

fluency, and he knew enough of French to understand French literature. He was an expert in Church antiquities and Irish antiquities. He had written many books concerning Irish antiquities, heroes, and saints, which showed great erudition and conscientious research. Cardinal Moran led a strenuous life—never for a moment idle or useless. Hard work, indefatigable activity and untiring zeal were his characteristics as a public man. Could the clergy have a better model to follow or the laity a better pattern to imitate?

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

A Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Cardinal Moran was celebrated in the Cathedral at 9 o'clock on last Tuesday morning, in the presence of a very large congregation. On the catafalque within the sanctuary was placed a cardinal's red hat, and before it hung the late Cardinal's coat-of-arms.

The celebrant of the Mass was the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M. (Provincial), who was assisted by the Rev. R. Hoare, S.M., and the Rev. E. Drohan, M.S.H., as deacon and subdeacon respectively. The Very Rev. Father Price, Administrator, was master of ceremonies. Among the other clergy present were the Rev. C. Graham, S.M., M.A., the Rev. A. McDonnell, the Rev. J. Hanrahan, and the Rev. L. Dignan, S.M. The music of the Mass was Gregorian plain chant.

The Very Rev. Father Price preached from the text, 'And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him. He shall judge with justice and reprove with equity; and faith shall be the girdle of his reins.' He said that these sacred words had been spoken of One greater than man, yet they might be rightly used to describe a follower of the great Master. If the Master had sent His Spirit—if He had gone up to the heavens and had been taken from mortal sight for the very purpose that His spirit—that is, Himself, the very God—might more effectively be with us and remain with us, it must be true of many men, as the world rolls on, that the Spirit of the Lord rests upon them. He had to speak of such a man. His earthly life was over; his career was finished. The world was nothing to him now. He could speak to them no longer, nor they to him; but they were prepared to reverence the memory of a Prince of the Church, to thank God for a priest, to rejoice in the thought of a great teacher and gently to sorrow for a father and friend. It would be impossible to give from that place a biography of Patrick Francis Moran, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church of the title of St. Susanna, and Archbishop of Sydney; and, happily, it was altogether unnecessary. 'There are few Catholics, whether priests or laity, who read at all,' continued Father Price, 'who have not to some extent followed the interesting life of this great man, who was remarkable alike in character, in mental power, and in action. To his biographers will be left the fruitful and pleasant task of enumerating to the full Cardinal Moran's manifold virtues. No matter how bulky these volumes may be, how emblazoned with his glories, how appreciative in their comments, they will not adequately describe the deep and lasting niche he has carved for himself in the hearts of the Catholics of Australasia. Born on the 16th of September, 1830, at Leighlinbridge, County Carlow, Ireland, he was in his eighty-first year when Death came to his bedside at Manly to lead him over the threshold of life eternal. As a boy of twelve he accompanied his uncle, Cardinal Cullen, to Rome, and as a student and vice-rector of his college, he resided in the Eternal City for 25 years. There are few men who during their whole life have read more persistently. He was as far as possible from being a book-worm. But there are minds which feed and grow on books. There are characters to whom books are not so much information as development. Other men read for facts, for views, for the interest of the panorama which the printed page unfolds; they read to use their reading, they read for curiosity, they read that they may for an hour forget their troubles. But the former read chiefly in order

to recognise and make sure of their own thoughts. For men of this order of mind have a serious strain of thought, which goes to the root of things; active thought, with a keen point, which pierces through disguises, tears away coverings, and strives after the principles of the wise man and the views of the philosopher. Many a time did those constant readings bear fruit in the practical utterances of his life. We all know how habitually his words came out with the unmistakable brand upon them of some ancient doctor. During his young priestly life he had that training which is derived from the teaching of boys—a discipline which in every man who is worth training develops two invaluable powers, the control of temper and the secret of holding the attention of others. But when, in March, 1884, he succeeded Archbishop Vaughan in the Primacy of Australia, it was then that every faculty of his mind and body began to be stimulated to the utmost. He had to preach, to labor, to travel. He had to make public protest against deep-seated abuses. He had to conciliate his own priests and fellow-workers. He had to take up the cause of the Faith in speeches and publications. In all his history there is nothing so full of interest, of energy, of generous self-sacrifice, as the record of the years during which he ruled over the great Australian Church. Cardinal Moran was essentially a spiritual man. All came under his influence. His clergy, as he sat with his pastoral staff in his hand in the chair of his Cathedral Church; his seminarists, in his familiar conferences; men and women of every rank in private and touching letters; his flock at large in broad and graphic pastoral letters; nay, all English-speaking Catholics in those wise and grave books which he was happily spared to give to the world. His spiritual character displayed itself externally in every branch of his duties, in all the details of his office. It was very marked in his dealings with his clergy and never was he seen to speak, or act, or command, or reprove, in temper, in self-assertion, or in bitterness. He was never small, nor mean, nor selfish. Those who came in contact with him felt that they had met a real man, rooted and founded in unmistakable solid earth—a man who might rebuff you, but would never pass you false coin. Although not overfond of social activities he was nevertheless a most entertaining guest and a prince among hosts. The geniality of his disposition and his total lack of affectation made him the centre of an interested circle wherever he went. He was always opposed to any ostentation which tended to magnify his interesting personality.

'And now, after his life-long labors, he rests at last where he ever longed to rest, in the heart of his own people, within his Cathedral walls, nigh unto the Sanctuary, whose splendour he so loved. That church will be so much the richer by his presence; it will be more of a home to his people, gathering up into it, as it does now and ever will, so many hallowed memories of the past, reminding them for how much they have to be thankful. From before his tomb the incense of many a silent prayer will ascend unto God, of fervent gratitude for the past, of hopeful intercession for the future. Archbishops will bend before it, and will be fired with a new love of their apostolate. Priests will there re-kindle their zeal, the heart of the religious will warm there towards their fatherly protector. As long as that princely pile towers over Sydney, his loyal people will go there to venerate the remains, if not of a saint, of one at least who followed nigh in the saints' footsteps. Let us pray for his soul; for there are very few who do not linger for a time in the suffering land of expectation. Let not this be forgotten. In other ways, forgotten he cannot be. As the slow years and the mighty waters have in days gone by fashioned the hills which stand unmoved while the world lasts, so the turmoil of human strife and the fire of the Spirit have shaped and perfected a spiritual man; and whatever monument we build to his memory, his soul lives on for ever, and his name will be cherished by his children's children for many a generation yet to come.'

At the conclusion of the service, the organist, Mr. A. W. Bunz, played the Dead March from 'Saul.'