

as servant of God have a care of my soul. Let him command, order; I am ready to obey. Moved by the earnestness with which she spoke these words, Bernard and his brothers related, and the saint held a serious conversation with her on the vanity of her ways. "Was this the rule of life which mother kept?" said he. "Her garments, equipage, table, were simple and frugal. Live in accordance with the model which she left you, go in peace." Hombeline went home a converted woman. Her life henceforward was that of a hermit. She continued in uninterrupted prayer, with fasts and vigils, until she obtained permission from her husband to take the religious veil. Her life and death were such as became a sister of St. Bernard.—Catholic Standard.

[From a Special Telegram to the Cork Examiner.]

CARDINAL FRANCHI IN IRELAND.

DEDICATION OF HOLY CROSS CHURCH, CLONLIFFE.

MAGNIFICENT CEREMONIAL.

DUBLIN, Thursday, Sept. 14.—The ceremony of the dedication of the Church of the Holy Cross, Clonliffe, took place to-day. The occasion was made remarkable and imposing by the presence of nearly the entire of the Irish Hierarchy, and it was invested with still greater interest by the presence of Cardinal Franchi, the Prefect of the Propaganda. Soon after eleven o'clock, a procession of great length issued from the entrance hall of the College and wound its way round the grounds to the new church through a line kept with difficulty in the centre of a dense throng. First came the various Confraternities, with banners, then the children of some of the city orphanages; the clergy walked next in beretta, surplice and cassock, among whom were Archbishop O'Regan, Mallow; Canon Murphy, Youghal; Rev. J. Mulcahy, Timoleague; Rev. Dr. Coghlan, Abbeyfeale; Rev. M. Bourke, Dungarvan, Father Tom Burke, O. P., and Rev. Dr. Russell, O. P. Among the secular clergy was mixed up members of the regular orders, in choir habits, which very much diversified the appearance of the procession.

The Bishops in purple robes followed. These were—The Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, of Salford, Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, of London; Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, Derry; Right Rev. Dr. Gilloly, Elphin; Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Kerry; Right Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Galway; Right Rev. Dr. Dorrain, Down and Connor; Right Rev. Doctor Donaty, Kilmore; Right Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Ologher; Right Rev. Dr. McDevitt, Raphoe; Right Rev. Dr. Moran, Ossory; Right Rev. Dr. MacCarthy, Clonfert; Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Coadjutor, Killoe; Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, Drogheda; Right Rev. Dr. Warren, Feros; Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea, Ross; Right Rev. Dr. Butler, Limerick; Right Rev. Dr. Nulty, Meath; Rt. Rev. Dr. Conroy, Ardagh; Right Rev. Dr. Duggan, Clonfert; Right Rev. Dr. Power, Waterford; Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Coadjutor, Kildare; the Most Rev. Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam; the Most Rev. Dr. McGottigan, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate, His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, at whose approach everybody knelt, walked next.

The procession was closed by the Celebrant, Cardinal Alexander Franchi. The Cardinal, who is 57, is an extremely fine-looking man with regular features, a noble and dignified expression of face, and a clear, strong voice. He was vested in white and gold, with a richly jewelled mitre, and as he gave his benediction to the people kneeling on either side as he passed along, they were loud in their admiration of his fine bearing.

Inside the church a large congregation had gathered, which included the Earl of Portarlington, Sir John Bradstreet, the Lord Mayor Elect, the O'Connor Don, Mr. Arthur Moore, M. P.; Canon Samlucette, Under Secretary of the Sacred Congregation; Count Brazio Bocelli, of Rome; Edward Desse, M. P.; Alderman M'Sweeney; Maurice Lenthall, John O'Sullivan, J. P., Cork, and others.

The ceremony of dedicating the church having been performed by Cardinal Franchi, the two Cardinals, robed in scarlet, took their seats on the thrones at the Gospel side of the altar, and Pontifical High Mass was sung by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Moran, being the celebrant. At the Gospel, the following eloquent sermon was preached by the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel.

"I have heard thy prayer; I have sanctified this house which thou hast built, and My eyes and My heart shall be there forever."—3rd Book of Kings, c. ix. v. 3.

May it please your Eminences, my Lords, and Brethren—Whosoever takes the trouble of investigating the religious annals of mankind, will not fail to discover that there exists no record of a people who, even at an early period of their history, did not erect structures, more or less costly and magnificent, for the public exercise of their devotions, or who, having erected them, did not set them apart from vulgar use by some peculiar rite or consecration. This applies to Jew and Gentile, to Greek and barbarian alike. The Patriarch Jacob, as we are told in the earliest pages of Holy Writ, was favored while slumbering with a mysterious vision; and having risen from sleep, he set up the stone on which he had laid his head, and pouring oil on the top of it, is supposed to have consecrated the first altar ever erected in honor of the Almighty. The great Latin historian, Livy, informs us that the founder of Rome having vanquished a neighboring king in fight, had his armor and equipments brought in triumphal procession into the new-built city; and that, by way of thanksgiving to the gods, as well as to commemorate his first victory, he soon after commenced the building of a temple for the reception of those warlike trophies, and when completed dedicated it in person to Jupiter Feretrius, saying, "O Jupiter! having become a conqueror by thy favor, I place royal arms at thy feet, and dedicate to thee a temple for all the rich spoils with which posterity may present thee." The ceremony, therefore, brethren, which you have just witnessed here, the ceremony of the formal opening and dedication of a church, or house specially designed for Divine worship, besides being a most solemn and suggestive function, is in idea, at all events, as ancient as society itself. Now, it is my desire to explain to you, and in as few words as possible, the import and origin of this imposing ceremony—to point out to you certain noticeable peculiarities in connection with this new Church of the Holy Cross, which to-day takes its place for the first time amongst the sacred edifices with which this great Catholic city abounds; and to offer, moreover, one or two practical reflections that may not be found unsuited to the circumstances under which we are assembled here.

You know well what profanation means; you know what it is to profane a thing. You profane anything when you treat it irreverently, and wrongfully divert it from the uses of religion to secular purposes. Thus, the mighty monarch of old who despoiled the Temple of its sacred vessels, and made them subservive the ends of his riotous conviviality, was said to have profaned the Temple, and was punished by God accordingly. You profane what is sacred; you consecrate what had been profane; profanation is, therefore, the opposite of consecration. Profanation takes from God or religion, and iniquitously gives to the world. Consecration takes from the world and generously gives to God. This oblation, for instance, that is used at the altar for the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries, was once in the hands of a silversmith. It was then a profane

thing; it belonged to the world, and the world might have managed, or manipulated, or used it as it willed. But, one day it was taken to a prince of the Church; and he spoke words of sacred import over it, and he anointed it within with holy oil, and thereupon it passed from secular to sacred uses, and belonged no more to the world; but to God and religion. The vestments which your clergy wear while ministering at the altar, it has been the same with them. They had been profane things; they are now, in some sense, sacred. Holy water, blessed beads, medals, crosses, and the like, are all illustrations of the same fact. Look now to this Church in which we are assembled. This morning it was but an ordinary house. It may have served, to be sure, the ends of a church; but it was, in reality, nothing more than a profane building, used for sacred purposes. They who had contributed towards its erection did not wish, or intend, that it should continue so; they desired that an offering of it should be made to God; they intimated their desire to the great and enlightened Pontiff who presides over this portion of Christ's vineyard, and behold, brethren, he comes hither to-day as an envoy from the Court of Heaven unto you; on the part of God, his Master, he accepts this present at the people's hands, and with prayers, and psalmody, and mystic rites, and in presence of distinguished princes of the Church, a host of illustrious prelates, and a magnificent array of Irish priests and people, he has dedicated it irrevocably to religion. It is no longer yours. It is now a sacred edifice. It is now the property of religion. It is now God's own house, and "His eyes and His heart shall be there for ever." Thus you understand what the consecration of a church means. It is the special dedication of it to the exclusive uses of religion.

"He," says the Roman historian, "who was to dedicate a temple, laying hold of one of the posts or pillars of it, declared that he bestowed it on the deity, and that the deity on whom it was bestowed should hold it and enjoy it, and thus alienate it for ever from the service of men."

During the first ages of Faith, or at least during the two centuries that immediately followed the death of our Redeemer, there is no conclusive evidence to show that any churches had been publicly consecrated. Religion was then persecuted, in and out of the Roman Empire, and the Confessors of the Faith celebrated the Divine Mysteries and communed with their flocks on the mountain tops, or in the caverns of the earth, regarding not so much the sacredness of the place as the safety and seclusion it afforded. But, it is sufficiently ascertained that, even then, before the celebration of the Sacred Offices, some special rite was privately gone through, and some peculiar blessing imparted to the house or place in which the devotions of the primitive Christians were usually conducted. The "upper room," for instance, referred to in the first chapter of the "Acts," and into which the Apostles and Disciples repaired on their return to Jerusalem, after the ascension of our Lord, is said by the Venerable Bede to have been enclosed as a church, "founded" that is, specially set apart by the Apostles for Christian worship. In the second century, Pope Pius I., writing to a particular friend of his named Justus, says, "Our sister Euprepeia has had her house converted into a church for the use of the poor servants of Christ, where now, abiding with our said poor brethren, we celebrate the Blessed Supper." In the third century Felix I. consecrated the house of Cecilia, and some years afterwards Pope Marcellinus that of Lucia, both Roman Matrons, for the religious purposes of the Christians. In the fourth century, days of peace, and even of triumph, came upon the Church. A Roman Emperor was miraculously converted; the idols of the false gods were everywhere overthrown, and the hitherto persecuted religion of Jesus was at first tolerated, and finally proclaimed from one end of the empire to the other. The Seven Basilicas of Rome were dedicated by St. Sylvester. Magnificent temples were raised and consecrated, at the Emperor's expense, in Ostia, Tyra, Albano, and Naples, whilst the pious Empress Helen caused similar edifices to be built and dedicated in Jerusalem, in Bethlehem, and even on Mount Calvary itself. The Arians charged it as a great crime on St. Athanasius that he had celebrated the Holy Mass in a church before it was consecrated; and the saint found it necessary to offer a written apology to the Emperor for having done so. Eusebius, in his Ecclesiastical History, gives a most minute account of the consecration of the new church of Tyre, built by the holy Bishop Paulinus, and dedicated by him with much pomp and solemnity before a great gathering of prelates and presbyters. St. Ambrose, later on, writing to Felix, Bishop of Cumo, invites him to the consecration of a church built by a devout man named Bassianus, and urgently prays him not to fail to come, "as he had promised for him." St. Gregory the Great, in several of his letters, speaks of the consecration of churches, and in one of them, notably, he says, "that no new church is to be consecrated unless it be endowed with sufficient revenue for maintaining Divine service, and the clergy that are to perform it." Since Pope Gregory's time, as well as during the long ages that preceded it, this sacred ceremony has been practised throughout Christendom, and, in dedicating the Church of the "Holy Cross," to-day we are but treading in the footsteps of those who have gone before us in the Faith, and perpetuating an usage which has prevailed amongst Christians for nearly 1800 years.

And, indeed, the practice of offering profane things to God must have been prescribed by the Almighty even from the beginning, as it was undoubtedly most gratifying to Him. "And it came to pass," the Scripture says, "that Cain offered of the fruits of the earth gifts to God, and Abel also offered of the firstlings of his flock; and the Lord had respect to Abel and his offerings, but in Cain and his offerings he had no respect." Noah built an altar unto the Lord on coming out of the Ark, in token of his gratitude, and taking of all cattle and fowl that were clean offered holocausts on the altar. "And the Lord smelled a sweet odor," and said—"I will no more curse the earth for the sake of man," thereby showing that He was pleased with the offering. When Moses returned to his people, bearing with him the Tables of the Law, assembling his countrymen around him, he said—"Set aside your first fruits; let every one that is willing and hath a ready heart offer them to the Lord, gold, and silver and brass." And all, both men and women, gave bracelets, and ear-rings, and tablets, and vessels of gold, and spices, and oil, and other voluntary offerings to the Lord. And what was the consequence of this generosity? When the offerings were given in, and the Ark completed, "the glory of God filled the house, and the majesty of God shone on it in presence of all the children of Israel."

But of all the gifts that man can make to God, there is nothing so agreeable to Him as a temple. "Go," said He to the Prophet Nathan, "and say to my servant David, thou shalt build me a house to dwell in, for I have not dwelt in a house from the day I brought the children of Israel out of Egypt unto this day." King David thereupon sent for his son Solomon, and said to him—"It was my desire, my son, to have built a house to the Lord, the God of Israel; but the word of the Lord came to me, saying, 'Thou hast shed much blood, and fought many battles, so thou canst not build a house to My name, but thy son, Solomon, shall build a house to My name, and he shall be a son to Me, and I will be to him a father.'" "Now behold," he continued, "I have prepared in my poverty a hundred thousand talents of gold, and of silver a million of talents, brass, and iron, and stone, and timber without account. Arise, then, my son, and do, and may the Lord God of Israel be with you." The good King David died soon after this,

and Solomon set to work at once to build the temple. He employed thirty thousand masons, seventy thousand carriers of burdens, eighty thousand hewers of stone, and had three thousand architects or overseers. Day and night they piled the good work without ceasing. At length it was finished, and the feast of the dedication was at hand. The priests and the ancients of Israel, and Solomon, the mighty monarch himself, arrayed in his royal robes, went in solemn procession to the Temple, and even within the sanctuary thereof—the king, going down on his knees, poured forth that sublime prayer, recorded in the third book of Kings, and in which he alternately praised God and prayed for and blessed his people. "And when Solomon had made an end to his prayer," the Scripture says, "a fire came down from heaven and consumed the holocausts, and the majesty of the Lord filled the house; and all the children of Israel saw the fire coming down, and the glory of the Lord upon the house; and falling down with their faces to the ground on the stone pavement, they adored and praised the Lord, saying that He was good, and that His mercy endureth forever." This ceremony, brethren, has just been repeated here, and I earnestly, oh, so earnestly and heartily, ask Him who sits upon the throne, and who sent down fire of old to consume the holocausts in the Temple, graciously to vouchsafe that the functions of this day may be attended with a somewhat similar result. May God's glory shine on this house; may His Majesty fill it; and may His best and choicest graces abide here forever.

But why, you may say to me, this special dedication of a house to God? Heaven and earth cannot contain Him. Wherefore, then, strive to isolate Him here? God is everywhere, and may everywhere be invoked. "If I ascend into heaven," says the Psalmist, "Thou art there; if I descend into hell, Thou art there; if I take unto myself the wings of the morning and fly even to the ends of the earth, Thy right hand sustains me and Thy power is still felt." Why not invoke God then in the open air, under the broad canopy of heaven, or on the mountain top, suppose, at night, when stars are brightest, and when solitude reigns all around, rather than here in the midst of men, and circumscribed by these walls? For two reasons—first, because it is God's pleasure that we should do so; and secondly, because we know that though present everywhere He is specially present here. "Beware lest thou offerest thy holocausts in every place that thou seest," said the Lord in Deuteronomy, "but only in the place which the Lord will choose, in one of thy tribes shalt thou offer sacrifice and do all that I command thee." And by how many prodigies did not God reveal Himself as specially present, both in the Temple built by Solomon and in the other temples that succeeded it? Fire descended from heaven, as we have seen, to consume the holocausts that were offered there. There God delivered His oracles and declared His wishes. It was there that Samuel was instructed; that Solomon got the gift of wisdom; that the father of the Baptist was apprised of the future glories of his son; and that the aged Simon took the infant Jesus into his arms. It was in the Temple that the poor publican was pardoned; and it was in the Temple, too, that the mother of the Messiah qualified herself for the glorious privilege of the divine maternity which the angel of God announced to her in her humble home at Nazareth. Jesus Christ Himself calls the Temple "His house;" He punished those who profaned it; He frequently prayed in the Temple. Peter and John were about to enter the Temple when they cured the man who had been lame from his mother's womb; and it was at the earnest and united supplication of the Church assembled in the Temple of Jerusalem, that the angel came from heaven to strike the chains from off Peter's feet, and restore him to freedom and to the cause of the faith. God is, then, everywhere, but He is especially present in the house that is dedicated to His service. Of this I can present you with an easy illustration. The soul subsists, you know, and acts in the entire body of each of us, and in each and every one of its parts; yet it especially lives and operates in the head and heart, for therein it is most sensibly felt. The head is the fountain of intellectual life, the heart the source of animal activity. So it is with God. He is everywhere, but is especially in heaven and in our church. In heaven, where His wisdom, and majesty, and might, and supreme intellectuality reside, guiding, governing, and sustaining the world, and fulfilling the laws that He framed for it from eternity; in His churches where His goodness and mercy, and longanimity prevail, and where He gives life, and health, and grace, and spiritual vigor to those who ask for them as they ought.

And so in truth it has been felt and believed at all times. Tacitus tells us that the ancient Germans were used to enter the temples of their gods bare of head and laden with chains to indicate their allegiance; to and respect for their deities whose presence they had been taught to recognise there. The Saracens, we are told, took the shoes off their feet, and, as a mark of reverence, walked and knelt on their naked knees in the churches. The Greeks of other days would not use their handkerchiefs nor exspectorate, nor be guilty of the least levity in the edifices which they held to be sacred; and history tells us that when a barbarous people entered Rome about 1400 years ago, for the purpose of plunder, their savage chiefs issued the strictest orders that the churches of the Christians should not be profaned. Saint Jerome and Saint Augustine attest this fact. And surely, brethren, if this idea prevailed at all times, and even amongst barbarous men, it should be specially felt now and here. "Come not hither," said God to Moses, speaking to him from out the burning bush; "put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." And is not this spot on which we stand to-day holy too? The high priest of your religion has blessed it, and Jesus Christ is to dwell there for evermore. "For He has heard your prayers, and He has sanctified this house which you have built, and His eyes and His heart shall be there for ever." Woe, then, to him who would profane it by thought, or word, or deed. A man was struck dead, of old, for having dared to lay hands upon the Ark. Fifty thousand men were treated with the same rigor because they gazed on it with an idle and almost sinful curiosity. Balthazar was torn off the throne of his ancestors for having profaned the sacred vessels. Holocausts were well-nigh flogged to death by angels, because he presumed to meddle with the treasures of the temple; and Jesus Christ was only once angry while on earth, and that was when He saw His "Father's house profaned, and from being a house of prayer, converted into a den of thieves." Here upon this new raised altar, will a sacrifice be only offered, of which all the ancient sacrifices were but an empty figure.

Within and around this sanctuary, meanwhile, the highest of God's spirits will keep ceaseless vigil. Either you brethren, will come as stated times to pray, and to pour forth your souls in words of sorrow, supplication and thanksgiving to Him who sits upon the throne; and, oh, then, during those happy moments, in humble attitude before the God of your fathers, let no distracting thought disturb the placid flow of your devotions, but, wrapped in holy prayer, think only of God and of your own misery. The farmer should then forget his fields, the lawyer his clients, the physician his patients, the rich man his wealth, the poor man his poverty, the scholar his books and his ambition; and kneeling here, before an altar far more holy than the stone erected by Jacob, or ground more hallowed than that on which Moses stood, and in presence of a tabernacle of which the Ark of the Covenant was but the emblem; they should hold silent converse with the great Author of the universe alone, and

ask for His favors and His friendship. Even when at home, brethren, think at times of Zion. Turn to this spot in thought occasionally, as the captive Israelites used to yearn after the city of their home and affections; and as you pass it by henceforth, now that it is "the house of the Lord, and the place wherein His glory shineth," lift your hearts reverently from off your heads, or show some other mark of respect to it, in token of your belief in the mystery which it covers; yet cannot wholly conceal.

Nor is it alone the great Christian mystery of the miraculous presence of the body and blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ under the Eucharistic species of bread and wine, that this sacred edifice is designed to cover and to commemorate. A considerable portion of the wood of the cross on which our blessed Redeemer shed his blood and died for us, and which the illustrious Cardinal Archbishop of this ancient Metropolitan See received as a gift from our Holy Father the Pope in person, is to find a fit and permanent resting-place within these now consecrated walls. This is the church of the "Holy Cross." When children are being regenerated in the waters of baptism, it is an old and commendable usage that they assume the name of some of the heroic holy ones of the past, thus taking to themselves for life a saintly patron and protector. In the world of letters a similar custom prevails. Authors often dedicate the productions of their pen to some high and potent personage, hoping in this way to secure the favors of the great through the exalted patronage of the one to whom they have inscribed their writings. Much on the same principle, we designate our churches by the names of our favorite saints, calling them the church of St. Patrick, or St. Malachy, or of St. Bridget; or giving them a title from one of the chief mysteries of our religion, such as the Church of the Holy Trinity, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or the Church of the Holy Cross. Thus, in a church built in honor of Ireland's great Apostle, St. Patrick receives special reverence. His hallowed name is seen written in letters of gold or silver on its walls and windows; the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel will have permanently represented there the traditional outlines of his familiar face and figure; and on his yearly festival, honored in every land as is the name-day of no other saint in the calendar, he will receive in his own church, and from his own children, the truest and tenderest homage of their hearts. In like manner, in this Church of the Holy Cross the sacred symbol of salvation meets the eyes of the faithful everywhere. The crucifixion of our Lord, the crucifixion of St. Peter and St. Andrew, the vision of Constantine, the fiery serpent raised of old in the wilderness, together with various other emblems more or less connected with man's redemption by the Cross, are fittingly represented within those walls, exhibiting a high development of decorative art, and strikingly suggestive of the special ends for which this Christian Temple has been designed. It may fairly be assumed also, that besides performing here the ordinary devotions of Catholics, the lovers of the Cross of Christ, the Christian standard and the Christian's hope, will periodically visit this church, as on a pilgrimage, there to pour forth their souls in prayer with more than usual faith and fervor, while gazing with sad but reverent eye on the precious memorial of our Saviour's Passion, which shall henceforth be venerated here. The Roman legionaries made solemn oaths in presence of the imperial eagles, that they would follow the stand surmounted by those golden birds through life and death, and that they would never falter in their allegiance to him in whose name and honor they were borne. Are we equally true to the sacred standard of the Cross? When the veteran banners of some historic regiment of the line are war-worn and decayed, stained with the blood of slaughtered men, and rent by the missiles of destruction, they are usually exchanged for fresh colors, which religion does not disdain to bless, and which royalty itself condescends at times to make a present of. Our colors never fade, or grow old, nor does our standard need a new benediction. Like the vital spark within us which leaves its earthly tenement only to travel to a better sphere, where it hopes to be clothed in perennial beauty, the standard of the Cross stricken down in one country is sure to be set up in another; its home may be altered, but its ultimate triumph is assured, as its lessons are immutable and eternal. We are despised, as we know, for many a long and weary year, as the emblem of guilt and shame, and meanness and punishment; but it had a miraculous triumph at last, and was lifted up fearlessly thereupon in the open light of day, at the head of a victorious army. Ever since then, it has been ceaselessly combated, but never vanquished. The early Christian missionaries bore it lovingly aloft, as they went evangelizing on their way. They boldly outstepped with it the boundaries of the Roman world, subjected to it the most savage tribes as well as the most polished peoples, and successfully planted it amongst nations over which the eagles of the empire had never floated. It is now seen, thank God, high up and honored on battlemented tower and sacred steeple, has become a sign of civilization instead of ignominy, and is the chief ornament in the diadem of kings, and queens, and emperors.

We have every reason, therefore, to be proud of the Cross. The primitive Christians, as Tertullian tells us, had it constantly before them. "At every moment," he says, "and at every step, when entering a house or when leaving it, when dressing, or bathing, or sitting down to dinner, when going to bed and rising from it, when walking or standing, we mark upon our foreheads the holy sign of the Cross. People nowadays, nevertheless, who call themselves Christians, and who affect to be the sole representatives of Divine truth as taught and practiced in the early Church, not only never mark themselves with this saving sign, but hold it in the utmost aversion, and carefully exclude from their homes, their books and general surroundings everything that resembles, or that could at all suggest, the sacred emblem itself. Even in their houses of worship there is no footing found for it; and the royal arms of England usurp the place of prominence which all Christian antiquity had assigned to the symbol of man's redemption. However to be deplored, this, under the circumstances, is scarcely to be wondered at. For when one dynasty, as we know, supplants another, be it by fraud or superior force, or upon one form of government succeeds another, the national flag undergoes a corresponding change, the city streets, and public buildings, and chief places of popular resort receive strange designations, in accordance with the new regime, and the emblems held in honor yesterday, and perhaps for ages, are but tokens of disaster and defeat to-day. So in some sense, has it been with the Cross. It has had its vicissitudes. Not to talk of the insults offered to it when torn down and trampled under foot, three centuries ago, in England and in several Continental states, from the Rhine to the Danube, and from the lakes and mountains of Switzerland to the frozen fastnesses of the North, it has been subjected to many a sore trial and humiliation even here.

Nor need I travel far beyond the spot on which we now stand to illustrate in a most striking manner the trials as well as the triumphs of the Cross. Eight hundred years ago and more, on the great day of atonement and propitiation, when Christ our Lord, suffered death for us on the Cross; the plains on which this church is built were the scene of an ever memorable but sanguinary encounter. The battle known as that of Clontarf, fought, according to the Four Masters on the Good Friday of the year 1014, is supposed to have taken place on the circumambient fields. The Scandinavian pirates, flushed with repeated victories, and enriched with the plunder of more than two countries, strengthened

moreover, I regret to say, by the traitorous aid of a native prince, the perfidious King of Leinster, gave final battle here to the men of Munster, commanded by brave O'Brien, the greatest and mightiest of our ancient Irish kings. Before the battle, we are told in the Annals of Inisfallen, the Monarch of Ireland, with his son Morrough, went among his men, and addressing them, said, "You have for many years groaned under the tyranny of these sea-faring pirates, profane destroyers of the churches and monasteries of God, who have trampled on the Cross and profaned the relics of the saints. They are now before us. May God in His mercy give you strength and courage, on this day on which Christ suffered death for you, to put an end for ever to their tyranny in Ireland and to avenge on them their many perfidies and profanations." And then, cross in his left hand, and with his sword in his right, declaring he was ready to die for his people, he and his followers rushed on the men in armour, on the native traitors and foreign auxiliaries, cut them to pieces, and thus freed the Irish soil forever from the hated domination of the Danes. "That man," it has been beautifully observed, "is little to be envied whose patriotism would not be inflamed on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warm midst the ruins of Iona." May we not hope, then, that the love of faith and fatherland of the aged Brian when he snote the Dane and drove him a beaten fugitive into the turf at Clontarf, will, for all time to come, be fed and fostered, as in a living fountain, here. And, above all, may we not reasonably expect that the youthful aspirants to the sacred ministry who throng and thrive in the adjoining seminary of Clonliffe, as they wander over these College grounds, on which their country's deliverance from a foreign foe was once achieved, or bend in silent prayer before the altar whereon Brian's standard of the bleeding Cross is honored and enshrined, will learn to love the ancient Church which Brian's right arm defended and the dear old land which he set free.

But the discomfiture of the Danes, and the utter annihilation of their pagan power in Ireland, is not the only, or even the most touching triumph of the Cross which I wish to commemorate in connection with the dedication of this new church and the stately ceremonial of to-day. Not that I mean to glance at, much less to expiate on, the progress which our holy religion, pre-eminently the religion of the Cross, is making, and happily has made amongst us, even within the memory of living men. The theme is, no doubt, a noble and inviting one, but it must be the business of another time and of some person more capable of dealing with it than I am, to tell of and describe the wondrous transformation which the face of this country has undergone and is still undergoing, considered from a religious and educational point of view—how schools, colleges, hospitals, houses of refuge, parish churches, cathedrals, and all manner of charitable institutions have of late years risen up, as by the touch of an enchanter's wand, in every city, and town and hamlet in this island. The Gospel is everywhere preached to the poor. The schoolmaster is abroad, confraternities abound, and are daily becoming more numerous. The Holy Scapular, the Holy Rosary, the Holy Family, the Sacred Heart of Jesus—to which our country was solemnly dedicated on the Passion Sunday of 1873—are familiar, thank God, to the children of this generation as household words. The pious pilgrim from Ireland visits as of old, the sacred shrines believed to have been hallowed by the footsteps of saints or honored by the presence of celestial messengers. Our faith and fervor and devotion to the Holy See are unsurpassed. Religious communities of men and women are being marvellously multiplied, and with them those homes of peace and grace and beneficence which in earlier and better days abounded here, and formed the chief glory and greatness of this ancient island.

On these, and such exciting topics as these, let it be the pleasing duty of others on some future, and possibly, more suitable occasion, to descend. For my part, I desire only to remark that, in tracing the origin and estimating the character and extent of the religious progress, or revival, made by our National Church within the last five-and-twenty years, while awarding the highest meed of credit where credit is undoubtedly due, and recognizing to the full the enlightened zeal of our bishops, the untiring energy and devotedness of our priests, and the unselfish generosity of our people, we should not be unmindful of the salutary influence so benignly exercised over us all by the eminent prelate who, with equal grace, and dignity and devotion, presides over this great gathering to-day, and whose well-merited honors as a Prince of the Church have added such unusual lustre to the Irish Episcopacy in our times. On the 3rd of May, 1852, little less than a quarter of a century ago, the Feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, he was translated from the Primatial See of Armagh, and appointed Metropolitan of Leinster; and in this fact I think I see the origin of this Church of the Holy Cross, and desire a reason, too, why it and the adjacent seminary, built designedly beside each other, as was the usage in the early ages of faith, have been planted on these historic fields, where on the standard of the Cross achieved a most signal triumph, and the faith and heroism of our fathers have been so notably made manifest. May health, then, and grace, and length of days be the portion of our Irish Cardinal; and having lived to see the triumph of Religion and of the Cross at home, may he not be gathered to his rest until he will have witnessed a similar triumph in those dear but distant lands in which it has so long been persecuted, and so fiercely, but fruitlessly, assailed.

For the rest, my Lords and Brethren, as Christ, in us owe everything to the Cross. It was traced over our infant forms in baptism, marked with holy oil on our foreheads in Confirmation, is ever associated with the sacred form of absolution in the much needed sacrament of Penance, and literally presides over every ceremony and sacred rite designed for our sanctification by the Church. On cathedral dome and parish steeple, and cloistered house of prayer, it is prominently placed and seen throughout the various districts of this sainted land. It hangs beside our pillow as we lay us down to rest at night, and meets the eye in our books of devotion as we make our thanksgiving in the morning. In life it is our hope, in death it will be our best security. It shall be the witness of our last struggle; the bearer, as it were, to heaven of our last sigh; the object of our last embrace. What do I say? When we shall have been no more, and that our mortal remains shall have been committed to their last resting place, high above them will be raised the symbol of salvation, telling to friends and passers by that we lived as Christians, and that in death our ashes repose beneath the shadow of the Cross, awaiting a happy and glorious resurrection.

The monarch may, therefore, glory in his crown, his sceptre, and his subjects; the great ones of the earth may glory in their names, their titles, and their dignity; the scholar may glory in the triumph of successful genius; the soldier in his scars; the conqueror in the applause of a grateful country; the lovers of elegance and ease may glory in the possession of every earthly comfort; but he who is the peculiar privilege of glorying in the Cross and humiliations of a crucified Redeemer, of troading in His footsteps, and copying in our lives the lessons which He came on earth to teach us. May we live in some sort, as He lived, to die as He died, at peace with all—with God, with our neighbor, and with ourselves; may we exchange the light of that sun which knows no dimness; and in forfeiting the favor and friendship of creatures, may it be but to