

confident, from what we know of his talents and persevering energy, that many triumphs of Religion will yet be achieved through his Apostolic Ministry. Ireland has reason to be proud of such illustrious men—the heralds of salvation to the uttermost bounds of the earth. They revive the memory of her ancient glories when she sent forth her countless missionaries as so many ‘burning and shining lights’ of old Europe, and merited for herself the proud appellation of *Island of Saints* :

OPENING OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL ROOM, WEST TERRACE.

On Sunday last, that indefatigable body of christians, the Catholics, opened their new school room, on West-terrace, as a temporary place of worship, it being the Bishop's intention shortly to erect a cathedral. It is an elegant little building of about seventy feet by thirty, in the purest order of plain Gothic, and, from its great height and stone-pavement, will always be agreeably cool. The fittings are exceedingly neat, and those around the altar very handsome. The paintings of the Last Supper, the Descent from the Cross, and other Scriptural incidents may well make us blush for our miserable daub at St John's, which seldom fails to excite the laughter of those who first see it, and is a continued eyesore to those who have looked at it till it has become a serious annoyance.

The chapel was full, and contained about four hundred persons, constituting a highly respectable congregation, a large proportion of whom were professing Protestants. The morning service included the pontifical mass, the ceremonies of which it is unnecessary to describe. To those who regard them of apostolic origin, they must have been impressive in the extreme; whilst those who, like ourselves, dissent from the Catholic Church, show better feeling and better judgment in passing them by in silence, than in censuring forms which millions upon millions regard as sacred, and in the performance of which some of the most pious and talented of the earth have assisted. To make them the subject of ridicule and of profane ribaldry is worthy only of one who has deserted the service of the altar, to which, however unworthy, he was once consecrated, and who seems disposed to wind up a useless life (to call it no worse) by anathematizing those who, unlike himself, serve God and their fellow-men according to their consciences.

The service of the day commenced by the entrance of the Bishop from the principal door, *in pontificali-bus*. The banner of the Cross preceded the procession, the choir (which was very efficient) raising the hymn *Benedi-ctus*. Mozart, on the entrance of the Right Rev Father, (attended by his officiating priest Mr Ryan, and the usual surpliced boys who are required in the performance of Mass at the altar),

sprinkling holy water as he proceeded down the aisle, and within the sanctuary.

The clerical part of the procession was followed by the children of the schools, who had been previously brought from the old school room in Pirie-street, preceded by the banner of the Cross, and accompanied by their master and mistress, the girls in white dresses, with temperance medals, and the boys in a neat uniform dress, likewise decorated with medals, and who proceeded to occupy the places which had been set apart for them in front of the altar.

After *Te deum audamus*, had been chanted by his Lordship in English, (a circumstance, by-the-by, which we never before recollect having met with in a Catholic church,) he proceeded to read the beautiful prayer of Solomon, at the dedication of the first Jewish Temple, agreeably to the Romish version of the sacred writings, which substitutes the words *do penance*, for that which our translation gives us *repent*. (1 Kings, viii. 47, *passim*.)

The Bishop proceeded to the ambo at the left-hand of the altar, being the one destined for the morning sermon, and delivered an impressive and eloquent sermon on 2 Kings, vii. 1, 2, (called in the protestant version 2 Sam. vii, 1, 2.) ‘And it came to pass when the king sat in his house and the Lord had given him rest on every side from his enemies, he said to Nathan the prophet: ‘Dost thou see that I dwell in a house of cedar, and the Ark of God is lodged within skins?’ His Lordship commenced by observing that the building in which they were that day assembled, had been built by himself for a twofold purpose, namely, to afford greater convenience for the folding and instruction of the lambs of the flock of Jesus, and also as a temporary place of worship for the members of the Catholic community. He should, however, confine his remarks on that occasion to the acceptability of the services and offerings of those who assisted in the erection of temples dedicated to the Most High. It was to be remembered that God was every where, equally present to the distant and desert isles of the sea, as in the peaceful countries of our homes, and that the universe was one vast temple, in which the whole human family might perform its homage, and that whosoever were, we were surrounded with the presence of the great Creator of all things, for in Him ‘we lived and moved, and had our being.’ But it was more especially in the houses that we dedicated to His name, that He manifested His presence to His faithful servants. It was there that He had promised to let His eye and heart rest perpetually. The patriarchs had their Beth-Elis,—it was in the bush that the Deity appeared to Moses,—the Jews worshipped in their tabernacles,—but it was reserved to Solomon to erect and dedicate the first temple for divine worship on a scale of grandeur and magnificence that had never been equalled. It was to this edifice that the distant Jew looked, and for which he sighed