

that Dr. Doyle had gone to Belfast, whither he immediately followed him. On arriving at Belfast, he discovered that the bird had flown again, for the two bishops had gone to visit a parish priest in the country many miles distant. The following morning Dr. O'Connor resumed his pursuit, and a little before mid-day he arrived at one of the chapels belonging to this parish priest. I must here mention that many of the country parishes in Ireland are very large, and that the parish priest or one of his curates, after saying Mass on a Sunday in one of the chapels, has often to drive ten, fifteen and even twenty Irish miles, (which, like many other things in Ireland, are of wide extent), to offer up the Holy Sacrifice in another of his chapels, which never commences before 12 o'clock. Dr. O'Connor found no bishop, and no priest, and as he was fasting and wished to say Mass, he went into a school-house close by, and asked the schoolmaster whether he could do so. The master said he had the keys of all that was required, and then appealed to his boys to ascertain who could serve the Mass. Several hands were held up, and the master selected two amongst their owners, and conducted Dr. O'Connor and his acolytes to the sacristy. While the good priest was putting on the vestments after the master had returned to his pupils, he heard the following dialogue taking place behind his back :—" I say, Pat, do you know how to answer the priest ?" " No begorra, Mike, I don't." " Then what will we do at all, at all ?" Then Pat says : " Here, whisper ; this is what we'll do. When he says a word or two, I'll say ' Mum, mum,' and do you bother him with the bell." An arrangement which was carried out literally during the whole of the Mass which followed. To finish my story, Dr. O'Connor did not escape the dignity which was conferred upon his unwilling shoulders.

The Fathers engaged in this our first Mission in Ireland, were Father Cooke, Superior of the Vicariate of England, not yet a Province, Fathers Noble, Arnoux, Fox and Gubbins. About the 12th of June all the Fathers returned to England, excepting Father Cooke, who was determined to obtain, if possible, from the present occupant of the See of Dublin, a renewal of the promise made to Father Aubert by his predecessor. In this he succeeded beyond his expectation, for Dr.

Cullen told him to go around Dublin and seek for the most neglected locality. In his search he was aided by the Augustinian Fathers, and by the Very Rev. Dr. Yore, V.G., one of our best and kindest patrons. After some days, Inchicore was the spot selected. This place was about a mile distant from the church of one of the city parishes, St. James's, and outside the Circular Road, or boundary of Dublin. The extensive railway works of the Great Southern and Western Railway are located there : in fact the thousand workmen labouring there form the bulk of the congregation. It is also close to the Richmond Barracks, a Reformatory for women under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy, the Golden Bridge Cemetery, and very near the celebrated Kilmainham Prison, the home of so many political Home Rule prisoners.

An old house, well known as the Priest-catcher's house, and about twelve acres of land, were purchased from a Catholic gentleman, who would not be able to give up possession of the dwelling-house for several months ; but with his permission, and at the express desire of the Archbishop and his Vicar-General, it was determined to erect a wooden chapel with as little delay as possible. It might be truly asserted that there was no such God-forsaken place in the suburbs of Dublin as Inchicore then was. It was a good mile from the Parish Church : and it is notorious that inhabitants of a city think more of going one mile to mass than their fellow Catholics in country parishes would of trudging ten miles. Then again amongst the thousand and odd artizans in the railway works, there were at least four hundred non-Catholics : and, as is general in Ireland, most of the best and highest positions were held by these latter men. The Catholics did not practice their religion, and amongst them there were even some gangs of infidels, the various branches calling themselves by the names of Voltaire, Rousseau, Tom Faine, and the like. Many of the most promising among the young men operatives belonged to one or another of those bands, and boasted of their freedom from the trammels of religion of what kind soever. Moreover, the close neighbourhood of the barracks, as everyone of experience knows, was not calculated to improve the morals, or enliven the faith of those who lived at Inchi-