

DR. CROKE ON CATHOLICITY.

The following is the conclusion of the eloquent address of the Lord Bishop of Auckland, a portion of which appeared in our last issue: "The hillside on which this substantial church is built may be looked on as a fair type of what has occurred everywhere else in Cloyne. I am old enough to have seen it a wilderness. The rankest weeds were its only product; and vice and folly claimed it as their fitting domain. It now blossoms like the rose. The studious scholar and the saintly recluse, have found there a much loved resting-place; and the stranger entering your town from the further side of the Blackwater, cannot fail to admire the long array of magnificent buildings by which this rising ground is adorned. By whose hand and influence was this transformation principally achieved? Upwards of seventeen years ago, while yet young and inexperienced, it was my fortune to occupy in this church the same spot I stand on to-day. I was engaged in preaching the panegyric of a holy Bishop whose mortal remains lay confined before me—the last but one of those who have hitherto held and illustrated the See of Cloyne. I need not remind you of his venerated name, or recall even the leading features of his life and character. Dr. Murphy was essentially a man of action. Shrewd, yet self-sacrificing; of resolute purpose and indomitable will; easy of access, but by no means easy of being unduly influenced; faithful to his friends, but unwilling to bestow his friendship except on those who had really laboured to deserve it; abounding in that strong common sense, far more serviceable than ostentatious talent, and which a French moralist has so fitly defined "the equilibrium of the faculties," his episcopate of little more than seven years forms quite an epoch in the history of this diocese. I believe he never attempted anything until he had assured himself of success, and St. Colman's College over the way, and the Presentation Convent, and the splendid schools and establishment of the gifted Ladies of Loretto beside it, would of themselves be quite enough to perpetuate his memory, and establish his claims to the lasting gratitude of all classes in Cloyne. Of his saintly successor how can I bring myself to speak? To me, personally, as many of you know, he was far more than a friend—he was a parent and a protector. To you, inhabitants of this parish, he was a loving and devoted pastor; to the clergy of Cloyne he was a model; to the laity a source of legitimate pride; to the Irish cause a tower of strength; and to the Church of God a Bishop as well without fear as without reproach. Of his life and labors I need happily say but little. His praises have been sounded within those walls by worthier lips than mine. Whatever of lustre could have been imparted by speech to his honored name and character—whatever a scholar's and friend's enthusiasm could have effected towards illustrating his virtues and making his memory for ever dear to a nation's heart—all that was done and suppassingly well done, by the gifted and accomplished Prelate who preached his funeral oration here. To-day we commit to other hands the pastoral staff he so well and so wisely wielded; and I esteem it one of the highest privileges of my life, that I can preach, and be present at the consecration of his successor. It is not often that a living bishop is honestly told, or that others are told in his presence, what people say and think of him. Once, and perhaps, only once, in a man's life is it given him to do so without fear; and for me that rare, and, indeed, solitary occasion, is the present. I trust I shall not be found unequal to it. As little prone to flatter the living as to unduly praise the dead, I am, in this instance at all events, a competent and impartial witness; and to no one that breathes, I believe, are the character and capabilities, the general worth, and special worthiness, of the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, better known than they are to me. In proof of this, I can refer to seven-and-twenty years freest intercourse and unbroken friendship. For a time we were fellow-laborers in the same parish, under the pastoral guidance of one scarcely less loved and respected by me, my Lord of Cloyne, than he was by you—the good, the gifted, the generous, the high-hearted, and well known parish priest of Mallow, the Very Rev. Justin MacCarthy. Since then our relations have not been substantially altered. Our thoughts on the passing events of life, both in Church and State, have, at all times, been frankly interchanged. In times of trial and trouble, we found in each other a solace and a support; and when Providence guided me across the waters to do the work allotted to me in another hemisphere, the present Bishop of Cloyne undertook to represent me at home, cheered me by his correspondence on the solitary walks of my distant mission, and thus fed and fostered the friendship of our earlier years. I know well, then, the man of whom I am permitted to speak. Combining in his own person the practical good sense, the business habits, the resoluteness to do what is right, and the utter absence of all needless pomp and pretension, of Dr. Murphy, with the suavity of manner, the evenness of temper, the rectitude of purpose, the artless piety, the prudent zeal, the ardent patriotism, the varied knowledge, and the refined scholarship of Dr. Keane, Dr. MacCarthy is a man fully up to the requirements of his age, and will prove himself a bishop of whom any diocese may be proud. He will be flexible, yet firm. His rule will be gentle, but it will be judicious. He will forbear to strike as long as possible; but he will strike, when he deems it necessary to do so. He will encourage the young, be respectful to the old, support the feeble, pity the frail and fallen, and be at once the friend and father of his priests and people. Himself a scholar he will put a premium upon all priestly knowledge, and, while giving to the humblest laborer in the vineyard all due reward, he will reserve the best places for those who combine the gifts of nature with those of grace, and who exalt the Christian ministry no less by their blameless lives than by their mental culture and refinement. Such, brethren, I believe, is the bishop whom God has given you to-day. Faithful people of Cloyne, obey, respect, reverence and sustain him. Faithful priests of Cloyne, co-operate with him and make his administration easy. May God

grant him health, and grace, and length of years. May the crozier of St. Colman be grasped by him with steady hand. May he be loved and respected as bishop of this great See, just as he was when assistant priest or pastor; and, when the day comes, as come it must, when he shall be called to give an account of his stewardship, and lay down the sceptre of his high office, may he be prepared to do so, as his saintly predecessor did, at peace with God and with all men, midst the sorrows of his own immediate flock, and the regrets of a whole people. Amen.

"The Mass was then continued, and at the Offertory the elect, kneeling, offered the loaves, lighted torches and vessels of wine, doing reverence to the consecrating bishop who sat mitred. After that the elect joined with the consecrating bishop in the celebration of the Mass, both partaking out of the same chalice at the Communion. The blessing of the mitre took place immediately afterwards and with appropriate prayers the bishops set it upon the head of the Elect, who was next invested with the gloves, and then conducted to the throne prepared for him at the Gospel side of the high altar, where the crozier was placed in his hand, and the consecrating bishop intoned the *Te Deum*, the choir performing the canticle in Gregorian chaunt. During the hymn, the newly consecrated bishop was led pontifically by the assisting bishops through the church, blessing the people as he passed. The scene at this moment was extremely solemn and beautiful. The bishop of Cloyne, in full pontifical robes, resplendent mitre on head and crozier in hand, passed for the first time amongst his flock, who were struck by his stately and venerable bearing, and bowed reverently to receive this his first episcopal benediction. Having returned to the high altar, and the liturgy being concluded, the voice of the new bishop was for the first time heard in the church, while he lifted up his consecrated hands and gave the concluding blessing. Lastly the consecrating bishop and assistants stood mitred at the Gospel side of the altar, while the new bishop advanced from the Epistle side, making three reverences, to the feet of his consecrator, singing each time, "Long years of health." Then he received the kiss of peace from the three bishops, after which they conducted him away, and the last Gospel having been read, the Mass and the consecration service concluded. During the Mass, the choir, under the direction of Mr. Murray, organist, sang music selected chiefly from Haydn's Imperial Mass, No. 3."

OUR PROTESTANT CONTEMPORARIES.

FAITH AND REASON.

THERE was never much difficulty in adjusting the claims of faith and reason as long as the question was discussed by men who possessed both. Such men were, in fact, the only persons qualified to discuss it at all. Nobody proposes to compare two languages together who is only imperfectly acquainted with one of them. But this is what our contemporary Rationalists do every day. Perhaps it was for this reason, among others, that Samuel Taylor Coleridge said of them:—"Rationalists, so-called, in the very outset deny all reason, and leave us nothing but degrees to distinguish us from brutes." Yet they more than insinuate that they alone possess reason, or know how to use it. Perhaps they really believe what they say. Such a delusion is, in their case, natural. St. Paul tells us of men, quite as able as any of our modern scientists, who were "delivered up to a reprobate sense" because "they did not like to retain God in their minds." Reason without faith is apt to finish in that way. Professing to extend, it always ends, as we learn from Kant, by limiting the field of human knowledge. Plato could see, long before Kant, that a certain order of truths was beyond the grasp of reason, unless it was supplemented by a gift which he did not know how to obtain, but which he rightly called "Divine Revelation." Aristotle was able to announce—*Ethics* vi., 12—that "the soul cannot acquire a habit of right vision without moral virtue." Our moral Pagans have lost even the slender stock of truth which Plato and Aristotle possessed.

A writer in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' lately occupied four columns of that journal with a criticism upon "The Vatican Council on Faith and Reason." He had no misgivings about his own qualifications for the task. We should have been surprised if he had. People who believe in nothing else had no difficulty at all in believing in themselves. The gentleman whom we are going to quote has not much esteem for the reason of other people, but allows unlimited confidence in his own. The definitions of the Vatican Council are for him only "vapid common-places," of which his subtle and penetrating intellect easily detects the flimsy character. It is a gift he has, and he is willing that the world should profit by it. Tell him that the grave and thoughtful men who accepted these definitions had consumed their whole lives in pondering questions which he has never pondered at all, and he will reply, as he did not long ago to one of their number, that you are "beneath his notice." What is the use of such colossal talent as his except to correct the mistakes of the rest of mankind? He is, in fact, the universal *Ego*, and knows it. "I think," he says; "I can imagine;" "this cannot be;" "I do not suppose;" "this theory appears to me;" "I have studied;" "it is a great puzzle to me;" and so on through four columns. If he talks so much about himself it is probably because he has a pleasing conviction that nothing else is worth talking about. The sum of his talk is this, that faith is a chimera, and that reason "must be all or nothing."

People who know anything of the history of human thought are aware that whoever attempted to make reason "all" has finished, at least as respects the highest problems of human existence, by making it "nothing." The philosophers of antiquity did so, and confessed it. They gave up the whole question in despair. Yet they were not wanting in intellect. The same thing has happened in our own day, and under our own eyes. "The great object of human thought," says the writer in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' "the only one almost that permanently interests all