

certainly that the statement of the Anglican Chaplain, whatever spirit he may have made it in, is utterly groundless. I should have answered sooner but that the rector is at present in Scotland on holidays and your letter was forwarded to him there and afterwards came back again to me with orders to write this note and affix the College stamp. Yours very sincerely, WM. MACMASTER.

Says the *Dublin Freeman* of September 25th—There was an Orange mummery at the Rotunda on Tuesday. It was the Black Chapter that met, and the object of the gathering was to celebrate the centenary of the Black Institution and the 102nd anniversary of the bloody massacre known as the Battle of the Diamond. Mr. Johnston, M.P., of Ballykilbeg, who was designated for the occasion by the title of Sir Knight William Johnston, presided, and opened the proceedings by declaring that the meeting was really in mourning in sympathy with Lord Farnham. This, however, did not prevent the proceedings winding up with a dance, nor, we should say, the subsequent liberal dispensation of refreshments. Sir Knight made an interesting statement about the Duke of York on the proposed Orange address. The idea was, it appears, that Dr. Kane should have presented the address at the head of 20,000 Orangemen, who possibly would have brought pictures of the slaughter of the Papists by the loyal brethren on the occasion of the battle of the Diamond, and various minor paving-stone and revolver engagements in the streets of Belfast. The Duke of York, however, would not have the address, and he refused to receive even the small address of the Rutland square branch until all the allusions of the sacred Union and such like matters had been struck out. However there is a good time coming. Though the Duke was apparently captured for the Pope on the occasion of his visit, there are still hopes that he may set up a royal residence at Ballykilbeg, which, since Sir Knight William Johnston has removed his residence to Dublin, requires some great personage to keep its loyalty up to the sticking point. Then doubtless his Royal Highness, who is already a Knight of St. Patrick—a saint who has rather a suspicious suggestion of Popery about him—will probably become a Knight of the Black Institution and an upholder of civil and religious liberty. Civil and religious liberty are surely grand things. With the Black Knights of the Black Chapter of the Black Institution they, however, mean that all Protestants shall rule, and have employments, and State-subsidised Churches, and all Papists shall starve and die and be refused the right to worship as they think fit. The Irish Papists are, however, a fairly hardy species. At the time of the events which were being celebrated last night a Catholic had no civil rights at all. He could not be a member of a profession, he had no vote, and he was persecuted in a religious sense in a most shameful way. But he has survived, however, and is not afraid of Dr. Kane's twenty thousand men, or Sir Knight William Johnston's fiery speeches and the subsequent quadrille party. Last year the Catholics successfully raided the Derry Corporation. They are raiding the Corporation of Mr. William Johnston's beloved Belfast at present. They have—Mr. Hume to the contrary notwithstanding—control of nine-tenths of the elective bodies of the country, and Home Rule is yet so dangerous that Mr. Balfour declares he will drive the landlords out of the control of county government next year, and that a Catholic University must come, notwithstanding Knight William's energetic request that it should be refused. The cant and hypocrisy of the miserable crew who assembled last night in the Rotunda cannot prevent real civil and religious liberty from marching on or the right of the people, irrespective of narrow creeds and bigotry, from asserting itself for the national advantage.

OPENING OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD'S DISCOURSE.

AT the conclusion of the Magnificat and the Antiphons, at Pontifical Vespers, his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Redwood, S.M. (Archbishop of Wellington, N.Z.), delivered the sermon.

"This is the victory which overcometh the world—our faith."—(John v., 4).

The preacher said:—These inspired words of the Apostle St. John seem appropriate to this grand and unique celebration. Whenever the mind of man stands in the presence of some great event, some vast result, some splendid achievement, it is invariably led by its own nature to seek out an adequate cause for that event, result or achievement. Thus, in the presence of the sublime spectacle of the starry heavens the astronomer sought for centuries, with patient, untiring observation, study, and calculation, to discover the cause of the harmonious and majestic revolutions of the stars in their respective orbits, until at last he jubilantly found it in the world-wide and all-pervading force of gravitation. Comparing small things with greater, I, too, have asked myself what is the adequate and final cause of the erection of this noble pile—this splendid structure to the honour and glory of God? To my mind undoubtedly that cause is your faith. This great cathedral of St. Patrick, the architectural pride of Melbourne and Victoria, now brought to so advanced a stage of completion, stands a glorious and enduring monument of your faith. Accordingly my theme this evening shall be of Christian faith; but, at the outset, I must limit

and define my subject. I am addressing you, not on the nature and properties of faith, not on its necessity, not on its duties, but on its victories. "This the victory which overcometh the world—our faith." No doubt the truths believed by faith are sublime and beautiful, and admirably adapted to the needs of man; and I would fain have time to set before you in grand outline that gigantic structure of Catholic dogma, compared with which all the noblest creations of human genius on religious matters sink into insignificance. I have often compared the productions of unaided human reason in regard to our origin and destiny with the intellectual fabric reared by God, and the effect on my mind has invariably been this: I seemed to behold a vast field covered with sorry hovels, huts, ruins, unfinished and distorted structures, and in the midst of all a stately temple of marvellous proportions and incomparable beauty—Catholic dogma, the contents of our holy faith, rising proud and triumphant over the dreary waste of human systems; and, scanning it from foundation to summit, I have been compelled to exclaim, "It is divine, it is divine!" Faith with such a creed deserved to conquer. Its transcendent excellence was an earnest and a means of victory; but before that excellence could be known and appreciated by man's intellect, accepted by man's heart, and practiced by man's weakness, it met with fierce and widespread opposition from the pride, ignorance, and passions of men, both singly and in society. The magnitude of the victory was in keeping with the magnitude of the conflict. The gigantic task before it was the spiritual conquest of the world. It had been poured into the souls of the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, it had been photographed on their minds by the light of the Holy Ghost, typified by the parted tongues of fire on their foreheads, and at the command of Christ it went forth to discharge its grand commission: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations." To human weakness the task was utterly impossible. The Apostle St. John, perceiving the grandeur of the enterprise, and viewing with prophetic eye the establishment of God's kingdom upon earth, and already a witness of its first conquests, cried out in admiration at the cause, "This is the victory which overcometh the world—our faith." Its first victory was its marvellously rapid spread throughout the then known world. It is an historical fact clearly and emphatically attested by every source of reliable information, both Christian and heathen, that the Christian faith was, in the space of a few years, propagated through the length and breadth of the Roman Empire, and that Christians were counted by thousands and millions in every land under the sun. Now, this fact, in the face of the countless difficulties and obstacles barring the way of its propagation, is a divine marvel and victory. Christian faith required its adherents to adore a crucified Jew, when no nation was so despised as the Jewish nation, no punishment or death so ignominious as that of the cross. It required belief in doctrines sublime indeed, but impervious to reason, and involving the most tremendous practical consequences. It assailed all the favourite vices and tastes of the day. It said to the avaricious, "Hoard not treasures upon earth." It said to the lewd, "He who soweth in the flesh, of the flesh shall reap corruption; but he who soweth in the spirit, shall reap of the spirit life everlasting." It said to the proud, "He that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." It said to the vindictive, "If one strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other." It said to the quarrelsome, "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you." It said to the superstitious, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." It said to the curious, "Seek not the things which are seen, but the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." It said to all in general, "Love not the world nor the things which are in the world, because all that is in the world is the lust of the flesh, or the lust of the eyes, or the pride of life." It encountered the most deeply-rooted prejudices and the most inveterate idolatry and superstition. To the Jews, who expected a Messiah to come with great worldly pomp, splendour, majesty, and state—a second Solomon, but immeasurably superior as conqueror, sage, and king—it represented a crucified malefactor as the true Messiah, claiming their adoration, the renunciation of their cherished dreams and national glory, and the abolition of the Mosaic rites to which they clung with unparalleled tenacity. To the Roman, proud of his world-wide empire, his brilliant but utterly corrupt civilisation, it held up the folly of the cross, the acceptance of a religion sprung from a Jew, teeming with mysteries, contrary to his passions, condemnatory of the lust for bloodshed in the murderous games of the amphitheatre, and destructive of the worship of his gods, to whom he attributed the success of his conquest and the spread of his name. It met with the unrelenting opposition of the powerful and the wealthy, of the idolatrous heathen priesthood, of the philosophers, poets, orators, and, above all, of the despotic emperors who were the sacred embodiment of the idolatry, pride, and appalling vices of the age. To bring this more vividly home to your minds, allow me an illustration. Transport yourselves in fancy to the banks of the Tiber eighteen hundred years ago. See that fisherman of Galilee, just arrived at Ostia with a few Jewish companions on their way to Rome, and ascending the river in a boat suggestive of his former calling. Nothing in him strikes the eye save his pale visage, his curly beard, his wayworn garments, and poor sandals. On reaching the Porta Navalis, he sits for a moment on a milestone and describes the Capitol, that compendium of ancient Rome, and the golden palace, that gorgeous mansion of the power, pleasure, and crimes of the Caesars. A pagan approaches. "Stranger," he says, "may I ask what errand brings you to Rome?" "I come to announce the true God, and the true God is a crucified Jew." "Indeed! a God become Jew—well, that is a novelty. You belong, then, to that strange race which lives down along the Tiber, and which we have laughed at so long. What is your rank or station?" "I have neither gold, nor silver, nor eloquence, nor credit, and I come to teach men to despise, as I do, riches, philosophy, power, and death." "What a strange school! Surely the rich will scout you!" "I come to wean them from those treasures which rust and thieves destroy. The rich and the poor will alike believe me." "But the

CLOSE YOUR EYES

BLEND TEAS.

to Quality and the world is full of Cheap Things. Low Prices get Customer, but it is Quality that keeps them. This is proved by the Enormous Sale of **TIGER** They are old in popularity, but ever young in memory. If you do not use them begin at once.