

FATHER BURKE.

A SPLENDID SERMON DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF ST. BRIGID'S CHURCH, CROSSHAVEN.

The feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, 1873, has to be set down in the annals of this diocese as the date of a religious celebration amongst the most interesting and important in an Episcopate singularly replete with works conducing to the glory of God and the good of His people. For, we venture to think, that, looking back through a long and distinguished career, the venerable Bishop of Cork, the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, will find few incidents of his pastoral office to surpass in interest, beauty, or significance that which engaged his Lordship and a large number of his clergy yesterday, on the verdant hillside by the ocean. The occasion was the solemn dedication of a new church at Crosshaven, in the parish of Carrigaline, near the mouth of Cork Harbor, to the service of the Most High, under the invocation of St. Brigid. The dedication of a new Catholic temple is at all times an occurrence of great moment, from whatever point of view we regard it; but in this instance it was invested with associations of an unusually solemn and pregnant character. The Right Rev. Dr. Keane, and a large number of clergy and laity were present. A large and effective choir, including some of our best local artists, sang Haydn's Imperial Mass, and at the conclusion of the first Gospel, the Very Rev. Thos. N. Burke, O.P., ascended the altar and preached the dedication sermon. His text was:— "And I saw the holy city of the New Jerusalem coming down out of Heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."—Apocalypse, ch. 21, verse 2.

He said:—On this day, dearly beloved brethren, we are assembled together to consecrate, with the Bishop, pastor of our souls, this new church unto the service of Almighty God. It is pleasing to remember that the great Church founded by Our Blessed Saviour, that Great Church which is to be found everywhere, whose voice reaches from end to end of the earth, celebrates also on this day her own foundation and consecration at the hands of Jesus Christ when he took to him one of his apostles and changed that Apostle's name, who was before Simon, and who was now declared to be Peter, which means a rock. "Thou art Peter," He said, "and upon this rock I will build my Church." It is indeed a festival of peculiar joy for the great Church of God everywhere throughout the world. It is a festival of a still more peculiar meaning and joy for us who on this holy day offer to God the temple which our hands have built for Him. This Church founded by Our Divine Saviour upon a rock, which was Peter, is declared in the Scriptures to be amongst other things most beautiful. The attribute of beauty God set upon her—a spiritual beauty none the less real because it is spiritual and consequently God-like.—Christ our Lord in founding His religion, in leaving behind him a twofold inheritance of Divine truth and Divine grace, enshrined both in the Church which he founded upon Peter, and founding and establishing that Church he declares to us by the mouth of the inspired Apostle that He Himself became her bridegroom, and that the Church was to be His spouse. "For," said St. Paul, "Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself up for her that He might present her to Himself without spot, without wrinkle, without stain or defilement of any kind, perfect in her loveliness, perfect in her spiritual beauty, she was to be the spouse of the Eternal God. Hence this Church is the New Jerusalem, which the Evangelists say came down from Heaven that is to say came forth out of the mind and from the right hand of God, arrayed and decked out in all the splendor of her holiness, like the bride adorned for her bridegroom. And what is this beauty that belongs to the Church of God? Dearly beloved, if we would know what it is we must remember that word of Scripture in which the Almighty God speaks by the prophet to His spouse, the object of His Divine and spiritual love; and to that spouse that prefigured the Church. "Thou art made exceeding beautiful because of My beauty which I have put upon Thee alone," said the Lord. The beauty belonging to the Church of God is no other than the beauty of God Himself. Whatever makes her fair and beautiful to contemplate, and entrancing to the eyes of Faith, that beholds her is a beauty that has come to her from Almighty God, it is a beauty that was in God before He clothed His Church. And now, this being the case, if we would know what are the attributes of the beauty of the Church of God we must contemplate God Himself; we must look upon Him with ardent and courageous eyes of faith, we must contemplate the Divine Nature in its own infinite perfection; and then and only then will we have an idea of the beauty with which the Almighty has clothed His Spouse. Coming to consider Almighty God, I find there are three essential attributes of God, the most prominent amongst all those perfections that belong to Him, and that are his essence and nature.—These three are:—first the attribute of essential unity. God is unity itself. Secondly, the attribute of infinite sanctity—God is sanctity itself. Thirdly, the attribute of essential life, that is to say not merely immortality but life in its very essence—eternity—a life that never had a beginning—a life that never shall know an end—a life whose very essence is its actual existence. These are the three great attributes of Almighty God that first strike the beholding eye of the faithful. God is unity, ineffable unity, surpassing all comprehension of the mind and of man—no matter how we may strip the idea of its complexity, and all the element of its composition. Still that very mind that conceives it created as it is, cannot imagine unity as God is unity. It is not merely the exclusion of all parts, but it is the exclusion in the perfect simplicity of the Divine Nature of even the conception or even any idea of any division or possibility of division in Almighty God. Therefore God is infinitely beautiful. Dearly beloved, that very sense of essential beauty is unity. A unity such as this in God, the perfect simplicity of being incapable to conceive any division or element of division or separation in God involves that essential life which can never know weakness or corruption. Hence that unity is the very first ideal of beauty, and separation or the power of disruption into parts, involves the idea of decay and of ruin and of destruction. God is infinite holiness. It is not that He is holy, but it is that He is holiness itself, it is that whatever there is holy in Heaven as on earth, derives its holiness from the participation in some way with that holiness which is the very nature of God Himself. And, therefore, the Scripture says of Him—"Who is like unto Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ?" Finally, God is essential life, not merely immortal, but eternal, not merely that he lives, but that whatever exists, exists by the accident of His existence, because of the essential existence of Almighty God. This life of God involves the omnipotence of irresistible power. Hence it is that when we come to contemplate what God has revealed of Himself Oh, how terrible, how grand is this attribute of life, essential life and estimable life, life omnipotent by the sweep of its power, when we contemplate God! How terrible when we come to consider the puny efforts of creatures against that life of God! How fearfully does that omnipotent and eternal life manifest itself! When the devils in Heaven dared in their moment of pride to cross the path of the omnipotent God, sitting in his omnipotence, in the terror of this life—when the first of those devils dared to say "I will not bow on high, I will make myself like God" in the twinkling of an eye, in a moment, with the rapidity of thought, came forth one flash from the eternal life and omni-

of God, and they were driven from Heaven, and never rested until they found their dwelling for eternity in the never-ending hell. How terrible is all this, and how insufficient are the puny efforts of man, sinful man, upon this earth in resisting the life and omnipotence of God! Pharaoh, glorying in his legions, dared to cross the counsels and dispute the power of Almighty God. God took him in his hand, with all his people and all his army, and crushed him in an instant, and caused the ocean waves to swallow him and bury him and his hosts in the sands and waters of the Red Sea. Antiochus crossed the path of the Almighty. God touched him, as I might say, with the fingers of His omnipotence, and rottenness came out from him and devoured him, while he was weighed down with agony in the last remnants of his miserable life. Rome, in its Imperial dominion, in the spread of its power for 300 years, crossed the designs of God, and the Almighty sent foreign legions from the north that swept over it as locusts over Egypt, and destroyed and shattered to pieces that Empire that the world proclaimed eternal. When the Almighty God founded His Church, and when the all-powerful God became man and built upon St. Peter as its foundation stone the Church which was to be His spouse, it pleased Him to verify the promises of Scripture, and to make that spouse exceeding beautiful, because of the beauty of the Lord God which the Lord put upon her. And that beauty is precisely the beauty of the Church, of the unity of the Church, of the sanctity of the Church, and of the immortality of the Church. And first, as to the beauty of the Church's unity. God who knew our nature and knew the composition of our being knew that as long as society, human society, live in this world it would be a society of division and of change, that every mind would assert itself, that every system of philosophy would shift its principles and ground work, that men would change, that there would be disruption and separation, and that in the so-called progress they would glory in the multitude of their opinions. But there was one point which was necessary that when anything was known it should be the truth, the truth undivided and indivisible, and that one thing was the idea of God himself. When he revealed that He spoke to us, telling us what He is and what His designs and purposes are, and that word must be the unchangeable, indivisible, and essential word of Divine truth. Therefore, Christ, our Lord, building His Church on unity, it was necessary for her to have unity of Faith, that is to say that she should have the word always the same, always one, always unchanged and unchangeable, and therefore Christ, our Lord, sent the Spirit of Truth upon her, who will abide with you and remain with you for ever. It was necessary she should represent unity in her government and hierarchy, and instead of founding her from His twelve Apostles, He took one and said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church." It was necessary she should have unity in authority, and therefore, Christ, our Lord, spoke not to the Apostles but to the whole world, when He said, "He that loveth you loveth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me, and he that will not hear the Church let him be to thee as the Heathen and the Publican." Therefore, the Church of God shines in this world with a fair radiance of unity bound on her virgin brow. How wonderful is the attribute of Faith, that when one word is spoken, hundreds of millions who have no idea in common, differing in thought, in language, in every circumstance of climate, age, and education, all alike hear that word, and they spring up in the unity of one thought, and in that instant it becomes the Faith and the ruling thought of those hundreds of millions of people. How grand is the unity of that obedience. Peter's successor raises his voice, he raises his hand, and at the sound of that voice and at the beckoning of that consecrated Pontifical hand all the bishops of the Church of God come thronging to the foot of Peter's throne, bringing with them the prayers, hearts, and obedience of hundreds of millions of the faithful all the world over. How wonderful is this union in this world of change! The moment we step outside the Catholic Church, whether it be into the realms of false religion (for there is no true religion outside it), or into the domain of philosophy or politics or other science, that moment, we find ourselves ever as Peter did when he left the boat, losing courage when he found himself moving on the treacherous waves of the sea. This miraculous union—this supernatural union—is a union which the hand of God alone could have created, which He alone could have inspired into the minds of men. And there is another beauty added to that little crown bound upon the Church's brow—the beauty of her holiness. Not alone is her doctrine one and the same from the beginning as it shall be to the end, not only is her authority one and the same, but she claims no power except through Jesus Christ. That she had from the beginning, she holds it still and will transmit it to future Pontiffs to the end of time. There was another attribute—oh, if we are astonished at beholding the unity of the Church in this world of division, filled with such a variety of conflicting opinion and thoughts, how much more are we astonished when we see her sanctity in this world where the most sacred truths are only announced to be derided, where every holiest right put forward is ignored and laughed to scorn, where every worst passion, vents itself in sinful indulgence, ruinous to soul and body—in this sinful world where our nature rises in rebellion against human and divine law, and seems to be more powerful than anything that can cope with it—here in the midst of these waters of sin, this justified impurity, this canonized rapine, slaughter, blood-shed and uncharitableness—in the midst of all this stands the beautiful and mighty spouse of Jesus Christ with the beauty of her God upon her face. She speaks to us in season and out of season and it is the word of sanctity. She lays down her moral law and enforces it. Her history is before us—we can turn over the pages of her history for nearly 2,000 years and further, and never for a single instant did the holy spouse of Christ tolerate the least sin, the least impurity, the least ingratitude to God or man. Never for an instant did she permit anything unworthy of the holiness of God, or tolerate it for an instant. No matter who was the sinner she denounced the sin. The sinner might turn upon her and persecute her—she could hear and suffer and bleed and die—but there was one thing the holy Church never could bear and that was the unrepented or tolerated presence of sin amongst her children. More than this, the sanctity of God is upon her. From her sacramental hand, as from the rock smitten by the rod of Moses flow forth in a continuous stream the waters of sacramental graces vivified with the mystic body of Jesus Christ, permeating through every grade and rank of society, shedding sanctity over the mind and over the life and soul of man, gathering into her most holy bosom all the most elect of God in the spiritual regeneration of Baptism, bringing them forth again and again, as the Apostle says until Christ is formed in them, strengthening them by the unction of Confirmation, sanctifying them with the presence of God Himself in the adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist, watching them even when the silver hairs of old age came upon them and sending them at length, anointed with the oil of her last leave-taking Sacrament and sanctified into the presence of the God who is to judge them. This Church thus Commissioned, the Church crowned with unity like that of God and with the sanctity of God has received moreover a third most striking attribute—that Church of Jesus Christ can never die. She is eternal from the moment of her creation. The moment God founded her he breathed upon her His own spirit of essential life, the spirit of immortality, set upon her head this third richest adornment and said *esto perpetua*, be thou eternal, and from that hour

shalt thou live for ever as long as time shall be, and when the earth has passed away thou shalt still live for ever in thy glory and in Mine. They forget that even as the angels in Heaven who rebelled were driven away when they assailed the love of God, so with the powers of the earth. As successive ages have shown, that rebelled and endeavored to extinguish the vital spark of the Church. They think to accomplish to-day what Rome for three hundred years strove to do in vain, and they think to accomplish what Arius for another three hundred years tried to do with all the powers of hell as well as those of earth at his back, and when they succeed in doing what Attila ("the scourge of God") was unable to do, when after scourging the nations he came to the walls of Rome, where his powerful hand was raised and paralyzed and he fled like one affrighted to death to die by the terrible vision he beheld over the head of Pope Leo at Rome. The consequence of all this is that we Catholics know that the mother Church is indestructible. We have heard the cry "the Church is in danger." The Church can't be in danger, and that cry is never heard from Catholics. No; God has espoused her to himself and holds her in the hollow of his hand. But as God has revealed to us His own essential unity. His own infinite holiness, and His own essential life and eternity. We know that and knowing it we believe it. She must proclaim herself, she must announce herself, hold up evidence of her own existence, she must proclaim that she lives as one, that she lives as a whole, and that she lives as immortal. Why? because as it was necessary that we should know the attributes of God, without which we never can be saved, so also is it necessary that we should know the attributes of the Church of God, because without that Church there is no ordinary salvation for any man. We must know the Church of God. It is her duty, as it is indeed the work of system for years to reveal herself to us—in acknowledging her and loving her. Therefore it is that the Church proclaims herself by every conceivable way—through every argument, even in every mortal building, such as we are to-day consecrating herself to God, in her unity, in her sanctity and in her immortality. You have heard of there being sermons in stones. When we speak of the beauty of God, when we reveal the beauty of the Church of God, then indeed this temple fulfils the high purposes for which it was erected and built. Now it is an interesting fact and well worthy of remark that it was from out the heart and mind of the Catholic Church, when she was in her power during those ages of faith, when she was the great governor of nations when she was the animating guide and scientific researcher, when she was the revivifying spirit of light and science—in these ages there sprung from out the inspiration of the Church that style of architecture in which this temple has been built. It was the monastic mind, the architect monk that has conceived the idea of pointed arch—the graceful lofty spire. It was the architect monk that has conceived the idea of what is called the Gothic style of architecture. I speak of this because it is a Catholic art. The Catholic Church does not repudiate every other style, but she consecrates every other form of art. She presses them all into her service for we know she makes all subservient to honor and glory of the Divine Founder of the Catholic Church, but the Gothic Church is the child of the Catholic mind and Catholic genius. Mark how this preaches the Unity, the sanctity, and the durability of the Church. First of all the Church which we are here opening, which we are offering to our Maker, speaks to us and will speak to future generations of the Unity of the Church of God. One idea and one alone does this Church of God put before the mind of her architect child when he is about to design a thing of beauty—that idea is to uphold Christ. Consequently the child of faith and genius sits down to his plans with this one idea before him of upholding Christ. The traveller will behold it from afar; the sailor will behold it as he returns from the bosom of the vasty deep, and sees at once that Christ is upheld. He beholds it in the exterior of the church tending to one point and to one idea. Its massive buttresses, its solid walls its fair clerestory, the beauty of its massive tower and its graceful spire, of remarkable symmetry and strength. The beauty of all this is intended simply to uphold the Son of God, Jesus Christ. That is the whole idea of the Catholic Church. When the traveller crosses the sacred threshold it is the same—the same undivided thought—everything tells him that Christ is here. He looks around him. He sees the confessionals. He sees the holy water font—the baptismal. He sees the stations of Christ upon the walls, and wherever he turns his eyes his mind and his soul is directed to one central act—that thought Christ is here. Before him burns the living lamp, there are gathered the labours of the mother, being the fatness of the olive, the richness of the earth yields from out the hearts of the hills—all that the Church can find in the earth or upon the earth shows what zealous and careful hands gather in its richest form all things before him—proclaims to him that he is God and the Creator of all things. The baptismal font tells the stranger who enters that this is the preparation for all the other Sacraments. The confessional tells him that it is here a man can get rid of his sins and come forth fortified and in the grace of God. Above all, the altar tells of Christ. The altar upon which the blood of the Victim is mystically shed tells him of Christ in the tabernacle, and he bows down and adores Jesus Christ. And so true is it that this is the one thought, the guiding truth animated by faith—so true is it, that when the world rises in its impious power and lays hold of some Catholic church to throw down and desecrate for some secular purpose, or to make it the temple of some new-fangled, false religion or heresy of yesterday, they find that they can never devote it to any purpose that for which the Catholic artist designed it for. It is so built, it is so designed that it is a fact that for no other purpose under heaven can it be used except the one purpose—a dwelling place and a palace of Jesus Christ. You remember the day, not very far distinct, when with prayer and supplication and that mystic blessing the foundation stone of this Church was laid, the prayers that sanctified every heavy rock that was put into this temple—from the very beginning—from the laying of the foundation stone to the crowning of the edifice all is accompanied by prayers because the Church of Christ is raised in sanctity and purity.—Above all holy, thrice holy, ten thousand times holy, because the Son of the Lord, the Creator of all things vouchsafes to make this his dwelling house. I remember it was brought under my notice, even by those who are not Catholics, "How does it come to pass," they said, "that when you, Catholics, build a Church, you seem to be building a thing that is to last for ever." The answer was obvious—the Church does not build for time, but for all time. When the Church of God founds a temple, erects a palace unto the Lord, she knows that He who is to dwell there is the undying God—that He is Life essential, Life eternal—that she can never die because she lives in her beloved and the palace she builds for Him is to last until the end of time.—What is the attestation of History? We need not go beyond the confines of our own loved, dearly loved, martyr mother-land, to find the evidence, the glorious evidence of this. The stranger from distant climes comes, and while he admires the humble but captivating beauties of this island-mother of ours, he asks over and over again, "What are those ruins that I behold? What walls are those clothed with venerable ivy? What are these the remnants of?" And he is told they are the walls that were built up by the hands of Catholic Ireland in the days of her first fervor—in the days when her great heart first throbbled with the new divine light of Christ-an faith, which Patrick infused into her.—

He is told that the storms of fifteen hundred years have blown in vain over those old walls—he is told that they were able to defy all the efforts of time and all the rage of tyrants.—Must it not be a source of great joy and gladness to us that the Almighty God has this day given us to share in the ceremony at which we are assisting? Many were the joys and many were the sorrows that the heart of the people of Israel knew. But the greatest sorrow that ever fell upon the heart of Judah was the destruction of the holy temple of God in Jerusalem. Strong men's hearts broke of pain; women's eyes grew faint from weeping. The heart of the nation was broken when they beheld the holy places of the Lord all ruin and desolation. The greatest joy that ever throbbled through the heart of Israel was the joy of rebuilding that temple and consecrating it once more to God. And why? Because they were animated by the true faith—because they alone had the truth of God and the spirit of God upon them. They rejoiced over the glories and wept over the ruins of God's temples. Why? Because one of the signs of their faith and of their predestination was this zeal for the house of God, as it is written of our Divine Lord himself, "Zeal for thy house hath eaten thee up." We have seen a like sign in the history of our people—we have witnessed all but the utter ruin of the churches of God in this land. We have seen it twelve hundred years ago crowned with all the splendour of its external forms. The face of Ireland twelve hundred years ago was covered with churches. Nine hundred years ago some of the grandest churches in the world, raised by the Church of Ireland, adorned the land. Then came the ruin and desolation that the hand of the invader and of tyrants spread amongst us. Then came the unhappy day when the edict of all this world, as it were, went forth that the Catholic Church and the Catholic religion must die and perish in the land of Ireland. It was the old sad delusion renewed again—it was man trying to destroy what the Almighty declared should never be destroyed—it was the rash hand of human passion trying to extinguish a light that is eternal. In the meantime all these splendours, all the external glories of our holy religion ceased, and if that religion were not from God it should have perished in that day for it had nothing to live upon but the inner light of Divinity which was upon her. The hand of the oppressor has been relaxed; the penal edicts have been revoked; and now the question comes before the whole world—is the heart of Ireland as true—is the heart of Ireland as Catholic—is the heart of Ireland as strong and energetic to the instincts of our Catholic faith to-day as it was twelve or fifteen hundred years ago? Has the long night of misery extinguished the power of vision in her eyes? Has the darkness made her undervalue the light when it beams on her again? Has her heart grown old because hundreds of years of misery and persecution have rolled over her? Has her arm grown weak because the martyrs' blood has flowed from her hearts' veins for three hundred years and more? Ireland answers at present. The nation fifteen hundred years old in its Catholicity arises from out the grave of persecution and of sorrow and proclaims to the world that the heart of the true and faithful nation never loses its strength, the power and principles of a true Catholic people never know change. Thy race, my children, from the beginning were the church-builders, devoted with zeal for the temple of God. Oh eternal praise to God! Thirty short years go by—she does not even wait for the cycle of half a century—and lo, the land that was desolate has bloomed again, the desert has put forth leaves—the green bosom of our mother is once more covered with glorious temples, and fair churches, every one of which upholds the Christ and enshrines Him on its altar, proclaiming by its material proportions, by its stateliness and strength, by its beauty, its unity, its sanctity, its immortality that it represents truly the life of the living Church of God. This was the instinct of our race—this is their instinct to-day—the true glory of a Catholic people to be like their Divine Lord, consumed with zeal for the honour and glory of the Church of God. With Catholicity comes this spirit upon every people, but never was that spirit brought out with wider or grander effusion than when the Almighty opened the eyes of Ireland to see the Faith and breathed His holy spirit upon her people. Never was there a country on which the sun shone that showed such zeal in the erection of Churches as this land of ours. They grouped them in groups of seven—they raised them on every hill-side, in every valley, on the shore of the silent mountain lake, by the side of the little brook as it bubbles on to the sea—they placed these Churches on the promontories jutting out into the ocean, that the sign of the cross might greet the Irish sailor, and might lift his thoughts to heaven, while perhaps his heart was filled with a laudable joy at revisiting his native land. To-day we have now evidence of the Faith that has kept us a people—that has made us a nation—that has so consecrated as that the individuality of our race is fresh and pure in our breasts to-day in spite of every influence brought to bear for its destruction. This new evidence of the unforgotten love that twines together the two dearest objects of Irish love—the Sacred Heart of the Redeemer delicately entwined around that scroll inserted with the name of Brigid, the Irish saint—the fresh, fair lily that unfolded its petals of gold around the tender sapling of Ireland's early Christianity—this evidence of undying faith should fill your hearts and mine with joy. Let us rejoice and be glad that another altar is erected, another resting place for God, another spouse of beauty and of joy has raised her stately head from the bosom of the earth and opened the golden gates of her sanctuary to Him who comes attended by angels in the way of faith, of love, and of mercy. Let us rejoice and be glad that the Church has prepared for herself another sanctuary that He may come down from Heaven to her who has sprung in her beauty from the earth to call upon Him. Then, indeed, will she be the New Jerusalem that will come down from the city of God arrayed like a bride adorned for her bridegroom. Meantime, before I conclude, let me remind you that the work begun is not yet consummated—let me remind you that your zealous and good pastor has not hesitated to encounter debt and difficulty to build up a place no better fitting, as far as man's mind and hand can make it, the dwelling-place of God—and that he has trusted with unhesitating confidence to the great charity, the great faith, the great energy, the tradition of energy that he knows to exist in the Catholic hearts of his own people, to vindicate him from that debt and difficulty. Therefore, he expects you will rally round him to-day, and that you will largely contribute towards clearing off all debt—that you reward him as the people of Ireland of fifteen hundred years ago rewarded their priests in order that the glory of God may be propagated to succeeding generations, and that God may for ever remain in the midst of you, one, holy, imperishable and immortal.—Cork Examiner.

dern times. Already more than Sixty Thousand Pounds have been spent in its erection, of which sum a considerable amount still remains due. Local charity has been taxed beyond measure, and as the payment of the debt cannot be deferred, we are obliged once more to make another and last appeal to the generosity of the Irish Catholic heart. We should feel diffident of success but for the reflection that our claims are not local. The Armagh Cathedral is, in the strictest sense, the property of the Irish Catholic nation, and is a lasting monument erected to the memory of our glorious Apostle by the faith and piety of his spiritual children. More than thirty-three years have now elapsed since this great work was undertaken. On the 17th of March, 1840, the foundation stone was laid by the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly. Two successors of that great Prelate have gone to their reward. A third has been elevated to the purple, and taken his place among the princes of the Church. To the fourth has fallen the happy lot of crowning a work which has engaged the care and attention, and taxed the energies of so many of his illustrious predecessors in the ancient See of Armagh. Of the many thousands who will have the happiness of visiting the new Cathedral, and seeing its towering spires and graceful proportions on the great day of its solemn dedication, we venture to say, there will not be one whose heart will not throb with a manly pride at the thought of having contributed ever so little to the erection of a building that is at once an honor to the land and a glory to the Church. Its site is, perhaps, one of the finest in the world. Standing on a gentle eminence north of the city, it commands a view of the surrounding country for many miles—a view that is unrivalled for picturesque beauty and charming variety of scenery. In connection with the site, there is a very remarkable incident related in the *Book of Armagh*, and one which would seem to show that the exact spot on which the new Cathedral stands was marked out by St. Patrick himself. St. Patrick having obtained from Daire, the lord of the place, the site of what is now the Protestant Cathedral—the *Book of Armagh* says— "And they went forth together, both St. Patrick and Daire, to view the admirable and well pleasing gift, and they ascended the height, and found a roe and a little fawn with her lying on the spot where the altar of the Northern Church in Ardmaeha now stands. As St. Patrick's companions wanted to catch the fawn and kill it, but the Saint objected, and would not permit them; nay, he even took up the fawn himself and carried it on his shoulders, and the roe followed him like a pet sheep until he laid down the fawn on another eminence, on the north side of Armagh, where, according to the statement of those who are familiar with the ground, miraculous attestations are to be witnessed at this day." The eminences at the north side of Armagh can hardly be any other than that on which the new Cathedral is now built. Few places are vested with more historic interest than the ancient city of Armagh. Around it are inseparably entwined the most hallowed associations of the past. The number of its churches and the fame of its schools are known to the humblest student of history. With these many considerations before us, we venture to solicit the favor of your attendance and kind co-operation with us on the great day of the solemn dedication of Ireland's National Cathedral. Should, however, you find it inconvenient to be present with us on the occasion, any donation from you will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by the Honorary Secretaries, to whom all communications are to be addressed. Signed on behalf of His Grace the Primate and Cathedral Committee, P. J. BYRNE, C.C., } Hon. Secs. JAMES MAHAON, } \* *Book of Armagh*, as quoted by Dr. Reeves in his *Ancient Churches of Armagh*, p. 1. The Tablet says that at the recent meeting of the Irish Hierarchy at Maynooth the whole question of Irish Education, including that of the University, was under consideration. From London comes the sensational report that Pierce Nagle, who figured prominently in the character of informer at the Fenian State Trials, has been received into hospital suffering from two bullet wounds, supposed to have been inflicted by some person deputed to avenge those whom he had betrayed. Earl Russell's Bill for "the better government of Ireland has been printed. The *Standard* says of it:—The first part is very short, and to many Englishmen may, perhaps, appear superfluous. Lord Russell proposes to re-enact that "neither the Pope of Rome nor any other foreign prince, prelate, State, or potentate hath, or ought to have, any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, superiority, or pre-eminence directly or indirectly within this realm, and that any act done, or purporting to be done, under any such jurisdiction, shall be null and void." This section is evidently designed to dispose of all the theory of implied repeal of the old statutes against Papal usurpation which one at least of the Irish judges supported in the O'Keefe case, and to demonstrate that Parliament is prepared to assert the Queen's authority in Ireland in spite of the policy of holding up concessions to Ultramontane power under the guise of Liberal sentiment. The second part proceeds to empower the Queen to abolish the office of Lord Lieutenant by proclamation, and to provide, upon that event for the repeal of the various acts allotting public money to the maintenance of the office. The powers now vested in the Lord Lieutenant are to be thenceforth vested in the Queen, whilst those vested in the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council are to become vested in the Irish Privy Council alone. This body is maintained, and the Irish Chancellor is to be henceforth its president. The practical responsibility for the administration of Ireland, now devolving on the Chief Secretary and Lord Lieutenant, is henceforth to devolve on a Secretary of State, whilst in case this increase of the duties of the Secretary of State should entail the creation of an additional Secretary besides the five now appointed, it is provided, and five only shall hold seats in the House of Commons. Judgment was delivered by the Chairman of Quarter Sessions in Listowel on June 28, in the land case of John P. Lynch, the tenant who had been dispossessed by Mr. W. T. Crosbie, of Ardfoe, for an alleged violation of a rule of the estate against transferring or dividing a farm without the landlord's consent. His Worship reviewed the circumstances of the case at great length, and concluded by awarding the maximum rate of compensation for disturbance, namely four years' rent, besides £66 for improvements, but allowed a set off of £27 5s. for rent due and mesne rates—leaving the nett amount awarded to the tenant £139. At the Limerick Quarter Sessions, on June 28th, the Chairman, Mr. Leahy, Q. C., in a case where it was sought to dispossess a labourer from a house and plot of ground because he had failed to give an equivalent in labour, referred thus to the agitation in favour of amelioration of the condition of the class:—It appeared to him that the labourers generally throughout the country had got into their heads some vague notions that they can make their employers do as they please. They were honestly disposed otherwise, but their minds were completely upset by these professional agitators who were engaged to make speeches throughout the country, advocating what they designate labourers rights. THE RE-VALUATION OF IRELAND BILL.—We are glad to perceive that the Government, after having taken abundant time to consider the question, have deter-

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL OF ARMAGH.—The following circular has been addressed to all the secular clergy of the Catholic Church in Ireland. There may be some of our readers that would like to honor the new Cathedral by a donation:— ARMAGH, July 1, 1873. Rev. and Dear Sir.—The solemn dedication of the great National Cathedral of St. Patrick, Armagh, has been fixed for Sunday, the 24th of August, 1873. This magnificent temple of worship has been at length completed, and for majestic beauty and artistic excellence, now stands unrivalled by any church ever erected in this country in either ancient or mo-