

of to-day literally make war upon God himself, seek to discredit Heaven in order to prove its unreality, and preach the impunity of crime and wickedness in order that evil-doers may work iniquity and be at rest. What do I say? Why, they actually glory in the degradation of their species, and labour to demonstrate the baseness of their own origin. Man, the acknowledged masterpiece of creation, and the reflected image in many respects of his Almighty Maker, is now publicly proclaimed to be a soulless, hopeless, irresponsible thing, not unlike the lifeless clod he tramples on; and in either hemisphere, away under the shadows of the Southern Cross, as well as in these more peopled, if not more favoured, latitudes, good and holy men are daily put to shame, and the creed of the early martyrs and apologists, if not actually proscribed, is certainly unpopular. Many of the great powers of earth appear to be arrayed against it. Wicked laws are being framed in high and strong places; wicked men mostly hold sway; the light of faith is sought to be extinguished beside the cradle of the rising generation; and the Chief Pastor of Christendom, despoiled of his patrimony and his palaces, is a prisoner in the hands of Italian brigands and unbelievers. Such, brethren, I regret to say, seems to be a pretty correct view of the actual condition of the Church. Be it so; but what then? This then, that we fear not for the Church, we gladly accept the gauge of battle given to us by the world, and declare ourselves ready for the fray. I for one am not disposed to whine over troubles or even persecutions. Naturally hopeful in all things, when there is question of the Church, I am not simply hopeful, but absolutely secure. To the timid and thoughtless I say, in the language of the Scriptures, "Why are you fearful, oh ye of little faith?" "And the rains fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat against that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." Besides, this is what we have a right to expect, and nothing else. Our Divine Lord, a short time before his Passion, prepared his followers for this very state of things, so much so that I could hardly bring myself to believe in the Catholic Church if I did not see that she was persecuted. "If you had been of this world," He said, "The world would love its own; but, because you are not of this world, therefore the world hateth you." "They will put you out of the synagogue; yea, the times will come that whosoever killeth you will think that he doth a service to God." Add to this that it is not so clear but a fair share of persecution does good to the Church. After the grace of God, anyhow, I believe that persecution helped to preserve the faith in Ireland; and I notice that in the history of other National Churches, when they were most at their ease they were also the most sluggish, and that purity in belief and reasonable progress in other respects are still the characteristics of those portions of the vineyard where sharp conflicts of the secular power, and watchful competition even in religious matters, are well known almost incessantly to prevail. But, brethren, for the rest, what can befall the Church in the future that has not come upon, and tested her, in the past, and yet the trials and sufferings of the past, have done her no enduring damage. After persecution had tried the Church, there sprang up heresies innumerable, so that to-day, I believe, there is absolutely no room for a new heresy, and the old ones are fast dying out. From the fifth to the seventh century, the barbarians of the North, and elsewhere, the Goths, and Huns, and Vandals, and others, dashed in upon Europe, and thundered at the doors and palaces of Rome; all traces of the high civilisation of the past had well nigh perished in their track, the empire of the West ceased to be; and yet the Church, far from sharing its fate, as it should have done were it a purely human institution, was actually elevated by its downfall, and attained to increased splendour and stability on its ruins. Mahomet came next. His fiery followers overran the Further India, coasted round Syria and Palestine, occupied Egypt, and passed thence into Spain, but having dared to set foot on the Christian soil of France, they were met by Charles Martel near the city of Tours, and being ignominiously defeated, were driven back, a broken host, across the Pyrenees. The Church again was saved. Photius brought trouble to the Church in the ninth, and one of his successors still greater trouble in a later century. Darkness was spread over the land like a pall. The Turks threatened Europe once more. Constantinople fell into their hands; but, by God's blessing, they were finally vanquished both by sea and land in the waters of Lepanto and under the walls of Vienna. You know, brethren, what else befel the Church in the sixteenth and succeeding centuries. Whole nations fell away from the faith. French philosophy polluted the atmosphere of Europe. Pius the Sixth died in exile. The last Pope, it was fondly predicted, had reigned in Rome. But, praised be God, in due time, early in 1800, Pius the Seven was elected in the city of Venice, and after many painful vicissitudes lived to see the triumph of the Church and the downfall of his persecutor. Finally, brethren, I am not disposed to grumble or be dispirited, because, as the historian, Lord Macaulay, very justly remarks, "the acquisition of the Church in the New World more than compensate for her losses in the old." Away beyond the billows of the wild Atlantic a mighty Republic has risen and been built up. Its counsels are controlled and its liberties guarded by a young and enterprising people, many of them the children of our own race and kindred, and who are determined. I reckon at no distant day to exert a weighty, if not commanding influence on the direction of human affairs. All the religious denominations in that great confederation stand on the same platform of independence and equality. The Catholic Church, consequently, being free and unfettered in the United States, is powerful, progressive, and respected. In Canada, also, the Church is flourishing; while in Australia, and many islands in the South Seas, the progress of Catholicity is strikingly remarkable. At the other side of the waters which separate us from the soil of Britain, the "second spring" of Catholicity has plainly set in. Fifty years ago, who would have dared to think that the Catholic Church in England would be what we know her to be now? There cannot, it is thought, be less than three millions of Catholics in England to-day. The prejudices of three centuries ago, like the centuries themselves, are long since dead and buried. The history of the old Church is reverently read and pondered on by thoughtful men; her claims to respectful

gratitude are being gradually recognised; converts of longest lineage and proudest name are daily coming to her fold; the pilgrim's prayer and the friar's office are once more recited within her consecrated shrines, and the fallen temple of her hierarchy has been again gloriously built up. But, brethren, why travel beyond the seas, search the wide world for examples to show what progress the Catholic Church has made, or is making, within the memory of living man, when we have the amplest evidence of it here at home? Consider what has taken place in Ireland generally for even the last quarter of a century in all that reflects credit on our National Church, cathedrals, colleges, schools, hospitals, convents, and all manner of religious institutions springing up, as if by magic, around us; our educational establishments improved in tone, as well as increased in numbers, and the miserable Mass houses of the past replaced by structures of exquisite design and imposing dimensions. Whence have come the funds for this most striking of modern transformations, this marvellous and multifarious ecclesiastical revival? They have come from the hands as well as from the hearts of a good and grateful people. A vicious generation is invariably a selfish one. The truly good are always generous. Herein, I verily believe, it is to be found the real secret of Ireland's munificence. We are a believing people, and, therefore, we are a grateful and a generous people. We are grateful to God, in the first place, for all that He has done for us. He has not, it is true, enriched us with the wealth of this world, that quickly perisheth; nor has He vouchsafed to maintain us in that independent estate which was once our pride and glory, but of which an unscrupulous stranger was permitted to deprive us; but He has sustained us withal, through seven centuries of cruellest wrong and persecution, has endowed us, as a people with marvellous hopefulness and vitality, and enabled us, under trials and temptations almost without a parallel to keep our feet at all times on the path of religion and righteousness, and to serve unto this day as a model of probity and high principle to all the nations of the earth. We thank God unsparingly that we have never faltered in the faith, much less abjured it; that we are not laden with the maledictions of any race of men under the sun; that we have perpetrated no glaring injustices; that we have never paid sycophantic court to the strong and oppressed the weak; that we have never played the part of a tyrant on the land or a pirate on the sea; that our hands were never reddened with the blood of persecution; and that there is no stain whatever in those respects on our national escutcheon. We thank God for all this and much more, and are grateful to Him. We are grateful, moreover, to all those who have at any time befriended us. No one ever lifted a hand or uttered a word in our defence who may not reckon on our warmest sympathies. Gratitude runs in the blood of our race; and we belong to a stock that never abandoned a friend or forgot a favour. Descendants, then, brethren, as you undoubtedly are, of saints and martyrs, and other righteous men—of those who first planted here the Faith or afterwards watered it with their blood, of the men who built up the many famous shrines and temples which cover the face of our country to-day with their magnificent but mouldering ruins—good and faithful and generous people of this and the surrounding districts, there is no need to remind you of the blessings which the monks and monastery of St. Joseph have brought to your very doors. The fallen and afflicted shall henceforth find here a home. To every tempest-tossed soul it will be a harbour of refuge, to all a home of prayer, and an ever-flowing fountain of grace and benediction. When sickness visits the child, the wife, or husband of your heart, come hither to supplicate and ask for prayers on their behalf; when bounteous Nature pours her store of wealth into your lap, come hither, also, to make thanksgiving; when poverty crosses your threshold, sullenly settling down upon your floor, think of the pale-faced monks of St. Joseph who pray and labour from early morning until sundown, content with one rude and scanty meal and a brief period of repose. There are lessons for us all here. And now there is one favour, and one favour only, which I venture to solicit from you for this holy house. It is your practical sympathy. See that those self-denying men shall never be in need. Be kind as well as reverent towards them. Give to-day, and ever afterwards, in token of your goodwill, all that you can conveniently afford, to help them out of their immediate difficulties. Thus you will prove yourselves worthy of those who have preceded you in the Faith; thus you will reflect credit on that Church—one, holy, and Apostolic—whose birth and development I have thus far attempted to portray; and thus you will have the credit of contributing to the revival of those monastic institutions, those houses of peace and prayer, and graceful knowledge, which in other days abounded here, and formed the chief glory and greatness of this ancient island. I bless you earnestly beforehand, for this your anticipated good work, and I pray the great God of love and mercy to have you always in His holy keeping Amen.

Among the events of the past week we regret to record the death of Harriet, Lady Carbery, which took place at her residence, Phale Court, county Cork, on the 19th instant. She was deservedly popular in her neighbourhood from the constant employment she afforded to the labouring class, and from the genuine kindness with which she sought to promote the comfort and prosperity of all within the range of her influence. Her personal friends were attracted by the goodness of her heart and the charm of her genial manner. In addition to the usual staff of labourers which she employed at Phale, she has more than once *invented* work which she did not actually need in order to supply easy employment in seasons of distress for persons who would have otherwise been compelled to enter the workhouse. She loved Ireland—loved its people—loved to build in it, and hoped, as all her neighbours hoped, that she might enjoy many years of happiness in the mansion she erected and the place which she beautified. But God has decreed that her valuable life should be cut short by a painful malady, which she endured with great fortitude. Her eulogy was pronounced by a poor man, who only expressed the general sentiment when he said: "God be good to her! If there were many ladies like her, the people would not be flying out of the country. And we say reverently, *Requiescat in pace* —*Nation*, August 30.