

endless scoffing, by corruption of Scripture and history, by scientific investigations, etc., etc. And yet, instead of the unity of faith being shaken by these indefinitely varied attacks, it has been afforded a happy occasion to set itself forth in a brighter light by clearer definitions and the victorious unravelling of sophistry to the complete refutation of error. And hence has arisen a marvellous display of unity of profession on the part of Catholics throughout the universe, despite their numbers, their dispersion, the vast variety of their genius, language, manners, and governments, and their position among heathens, heretics, and schismatics. Fifth miracle and victory: The stability of Catholic faith against every kind of persecution. I have already spoken of the ten persecutions of the first three centuries, but how many others has every part of the world endured in the succeeding ages? What did not Catholics suffer under Julian the Apostate, and from the Barbarian hordes, from Mahometans—nay, alas! from Catholic Kings and emperors! What in the last century from the sanguinary storm of the French Revolution? And who is not aware that, in our day, the foes of Catholic faith have formed nefarious societies bound by unhallowed oaths, to spare neither means, nor money, nor power, nor craft to utterly subvert the Catholic religion? This mystery of iniquity is ever on the forward march, and, with incredible skill, directs every political event of importance to that wicked purpose; but the great engine, everywhere employed, is State monopoly in education and consequent godless schools. And yet Catholic faith has triumphantly weathered all these storms and come out purer, brighter, and stronger than ever; it continues to spread more and more, and in many respects was never so flourishing as in our time, and, let me add, in our fair Australasian colonies. Nay, these tempests have caused the sanctity of the Church, the zeal and fortitude of the Pontiffs, the love of the faithful towards Christ and His members, the patience and longanimity of the saints to shine forth with additional splendour, while the lukewarmness of many has been shaken up, and, by the secession of apostates, pestiferous limbs have been advantageously lopped off, to the greater health, vigour, and strength of the social Catholic body. Sixth and final miracle and victory: The admirable ways in which Divine Providence has opportunely come to the assistance of Catholic faith in every variety of circumstance. Many furious onslaughts have, against all apparent hope, been suddenly arrested either by the death, or the downfall, or the conversion of the persecutors. God has invariably provided the needful and copious supply of learned doctors to refute error, of powerful and devout kings to protect religion, of religious Orders accommodated to the times and necessities of the faithful, of zealous pastors and saintly men and women whose efficacious example has vastly promoted faith and morals. When the barbarians invaded the Roman Empire, God Himself, to prevent the utter destruction of civilisation, prepared all the elements required to tame those rude and fierce tribes, gradually imbue them with the spirit of the Gospel, and so create Christian Europe. Like the ocean the Church repairs on the one side, her losses on the other. When she lost certain nations who were torn from her maternal bosom, like England, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, she gained more numerous adherents elsewhere, and so never ceased to be numerically universal; and any attentive reader of history has no difficulty to perceive that Divine Providence, fulfilling the promise of Christ to be with His Church for ever, has always directed every event towards the reign of God upon earth, by the diffusion, preservation, and corroboration of Catholic faith. What a splendid array and series of victories, which are the forerunners of a many more, unto the consummation of the world! It has no parallel in the history of mankind; it stands out with incomparable magnitude which they who run can see. This indeed is the "victory which overcometh the world—our faith." And now has not every Catholic good reason to be proud of his faith, and you, my brethren, more perhaps than any on this great day of your splendid celebration? Ah! you belong, most of you, to a race of faith, whose victories for and by faith form one of the brightest pages of Church History. No sooner was the Church established in Ireland than the report of its faith, like that of the Romans so praised by St. Paul, went out unto all the world. Wonderful was the introduction of the faith by St. Patrick, because it was watered by no martyr's blood; wonderful was its spread throughout Europe when Ireland became the famed island of saints and scholars, and Apostles of the faith; and the restoration of Christianity in Europe, after the fearful invasions of the barbarians, was largely the work of their missionary zeal and heroism. But still more wonderful has been the preservation of that faith amid trials unexampled in the course of history. You know the glorious story. Patrick's work was right well done. He left his children a touchstone to discern the false from the true. "As you are my children," he said, "so be ye children of Rome." When, therefore, a new-fangled worship came and preached to them hatred of Rome, they shrunk from it in abhorrence, as from the evil one. It is keenly painful for an honest Englishman to turn over the blood-stained pages of English History, which in regard to Ireland are the record of wrong and crime for 500 years. Yet stern impartial truth obliges me to say, with no excitement of thought or imagination, with no rhetorical exaggeration, that for centuries England treated her sister kingdom with unnatural barbarity. And why? For this simple reason: England had apostatised from the ancient faith, and she was resolved that Ireland should apostatise also. Accordingly, she framed the most sanguinary enactments for the destruction of that holy faith which for a thousand years had been the glory and salvation of the British Isles. These laws were directed with calm, quiet, well-pondered determination, to the extinction of Ireland's faith or the extermination of her people. They are without a parallel in any Christian land, and are matched only by the order of Nero and Diocletian. "Christians all! Christians all! Christians all! Throw the Christians to the lions, let Christians cease to be!" A striking phenomenon of this closing 18th century is the spread of the English tongue. Unfortunately, when the English language was forming, Protestantism made it its own peculiar possession. Hence the wonderful spread of the English tongue would naturally have meant the diffusion of Protestantism and a corres-

ponding decline of Catholicism. So sure of this were men 60 years ago that, when bigots were disturbed at Catholics building new chapels in England, Carlyle consoled them thus: "Popery can build new chapels—welcome to do so at all lengths. Popery cannot come back any more than paganism, which also lingers in some countries. But indeed it is with these things as with the ebbing of the sea; for minutes you cannot tell how it is going: look in half an hour, where is it?—look in half a century where your Popehood is!" Now, look how Providence has belied this inapt prophecy. As in the land of bondage, as in the temptation through the wilderness, as in the captivity of Babylon, God formed a people to be His witness in the ancient world, so now in the furnace of persecution God has tried and tempered a people to be His witness to the faith in the new world which is to be. Driven by misrule from their homes, the Irish race, the children of St. Patrick, have scattered over two hemispheres. They have poured into the large cities of England and Scotland, into South Africa, America, and Australasia. Whithersoever they go, their priests accompany them; wherever they settle the spire and the cross arise hard by the presbytery and the school, convent, and college. In their new homes, despite many drawbacks, God prospers them in behalf of the faith which persecution has knitted into their minds and hearts, and the best they have—God bless them!—is never too good for God. There is the explanation of this grand Cathedral. Carlyle, thou cynic, short-sighted scoffer, the half-century is over, and where is our Popehood now? Look around you, not to the old Catholic countries, nor to the old Catholic races—look to your own people and your own tongue. Never was the Papacy so strong as it is to-day; all honour to its loyal subjects of every nationality and their noble services to the Church in every clime; but certainly a large share of this magnificent result is due to the Irish. They have carried their loyalty to the See of Peter over the seven seas, and have won respect for it in the very gates of its enemies. Once more the words of St. Augustine have been verified:—"I hear them saying of the Church every day that she soon must die, and every day I see her bury them;" or, as our great English poet says: "She is doomed to death, but fated not to die." "This is the victory which overcometh the world—our faith." Cast your eyes around and see the contrast. In our day false religions are being found out and are breaking up, dissolved more and more into fragments and dust; belief is vanishing and rank materialism is the creed of millions. "Let us eat and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we shall die." But God has his trusty witnesses in the midst of Babel confusion and hopeless chaos, and nowhere more so than in the Irish people, to which most of you belong either by birth or descent. You come to this fair land with your belief in the supernatural, and your hope in the future. You build your churches, and your churches remain; you build your schools, and they remain and prosper; you build your palatial colleges and convents, and they remain and flourish. And so you are here to-day, in your thousands, celebrating the completion of this grand monument—this magnificent act of faith. All honour to you! The work you have done is truly great, and you may and do feel legitimate pride in its completion. The rich with their wealth, the poor with their hard-earned wages, the widow with her mate—you have reared this splendid edifice, the pride and ornament of this beautiful city, to the glory and worship of God, for yourselves, for your children, and for many generations yet unborn. All honour to your faith and devotion! All honour to the noble Archbishop who presides with apostolic dignity, learning, virtues, and success over this great province! Your presence, my Lord Archbishop, forbids me to attempt elaborate eulogy; but this much I will say, you are proud of your people to-day and they are proud of you, and, with them, I congratulate you warmly on the achievement of the great object for which you have worked so long and so well. All honour to your saintly predecessor, Archbishop Guillel, the founder of this noble structure, whose faith was his prompter, and whose reliance on the generosity of his flock his hope and support in the arduous commencing of this vast undertaking. Doubtless to-day, from the throne of his glory and the seat of his rest, he sends a heavenly message of congratulation and love. And what shall I say of that worthy, unassuming priest, Father Fitzpatrick, whom you all remembered with mingled regret, reverence and affection, whose very life, for the third of a century, was identified with the erection of this magnificent cathedral? The event of this day must thrill his very ashes in the tomb where he reposes so near us, while his glorified soul has additional joy in Heaven at the triumphant result of his life-long exertions, untailing hope, and unconquerable perseverance. All honour to the excellent and devoted clergy of this Archdiocese—secular and regular—who have so nobly co-operated with their great leader to achieve this complete success. All honour to the clergy of the other dioceses of this ecclesiastical province, whose generosity deserves an almost equal meed of praise. All honour to the laity of Melbourne and Victoria, for without the laity what can the clergy do? All honour to the laity, old and young, rich and poor, male and female! You are the rank and file of the great Church militant, and to you, under your distinguished leadership, belongs especially the victory of this great day. Nor will I forget to thank and congratulate all those generous and liberal persons of other denominations who have helped to erect this imposing monument, and I am sure that God will bless them for contributing to build this house of prayer, this temple of God, this focus and centre of true Christian progress and civilisation. In fine, I congratulate all, without distinction, who have had any share in the conception, prosecution, and achievement of this great work—this glorious Cathedral of St. Patrick, whose faith it will perpetuate. And do thou, O blessed Patrick, who dost enter solemnly into thy full possession to-day, look down with complacency and love, and invoke upon it and its worshippers unto all time the choicest blessings of Heaven!

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