

endeavoured to correspond in some way to your generous sympathy, and, with whole-hearted devotedness, to serve you faithfully and perseveringly. That is the mission given me by the Divine Master, and to my last breath it must be my fervent prayer to Him that grace and light and strength be given me to fulfil that sacred mission. . . . Having reached the eightieth stage in my path of pilgrimage, only a few more stages can remain till the allotted journey of life here below shall be accomplished. With the fullest confidence that divine hope inspires, and with all earnestness of heart, I day by day repeat the loving disciple's words: "Veni, Domine Jesu, Veni" (Come, O Divine Master, Come). Hitherto, in my days of pilgrimage, you, my friends, have by your prayers aided me with more than filial affection. Following in the footsteps of St. Patrick of old, I would wish with my last breath, in recompense of such affection, to impart a final blessing to one and all, and to our fair Australian land; but from one and all I would ask a crowning memorial of your love—that when I am summoned to give an account of my stewardship, you by your fervent prayers would accompany me to the judgment throne, your pleading of Charity on my behalf will not fail to obtain for me that my shortcomings shall be forgotten, and thus, through the abounding mercy of the Most High, the Blessed Virgin shall take me by the hand and lead me to her Divine Son, to hear the blessed words which are the eternal heritage: "Faithful servant, enter into the joys of the Lord."

Now, mark the coincidence. It was the 15th of August, the Lady Day of the Irish. It was the feast of our Lady's glorious Assumption, and she did not forget him who had written so beautifully of Ireland's devotion to her, and coming to him in the dark night, she took him by the hand and led him to the feet of her Divine Son. He has now met

The Early Irish Saints,

whose footprints through Europe he loved to trace. He has caught up with them at last; he has met Oliver Plunkett, the martyred Primate of Ireland, the cause of whose canonisation he had been expediting; and he has met Patrick, his great chief, who first brought the blessings of Christianity to the land he loved so well. They have interred his sacred remains beneath the roof of his own St. Mary's, the most graceful monument in Australasia. The cross in whose cause he labored will overshadow his grave, and grateful hands, no doubt, will continue to pluck the daisies and the shamrocks from some sweet Irish hillside and weave them into a wreath and send them with love across the waters to lay down at his ever-faithful feet. And we will join in fervent prayer with those across the Tasman Sea, and with the children of Erin scattered by every shore, that if he is not already enjoying the Beatific Vision he may soon attain that full completion of his great heart's desire. And we ourselves, standing by that tomb that now holds all that was mortal of so great a man, so renowned a Prince of Holy Church, so faithful a lover of the dear old land of saints and scholars, and so enthusiastic a lover of the new young land of his great missionary labors, we shall treasure in our hearts the fragrance that will ever spring from that tomb, and under its sweet influence reproduce the virtues that made him so dear to God and so beloved by men.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,

When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how below'd was the soul that's fled,

Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.

'Tis the tear thro' many a long day wept,

Thro' a life, by his loss all shaded;

'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,

When all lighter griefs have faded.

Oh! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,

While it shines thro' our hearts, will improve them.

For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,

When we think how he lived but to love them!

And, as buried saints the grave perfume

Where fadeless they've long been lying,

So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom

From the image he left there in dying.

AN INTERVIEW BY A NEW ZEALANDER.

(By G. J. FAMA, Sydney.)

'My grandfather lived to the age of 107 years, and I am endeavouring to follow his good example,' laughingly said the Cardinal, when I congratulated him on his splendid health and apparent physical fitness a few days prior to his death. My congratulations were uttered in all sincerity, for the Cardinal was certainly looking remarkably well and strong. It was my great privilege to be entertained by his Eminence at his Palace on the top of the Manly Hill. It was with some diffidence that I accepted the invitation of this wonderful Prince of the Church to spend the afternoon at the Palace, for I had imagined an hour or two of pleasure hedged in by stiff formality. I don't quite know why I felt so, but at any rate, my fears were soon set at rest, for I must now confess that I have never spent such a pleasant time as I did that windy afternoon.

Imagine a tall, handsome, well-made man, whose smile spoke of a kindly, benevolent disposition and whose one desire seemed to be the welfare and pleasure of his guest, and you have Cardinal Moran as I saw him a few days ago. 'I am always pleased to see you "Maoris" from New Zealand,' said the Cardinal with twinkling eyes, as he led the way to the room where he kept most of his famous collection of historical curios and relics of saints.

'This,' said the Cardinal, taking up a well-bound and beautifully illuminated book, 'is a Bible of the 14th century, and this is a Bible of Luther's time,' and as he showed me the other things in the room I wondered that the collection was not more universally known. Here was the identical private prayer-book that Mary Queen of Scots had used at the time of her execution. It was a curious sensation to hold in one's hand this book from which the ill-fated queen had obtained spiritual solace in her last hours. The book also contained an account of the life of St. Elizabeth, the whole being written in the language so much in vogue among the educated classes of England at the time, i.e. Latin. The manner in which the prayer-book of Mary Queen of Scots came into the possession of the late Cardinal is rather interesting. It appears that Prince Charles Edward (known as 'Bonny Prince Charlie'), whilst flying from the fatal field of Culloden, was assisted by a Highland ferryman. The Prince had no money with which to reward his benefactor, so he presented the ferryman with a leather wallet, containing the prayer book which had been owned by Mary Queen of Scots. From the descendants of the ferryman the book was obtained by his Eminence.

Then his Eminence handed me a chalice of peculiar appearance. 'It was constructed,' said the Cardinal, 'by the convicts in the early days of Australia, to enable their priest—also a convict—to say Mass.' It was fashioned from commonplace articles; the bowl portion was once a tin salt-cellar, to which was attached a common candlestick, this converting it into a chalice. 'It is one of the most highly treasured of my possessions,' concluded the Cardinal.

We then passed on to examine relics of a different kind. 'These are iron pikes from Vinegar Hill. This one was probably broken on some poor man's skull,' said his Eminence, indicating a rusty pike broken off at the top. Then the Cardinal's face lit up with a smile as he showed me the relics which he perhaps valued most. I refer to the articles which were at one time owned by the Venerable Oliver Plunkett, a famous Irish prelate who was executed on a wrongful accusation which sprang from the famous Titus Oates conspiracy in the time of King Charles II. The execution of the hapless Archbishop, who was also Primate of All Ireland, in the words of a great Protestant historian, 'must always be considered as an indelible disgrace upon the English nation.' Macaulay more recently still vehemently denounced the concocted plot story, and showed plainly that the Venerable Oliver Plunkett was innocent of the charges for which he was brought to trial and execution at Tyburn on July 1, 1681.