

And when he mounted his new throne near the holy altar, "he honoured the vesture of holiness," and he stood like a tall "cedar planted in Lebanon, with his priests like branches of palm trees in their glory" around him. But how sad the contrast now! All around is gloom and sorrow, and signs of mourning and emblems of death. The bells have rung a muffled dirge, poignant grief sits on every brow, and our hearts feel a pang of personal bereavement. The walls, the pulpit, the stately pillars, the throne, the altar have put on sable robes of mourning, and weep in their way over the loss we have not yet had time to fathom and appreciate; it has smitten us with the sudden shock of a thunderbolt; we are still staggered and stunned, unable to grasp the full extent and significance of our bereavement. What depths of woe in those short words flashed across the ocean, "Archbishop Vaughan is dead!" But yesterday he stood majestically before us apparently in the prime of life and vigour, a perfect picture of stalwart manhood, and we shall see his face no more! Farewell, a long farewell, to his kindly smile, his helping hand, his golden oratory, his beautiful love-inspiring presence and king-like mien. How short and frail is human life! To what is it comparable? It is a falling star, a passing meteor, the breath of a shadow, a little froth on a running stream, the swift flight of an arrow through the air, the curling track of a ship sailing through the deep. Cruel death came like a thief in the night, and stole away our beloved bishop, master, father, friend. "If I lie down to sleep," cried the prophet Job, "I shall say, When shall I arise?" O awful fulfilment of his dread warning! Our lamented prelate was returning home a laurel-crowned victor from the conflict; he was revisiting the dear scenes of his childhood and youth, his "alma mater," and the first fields of his priestly zeal; he was receiving the congratulations of his many admirers and friends; he was on his triumphant way to Rome, to give an account of his successful stewardship, and obtain at the hands of the Vicar of Christ a recompense worthy of his gigantic labours. He lay down to rest, thinking perchance of us, revolving in his active mind great plans for our welfare, and lo! at the touch of his Maker's hand, with the swiftness of lightning, his spirit soared away unto God. Of the uncertainty of human hopes! "We all die, and like waters that return no more, we fall down into the earth." (2 Kings xiv., 14.) Whatever be our rank, distinction, merit, or fame, we have all the same lowly origin and humiliating end. Our years course onward like the waves of the sea: on, on, they flow, some farther, some faster, some with slightly louder noise, perhaps, but all at last tumble headlong into one abyss, in which kings, warriors, sages, statesmen, priests, genius, wealth, titles, fame are mingled in a promiscuous pool opening into eternity. Beyond the grave only virtue and vice share the immortality of the soul for weal or for woe. But let not our grief be excessive like those who have no hope. "We are the children of the saints; we have no lasting city here below; we are pilgrims and wayfarers"; our hope is in the world to come. What is our temporal loss is his eternal gain. Let us briefly glance at his great career, and draw salutary lessons from his words and deeds. You must recognise that a very difficult task is assigned to me; for in whatsoever I can say of him most of you will have anticipated me in your more intimate appreciation of his worth, and how much my ignorance must leave unsaid which your better knowledge could have supplied! In this new Austral land, one of the youngest daughters of civilisation in this nineteenth century, when our presumptuous and conceited scientists and shallow philosophers have never done telling us that religion is an exploded superstition, a thing of the past, the most important social personage, standing head and shoulders above his fellows was a Catholic Archbishop, Roger Bede Vaughan. Divine wisdom, which always proportions the gifts and qualities of its chosen instruments to the work marked out for their performance, lavished upon him every talent and endowment calculated to make him at once the great and noble prelate and the true and gracious man. Born on January 9, 1834, he was the second son of the late Colonel Vaughan of Courtfield, Herefordshire, who was a gentleman of gallant figure and handsome face, a good scholar, a fervent and charitable Christian, a distinguished orator, and a splendid type of the English soldier—a man who used to say, "My one object in life has been to belong wholly to God." He came of noble blood; he was a scion of one of the oldest families in England, a family which braved the rack and gibbet, and passed unscathed through the fire of 300 years of persecution. It was founded by Herbert, Count of Vermandois, who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and was chamberlain to William Rufus. His great-uncle was the celebrated Cardinal Weld, his elder brother is the present Bishop of Salford, his uncle Bishop of Plymouth, and his cousin the Bishop of Clifton. Under his father's roof on the banks of the Wye, in scenery the most picturesque and lovely, the bright and spirited boy imbibed the high courage and chivalrous daring, the grace and nobility of character, which form the martyr and apostle, the hero and the mighty leader of men. His mother, originally a Protestant, had, doubtless infused into him the first caresses and lessons of childhood the enthusiasm of the convert fired with the exuberant grace of the early Christians. At seventeen he entered St. Gregory's College at Downside, conducted by the great Benedictine Order, that ancient nursery of heroes, scholars, and saints, which has given more popes to Christendom than all the other orders put together, and produced such an array of great men in every line that the bare enumeration of their names would fill volumes; while it boasts especially of two saints ever dear to the memory of Englishmen, Anselm and the Venerable Bede, whose name our lamented Archbishop took on his admission to the monastic life, and whose untiring labours and deep duration he has successfully emulated. The quick and spirited youth soon showed his true mettle; he soon shone as a leader, and made himself a name among his fellow-students. Then he went to Rome, the great "City of the Soul," the cradle and home of the arts and sciences, the venerable instructress of nations, where the infallible oracle of Peter sits and teaches. There he completed his philosophical and theological studies, at the

Benedictine College of St. Paul, outside the walls of Rome, and at St. Calisto, within the Eternal City. He also began to lay by that store of erudition you have so often admired in the famous Monastery of Monte Cassino, where St. Benedict, the patriarch and legislator of the monks of the West, lived, worked, taught, and died, and where his spirit lingers as a fragrant perfume to this day. Ordained by Cardinal Patrici in the grand old Basilica of St. John Lateran, the mother and mistress of churches, the scholarly and handsome young monk returned to England, and laboured with great zeal and fruit, chiefly among the poor at Bath, in the neighbourhood of his "alma mater," his dear college of St. Gregory. His conspicuous qualities of tact, grace, gentleness, learning and eloquence brought him quickly to the front, and after a successful period of professorship in philosophy at the Benedictine College and Monastery of St. Michael, Gledhonger, Herefordshire, he became, while a young man of 28, the prior of that important establishment. His position was singularly difficult and responsible, but his genius and virtue surmounted every obstacle, and the young prior governed aged monks and trained young novices with equal success, till St. Gregory's became a model of strict monastic rule. The calm tenor of his life of study and prayer was interrupted only by his visits to different parts of England to preach on special occasions—we need not add with what ready, effective, easy, and fascinating eloquence. He was thus prelude the great sermons and speeches which you have been so often privileged to hear, when to his habitual grace and copiousness was joined the majesty becoming an archbishop. Dr. Torreggiani, the venerable and beloved Bishop of Armidale, already the intimate friend of the admired young cathedral prior, could no doubt relate many a striking anecdote illustrative of his power and reputation as a preacher. More than once, we are told, those who came to criticise and scoff remained to admire and pray. His indefatigable activity found time to contribute most valuable articles to the *London Tablet*, the *Westminster Gazette*, and I believe also the *Dublin Review*. There, moreover, he wrote his incomparably greatest work, "St. Thomas of Aquin, his life and labours," which was the exhaustless storehouse of the extraordinary erudition you have so often wondered at, constituting as it does the characteristic of all his literary productions. But a higher destiny was being prepared by Divine Providence for the already illustrious Prior. The saintly, patriarchal, silver-haired pontiff, "the beloved of God and men, whose memory is in benediction," was approaching the calm and peaceful close of his long and fruitful career; he needed a mitred brother worthy of himself to cheer his declining days, and to receive, together with his dying benediction, his pastoral staff and the care of his flock. Prior Roger Bede Vaughan, so fair in form, so noble in mind and heart, so accomplished at all points—a diamond of the first water set in finest gold—a splendid combination of the crusader, monk, scholar and perfect English gentleman—was the man of all men for these high and holy purposes. Accordingly, Venerable Archbishop Polding petitioned the Holy See to appoint as his coadjutor the gifted young Benedictine, whom he had already learned to admire and love. Fortunate, indeed, it was for this archdiocese and Australasia that the Archbishop's petition had priority of claim: for Dr. Brown, Bishop of Newport and Menevia, had also forwarded a petition to Rome begging that Prior Vaughan might be appointed coadjutor with the right of succession to his diocese. Meanwhile, the prior of St. Michael's, intent on his books, was in complete ignorance of the struggle between the two prelates. Rome, with her usual prudence and far-reaching wisdom, had marked out Prior Vaughan for the See of Sydney, and would not alter her decision. The young and stately prelate was consecrated by the Archbishop of Westminster in the church of St. Vincent de Paul, Liverpool, under the title of Archbishop of Nazianzus *in partibus infidelium*, and coadjutor of the Archbishop of Sydney *cum jure successione*. Eight bishops and 260 priests attended the ceremony, which was the grandest ever witnessed in Liverpool. The scene then changes, and the luminous day-star just risen in the ecclesiastical heavens is to pour its beneficent light on these distant shores. His Grace arrived by the mail steamer Nubia, and you will ever remember his magnificent reception. You remember the gay fleet of steamers which met him at the Heads; you remember the ringing cheers, the furious waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the dipping of flags and countless other demonstrations of courtesy and welcome. Never did your lovely harbor appear lovelier—the weather delightful, the scene romantic, the strains of martial music on the rippling water vying with the shouts and cheering, all rendered that day one of the brightest chapters in the Archbishop's career. That procession of steamers will never be forgotten. The venerable Archbishop received his kneeling coadjutor on the quay in the presence of 20,000 people, and then, amid the vociferous acclamations of the crowd, the two prelates, accompanied by Dr. Vitte, Bishop of Noumea, proceeded in carriages to the Pro-cathedral for the formal reception. In answering the addresses the young coadjutor struck at once the key-note of his brilliant career. He spoke of two main instruments for the furtherance of the interests of the Church in New South Wales—the sincere and hearty worship of God in a magnificent cathedral, and Christian education—both instruments to be wielded by the burning and generous faith of the Irish people forming the vast majority of his clergy and flock. He pledged himself, with God's assistance, to build St. Mary's and save Catholic education; and you all know how fully, how grandly, he has kept his word. What power of speech could adequately describe his magnificent energy, strength, and zeal? If we judge the tree by its fruits, it would be hard to exaggerate the extent of his services to religion and Catholic education during the short—alas, too short—period of his administration. In 10 years he doubled the number of churches and tripled the number of schools. Twelve thousand five hundred children are now taught in the Catholic schools of the archdiocese, the greater number of which are under the able management of teaching orders. The future will eloquently tell the immense blessing conferred upon the Catholic community by the introduction of those brothers and sisters, teaching not for pay, but for God's love and sake. What a