

core. Over and over again the Archbishop had begged the good parish priest of St. James's to have mass said every Sunday in the cemetery chapel at Golden Bridge close by: but in vain. So that when Father Cooke called to announce to his Grace that he had selected Inchicore as the future home of the Missionaries: "go there," said the Archbishop, "I approve of your choice, for I know how much a chapel is wanted there. I give you my blessing in the great work you are going to carry out there; but try to have mass said there on next Sunday if you can, before it comes to the ears of the parish priest, who will do everything in his power to prevent you from settling there." This took place on Saturday, the 20th of June, 1856. He immediately sent a telegram to me, which I received at Sicklinghall, near Leeds in Yorkshire. "Come at once. Mission taken with Archbishop's sanction. Bring nothing with you." On Sunday, the 21st, the feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, I left Sicklinghall after mass, and went to Leeds, and on the following day started for Ireland. Poor Father Cooke had caught a cold, which ended, probably through excitement as well as exposure, in a bad attack of fever which prostrated him for about a fortnight. In telling me therefore not to bring anything with me, he thought he would ask me merely to commence the good work which he himself was prevented from accomplishing. I did take nothing with me, but with one brief interval many years afterwards, I remained in Ireland for nineteen years. I reached Dublin on the morning of Wednesday the 24th, but, as usual, after a rough passage across the channel, I had to remain in bed most of the day, to recover from sea-sickness.

While I was recuperating my strength, the good Bishop, Dr. O'Connor, some of the Augustinian Fathers and Father Cooke, drove out to Inchicore, and as no time was to be lost in order to fulfil the Archbishop's injunction, though his Grace never imagined but that the Holy Mass would be said in one of the rooms of the house, a large hole was dug in the garden, a stone was sunk therein, and as it was the feast of St. John the Baptist, a special patron of the Hermits of St. Augustine, the Bishop placed a relic of that saint on the stone, and thus blessed the foundation of the future chapel. I went out to Inchi-

core in the evening with Father Cooke, and we found about a dozen good men from the works assembled there to hold a meeting. They engaged to have the chapel finished for Mass on the following Sunday, and they immediately set to work to dig holes for the upright posts of wood which were to form the supports for the planks, which were to be procured from Dublin on the following day. On that day, however, Father Cooke was obliged to give up, and by the doctor's orders had to remain in bed. All day long I was sending out cartloads of wood, bags full of nails, and a few hammers, saws and hatchets. Punctually at 6 p. m. the great bell at the railway works dismissed the weary workmen, but about two hundred of them did not go home for their suppers nor stay to wash themselves, but hurried to the place where the new chapel was to be erected. They brought with them whatever tools they could lay their hands upon, but although wood had been coming all the day, after about an hour and a half the supply failed and they had to stop their charitable work. The statistics of workers and the hours during which they worked are as follows: Wednesday evening, 12 men working for half an hour; Thursday evening, 200 men for one hour and a half; Friday evening, 450 men for two hours, and Saturday evening, more than 1,000 men who came at four o'clock and worked for six hours. When the barrack clock struck 10 o'clock there were at least 600 men working on the roof of the chapel; the last nail was then driven home, and the men set up a tremendous cheer which might almost reach the ears of the good parish priest a mile distant. Amongst these men who thus laboured gratuitously for the erection of this humble temple for the worship of God were to be found not only Catholics, but Protestants, Presbyterians and even infidels. It is needless to state here, that the grace of conversion in after years reached the hearts of hundreds of these charitable and noble hearted co-operators with their Catholic brethren. One of the most respectable, most learned, and most zealous priests at this moment in the North of Ireland is a son of one of the Presbyterians who assisted at the erection of this chapel; and he has often told me that as a boy he stood at a distance and was amazed to see his father working so hard at the building of a Popish place of worship.

*(To be continued.)*