describers of the Catacombs, Boldetti, tells us that he found one whole. He was so eager to take hold of it that he tried to force it from the mortar, but broke it into pieces. He put the fragments together and made a drawing of

them, and that is the only representation we have of one that is entire. However, we can judge of the original forms very well, for we have so many representations of ancient banquets, and even of Christian feasts in the Catacombs, in which all the guests drink from these two-handled cups, that we can form a very fair idea of what they must have been. To conclude, these glasses then have been found in the Catacombs only, and attached to Christian tombs ; therefore, we may conclude that every one of them is Christian, and that the art remained entirely in the hands of Christians.

This idea seems to call up before us almost a vision of those stern and fervent followers of the cross. It would be difficult for us to imagine now what one of those persecutions was that they underwent. In the heart of a great city, in the midst of a dense population, the work of death was going on in every possible form, with every aggravation, no one knowing the moment when his turn might come. You can imagine what must have been their sufferings when you recall to mind the state of anxiety, for example, of a household in a time of pestilence or contagious disorder. The father of a family is gone to his work in the morning ; there is a gloom hanging over the house ; no one knows what may befall him. The hour for his return arrives and he does not appear ; anxious

minutes and then hours pass and no tidings ; the natural thought arises that he has been somewhere seized with the disease, and that, perhaps, he is in the cholera hospital or in the workhouse infirmary—perhaps he is dead. What a state for a family to be in ? Now this was just the case with the Christians in Rome when the persecution had reached the height of its atrocity—when the house had to be locked up and left to plunder, and the whole family found their only shelter (and even that was not secure) below in the grottos of the Catacombs. But before that time, or even during it, for it was necessary that some one should steal forth into the city and procure provisions and what was necessary for life, often would it happen that the father or the brother, or perhaps, for greater security, the no less bold and generous, but yet weaker members of the family, the mother or the daughter, would go out for purposes connected with the household. When he did not return, what was the thought of the family ? That he had been seized ; of course he had acknowledged himself a Christian, and he had been, perhaps, two or three hours that day upon the rack, his sides torn with cruel irons, or burnt with the blazing torch. He is, perhaps, not even as yet dead, but is cast half-alive amongst others, bleeding and rent like himself, in the fetid dungeons of the Capitol ; or, possibly, he has at length received his

crown and palm, when the trembling mother or son goes forth, lantern in hand, to the heaps of slain, there to find, if possible, that now glorious one, so ruthlessly torn from them.

Imagine what days and nights of horrors there must have been during all this time ! Then imagine, not one, but many a Christian craftsman, with death thus hanging over him, seated at his little furnace, blowing his glass and quietly cutting, with more or less skill, the symbolic subjects which were to adorn it ; and so, perhaps, continuing till he heard at the end of the corridor or the door of his own home the persecutors that were making their way towards him ; and then he had to lay down his unfinished work and prepare to be himself one day represented upon it. This tranquillity with which works of art were produced in the midst of the agony of death, or with it impending all the time, forms a most tender and beautiful picture, by means of which we can figure to ourselves that Christian serenity, that Christian peace, that beautiful peace they loved to record on all their monuments, the peace of Christ, the peace of the saints, that peace which seemed to be to them the brightest and the most consoling legacy which their departing Master had left them. This is what we cannot but admire.

It was not only on these glasses, but upon all other

utensils, particularly their lamps found in the cemeteries, that you will see how the early Christians brought out their ideas. Those lamps can be easily procured to almost any extent. There are hundreds in the possession of private persons in every country. They are picked up in every part of the Catacombs. Every one of the lamps made for those retreats has its cross, or the monogram of Christ, or some other emblem, which shows that it was not bought at a heathen shop in the city, but was made especially for, and by Christians, who liked to have everything appropriate and exclusively their own. They moulded their clay, and shaped and baked it with beautiful art, in order that whatever was around them might remind them that they were Christians ; and the same feelings, as we have seen, were carried out with the manufacture of their very drinking cups. They would have nothing that did not always remind them how they belonged to Christ, and that they should be ready to suffer for Him.

Having thus described these glasses and explained their origin, let us ascertain their use. There is no doubt that they are Christian, and you will see this better when we come to describe what they represent. There have been heretofore two theories concerning them : the first is, that they were chalices, and that rests partly upon the authority of Tertullian, in the

passage to which I have already alluded, where he speaks of one particular representation, now found in those cups, having also been depicted upon the chalices of the ancient Christians. But there is another argument in favour of this theory; and it is, that about the year 200 Pope Zephyrinus is mentioned by several ancient authorities, which Muratori considers sufficient to establish the fact, that he, the sixteenth pope after St. Peter, ordered the chalices and the patens used at the Holy Sacrifice to be thenceforth made of glass, they having been till then of wood. But then the same authorities assure us, that only twenty-two years after, his successor, Urban the First, ordered that the sacred vessels should be formed of silver or gold. Now, the interval of twenty-two years is, of course, far too short for us to imagine that this immense quantity of illustrated glass was manufactured in that time. Not only so, but some of the cups now found must have been exceedingly small for such a purpose. They could not have been larger than a wine-glass; they could not have stood, nor had they anything of the shape of a chalice. Whatever representation we have from early times of chalices show a totally different form: they had not a flat shallow cup, but were made something upon the principle of what we use now.

Again, the inscriptions upon our glasses do not,

for a moment, allow us to suppose them to have been portions of chalices. In allusion to the sacred vessels, there is one sentence of antiquity which is extremely beautiful; it is an expression of St. Jerome's in his epistle to Rusticus—"Nothing could be richer than that man who carried the body of Christ in a wicker-basket, and His blood in a glass." This expression is interestingly illustrated in the Catacombs, because we have, at this day, and I may have to allude to them, representations of the sacred bread in an open wicker-basket, and of wine united with it in a glass vessel, both borne, one within the other, on the back of a fish, the ancient emblem, as is well known, of Christ. The form of these glasses, therefore, and, as we shall see, their inscriptions, are not suited to the purposes of a chalice.

There is another use for which we can understand they might be manufactured, and which, if we adopt as an explanation, will satisfy every condition of the objects themselves; and that, of course, is the best evidence that we can have of its correctness. Every one acquainted with ecclesiastical antiquity is aware that the Christians had peculiar feasts called agapes or "love feasts," at which they met in different ways, eating and drinking together. They gave food to one another, even exchanging their victuals as a pledge of their mutual communion, that communion, of which

the Holy Sacrifice is not only the real symbol but the real bond. These feasts were celebrated in three different ways.

First.—They were practised in the churches. St. Paulinus, of Nola, the friend of St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustin, and all the great saints of his time, describes to us the beautiful church which he himself built and adorned in honour of St. Felix, the martyr of Nola. He tells us that he had representations painted on the walls of scenes from holy Scripture, in order that, when the faithful came to partake of the feast and looked around, they should not have profane objects before them, but such as should inspire them with holy thoughts. That was one form of celebration; and, accordingly, many of these glasses present us with similar paintings in miniature, beginning with the creation, and passing through many subjects taken from the Old Testament.

Second.—Another mode of celebrating these feasts was at the tombs of the martyrs in the Catacombs. On the festivals of these saints, the faithful went below into the crypts, and partook of food, or bestowed it upon the poor who flocked there to receive it. We have passages in ancient fathers reproving abuses which had crept in, and especially blaming those who were not content with plain bread and wine, which were ordinarily given to them, but wanted more luxu-

rious food. It is probable, too, as I will show you just now, that when once in the Catacombs, it was a sort of mark of devotion to go from the tomb of one saint to another's, and there partake of merely a taste of food, as a sort of symbol of the communion which existed, not only between the living, but also between the living and those who had died in Christ.

Third.—Very often those feasts were domestic; the members of a family collected together on the occasion of a marriage, the birth of a son, or perhaps, of a funeral, and partook of meat with one another. These have been customs in almost every nation under the sun.

There were, therefore, agapes of three different sorts constantly practised. Everything that we find upon our glasses, with the exception of the few heathen representations, has, in some way or other, a connexion with, or an allusion to, those festivals. I do not mean that all glasses have the same inscriptions upon them; but, for example, of four or five glasses that represent the same subject, two or three of them have words, which authorize us to conclude that the rest were made for the same use. The words which are most common upon them are, "drink," "live," "enjoy," being generally in Greek, though often written in the Roman character. Or they are short phrases of exclamation, or of salutation rather; for

example, "drink with your friends;" "live with your friends;" "let those who have crowned themselves drink." Another very common expression is, "*Dignitas amicorum*," the exact meaning of which is not very well known; but from other passages where similar words are used, it would appear that by this "dignity," or "privilege," one was admitted to social participation with some friends—as we always say we accept "the honour" of dining with a most intimate friend. This seems a similar sort of expression, "the dignity of friends;" that is, the honour conferred by friends of partaking of our drink. There is never allusion to anything but drink; however sacred the subject represented may be, the expression inscribed around it is, "drink and live." Therefore, it was for the purpose of drinking sociably with friends that these cups were prepared, and yet, at the same time, the whole of the images, with the few exceptions to which I have alluded, represent religious and sacred subjects. For example, our Divine Lord is variously figured on them, and other such representations as we cannot imagine to have been in use in things belonging to every-day common life.

Having already alluded to what will have to be yet repeated somewhat in detail, the Scriptural designs, possibly used at church-feasts, I will say a few words on the other two classes of agapes, and their corres-

ponding vessels. The fact of their being used at such feasts as were in honour of particular saints will account for particular representations upon those glasses which thus compose the second class. While what I have stated shows them in general to have belonged to religious feasts, it is rendered very plausible that they were used at the sacred celebrations held at the tombs of martyrs, by their having upon them the figures not only of saints—namely, apostles and martyrs—but almost without exception (I believe with only one exception) the effigies of martyrs of Rome, of those whom we know to have been buried in the Catacombs, or there particularly venerated. Such was St. Cyprian, who, though not buried, was honoured in the cemetery of Callistus, with Cornelius, with whom he is associated on the same day in the Calendar of the Church. These cups were, therefore, apparently connected in some way with particular saints and martyrs.

It is not improbable even, from the text which I will read to you just now, that those who wished to show themselves more peculiarly devout, or perhaps to exhibit a little more than others of a certain degree of religious luxury, had their cups for different saints whose tombs they visited. What leads to this surmise is a beautiful passage in the Confessions of St. Augustine, in which he is describing his mother, St. Monica.

He says that when she visited the Memories, that is, the chapels of martyrs—(“*Memoria*” means, in the early Christian Latin, the place where a saint is buried or a chapel erected to his honour)—“That when she visited the *Memories*, or chapels of saints, taking her basket of provisions, to partake of the solemn banquet, she did not take with her more than one little cup”—(she had, no doubt, one of our very small ones, *unum pocillum*)—“and though there might be many memories of the deceased, which it appeared had to be honoured in this manner, she carried about that self-same only one, to be put on the table.” These words seem to imply that others varied their cups according to the tombs which they visited. For any other saint that is represented on these cups, SS. Peter and Paul are reproduced thirty or forty times, in proportion to the peculiar veneration that was paid to them by Rome as its apostles; they are generally represented together, but sometimes one, sometimes the other alone. After SS. Peter and Paul comes, perhaps, St. Agnes, as having far the most numerous representations; then St. Sebastian and St. Lawrence, great martyrs also of Rome; with St. Stephen, whose relics were likewise there; then others less common. I must, however, return to this subject a little later, though I cannot pursue it in detail.

I come to the third class of these glasses: those of a

more domestic character. We have a great many of them that represent simple domestic scenes, such as would be adapted to various occasions in which persons met at a friendly repast connected with some religious act, whether a baptism, a marriage, or a funeral. There figures, in the representations upon the cups everything we could expect to find if their use and purpose was the celebration of such feasts of love. Therefore, putting together all the facts I have given you: absence of all mention of them in heathen writings; the non-existence of fragments of such glasses amidst heathen remains; the quantity found in Christian cemeteries; their being found only there, and connected with the tombs of the dead; then their representations and their inscriptions;—all seem equally to lead us to the conclusion, that they were used in the religious banquets celebrated by Christians.

Those feasts were abused in such various ways that they are constantly denounced by the Fathers, and at length, very soon after the period to which I have alluded as closing the age of these glasses, they were abolished altogether in the Church. No doubt most, if not all, of these abuses arose after the period of persecution, for all the cups with heathen emblems certainly belong to later times. When the empire became Christian, artists, like those of modern times, sacrificed too often their Christian feeling to their

false taste and foolish love of art. The figures often were not blameable, but were still of such things as Christians continued to tolerate. They are the games of the circus, the different amusements of the amphitheatre; but in some instances, though very few, also the effigies of false gods; and yet these bear the same inscriptions as purely Christian ones, showing that it does not follow at all that this class of glasses belongs to a different system from the others. Were this the only case in which we have to come to a similar conclusion, we might hesitate to do so. But unfortunately we have other instances of this practice. I do not allude to the paintings on the Catacombs. These could not be considered as pagan;* they were symbolical and nothing more. But we have some most beautiful objects of real Christian work with heathen emblems. There is one especially, what is called a nuptial chest, of silver, in which angels bear an inscription, mentioning the names of the persons to whom it belonged, and declaring them to be Christians. Yet, there is a representation on it of a perfectly mythological scene, such as would be found on a similar object intended for heathens. We may therefore conclude, that even after Christianity had been established, artists would run, as they do now-a-days, to choose

* Such as the representations of Orpheus, &c.

for employment of their skill scenes which the Christian ought never to behold represented. It does not follow, therefore, that these glasses were not produced by Christian artists ; and certainly they were made after the empire had become Christian. Moreover, they are to be found in the same place as the others, that is, among the tombs exclusively of Christians, where, for a few years after the cessation of persecution, many were still allowed to be buried, through devotion to the martyrs.

I proceed now to consider the subjects represented on our glasses. I must first observe that, though they do not take quite so wide a range as the paintings on the walls and ceilings of the Catacombs, yet they follow the same principles of selection, for they have the same symbolical ideas running through them. They both exhibit a reference to something connected with Christianity, and even the forms of representation on both exhibit remarkable similarities. I will pass rapidly through the subjects treated on these glasses, and if I omit any, it will be only such as are imperfectly represented on a very small size, or so very indistinctly as to leave us in doubt about the real history treated.

First, we will begin with the Old Testament. Very singular is the choice of subjects from the Old Testament, made throughout the art of the Catacombs.

Passages which a modern painter would most delight to design are never to be found treated; while others that we should feel no particular interest in are manifestly favourites. Why so? Because early Christian art was guided entirely by a symbolic principle. That is, as the Christians concealed from the heathens their more solemn mysteries in their language and writings, so they were equally careful that they should not be known by strangers, still less by enemies, through their paintings, &c. They therefore concealed under certain representations very different and sublimer thoughts than appeared on the surface. In fact, the scenes selected from the Old Testament have peculiar and marked reference to such doctrines as must have come most home to them as Christians.

One of the most common representations throughout the Catacombs is that of our first parents, on glass of every size. This affords us a good illustration of the symbolical characters of these drawings; for they gradually dwindle down from a full picture to a mere suggestive figure. Thus, in the largest glasses the figures are drawn in a symmetrical arrangement with the tree between them, and the serpent winding round it; much as we should represent the subject now. This gives us the full history of man's fall. Then, in other glasses of smaller dimensions,

we have only one of our first parents; next, in the smallest we have nothing but the tree with the serpent wound round it, and probably the apple; and finally, we have the serpent alone. The whole was like a language, in which the first form corresponds to the large and illuminated characters of a grand inscription; the lesser symbols were the same language, written in cursive characters, and suggesting the same idea; just as the scratch of a pen often indicates a word, as well as if all its letters were distinctly written.

Next comes Noe, and very simple is the form in which he is brought before us. He is pictured as a man seated in a square box, which just holds him, with the lid lifted up behind his head; and in the Catacomb paintings, a dove is represented as flying towards him. It is singular that this way of symbolizing Noe is found also on the heathen coins of Apamea, as has been shown by writers on such monuments. The next worthy of the Old Testament found on these glasses is Abraham in the act of sacrificing.

Let us now see the symbolism of these usages. The first, Adam and Eve, represent, of course, the fall of man; the cause of sin and consequent demand of a reparation, an atonement, an expiation. Noe and his ark are the type given by St. Peter of baptism—a type always continued in the Church. Finally,

Abraham offering his son in sacrifice represents the Incarnation, the death of our Lord, and the eucharistic oblation.

After these comes Moses, given in two different attitudes. One pretty common representation of him is where he is loosening his shoes before the burning bush. The other figures him as striking the rock. On this I must dwell a little, for there is a remarkable similarity between this and another favourite one in the Catacombs, which at first sight presents no analogy. It is the resurrection of Lazarus by our Saviour. It must be remarked, that, generally speaking, when our Lord is represented on glasses or in Catacomb paintings, as performing a miracle, he almost always, if not always, has a rod in His hand, with which He touches the person or thing on which His divine power is exerted. Now, the rock, in the symbolical picture, is represented as high and narrow, occupying just one corner of the picture; and Moses is touching it with his wand, and the waters gush out. In one instance a man, who is no doubt the representative of the whole people of God, is drinking the water as it flows down to him. But, in general, Moses is alone, touching the rock. On the other hand, our Saviour is represented much in the same manner when raising Lazarus. At one side of the painting is a rock of the same form as I have described; in it is a corpse swathed like a

mummy, and our Lord is touching it with His wand. Such is the usual ancient representation of the raising of Lazarus. Throughout the Catacombs it is never treated in any other way. The resemblance is remarkable between the two in the general disposition and even in the details of the pictures. In one instance, the representation of Moses, we see in the person represented the chief of God's people in the Old Testament ; in the other the head of the New covenant. One was the law-giver of the first ; the other the author of the perfect law of grace. The one made refreshing waters to flow from the rock ; the other Himself the very rock (1 Cor. x. 4), gave water springing up to everlasting life.

But, in one representation at least, there is written over the head of Moses, in clear characters, the name "Peter." Here there is evidently a double symbolism expressed. The Word tells us that Peter also was foreshown in Moses, as leader and head of the Christian Church. Our Lord is the true rock ; for, from Him alone flow the waters of eternal life ; but Peter (himself, too, the rock) has a special power to elicit from it those heavenly streams, that flood of grace which so richly waters the whole Church.

This resemblance between the ways of representing the actions of Moses and of our divine Lord is clearly intended not to imply a similarity of actions, but a

symbolism in the miracles of one of those of the other.

Very frequent, indeed, are the representations of Jonas, and generally in two attitudes. The first is clearly symbolical. We have a ship from which Jonas is let down into the mouth of a sea monster, which has no resemblance to any known inhabitant of the deep, but is clearly meant merely to give an idea of the dragon of the Apocalypse, the infernal serpent. It is, in fact, an animal having a monstrous head, a long and very thin curved neck, and a body with a tail waving above. This animal, totally inadequate by physical construction to swallow a man, is manifestly a symbol of the evil one ever ready to swallow up those who descend into the waters of regeneration. For that sea represents Baptism, and they who are immersed in it are saved from the serpent through Him, who for three days and three nights fulfilled the type presented to us in Jonas. This is likewise naturally a favourite subject, because it is the type of the resurrection which our Saviour himself has given us. Jonas is also represented as sitting under a gourd, which shelters him from the sun; sometimes the gourd has withered, in punishment for his repining.

One of the commonest subjects of painting in the Catacombs, one to be found in almost every one, and repeated in some again and again, is that of the

three children of Babylon in the fiery furnace. Sometimes one, sometimes the three are represented. They are always clothed, except in one instance, in Persian attire, in the cap, trowsers, and vest, well known on ancient monuments. The history of Susanna is also beautifully symbolised. Her image is that of a lamb between two wolves, one on each side, representing the two elders. That told the whole story at once to the Christian, without the suggestion of any indelicate idea. After these comes Tobias, recognizable by the fish which he carries. As there is nothing especially instructing or picturesque in such a scene, it is evident that the frequent and various repetitions of it upon the cemeterial glass prove it to have a special, mystical purpose. Sometimes we have a representation of Tobias as a youth struggling with a fish standing up in the water, and then he is seen walking away with the vanquished monster. The simple explanation is, that the fish was the symbol of Christ, and because this history brought that image of the fish before the eyes of His followers it became a favourite theme. These are pretty nearly all the subjects from the Old Testament.

I will now pass rapidly through those from the New. And first, we have a great many representations of our Lord as the Good Shepherd. Sometimes He is depicted in the attitude and with the

emblems and attributes of Orpheus ; the wild beasts being assembled together around, and listening to His music. He is playing upon a harp or a pipe. Sometimes they are not there, but the sheep are all around, looking up in His face with confidence and love. Though this is a common representation of the Good Shepherd, the most favourite, which is repeated again and again upon glass, is that of our Lord as the Shepherd, with a sheep over His shoulders, bearing it back to the fold. That was clearly the form in which the early Christians loved to contemplate Him, and for a very good reason. It did not so much represent to them as it does to us the sinner received to mercy, but it delineated the rescuing from idolatry, heathenism, and infidelity, of their souls, which would otherwise have perished. We never find a Christian representation of our Lord which exhibits Him to us in a painful manner, or in any way which represents His justice ; it is always His mercy that is brought before us. You may indeed imagine what the ancient Christians, who saw the wide distinction between infidelity and Christianity, considered that they had escaped from, and what immense mercy that must have appeared to them which had rescued them. In contemplating these particular representations, they felt with bitter grief how long they had remained wandering without pasture in the very depths of the

desert of unbelief, where they must have perished, torn and rent by every suffering that sin and passion, like cruel thorns, could inflict upon the soul; and then they considered with wonder and gratitude how, without the least merit upon their parts, they had been taken upon the shoulders of the Good Shepherd, and borne safely within the pale of His Church. No wonder that this is a common form under which those Christians loved to bring our Lord repeatedly before their minds.

Our Saviour is also very frequently represented in other ways. He is often conversing with His Apostles, sometimes speaking with one or other of them, and sometimes seated with and instructing them. At times, however, though rarely, He is alone. Another representation of our Lord would easily lead into a long explanation. I will content myself with a brief outline. He is very frequently represented as standing alone with the wand in His hand, while around Him are seven baskets of bread, four on one side and three on the other, or two at each side and three below. The bread is piled up in them all, and we cannot explain this image in any other way, than by regarding it as representing the multiplication of the loaves, symbolized by the seven baskets of fragments that were borne away after the miracle. There is an exactly corresponding representation in which our Saviour

stands in the midst of, and touches with a wand, seven large jars, filled, we may suppose, with water; exactly in the same way as in the Catacombs is represented the changing of water into wine. The exact resemblance between the manner of delineating the two miracles shows that there was a connexion between the multiplication of the bread and the transmutation of the water, in the minds of the faithful. But besides, another peculiarity of the second symbol is, that while the sacred text speaks only of six vessels of water at the marriage feast, here seven are invariably represented, and even placed so as to correspond with the seven baskets of bread. It is thus evident that the two miracles were meant to be exhibited as correlative, and no one can doubt but they presented to the Christian mind together the twofold elements which are found in the greatest of the sacraments, and brought to their loving thoughts that combination of power, wisdom, and love, whereby is wrought the immense, unbounded multiplication of the bread of life and the wine that rejoices the heart of man, the food and drink of God's house, which nourish to eternal life.

Another choice subject often repeated was the curing of the paralytic. The patient is always represented carrying his bed upon his shoulders, which conveys to us the lesson drawn by our Saviour from the miracle, that in a similar manner, He, the institutor

of the sacraments, could and would forgive us our sins. Besides the raising of Lazarus, which I have already described, there are no other representations of our Lord's actions. But I must observe that there are some large glasses, which have in the centre a little medallion with a full effigy of some person upon it, and compartments all round, with figures having the feet towards the centre; and sometimes a tablet bears the name of the person. In the compartments are painted six or eight scenes, from the Old and New Testaments. In these representations the two are mingled together, as if to show that the one glided gradually into the other; the one showing Christianity foreshadowed, and the other manifested.

Having glanced at the Scriptural glasses, we come to the third division, or those belonging to the history of the Church. Here the first figure, as we might naturally expect, is that of the Blessed Virgin. And, in fact, there is no saint so frequently represented as she, generally with her hands extended, sometimes elevated from the elbows, with the palms expanded. This is an attitude of prayer, though not the ordinary one, because the form of cross is the more usual. The name "Maria" is written distinctly over the figure. Occasionally she is a large central figure, with Peter on one side and Paul on the other. This must not be considered as deciding anything of a controversial

character, because St. Agnes is represented in the same way, and so is another less known saint. It has been supposed that this placing of the Blessed Virgin as a particular object of devotion between the Apostles was meant to show her, as supported by the universal Church, which is represented by the Apostles. There is one peculiarity, however, through these glasses—the only saint that has ever what is called a “nimbus,” or glory around the head, is the Blessed Virgin. It is not given even to the Apostles, still less to any other saint. Often a crown is also beside her, either on the ground or held over her.

There are very numerous effigies of St. Peter and St. Paul. Sometimes they are represented at full length; sometimes only their busts are given; often with a crown between them. Sometimes one is at the right and sometimes the other, but the names are generally written over them; occasionally, however, one is alone. There were evidently in ancient times two types of these Apostles, one of each when young, and another representing them when old; for we find them sometimes portrayed with the hair and beard in full growth, and with all the appearances of young men. At other times we have them bald, and with the beard thin. You can trace in the Catacombs the distinction between saints Peter and Paul, the same as they are distinguished in paintings at

this day, so early did Christian art begin to assert its rights. Very often the two Apostles are represented, and so sometimes two other saints, with a small figure between them holding a crown over the head of each. Next to the Apostles comes, as I have said, St. Agnes, and then follow a great many other saints ; sometimes two or three are together on one glass ; but it is not necessary to enumerate them further.

The fourth class of representations includes all sorts of domestic and classical scenes. Some of these consist of single portraits, or of husband and wife together, with, evidently, their names, and an expression of affection or regard addressed to both. Sometimes we see a small altar, over which they are holding one another's right hand, with an inscription which intimates that they are united in wedlock. Other domestic scenes represent to us a whole family : a man, evidently a nobleman, and his wife, richly dressed, and children standing before them. The names of the parents and children are there. Those persons, however noble, could little have thought, when drinking from these glasses, that the day would come when their names would be again read, and records of the history of the Church would be filled up by means of this insignificant art, as it appeared to them, of ornamenting glass.

I have now gone through the main part of my subject; but if there is any one here who is in the

least tempted by what I have said to become a collector of this ancient glass, I must warn him to beware. For you must not think all the glasses published, or treasured up in museums, even in the Vatican, are genuine. When Christian antiquarians, two hundred years ago, began to seek for them, to collect them, and give large prices for them, there was no time lost in producing modern ones, and it requires a practised eye to detect the imposture, for they are executed by clever artists. They imitated closely the style of drawing, and copied the inscriptions, or made some certainly very unintelligible ones, considering this, perhaps, the safest way to escape being found out. Be that as it may, they are found out, and the whole of the suspected glasses are now pretty well known ; and so far as the Vatican goes, they have been banished into a separate compartment; not, of course, destroyed, for that would be barbarism; but put together as suspected characters, and removed from the better company of good and genuine Christian works.

After having thus gone generally, and, perhaps, rather cursorily over my subject, and after having detained you so long, I will permit myself to make one or two reflections, which, perhaps, may not be of any very great value, but yet strike me as worth repeating.

Is there any connection between those ancient

glasses and modern manufactures ? This is a practical age, and a great many people care very little about what the ancient Christians did, unless, in some way or other, they materially benefited, or aided the advance of commerce, manufactures, or the arts of life. Now, I am glad to believe that they did all this, and that this purely Christian invention is operating at the present time upon an art which is every day developing in beauty and usefulness. I believe that this Christian glass, this exclusively Christian glass, continued to be made and used up to, possibly, the middle of the fourth century, and it then disappeared. But what took its place ? The ancient Greeks and Romans were very proud of mosaic, or as they are better called "tesselated" pavements, for the ancients confined mosaic chiefly, if not exclusively, to the floor. It was only the Christians who first applied them to sacred representations upon walls. The pagan artists often contented themselves with a very coarse mosaic in black and white ; but at any rate the ground into which they adapted their figures was ordinarily plain white, although the figures themselves might be beautiful, and show a great richness in the variety of their colors. I do not believe that in all the Greek and Latin mosaics there is a single instance to be found of the use of gold, or of a gold mosaic ground. But at the very time when the art

appeared to have ceased of placing a vitrified film or surface over the gold to preserve it, there came into use that very manufacture of Christian gold-mosaic. For we find that beautiful leaf of gold, forming the golden ground-work of mosaic, very soon after appearing in the east, where mosaic was carried to perfection, and even in the west, as at Ravenna, and in the Roman basilicas. Let me remind you that what I stated we have been trying in London in vain is just this art of making the gold show itself through a vitrified surface, so as to remain unalterable. The process of enclosing, annealing, enshrining the gold in the glass was intended to give its imperishable lustre to the unfading colours of the large figures which it surrounded. For while all the rest of the substances employed were mosaic, and so unalterable, the gold-ground required equal durability of substance and of brilliancy to preserve them for ever in permanence of place and of effect.

The mosaics made at that early period are still as fresh as if put up a year ago. The ground-work, if it had been simply gilt, would have soon faded ; and as in so many mediæval pictures on which a gold back-ground was laid, would not by any means have preserved the colour and appearance proper to that indestructible material of which I have been speaking. This was, therefore, only transferring to a larger sphere the same art.

In the tenth century the church of St. Mark at Venice had to be repaired, after being burned down to the ground, and it was finished between the tenth and eleventh centuries. The whole of that church is filled with splendid mosaics of that age. As far as colour goes the work cannot be surpassed. The artists were Greeks, who came over from Constantinople to execute it, and they brought with them this art of gold mosaic. There is a remarkable passage on the subject in an author of that very century, whose work has been lately published in France.* He is named Theophilus, and in his treatise on this art he tells us, that in his time the Greeks used to make beautiful cups of sapphire, that is of *lapis lazuli*, which Beckman proves was the sapphire of the ancients.† He tells us that they then took a piece of glass and laid gold leaf upon it, which they cut in the shape of what they wanted to represent, and then they prepared a liquid glass of a very fine quality, which they ground down on porphyry. When it was so prepared, they spread it over the gold. Then they put it in the same sort of furnace as we put our coloured glass into, and brought it out vitrified, so that the gold could never be removed.

The Greeks, therefore, at that time understood the art of laying over the gold leaf a layer of glass. This

* Theophile Prêtre et Moine : Paris, 1840.

† History of Inventions, vol. i., Art. Ultramarine.

was like the art of preparing the gold smalto for mosaic. It was to Venice that they first came, and gave their grandest specimen of that oriental art. These workmen settled in Venice; and it is not at all improbable that it is owing to that circumstance that Venice became the centre of beautiful glass manufacture, as it has continued to this day, in spite of the progress that has been made elsewhere in the art. You may often yet see old Venetian looking-glasses anterior to any modern manufacture. The art of introducing opaque substances into the clear glass is, in its origin, exclusively Venetian. Those beautiful bowls, those elegant stems in which this practice is exhibited, are reckoned even yet extraordinary productions of art, which you find treasured up in museums, and for which people pay almost their weight in gold, although a few years ago they were but, comparatively, slightly valued. That was a Venetian art, closely allied with the mosaic art of uniting transparent and opaque glass. The Bohemians have imitated it and succeeded, but I believe that in no other country but the two has the invention been brought to the perfection it originally attained in Venice, where it has continued to flourish to the present day. No doubt the connection between this art and the early Christian art of representing figures on glass may not be traced with perfect genealogical accuracy; but it is

quite as clear as the case of a person wishing to have well-filled quarterings on a coat of arms, for whom the herald will succeed in tracing pretty well the chain, although he be obliged to refer to somewhat unconnected documents. I cannot but feel that those little glasses of the early Christians are thus the real root and beginning of the magnificent stained glass works of the middle ages and our times; for no doubt the art of staining glass was a natural derivation from the art of vitrifying in colours; it was a short step from the opaque coloured glass on the wall to the transparent in the windows, where the light shone through, instead of on, them, an art which began first by simple ornamentation before it ventured on complete pictures.

I will now conclude by thanking you very sincerely for having listened so attentively to this very long address, and hoping that the time which you have spent here may not have been altogether unprofitable. For it never can be without its use to turn our thoughts back upon those first glorious ages of Christianity; it never can be profitless to store our minds even with a single new idea concerning those noble confessors of the faith who are thus brought before us, not as a set of hard-headed, enduring, and inflexible men, always ready to suffer and to die for their faith, but rather as heroes possessing the brightest intelligence, and carrying on beautiful arts in the very midst

of death. If Archimedes has been so much admired for the calmness with which he met death, while engaged in solving a mathematical problem, surely they deserve no less honour who meekly awaited the cruellest death, engaged in works of taste and religion so beautifully combined. But, in fact, they were only making themselves familiar with the beauties and glories of the kingdom after which they aspired, and to which they knew their gate was martyrdom. They knew not the day nor the hour when it would be thrown open to them. Could that grace come more opportunely to one of them than when his mind was peacefully engaged in conceiving the sacred scenes which he wished to express, and his hand was unwaveringly employed in depicting them? How easy for him to put down his graver and take up his palm, or stretch forth his neck to receive the very crown which he was just sketching over the head of a martyr or a virgin. Such an act was full of holy thoughts, and bred the sublimest aspirations; nor can it be without its fruits to know that faith does not quench, but give life to, the cultivation of the beautiful arts, and that one may be equally ready to illustrate or adorn it, or, if it so please God, to die for it.

Address from the Society.

Cardinal Wiseman was conducted after the lecture to one of the large rooms adjacent to the Round Room. Beneath a handsomely upholstered canopy were placed chairs of state on a carpeted dais. The centre chair was occupied by his Eminence, that on the right by the Bishop of Clonfert, and that on the left by the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bishop of Bombay. There was a large assemblage around the front of the dais, composed of clergy and laity, desirous of witnessing, or, as was the case with many, of assisting at the interesting proceedings of the presentation of an address from the Society of St. Vincent de Paul to the Cardinal.

Address of the President and Members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in Dublin, to His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE,—We, the President and members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in Dublin, humbly beg leave to approach your Eminence, and with profound veneration and heartfelt joy to congratulate you on your arrival in this city. Recollecting the many dark and dreary years which have passed over our country since it was last honoured by the presence of a Prince of the Church, and a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals, we cannot fail to regard the visit of your Eminence as a singularly auspicious event, and as a harbinger of brighter and better days for the professors of

that Faith, which, in spite of proscriptions, and confiscations, and penal laws, has been handed down from father to son, as an heir-loom of inestimable value, and which is still preserved and cherished by our countrymen as a precious and sacred deposit.

But if we share in the joy of the entire Catholic body at the presence of your Eminence amongst us, how much more ought we not to hail it in our capacities as members of a Society which has received at the hands of the Holy See so many and so special marks of its favour and predilection?

At our first entrance into its ranks, and thenceforward in every step of our progress, we have found our path strewn with blessings and privileges conferred on our Works by the sainted successors of Saint Peter; and if for a single moment we have felt our footsteps faltering, or our zeal growing cold, we have at once been stimulated, warmed, and invigorated by the recollection that we have had conceded and confirmed to us, under the magic ring of the fisherman—that ring which the lapse of nineteen centuries has neither tarnished or diminished—those unpurchaseable, because priceless, treasures of God's holy Church, which are ever at hand to sustain and encourage those who have recourse to them. In a like spirit of affection to that manifested towards us by the Head of the Church, we have on this evening beheld one of that Church's most illustrious princes and most distinguished luminaries graciously condescending to unfold some of those literary treasures with which his great mind is so richly stored, for the noble purpose of forwarding a work which, with

humble reliance on the mercy and goodness of God, we have ventured to undertake for the protection of the helpless and fatherless orphan. With unflagging interest and entranced delight we have listened to your Eminence's eloquent and erudite lecture; we have felt our piety and veneration called forth as we found ourselves conducted by so faithful a guide through those wondrous recesses, where the deep and everlasting foundations of our holy religion were laid and cemented in the blood of heroic virgins and intrepid martyrs.

For the signal favour this evening conferred upon our Society by your Eminence, we beg leave to tender the expression of our deep and abiding gratitude. There is but one other return which, in addition to our gratitude, we can offer to your Eminence; but it is one which, we doubt not, you will accept as the best in our power to bestow. We shall not fail to impress upon the memory of each of the orphans to whom shelter and protection shall be afforded within the walls of our new institution, that among his many kind benefactors, he is largely indebted to the benevolent advocacy of an illustrious Cardinal for the asylum he enjoys; and every time that those helpless innocents shall raise their little hands and guileless hearts to that Father who never abandons the fatherless, we will teach them to invoke abundant blessings, even in this world, upon the head of their great benefactor; and we will ask them to pray that guardian angels may hover round the closing scene of that good man's earthly existence, and may bear his spirit to that blessed firmament where it shall shine as a star for all eternity.

In conclusion, we humbly supplicate the blessing of your Eminence upon ourselves, our families, and our Works.

Signed on behalf of the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in Dublin,

JOHN BRADSTREET, *President of the Council, &c.*

CHARLES CAVANAGH, *Vice-President of the Council, &c.*

Sir John Bradstreet, Bart., the president, read the address.

His Eminence said:—

The nature of the duty which they had imposed upon him that night prevented him from expressing his feelings towards the Society at any length. But he could not take leave of its members without, however imperfectly, stating the great interest he felt in their good Work, as well as the esteem he entertained for those who gave the Society their active support and co-operation. He regarded it as a blessing to any city to possess the institution of the society of St. Vincent de Paul, for it was a most powerful means of effecting good ; and this sentiment was so spread abroad, he might say throughout Europe, that there was scarcely any one who was interested in the welfare of his country or native place that did not desire to see established in it this Society. He was a few years ago in a diocese in the north of France, and was speaking to the bishop on this subject. “ I

thank God," said the prelate, "that there is not a town in my diocese in which I have not the Society of St. Vincent de Paul." He added that this was not the case for a time in one town, the mayor of which—and in this respect it was very unlike the city of Dublin—was not one who either by precept or example did homage to religion. He rather affected the tone of a free thinker, not that he was in reality so, but he gave himself the airs of a man who was 'above the manifestation of religious feelings. Well, it so happened that the military commandant of the district paid a visit to the town. All kinds of attention and honour were paid him, and every means was employed to show the public esteem for one filling so high and responsible a position. At a grand entertainment, the mayor, addressing him, said he should like his advice as to what could be done for the town; he enumerated the various improvements which he had caused to be made, and desired to know if the commandant thought there was anything necessary to perfect what had been already accomplished. The commandant paused for a moment, and then asked the mayor, "have you here the Society of St. Vincent de Paul?" The mayor replied that they had not. "Then," said the other, "I would advise you to have it established the first thing, for it will do more good than anything else I can suggest." The consequence

was, the Society was established to the joy of the good bishop, who up to that time had been vainly struggling for that happy result. But it is not everywhere, as in this city, that the Society is so flourishing, and is enabled to do so much, even to the establishment of orphanages, in addition to its labours for the relief of the poor ; so that it is indeed a real benefactor, not alone to the city but to the whole country. He was sure every priest in this arch-diocese, beginning with the archbishop, and also the laity, who have had opportunities of judging, will bear witness that the society is one of the greatest blessings the city enjoys. He should be glad if what little service he had endeavoured to render should be an encouragement to them, if it do nothing more ; and if his words could cheer them, he assured them of his warmest hope that they would go on and prosper in their godlike mission of charity, overcoming all those difficulties, pecuniary and others, which we have all to encounter, till at length, with God's blessing, every difficulty should melt away as clay yields before the torrent of waters.

His Eminence, on retiring to the residence of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, was followed by an immense multitude, who cheered him repeatedly.

His Eminence's Visit

TO THE

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

In compliance with a kind invitation, forwarded through the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor, by the Rev. Dr. Todd, S.F.T.C.D., his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster visited on Tuesday the Royal Irish Academy, Dawson-street, and the Library and Museum Buildings of Trinity College. His Eminence left the residence of his Grace the Lord Archbishop, Eccles-street, at a quarter to twelve o'clock, in the state chariot of the Lord Mayor, which was in waiting to receive him. His Eminence was accompanied by the Rev. E. L. Clifford, the Rev. Mr. Burke, and the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor. His Eminence first proceeded to

The Royal Irish Academy,

where he was received by the Rev. Dr. Todd (president); Mr. Cibborn, Secretary, and Professor Curry. His Eminence, after expressing his acknowledgments to the Rev. President for his courtesy and kind attention, was conducted through the library and museum of the institution. The rare old books and manuscripts were shown to him, and the lucid details of their character and history given by the accomplished archæologist, the Rev. Dr. Todd,

which seemed to afford his Eminence the deepest gratification. He examined the collection of antiquities in the museum, and expressed himself highly pleased at their classification and arrangement by Dr. Wilde, to whom was intrusted the arduous labour of compiling the new catalogue. After remaining for nearly an hour his Eminence took his leave, and proceeded to

Trinity College.

On entering the College-square a large number of the students who had assembled saluted his Eminence most respectfully as the carriage drove up to the entrance of the library. On leaving the carriage, in company with the same gentlemen, and the Lord Mayor, his Eminence was received by the Rev. Dr. Todd, as librarian of the University, and the assistant librarian. A large crowd of students and other gentlemen, who had congregated round the entrance to the library, sought to gain admittance, but no persons were permitted to enter except his Eminence and the party who accompanied him on his visit. The fine proportions and the splendid black oak carving of the library elicited warm expressions of admiration from his Eminence, who entered into animated conversation with the Rev. Dr. Todd. The rich and varied treasures, in the shape of manuscripts, illuminated missals, and other religious books of the monastic period, which the College is so fortunate as to possess, were all shown to him. He closely examined the celebrated Salisbury Missal, and the not less celebrated "Book of Kells," and "Book of Armagh," and he paid particular care in looking over the

four gospels said to have been written by St. Columba; the missal of the diocese of Killaloe, known as "The Gospels of Domiah," by whom it was transcribed; the book of St. Alban's, and a Lollard Commentary on the Psalms, in Latin and English, with a commentary attributed to Wycliffe. A gorgeously illuminated missal of the year 1456 attracted the particular attention of his Eminence, who expressed himself much pleased with its beautiful lettering, and with the surpassing beauties of the margins of its illuminated pages. Having remained for nearly an hour in the library, his Eminence and party were conducted to the new Museum Building, and, as he proceeded through the grounds, he was received with all the external evidences of respect by crowds of students and gentlemen not belonging to the College who had assembled for the purpose of seeing his Eminence. The hall of the Museum Building seemed to take him by surprise, and he spoke in terms of high praise of the staircases, the various coloured Irish marbles in the pillars, and the stone carving of their capitals. He inquired of the Rev. Dr. Todd who was the architect, and was informed that it was Sir Thomas Deane, of Cork, who had designed it. He was conducted through the lecture rooms, and on taking his leave of the Rev. Dr. Todd he expressed his acknowledgments, and spoke of the gratification which he was afforded by his visit. As his Eminence drove through the outer gate into College-green he was loudly cheered by a large crowd who had waited for his return from the College. His Eminence next proceeded up Grafton-street through Stephen's-green, to visit

The Catholic University.

On arriving he was received by the Rev. Professor O'Reilly, the Rev. Professor Quin, the Rev. Dr. Doyle, Professors Ornsby, Curry, M'Swiney, M'Dermott, and Mr. Scrattan, Secretary, all wearing their academic costume. He was shown through the lecture halls, library, museum, &c., and highly admired their several arrangements. He next proceeded to visit the beautiful interior of the University Church, and appeared to be much struck with the excellent taste displayed in its splendid decorations. A number of persons who had been engaged at their devotions in the church when his Eminence entered came forward and asked his blessing, which he conferred upon them as they knelt around him. The great want of the University Church did not escape the observation of his Eminence, namely, a suitable porch at the principal entrance. This want is now being supplied by the Rev. Dr. Anderdon, who has taken the responsibility on himself of erecting a beautiful Doric portico at the entrance of the sacred edifice, and we are certain the confidence which the Rev. Dr. Anderdon has in the generous aid of the people to enable him to carry his intentions into effect is not misplaced. After retiring from the church his Eminence partook of some refreshment. Before taking his leave he made several inquiries concerning the University, and expressed himself highly gratified at the progress which it had made. He said that he highly approved of the establishment of evening classes in the University, and was much pleased on being informed that these classes would be resumed on the opening of the winter session next month. His Eminence gave his benedic-

tion to the professors and other gentlemen who surrounded him as he left the University. He returned to the residence of his Grace the Archbishop shortly before five o'clock.

Royal College of Maynooth.

His Eminence proceeded on Wednesday by special train from the Broadstone, at a quarter before ten o'clock, a.m., to Maynooth, for the purpose of paying a visit to the Royal College of St. Patrick. He was accompanied by the Bishop of Clonfert, the Bishop of Ferns, the Rev. E. Lambert Clifford, Rev. Mr. Burke, and several other clergymen. At the Maynooth railway station he was received by the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, President, and a number of clergymen, and conducted to the carriage in waiting to convey him to the college, where suitable preparations had been made for his coming. There was a large concourse of the townspeople assembled, who cheered heartily, and the band belonging to the town played appropriate airs during the progress to the college. The reception given to his Eminence passing through Maynooth was most cordial. The professors and the students, over five hundred in number, in full academic costume, were in waiting within the college grounds, and accorded to their illustrious visitor a thoroughly Irish welcome. Amongst the professors present were—

The Very Rev. Dr. Whitehead, Vice-President; Rev. Mr. O'Kane, Rev. Mr. Hackett, Rev. Mr. Quinn, Rev. Mr. Hammond, Rev. Dr. O'Hanlon, Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment; Rev. Dr. Murray, Rev. Dr. Crolly, Rev. Dr. Neville, Rev. Dr. Molloy, Rev. Dr. Callan, Rev. Dr. M'Carthy, Rev. Dr. Jennings, Rev. Dr. M'Auley, Rev. Mr. Gargan, Rev. Mr. Tully, Rev. Mr. O'Donnell, &c.

As soon as his Eminence had robed, he proceeded to the chapel, and presided there at a grand Pontifical High Mass in honour of the glorious Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. The celebrant was the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan. There was a crowded attendance in the chapel.

At the gospel his Eminence preached a learned and impressive discourse, beautifully adapted both to the festival kept by the church on that day, and to the audience whom he addressed.

He took his text from the epistle of the feast as follows:—

“Ego sapientia habito in consilio et eruditis intersum cogitationibus,”

and commenced by observing that—

The day was for the ecclesiastics of that establishment a double festival, one which they enjoyed in common with the rest of the Christian world, and one that was peculiar to themselves. In common with the whole Church, they celebrated on that day the Feast of the Nativity of the Mother of God, and amongst themselves it was the first day of a new year of study. The two declarations of the text he had quoted might be said to have a peculiar reference to the festival which belonged to themselves. The Blessed Virgin on the day of her nativity came forth to the world adorned with all the graces, all the qualities of divine wisdom. She possessed all the preternatural gifts of

which the creature was susceptible. In that college they were commencing a year of ecclesiastical studies, during which they were to endeavour to acquire an accumulation of the gifts and qualities which she had at once obtained in their plenitude. That wisdom referred to was described by the inspired writer in language that would admit of the strictest modern analysis. It was a wisdom which played with the works of God at the creation. It was then joyful near the throne of God admiring its own development, admiring the production of the beauty reflected upon the cradle of the universe. It was the same divine wisdom which thus assisted at the throne of the Almighty at the solemn period of the creation, that might be described as aiding in the formation of ecclesiastical studies and the arrangement of ecclesiastical life, and in the framing of the rules by which that great establishment was governed *in consilio ego sapientia habito*.

His Eminence enlarged with much power and beauty of thought upon this branch of his subject, and then proceeded to show the greatness of the respect and reverence which should be paid to all the manifestations of that divine wisdom, particularly to its embodiment in the rules by which that community was governed.

They might be assured that this divine wisdom assisted at the council of the prelates who formed

those rules, and that it aided and guided their superiors in the conduct and administration of an establishment devoted to the promotion of science and literature, with a view to the giving greater honour and glory to God. It was more, however, with the second portion of the text (*et eruditis intersum cogitationibus*) that the audience before him had to do. One of the great objects of their presence in that establishment was to acquire knowledge, and the spirit of wisdom of the operations of which he had spoken was ready to assist them in the prosecution of their studies. They had only to appeal for it and it would be at hand, although invisible, like those guardian angels that had them in charge, but it was not the less really present to enlighten and sustain them. They were to understand that this assistance would be limited to the studies directed to the purpose of their vocation.

Having amplified with great felicity of idea and expression this portion of the theme, his Eminence went on to say that—

If in a moment of impatience or exhaustion they were tempted to lay aside the books of severe study, and the works prescribed for the imparting to them what might be called professional knowledge, and instead, to take up frivolous literature, they could not

expect the assistance of the divine wisdom of which he had spoken.

The Cardinal, after dealing in a masterly manner with the two first points—the co-operation of the divine wisdom on the framing of governing rules, and in the formation of their studies—next referred to the aid given by it to the professors in the performance of their important duties. He said—

Our divine Lord appeared once in a chair of instruction when a child of twelve years of age, and He gave such answers to the questions put to Him as should have satisfied all fair, unprejudiced minds, that He was the living embodiment of the light that cometh down from heaven and enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. Their professors having acquired, by the aid of the same divine wisdom, a mastery over ecclesiastical and other cognate sciences, were to them so many living lessons of that wisdom.

After eulogising the labours and zeal of the professors, his Eminence adverted to the nature of the studies to which their time should be devoted. He had said that they were to be occupied with what was severe, and with what might be called strictly professional studies; but he was not to be understood as suggesting that what was called worldly knowledge was beyond the circle of their education. They should endeavour to qualify themselves

to address persons of every rank and every degree of intelligence in such a manner as to lead them to the service of God. Turning from the mere intellectual development, as it were, of the Almighty wisdom, to the important question of its working in the ecclesiastical mind, his Eminence observed that—

Knowledge would be useless, unless, as with the Mother of God, the feast of whose Nativity they were celebrating, it was sanctified by having it always directed to the honour and glory of her divine Son. When she became conscious that the divine wisdom was incarnate in her, all her thoughts were from that moment centred upon Him. The same should be the case with ecclesiastics in the prosecution of their studies ; the divine Redeemer should be always before their mind. Like St. Thomas, the crucifix should be always before the student, and he would have reason to acknowledge that more from the foot of the cross than from any efforts of his own had he derived that wisdom which maketh us wise to everlasting life, and saves the soul.

The preceding is a very brief sketch of the leading points of this very able discourse. It was heard with earnest attention.

His Eminence gave the solemn Pontifical blessing after High Mass. At half-past two o'clock the students assembled in the new library, a large and very fine building,

for the purpose of assisting at the presentation of an address. The whole body of students were present, and at the head of the hall were seated the professors. On a dais was erected a throne for his Eminence, surmounted by a handsome canopy. Chairs were placed on the dais to the right and left of the throne for the bishops. The hall was decorated with festoons of flowers. His Eminence, on entering the hall, was greeted with hearty and renewed bursts of applause. He was preceded by the professors, the president, and the bishops, viz., the Lord Bishop of Meath, Lord Bishop of Clonfert, Lord Bishop of Kerry, Lord Bishop of Ferns, and Lord Bishop of Bombay. Their lordships wore soutans, rochets, and mozettas. A large number of clergy were also present, including the Very Rev. Dean Meyler, P.P.; Rev. Dr. Murray, secretary to the Archbishop; Rev. Mr. Irwin, Rev. Dr. Woodlock, President of All Hallows, and the President of Carlow College. When his Eminence had taken his place on the throne,

The Very Rev. Dr. Russell, President of the College, advanced and read the following address:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE—We, the president, masters, professors, and scholars of the Royal College of St Patrick, humbly acknowledge with warm and grateful welcome the honour of your Eminence's visit to our college. We have cordially shared in the joyous greetings which have everywhere met your Eminence during your stay in Ireland; but within our own walls we owe to you a special expression of our feelings. To the Catholic people of Ireland an event so unwonted as the visit of a Prince of the

Church and member of the august senate of the Supreme Pastor, seems in a manner to bring home the presence of the Holy Father himself. It exhibits almost as a sensible reality the cherished doctrine of union with Rome, and draws closer and more firmly the ties of love and duty which have ever bound Ireland to the chair of St. Peter. But in a house of ecclesiastical studies such as our college, your Eminence, besides your high rank and sacred character, possesses special claims to admiration and homage. To us the sacred purple comes in your Eminence's person invested with those exalted gifts which we are especially bound to honour, and which it should be our holy ambition to cultivate—sanctified by every virtue which becomes the ecclesiastic—adorned by all the accomplishments of a Christian scholar, and endeared by every personal quality which makes virtue amiable, or lends grace and influence to learning. For us, therefore, your visit, independently of the honour which it brings, is in itself a high lesson. To the professor it is a living embodiment of the sciences he has to teach. To the student it is an example of the virtue and the attainments to which he is bound to aspire. To both alike, while it recalls the memory of the ancient union of the schools of England and of Ireland, it will ever be a grateful source of honourable pride, and of admiring though humble emulation. While, therefore, in common with our countrymen, we offer to your Eminence that respectful homage which your sacred dignity commands, we beg you also to accept the warm expression of our earnest admiration of your exemplary piety, and of that profound and varied learning, the fruits of which we have

so long enjoyed in the study of your writings; and, while humbly saluting the sacred purple, we beg your Eminence's benediction, we pray the Giver of all good gifts long to preserve you in health and happiness, for the advancement of sacred science, and for the glory and edification of the Church.

Cardinal Wiseman said in reply, addressing the president, the professors and students, that:—

He scarcely knew how to convey his thanks for their kind address. While, on the one hand, he was glad to receive from them every kind expression which could tend to establish a bond of mutual interest and feeling between them, yet he could not but know that he must disclaim the many personal flattering observations contained in the address. It would certainly be a very gratifying circumstance to him, and one that would endear that day very much to his memory, if his presence there could be productive of the slightest good, or in any way encourage them to pursue with more zeal the noble career before them. He could, at all events, bring with him the experience and observation of some years, and was sure the venerable prelates present would confirm anything he might say, as the result of that experience, with respect to the importance of a solid and general education as a foundation for their theological studies.

It was necessary to unite the two great branches of knowledge, the religious and what they called the secular, and this union was one of the great advantages the students enjoyed there. The tendency of the day was to disassociate religious from scientific knowledge ; and it was 'only by priests being full and complete masters of both, that they would be enabled to arrest the mad career of merely profane and irreligious learning, and prevent their injurious consequences to society. No one could check the evil unless he was master of the whole subject, in the same way that one mounted on a charger could not conduct and guide into the proper course his wild career, unless he held the rein and was master of it. Being thoroughly acquainted with the various branches of science, they could speak with authority when proclaiming that religion and human knowledge could not properly, or with safety, be disunited ; but if not possessed of this superiority, their authority or power in combating this evil would, of course, be slight. He rejoiced at the pleasure he had derived from being acquainted with many of their professors for years past ; and from his knowledge of them he could state that no men could be more competent to instruct, whether in theology or in science ; they would bear comparison with the professors of any ecclesiastical or literary establishment which he knew.

He was therefore convinced that, from the sound scientific instruction and orthodox theological training the students received, they would be perfectly enabled to maintain the interests, not only of religion in general, but of the true religion throughout Ireland. If his coming amongst them should stimulate or encourage them in their efforts to render themselves masters of the various kinds of knowledge imparted, and to use them well for the promotion of true religion and education, he would rejoice that such should be the case, in addition to the pleasure he had proposed to himself in coming there, which had been more than realised.

It was unnecessary for him to express his unbounded satisfaction at all that had been done since he was there last, a great many years ago. Within the walls of that splendid building, although as yet unfinished, the future priests of Ireland would commune in their readings with the wisdom of the living and of the dead ; and for this purpose he hoped that the library would be ere long completed as it should be, and also that there would be raised a church equal to the requirements of that great establishment, in which the mysteries and ceremonies of their holy religion could be celebrated with becoming dignity and splendour. Speaking of the mission awaiting the students whom he addressed, and who were to

supply the places of clergy passing gradually away from this earthly scene of their labours, his Eminence said that, however great was the prosperity of religion on every side, it was but in its infancy as compared with the development and extension which would undoubtedly take place in Ireland. Those who had gone before had sown in sorrow and tears, but he trusted and believed those he addressed were destined to reap and enjoy an abundant harvest of religion now rising up on every side. Everything he had seen in Ireland convinced him that never was the faith stronger or more full of vigour than it was at that moment. An improvement as great as that in the productions of the soil was taking place in the Irish people. There had been a blight upon the one, oppression and misery upon the other, and an appearance of wasting away, but through the Divine Providence this was at an end, and the harvest of the fields and of human souls was rich and abundant for the reapers.

There was nothing but the Providence of God to account for the great religious improvement everywhere going forward. Not even the immense zeal of the prelates of the Irish Church, nor the extraordinary energy and activity of their clergy, nor the growing intelligence of the people, could account for the wonderful progress Catholicity was making in

the land ; the cause was the blessing of the Almighty now shed upon them after they had been subjected to years of trial. The beautiful ecclesiastical edifices rising up on every side owed not their existence to large contributions from the state or from the wealthy, nor their architectural beauty to efforts to create an exalted or refined taste in such things. The people did not rest satisfied with merely having a shelter for their worship, and a poor altar on a trifling elevation upon which to have performed the sacred offices of their holy religion. In addition to magnificent churches were to be seen daily coming into existence new educational establishments, new hospitals, and various charitable institutions for the benefit of the poor of Christ—results that the great zeal of the bishops and the active exertions of the clergy would not have sufficed to bring about, remarkable as they were, if it had not been that God had blessed their zeal and their labour by infusing a still stronger feeling of religion into the souls of His faithful people.

The future priests of Ireland should prepare themselves to be equal to what was before them. They should be prepared for obstacles different from those their predecessors had to encounter in their youth. The whole country was rising above the reach of paltry persecution in any shape. Individual efforts

would not be able to stop the great tide of religious liberty that was flowing, and no public authority would attempt to stem the course of a nation. Therefore, they (the students) would not have to encounter what those who went before them had to battle with, and often had their energies cramped and circumscribed by. They would have difficulties of another sort to meet. No doubt they would have to cope with infidelity in many forms ; indifference, coldness, worldliness, and that utilitarian and pleasure-seeking spirit which would make people ask what was the use of building a church so long as a railroad was wanted, or why establish a convent where there was not yet a theatre ? This was what they would have to meet ; and let them, therefore, arm themselves so as to be ready to meet the evil upon at least equal ground, and be prepared to answer all that the world would seek to urge to the prejudice or detriment of religion. For this purpose theological learning alone would not suffice ; they should be also learned in the sciences, in the various branches of what was practical knowledge in the world. While he congratulated them upon being in the hands of such professors as he saw before him, and upon the ample means they possessed for acquiring knowledge, and being well prepared for a career of great usefulness to the people who would be committed to their care, he

would exhort them to look forward anxiously and earnestly to what was before them, and not think that their duty was fulfilled when particular functions had been performed, but to feel themselves bound to devote their whole and entire time to their sacred mission, to make, as it were, the sacrifice of their whole life to it from the first day they entered upon it. Many of them, he doubted not, would go forth to the world to continue that glorious mission which God seemed to have given to Ireland—that her priests should bear His holy faith to distant shores, and whether called to the east or to the west, they would be ready to lay down even their lives, if necessary, in the execution of their sacred trust.

The eloquent and impressive address of his Eminence, of which the above is the substance, was enthusiastically received by the students.

In the evening his Eminence was entertained at a banquet by the president. Upwards of seventy prelates, clergy, and gentry sat down. The Lord Mayor was amongst those present.

After nightfall the college and also the town of Maynooth were handsomely illuminated in honour of the visit of the Cardinal. A band paraded the town playing favourite airs, and there was general rejoicing.

Christian Brothers' Schools.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, accompanied by the Rev. E. Lambert Clifford, on his arrival at the Broadstone Terminus from Maynooth, on Friday, the tenth, was met at the terminus by his Grace the Archbishop, who conveyed them in his carriage to the establishment of the Christian Brothers, North Richmond-street, which his Eminence was anxious to see. They were received at the principal entrance by the superiors of the institution, who conducted them through the various parts of the building—the chapel, study-hall, library, refectory, and with all which, as well as with the entire arrangement of the establishment, his Eminence expressed himself highly pleased. He was particularly struck with the chaste and beautiful architecture of the community chapel, and repeatedly expressed his admiration of the taste displayed in its varied decorations. They next proceeded to the schools, in which seven hundred clean, cheerful, and healthy-looking boys were in attendance. The school-rooms, which are six in number, have been lately painted and elegantly fitted out, and, being divided by glass partitions, through which the entire range of classes may be seen at one view, they presented a most striking and interesting appearance. His Eminence was conducted to the principal school-room, in which are taught various branches of mathematical and mechanical science. On his entrance all rose from their seats and knelt down to receive his benediction, after which a select class sang a very beautiful hymn, said to be the composi-

tion of his Eminence in praise of the Sovereign Pontiff. Classes were then examined in history, geometry, mensuration, and various other matters, his Grace the Archbishop taking part in the examination. At the conclusion of the exercise the following address to his Eminence was read by one of the pupils:—

To his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE,—We, the pupils of the Christian Brothers' Schools, Richmond-street, Dublin, beg leave to address your Eminence, and, with feelings of profound respect and veneration for your sacred character, to tender you the expression of our heartfelt gratitude for the high honour conferred upon us and upon our instructors by this gracious visit of your Eminence. We are not altogether ignorant, young as we are, of the distinguished career of your Eminence, and of the vast services which you have rendered to our holy religion. Many of us have read your unrivalled "Lectures on the connection between Science and Revealed Religion," that matchless production by which (to use the words of the illustrious Pius VIII., in reference to another of your works) "you have robbed Egypt of its spoil, and showed that it belonged to the people of God." These lectures alone, independently of your other numerous and learned productions, would justly entitle your Eminence to the lasting gratitude of mankind. More than two hundred years have already passed since a Cardinal Prince of the Church landed on our shores. Any member of the Sacred College visiting this country, after the lapse of so long a period, would most assuredly meet with a cordial recep-

tion; but when in the person of your Eminence we recognise one whose transcendent talents have obtained for him a world-wide reputation—when we behold in you the noble champion of that faith for which our fathers bled; and when, in addition to all this, we remember that this dear old land of ours justly claims you as one of her own race, we are not surprised at the unbounded enthusiasm with which your presence has been hailed in every part of the country visited by your Eminence. In this just tribute—the outburst of a nation's homage—so well merited by your Eminence, we most heartily join, and bid you, in the simple but expressive language of our ancestors, a *cead mille failte*. This day shall form a memorable epoch in our lives; we shall never forget it; and in whatever clime our future lot may be cast, whether in this our native soil, or in a foreign land, we shall always cherish the grateful remembrance of this honoured visit, paid the institution in which we were educated, by the illustrious Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

(Signed),

THE PUPILS OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS,
Richmond-street, Dublin.

His Eminence, in reply, said:—

He felt very grateful to them for the kind feelings which they manifested towards them. He regretted he had but a few moments to make them a hurried visit. He was highly pleased with the knowledge they displayed of the various subjects they were learning under the excellent direction of the Christian Brothers, and he should be much gratified if he

could possibly prolong his visit to hear them examined at greater length.

Having dwelt for some time on the excellence of the education they were receiving, and on the importance of being well instructed in their religious duties, his Eminence, in conclusion, said—

He recommended them to make the best use of their time, and the education they were now receiving under the care of the Christian Brothers would prove their greatest treasure, and be one of their best safeguards against the dangers and difficulties with which they would have to contend in after life.

His Eminence was then conducted to the other rooms, in each of which he imparted his blessing to the numerous little ones who were anxiously awaiting his arrival. On several occasions his Eminence expressed his admiration of the sprightly intelligence that beamed in the countenances of the children, and of their interesting appearance in general. He also remarked that both house and schools were complete in their way, and admirably adapted to their purpose. On arriving at the outer gate his Eminence could with difficulty make his way through the dense crowds that pressed forward to obtain his benediction. Having satisfied their pious demands he entered the carriage, accompanied by his Grace and the Rev. Mr. Clifford, and drove off to the residence of the Archbishop, Eccles-street. Before leaving the school his Eminence asked, and, of course obtained, a holiday for the scholars.

Catholic Young Men's Society.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster delivered a lecture on Friday evening, at the Music Hall, on behalf of the above-named excellent society, the subject of his discourse being the principle that "Scientific progress should assist moral improvement." Notwithstanding the high rates of admission, viz., 10s. to the platform, 5s. to the boxes, and 2s. 6d. to the body of the hall, every part of the building was crowded to excess. The attendance of Catholic clergymen was very numerous. The audience also included a considerable number of ladies.

Amongst those present were the following:—

The Bishop of Kerry, the Bishop of Ardagh, the Bishop of Saldaes, the Bishop of Wheeling (United States), the President of Maynooth College, the President of the College of Salamanca, the Very Rev. Dean Meyler, P.P.; the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, the Very Rev. Canon M'Cabe, P.P.; Very Rev. Canon Roche, P.P.; Rev. Canon Pope, Rev. Dr. Anderson, Rev. James Leahy, Rev. Mr. Mooney, Dundrum; Rev. M. Collier, Rathmines; Rev. Patrick Leahy, Rev. Dr. Curtis, S.J.; Rev. Mr. Bennett; the Lord Mayor; George Bowyer, M.P.; J. J. M'Carthy, Dr. M'Swiney, P. J. Murray, Esq.; D. F. M'Carthy, Professor Ornsby, C.U.; Dr. Kirwan, Rev. Mr. Nolan, Donnybrook; Rev. Dr. O'Brien, All Hallows; Very Rev. Dean Kieran, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Brock, Rathmines, &c., &c.

A few minutes after eight o'clock the Cardinal made his appearance on the platform, and was received with the most enthusiastic cheering, accompanied by waving of hats and handkerchief. This demonstration lasted several minutes. When silence was obtained, his Eminence spoke as follows:—

THE LECTURE.

MY friends of the Catholic Young Men's Society, when I consented to lecture here this evening, it was upon the express condition that whatever I said should be spoken, not for you, but to you. While I was willing to give you my services in any way that might appear conducive to the well-being and prosperity of your Society, I was more anxious by far to give whatever encouragement I could personally to each of you, by showing you, as far as was in my power, my sincere interest in the object which unites you together—that of applying yourselves to science of every form, under the safeguards and direction of religion. I do not, therefore, intend to address you on my subject, as if I considered you exposed to danger—tainted, even slightly, with incredulity—led, even in the least degree, by the pursuit of science to the smallest deviation from the right path of faith and virtue. I know well that the very regulations of your Society exact from you such pledges (and you willingly give them), as form at once the surest safeguards, and the most efficient exponents, of your sincere and sound belief. Neither do I intend to deliver to you what is called a scien-

tific lecture. I am not going to take any part of science, and pretend to place it before you either more clearly or more perfectly than many of you, probably, already know it; while, certainly, many who surround me could do all this infinitely better than I could pretend to do it. I will content myself with making use of well-known scientific facts, and of modern discoveries by way of illustration, and better explanation of the simple theme which I have chosen, that "Moral improvement should always keep pace with scientific attainments or scientific progress."

I will at once observe, that science is by no means essential to man's welfare. It is a well-known fact, that from the days of Newton to our own times there have been more scientific discoveries, there has been procured for mankind in general a more accurate and extensive acquaintance with the system of nature, than centuries had before produced; nay, I may say, than had been obtained from the very commencement of civilization. Indeed, if we except his great discoveries, especially those that relate to astronomy and light, we may even see that in the course of little more than our lifetime there have been greater discoveries made, and the field of science has been more enlarged, than it had been, certainly since the revival of letters, perhaps, even during many and many ages before; yet, the world had gone on, and, in many

respects, had gone on happily before these periods. Every virtue has been always practised in no ordinary degree ; heroic actions have been performed in every age, which have ennobled mankind ; prodigies of genius, in art especially, have been brought forth, such as we cannot pretend to rival, and which, probably, will never again be equalled; and there has been happiness diffused abundantly through the family, through society, although during all these times, as I have said, the great scientific truths which now seem so clear and simple to us, and which appear almost necessary for our welfare, were totally unknown.

But at no period has there been real happiness, in no time have there been those greater and higher virtues to which I have alluded, and never have there been those qualities that give stability to society, and happiness to its members, without a moral code, without moral laws, without the supremacy of that code and the practice of what those laws command. And, therefore, it would be clearly an inversion of the order which Providence has established were we to regard science and its progress as the essential basis of man's happiness and of society's, and the moral duties as merely secondary and subsidiary : instead of asserting that great and salutary principle which we must always keep inviolate, that

the true and real basis of all human happiness is the observance of the moral law; while science, literature, and art, everything, indeed, that ennobles, everything that engentles, everything that makes more graceful, or touches with higher perfection human nature in the individual or in any form of society, may be made, and ought to be made subservient to its progress, and thereby to its perfection.

In the individual this is clear and obvious. How many thousands, how many millions, even in the most civilized communities, must live and die with comparatively little knowledge of the most ordinary principles of science? In fact, how few there are, even of those who make some study of those principles, that have anything like an accurate idea, let us say, of their own organization, of the laws that regulate the economy of the human frame, of the many wonderful and intricate principles from every science, from chemistry and mechanics, for example, which are brought into action within the single compass of each individual? And yet, who would condemn these men to unhappiness, and say that they cannot discharge every duty as good members of a family, and good citizens, and good human beings, virtuous and respectable in every way, because they are not acquainted with those intricate and complex laws? Woe to them, indeed, if they are not possessed of moral principle; but

we know that, thus secured, the happiness of the individual is certain, even though his mind may not be refined, or may not have received the additional power, vigour, and, at the same time, grace, which an acquaintance with literature or science is able to give.

For our present purpose we may define science as "an acquaintance with the facts and the laws of nature." These laws have existed from the beginning, and are unchangeable. It is only our knowledge concerning them that is progressive. There are men conversant with science who passively receive the discoveries which others make. They are acquainted with the laws, for instance, of chemistry, of electricity, or of astronomy, although they may never themselves have made an experiment or conducted an observation. We say that these men possess science. There are others whose duty it is to be ever actively engaged in the prosecution of science, who are always endeavouring to discover something new in nature; and these persons are scientific men in a much higher degree. To you who are members of this Society, of course, it is the first degree that belongs; and you, if you become acquainted, not with all the details, but with the principles of the natural laws, of the laws that regulate the world, may be justly considered as enrolled among those who have an acquaintance with science. You have a knowledge of the laws of nature. You

need not aspire to the capacity or duties of those who have to teach, and therefore have to keep in constant pursuit of every new fact that is elicited, or devote themselves to seeking, either by reflection, or by observation, or by experiment, the discovery of new laws. And, therefore, it is not of the progress of such men as these that I speak when, in the subject of this lecture, I use the words "the progress of science." It is of you who, by accumulating from day to day new knowledge, by making yourselves acquainted, if you have a taste for these pursuits, with the very latest information which those actively engaged in the pursuit of science have procured for you, that I speak. You make progress, each of you individually, every time you thus add to your knowledge.

Now, what I mean to inculcate particularly in this lecture is, that in proportion as each of you makes an advance in his acquaintance with natural science, it should never be for a moment to the detriment or diminution, in the slightest degree, of his moral principles or of his moral feeling, but that in proportion as he becomes more learned in the laws of physics, so much more should these lead him to feel and even to understand the moral laws of their Great Author. Instead, then, of diminishing, knowledge should increase your reverence towards Him; it should intensify your humility and deep sense of how little man is as com-

pared with Him; and so you should ever feel a growing confidence in His support, His providence, and His care. In proportion as you see His command over those laws, the more you ought to perceive that they are wisdom and justice.

There are two ways in which the mind, by following a wrong step in reasoning, or by yielding to the suggestions of others, may be turned aside from that close and firm union that should be established on our path between the knowledge of nature and her laws, and a high moral sense.

The first way to which I allude is one too commonly pursued. It is this : to suppose or to take for granted, that in proportion as it is in our power to trace things to their causes, to connect them one with the other, to systematise them, to tabulate them in geometrical and average conditions and proportions, so much the more we are removed from the necessity of admitting a higher and more final Cause. One has often read or heard such reasoning as this—"We can account for this phenomenon, we know the laws by which it is regulated, and we need not have recourse to the interference of a higher Power, because it is in connexion with the whole system of the universe, and could not be altered without in some way deranging other portions." Consequently, by every new discovery which brings before us the more immediate or

the more remote cause of anything, it is supposed that we are departing a step more from the necessity of admitting the great and final cause. Then, consequently, the mind begins to be involved more and more in its own speculations and thoughts, comes to look at its own conclusions as final, and almost to think that there is a sort of greatness in not taking the old short road of at once inviting God to take part in the phenomena of nature, or of going through a very few steps to find Him as the ultimate cause: but rather it seeks to spin a net-work of causes, which shall be so interwoven one with the other, that we can easily escape when hard pressed, by following some divergence of science, and so being satisfied with those more immediate causes which conceal from us the remote and final one.

It would really appear that common reasoning should take us exactly in the opposite direction. If one discovered on the ground a ring or piece of metal, which had been twisted into a circular form, he might exclaim, "What can this be?" He looks at it, examines it, and perhaps concludes, and says, "It may have been formed by some accident, and have fallen there." But if he take it up, and finds that to it is attached another made in a similar manner, and that both are connected together, would our natural reason say that this was a stronger evidence of chance; or, on the

contrary, would it not suggest that this proved it the more to be the work of the hand of an artificer? And if, bringing it still nearer, he found attached another link, and another, and another, and others going from them in different directions, and saw in all, the same exactness of workmanship, the same symmetry of proportion, the same perfect finish, would every step thus made in observation suggest the idea that more and more we should conclude all this only to arise from a fortuitous combination of different chance productions, and not rather that there was an invisible hand here at work which alone could have produced this beautiful complication?

A second manner in which the mind is easily led away by the study of physical science from the moral considerations which should always accompany it, is very common in ordinary books on science, in popular treatises or manuals. They often speak of man and nature as two antagonists, as if man were always striving to conquer nature. We boast of our triumphs over nature, and we seem to consider her avariciously withholding from us the possession of her secrets, as if she were the jealous guardian of the Hesperides and we Hercules; she the keeper of the golden fleece, and we the Argonauts; as if the man of science were a thief who eludes her watchfulness, or overcomes her power, steals her keys from her, and

unlocks, in spite of her, her hidden treasures. Hence, every discovery is treated as almost the subject of a boast, and put forward as a victory, as something new extorted from nature. Now, it is exactly the contrary. In all physical science we can only be the servants and disciples of nature. She must be the absolute mistress, and she will not yield one tittle of her power to us. We must be the scholars, she must be our teacher; we cannot annul one of her laws, or force her to give up one single point which has, from the beginning, been established. It is not, therefore, by conflicting with her, but by learning from her with docility, and simplicity, and admiration, that we shall fairly overcome her. And this may be done in two different ways. One is, if I may use the expression, by alluring her to our assistance, making her our friend, and for that purpose using her own laws which we have already discovered. For by submission alone to those laws, which she herself has taught us, can we overcome her.

For example, you have in Ireland one of the most magnificent optical instruments that the world has ever seen; indeed, without exception, the grandest in every respect. Of course, you understand that I allude to Lord Ross's telescope; or it may, perhaps, with greater propriety be called the microscope of the heavens. For it brings into small detail that which is but vague under

the action of any other astronomical instrument, and enables us to read that clearly which before was but a bright blot upon their surface. Now, in order to make this valuable instrument what it is, there has, of course, been an immense reflector necessarily prepared for it with great skill, and even genius, by months of toil. Yet, by an inflexible law of nature, if the surface is exposed to damp, it becomes clouded in a very short time, and is rendered comparatively useless. You cannot, by any power of man, prevent that law from acting. What can you do? Bring nature into obedience to another of her own laws; win her, as it were, through one of her own necessary maxims, to suspend this disparaging influence. What would you do, for example, supposing that you had choice flowers in your garden, and that for some reason or other you did not wish the bees of your hive to be moving among them, in order to drive them away? It would be in vain that you spent the whole day in chasing them. Put near their hive something which they like better, something from which they can more readily stock their store-house; place, for example, sugar near them, and they may be allured by it from your parterres. In the same way, moisture loves something better than the hard surface of the reflector; it loves lime more; place it near the metallic disk, and it will absorb the moisture of the adjacent atmosphere.

Thus nature will obey her own law of election, and her hurtful action is by this obedience prevented. If we cannot bring nature to act according to one of her laws rather than another, we have no remedy but to submit. It is useless to struggle. We may strive unceasingly to prevent the effects of that law, but we can make no compact with nature by which she will give up to us even the smallest of her rights. She has never surrendered one to all the science of the world put together.

Let me now, in order to put this view more strikingly before you, imagine a conversation, such as has often, I dare say, taken place, especially at the commencement of steam locomotion, in almost every part of the world. We will suppose a person, by way of introducing the conversation, say of the steam engine—"What a wonderful invention; how marvellous; to what a pitch has science been brought; how completely has she mastered nature and her laws! We have destroyed space, we have cheated time, we have invented a piece of mechanism which we have endowed with almost vital power, to which we have given all but intelligence; and how proudly it goes on its way! You hear it snorting and panting in its first efforts to dash forward, until it has gained a course as smooth, as regular, and as certain almost as the very orbits of the planets. We ride thus

secure in the pride of that power—nature resists us in vain. We cut through her mountain ridges, though they be made of the hardest granite ; we pass over her yawning valleys by magnificent viaducts. We drain away whole regions of bog or marsh, if they come in our way, with a superabundant moisture ; or we fill up almost unfathomable chasms. Thus we go on, overriding everything, and anticipating no obstacle that will not be mastered, if it oppose us, by the skill and power of man.” “ Hold !” says one who has been listening to this boastful speech ; “ hold ! look at yon cloud ; it is heavy with thunder. See those flashes, which already break through it—those bright lances, each tipped with fire, destructive beyond all the power of man ; see their direction towards us. Suppose that by a law of nature, which you have not repealed, one of those strike, and it makes a wreck of, that proud monster. In an instant his brazen skin would be stripped off and cast aside ; his iron frame and burning viscera would be strewn around with the violence of a volcano, and we should leave it lying upon the road, a ruin, a mutilated carcase, from one single touch of the power of nature, defied by man.” “ Nay,” says a third, “ I will not consent to a trial like that. I do not think it is necessary to invoke the power of nature in its most gigantic, and at the same time its

most instantaneous action, to prove what it can do. It is not thus, in a vengeful form, that I will put into contrast that great production of man's ingenuity and the power of nature. No; I will take the most harmless, the most gentle, the most tender thing in her, and I will put that against the other. What is there softer, more beautiful, and more innocent than the dew-drop, which does not even discolour the leaf upon which it lies at morning; what more graceful, when, multiplied, it makes its chalice of the rose, adds sweetness to its fragrance, and jewels to its enamel? Could anything be less likely to hurt than this? You shake with your hand the flower-cup in which it sparkles, and at once it vanishes. Expose the steam-engine but to the action of this little and insignificant agent; let it fall upon the strong monster for a short time, and continue to cover it. It does not come as an enemy; it comes in a gentle and wooing form. It loves that iron; it is ready to deprive itself of a portion of its own substance, of that which is one of the most brilliant things in nature, the little oxygen which it contains, and to bestow it on the iron. And the metal, although you made a compact with it that it should be bright and polished, and be your iron slave for ever, cares more for the refreshment from those drops of dew than it does for you, and it absorbs them willingly. And so, by de-

grees, it allows its whole surface to be usurped and occupied by them, and the result of this conspiracy against you soon begins to appear. Every polished rod, so beautiful and fair, is blotched and gangrened, every joint is ankylosed and solidified, every limb becomes decrepid, and you have soon a worthless piece of mechanism, lumber that must be thrown aside. A few drops of heaven have conquered the proudest work of man's ingenuity and skill."

We come to this simple conclusion, that the more we study the laws of nature, the more we see how powerful it is, how superior to man, how it is the exponent and exhibitor of magnificent wisdom, of might with which we cannot cope. We must not pretend to too much; but in spite of boasts that nature has been overcome by man, let us ever keep this in mind, that she will always in the end, if it should come to a conflict, vanquish; and that her laws and power, illimitable and irresistible, represent to us a higher Power than that of man, that being likewise the same Power that gives us our own moral strength and lays down our moral laws. We shall, indeed, depart sadly from the first and simplest conclusions of science, if we permit ourselves to be led to anything but the deepest admiration and most earnest love of nature, which is so wonderful and beautiful, simply because it displays to us the work of

God. We shall thus find that man cannot only rise above nature, but make her subserve his ends, by employing those laws which have been imposed on her by Him.

I must, at the same time, call your attention to this, that whatever is beautiful and perfect in the works of man, comes more or less from the imitation of nature; and, in saying this, I am not speaking of art, of which it would be easy to assert, that the nearer it approaches to nature the more it excels. But I speak of such works of man as are the productions of his skill, of his knowledge of the laws, mathematical and physical, which rule the world. Let us take a very simple example. There was, as you have heard, or read a thousand times, a place where a lighthouse was immensely wanted; shipwrecks were constantly occurring there, and yet it seemed to baffle the skill of the ablest engineers to erect a lighthouse on a desolate rock, in the bosom of the ocean. Unfortunately every attempt had failed. A lighthouse, over which the waves dashed, had been cleared away, and those who inhabited it lost, and it was thought hopeless that there ever would be one on the Eddystone Rock, that would withstand the waves and winds, leagued against it. When the work was at length put into the hands of a really great engineer, what was the principle upon which, as he tells us, he

founded his plan? Where did he find the best model for resisting such combined hostility of the elements? He could see none in the most beautiful, or the most stable, or the most perfect of man's works. He accordingly looked into nature, and there found the oak, that oak which will stand against the storms of a thousand years, which shakes and tosses to and fro its noble head in storm after storm, and yet never gives way in its solid foundations. He built the lighthouse upon the model of the oak, and we all know that it has never flinched, never for a moment bent to any efforts of the storm, and that because the engineer took the work of God as the surest model for success in the work of man.

So much for mere inanimate objects. Let us proceed a step further, and see if the same principle can be carried out in connection with the next order of beings, having a higher, the animal, organization. In the earliest times after men had been settled in communities and occupied the great continents, there came a natural desire for making the sea the means of conveyance from one place to another. The island on the horizon may, perhaps, have tempted the inhabitants of the mainland to go and see whether they might find some new productions, or at all events satisfy the curiosity natural to man to explore hidden lands. Or, perhaps, after some time it might have

become surmised that in one of these lands or islands another community, another society had been established, which by its industry had far surpassed the progress of this inquiring body ; or, reversing this proposition, it might be that a community richer and more prosperous wished still further to exercise its power, and bring the other into subjection. The ancients have spoken of the man who first committed a frail craft to the ocean as having his bosom guarded with triple brass ; and see how hazardous indeed, in the first instance, was the experiment of what has become so very familiar to us, when its first implement was a log, the trunk, probably, of a large tree hollowed out, and later, perhaps, several of these joined together. Such, no doubt, was the simple form which the boat or canoe took, and, thus shaped, it was committed to the tide and waves. Some propelling power is required, and the paddle is the first suggested to the uncivilized mind. It serves for oar and helm, till, multiplied at each side, it impels the war-canoe of the savage islanders, light and flashing over the billows' crests. Still it is warily steered, except in the fairest weather, and kept as much as possible under the shelter of the coast. Such were the rude beginnings of the great science of navigation ; such the rudiments of that power by which Columbus discovered a fourth quarter of the world, and Europe holds in subjection the newly-added fifth.

If we look at that first simple vessel, it seems now to exhibit to us an imitation of the rudest mechanism of nature. We can almost liken it to some of the *crustacea* that swim near the shore, with their legs on each side moving them forward, slowly, indeed, along the surface of the water, or to a huge centipede pushing on slowly its countless arms, until, by degrees, it reaches a distant point. But what a slow and dangerous and most inconvenient navigation was this, representing one of the lowest orders of organized beings in its movement along the water. Man cannot be satisfied with this, and he begins to construct vessels of another class—larger, no doubt, and more beautiful. You will see in old paintings the galley of the middle ages, or even in the earlier monuments, that of Greece or Rome. It appears to us a dumpy and clumsy craft, which, however, has its curved prow, its raised and gilded poop, and its swelling canvas in the middle, which, though the unsightly and encumbering appendage of oars still remains; gives it the appearance of stateliness along with beauty. But its power of motion is chiefly from without—the wind. This alone impels it forward, and it has no independent power, except by a return to the old, slow system of oars. I do not know to what you can liken this better than to the little nautilus, the model ship of nature, or to the swan, with its graceful neck and snow white sails, when it

shakes them forth, and allows itself to be borne along the surface of the water.

Man had made an advance; he had improved the power of moving the ship on water, but he had not reached the perfection of his idea, and it is only in our own time we have seen it attained. What a different thing the ship is now. It derives its impetus, not from without, but from within; it is almost like an organized or living being; it seems to act by its own impulses; it moves forward, as it were, by its own desire. It waits not for power coming from one side or the other to shape its course, and take a wandering and circuitous progress towards the aim of its voyage; but having the power of motion within itself, it darts forward, rather than floats on ocean's surface. And why so well? Because science, after studying mathematically and experimentally, and submitting to formulas all her data, to discover what is the best form for moving with velocity through the water, has found that all her theories and observations have brought her back to what she should have begun with, that the beautiful creation of divine wisdom, when it peopled the waters—the fish was her natural model. Hence the elegant and fleet vessel of the present day, narrow, slim, with sharp prow, which is made to cut the water, not so much to rise with the wave, as to pass through

it, in the same manner as the fish, whose very shape and organization make it the inhabitant of the deep. And yet, after all, when man has produced this great and noble work, and at immense cost prepared his gallant ships to stem the wave, and brave the storm, and return laden with rich merchandise, what *has* he made? Why, there is not in the deep ocean's bed, there is not in the tidal river, there is not in the purling brook, one of its thousand inmates that does not far excel it in aptness of form, in ease of movement, in trueness of life. Supple, gracefully curving, darting up and down, from side to side, with playful will, in its crystal world, it shows how infinitely superior are the creations of God to those of man, and how the one may best reach perfection in his grandest undertakings, by imitating imperfectly the least of the other's. For thus, century by century, perfection in navigation has been attained by lowering its acknowledged type, or rather by raising it to fix its model in the smallest work of God.

Now let us rise higher still to the most perfect organization which God has bestowed on earth—that which forms the framework, animated by the soul of man. We cannot help, it is natural to us, and has been so in every age, to liken countries to what is the most perfect work of nature. We speak of a continent having its spine, its backbone. Look at a ridge

of firm mountains ; it traverses the country from end to end, and seems to be the very groundwork, the key of its formation. From its flanks descend beautiful ridges, which correspond to the muscular tissues of the body. The hills and valleys in these, covered with rich vegetation, are flowing and panting with life ; the streams, diverging into many currents, giving vitality, strength, and vigour, we cannot but liken to those veins and arteries which carry within them the nourishment of animal life. Again, when we speak of countries, especially if we do so in general terms, we call their peculiar forms "their features," as though we contemplated in them the resemblance of what is characteristic in man. The features of one country, we say, are bolder than those of another, or they are tamer ; here they appear to us to denote poverty ; there, on the contrary, they are exhilarating, and raise our spirits when we contemplate them. We thus make a natural comparison between man and the earth which he inhabits.

But, there was one thing wanting to complete this picture. What is it that gives to man the whole of his power of feeling and acting ? What is it that conveys communication from one extremity of his frame to another ; that in an instant darts the pain of the wound to the seat of thought ? What is it that sends instantly forth from it, not only

will and intelligence, not only the mind but the power to act, that at once puts the whole frame, every muscle of it, into an attitude of defence? What is it that draws it down into the prostration of suppliant prayer; that, when elate with joy, expands its eyes, opens its lips, gives its utterance to speech, sharpens every sense, and imparts to the whole system the consciousness of life? What is it? That exquisite provision which, by a series of filaments, most sensitive and delicate, carries, from one centre, the command to every part, and receives back the message of sensation, which causes to be combined in that centre the results of these various actions; holding there the council which decides what is to be done, and in an instant the command is transmitted to every smallest and most distant pore,—that beautiful nervous system which is, without exception, the most wonderful and mysterious part of the animal organism, only in man superior, because associated in him alone with intelligence. Ask the physiologist what is the principle which acts through this delicate organization, and he is tempted, like Sir Benjamin Brodie, to say that we have here an apparatus generating electricity, and by means of these delicate threads transmitting it, and by it, as a sensitive medium, feeling and motion, making the whole of man a unity of sensation and action; while it, of course, is only an instrument in the

hands of an intelligent and spiritual power which dominates over every part of man's vital existence. And if this be so, then if anything were wanting to make the frame of nature resemble, as far as possible, that of man, it has been now given to it by man, in that wonderful means of communication which passes from town to town, and from country to country, over entire continents, and which will one day, I trust, in spite of any passing accidents, unite distant hemispheres together.

We thus find that this study of the works of nature, when compared with those of man, leads us to the acknowledgment of the superior beauty of the former; shows us, that however man may copy and mimic nature, he produces but a most imperfect imitation of a most complete and perfect model; and, therefore, everything in nature, even the commonest thing, is fairer than anything which man can produce. The result of this knowledge is, to show us that God is infinitely superior to man—that His laws are more exact, more true, and, at the same time, more beautiful, more energetic, and more beneficent than anything that man can produce by the work of his hands.

After all, what are the works of man's hands? What has he done? You, perhaps, are astonished at the question? Has he not done mighty things? has he not done most lasting and solid things? has he

not done things deserving of the highest praise? Certainly he has ; but with what has he done them, and of what has he made them ? After man has been toiling for thousands of years, has he made, has he produced one single thing ? Has he given being to a single object, even if it be no larger than a grain of sand, which had no existence before ? If there is any domain of nature in which man may be considered powerful it is in chemistry. There he seems to do wonders ; because, for example, he brings together two invisible gases which, as far as your senses are concerned, have no existence, and immediately a liquid is produced by their union which did not exist before ; he submits this liquid to some action, perhaps an artificial change of temperature, and lo ! a solid is the result. Is not that making something ? Or he places before you two substances of totally different natures ; one, for example, which you cannot even touch without its blistering your skin ; he pours it on the other, and in an instant a third substance is produced, which you can not only take into your hand, but which you may use as a medicine. Here seems to be creation, transmutation of all kinds ; and yet you know it is an established principle that in all this he has produced nothing. He would be scouted as an impostor from every lecture-room in the world should he pretend to say that out of nothing he could

produce an existing substance ; and, therefore, he is obliged to own this limitation of his powers, that creation, at least, belongs not to him ; that he is an artificer and workman only ; and that whatever he makes, no matter how magnificent it may be, is all made up of things which some one else has made for him.

Reasoning upon these things, we are irresistibly led to the acknowledgment of that Supreme Being in whom the power of creation alone is lodged. By means of chemical science we can produce new combinations of matter ; we can resolve substances, however complicated, into their constituent elements ; but as we cannot obliterate and destroy them, so we cannot create or produce them except from something that has pre-existed. The limit to man's power is this, that when we have given to inorganic matters every form and activity of which they are capable, when we have brought them together under every possible circumstance and condition, we still, though having all the necessary elements in our hands, cannot produce that which forms an organic substance. That texture, that shape, that combination of things which constitute organic structure, no genius of man can make. His power is limited solely to the combination of substances. He has never, by putting together what he knows are the elements of a tree or

plant, and by applying the stimulus of electricity or of any other power, made them weave themselves into the texture of a single leaf. He has never made them so to join that anything like a blade of grass has sprung from them. Still less has he succeeded in making them assume the form of a tree, clothing its stem with bark, filling it with innumerable vessels bearing up and down the sap in its proper season, and producing in due time its leaves and flowers. Never has he been able to do this, and yet he has had apparently complete power over the elements that produce these things. In like manner he may generate something resembling the juices that exist in the human body, but he will never make an eye, he will never create an ear, he will never form matter into a hand or arm; still less produce an entire organization, I will not say of man, but of the smallest living thing. The day may come when scientific men will be able to produce some of the substances of which the human form is composed, fibrine, gelatine, &c., but never will they combine them into a living organization.

What, then, are we to conclude? It is certain that man is but a recent being on this earth, that it is only some thousands of years since he appeared upon it. How did he come here? A few years ago persons having a superficial knowledge of some branches of science used confidently to say that man was but a

development of a lower class of beings; that the earth had undergone successive revolutions, being first inhabited by inferior animals, which, by some secret law or some unknown combination, advanced in the scale of organization, until at length, in the course of countless centuries, man came forth as a certain evolution and product of previous existences. Now, if that principle could be put to any test, it has been. Having a certainty that man has a date, that the first man that peopled this earth was the same as now, that, during 6,000 years, there has not appeared in the world the slightest variety in substance, or anything beyond the accidents of colour, not the slenderest variety in organization or mind, we have no other escape from the problem of how man came on earth but this, even had we no other conclusions to draw but what physical science brings us to, that we are the creatures of another's hand; that He made us, and not we ourselves; and that no boast of man, no pretence to see into the future, will ever make him venture to say, "My science will reach to this; some day I will make a man."

If you examine the material of which anything we wear is composed, how complicated it is. Take, for example, a thread of wool, and see the wonderful mechanism that is brought to light in it under great magnifying power. Man, who, with his machines,

can weave millions of these threads, could not by any number of years or labour give existence to one of them. He would not know how to spin it into its beautiful spiral form, to lubricate it, to prepare it for the action of his skill. He is obliged to abandon all this—to what? To a higher power that produces it for him. He has nothing to do but to sit down and wait until the grass has grown, until that grass has become the food of the flock, and until that flock has, by degrees, as winter comes on, produced its warm covering, and when it becomes useless, to strip it from them, and then only he may begin his work. Over all these preparatory changes he has no control. The most fastidious gentleman must be content to wear the superfluous and cast-off clothing of his own flock. And so, he has to wait until a miserable insect shall spin from its bowels that of which he robs it, taking from it, at the same time, its clothing, its nest, and its life—that silk in which queens and empresses are clothed, and of which man could not construct the smallest filament. These are all things produced by another power over which he has no control.

If man cannot generate the materials, perhaps he can produce the agents, with which he works? Let us take two of them : the first one of which I have already spoken—electricity. What wonders he is doing with it now ! He is threading the very labyrinths

of ocean, and speaking from shore to shore. He is producing by it, or he will produce, light the most brilliant. He is employing, at his beck, this most subtle creature, or substance, or power, or whatever it is, for we know not. But he has discovered—what? Why, only a power and laws independent of him. He has found the way to energise it, or rather chance revealed it to him. The first discovery was merely accidental; but having got the end of the thread he has, by his ingenuity, pulled it towards him, and at length made it useful to him; and so electricity has become one of the most powerful and useful appliances of man's genius. He has discovered, further, a most important law, without which it could not be applied to the purposes of electro-magnetism or telegraphic communication. That is a law which no calculation could have discovered. It is, that the current of electricity, moving in a right line, acts upon the magnets at right angles from its own course. Has man created that law any more than invented the marvellous power to which it belongs? Nay; has not this subtle agent existed from the beginning? Wonderful that it should have been all round us, on the earth, in man and about him, showing its phenomena, tremendous or beautiful, from the creation of the world, and that man should never have conceived that there was any value in it? How do we account for this, except by

the dispositions of a Providence, which fixes the times when the world shall be made acquainted with physical laws which have existed for ages? Does not the fact of the existence of these laws (for no one doubts their existence from the beginning of the world) give us an idea of what must be the mind which contained that knowledge so perfectly, for these laws were given by Him who created the power which they regulate. Therefore, we find that man has done nothing but discover laws that existed, and applied them to his purposes, creating nothing, only modifying or adapting.

So it is with the other great power now so useful to man. When that which moves us so rapidly from place to place, by sea and land, and which now seems to be the very life of our commercial relations, is mentioned, one is apt to imagine it is some great agent of man's own, or one which he has converted into a most powerful auxiliary. And yet, is it either? Has he created steam, or has he bound it by any single law which it had not before he knew it?

We may wonder what sort of man that was who, many ages ago, either before or after the Deluge, saw a herd of untamed horses tossing their manes in the pride of unbridled liberty, and coursing across the sandy deserts of Arabia; who, singling out one in mind, and noting the beautiful symmetry of his shape,

the breadth of his chest, the fiery breath of his nostrils, the lightning of his eye, and the fleetness of his pace, exclaimed:—"I will tame you and make you my servant; I will put a bit into your mouth; you shall be, at the same time, my friend and my slave." No more did this man create the noble animal which he made subservient to his will, than did he create, who first, with noble genius and consummate skill, brought steam, that apparently indomitable power, under the yoke of man.

Let us now look at another, perhaps more agreeable, or, at any rate, more pacific and more noble source of pleasure.

If I allude to the contemplation of some of the recent phenomena which have been discovered in the heavens, do not think that I am going to deliver to you a dissertation or treatise. I wish simply to illustrate how man, by merely combining elements which existed, and by applying rules and laws which are totally independent of himself, has arrived by degrees at a development of knowledge such as brings him nearer to a contemplation of the infinity of God than his forefathers enjoyed. I have spoken of that stupendous telescope which now is able to resolve the hitherto hidden parts of the heavens into their minuter elements, and show us what before was concealed from our sight; and I will only dwell on

such phenomena as have thus been, if not discovered, brought more accurately within our knowledge. For the real discovery of them belongs to the great astronomer of modern times, Herschel. The first is, the immense increase in what at first seemed a rare and extraordinary phenomenon, of stars, called by astronomers "double stars." It was observed formerly by telescopes, that what appeared to the naked eye, or even to a telescope of small power, a very bright star, is, when examined through a more powerful lens or reflector, a "double star"—that is, two stars seeming one by being very near one another. You may say that this might be an accident; the heavens are powdered with stars, and what more easy than that two stars should appear joined together? However, it has been accurately calculated that the chances of two stars being so close, supposing them to be all scattered through the heavens, are 9,570 against one, next to an impossibility. And the chance of three stars being together, is of 173,524 to one. Therefore, the conclusion was come to, that those stars were in some way connected. However, that was a trifling discovery compared with the one, which made us acquainted with another celestial phenomenon, by a slight change of name, called "binary stars," that is, of stars having a periodical movement in relation of one to the other. This has been a most valuable discovery, because it has enabled us

to calculate at least to some extent the distances of the heavenly bodies. Before the real distance of any star could be measured, a calculation had been made of what must be the shortest distance from us at which the nearest star could possibly be placed, and the result was, twenty billions of miles. The discovery of these binary stars, however, has led to the measurement of such varying distances, as, though most diminutive, allowed angles to be obtained for ascertaining their distance. And we may form some idea of what the telescope has done for us, when we reflect that it has brought within our sight fixed stars, remote from us not less than 17,000 billions of miles, a measurement which no strain of our imagination can grasp.

But there is also a singular and beautiful phenomenon brought before us by the discovery of these binary stars. One of these may be a sun moving round another sun and planetary system, carrying its train of subject planets with it. This gives rise to a series of charming and magnificent phenomena. For example, it has been distinctly observed that in those binary stars there is often a variety of colours ; so that one sun may be crimson and the other blue, in which case we should have a crimson sun moving round a blue one. What would be the consequence of this? Supposing a planet like the earth, with its own sun, to

be going round the greater ellipse or flattened circle, with another sun standing in the centre of attraction at the focus of this ellipse, we have the two suns shining upon the same plane. We have, at one time of the year, the two suns rising at exactly the same moment and setting together ; at another time, the one sun sets exactly as the other rises. At one time of the year there would, in consequence, never be night ; one sun would appear above the horizon as the other was descending below it, and there would be, at other times, every variety of alternation. At one period there rises, for example, in the morning, a magnificent crimson sun, shedding a light of the richest hue over every object, which, of course, if such a planet be inhabited, would be adapted to the organs of its inhabitants. When it has risen to a certain height there will arise a no less beautiful blue sun. The crimson and blue light will mingle and form a white light, but as the crimson sun descends, the blue one will gain predominance, and give a sunset rich in a combination of colours, of which we cannot form an idea.

Man, having deduced minutely the laws governing the system to which the earth belongs, is able to prove that the laws which regulate those distant spheres are exactly the same, and yet, at the same time, their varieties may be immense. We know not

what they may be ; what movements, what innumerable combinations and varied charms may exist in any one of those systems. It is sufficient to know, as far as we can determine them, that they are governed by the same laws, however different in many respects, from our own system. I will give you one beautiful thought, from a little work which, perhaps, has not fallen into many hands, in illustration of how we may reason from astronomical discoveries. There are many of the stars visible with the telescope which must be 17,000 billions of miles distant. Light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles per second, which is an immense velocity ; and yet, light, coming from a star at the distance of which I have spoken, must take 2,600 years to reach us ; consequently, if we saw through a telescope this night a ray of light from one of those stars, we should see a ray that left the star 2,600 years ago, and has been travelling till now. It may have happened that, 2,000 years ago that star was extinguished, and yet it will be seen for 600 years more ; because the rays that had left it before its destruction would go on travelling to us for all that time. This gives a faint idea of the immensity of creation !

But we are told that a thousand years are as one day with God. Now, God is everywhere. He is in every one of those stars as much as He is here ; and

the eye of God, which is everywhere, sees on every side, and sees all naturally, not by a direction of its vision, but as the consequence of universal knowledge. But by way of illustration, let us imagine a being gifted by Him with unlimited power of vision, but subject to the ordinary laws of light for the transmission of its objects : so that he would not behold, as a result of ubiquity, what was actually taking place everywhere, but only what a ray of light brings with it from any point of the heavens, as occurring when it left it. Thus, if that being were placed at the star just alluded to, it would take 2,600 years for a ray from our sphere to reach it, equally as it does one from it to arrive at us.

Such an eye, so placed, would now be seeing what was taking place on our earth 2,600 years ago, when the ray parted from earth, which is now arriving at it ; that is, what was happening about the time of the foundation of Rome.

And if the point of vision were shifted, and removed to more distant stars, its power would be contemplating events still more remote ; in one, the building of the Temple, in another, the sacrifice of Abraham, in a third, the deluge, nay, even the creation of man. And if we contract the interval of the visual power, and bring it to a nearer sphere, the birth of our Lord, His blessed Passion, and every important event since

would be viewed, not as past, but as actually taking place.

The application of this idea is very striking. In every one of those heavenly bodies, and in every intervening spot, is God, and His all-seeing eye. From each He scans, and minutely, as well as piercingly, sees all; and in seeing can estimate the exact bearing of the laws which He has given to light. In every point He sees everything as it is seen there; and as past and present are but one to Him, He contemplates every event as actually before Him; and it requires but an easy stretch of our reasoning imagination to add the dim shadows of the future as embodied to His fore-knowledge, to the evanescent forms of the past, that so all may be unity in Him, all but a present eternity without division of time.

This ingenious reasoning, put forth in a very small treatise, suggests, as drawn from science, a high moral thought. And I will venture to repeat that the many sublime discoveries of modern astronomy carry us further than any abstract arguments have ever done towards realization of any notion of God's infinity. If we have extended our knowledge of the heavens beyond twenty billions to one hundred and seventeen billions of miles, and have discovered at that distance only evidence of our being no nearer the confines of creation than we were before; if in

that inappreciable distance we see no marks of less perfect workmanship, of less exact laws, than near our own sun-encircling home, what do we conclude but that God is as much there as here, beyond what we had known before, lavish in goodness, inexhaustible in wisdom, unrestricted in power, having nothing to do with space but to enrich it, and fill it exuberantly with His own holy beauty? And how our admiration and reverence should increase, as we thus gain upon Him in those long-concealed recesses of the workings of His greatness.

But when we catch a glimpse of the still more remote treasures, which, probably, no ingenuity of man will raise his powers to reach; those apparently hand-fulls of diamond-dust which are flung here and there on the horizon of the most powerful telescope, the *nebulae*, which, as if to dally with our fancies, here throw out fringes of sparkling light, that may contain more stars than we can distinctly see in all the heavens, there seem twisted into silver strands, or look as if whirled into a fire-work from the end of some golden sceptre, tipped with celestial flame; when in these fantastic clusters we recognise whole milky ways reduced to a point, made beautiful as if for us, our feelings take a complexion more akin to the admiration that wins affection; we love the Workman who can impress such charms on the farthest and faintest

touches of His hand, can kindle with dazzling brightness the last footstep from which He plunges into the ocean of trackless space. If physical science can suggest an idea of what is meant by His dwelling "in light inaccessible," it is by representing Him as hidden in His majestic beauty, beyond those brilliant fires which the unravelled *nebulae* just reveal to us. The further we push our knowledge of creation in space, the deeper we impel our thought of the Creator into infinity.

I now approach the conclusion of all that I have been saying. Perhaps, in addressing you, I have kept before me my observation of what is going on where the sphere of my own labours is situated, rather than what you experience. Here, I believe, as I have already remarked, you are far removed from those attempts most common amongst us, to seduce young men from the faith by shallow and superficial science. But this I can say, from personal knowledge, that the truly learned are far from considering that modern discoveries have given any advantage to irreligion or infidelity. Not long ago I was conversing with one of the most eminent men of the day in geology, palæontology, and comparative anatomy, and he expressed his conviction that modern researches had not confirmed the arguments drawn years ago from these sciences against revelation, nor belied the answers given to them.

The old French physiologists used to say, in exultation or in sneer, that the scalpel did not discover soul or spirit. A modern physician would not tell you so. Men like Sir Benjamin Brodie find in the most refined apparatuses of the human frame, and in the most subtle operations of its economy, only ministering instruments and results of an indefinable and invisible energy, in whose presence is concealed the key to the mystery of life.

Be sure, then, that the man of real science recognizes more than the superficial observer the concord between physical and moral laws, between science and religion. Both come from one great Source; and every step that we make in the investigation of the physical laws and of their principles ought to lead us only to a nearer and better acquaintance with those of the moral universe, and with the majesty and grandeur of Him who has wished to grant us growing evidence of Himself and of His attributes, by allowing His works, perfect from the beginning, to be gradually unveiled and explained to our researches.

Look, then, on all science as represented to you under the form of a tapering pyramid: the base of which covers all creation, and contains all that God has made, known to us, and unknown. Its next step will be much narrowed, and comprehend the comparatively small portion which man has merely inves-

tigated. After this, less extensive still, will be what he has attained by plausible conjecture and ingenious theories; then the very little which he has been able to demonstrate to certainty: till the summit and point of all this science is lost, and hidden in the dazzling light of higher wisdom, which is to know God, towards whom all our knowledge will thus aspire and tend, from whom all blessing will descend and spread over all our pursuits.

Clongoweswood College.

On Thursday his Eminence, accompanied by the Very Rev. Doctor Russell, President of Maynooth, and the Rev. Messrs. Clifford and Burke, visited this college. Upon his arrival he was received by the Very Rev. J. Lentaigue, the provincial, by the rector, and the professors, who, with many of the neighbouring gentry and clergy, were assembled to welcome his Eminence, and to conduct him through the house. After luncheon the Cardinal expressed in the kindest terms his approval of the arrangements of the college, and regretted that, as the vacation had not yet terminated, he could not have the additional gratification of seeing around him the numerous pupils of the establishment. Notwithstanding the wetness of the day, many of the neighbouring peasantry were collected to receive his blessing.

The Cardinal and the Mechanics' Institute.

On Saturday, in pursuance of an appointment which his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman was graciously pleased to make, a deputation from the Mechanics' Institution, consisting of Alderman John Reynolds, Dr. Gray, James Haughton, Esq., and Mr. Leech, the Secretary, waited on his Eminence at the residence of the Archbishop of Dublin, Eccles-street. The deputation was most graciously received by his Eminence, who was accompanied by the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry; Rev. E. L. Clifford, and other gentlemen. The gentlemen composing the deputation having been introduced,

Dr. Gray said, the deputation in whose behalf he had taken the liberty of writing to his Eminence to Ballinasloe was then present, for the purpose of personally expressing to his Eminence the anxiety they felt that he who had done so much to advance popular literary institutions in England should give the sanction of his countenance and support, and the benefit of his public advice, in the form of a lecture, to the members of the Dublin Mechanics' Institution. He would avail of that opportunity to observe, that the Dublin Institution consisted principally of young men of the mechanic class who were anxious to advance themselves by attaining to a higher degree of scientific knowledge in the several branches connected with their trades. The institution was entirely self-supporting, and consisted indiscriminately of Catholics, Protestants, and Dissenters. The deputation then present represented the united wishes of all, that his Eminence would favour them

by giving a lecture on any subject upon any day that would best suit his own convenience. Alderman Reynolds, whose name and position were familiar to his Eminence, would probably state some further matters connected with the institution, which it would be right to place before his Eminence before he arrived at any conclusion, as also would Mr. Haughton, who might justly be considered the founder of the institution.

His Eminence regretted that, when he received Dr. Gray's communication at Ballinasloe, he was not in a position to accede to the request which it contained, and compliance with which, under ordinary circumstances, would have afforded him great satisfaction. He assured the deputation that although it might not be perfectly correct, as Dr. Gray had stated, that he had done very much to advance such institutions, he felt deeply interested in their success; and in the support which he had given them he had at least shown his good will, if he had not as effectually succeeded as he could have desired. He should have been very happy, if his time had permitted him, to do the same for the Dublin institution, but unfortunately he was to leave town that day, and should not return until Thursday, which day would be entirely occupied by previous arrangements, and he had to leave for England on Friday.

Alderman Reynolds felt that the deputation, under the circumstances, could not press his Eminence any further; but in support of what had been said by Dr. Gray in reference to the institution, he should add that it consisted

of over twelve hundred members, the majority of whom were young mechanics, anxious to spend their leisure time in the library and reading-room rather than in the public house, and thus attain those advantages which were sure to accrue from a superior position and a superior intelligence. Many of the members also were students of the several colleges, and young men aiming at the different professions, who found literary and scientific advantages in the Mechanics' Institution which they could not obtain elsewhere. The members of the institution were a mixed assembly, as mixed as the deputation which was then before his Eminence, and he, speaking in behalf of its Catholic members, felt deeply anxious that they should have the countenance and the support of his Eminence; and he might add, on the part of his dissenting brethren that his Eminence was nowhere received with more cordiality and welcome than he would be by those in whose behalf he, in connexion with the other members of the deputation, sought for the support and countenance of his Eminence.

Dr. Gray observed that the deputation could hardly feel at liberty, after what his Eminence had said, to urge the request any further; but the kindly expression which his Eminence had been pleased to give utterance to in reference to the institution was such as to induce him to express a hope that, when his Eminence should again visit Ireland, the deputation would be permitted to calculate on his meeting the members of the Dublin Mechanics' Institution at such time as would best suit his own convenience.

His Eminence spoke as follows:—

It may be some time before I again visit Ireland ; but my reception has been so kind and so cordial, that I look forward to such an event with the most pleasurable anticipations. The facts laid before me to-day by the deputation, and the reliance which I must naturally place in the statements of its members, consisting as it does of gentlemen of position and intelligence, make me feel that I should be quite “at home” at the Dublin Mechanics’ Institute, and should circumstances at all allow of my re-visiting Ireland within a reasonable time, and under such circumstances as will leave me any leisure for such a purpose, I shall be happy to meet the deputation again, or receive a communication from it previous to my visit. I must, at the same time, observe, that whatever I do, must be done in perfect accordance with the wishes of those with whom I must naturally wish to act in concert, the ecclesiastical authorities of the city. This is a rule from which I never depart.

Mr. Haughton expressed his deep gratification at the kind reception the deputation had met with, and said he hoped when his Eminence again visited this country they would have the pleasure of meeting him and of presenting before him the mechanics of Dublin as they really were.

The deputation then withdrew.

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Burke, left the Kingsbridge terminus, on Saturday by the 12-40 p.m. train, on his way to Carlow. The fact of his journey having become known to the people of the counties of Dublin and Kildare at the various stations along the line, large crowds collected to pay their respects to his Eminence and obtain his blessing. At Sallins and Athy the numbers collected thronged the arrival platforms from end to end, and it was a touching sight to witness the eagerness with which warm-hearted and devoted people pressed forward to the carriage in which his Eminence was seated to receive his benediction and kiss his hand. Several of the local clergy also were in attendance at the stations, and obtained an introduction to his Eminence, who appeared to be much affected by the warmth of the greetings which he everywhere received. At Maganey a large concourse of people had assembled, and as the train slowly steamed by the platform they welcomed his Eminence with repeated cheers. On quitting the train his Eminence was received by the Very Rev. Canon Dunne, P.P., Castledermott ; the Rev. Dr. Quinn, Athy ; the Rev. Dr. Dunne, President of Carlow College ; the Rev. Mr. Fogarty, C.C. ; the Rev. Mr. German, C.C. ; the Rev. Mr. Greer, C.C. ; the Rev. Mr. Caffrey, C.C. ; the Rev. Mr. Kelly, C.C. ; and conducted through groups of people of both sexes, on whom he bestowed his blessing, to the carriage of Mr. Strange, his relative, which was in readiness to convey him to Graney House. Surrounded by crowds of country people, bearing garlands of flowers and branches of evergreens in their hands, the carriage in which his

Eminence, the Rev. Mr. Burke, and other clergymen were seated, proceeded slowly on its journey, amidst loud and hearty cheering from all sides, until the church of St. Lawrence O'Toole, near Maganey, was reached. Here his Eminence stopped, entered the church, and prayed at the altar steps for a short time. After giving his blessing to the people, he resumed his journey; but before the carriage had proceeded far on the Castledermott road the multitude accompanying him insisted upon unyoking the horses and drawing the vehicle themselves. In this manner his Eminence entered the town of Castledermott. As he passed under the arches of evergreens which spanned the streets, bearing inscriptions of welcome, he received the most enthusiastic greeting from the Catholic inhabitants, whose manner was strikingly expressive of their respect and affection for their illustrious visitor. Having partaken of some refreshment at the house of the Rev. Canon Dunne, his Eminence proceeded to the chapel, where he was met by the parochial clergy, in canonical dress, and conducted to a chair of state placed on a richly carpetted dais, prepared for the occasion.

The Very Rev. Pastor then read the following address of the Catholic Clergy and Laity of Castledermott to his Eminence.

Address of the Clergy and Laity of the Parish and district of Castledermott, to his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster, &c., &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE—We, the Clergy and Laity of this distant Parish of the Arch-diocese of Dublin, tender to your Eminence our profound respect and heartiest

welcome, on your gracious visit to your esteemed relative, Richard Strange, Esq., our worthy neighbouring magistrate. We have long felt a just pride in your highly cultivated talent, your rich intellectual powers, devoted as all have been to the service of God, and to the exaltation of his Church. Your presence in this locality, the probable birth-place of one, who more than six hundred years since, in the time of Pope Alexander the Third, was Legate of the Holy See in Ireland, St. Lawrence O'Toole, the Patron of this diocese, under whose invocation the church your Eminence has just visited is dedicated ; the recollection also that the Pope's Nuncio, the celebrated Rinunocini, more than two hundred years ago, was entertained for some days at Kilkea Castle, within view of the spot where your Eminence is now seated ; these, with other crowding memories of the past, tell us of the close connexion the Catholic Church in this island has had at all times with the Centre of Unity, the successor of Peter, the Vicar of Christ, and you, most Illustrious Lord Cardinal, member of the Sacred Conclave that surrounds the Throne of Peter, visibly remind us that the ties which ever bound the Catholics of Ireland, in the midst of all her woes, to the Roman Pontiff, are only cemented more closely by time, and are ever to endure. We feel rejoiced that Irish blood flows in your veins ; and we can assure your Eminence, that at no period of our eventful history, even when, for their fidelity, yonder Abbey was ruined and made desolate, were the spiritual children of our Common Father more devoted to their Religion, nor more zealous to defend its interests, than at the present moment.

Claiming you, most Illustrious Cardinal, with all the great qualities that add lustre to your exalted station, as our own, we beg to greet your coming with a warm familiar welcome, mingled with a cordial and respectful enthusiasm, and we pray that your Eminence may long adorn the Church, by your noble career in the cause of religion and science, the close connexion of which you have so powerfully illustrated. In trying times the clergy and people of this Archdiocese sympathised with your Eminence. We failed not to admire the calmness, the fortitude, and the discrimination with which you maintained the great Gospel maxims of rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. May we beg of your Eminence to enter our Church of the Assumption, and bestow on us your blessing, and we shall ever pray that the giver of every good gift may pour down upon your Eminence continued strength, still further to extend the usefulness of, and exalt by your holy labours the Catholic Hierarchy of England, established under your Eminence by the present Illustrious Pope Pius the Ninth, whom with your Eminence, may God preserve.

JOHN ARCHBOLD,
DANIEL CAULFIELD,
FREDR. CARROLL, J.P.,
JAMES T. HILL,
MICHAEL WALSH,
RICHARD STRANGE, J.P.,
LAURENCE DUNNE, P.P.,
JOHN FOGARTY, C.C.,
JAMES GERMAINE, C.C.,
ANTHONY KEOGH, A.B.

His Eminence in reply said, he was delighted to find amongst the people so great an amount of religion and piety, and such manifestations of the works of faith. God would reward them, if not in this life, at least in the next, the better one, where they would change their life of privation for one of eternal bliss. He begged to tell them that he would assure the Sovereign Pontiff of their continued faithfulness to their holy religion. His Eminence then left the church and resumed his seat in his carriage, which was conveyed by the people to Graney House, where, having arrived, he alighted and bestowed his benediction on the crowd, who, after giving vent to their feelings in repeated cheers, turned and proceeded homewards.

C A R L O W.

On Sunday, the Cardinal was welcomed to Carlow by its inhabitants, with an enthusiasm scarcely equalled, and certainly not surpassed, in any of the great demonstrations with which he has been received in other parts of Ireland. The Catholic clergy of the town, headed by the bishop, the clergy of the adjoining counties, and the whole of the Catholic laity, from the humblest peasant to the wealthiest land-owner, combined to give the distinguished visitor a reception manifesting, in the most decided way, their respect for himself personally, and their attachment to the Church, of which he is so illustrious a dignitary. The majority of the houses in the town were decorated with

evergreens and flowers; Tullow-street and College-street were crossed at various points with arches of leaves and flowers; while flags and banners floated in the air, bearing on them words of welcome to his Eminence. From an early hour in the forenoon the people of the neighbouring counties continued to pour into the town, animated with the strongest desire to participate in the memorable event of the day. Shortly after eleven o'clock his Eminence, accompanied by Mr. Strange, arrived by the Dublin road, preceded and followed by an immense concourse of the inhabitants of the county, who had met him about a mile from Mr. Bruen's residence, outside the town, and who, having dispensed with the horses, drew the vehicle themselves, amidst cheering, waving of hats, and other demonstrations of applause. At the college gate, and at the entrance to the cathedral, immense crowds had assembled, and as the carriage drew near they greeted his Eminence with enthusiastic plaudits. Accompanied by a large body of the people bearing branches of evergreens in their hands, and amidst the warmest tokens of regard from the entire assemblage, the carriage of his Eminence proceeded through the park, the clerical and lay students, who lined the carriage way, attired in academic costume, cheering vehemently as he passed along to the grand entrance. Here he was received by the Very Rev. Dr. Dunne, President of the college; the Very Rev. Dr. Magee, Vice-President; the Very Rev. Dr. Healy, V.G.; the Very Rev. Dr. Taylor, PP.; the Rev. Jas. Hughes, Administrator of Carlow, and other clergymen, and conducted to his apartment, where he assumed his robes to preside at High Mass.

THE HIGH MASS AND SERMON.

As early as ten o'clock the holders of tickets of admission to the cathedral commenced to take up their seats in their respective compartments, and in less than an hour from that time an immense congregation, including the leading Catholic gentry of Carlow and the adjoining counties, had assembled within the sacred walls to assist at the celebration of the divine mysteries. The lay students of the college occupied places specially reserved for them in the nave, and within the sanctuary the clerical students, attired in academic costume, were ranged in double line at each side and behind the altar, which is erected in the centre of the enclosure. At the extreme left of the altar was placed the throne of state for his Eminence. It was hung with white drapery, edged with scarlet, the overhanging canopy being richly fringed with material of the same colour. The clergy of the diocese and other priests assembled shortly before twelve o'clock inside the sanctuary. Amongst the clergy present were—

Very Rev. Dr. Dunne, President of Carlow College; Very Rev. Dr. Magee, Vice-President; Very Rev. P. Healy, V.G.; Very Rev. P. O'Brennan, P.P.; Rev. J. Delany, P.P.; Rev. Eugene O'Reilly, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Kent, P.P., Waterford; Rev. J. Dunne, P.P.; Rev. W. Treacy, P.P., Killeck; Rev. Mr. Scally, Knocktopher; Rev. D. Nolan, P.P.; Rev. D. M'Carthy, P.P.; Rev. T. Cahill, S.J., Clongowes College; Rev. James O'Gorman, Castlecomer; Rev. P. Carey, C.C.; Rev. J. Butler; Rev. J. Farrell; Rev. P. Boland; Rev. Mr. Conry; Rev. T. Cullen; Rev. T. Malhall; Rev. Canon Dunne, &c.

Shortly after twelve o'clock his Eminence, attired in robes of scarlet silk, with the white ermine cape, and

wearing the pectoral cross, came forth from the sacristy, attended by two train bearers, and having bowed to the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, who, in episcopal dress, and wearing the mitre, awaited his Eminence, was conducted to the throne. Solemn Pontifical High Mass, *Coram Cardinale*, was then commenced, the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh officiating as high priest celebrant, the Rev. J. Cavanagh, as deacon, and the Rev. T. Tynan, as sub-deacon. The Rev. Dean Hughes, Administrator, officiated as presbyter assistant, and the Rev. Mr. Doyle as master of the ceremonies. The assistant priests at the Cardinal's throne were the Rev. Dr. Taylor, P.P., and the Rev. Mr. Burke. Haydn's Mass, No. 3, was sung by the choir; the responses were given by a number of the students.

The gospel having been sung, his Eminence advanced to the foot of the sanctuary, and proceeded to deliver his sermon, taking his text from the third chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, fourteenth verse, read in the epistle of the day:—

“For which cause I bow my knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom all paternity in heaven and earth is named, that you may be able to comprehend with all the saints the breadth and the height, and depth, and know also the charity of Christ, which embraceth all knowledge.”

They were told by the apostle that God was charity (that is, love), and this love is unbounded—infinite like Himself—extending from end to end, from eternity to eternity. How, then, could they reduce it to

a scale, so as to measure its dimensions? Where should they find the arm which could embrace the whole breadth of that divine charity?—where the ladder, even of Jacob, by which angels ascended and descended, by which they should reach its height, which was above the highest heaven? Where would they seek the fathom-line with which to sound the depths of that abyss?—where the chain by which to reduce to measure its length, and thus form some idea of God's charity? It was clear that while it is incapable of measurement, not only by our limited intelligence, but even by the power of the highest and purest spirits, still it has pleased God to manifest it to us, so as to enable us to measure it to a certain extent. It was well, then, to take the means which the apostle had described to them, and see if they could not comprehend, in some degree, this measurement of the immense charity of God.

What were the dimensions of God's charity—what was its breadth—what its length—what its height—and what its depth? The breadth of God's charity extended from side to side. Every way they cast their eyes the charity, and love, and kindness of God met them. In every object, from the sky above to the smallest production of the field, there was the hand of God creating, with infinite fecundity, whatever could make the life of man physically and

materially happy. The love of God met them in their everyday path through life. They knew it was in every portion of the magnificent system which moved round the sun ; it was, indeed, vast and immeasurable ; such was the breadth of God's love.

But who should speak of its length ? Could they form a scale for the dimensions of the love of God ? Should they go back beyond creation, and speak of His eternal love for uncreated man ? They might, at least, begin at the first fastening of that chain of love by its earliest link here on earth, and that would serve them as a starting point. Who did not believe that the first manifestation of God's love to man was the fulfilment of an eternal intention, and that the first act of love which He performed towards the human race had never for an instant (so to speak) departed from His mind. So that the measure of God's visible mercies, from the first instant of the creation until the end of time, had been but a diminutive scale by which they might estimate all that preceded it, while they should consider every one of those acts of His love as infinite as Himself ; and as He had continued adding link to link to this chain of His mercy, so after their days it would be perpetuated unailing to the end of time. The length of God's love had no more limits than its breadth. But would the length of God's mercy be cut short

when the world was destroyed? Oh, no; it would be continued in the uninterrupted and unvaried duration of His own existence during all eternity, and His charity and love would be exercised so long as He existed. The breadth of God's love, then, was immensity, and its length eternity.

And what was the height of this charity of God? It reached, in like manner, to Himself. The height of God's charity began only where His heavenly kingdom was. Starting, then, from this point, let them look upwards, and see what God had done to give them some measure of His love for man. What could God do more than communicate Himself with His love to those who approach Him? Was it possible to conceive love greater and more unbounded than was thus represented to them? Such, then, was the height of the love of God—that love which, having made us for Himself, raises us up one day to the seeing, possessing, enjoying of Himself as He is, and thus to the very level almost of His own divine essence. The measure of the height of God's love is thus Himself, the sublimely-exalted above all creation.

But who could measure the depths of His love? What a worm man is when compared with the Almighty!—a grain of sand in His eyes. What was man that God should be mindful of him? Let the sinner give the measure of this depth of God's charity.

Let him describe the frightful gulf in which he has felt himself plunged, the dark and loathsome billows in which he has been tossed, the depths of that remorse, of that despair into which he has been abandoned. Then let him say how into that abyss the charity of our Lord Jesus Christ descended like a bright and cheering ray of light, dispelled the gloom, stilled the storm, plucked him thence, taking him by the hand, and raised him even to the height of His own favour and grace. But the essential charity of God they should not presume to fathom. It was inexplicable—it was that which brought Him down from heaven to give Himself to us as an offering for sin. To understand His charity they must wait until they could look into that burning mirror in which every lesson of His life was written with a pen of fire, and then they would find that, immeasurable as had been the outward love of God, there was an abyss going to the very centre of that furnace of love, in which was buried the inward love of Christ for man.

The love of their blessed mother the Church resembled that of their Saviour in its breadth, height, length, and depth. Of the depth of her charity, the very object for which he addressed them gave evidence. It sought wretchedness in every recess of life, plunged into the deepest and most repulsive abysses of misery, and snatched therefrom the unfortunate

soul. It was for an institution of such a charitable character that he had come to address them. He called upon them to support an institution which was indefatigable in carrying out its objects, but which required their nourishing care. He would exhort them to contribute with all the generosity that characterised their country towards the support of a foundation by which so much was done for the poor, who really had but little comfort on earth ; to be the means of snatching them from misery, and thus imitate our blessed Lord in seeking the lost sheep, and being the means of raising many a poor Christian soul, sinking unseen into perdition, to enjoy everlasting happiness.

The discourse of his Eminence, of which the above is but a brief summary, was listened to with the deepest attention by the congregation. The institution for which this sermon was delivered, and a most liberal collection made, was the Convent of Mary, of which the Rev. Mother Rose Strange is first cousin to his Eminence, and the religious of which were among the Crimean nuns. It was to enable them to finish their House of Mercy that the Cardinal preached.

His Eminence having resumed his seat on the throne, High Mass was proceeded with. At its conclusion his Eminence and the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, together with the large body of clergy and students within the sanctuary, passed into the sacristy, and the immense congregation quitted the cathedral.

ENTERTAINMENT AT THE COLLEGE, AND PRESENTATION OF
ADDRESSES TO HIS EMINENCE.

His Eminence was afterwards received by the president and vice-president at an entertainment in the academy hall of the college, the walls of which in several places were decorated with flowers. At two o'clock the company, to the number of one hundred, assumed their places at the tables. The president and vice-president presided. On the right hand of the former sat his Eminence. Nearly the entire of the clergy who attended at High Mass were present, and amongst the laity were the following:—

Mr. Dunne, M.P.; Mr. Blake, M.P., the Mayor of Waterford; Mr. Meagher, Sir J. R. Wolsey, Mr. Blakeney, Richard Strange, Mr. Price, *Carlow Post*; Mr. Keogh, Mr. A. Keogh, barrister; Mr. Mansfield, Mr. J. Fitzgerald, D. Walshe, and Patrick Cahill, Esq., LL.D.

The entertainment having concluded, his Eminence was conducted to the study hall to receive several addresses. The entire of the students had assembled within the hall, awaiting the arrival of the Cardinal; and when he entered, attended by the Rev. Mr. Burke, and accompanied by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh and a large body of the clergy and laity, they received him with loud and prolonged cheers. Having taken his seat upon a chair covered with crimson cloth he proceeded to hear the addresses.

The Right Rev. Dr. Walsh read the address of the bishop and clergy as follows:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE,—We, the Bishop and Clergy of the diocese assembled at Carlow, beg most

respectfully to tender to your Eminence the expression of the sincere and cordial welcome with which we hail your arrival in our town. The honour which this visit confers upon us we duly appreciate, and the remembrance of it we shall, with deep and abiding gratitude, preserve. The many virtues which adorn your character, the great and important services rendered by your Eminence to literature and to religion, and your exalted station in the church claim our reverence, our thankfulness, and admiration. We feel that we cannot adequately express the sentiments which the contemplation of your brilliant and useful career awakened, and we rely upon your kind consideration to accept the assurance of our desire to convey them to your Eminence, if we could command language for their befitting expression. It is beautiful to behold religion honoured by science, and science hallowed by religion—of this happy harmony so lucidly displayed in your writings, your life affords a graphic and felicitous illustration. To your exalted worth, the position to which your Eminence has been elevated, bears ample and conclusive attestation. Then, it is meet that we offer the tribute of our profound and reverential esteem to one whom the supreme Pontiff delighted so to honour. The association of your Eminence with the Sacred College invests you with strong additional claims to our veneration. The inflexible adherence of the Irish people to our holy faith necessarily involves a devoted attachment to the centre of Catholic unity. Then, the filial affection which we warmly and ever cherished for Christ's Vicar upon earth justly leads us to receive with the greater regard and reverence a prelate associated, as your Eminence,

with the Council of the Holy Father. In your passage through this country, your Eminence, we are sure, witnessed with deep and grateful feelings of religious emotion, the clear evidences of the lively faith with which—through the bounty of the Giver of all good gifts—this country is blessed. The structures which you saw everywhere raised for the diffusion of knowledge—for the honour of religion, for the glory of God, reveal the generous and enlightened religious sentiment of a people, who, out of their poverty, expended so much—so well for such noble and holy purposes. We are confident that this visit to the land of your ancient and respected lineage will verify the traditions your Eminence heard in your childhood of a people whose character so many fine qualities illuminate, and whose sorrows and whose sufferings impart a deeply touching interest to their chequered history—who, in the tribulation with which in the inscrutable ways of His adorable providence, God permitteth them to be chastened—kept their eyes ever steadily fixed upon the cloud of witnesses over their head, their precessors in faith, and looking upon Jesus, the author and finisher of faith, were in the dark hour of their affliction consoled, directed, and sustained by the light and by the promises that holy faith presents. And when your Eminence will have returned to London, we think that the magnificence of England will not be able to lessen the admiration which the simple and inartificial beauty of Ireland evokes. And when you reflect upon the divers rich blessings bestowed by the Almighty upon these twin islands, your Eminence will, no doubt, pray—even more earnestly than before—that we all may with humble thankfulness

properly employ the gifts of Heaven, and, that to the bond which links us in common fealty to our gracious Queen, there may be added the hallowing ties which a Christian consideration for each other, and an interchange of kind offices between the people of these islands cannot, under the Divine blessing, fail happily to create.

The reading of the address was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause from the students.

His Eminence said:—

He accepted with sincere gratitude the warm-hearted address which his lordship had condescended to read on behalf of his diocese; and he could not but feel a peculiar emotion on finding himself for the first time among a clergy with whom, if he had not been previously personally acquainted, he, at least, had been connected by the most pleasing relations, and, at the same time, by his strong and long-standing feeling, that that diocese and town might be considered as the very spring and centre of feelings which had acted powerfully through the whole of Ireland. He did not allude merely to the college—to the instrument which it had been, under Providence, for working out great spiritual good. He could not that morning, when, for the first time, addressing such a vast multitude in their noble and spacious cathedral, help thinking, in the first place, how, although it might not vie with many other

structures in the accuracy of its architecture, or the beauty of its ornamentation, it still deserved to be considered a gigantic step in advance of the time when it was erected.

But there was one object there, a tomb, which reminded him how much of the awakening of a powerful religious feeling in Ireland was due to that great and noble theologian, the pride of his country, "J.K.L." He remembered, when young himself, reading the glowing letters which awakened anew an enthusiastic feeling in every one who perused them, which, while they confounded the enemies of the faith, encouraged its friends, and which might be said to be the first trumpet-note of that outspoken Catholicity and bold avowal of faith which had since become the general tone of the country. He remembered the enemies of their faith perplexed—struck by wonder at the man whose courage and ability, and address and learning, and eloquence enabled him to speak so powerfully in defence and vindication of his religion. To the illustrious "J.K.L." and another great man closely connected with him in feeling and views, Dr. Milner, the Catholics of the United Kingdom were indebted, in an eminent degree ; for the writings of those learned divines formed the foundation of that powerful mode which had since prevailed in advocating and proving Catholic doctrines, and claiming without shrinking

all Catholic rights. He could not but feel a peculiar interest in the clergy of that diocese ; and he knew that their admirable bishop, on whom the double mantle of the great Dr. Doyle had descended—not only of Episcopacy, but of relationship and blood—was in every way worthy of such a descent, and entitled in a special manner to their veneration and affection.

His Eminence then proceeded to express his gratification at meeting so many youthful friends, for such he considered all collegians, and the pleasure he should feel if he might think that his presence there that day in any way forwarded the important objects which that institution strove to advance.

He thanked them sincerely for the kind expressions used towards himself personally, and avowed how grateful it was to him to be assured that any little efforts which he had made in the cultivation of sacred science were not without their fruit ; and that his presence there would be an encouragement to the students—especially to those who were devoting themselves to the cultivation of science, sacred and profane—to persevere in their studies, and so continue the succession of enlightened and virtuous clergy, which particularly belonged to the diocese. In speaking thus, he wished to be understood as not

making any invidious distinctions or comparison. He believed that in piety—in earnest desire to propagate the truth, the priests of Ireland were everywhere the same. He believed that the noble body of clergy who occupied that diocese formed only part of a glorious whole: and so that when every other thought should be made subservient by the people to that of promoting their spiritual welfare and advancing religion, the triumph of Ireland would be accomplished. The majestic and sacred structures which were being raised up all over the land—the useful and admirable institutions of every sort which were established and being supported, were evidences of a future for Ireland which the youth around might justly hope to witness with pride. It was sufficient for those more advanced in years to see the dawn, and he could assure his youthful friends that it was a source of pleasure to them to think that the young students present that day would live to reap in joy and thanksgiving what they had, to some extent, sown amidst tears and sorrow.

The Very Rev. Dr. Dunne, President, read the address of the college, as follows:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE—We, the President, Professors, and Students of St. Patrick's College, Carlow, beg to avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by your visit to tender to your Eminence the tribute of our profound respect for the exalted station which you occupy, and the

many noble qualities which adorn your character. The devotion to the chair of St. Peter, which has ever characterised the Irish people, has been warmed into increased fervour by the presence amongst them of one of the most illustrious members of the sacred college, and the privilege now afforded, after ages of suffering and fidelity, of thus publicly receiving and doing honour to a prince of the church has awakened the enthusiasm which has everywhere greeted your arrival. But in doing homage to your Eminence, it is not alone to the purple or the prince the tribute is paid, but to exalted virtue and genius, rare endowments, and deep and varied learning, such as have rendered your Eminence illustrious among the learned of Europe. There is no one who must not admire the profound scholar and accomplished writer who has clothed the mysteries of science in the beauties of his native tongue, and whose learned productions afford the best practical refutation of the oft-repeated calumny of those who would represent religion as the enemy of science. To the professor, however, and the student your Eminence's visit is a source of more than ordinary interest. They have long been accustomed to regard your Eminence's life as a type of the virtues which they should practise, and your works as a model of those attainments which it should be their ambition to cultivate. To them, therefore, your presence will serve as a new inspiration to study, a fresh impulse to energy and labour. They will be reminded by it of the wonderful results which may be accomplished by the combined efforts of genius and industry, and, whilst glorying in the elevation to which your Eminence's virtue and learning have raised you, they will feel proud of that holy and venerable church which, in

promoting to dignity and place, pays regard to merit alone. To the learned and unlearned alike your Eminence's life is a useful and consoling lesson. To the one your inimitable works point out the way to true intellectual glory—to the other your zeal and untiring labour in the vineyard show the value of true Christian devotion. Both may learn how well the sublimest ideas of philosophy and the highest attainments of literature may be associated with the simplest and purest virtues of the Gospel. Earnestly begging your Eminence's benediction on our institution, we fervently pray that the Almighty Dispenser of all good gifts may grant to your Eminence length of days and wisdom, and strength to extend the kingdom of Christ and His glory upon earth.

During the reading of the address the students frequently expressed their approbation by loud plaudits.

His Eminence, in replying, thanked them sincerely for their kind references to him, and said—

A great part of his life had been passed within the walls of various colleges, and he might say that until he was launched on the turbulent ocean of the London diocese he had never lived out of college. All his associations of early happiness, and certainly all those of improvement and study, were intimately connected with college life; and it was his experience that after leaving college to enter on the active duties of life little progress was made in learning or scientific acquirements. Whatever was acquired was acquired within the walls of college.

His Eminence, in impressing upon the students the importance of attending earnestly to their studies, mentioned, in reference to himself,

That in his later life he frequently made use of such poor knowledge as he had gained while a student in college, and recorded in notes, not thinking then that it would be afterwards of any use. Still he could say that the old papers which he sometimes searched for and found—written in ink now nearly effaced—often proved of the utmost service to him in his writings; and, therefore, he advised young men to take his counsel in that particular, and treasure up in a permanent form every piece of valuable information, classical, scientific, and of any other character, which they might now pick up.

Having spoken of their duties, he had now to say a word on another subject. Their worthy president had alluded to the position, which he did not claim to be in the slightest degree worthy of, but which it had pleased Divine Providence, through the generosity of the most kind and benevolent father of the faithful, to bestow upon him. He did not claim any great privileges, or make any pretensions further than what belonged to his position, and those he could not give up. He was not allowed to give them up; and their president was the last person in the world that would wish him to do so. Accordingly, by virtue of such privileges, he had asked for three holidays for

the boys. He was obliged to be very moderate, because, having been for some years himself the president of a college, he respected discipline. He did not wish to exceed, but still he could not give up his privileges ; and, perhaps, if there were no other reason, this circumstance might render this occasion memorable. From what he knew and had heard of their institution, he believed it was a great blessing to Carlow, to the diocese, and to Ireland, that such a college existed ; and, in thanking them again, he would conjure the youth assembled to make the best use of the valuable time which they had at their disposal, to advance themselves in every branch of sacred and secular knowledge.

Addresses from the Catechism Society, the Lay Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and the Catholic Institute of Carlow, were in turn presented to his Eminence, who, in his replies, eulogised the exertions of each respectively in the cause of religion and morality, and expressed the deep interest he took in the spreading of kindred societies throughout the country. His Eminence then left the throne, and, conducted by the Very Rev. the President, proceeded to visit some of the college buildings. In the evening, after paying a visit to the two convents, his Eminence dined with the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, at Braganza, and met a large party of the clergy and gentry of the district.

KILKENNY.



On Monday his Eminence arrived at Kilkenny from Carlow, and remained for a few hours. The progress of the Cardinal from Carlow to Kilkenny was marked by exhibitions of popular esteem and respect, similar to those by which it had been characterised in other districts. At every station were collected crowds of people, who availed themselves of the short stoppage of the train to get his Eminence's blessing. At Kilkenny, however, the reception which awaited him far exceeded in warmth any that had been accorded to him previously. The platform at the railway station was thronged to excess with people of all classes; and so eagerly did they close around the carriage in which his Eminence sat that it was with much difficulty he was enabled to step to the platform. As soon as he left the carriage he was cheered most heartily, and immediately received the address presented by the Mayor of Kilkenny, and corporation, in official costume, and with their mace borne before them. He was then accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Larkin, Administrator, and the rest of the local clergy, the high sheriff, and several members of the corporation. The extensive space in front of the railway station, and far away towards the city, was completely blocked up with people; nor could there have been less than from six to seven thousand persons present. Through this multitude his Eminence walked, accompanied by the

gentlemen already mentioned, blessing the people as they knelt around him, to the church, where the following addresses were presented to him. The first was from the burgesses, trades, and citizens at large, which was presented by the worthy high sheriff, and is as follows:—

At a meeting of the burgesses, trades, and inhabitants at large of the city of Kilkenny, duly convened, at St. James's-green, the following address was agreed upon, and handed to the high sheriff for presentation to his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE,—We, the burgesses, trades, and inhabitants at large of the city of Kilkenny, depute our high sheriff to express to your Eminence the joy we experience on your visit to this our ancient city, and to make known to you the pride we feel in welcoming your advent amongst us, and in paying honour to one who has already been honoured by all Europe. It is an ancient custom to hail the return of those who have been long absent from the home of their forefathers; but how much more agreeable is it to welcome one who not merely comes amongst us as one of the old stock, but who has also the additional claim of being a Prince of the Catholic Church, and one of the most distinguished scholars of the age. Proud of you as a scion of one of our ancient families; proud of you for your virtues, your learning, and your distinguished abilities, we approach your Eminence to tender you our profound and heartfelt respect, and to express our appreciation, however humble, of the varied acquirements and illustrious virtues which have already won for your Eminence the applause and

approbation of the world. In conclusion, we shall long treasure the memory of this day in our hearts, and pray that your Eminence may be long spared to fulfil the mission for which Providence has destined you.

GEORGE PAUL HELSHAM, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

Besides the high sheriff, the members of the corporation, Mr. Sullivan, M.P., and several others of the leading gentry of the city were present.

The next address was from the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which was as follows:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE—The members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Kilkenny, hail your arrival to the old City of St. Canice with feelings of inexpressible delight. Allow us to tender you our respect, homage, and veneration, as a Prince of the Church. Deeply grateful for the marked favour bestowed by your Eminence on our society elsewhere, and anxious to tender you the love and fidelity of our conference in this city, permit us to subscribe ourselves on behalf of our brothers, my Lord Cardinal, your obedient and humble servants (for Edmond Smithwick, President).

M. J. WALSH, Vice-President.

JOHN FEEHAN, Hon. Sec.

Conference of St. Mary, Kilkenny, 13th Sept., 1858.

Amongst the members of the society present were—

Messrs. Walsh, vice-president; Mathew Rowan, John Monek, Thomas Halpin, Peter O'Callaghan, William O'Donnell, John Sweetman, John Coffey, J. Healy, Michael Reilly, Michael Byrne, and John Feehan, Honorary Secretary.

The address from the Catholic Young Men's Society was then read as follows, by the president, Mr. P. V. O'Callaghan:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE—We, the members of the Kilkenny Catholic Young Men's Society, avail ourselves of your presence amongst us to bid you welcome to this ancient city, and to give expression to our feelings towards you as a Prince of the Church, as a scholar of European fame, and a descendant of one of the most ancient families of our country. We approach your Eminence not only on behalf of the Young Men's Society of this city, but also on behalf of the young men of Kilkenny generally, to offer you the homage due to your exalted station, to express our admiration of your virtues and your genius, and to announce to you the pleasing intelligence that Kilkenny, as of old, is still Catholic to the core, and the young Irishmen of to-day will never shame the glory of their sires. We approach your Eminence, first, because our society is Catholic, to tender our profound homage to a Prince and prelate of the Church; secondly, because our society is literary, to pay you that respect to which you are entitled as one of the most distinguished scholars of the age: and, thirdly, because our society is Irish, to manifest towards the Church and her prelates that undying attachment which has ever been characteristic of our forefathers. We approach your Eminence upon this occasion because we see in your life the reflection of the sufferings and glory of the Church. You resemble it in your virtues, by the mission you have undertaken and the good works you have accomplished.

You resemble it in your zeal, by the untiring energy with which you have ever laboured in the vineyard of Christ. You resemble it in your courage, for you have never faltered in proclaiming the truth and in defending it at all hazards. You resemble it in your wisdom, for it seems as if Providence had specially gifted you with a knowledge of the proper time and manner to carry out His beneficent design, and with that prudence which enables you to conciliate while you confound your enemies. You resemble it in the persecutions you have endured, and to which you are still subjected; but from which, like the Church itself, you have emerged triumphant. You resemble it in your victories, for the storms of persecution that raged around you only served to render the virtues of your character and the truth of your mission still more conspicuous, till your enemies were confounded or scattered, while others knelt down for your benediction, and sought peace and shelter under the shadow of your protection. And you resemble it, also, in your unceasing and distinguished efforts to connect science with religion, and to lift up the literature of the age to a pinnacle of glory, from which the throne of the Most High should be ever visible. For these reasons we approach your Eminence upon this occasion to tell you what the young men of Ireland think of you, and to inform you of the sentiments they entertain towards yourself, and also towards that good old Church of which you are the ornament and glory. If you had come amongst us in your capacity as an illustrious member of that sacred senate whose laws are obeyed throughout the universe, and in no country

more loyally and lovingly than in Ireland—if you had come amongst us in that capacity it would be no wonder that the love and admiration of a faithful people should be manifested towards you; but as the best marksman is known by taking the bird on the wing, so do we testify our unbounded respect and attachment towards you by availing ourselves of this, your flying visit to our city, to express our admiration of your virtues and your genius, and our gratitude for the manifold blessings which your zeal and talents have conferred upon the Church of God. But let us not forget that there are words which you would rather hear than those of admiration or welcome—we mean the assurance that the young men of Ireland are Catholic to the core, that they are even more Roman than their fathers were in the brave days of old; and we would beg of your Eminence, when next your eyes are blessed with the sight of the Supreme Pontiff, the illustrious and beloved Pius the Ninth, to assure his Holiness that, no matter how the youth of other countries may be carried away by the vain fancies of philosophy or infidelity, the youth of Ireland will ever remain faithful to the chair of Peter. Tell his Holiness that we have the sufferings of our forefathers, the memories of old, and the victories of our own day, as it were, the shadows of the cross and the glory of Thabor, to lift up our hearts to that ancient faith for which our country suffered so much, and which she has never for one moment deserted. Tell his Holiness that the young men of Ireland will never shame their sires, and that their faith is almost as impregnable as the rock of Rome itself. Tell him that the spiritual telegraph of Catholicity, which

for more than 1,400 years has connected Ireland with the Eternal City, has never been broken, and that, although storms may rage, the electric link of faith shall still remain unshaken, binding our hearts for ever to the chair of Saint Peter.

PETER V. O'CALLAGHAN, *President*.

Amongst the other members present were—

The Rev. T. Hennessy, Spiritual Guardian; Rev. J. Kelly, Mr. P. A. Aylward, Treasurer; Mr. John Feehan, Vice-President; Mr. M. J. Potter and Mr. Jackson, Secretaries; Mr. W. Ennis, Librarian; Messrs. P. Maher, J. Murphy, E. A. Devereux; J. Labarte, C. Quin, E. O'Callaghan, W. Meighan, M. Rowan.

WATERFORD.

HIS Eminence arrived in Waterford on Monday evening, his progress having been, as usual, of the most gratifying description. At the various stations between Kilkenny and Waterford his Eminence entered familiarly into conversation with those who had gathered to get his blessing. It was pleasing to notice the simple and original, and yet effective and touching manner in which these poor people gave expression to their feelings. At one of the stations a very interesting incident occurred. Eight or ten fine little children were successively elevated by a peasant to the window of the carriage in which his Eminence was seated, for the purpose of procuring his Eminence's blessing for

the children, which he bestowed on them in the kindest manner, placing his hand as he did so affectionately on the head of each little one that was presented to him. His Eminence appeared much struck, and greatly pleased at this little incident. At the Thomastown station, the Rev. Mr. Keally, P.P. of that district, had an audience with his Eminence on general matters appertaining to the parish. At the Waterford station a very large number of persons assembled awaiting the arrival of his Eminence. The circumstance, however, that it was doubtful until the last moment whether the time at the disposal of his Eminence would permit him to visit Waterford prevented that organised manifestation of public feeling which no doubt would otherwise have marked his visit to this city. His Eminence was received by the Mayor of Waterford, Mr. Blake, M.P.; Peter Strange, Esq.; Rev. J. Magner, Thomas Meagher, Esq., J.P.; J.O'Dwyer, Esq., T.C.; C.Redmond, Esq., T.C.; and Alderman Kenny. Loud cheers greeted him as he left the station and took his seat in the carriage of Peter Strange, Esq., his cousin, to proceed to Aylwardstown, the residence of that gentleman, where he passed the night. A large crowd followed the carriage for a considerable distance, and cheered his Eminence as he drove off.

On Tuesday evening the Cardinal returned to Waterford, and, meanwhile arrangements had been made by the inhabitants to give a public reception to his Eminence.

Amongst those who assembled to meet his Eminence were—

Rev. P. Kent, Rev. E. Walsh, C.C., St. Patrick's Parish; Rev. D. M'Kenna, C.C.; Rev. E. Browne, C.C.; Rev. G. Cum-

mins, C.C.; Rev. M. Ahearn, C.C.; Rev. P. Delany, President, Rev. James Cleary, St. John's College; Rev. F. O'Brien, C.C.; Rev. J. Magner, O.S.F.; Rev. Mr. Power, O.S.F.; Rev. C. Fitzgerald, O.S.F.; Rev. M. Molony, O.S.D.; Rev. E. Ryan, D.D., C.C., Rev. R. Dunphy, C.C., Trinity Without; (the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford, was at the time at Harrowgate); Rev. N. Cantwell, P.P., Rev. N. Phelan, C.C., Tramore; Rev. E. O'Donnell, P.P.; Rev. W. Curran, C.C.; Rev. E. Phelan, C.C., Passage East; Rev. M. Walshe, P.P., Dunhill; Rev. J. Joy, C.C.; Rev. J. M'Carthy, Rev. D. Moriarty, C.C.; Rev. J. Terry, Portlaw; Rev. R. Power, P.P., Newtown; Rev. J. Shanahan, C.C.; Rev. E. Mooney, C.C.; Rev. J. Casey, P.P.; Rev. M. Tracy, C.C., Kilrossinty; Rev. D. Hally, P.P., Dungarvan; Rev. R. Henneberry, Rev. J. Dee, C.C., Carrickbeg; Rev. G. Connolly, P.P.; Rev. C. Power, C.C.; Rev. T. O'Connell, C.C.; Rev. Mr. O'Donnell, C.C., Carrickmore; Very Rev. Dr. Burke, P.P., V.G.; Rev. R. Henneberry, C.C.; Rev. A. Walsh, C.C.; Rev. J. Phelan, C.C., SS. Peter's and Paul's, Clonmel; Rev. J. Baldwin, P.P.; Rev. D. Crotty, C.C.; Rev. J. Power, St. Mary's, Clonmel. Amongst the members of the corporate body present were—J. E. Feehan, Esq., Mayor of Waterford; Aldermen Murphy, Kenny, Phelan, Ryan. Town Councillors Blake, M.P., Waterford; T. Murphy, T. O'Reilly, J. O'Dwyer, C. Redmond, D. Keogh, A. Carrigan, J. Power, J. P.; Owen Carroll, J. P.; L. Freeman, P. Cox, M. Devereux, P. Reilly, — Ivory, etc.

Placards had been posted on Monday evening, announcing that his Eminence would enter the city at two o'clock from Aylwardstown, the residence of Mr. Strange, and long before that hour the streets through which he was expected to pass were thronged with people of all classes. Large numbers proceeded on cars and on foot along the road to Aylwardstown, for the purpose of conducting his Eminence into the city. He was met by them a couple of miles

outside Waterford, when, after greeting him with hearty cheers, they formed a procession, composed of members of the several trades of the city bearing banners, and of the people generally, carrying quite a forest of green boughs, and preceded by a band of music. Although, as has been stated, it was announced that his Eminence would arrive at two o'clock, it was twenty minutes to five before the cheers of those who accompanied him had announced to those who had been waiting for hours on the bridge and on the quays that he was coming. His Eminence was seated in the carriage of the Mayor, and was accompanied by that gentleman and the Very Rev. Dean Burke. The Cardinal was met near the city by a considerable number of the clergy of the district and by the leading citizens. The procession proceeded slowly across the bridge, amidst the cheers of the large concourse of people there assembled. All the ships in the river had their flags flying, and as the procession moved along, gathering additional numbers at every street, the scene, especially along the quay, was very animated.

All Waterford, it might be said, took part in giving to his Eminence the welcome which was to be expected from the inhabitants of a city claiming to be the birthplace of his parents. Across the quay there stretched a triumphal arch, composed of flowers and evergreens. His Eminence proceeded directly to the two convents of the city, where he remained for about an hour and a-half, and then repaired to the Town Hall, which was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and where the banquet was to take place. In one of the rooms of this building a large

number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled to witness the presentation of an address to his Eminence from the Catholic clergy and laity of Waterford. Amongst those present were:—

W. Lambart, Esq., Carnagh; Alderman Sir B. Morris, D.L., J.P.; Rev. Mr. Cantwell, P.P., Tramore; Alderman S. Phelan; Rev. Mr. M'Donald; Rev. Mr. Baldwin, P.P., St. Mary's, Clonmel; Alderman Carroll, J.P.; Alderman Hackett, Clonmel; Alderman Byrne, Clonmel; Rev. Mr. Magner, O.S.F.; R. Feehan, Esq., Carrick-on-Suir; Rev F. Day, O.S.A., New Ross; Rev. J. Tobin, P.P., Mullinavat; Rev. J. Phelan, P.P., Tullow; Rev. Mr. Phelan, C.C., SS. Peter and Paul's Clonmel; Rev. Mr. Power, O.S.F.; Rev. Mr. Delany; John Hudson, Esq.; C. Redmond, Esq., T.C.; Richard Mooney, Esq, Tramore; A. P. Maher, Esq., Michael O'Shea, Esq.; T. O'Reilly, T.C.; Rev. Mr. M'Keon, C.C.; Thomas Condon, Esq.; A Cadogan, Esq.; P. Manning, &c.

The Cardinal, on his arrival at the Town Hall, was received with cheers by the concourse of people assembled in the space fronting the building. His Eminence having been conducted to the room already referred to by the Mayor, Rev. Mr. Kent, P.P., Mr. Blake, M.P., &c., the following address was read by his worship, who wore the civic gown and chain:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE—We, the Catholic clergy and people of the city of Waterford, approach your Eminence with feelings of reverence and admiration, and on this happy day, when, after years of absence, conflict, and triumph, you revisit this city—which was the home of your youth—it is for us a proud duty to assemble here and offer you our heartiest welcome. Your intimate

connection with that Holy See which is the rock of the church, the seat of truth, the centre of unity, and the source of all spiritual power, calls for our prompt and loving recognition, and you will, we are convinced, be gratified to hear that our attachment to the chair of St. Peter is firm and inflexible. The solid piety, exalted wisdom, and intellectual prowess which constitute the fame and *prestige* of the Sacred College, we mark and honour in your person, for we know how strong and ardent are your faith and charity, while your genius and acquirements have given lustre to the Church, and won, even from enmity, a reluctant but unqualified tribute. In addition, however, to the profound sentiments of respect with which your character and surpassing merits inspire us, the important services you have rendered to religion, and the consummate ability and unflinching courage which you displayed at a trying but glorious period of your history, command all our admiration and gratitude. Bigotry and faction combined their strength and malice to assail you, but calmly and fearlessly you encountered and defeated their unscrupulous but not unnatural nor unfrequent alliance. During that struggle our sympathies and prayers were with your Eminence, and now when the tempest has subsided, we congratulate and exult with you whose heart never failed, even under circumstances that were seemingly the most adverse. After centuries of silence and desolation, to you was committed the work of reconstructing an old and ruined church, of reviving its saving influence and long obscured glory; and your presence here, and the sense we have of what you have already done,

vividly recall to our minds the name and memory of that illustrious saint who preached and died at Canterbury. Rome, which developed by her teaching your unrivalled powers, which fortified you with her graces, and gave you a place among her spiritual princes, loves and confides in you. England, which owes you much, and which, with the Divine blessing, will be more largely your debtor, eagerly watches the course of your luminous career, and Ireland gives you the greeting and blessing of a mother. Since you touched her soil a fine spirit of exultation pervades her people, which proves how indomitable is their devotion to the Church, and how strong their affection for those who arm and conquer in its defence. Animated by that spirit we come to express our reverence and gratitude, and we earnestly hope and pray that He who has conferred on you such rare and precious gifts may continue to you His grace and protection, making your virtues and learning serve to illustrate and extend His religion, and that when the arduous task assigned you shall have been accomplished, your faith and labours here may be rewarded by the possession of Himself in Heaven.

His Eminence, in reply, said—

My Lord Mayor and gentlemen, you will, I am sure, allow me to make but a very brief reply to this most gratifying address. Probably, in the course of this evening, there may be some opportunity of touching upon topics on which I shall be more at home, than in replying to an address containing

sentiments which I feel exceed my merits. That I should at any period of my life have remained faithful to the duty imposed upon me is simply what any member of the Church would have felt it an honour to have an opportunity of doing. Having the most implicit confidence in the ultimate success of anything which the Church directs, I have, in anything I have done, shown not courage, but simple reliance on the promise, which assured me and every member of the Catholic Church in Ireland, that their faith is invincible and their Church perpetual. This is all. As to the kind allusions that have been made to my exertions otherwise during my career in promoting the interests of the Church, that Church of which I glory to be a member, however humble, I have merely discharged an ordinary duty. I feel almost afraid that the kindness and sympathy that have been shown to me since I came to Ireland, may come into conflict with the natural wish to reserve whatever reward one may expect for another and a better sphere. However, it pleases God to give us some consolations here on earth; and I feel that in the course of my life I have never experienced greater pleasure and happiness than I have since I came amongst this warm-hearted people, to whom I am so closely allied that I may claim to belong to them. The happiness which I have thus experienced is a

most gratifying remuneration for any little inflictions or annoyance I may have encountered in the discharge of my duty. I will not allude at present to topics which naturally suggest themselves to me on my visit to this city, and I will content myself with thanking the clergy and laity of Waterford, who have concurred in presenting this address, and by expressing a hope that the city may be as prosperous as it deserves to be, and that it may partake not only of temporal blessings, but also of those spiritual ones, without which there can be no true happiness.

During the delivery of the address and the reply the Rev. Mr. Kent, P.P., Waterford, and the Very Rev. Dr. Burke, P.P., V.G., SS. Peter and Paul's, Clonmel, stood at either side of his Eminence.

The Banquet.

After the ceremony of presenting the address had been gone through, his Eminence was conducted to the board room, where the banquet was laid. Lines of tables extended down the room, and at the head of the apartment, and at right angles with these tables, was placed a raised table, covered with red cloth, at which the principal guests sat. Over two hundred sat down to dinner. The chair was occupied by the

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR OF WATERFORD,
and on his right sat his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, Very

Rev. Dr. Burke, P.P., V.G., Clonmel; Rev. Mr. Kent, P.P., Waterford; Rev. Mr. Burke, Mr. Strange, Rev. Mr. English, C.C., Waterford; Mr. Galway, Alderman Carroll, Rev. Mr. O'Donnell, P.P., Passage; Alderman Meagher, Professor Sullivan, Catholic University. On the left of his Worship were seated Mr. Blake, M.P.; Mr. Wiseman, Rev. Mr. Cantwell, P.P., Tramore; Mr. O'Neill Power, Snow Hill; Rev. Mr. Baldwin, P.P., Saint Mary's, Clonmel; Thomas F. Strange, Captain Anthony, John Power, Esq., J.P., Waterford.

A large gallery which overlooked the apartment was filled with ladies. In this gallery was stationed a band, which played a variety of airs during the evening.

The banquet being concluded, and thanks having been offered by the Rev. Mr. Kent,

His Worship the Mayor rose to propose the first toast. He said that was not a political banquet. It was one from the Catholic clergy and people of Waterford to a Prince of the Church. He need not tell those present that they regarded the Pope as Christ's Vicar on earth, and inasmuch as spiritual and heavenly things were not worldly, they placed the spiritual matters before the worldly. For more than 1,400 years the Irish church had been in connection with and obedient to the See of Rome. To preserve that connection and allegiance what did not Ireland do? Did not their ancestors, in maintaining the Pope and denying the supremacy of temporal sovereigns in spiritual matters, lose their lives, their liberties, and their fortunes?—and if they were called upon to do as their ancestors had done, would they not cheerfully do it? Did they not think he

had offered good and solid reasons for giving the Pope's health? But the spiritual allegiance which they owed him as the representative of God upon earth did not in the least detract from that loyalty which they owed to the crown. It was not necessary that he should dwell on the virtues, the talents, and the various merits of the present Pontiff, and he would, therefore, without further preface, give them—

“The health of the Pope.”

The toast having been drunk with all honors,

The Mayor again rose and said—Having disposed of the church, they now came to the state. Ireland had been ever remarkable for loyalty, even to the most faithless and good-for-nothing sovereigns, so that it was a pleasure to them—loyal from principle, from feeling, and religion—to have a sovereign whose health they could drink with affection and admiration. He would give them—

“The health of the Queen.”

The toast having been duly honoured, and the other usual loyal toasts having been also drunk,

The Mayor rose and said, they had now come to the toast of the night, and he only regretted that it was not to be proposed by somebody who could do it justice. If he were to go into the life and history of their illustrious guest, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, he would be going into the history of the progress and reconstruction of the Catholic Church in England. In all times Providence had raised up in every country great men for His own great works. He firmly and sincerely believed that Providence in furthering His great design of the reconstruction of the

Catholic hierarchy in England, which had been destroyed in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, raised up their illustrious guest for the purpose. And let them just imagine what a work that was, and the country in which it was done. All of them might not have lived as he had done for years in England, and if they had, they would know the discouragement that should meet a Catholic ecclesiastic in such a country. But to a man like their illustrious guest, animated by the one thought and feeling of devotion to God and His church, every labour was light—no discouragement, no defection, on the part of those who should stand by him—no opposition from those from whom he expected it—could discourage him. Every one of them was, perhaps, better acquainted with the works of Cardinal Wiseman than he was, and they could, as an enlightened Catholic assembly, appreciate the services of such a Prince of the Church. The circumstance, however, at which as Catholics they felt most annoyed in connection with the Cardinal was the attempt to crush him and expel him from England at the time of the passing of the ecclesiastical titles' bill. The *Times*, which reflected public opinion in England at the time, said that in three days Cardinal Wiseman should fly from London. But it judged from mere worldly considerations—the only motives, he regretted to say, which, generally speaking, influenced the English people. But all the thunder of the *Times*, all the denunciations of Lord John Russell were unheeded by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. It was not necessary that he should dilate upon the great merits and the high character of their illustrious guest. Catholics had been accused of being enemies

of enlightenment—of education. But let those who said so look at their illustrious guest, and say did he ever put forward a proposition in science or a problem in learning that had been disputed? The Cardinal had been received with joy in every part of Ireland, and should he not be received with double enthusiasm in the city of his ancestors? Indeed, he thought they might go so far as to claim the Cardinal as one of themselves. He would propose to them the health of their distinguished guest, “the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.”

The toast was drunk amidst loud cheers.

His Eminence, who on rising to respond was received with enthusiastic applause, said—

Although, when I accepted your kind invitation to be your guest, I knew that I should have to address you on a variety of topics, some of which might be trying to my feelings, I did not foresee those which your worthy chief magistrate has selected, and which call for a reply from me. But at any rate the manner in which you have manifested your feelings towards me has robbed my memory of anything I may have prepared, and made it impossible for me to address you in a formal speech. You must, therefore, be content with receiving the simple expression of my gratitude, with a few observations relative to the topics on which the Mayor has so kindly touched. He has, indeed, suggested to me one on which it is easy to speak, because it exempts me from obser-

vations of a personal nature. I feel that what relates to our early history, our origin, the place of our birth, can be only contemplated as a dispensation of Providence; that it is a matter not for boast, but for thankfulness. And even other occurrences in life, which affect our course, and on which we may look back with some allowable gratification, ought only to be motives for a higher degree of that same gratitude, and at the same time suggestive of a higher dealing than we might otherwise recognise. Such I take to be the circumstance to which your excellent Mayor has alluded of my ecclesiastical position, which, if nothing else, at least has given you a motive to do for me that which otherwise I could not have deserved. I have no hesitation in accepting whatever is done in consideration of that position or rank (which may be purely accidental), because I claim no merit in it; but, at the same time, I feel I have a claim distinct from that of any other person in the same position. I yield most willingly to every colleague of mine in the Sacred College in everything entitling him to respect. There are men amongst that august body to whom I look up with more than reverence—with positive veneration; and I know not one of them who has not the highest title to the love and regard of all who know them. But there is one claim which I can yield to none. There is no other in that

venerable and eminent assembly—however distinguished for great qualities—who can stand amongst you claiming the sympathy of a fellow-citizen. On that ground I feel I stand alone. In addition, it is still more gratifying, remembering how many ages have passed over, since one placed in my position in the Church has visited this island, to think that it is one connected with this city. The tie between myself and Waterford is not one of yesterday; for when I look around the room, I can find few countenances which lead me back to the period when I first knew it, or recal the circumstances under which I came. I should not think the mere fact of my family being united by proximity to the city a subject worth while entering on; all I know is, that from her to whom I owe my education (as I had the misfortune to lose my father in infancy)—from her whose warmest recollections and most affectionate feelings were connected with this city, and with the neighbouring place where she was born, I remember to have heard histories which remain engraved on my memory, that tell me what my ancestors had to endure to preserve the faith—how they shared in the confiscations and spoliations of property, which were the heirlooms of every Catholic in those days. Friends of mine since then have thought it kindness to find in the Record Office in Dublin the original decrees of confiscation

and spoliation of the property my ancestors possessed here; but all this has been nothing compared to the tales she told me of the secret, unseen sacrifices, by which some of her ancestors preserved the faith to themselves and their children.

But there is another tie which I must not forget, because it more immediately connected me with this city. It has been remarked that there are two compound words which speak most feelingly to the affections. One we have endeavoured to introduce from a kindred tongue, but it has too much of foreign composition to take root in our language. This is the word "fatherland," the word which speaks to the patriotic hearts of the natives of Germany. There is a word, however, nearly allied to it in form, which is purely English, and which nothing will eradicate from our language, and it is our "mother-tongue." Next to receiving breath, the gift of speech is of the utmost importance to our well-being. It is too true that in many evil ways our thoughts themselves are guided and directed by our words; but it is true no less that they are so in the highest and best sense; and every language carries with it the forms of thought, and even the cast of character which belongs to the people that speak it. When we make the tongue of any country our own, it becomes the "mother" of our whole future life. It may not be uninteresting to

you who have received me so much as a friend, to know that Waterford was the first city in the British empire with which I became acquainted in the earliest portion of my life.

I arrived in England at the age of from six to seven years, but I spent but a short period in London ; then came directly here. I arrived in this neighbourhood, at Aylwardstown, without being able to form a sentence, or perhaps to speak ten words in the language in which I now address you. But I was not left long in the country. I was put into a boarding-school in Waterford, and it was there I learned for the first time, as completely as a child could learn it, the language in which I am now speaking. It has become my "mother-tongue," and this I owe entirely to this city. This is a strong tie of connection, and I feel deeply grateful that it was established. For if Providence had not sent me from the country of my adoption, which my parents had made their home, in consequence of those wars of invasion which for a time made Spain no longer habitable, and if I had not then been brought hither, I cannot tell what might have been my course. It so pleased Providence, however, that here I made myself acquainted with the language which naturally made England the seat of my labours, and of any little usefulness of which I may have been the instrument in the cause of religion

and the Church. I consider that this my connection with Waterford is more intimate than its being the neighbouring city of my ancestors.

Your Mayor has been kind enough to allude, among other topics, to the restoration of the hierarchy in England. I must disclaim any merit in the great measure itself. It was the spontaneous act of the present Pontiff. He announced his intention of my returning to England, when I had not in the least expected it, with the dignity of Archbishop, for the purpose of reconstructing the hierarchy; but I must give to him the complete and undivided glory of the act which, I believe, will have its place amongst the greatest achievements of one of the greatest pontificates. Once charged with carrying out that mission, and the more strengthened in mind because it was not my work, it would not only have been folly, but almost impiety for me to have doubted of its success, or wavered, or felt any anxiety about it. Perhaps I have never mentioned before in public, that when it pleased the Holy Father to commit to me the carrying out of that measure, before I left Rome I fixed the day on which I should take solemn possession of my church. It was on Sunday, the 8th of December. I announced the day, before I reached England; but when I arrived there, I was requested by many to change my plan, and not to appear and

officiate in the church. I received letters announcing that the moment I entered the pulpit a pistol would put an end to my course. I was warned even by Catholics, and entreated not to appear; and I was told there was a design to hustle myself and those who might attend on me, and to make away with me. Now, I must say I never for one instant thought of altering my plan. With the grace of God, everything was done as originally designed; the church was never more orderly, and the functions were performed with that peace and tranquillity which have ever since prevailed. I claim nothing but the most complete and unshakable confidence in everything that is done by the church, in promoting a great interest. The Mayor has kindly alluded to the marked proofs of good will which have cheered me in every place that I have visited. I must say that I have experienced unbounded pleasure, at witnessing, in all parts of this country, such deeply-rooted and certainly ineradicable attachment to the faith. I should reproach myself with foolish vanity if I attributed these demonstrations to personal feelings for myself. It is the manner in which the simple and warm-hearted people of Ireland love to demonstrate that whatever they may lose or gain—however circumstances may change—their fidelity to the church, their unshaken devotion and firm adhesion to the church of St. Peter can

never be disturbed. I read in them a lesson rare in the world's history, which shows me how this people, who for centuries have been struggling against everything that could shake their faith, have come forth from every trial as secure in the possession of that faith as they could have been had they been prosperous, and, in a worldly sense, a favoured people ; indeed, more so, for people who have received worldly benefits have seldom shown that gratitude for them which they owe. How any one with a spark of common sense can imagine that the distribution of a few temporal favours, by the expenditure, lavish though it may be, of earthly gold and silver, by the conquest of a few miserable people, who abandon them the moment they have received a mouthful of bread ; how, I say, any sensible man, any one with ordinary intellect, can imagine that by these means the slightest inroad can be made on the faith of the nation, or in the least way enfeeble it, I can only account for, by supposing that religious blindness, which, more than any other cause, is capable of producing wild illusions.

Before I sit down, let me say that in the progress which I have made through different parts of Ireland, I have been filled with astonishment at seeing what has been done everywhere for the advancement of religion. The fact that what has been accomplished

has been performed after years of pestilence, famine, and emigration, is another proof that faith supplies every want, and that the vividness of that faith was not impaired, but, on the contrary, rather increased by the sufferings of the people, who have come forth from their trials in a manner more than noble—positively heroic. The stability, durability, solidity of everything that is done, exceeds anything that I could have anticipated. Everything seems to portend a future more prosperous than Ireland has experienced for centuries. The material condition of the people is immensely improved. They have become more attached to habits of devoted industry in the cultivation of the soil at home, instead of seeking chance occupation abroad. Everything speaks of greater intelligence, greater desire for improvement, and at the same time there is not the least diminution of religious and moral feeling. The past will belong very soon to history. Of the present generation many will not be able to realise an idea of the condition to which this beautiful country had been reduced, by (I will not speak as strongly as I might) the most mistaken policy. I am sure you will all unite in advancing this prosperity of your country. Though the interval since my last visit has been long, I feel convinced that if it were another time much shorter I should still easily see great changes and im-

provements. I congratulate all who have taken an interest in the welfare of this city, and have laboured so successfully for it, and I am sure that all will do their utmost to secure the well-being and advancement of its inhabitants. The clergy will never be behind-hand in developing their spiritual resources in proportion to the increasing prosperity of the country, and clergy and laity will always go hand-in-hand in promoting the true interests of that country which is dear to them both.

His Eminence resumed his seat amid loud and protracted cheers.

The Mayor then rose and said the next toast on the list was, "The Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, and the clergy of the diocese." He was sure, he said, that their venerated bishop would feel most acutely at being absent that evening ; but there was no possibility of communicating with him in England, in sufficient time, the fact that his Eminence had accepted the invitation to the banquet. He would give them the toast, associating with it the name of the Rev. Mr. Kent.

The toast was duly honoured.

The Rev. Mr. Kent, in responding, said that he was sure his lordship would much regret his absence that evening ; but he was sure he was only carrying out the wishes of his lordship in doing honour to their illustrious guest, in doing which they were doing nothing more than making a public profession of their faith and their attachment to the chair of Peter.

The Mayor then gave the toast of "the Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland."

The Very Rev. Dr. Burke, P.P., V.G., responded in an eloquent speech. Reviewing the history of the hierarchy he said, the conclusion he came to was, that there could not be found a hierarchy more remarkable for fidelity, great learning, fervent piety, and genuine patriotism than the hierarchy of Ireland. The toast was associated with the name of the Archbishop of Cashel, who, he was able to say, was a most eminent prelate, and that a more useful and learned member of the hierarchy it would be difficult to find. He was sure that the same fidelity which characterized the hierarchy in ages gone by, would, if circumstances arose, distinguish the hierarchy of the present day.

His Eminence then rose and proposed the health of his Worship the Mayor, with whose merits he said they were all well acquainted, and who, he was sure, deserved to be honoured and respected as he was by the citizens.

The toast having been drunk,

His Worship briefly returned thanks, expressing his desire to promote the prosperity of the city of Waterford.

The Mayor then proposed "the Catholic University of Ireland." No country of the extent of Ireland, he said, should be without a national university, and they could not have such a university in that country unless it was a Catholic one. It was a great matter that they had now a college to which they could send their children without danger to their faith.

The toast was duly honoured.

Professor Sullivan, of the Catholic University, returned thanks. It was a curious coincidence, he said, that at a meeting to do honour to an illustrious Prince of the church and a distinguished scholar, the toast of the Catholic University should for the first time have been proposed in Ireland. There was a point connected with the Catholic University to which he wished to allude. The origin of it had been attributed to the circumstance that other colleges had sprung up, but the fact was that it was established as an inevitable necessity in the country, no matter how many colleges were established, for five millions of people could not remain in receipt of the intellectual outdoor relief which other colleges afforded them. He considered the time was come when, as a matter of right, the people of this country should demand that recognition of its university, which would so much contribute to its success and to the development of the intellect of the country.

The Mayor then gave the toast of "the Catholic member for Waterford, Mr. Blake," who, he said, had always taken the greatest interest in Catholic matters.

Mr. Blake, M.P., responded, after which the company separated.

His Eminence then drove off to Aylwardstown, followed for some distance by a large crowd, who cheered him loudly.

BAGNALSTOWN.



HIS Eminence, upon arriving in Bagnalstown, upon his way to Dublin, was presented with the following address from the Catholic inhabitants of that place:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EMINENCE,—We, the Catholic inhabitants of Bagnalstown, gladly seize, even in this hurried manner, the opportunity of your passing the precincts of our town, to ask permission to tender to your Eminence the homage of our profound respect and of our unbounded veneration for your exalted station and illustrious character. In that exalted station we recognise a Prince of the Church, a successor of the apostles—in your illustrious character we reverence the deep erudition of the divine, we venerate the virtues of the Christian, we acknowledge the wisdom of the philosopher, and we admire the varied learning of the accomplished scholar. By the judicious exercise of these gifts, your Eminence has powerfully assisted in restoring science to its legitimate purpose of displaying to the human mind, in unison with the truth of revelation, the wonderful works of our Creator. Under the auspices of your Eminence, philosophy has ceased to be a mere mirage to delude the parched wayfarer; it is now a calm and veritable lake, in which, while slaking his thirst, he can behold the image of heaven reflected in its placid waters. Did time permit, we might dilate at greater length on this glo-

rious theme ; but should it please Providence that your Eminence may soon revisit this island to renew your mission of charity and peace, we hope to have the great gratification of a longer sojourn of your Eminence amongst us ; and in the church which we are now engaged in enlarging and embellishing for the more suitable celebration of divine worship, to enjoy the happiness and consolation of receiving from the hands of your Eminence, for our temple and for ourselves, the apostolical benediction.

His Eminence, who spoke from the carriage, said he was sorry he had not time to say more than simply to thank them, and to express his satisfaction that they had been so good as to manifest those feelings of good-will towards him ; because it was a pledge of their fidelity to their religion. He thanked them very sincerely ; and he prayed Almighty God to bless them all. His Eminence took his departure amid loud cheers.

The deputation consisted of Rev. P. Morrin, P.P.; John Magrath, John J. Murphy, Rochford Casey, and John Kehoe, Esqrs.

DUBLIN.

*St. Andrew's Church, Westland-row.*

PROSELYTISM.

THURSDAY morning his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster gave another convincing proof of his active benevolence and sympathy with the children of the poor. The almost unceasing toil which he had to endure, the long journeys, the physical labour and mental exertion necessary for the accomplishment of all he had been called upon to perform since his arrival in Ireland, had not damped the ardour of his charity or his zeal for the promotion of religion and charity. Though only just arrived from the south of Ireland, he came willingly forward this morning, at the call of the lowly and the forsaken, to plead their cause, and to tell the thousands who heard him that the cause of the poor was the cause of God. In the spirit of true humility he deemed no sacrifice of time, of zeal, of labour, or rest too great for those whom Christ had redeemed and who stood in danger of being lost. The time fixed for the commencement of mass, which his Eminence celebrated, was half-past eight o'clock ; but for an hour before, the transepts and choir of the spacious church were crowded to inconvenience by a vast assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, amongst whom were the Right Hon.

the Lord Mayor, and a large number of Protestants. Although admission to every part of the sacred edifice was by tickets, at eight o'clock mere standing room in any place within the walls was difficult of attainment. Crowds assembled in Westland-row, anxiously waiting for the arrival of his Eminence from the residence of his Grace the Archbishop, where he had slept the previous night. The high altar was brilliantly lit up with wax lights, interspersed with flowers, and the sanctuary and altar steps were richly carpeted. At half-past eight o'clock the cheering of the crowds in the street announced that his Eminence had arrived. A procession was formed, consisting of the confraternity of the church, wearing the robes of their order, about fifty boys in red soutans, and a large number of dignitaries and clergy, headed by the pastor of the parish, the Ven. Dean Meyler. The other clergy present were:—

The Rev. Canon Pope, Administrator, Cathedral Parish; Rev. Dr. O'Connell, P.P.; Rev. John Farrell, Rev. Dr. Spratt, Rev. Canon Lee, D.D.; Rev. Mr. Mulhall, Rev. Canon Lynch; Rev. Mr. Byrne, Ballina; Rev. Mr. Cullinan, Rev. Mr. Duff, etc.

His Eminence, who was accompanied by the Rev. E. Lambert Clifford and the Rev. Mr. Burke, was received at the principal entrance by the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, Lord Bishop of Bombay, and the Venerable the Dean, who conducted him in procession to the sanctuary, the organ playing the grand march from Handel's oratorio of *Sampson*. As his Eminence passed through the aisle and choir he gave his benediction to the vast kneeling congregation. On arriving at the foot of the altar, his Eminence, who wore the scarlet soutan of a cardinal,

remained for some time in silent prayer. Having assumed the sacramental vestments, he commenced the celebration of Mass, assisted by the Rev. E. L. Clifford.

After the gospel his Eminence turned to the congregation and proceeded to deliver a beautiful and impressive discourse, which had reference to the efforts—but through the divine blessing the abortive efforts—of the enemies of religion, to proselytise the poor of this country, and also to the labours of various counteracting Catholic societies, including the Catholic Dormitory Society, to defeat the machinations of those wicked men. He glanced at the persecutions which it had been the lot of the Church to endure in this country for several centuries, and stated—

That, however specious might be the professions which Protestantism put forward for the purpose of misleading those whom it sought to make victims, yet, these proselytizing agents were actuated by the same spirit which had animated Protestantism during three centuries of persecution ; for it was by Protestantism, and on its account, the Catholic people of this country had been subjected to the cruelty of penal restrictions and social suffering. Protestantism had never been the friend of the people ; it had always been most inimical to them, and the present deceitful guise which it put on was only adopted to effect purposes suggested by the most selfish considerations, and not springing from any love of religion, or desire for the salvation of those upon whom it sought to

practice its arts. The proselytisers principally directed their efforts against helpless and poverty-stricken children, and the poorest of the poor Catholic population, whom they hoped by their offerings of temporal assistance in their need and misery to seduce from their best treasure, their holy faith.

His Eminence impressed upon the congregation, and upon all Catholics throughout the country, the immense importance of discharging the solemn duty of aiding and assisting in every way that lay in their power the praiseworthy exertions of those who sought to rescue and protect these little ones from the greatest affliction that could possibly befall them—the loss of their religion. Dwelling further on this point, his Eminence said—

That when children were taken away from the hands of their enemies they should be maintained, supported, and protected, till the struggle was over and all danger at an end. Timely assistance was of the very greatest importance. A little aid promptly given to counteract the profusion of means put in operation by the other side might be the means of snatching many souls from perdition. Could there be any greater charity than this, or which more united the soul of man with God; or could there be destitution more profound, or in which the soul was more involved with the body, than that which it was the aim of the Catholic Dormitory to relieve?

The Catholic Dormitory Society was a useful means of protecting some little ones from the dangers that beset them. And was it not an honour to that parish to have originated such an institution? Did it not call for co-operation in its good work upon all who belonged to the parish; nay, did its claim not extend far beyond the parish, and solicit in the strongest manner the succour, for the little ones of Christ, of all, in every part of the city and of the whole country, who had at heart the rescuing of souls from the evil one? Ireland had undergone many trials, nearly every one of them for the faith; it had to encounter immense efforts of power, wealth, influence, ingenuity, and cunning, made perseveringly for the purpose of recruiting the ranks of Protestantism, by the snatching up or purchasing of Catholic children; these unholy efforts had of late been renewed, and constituted what he believed would be the last trial Ireland would have to endure, from which she would come as scatheless and triumphant as from the much more desperate assaults of former times, when her children had no earthly means to fall back upon for their defence, nothing but an unshaken confidence in God and His all-powerful protection. A brighter day had come, and even the power of the traffickers in souls was neutralized by the abundance with which God had blessed the land and put the poor beyond temptation.

The temporary evils of which he was speaking were passing away, and they would have to continue their labours only for a time to defeat the iniquitous attempts to disturb the faith which had been so closely and lovingly held by the people for long centuries—the faith which St. Patrick planted, and which no earthly power would ever be able to root out.

Having enlarged forcibly upon this branch of his discourse, his Eminence proceeded to speak of the relation in which Protestantism had heretofore and now stood to the people of this country, and in doing so said:—

What conceivable claim or inducement could Protestantism hold out to the Catholics of Ireland? Certainly not truth of doctrine, nor sympathy with those whom its agents approached like wolves in sheep's clothing, seeking whom they might devour. Of all countries in the world Ireland was the last in which Protestantism should dare profess an interest in the spiritual or temporal welfare of the people; and if it did so now it was for the most selfish and wicked of purposes. What had Protestantism ever done for Ireland? What single blessing had it ever brought upon the country? What happiness had it diffused amongst the people?—had it ever consoled and cherished the poor? No, but quite the contrary. It would be too long and painful a recital to tell all that it had done to oppress, to traduce, and destroy.

The people and their faith, it was now palpable, could not be rooted out of this land, and a different system was pursued, and the wolf had put on the sheep's clothing. Protestantism had been the direct instrument by which the sufferings of poverty had been aggravated and insulted; and it was avowedly in the name of Protestantism, and for its maintenance, contrary to the national will, that a dreadful and ingenious system of persecution had been organised and relentlessly carried out. When the Catholics of Ireland looked back over the dark history of the last three hundred years, must they not at once ask why was it, if Protestantism was so beneficent as it would fain represent itself now, that it had done nothing during that dreary period to relieve the deepest distress—to mitigate cruel sufferings? Why did it not, while the people were trodden under foot during those three hundred years, stretch out its hand to succour and console? Why did it refrain from doing so till a new order of things arose, and then, in a late time of famine and pestilence, come, for the purpose of its own sustenance, to make a time of trial also a time of temptation, by holding out bread to the starving, but only as the price of perversion? Must they not look at least with suspicion upon men who never came until they thought the opportunity a favourable one for seducing poor creatures in their misery from their faith?

Their object was plainly a wicked one. How different had been the mission of the Catholic Church! Driven from every place, it followed the people to their lowly cabins, which became its strongholds, the fortresses of religion, impregnable to every assault. The priest had abided with the flock amid every danger, and cheered them by his holy words, and strengthened them by his ministrations. When Protestantism bore down heavily upon them he was their comforter—he instructed the young, advised with the old, shared and sympathised in their sorrows, and was beside them in death to prepare them with the sacraments, and point to the eternal home of the just, where they might hope to obtain the reward of their virtue and devotion. The powerful ministrations of the Catholic Church sustained not only the faith but the patience and virtue of the millions and millions who had passed over this land, condemned by their oppressors to do so in poverty and affliction.

It was too late now for the proselytiser to come with his proffered aid, when no other course was open to him—when religion had regained her ascendancy—not the ascendancy of power, but the ascendancy of zeal, of constancy, of duty in everything that related to God—of, in fact, that grand assertion and celebration of religion in its forms and practices so manifest in this city and through the whole breadth of Ireland.

It was too late to come now to the people, when they had battled through their trials, and tell them to throw aside the staff which supported them along perilous paths—to pluck away the rudder which had steered them through so many tempest-beaten seas of tribulation—to rob them of that bread of life which nourished their fathers and gave them the endurance of martyrs, and was for themselves the bread of salvation. It was too late now to tell the faithful Catholics of Ireland to abandon the barque of Peter when its sails were magnificently unfurled to favouring breezes, and when it was sailing nobly across an ocean tranquil as compared with what had been its stormy state—when the sun was shining out, almost for the first time, after a long darkness, unrelieved only by the fire of that deep faith, hope, and charity, which had burned so brightly within them. Surely this was not the time to tell the people to quit that barque and plunge into the waves which were filled with ravenous and devouring creatures that followed the ship, ready to snatch in a moment any one so unfortunate as unwarily to place himself within their reach.

His Eminence having spoken for a brief space upon this point, adverted to the likeness of proselytisers entrapping children to wolves, who gathered around a fond mother clinging to her children, and seeking to tear from her those objects of her affection.

These men came with biting tongues, tongues sharp as a sword; they came reviling sacred things; they came scoffing; they came denouncing; they came challenging; nay, they came blaspheming what they knew nought of. These men came not with the pure power of sanctity, or with the dignity of exalted piety, or of that simple Christian learning which, without guile and without vain words, without endless repetition of the same thing, spoke wisely, and nobly, and effectively to all men. No, they came with words of wickedness; they came with the appearance of godliness, but denying its power, denying the offering which God never ceased to make upon the altar for the salvation of mankind; denying the sacraments; deriding the mother of God, deriding the saints of God, and everything that was sacred and holy. By such means did they seek to effect their purposes. He spoke not of individuals; he knew not any of them; he never had to deal with any of them, but he had read their writings; he saw them published on every side, and he had the opportunity of observing that they followed like sharks in the wake of the Church, wherever she went on her mission of peace, endeavouring, but vainly, to counteract that divine mission.

They were the men who sought to scatter tares in the field where the good seed had been sown. It was

not by such agents as these that God sent forth His truth to the world, or that His work would be done. No, it was a self-denying ministry, who from the beginning, blessed by God, went forth amongst their enemies as sheep amongst wolves, ready, if necessary, to lay down their lives in vindication of their holy religion. He entreated of them not to allow one step to be gained upon them, not to suffer a single little one to be numbered amongst the lost. These little ones were defenceless, and the Catholics of the parish, of the city, of Ireland, should assist them as far as they could, individually and collectively, by providing shelter for the little flock. Let each of them, if possible, become a shepherd, and take, at all events, one little lamb upon his shoulders, and bear it safely to the fold ; and if they did this the Great Shepherd would reward them. They could not do a greater service to God, or a greater benefit to his holy Church, or perform a more substantial work of mercy, than by counteracting and preventing, as much as possible, this miserable attempt at perversion of souls, redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ. For doing this their parish would receive additional blessings from God. He entreated of them to proceed in their noble work. This was the last time previous to his departure from Ireland that he should have the opportunity of addressing such a noble assemblage. He

rejoiced that his last words in public on that occasion should have been in favour of a charity having such an object, and in protest, humble but earnest, against the infamous attempts made by these men to disturb the religious peace of the land.

His Eminence concluded by stating that he would proceed to offer up the adorable sacrifice of the Mass on behalf of the institution and its members, and all who assisted in the noble work, begging of God that he would increase their zeal, bless their labours, and bestow upon them temporal happiness here and everlasting glory hereafter.

The Cardinal was then divested of a portion of his vestments, and knelt for some time in prayer at the foot of the altar. Upon rising, he was conducted through the sanctuary to the head of the nave, then round by the principal entrance to the southern aisle, blessing the people as he passed along, and into the presbytery, where a large party of the clergy and laity were assembled, on the invitation of the Very Rev. Dean, to meet his Eminence at breakfast.

An address was presented from the society by a numerous deputation, who were admitted to his Eminence in the presbytery. He was attended by his chaplains, the Very Rev. Dean Meyler, P.P.; Rev. Canon Lynch, &c., &c. The address, which was read by the chairman of the society, stated that they hailed his coming, in common with their fellow-countrymen, with joy and exultation. The address then gave a brief sketch of the causes which

led to the formation of the society, and next of its useful labours, under the sanction of the Archbishop. His Eminence said—

I thank you very sincerely for this address, and I can only express the gratification it has been to me to hear of so very beautiful and useful an institution—an institution so practical, which has results so immediate and certain, and has therefore probably been the means of saving a great number of souls which might have been lost. I would, therefore, say to you, persevere in your efforts, and by every means in your power increase rather than diminish the efficacy of your charity. The opportunity which I have had this morning has been most gratifying to me, because, although it was a very feeble way of advocating the charity, still it was the only one that remained to me, the only opportunity that I had, and I embraced it with pleasure. I hope you will put yourselves as a barrier against this miserable spirit of seduction and delusion which is attempted in this country; and you may depend upon this, that if it is crushed out in the capital, which is the centre from which all good and all mischief flows, it will soon die away at the extremities. Deal with it as you would with a noxious plant; if you root it up and eradicate it from the soil, the remote branches that spring from it, and infest distant corners of Ireland, will very soon

die away. Money is the soul or mainspring of action in this seduction, and if you neutralise the effects of this, you may be certain that proselytism will end in Ireland. Go on, then, in the good work ; persevere and increase in every way your exertions, and if my feeble blessing can have any power in advancing your most commendable objects, you have it with all my heart.

His Eminence then bestowed his benediction upon the assemblage, who knelt devoutly to receive it.

Mr. John Kelch, in the name of the society, thanked the Very Rev. Dean Meyler for giving them the use of the church on that occasion, as well as for his assistance at all times. The deputation then withdrew.

His Eminence soon afterwards took his leave, and proceeded to the carriage which was in waiting, accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. Clifford and Burke. He was enthusiastically cheered by a vast concourse of people, who assembled in the street.

Departure of his Eminence from Ireland.

After leaving the residence of the Ven. Dean Meyler, his Eminence proceeded in his carriage to the photographic institution of Messrs. Simonton and Millard, 39, Lower Sackville-street, where he sat for his portrait in the full robes of a cardinal. On his Eminence returning to his carriage the vast crowd who had assembled in the street hailed him with the most hearty cheering, which

was continued as the carriage drove off to the residence of his Grace the Lord Archbishop. At half-past four o'clock, his Eminence, accompanied by the Rev. E. Lambert Clifford and the Rev. Mr. Burke, proceeded in the carriage of Surgeon O'Reilly to that gentleman's residence, Sans Souci, near Booterstown, where his Eminence dined and slept that night. As he drove through the streets he was loudly cheered; large crowds assembled on the Rock-road gave a most cordial and hearty greeting; and upon his approach to Booterstown the people flocked in hundreds to pay him every mark of respect and to ask his blessing. His Eminence visited the beautiful church and convent conducted by the Very Rev. Dr. Ennis. The long avenue leading to Sans Souci was thronged by large assemblages of ladies and gentlemen and country people from the surrounding districts. The preparations made to receive his Eminence were worthy of the occasion and of the hospitality of his entertainer. On the carriage-way leading through the beautifully planted lawn two triumphal arches were erected, composed of evergreens interspersed with flowers and exotics. On the top of one, the nearest to the entrance gate, a splendid banner was placed, bearing the words "Cead Mille Failthe." The second triumphal arch bore, in large and ornamental letters, the word "Welcome" and the initials "C. W." The bands of the Kingstown and Blackrock temperance societies were stationed on the ground, and performed alternately during the evening. On his Eminence arriving at the hall-door he was received by Surgeon O'Reilly, who conducted him to the suite of apartments

prepared for his reception. A distinguished company of ladies and gentlemen were invited to meet his Eminence at dinner. At night-fall the triumphal arches and the trees in the lawn were illuminated with Chinese lanterns and variegated lights, after which the outer gates were thrown open to admit the hundreds who were craving permission to be let in to see his Eminence, and obtain his benediction. Nothing could present a more pleasing sight than that which the lights exhibited through the foliage of the trees. At a later period of the evening there was a display of fire-works; and the delight of the people knew no bounds at seeing the honours that were paid to his Eminence. In the large crowd present there was not the slightest disorder or irregularity to be perceived.

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman left Kingstown at nine o'clock, by the mail steamer *Cambria*, for London. The intended departure of his Eminence could have been but very imperfectly known in the city; nevertheless, the eight o'clock train from Westland-row took to Kingstown a considerable number of persons who were anxious to obtain a last glimpse of his Eminence, and receive final benediction ere he quitted Ireland. At half-past eight o'clock his Eminence left Sans Souci, near Booterstown, in Surgeon O'Reilly's carriage, and proceeded by the Rock-road to Kingstown. He was accompanied by the Rev. E. Lambert Clifford, the Rev. Mr. Burke, and Surgeon O'Reilly. As the carriage proceeded along the road groups of people assembled at various points, cheering his Eminence with great enthusiasm, and some followed the equipage a considerable distance, with the view of getting

his blessing, which he bestowed on them to their great gratification. Shortly before nine o'clock the carriage drew up at the departure pier, outside which the Cambria lay moored. As soon as his Eminence went on board, accompanied by the Rev. E. Lambert Clifford and the Rev. Mr. Burke, the ladies and gentlemen assembled on the pier thronged the gangway leading to the steamer, and reached the deck, where they immediately knelt in groups to receive his Eminence's benediction, and kiss his hand. The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen came down by the half-past eight o'clock train, and went on board to bid farewell to his Eminence. The Right Rev. the Bishop of Clonfert, and the Very Rev. Dr. Derry, with several other clergymen, including the Rev. Monsignor Yore, and the Rev. Pastor of Booterstown, were also present to bid his Eminence a respectful adieu. The crowd surrounding his Eminence on deck while the steamer was preparing to sail increased considerably every moment, and the most intense eagerness was manifested by all to touch his hand, and have bestowed on them the gift of his blessing. At length the last bell rung, the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen quitted the steamer, followed by Surgeon O'Reilly and the clergymen present at the scene, and then, with visible reluctance and sincere regret, the large number of persons who had paid their final respects to his Eminence, passed along the gangway to the pier, which they lined from end to end. Before the ropes were cast off his Eminence came forward to the side of the steamer; as he did so, groups of ladies and gentlemen facing him knelt down, and then his Eminence, who seemed to be considerably affected by the warm

feeling displayed by the assemblage, gave them his benediction. A moment afterwards the Cambria moved away from the pier, and steamed slowly towards the sea. The people then cheered his Eminence repeatedly, and hats and handkerchiefs were waved in token of farewell. Several ran along the pier to its extremity, and as the steamer passed the harbour entrance and proceeded on her voyage, they expressed their feelings in loud bursts of cheering, repeated again and again till the steamer was far out at sea.

The Cardinal and the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital.

The following is the gracious reply of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman to an application made by the Sisters of Mercy to preach for the Hospital of the Mater Misericordiæ:—

Waterford, September 14th, 1858.

DEAR REV. MOTHER,—I am sure you will believe me when I assure you that nothing but impossibility could prevent my doing anything in my power, by preaching or lecturing, in favour of your noble Mater Misericordiæ Hospital. It is, indeed, a building and institution conceived and commenced in the most generous spirit of charity. I cannot fear that so Catholic an undertaking will fail to receive every support in a city like Dublin, where that virtue seems to be so truly appreciated and practised, and my voice could have added but little to the natural instincts of its spirit. As an edifice, it will be not

merely an ornament to the city, but a lesson so well understood and observed abroad, that what is done for Christ in the person of His poor and infirm, should vie with what is done by man for himself and his gratifications. A splendid theatre and a mean hospital makes a sorrowful contrast in a Catholic city. I pray God most earnestly to bless this glorious work and all your community. Begging in return your good prayers, I am, ever your affectionate servant in Jesus Christ,

N. CARD. WISEMAN.

Impressions

OF

A RECENT VISIT TO IRELAND.

ON Wednesday evening, 3rd November, his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman delivered a lecture at the Hanover-square Rooms, on the subject of Ireland and the Irish character, from the impressions made on him during his recent sojourn in that country.

The time fixed for the lecture to commence was eight o'clock, but long before that hour every available seat in the spacious rooms, galleries, and platform was occupied. The audience must have numbered between 2,000 and 3,000 persons.

This lecture his Eminence gave for the benefit of the Islington Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and a large number of the boys educated there were placed at the back of the platform, who, with their blue jackets trimmed with scarlet, and their scarlet badges, presented a very pretty appearance.

On his Eminence entering the rooms he was received with a warm and hearty welcome, and when he ascended the platform the cheering was tremendous. The whole

audience rose as one man, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs lasted several minutes.

When the cheering had subsided his Eminence spoke as follows:—

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have been requested to embody in a lecture the impressions made upon my mind by a recent tour in Ireland, and I confess that I find the subject fraught with many difficulties. It is not by any means that those impressions were evanescent, that they were not sufficiently deep and lasting to remain in all their freshness till now: for I must say, that could my life be prolonged to the most extravagant imaginary period, nothing would, I am sure, weaken the strong emotions which the recollection of those days has excited, and must excite within me. But it is, and this is my first difficulty, that the texture of each mind is peculiar; and, if I may pursue the figure, the sympathetic ink by which what may be called an impression can be clearly formed upon one mind, is not so so easily transferred from it to another. We look all at the same object, or, at least, collection of objects, with very different eyes. Imagine a hundred persons borne along in the same train, who are of precisely the same country, looking out on either side upon the objects through the midst of which they are rapidly passing; if you can read their thoughts, there are not two of them who

are noticing the same class of phenomena. One is probably gazing at the heavens, not altogether to admire their splendour, but trying to catch the prognostics of the coming hour, when the train shall have arrived at the sea-shore, and he shall have to make his passage across the channel, which divides his own from other lands. Another is looking on the earth, and doubtless with his own peculiar views. If he is an agriculturist, he is judging of the nature of the soil, whether it be fertile or barren ; if a man of science, he is taking note of the geological nature of the land through which he is passing, or of the strata of the cutting into which he is entering. One is examining the crops, another the stock which is feeding around him ; another, perhaps, is occupying himself, though he appears to be most intently observant of all, in watching the mile-stones as they are passed, or only in noting the varieties of the shadow which the train casts, now on a wall, and now projected over the embankment to the field below.

And so it is with the traveller through a country. Each goes for a special purpose. One is a politician ; and he takes no notice of anything except what may give him ideas of the balance of parties, and the prevalence of certain political opinions. Another is devoting his attention to statistics ; and he is engrossed by signs and facts which indicate the population, the

trade, and the commerce of the district in which he is journeying. The philanthropist, on the other hand, is looking out for institutions of charity and benevolence. And so, each one has his own peculiar eye, his own individual view, when making his observations on any country, in its whole or in parts, at home or in distant lands; and when two travellers come together and compare notes, collected on the same ground, each one probably regards those made by the other as insipid and little to the purpose. It is not easy, therefore, with the view which I have taken, and with the means of noting what interested me, which I commanded, to flatter myself that the result will possess an equal interest for you. However, I think that the shortest way is to unfurl my flag at the beginning of my march—and to say that in my different journeyings in Ireland, and in my sojourn in different places, in that island, it was natural to me to trace out, to follow up, and to dwell on those objects and interests which are dearest to myself; that I went as a Catholic, that I looked at everything with a Catholic eye, and that it would be impossible for me to record my impressions, without endeavouring to convey to you sincerely and soundly Catholic thoughts.

Before I begin really to enter on the subject of my lecture, it may be well, in order to remove prejudice, and correct some false impressions, to state why I went

to Ireland. And the narrative will be very brief and very simple. In the course of last spring, I received a letter from a bishop in the west of Ireland, telling me that in a town in his diocese, in a town circumstanced as many others are in Ireland, with its whole property belonging to an adverse landlord, but where the population was almost to a man Catholic, a large and beautiful church had been raised, almost entirely by the unaided efforts of the people; that he thought this was an occasion when the appearance of a bishop from another country, and one circumstanced as I happen to be, would be encouraging to those poor people; that it would give them a feeling of additional satisfaction in the efforts which they had made; and that it would somewhat encourage them to bear up against the constant opposition which they met with in all their efforts to raise their heads a little above the level to which they had been depressed. I reflected, and soon concluded that this was an occasion worthy of any one's embracing, who loved to do good among the poor; and that to encourage them in good works was an object which a bishop might consider a sufficient motive for sparing a few days; so the result of my deliberation was, that I acceded to the request which had been made. I named my time, desiring that my visit should be kept secret, lest I should be invited to do more than I intended. I had also made

a conditional engagement some years before, which I felt bound to keep; and so, in due time, I went over. I was sent by no one; I asked no leave of any one. I had been to Belgium, to France, and to other places for a similar purpose, that of paying an act of respect to bishops who wished my attendance at some of their ecclesiastical functions; still less could I decline going to assist a brother bishop in a part of the same empire, in what I considered a good work. It was, therefore, entirely my own act, and I am alone responsible for it.*

I had no permission, no instructions, and nothing to do but to preach two sermons and come back again. It pleased others kindly to give a different form to my intendedly private and quiet visit. Circumstances were thus altered; new work came upon me, which I endeavoured to discharge, and then returned home. That is the simple history of the whole of this journey. But further, let me observe, that it was not a journey of observation. I did not write a single memorandum; I did not take a single note; I hardly wrote a letter; I had no time for it. My observations

* This was said to contradict the perfectly groundless rumours again and again repeated by some papers, that this journey was the result of a commission from the Holy See, or in some way had an official character. Nothing could be more untrue; and the account in the text is, in the strictest sense, correct.

were confined to what passed before me, as I went from place to place, or as I stayed anywhere in the discharge of the duties I had undertaken. I cannot, therefore, offer you anything elaborate, or as the result of any studied observation. I must be content to give you the simple impressions which that pleasant month spent in the sister island has left upon my mind.

And I will endeavour to reduce to a simple formula the encouraging impressions there made upon me by many and various circumstances, by saying that the thought which I have brought back with me is this: that Ireland, at this moment, represents a great nationality, nobly rousing itself from a state of depression into which it had been cast for many years, and even centuries.

This is my feeling; and in order to illustrate how it was produced, I do not think it will be necessary at all to dwell on the evils of the past, or to say a word beyond alluding to your own knowledge of certain notorious facts, which are not even for a moment disputed. But I cannot help observing that there is hardly a more interesting period in the history of any country, in the annals of any nation, than that in which there is a transition made, and a transition on a great scale, from an unhappy, unprosperous state, to one of prosperity and promise. In olden times, trials

of this depressive sort were, indeed, long and afflict-
ing. Seventy years of captivity were considered a
time of trial for the chosen people; and we may divide
those who suffered it into three classes. There
are, first, those carried away in youth, in middle life,
or in old age, who bear with them more or less vivid
memories to cheer them, some with slight reminiscences,
others with full recollection of their state flourishing,
their country at peace, a worship in full observance,
which has left them, as their holiest legacy, the
remembrance of all its splendour and glory. Then
there come those who, born in the captivity, or too
young to recollect anything previous to it, grow up
and spend their lives and die, without anything to
solace them; with no recollection of the past; the
history which they have heard in their childhood
gradually decaying and melting away from their
memories: servitude and desolation, the strange tongue
and the hard word, and the biting jest of the oppressor
and of the stranger,—amidst these they live and die
in darkness and desolation. And then at last comes
the third class, of those who begin their lives in sorrow,
who have nothing of the spirit of their fathers, or of
their happy recollections, scarcely of their traditions;
but who suddenly, by a change in their state, find
themselves once more restored to the enjoyment of
their native land, and able to work with their hands

and hearts for a restoration of better times; and who though they may weep over the inferiority of their second temple, may still glory that they are engaged in raising some temple to their God.

But when you come to look over a period of three hundred years, oh! how many generations do these absorb in sorrow. Few amongst us could trace back for that period the names of our ancestors. We carry them not at least in our memory. It effaces the traditions, in the family and home, of all that passed before. And that has been the fate of the country of which I am treating. Since the change came over it, which swept away so completely all the glories of its ancient Church, there have succeeded ages of sad cruelty and spoliation. We need not look at the details, merciless and fearful as they now look to us, which accompanied these vicissitudes. But let it be sufficient to come to the conclusion, that at the end of that period, the work was accomplished. The country was in a state in which no other civilized one is found, divided into two classes, in a state of antagonism and almost of armed animosity towards each other; the one possessed of the soil, of wealth, and influence, and whatever makes men great before the world; the other labouring and toiling in abject submission, at all events subjection, under those from whom they had to seek, not the food of idleness, but

labour, by which they could earn their food. All know the old history of ejectments, and evictions, and driving away from small holdings. Such was the daily story which we remember hearing of that country,—those of us, that is, who are past the middle period of life, when at times almost the whole of it was put into a state of outlawry, when it was in the possession of one party that only sought to oppress the other.

In the meantime, while these poor creatures, for so I must needs call them, were literally starving in the midst of plenty, were dying away in a climate and on a soil which Providence had made capable of sustaining the most stalwarth and teeming population, they clung to one thing, and that could not be wrested from them. One only blessing remained to them. We all remember since our childhood the story taken from ancient mythology of the wonderful box, the casket which contained every good gift; and how when it was opened by the unfortunate Pandora they all flew away, so that one only remained, but that was worth all the rest. There lingered alone of all (it would not quit) Hope; and what, I ask you, what is religion but hope brought home to the heart of the poor and the afflicted? What is Christianity but the immense trust of man in God? What is the gospel, but the message of hope, of eternal hope, which

teaches man to despise what is passing ; to look forward to the end of every present wretchedness as even the ground and means of future happiness ? and it was this, and this alone, that remained to this poor afflicted people. Let me indeed say boldly at once, so long as this was not taken from them, they were in possession of that pearl which it is well to sacrifice everything else to gain if you have it not, or to keep if you have it already in possession. One may destroy learning, and knowledge, and education, and culture, and civilization almost. But, oh ! if you can only preserve alive a steadfast faith and belief in God, and in His eternal mercies, and in His infinite rewards, you will secure for the heart of the poor man, far more than all the craft of statesmen, or all the violence of enemies can possibly pluck from him. Well, then, during these three hundred years, while they were ridiculed because they dwelt in mud cabins on the edge of the bog, this supported that prostrate population. Why, when the last spark had died out from the turf on the cabin floor, and when the storm was beating around the dismantled roof in the cold winter, and the wind was penetrating through every chink and cranny ; when the poor, desolate, frozen Irishman said (as I have no doubt he did say again and again), “glory be to God,” there was a brighter light in that miserable hut than all the lustres of the

most splendid assembly-room could have communicated to it.

This has been the condition of Irishmen, suffering in many a way for many, and many, and many a year ; but the greatest trial was not in this. It came when the religion of the people, of the mass, the bulk of the people, was, as far as human power could effect it, swept away. Not a church was left to us, not a place in which to assemble to worship God ; not a college, not a school, not an institution by which religion could be supported or propped up ; not any one of those appliances by which the inward devotion is so much warmed and sustained ; not a function of the Church, not an object which could move the religious affections, hardly even the power of receiving instruction ; it is a miracle, indeed, how, with the loss, the total loss, of every one of these almost necessary aids to religion for so many centuries, it was preserved, not only alive, but bright and brilliant ; not only warm, but burning in the hearts of the entire population.

It was in this state of things that a further trial was encountered. For those hundred of years man had subjected the country to every form of oppression and wretchedness ; but there came now what might have been considered, in ordinary reasoning, a still worse and still more difficult trial. After so long

sustaining the power of their oppressors, it appeared as if the might of God suddenly broke upon them. Famine, fever—grown almost to the dimensions of pestilence—invaded the greater portion of the country, and those parts with greater severity in which there were less means of resistance and remedy. The poorer the distant mountain regions in which they dwelt, the smaller the towns and hamlets in which they were congregated, the more helpless naturally were the victims of those dreadful calamities; they came one after another, the consequence, if you please, one of another, but still so dependent on the Will higher than that of man, that we cannot but consider them as a visitation of God—one of those mysterious visitations, it may be, of mercy as well as of justice. It was the Almighty “wounding and curing, striking” that His “hand might heal” (Job, v. 18). Remember what David said when the choice of evils was offered to him: “It is better to fall into the hands of the Lord, than into the hands of men” (1 Paralip. xxi. 13). This people had suffered for centuries from the hands of men, and they had repined, and they had writhed under the trampling foot of the oppressor, and had risen up against him. They had shown by acts of outward violence that their hearts could no longer brook the contempt and hardship with which they were treated. They had rebelled

against the hand of man because they had believed and felt him to be unjust. But so soon as the hand of God touched them they murmured not, they repined not, they rose not, because they knew that He was just. And so, they who would not suffer the injustice of man, were seen to bear that series of calamities inflicted by the hand of God with a calm and a patience, of which I doubt if there is another example in the history of nations. Those men, strong and powerful, who could easily have resisted open oppression, and who might have been tempted to do so, when they saw the pestilence reach their homes, bowed their heads in silence. They beheld their little ones, the only flowers which grew around their cottage, pine and fade, and at length exhale their little breaths in all the fragrance of innocence ; and they murmured not, but bore the little nestlings in their arms away to the grave, hastily prepared ; for the very men who had to dig them were themselves struck, and were scarcely able to perform the last duty of burying those whom they had so soon to follow. This was the condition of the country, and some said—" Oh, we have been right in our treatment of them, for God has followed in our footsteps, and is crushing them outright."

Yet these calamities have been the very turning point of the fate and history of the country. From

that moment of deepest woe we may date such changes, essential or important, as have opened a bright future to the country. It may be said that through that tremendous calamity, which, for a time, seemed to crush all hope, as the clod is broken and levelled beneath an iron roller, there was a seed hidden by a better hand, and ready, in a very short time, to sprout forth and produce its bountiful fruit. Three changes may be said to have been caused by that period, and to date from it.

The first was that of emigration, which naturally took its origin in the desolation that surrounded the inhabitants ; the second was that of culture, and of agriculture in consequence ; and the third was the loosening of property, which passed into the hands of those, who, according to the ordinary laws of nature, should, at least, have had their fair share of it.

Before that period there was a want of energy and enterprise, or, if you please, of heart, in the Irish peasantry for emigration ; there was, on the contrary, a clinging to the soil, to the home of their afflictions and their fathers, which prevented the many who could not find employment at home from seeking it elsewhere. This spell was now broken, and this was the first advantage obtained, was the first of these improvements. But at the same time the changes thus produced in the population had the effect of rendering

labour, and even the possession of small holdings, more accessible to the diminished numbers that remained at home. It is evident that before this period, while there were colonies inviting on every side, in the east and in the west, there was not comparatively any eager desire to take advantage of the prospects opened out by them. But now began what has been called the "Exodus," the continual out-flowing of the people, so steady and unceasing that it at length began to alarm the Government of the country. But no ; under the good laws of Providence a true level is sure to be found ; and when so many have gone to seek their fortunes, and often find them in distant climates, those who remain behind, finding that there is good and sufficient employment and food, of course have no longer the temptation to follow them ; and therefore the population is reduced to the just proportion of the wants of the country.

At the same time, many of those who have gone abroad to seek honest labour, by their industry support not only themselves, but often others. Generally the emigrant when he goes far from his home, and becomes the father of a family, has his own circle round him, has made new relations with the world, and perhaps forgets the cradle of his infancy and the abode of his aged friends. But the Irish emigrant is not

such a man. For the sums of money which we read of up to the other day, as transmitted year by year, and month by month, by emigrants to their families at home, pass all calculation, and I may say become almost incredible. The able and liberally-minded Sir James Stephen stated the other day at Liverpool (Oct. 13), that, without counting the sums transmitted by emigrants to their friends in Ireland through private hands, those that passed through banking and commercial firms in ten years, from 1848 to 1857, amounted to the prodigious sum of £9,937,000, nearly ten millions sterling! These emigrants are thus often the support of poor relations at home. Instead of becoming selfish and casting away the memory of their homes, they do their utmost to raise them to a more flourishing condition, or at all events to assist those who inhabit them, in tilling the earth and earning their livelihood. This emigration, therefore, has not been a mere rush of desperate men to seek their fortunes; nor has it broken those sacred family links which were previously so sacred in Ireland; but it has been the means of testing and making better known the truthfulness and soundness of the Irish heart.

The next revolution which I have mentioned, that in the cultivation of the soil, is very naturally attributed to the decay of that food which had formed the

staple nourishment of the poor. That sad monotony of diet, if I may so call it, is in itself injurious to health. But, besides that, it confined all agricultural industry to almost one plant—I speak comparatively of course—and it pleased Divine Providence to stretch forth its chastening hand and touch it, so that like Jonas's gourd it withered ; and by that means to produce a great and most important revolution on the face of Ireland. I can speak from my own observation. Do not think I am going to play the farmer, or to state anything very scientific on the subject of agriculture, or beyond what may strike the eye of any observant person. But I have inquired again and again from intelligent friends, whether the change is real, and they have confirmed me in concluding that there is in Ireland at the present time a regular succession of crops as in England. I have seen in Ireland some finer crops, and fields in more promising condition, than I had seen in England before I went, or than I have seen since my return. I had opportunities of conversing with one or two men of high attainments in this branch of practical science—men who have directed the cultivation of large tracts of country—and they assured me that a regular routine of crops was everywhere established in Ireland. Indeed, I was surprised to see the very small proportion of land devoted to the culture of the old root, the potato, compared with other crops.

This is a change much for the better, not only because it has produced a material improvement of condition, by furnishing better food, but because we know that the mind expands in proportion to the variety in skill that is required from it. The common day labourer who goes no further than the cultivation of the same one crop, becomes rooted with it in the soil ; his looks rise not above it ; his intelligence becomes limited to that narrow sphere. But the man who has to study the nature of the soil, and to look to its wants, and supply them by his scientific knowledge ; who has gradually to learn what is most profitable, what is grown with the greatest ease, employs his mind, inquires, compares, reads, and judges for himself after all. Then he becomes conversant with men ; he goes to the market, he studies prices, and gets an insight into what before he had considered to be confined to men of higher attainments and class. No doubt there is an amount of mental power developed by the advancement of what naturally appears the lowest of scientific pursuits.

Then, let any man go through Ireland now who has been there before, and note the herds and flocks, the stock throughout the country, and he will find things not only importantly, but totally changed. He will look in vain for races of animals which he saw years ago. In every department farmers and

yeomen, and all who are occupied with the care of stock, are up to the mark in whatever relates to agricultural industry. You meet everywhere the best breeds of cattle, excellently managed. The face of the country in this respect is changed. I will not say you will find the finish of the English farm ; but remember that you have to deal with a people who, by their own efforts, comparatively without capital for hundreds of years, after paying rack-rent, have succeeded in improving their land. You cannot expect that they will indulge all at once in luxuries ; it is enough that they are improving at a rate which is astonishing to those who have paid impartial attention to the subject. Such is the second benefit of the wonderful ways of God in teaching people by dreadful scourges, as they are often called, which are, however, often the mere chastenings of a father.

But this is not all. It is well known that in Ireland the land was in the possession of the few ; that landlords have for ages held large tracts of country, and if they endeavoured to extort unnatural prices from the competition of the poor, who, from being in a state of starvation, were ready to seize on any chance of food, it was not always so much from avarice or cruelty as from necessity. For the landlord's debts the creditor had often to seize on so large a portion of the nominal income of an estate, and

there were so many out-goings that, with lordly residences and splendid demesnes, many of the gentry were little better than paupers themselves. Not only were many of them unable to pay their debts, but in consequence of the famine they did not receive even that portion of their exorbitant rents with which they had often been obliged to be satisfied ; they sank into penury, and were glad to be relieved of the property which had become more than a burden to them. And that led to the wise law by which so much land has been thrown into the market, and has become the property of small owners. And let me observe that it is not the first purchaser that will in the end be the holder of the land. Many who buy upon the speculation of selling at a profit, or who, having bought, do not like, if they are strangers, to go into a new country, or who, perhaps, do not find a suitable house on the estate, sell again. At each sale a subdivision takes place. Persons with small capital are able to become possessors of land ; traders in towns, who have put by their savings, like to invest them in real property ; and the land, which seemed by the sale of so many estates likely to pass away from the inhabitants of the soil, is going gradually back to them, and in the course of a few years will be divided among many and many comfortable and respectable, though small, land-owners. See, then, how, so long as the

country was under the oppression of man, there seemed to be no power in the people of Ireland to rise above poverty, there being no elasticity in the tenure and institutions of the country. The only means of releasing themselves from the terrible oppression seemed to be the frightful, unwarrantable, and indefensible course of revolution, as we call it on the continent, or rebellion as it is called when speaking of home; a course which only added to their distress. The moment God's hand fell, heavy as it was, you see again how wonderfully it wounded, and it healed; it cast down, and it raised up. It always does so; and Ireland, from the touch of that fatherly hand, severe as it appeared, has risen to a magnificence of prosperity, which promises more even than any one would have ventured to prognosticate. I must remark, that the many opportunities which I had of observing the condition of Ireland gave me another test, very simple and obvious, of the state of the people, and that is, the healthy look, the substantial clothing, the manly bearing which I witnessed, and many other things which showed that there was no feeling of abject depression among the people, and that there was no positive destitution in many of those parts where we have always understood that it prevailed. There may be vivid representations of misery, squalidness, and mean subjection yet continued in

those stories which pretend to describe the character of the Irish people through a medium most unfavourable to them, and these may have formed the opinion of many here, so as to have been accustomed to consider them as a poor, a ragged, and famished population ; but I saw nothing of the sort. I know not what they may be in very remote districts where distress may still prevail. You know that social progress does not move by a sudden rush ; it goes forward gradually—it is like the waves encroaching on the shore, one goes a little further than the last ; and then it seems as if the water receded for a time, and you can scarcely tell whether there is any advance, until you find a considerable space, and at last the whole covered. So it is with the revived energy of a people acting throughout the land. It begins at points, at centres where there is population, and where that population is furnished with the means of cultivation ; or where manufactures naturally arise ; but then there are still distant mountains and remote valleys, which it may take a long time before prosperity reaches. And thus it is no objection to what I have said to find that there are regions where poverty still prevails, and even distress ; but there is every cheering hope that, by degrees, there will not remain one portion of the island that is not visited by a well-earned prosperity.

Perhaps it may occur to some that I am speaking of the people—of the nationality of Ireland—as if composed of the poorer classes, with only a certain number of those in a higher sphere. If, in appearance, I make this the extent of Ireland's nationality, I own I do ; because I do not call that national which is fastened to a nation, not by growth, but by cramps—even though they may be golden cramps—that which does not partake of its own vitality. And whether you speak of absentee landlords, or whether you speak of those who, on the spot, discharge certain spiritual functions, but who have no sympathy with the people, and go not with them, consult not with them, but who merely study their own interest or their own views, despising, even thwarting and opposing the wishes of those whom they affect to serve in what they undertake, and who therefore cannot be said to be a portion of them—I could not consider that the thoughts and feelings of men in such circumstances, however respectable, however high in character, however able, however philanthropic, can form a part of what is called a national movement. Or, if you please to maintain that they are a portion of one and the same plant, I will own it; but I must say there is, to my eye, something of the mistletoe about it, which grows, indeed, on a tree, but has not leaf, or stem, or colour, or character like the plant on which it is fastened ; only I will

further remark, it contrives to keep green even when the tree has lost every vestige of verdure.

And now, if I may use my own experience, I will say that nothing struck me more in Ireland than the characteristic resemblance which I found everywhere among the people. You can find in different parts of Ireland what you may call different national families. In some parts you will find more robust growth, a greater physical development, while in other parts you may observe a "race," as it is called, not so strong, nor possessing such powerful physical characteristics. Now these varieties are to be traced in every part of England, and in every country of the world. But in the character of the people it seemed to me that everywhere there was a resemblance which was the stamp of the most strict complete nationality ; and that nationality seemed all to be one in its great principles, as well as in all that it was doing, or trying to do. The manners of the people, their looks, the countenances may be different, but one expression pervades them ; there is in every man of them, wherever you go, a warmth and an expansion of heart which is totally different from what you find—from what I have found—in any other country. There is a spontaneity of expression ; there is a facility of giving utterance to their thoughts ; there is a brilliancy, even a poetry about them which animates the whole of the peasantry.

They have a smile upon their countenance which is bright and cheering ; the light of their eye is not only brilliant but most tender ; and I was surprised, in the multitude of persons whom I saw congregated, to the amount of thousands, to observe the sort of natural gentleness of bearing which belongs, most markedly, to a moral people. I never in the whole of my tour, and I have said my observation extends to tens of thousands of people, saw a rude act by one man or youth to another. When a crowd of persons came together, one group of them, who had gratified their feelings, would give way and say, "Now let others come forward," with a considerate and courteous manner which would do honour to any assembly of the wealthy, and what we call the educated classes. Gentlemen, I believe a moral peasant is more of a gentleman than one who is merely born or bred so. The manner too in which they make known their gratification or their joy is the same throughout. I have seen for miles along the road houses shut up, the windows and doors closed, but all adorned with flowers and boughs, when they who had left behind them their emblems of their good feelings could not receive a word or a look of commendation in return. It was their way of showing the spontaneousness of their feelings, and this was the case all over the country ; the same form of demonstration seemed to prevail everywhere.

I have thus endeavoured to show you the spirit of the people who are shaking off the dust of three hundred years, and asserting in a most noble manner their true position—you recollect I am not speaking of their political position but of their grand social position—who are advancing in education, advancing in culture, advancing in the sense of their true interests. This is what I mean by progress and the raising of Ireland to its proper position ; a position which lessens jealousies, which diminishes antagonism, which makes men feel that it is not by lowering others that they raise themselves, but by taking their own flight and leaving others to follow if they can.

Having seen this, the next natural questions to ask are, what is the first feeling which this great development has produced on the Irish mind. and what are the demonstrations of this progress ? Perhaps, if you look sometimes at—I do not know what to call them exactly—but papers, or articles, or reviews about Ireland, you will find a sort of exultation betrayed, that in proportion as Irishmen are becoming more acquainted with the good things of this world, are acquiring land, seeking to possess territory, aiming at becoming great, they are falling off in regard for the religion in which they had been wrapped up for years ; they are becoming more independent of their clergy ; less attached to the “superstitions” of their creed—

emancipating themselves from a certain great city in Italy, and its sovereign, so that by degrees one may expect to get them to read Socinian pamphlets, to forget their faith, and to become comfortable free-thinkers. Allow me to tell you that the best way to examine this is by evidence. I cannot tell what passes in the Irish, more than in any other, mind ; but I know that there are certain principles which I can apply towards forming an estimate of it. When you tell me that as a man grows rich he becomes less anxious about his religion—that he cares less for his creed, and his priests, the first evidence that I should expect is that he has got a more comfortable house for himself, (quite natural !) that as he becomes richer he will give a better education to his children, (quite right !); but I should expect that when the parish priest comes and says, “ You have had a good harvest ; we must have a new chapel—I shall expect you to give something handsome ;” he would button up his pocket and say, “ I have learned not to think so much of the necessity of these religious matters, and I have better purposes for my money, so you must not look for much from me.” That would be evidence that the man has grown more careless of his spiritual duties and advantages. But I have found quite the contrary. For from one end of Ireland to the other, entirely by their own efforts, the people are giving outward demonstrations

of immense liberality to the Church, and of almost incredible magnificence in their ideas of what ought to be done for religion. Nothing struck me more than this. And in order to illustrate it, because it is a question of development, I will give you a very brief account of what we must call ecclesiastical architecture in Ireland. And I have good witnesses near me* who I know will excuse me if I say, that the characteristic of the first style of Catholic ecclesiastical architecture in Ireland was—no building at all, no church. I had the pleasure, among others, of meeting the now venerable Bishop of Raphoe, who told us publicly, that, when he was a boy, and went with his father to Mass, in the diocese over which he now presides, there was not one single church or chapel in it—that it was in the open air alone that divine worship could be attended by the Catholic. And, as another distinguished prelate afterwards informed me, the fact is vouched for by the retention, in many places, of the name—the “Mass-garden,” or, the “Mass-field.” The people assembled, having for the floor their native soil, for the walls the mountains and crags of their native country, for the roof God’s own canopy of Heaven. A little shed, or canvass covering, was all that could be afforded for sheltering the altar ; and while the priest

* Several bishops and clergy from Ireland were on the platform.

could just discharge his most solemn office under this temporary protection, but exposed to the cold and damp atmosphere that surrounded him, the congregation were all on their knees on the ground, out of doors—it might be in rain, or hail, or snow, it made no matter. This is not all. “During the whole time,” said the venerable bishop, “there was a watchman on the top of the hill, to give us notice when the Presbyterians might come upon us.” That was the state of religion among Donegal Catholics, so recently as to be described yet by living witnesses ; and that was their architecture—a shed, or a canvass tent. But if this was all the architecture that Catholics could boast of in the life-time of him who now rules that diocese, he was able to add, that he has not a single parish that is not provided with a good and an ample church.

Now for the second stage of ecclesiastical architecture in Ireland. In Gothic architecture we have successive styles : the Norman, the Early Pointed, the Decorated, and so on. I proceed in the same way with the architecture of our poor brethren in Ireland. The second style was, the low walls built of mud, or whatsoever was the handiest material, and covered with thatch ; but without a floor. I have heard Mass myself in such a place as this, when I was a child, and I can bear witness, therefore, to the second period. This was the case almost all over the country. The third

period is the one which has lasted till lately. In many country places, and in towns, there rose substantial buildings, plain, without any pretensions to architecture, though solidly built, slated, and well floored ; for you are aware that church architecture has only revived amongst us within a few years, and that what we call real Gothic was rare among us thirty years back, till an illustrious architect, before whose genius every one must bow, arose and reformed the whole of church building. Therefore, in Ireland, you now find, in many places, large churches and chapels, proportioned to the wants of the place, the study having been to accommodate the multitude. But they are useful ; and represent to us the third period of Irish architecture.

This unpretending system went on till the dreadful period of the famine. You could hardly expect that much should have been done since then, in an impoverished and afflicted country, still less could you expect much development from men who are supposed to care very little for anything except their temporal advantages. Instead of such a result, they are not satisfied with what I have described : with plain substantial edifices for their religious worship ; they must have noble, splendid, and elegant buildings. Nor is this confined to any one place in Ireland. It is not in Ballinasloe only, though there I opened one such as

I should be delighted to see in London. It is built of stone, admirably carved, having aisles, sanctuary, windows, not only with handsome tracery, but filled in with stained glass : exceedingly lofty, much loftier than what we usually see in England, with the roof enriched with carved work. And that was built entirely by the people. For I number among the genuine people of Ireland those of any class who join with the poor in advancing God's work. Still, most was done by the poorest class. Poor creatures ; they could not get from their landlord even a site of land ; he thought it his duty, I have no doubt, to refuse it ! To such an extent is this narrow-hearted policy followed, that when land was required to build schools in the same place, to be under the care of Sisters of Mercy, just as the contract for a portion of land was going to be signed, the landlord, though the population to whom he owes his income there is Catholic, refused to sign, on discovering for what object it was wanted. Yet, I believe, he is kind-hearted, and acknowledges the great benefit of that education. Such is yet the strength of religious antagonism in Ireland. And so, instead of being able to get a proper site, the Catholics of Ballinasloe were obliged to build their church actually over their poor little chapel. Does that show indifference to the outward things of religion, to its splendour ?

In other towns one sees many examples. I was

struck, at Athlone, by a splendid church with a chancel, upon the highest point of the town, looking down upon it. It appeared in its proper place ; the church of the population, the real parish church, crowning the dwellings of its faithful flock. There was no appearance of progress in any other direction. This gigantic work, for a single individual, was undertaken by the parish priest ; it is roofed in, and in the course of a year is expected to be opened. Similar work is going on throughout Ireland. I receive constantly drawings of beautiful churches, large and small, which are being erected in that country, some in a style of rich design. I remember the little old thatched chapel in a watering place in the south of Ireland, where now is being erected a beautiful church by the contributions of the people—of the poor—which in two years have amounted to £500. Does all this show that the faith is dying out? that the people are becoming indifferent to the outward manifestations of religion? You will say, quite the contrary. How can you know when a man here in England is very successful? He has been in trade and business, living in a moderate way : what is the outward demonstration by which you know that he is prosperous? He has started his carriage—well, that is an undoubted evidence. He builds himself a large house—he lays out money on its adornment which is not necessary ; he, therefore, can spare the money :

consequently he's become rich. In the same way the success, the prosperity of Ireland, the greater comfort of the poorer classes is demonstrated as naturally, by their having good churches. They want them, and they will have them. And this proof of worldly prosperity is being manifested, as I have said, all over the land.

It is true that they still cling, in some places, to the old name of "chapel," and the term often does injustice to the place so designated, because it makes you fancy four walls with round-headed windows, a stunted tower, and a cracked bell. We have churches in the true sense of the word ; but the dominant party attaches such importance to the word "church," that their place of worship, however paltry, must be called a "church," while our magnificent edifices must be content with the name of "chapel." A gentleman, now her Majesty's able representative at a foreign court, told me this anecdote :—"A friend of mine," he said, "has just come from Rome. He met a friend there who is not a Catholic, and, it so happened, that neither had yet paid his first visit to St. Peter's ; they agreed to go together. As soon as they entered the door, both, as every visitor does the first time, stood on the threshold in amazement. The Catholic could not help exclaiming 'what a magnificent church !' 'Chapel, sir,' said the other, waspishly."

This mistake will cure itself. I could not help observing how very naturally the nationality which I have spoken of was manifesting itself wherever churches are being built. In a town containing 10,000 Catholics, and, perhaps a hundred Protestants of all shades, there used to be seen but one tower, almost extinguishing a wretched stunted edifice. This was the Protestant church, while the place in which the Catholics assembled seemed to skulk in the shade. But now, the new edifices are asserting their true rights ; they tower above everything else, they point with their delicate spires towards heaven ; and any one entering the town, naturally says, " that, of course, is the church of the place." And so it is, for it is the church of its people.

It was also impossible not to observe how the accessories of architecture, ornaments of every kind, are admirably and splendidly provided. Metal work and marbles are to be seen in greater profusion, and often more elaborately rich, than we usually possess. And I am happy to add, that there exists no jealousy in questions of art. English architects, decorators, and artists are as busy in Ireland as here, and meet with a generous patronage on every side.

It is evident that the popular feeling is not satisfied with the mere possession of what one may call a respectable, or even a comfortable " place of worship."

It craves much more; and it will be satisfied. It loves the beauty of God's House; it will have its walls, like those of Dundalk, covered with colour and gold, brilliant and yet graceful. Now, whence has this feeling sprung? Who has infused it? Have lecturers gone about the country and inspired it? Is it the result of a popular literature, or of national education? Certainly not. A few years ago probably a good religious engraving was not seen by a man in his life; as to a painting or a stained window, millions lived and died without beholding one. Then whence came this taste? One can only reply, that it is spontaneous, self-generated—instinctive, in one word.

It is natural to every Catholic mind and heart to aim at having everything connected with the divine worship as splendid and rich as possible, and to seize the purest taste of the age for giving the wish effect. But surely it is no small proof of undiminished attachment to religion to see this spirit so vigourously at work, so universally and so uniformly in Ireland. Its evidence confutes the foolish idea that prosperity has lessened or impaired the religious attachments of her people. Indeed, future ages will rather contemplate in the many monuments that rise in beauty, so soon after a most calamitous epoch, the thanks-offering of a faithful people, that render to God the first-fruits of restored peace and well-being.

But the nationality of faith suffices not. There is another virtue more sublime, and more perfect, which can never die. This is charity, that is, love in activity, and directed outwardly. We may have love, but we cannot have charity for ourselves. The same causes which repress or retard the manifestations of faith, act as unfavourably on charity. And hence the unfolding of both into outward action is sure to be one act. And if faith, repressed for three hundred years, has at length come forth so fresh and brilliant, even more may we expect that the pent-up charity of a most warm and tender-hearted people will have rushed out through the first vent offered it, and have freely indulged in every variety of application. And such, in fact, has been the case.

For illustrating and enforcing this assertion, I must confine myself mainly to the metropolis, for obvious reasons. One is, that I was longer stationary there than in any other city; another, that naturally the capital unites within its compass more misery and more wealth than a smaller town. In Dublin, I will venture to say, there is scarcely a form of wretchedness that has not been provided for by Catholic charity, within our generation. I own that till I visited one after another, I had no idea of this wonderful variety of good works. I will not attempt to enumerate them.

If you speak of hospitals, one in the hands of Sisters of Charity, in Stephen's-green, has been more than doubled in the interval of my two last visits, and may now be justly called one of the great institutions of the city. Yet it is nothing in extent (in admirable management we may doubt if it can be surpassed) to the great *Mater Misericordiæ* hospital, now in course of erection. This will form, when finished, a magnificent quadrangle, covering, I believe, almost an acre, and capable of containing five hundred patients. This is one of the many vast undertakings of the Sisters of Mercy.

Dublin can also boast of asylums for the blind, and for the deaf and dumb, in spacious buildings, and for the unfortunate by mental alienation. These are all under the care of religious, as are the refuges for penitents, for orphans, and for the poor out of place. The schools conducted by religious of both sexes are innumerable; and though some assistance may be granted towards these from public funds, yet they swell greatly the enormous sums required for charitable purposes, from private resources. Add the splendid churches rising in every suburb, and in the heart of the city, the colleges built in the neighbourhood, like All Hallows, Clongowes, Stillorgan (the gift of one of the most munificent of artisans*), and

* Mr. Donegan.

Castleknock, or to be erected, like the seminary and the great central house for Christian Brothers, for which immense plots have been purchased ; add to these the many new establishments yet struggling with first difficulties, rising, as in a forcing-bed, in some chance house, or almost a shed ; and further take in the many beautiful and vast conventual schools for ladies of higher society which have risen within a few years. Remember, then, that all of these undertakings have required huge sums to start, and that most of them are yet leaning on the shoulders of charity for support, and judge how herculean must be the strength and the frame of this sustaining power. A colossal virtue, indeed, must we pronounce the charity of Dublin. I believe I am within compass when I say that the religious communities of women in the city and its neighbourhood amount to eighty.

I cannot, however, refuse to dwell upon a class of religious and charitable institutions only glanced at in my enumeration, because it reflects great credit on others besides the good nuns, and shows the tardy, but certain triumph of good sense in Ireland, over the narrow and ungenerous policy of past times. Two classes of persons under public guardianship have been entrusted, with eminent success, to the care of religious communities. The first consists of

innocent inmates of the workhouse, to whom I alluded as still confined to cottages little better than sheds. The public authorities have wisely judged, that these poor creatures would be more happy, better instructed, and more likely to get provided for, if entrusted to the maternal care of Sisters of Mercy. The result has been admirable ; and one can only wish that it could be tried on a much wider plan.

But the second class required a far bolder experiment. It consisted of grown-up criminals, often the very *habitués* of the prison, some of whom had perhaps been convicted twenty times. Some of these had been found unmanageable there, scarcely to be restrained by bars and bolts ; yet, transferred to the unsupported custody of religious, with scarcely a latch on the door, and with many a gap in the hedge, these poor outcasts of society, whom human justice could not subdue, toil patiently, silent, and happy, under the gentle sway of Christian mercy.

It is but justice to the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to say that he not only patronised, but cherished this noble undertaking, frequently visiting, and expressing to the penitents his surprise at the facility with which they were then governed, compared with their untameable characters in gaol. But Lord Carlisle has born a public testimony to this noble work, which deserves to be quoted. It occurs

in his speech at the Liverpool meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Improvement, in October last. It is as follows :—

“ The care of the Roman Catholic prisoners of this class has been undertaken by the ladies of the Sisterhood of Mercy at Golden Bridge. Feeble and wholly inadequate, indeed, would be any words of mine to do justice to the unremitting self-devotion and cheerful alacrity with which the manager of the refuge, herself well-born and refined (I ought, I suppose, to confine myself to her assumed name of Sister Mary Magdalen) with her coadjutors, discharges this labour of great love. To prove that I am not using the language of mere compliment, an idle sentiment, I may present the following results, which, I believe, have never yet been given, in so complete a form at least. From the first opening of the St. Vincent's Reformatory, in April, 1856, down to the present month :—152 have been received ; 67 are at present there ; 85 have been disposed of. You will remember that these were women, for the most part, reared and steeped in crime, and from general experience, if discharged in ordinary course, would have given no hope of reformation. 21 have been sent to situations in Ireland, and are all ascertained to be doing well ; 26 are in the colonies ; 24 have returned to their homes ; 16 were married, and are now living respect-

ably ; 8 were received by their parents ; 5 have been received into an asylum ; 3 have been married in Ireland, and are well reported of ; 6 have been sent back to prison. So that out of the whole 85 there are only 6 to whom subsequent misconduct can be traced."

In the same liberal spirit the nuns have access to the female prisoners in one of the gaols, and are able to contribute much to their reformation and instruction. This gradual recognition of religious bodies, not only as useful institutions, but as national instruments in the great works of the day, is a most important gain, and a clear proof of the victory which the religious nationality of Ireland is gaining, by quiet and irresistible steps, over the narrow exclusiveness of ancient prejudices. There can be little doubt, that those who are in earnest in what they profess, the desire to reform, rather than punish, the criminal, to educate, rather than entrap, the inexperienced, will be led by observation to enlarge still further the sphere of operations already opened to these best of reformers and teachers, and say : "if we are, in reason, obliged to adopt and employ the best instruments for our work, let old party prepossessions be put aside, and let us give to religious bodies all possible latitude and confidence in the prosecution of our national works of charitable policy." For allow me to remark, that

these good Sisters, the true mothers of the poor, have never offered or attempted to obtrude, as it would be called, their services upon those of other creeds.

If I have dwelt upon the capital, it is not to disparage the great works successfully undertaken elsewhere. But as naturally the visitor of a country expects to find that more splendid edifices than elsewhere—its banks, its courts of law, its university, its museum, and, perhaps unfortunately often, its theatres—so it is good to see that the things of God, of religion, and of charity, keep pace with those of the world; emulate them in abundance, equal them in beauty, excel them far in usefulness. There is not, however, a great city or a town in Ireland in which a like proportion has not been observed, in which the religious development has lagged after the material, or the principal claims of charity have been neglected.

Nay, there is hardly a rural district or a populous hamlet which does not enjoy the benefit of religious education from some community established by private charity or by clerical provision. And the consequence is, that to the proverbial purity of Erin's daughters the cloister's calm yet active retreat is almost everywhere accessible; and scarcely a family of any mark will be found which has not contributed a sister or a daughter to this glory of the country. For now, at

least, we can speak boldly concerning this heroic life of devotedness and self-denial, and of those who are equally ready to kneel by the poor in the Irish hovel, or by the soldier in the Crimean tent. I doubt if now a whisper could be presumed to be raised against their untarnished fame. Nay, not even during a late period of fanatical excitement, when a few unmanly creatures directed their tainted breath against them, was a cloud permitted to steal momentarily across it, any more than it would, had it been cast upon a diamond mirror.

I am now drawing to a close; but perhaps my most distasteful task remains. It is hard to allude to another evidence and feature of popular attachment to religion, notwithstanding social progress, without appearing to connect it with myself. This, indeed, is what I am most anxious to avoid. Perhaps the most difficult commission that can be given to an artist is, to paint a picture into which he has to introduce himself. You will observe, however, that the best masters, in such an emergency, will invariably introduce themselves in the outermost circle of spectators, or humble attendants, never as taking part in the action. You will look for Perugino, Raffaele, Domenichino, or Overbeck among the shepherds, or the guards who skirt the composition. Allow me to retire to the same unpretending place, and describe what I

witnessed as a looker-on more than a party in the scenes.

And only as such have I a right to consider myself, in witnessing what I cannot, without injustice, omit to mention, the manifestation of Ireland's national attachment to the Holy See. This is, after all, the capital point in the whole enquiry. For you can imagine selfish, or domestic, or even national motives for almost anything else. A peasant or a merchant may feel an interest in his own parish church, and wish to have it handsome and even rich. Every one desires to procure for his own and his neighbours' children the best education, and will contribute to obtain it. Even a patriotic pride may enhance personal motives in such purposes. But every such feeling fades as its circle is enlarged, and dies away like the successive rings on the water's surface, when a stone is thrown into its depths. What can exist of such palpable motives, when affection has to reach one unseen, unheard, unknown by personal contact?

Yet, as a Catholic, the peasant of Connemara owns, obeys, nay reverences deeply and loves enthusiastically a foreign distant power, one whose actual name he may possibly not know, but whom he hears and speaks of as the Pope, the head of his Church. Is not nationality, in its ordinary sense, repugnant to this feeling? In England is it not so thought? Then we may say,

though it sounds like a paradox, that the evidence of a developed Catholic nationality in Ireland would have been incomplete, without increased proof of this deep and essential Catholic emotion. It was this that I had so many opportunities of witnessing. Many addresses did I hear not only from clergy but from laity of every class ; and, I rejoiced to observe them all pervaded by this deep and fervent sentiment of attachment to the Holy See. Often did I witness crowds, dense and wide, which it was hard to pierce, and difficult to see beyond, and at intervals of a few moments I heard the cry, "Long live the Pope ! long live Pope Pius !" I could not but feel that it was the mere representative as they thought of him, one that formed a connecting link with him, that they surrounded. It was easy to throw oneself outside the multitude, and contemplate it as demonstrating spiritual loyalty to its spiritual prince, present everywhere by his paternal sway and religious authority. It would have been necessary to become demented to imagine, amidst such scenes, that Catholic feeling was dying out in Ireland, that one was moving over its embers, and not amidst its glowing fires.

But the repetition of these cheering spectacles brought out another clear evidence that has left on my memory a vivid impression. The religious enthusiasm, which it was my happiness to witness, was

certainly not in contrast with evidences of material advance; quite the contrary. What town more alive to commercial enterprise than Dundalk? It was impossible not to see in the robust frames, the healthy countenances, and the manly bearing of the thousands gathered there every evidence of a "well-to-do" existence. And what population has exhibited more worldly industry, more successful activity in promoting the trade, the exports, and the wealth of their maritime position? Yet nowhere else did I behold a more gratifying exhibition of spontaneous, genuine, and hearty Catholic sentiment. It is the same with Waterford; the trade and material prosperity of the city is increasing, while religious and charitable establishments are multiplied in proportion. And I can truly say that a more glorious exhibition of Catholic feeling never, elsewhere, met my eye or ear. Nor do I believe that Galway, by becoming the great Atlantic port of Great Britain, will turn its back on the storm-proof bark of Peter. Indeed, I am convinced that the expansion of religious feeling in Ireland, improving, as it necessarily does, the contentedness and the morality of the people, will prove the surest promoter of the more worldly prosperity that is before her.

Such are my impressions of my visit to that island, for which man has done so little, but God, both in nature and in grace, has done great things! And I

ask any one, whatever his religious views, is it not wise socially, politically, and morally, to second the impulse, which is acting favourably on the two-fold condition of the people, which is leading to the greatest development of commercial and agricultural prosperity, which tends to peace, to quiet, and to submission to law? Or is it wise, as some think, to endeavour to counteract, oppose it, by a teasing, worrying, though, thank God, fruitless pertinacity of proselytism? For what is the result of these miserable attempts?

It reminds one of the vision of a great father of the Church; but as its application is too sacred and sublime for so wretched a theme, I will rather say it recalls to memory a picture descriptive of it by Garofalo. It represents a child on the sea-shore, who has scooped out a little basin in the sand, and with a ladle is attempting to transfer the ocean into it. We know of course, before-hand, that he will not succeed. But what does he really do? By successive spoonfuls he will fill it at last with some excessively dirty water; this will linger there for a short time; but while he is watching over it and damming it up, first on one side and then on the other, he will find it stealing away from him through the sand; till it regain, drop by drop, the great ocean from which it was filched, to be there absorbed and purified once more.

I will now conclude. But standing for the first time before a large assembly, since my return from Ireland, I gladly take this first opportunity of expressing in the most public, most solemn, and most sincere and affectionate manner, my deep gratitude to that genial and ardent people, who, on my going among them, apparently a stranger, gave me such a welcome as could not have been offered to any one who was not considered a warm friend, and such I feel proud in being allowed to declare myself.

I express, in like manner, my unbounded admiration and love of those most zealous, virtuous, and exemplary prelates who compose the hierarchy of Ireland. I have seen them in their own homes, in their domestic life. I have noted their modest and simple lives, their earnest devotedness to their exalted duties, their grave and eloquent conversation, their generous hospitality, and their untiring charity. I have witnessed their public life; seen them surrounded by their clergy, addressing them or conversing with them; and I could hardly conceive more perfect examples of truly paternal, and almost fraternal, intercourse between bishop and priest; filial attachment and reverence on the one side, and fatherly encouragement on the other. It would, indeed, be difficult to point out a blemish in the conduct of any among this venerable body.

In like manner must I declare with how much gratification, and with what feelings of love rather than friendship, I have been led to regard the clergy, so many of whom I saw, gentle, assiduous, indefatigable, neglecting no duty of their state, and prominent in giving encouragement to their flocks and weight to their lessons, by practising the virtues which they eloquently preach. And having thus expressed my gratitude to those who, at a distance, cannot receive it, unless it be otherwise conveyed to them, I conclude by returning my thanks to you for your kind attention and indulgence in listening to me so long.

THE END.



