Occasional Addresses

BY

ARCHBISHOP DUHIG

"The Addresses in this volume are published not for any intrinsic literary value they may possess, but because esteemed friends have urged me to preserve in some permanent form the tributes which I was privileged to pay to some great and good men whom they knew and whom they admired for their upright lives and nobility of character."—The Author.

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By

His Grace, the Most Rev.

JAMES DUHIG, D.D.

Archbishop of Brisbane

Price 6/-.

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With
Compliments
J. Duhig

18/1/37

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His Grace, the Most Rev. JAMES DUHIG, D.D.
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TO

THE HON. JAMES WILLIAM BLAIR,

KNIGHT BACHELOR, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR AND CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE STATE OF QUEENSLAND, THE LOYAL COLLEAGUE, FAITHFUL FRIEND, AND SINCERE ADMIRER OF SEVERAL OF THE SPLENDID MEN TO WHOSE MEMORY TRIBUTE IS PAID IN THESE ADDRESSES, THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

FOREWORD

THE addresses contained in this volume were delivered from time to time as circumstances demanded. They are published not for any intrinsic literary value they may possess, but because esteemed friends have urged me to preserve in some permanent form the tributes which I was privileged to pay to several great and good men whom they knew and whom they admired for their upright lives and nobility of character. If the publication of these tributes will help, as I hope it may, to the preservation of the memories of those worthy men who shed lustre on their country, I shall feel abundantly rewarded for my task. Other addresses appearing in the volume, which I delivered to various bodies during the past few years, will, I hope, be found not entirely uninteresting.

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THE LATE CARDINAL MERCIER, ARCH-BISHOP OF MALINES

BORN 1852, DIED 1926

(Panegyric delivered in St Stephen's Cathedral, Brisbane, 3 February 1926.)

THE LATE CARDINAL MERCIER, ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES

He called upon the Lord the Almighty: and he gave strength in his right hand, to take away the mighty warrior and to set up the horn of his nation.—ECCLESIASTICUS xlvii, 6.

THE news of the death of the great Cardinal, whose memory we are honouring, and whose soul we have commended to God here this morning, has made the world vibrate with a feeling of intense sympathy for the small but sublimely heroic nation whose most distinguished son he might well have claimed to be.

Nothing is more delightful in the reading of history, sacred or profane, than the meeting with outstanding figures whose character and personality epitomize all that is best and noblest in the race from which they sprang.

Which of us has not been filled with admiration on reading of those patriarchs, statesmen and warriors, whose faith, endurance and great qualities of leadership, time and again brought victory to the armies and people of God under the old dispensation?

No less admirable are the mighty characters of Christian history who, in their day, faced tyrants, knocked the shackles from the feet of slaves and defended at the cost of their lives the God-given rights of national autonomy and the sacredness of human liberty. The country or the nation that is barren of great unselfish figures in its history, no matter of what material wealth it may boast, is poor indeed in the riches that really matter.

It is a recognized fact that small nations have produced the greatest men. Belgium has been no exception.

No race can be expected to accomplish great deeds unless it has high traditions. The heroism of the Belgian people in the greatest crisis of their history was the fruit of a sturdy ancestry, tenacious of all that was good and noble in the people's life.

In the Great War, Belgium laid the whole civilized world under an immense debt of gratitude. While not deducting one iota from the merits of the brave men who held the fortresses of the country during those terrible months of suffering and suspense, we may say that the two outstanding and most inspiring figures in the whole picture were a young King and an aged Cardinal—the one, wielding the sword, leading his army on the battlefield; the other, now kneeling before the figure of the crucified Redeemer praying for a nation in agony, and again wield-

ing voice and pen with telling effect in the cause of the freedom of an heroic people who were being ruthlessly destroyed by a pitiless and powerful invader.

It is said that opportunity makes the man: it would be more correct to say that opportunity unfolds the highest human qualities; it does not make them or bring them into existence.

Before a rampart or town fell in Belgium the great soul of Mercier was prepared by the Creator for the marvellous deeds that made him shine so resplendent in the darkest days of his country's ordeals, for God had long since gifted him with the courage that in those days brought him and his people undying fame.

Desideratus Mercier was born seventy-four years ago in the village of Braine-l'Alleud, near the historic battlefield of Waterloo. He sprang from the people, for his family boasted rather of their blood than of their wealth.

Gifted with a wonderful intellect, his career in the schools was meteoric, and his name will ever remain linked with the great University of Louvain as one of its brilliant students and most learned professors.

His philosophical publications are well known throughout the English-speaking world, while his ascetical works, breathing the deep sense of the spiritual which animated his own life, are read by the clergy in most of the European languages.

Students of Louvain count it the greatest honour to be known as the "disciples of Mercier." Leo XIII, himself one of the ripest scholars of his age, was not slow to recognize the great gifts of the young Louvain professor, and he bestowed signal honours on him. The day came, however, when the future Cardinal was to say good-bye to his beloved students and the ancient University of which he was such an ornament, to take upon himself the charge of a diocese.

In 1906 he succeeded the late Cardinal Goossens as Archbishop of Malines. His elevation to the episcopate was followed in fourteen short months by his call to the Sacred College of Cardinals, in which he shone as a luminary among great minds.

Seven years later came the Great War, and before it had progressed far in its awful work of devastation the world was ringing with the name of the intrepid Prelate, who, with sublime courage, standing at the head of his people, defied the armies of a powerful nation. By written and spoken protest, backed by the force of an incomparably great personality, he unlocked prisons, brought back exiles, put an end to deportation, saved his priests and laity from cruel deaths, and finally brought the enemy to acknowledge that Mercier's courage and intrepidity, in the face of threats of exile and death, had won a moral victory

equalled only by the final triumph of the allied generals on the battlefields.

On 17 October 1918, Baron von der Lancken presented himself at Cardinal Mercier's house, and in the name of the Governor-General and the Berlin Government, addressed his Eminence in the following words: "You are, in our estimation, the incarnation of occupied Belgium, of which you are the venerated and trusted pastor. For this reason, it is to you that the Governor-General and my Government also have commissioned me to come and to announce that, when we evacuate your soil, we wish to hand over to you, unasked and of our own free will, the political prisoners serving their time either in Belgium or in Germany."

Cardinal Mercier's gratitude to Australia was only comparable to the admiration he had for our soldiers. When I had the privilege of being received by him in his own house at Malines, three and a half years ago, he spoke with great emotion of the heroic part played by Australia in the war. Had distance, age and the reconstruction of his shattered country not prevented him, he would willingly have come to Australia, as he had gone to America, to express personally his heartfelt thanks.

We thank God for the life and the deeds of this great man, whose patriotism shed an undying lustre on his country, whose sanctity and learning

set his name high among the prelates of the Church, and whose love of justice and humanity inspired the noble deeds that have immortalized his memory.

Like David of old, "He called upon the Lord the Almighty and he gave strength in his right hand to take away the mighty warrior, and to set up the horn of his nation."

May the soul of the great Mercier rest in peace.

CITIZENSHIP AND NATIONAL WELFARE

(Delivered to the members of the Commercial Travellers' Association, Brisbane, 3 February 1931.)

CITIZENSHIP AND NATIONAL WELFARE

I FOUND it difficult to choose for this address a title that would convey any adequate idea of the matters which I hope to deal with in the course of it. I have called it "Citizenship and National Welfare" because it is my intention to speak of the obligation which our citizenship imposes upon us to promote the welfare of the nation as a whole. Citizenship is an honourable thing and it ought to be borne honourably. That can only be done when the citizen acts an honourable and unselfish part and worthily fulfils the obligations which the privilege of citizenship brings with it. The man who can but will not work, or the man who is content to live on the industry of his fellow-men, can never be a worthy citizen of any self-respecting community or country. The more lofty the standard of citizenship is in any community there will be found greater respect for authority, a more exemplary observance of the laws, higher ideals of public and private honesty, and a more just conception of man's duties to his fellow-men generally.

Citizenship has often been marred by selfish-

ness, and this has reacted on national honour and national welfare. Society is made up of communities and communities are made up of individuals, so that by no means can one consider the conduct of the individual as being a matter of indifference to the community or to society at large. In the last analysis the community and the nation are what individuals make them. Every man has a quasi-contract with society. The government of the country protects not only his life, but his every legitimate interest, and in return society expects his co-operation in maintaining its honour and its welfare. Everyone who breaks this contract through his own fault is justly liable to be punished by the laws of the country.

But the nation has still a higher claim on every one of its citizens, for without the nation—its civilization, the conveniences and comforts which it puts at our command, the privileges of living in society, sharing its education, its culture, its prosperity, the company and friendship of our fellowmen, and the thousand other advantages it offers —we could never attain to that full life which civilized beings are capable of living. Now, as there can be, and as there are, thoughtless and ungrateful children who see in their parents beings not so much to be loved and served as to be made use of for supplying the money and food and clothing and other comforts that the children need, so there are thoughtless and ungrateful citizens

who regard governments as worthy to be called only when they are opening the national treasury and supplying them with exactly what they want, irrespective of the higher and broader interests of the nation at large.

One great fault of our generation is that there are so few who think nationally. The vast majority of us are too parochial in our outlook. The man who wants a bridge or a road or a few miles of railway to serve his district is prepared to anathematize a whole parliament if he doesn't get it, and woe betide the unfortunate member who has failed to secure this advantage for the electorate or the district concerned, particularly if it was included in his election promises. With the parochial-minded the national welfare is a very secondary consideration. That their local needs be satisfied is their main concern.

This individualism and parochialism versus the higher interests of the nation brings me to speak of the tremendous abuse to which governments have been subjected in the past, and which, I believe, is largely responsible for the present condition not only of Australia but of many other countries in the world. Quite recently in a French newspaper, which I receive every week, I came across a discourse of that well-known French statesman, M. Tardieu, in which he dealt with the progressive increase of public expenditure. It seems, he says, that in consequence of the evolution in the

manners of the people, parliaments are more prone to increase than to lessen public expenditure. Each individual member is influenced and pressed by different co-operative organizations and individuals, so that Parliament, instead of representing a block of general interests, represents a mass of individual ones. Syndicates of spendthrifts are stronger than the syndicates of taxpayers who are impotent in their attempt to attain limitation of expenditure. Politically and historically Parliament has been instituted to control expenditure, keep down taxation and defend the interests of the taxpayers, but under the stress and strain of modern conditions, and in keeping with wild and extravagant promises made to groups of electors by candidates for parliamentary office, Parliament, instead of remaining loyal to its legitimate function to protect the taxpayer and the general interests of the nation, finds itself carried on to extravagance under pressure from political parties and other organizations that should never have been brought to bear upon it, and in fulfilment of promises that should never have been made.

In his study of the English constitution, Bachelot contrasts the power of a despot with the power of Parliament, and the comparison seems to favour the despot. He says, "A despot's power of spending and power of action are limited, while

those of Parliament are unlimited. The more power you give Parliament the more it will feel inclined to mix in everything and to rule everything." A large number of members bidding at an election for parliamentary honours are pledged to the increase of public expenditure. We have only to look at the record of our own Australian parliaments to find that year by year expenditure has been mounting enormously and taxes have increased accordingly. At every election period there are candidates for parliamentary honours who, instead of educating the public, are undoing whatever may have been accomplished in the way of sane economy. They make promises so extravagant that people who know no better are led to believe that the public treasury is a kind of inexhaustible mine to be drawn upon for every object, big or little, important or unimportant, which can by hook or by crook be brought under the category of things for which government aid may be claimed.

The restoring of Parliament to its normal function to protect the general interests of the people as a whole, to approve rather than impose taxes, to control expenditure rather than to expend, and to repudiate extraneous interference with Government either by organizations or individuals, is one of the first steps necessary in the recovery of the normal conditions and that measure of prosperity

which, for the time being, has been lost in this and other countries.

One need not go outside our own State of Queensland for tragedies in public expenditure that supply quite sufficient examples to illustrate what I have been saying. We have not only the skeleton in the cupboard but also the white elephant stalking in the open. Governments in the past have spent millions in forming artificial harbours and dredging rivers to make seaports where nature never meant them to be, while the vast and beautiful natural harbours on our coastline have been neglected. It is really sad to see ports like Gladstone and Bowen practically deserted, while it is well known that the artificial ports are incapable of dealing with extensive oversea shipping, and, if not now, must certainly in the future, be the cause of losing trade to the State. No one can deny that the prosperous city of Townsville would be far better situated on the shores of Port Denison, and that the capital of central Queensland would be equally better on the shores of the magnificent harbour of Port Curtis. Had statesmanship been brought to bear on this matter half a century ago those two harbours would be alive with shipping to-day, and Queensland would have been saved millions of unnecessary expenditure. Local and vested interests exerted their influence with the Government of the day, and local and

vested interests won against the higher interests of the State as a whole. The story is perpetuated in political railway-lines, soldier settlements unfit for their purpose, and those terribly disastrous State enterprises which the taxpayer will have cause to remember for many a year to come.

The government that promoted those public enterprises overlooked in doing so one of the most important functions of Parliament, namely, to promote private industry and to protect it from excessive taxation and illegitimate competition so that it could function freely, and, in its turn, promote national prosperity of which it is the very foundation. The cost of the civil service has been increased enormously, largely, I believe, through the useless duplication of State and Federal offices, and the cost of public education has multiplied largely because Parliament erroneously believed itself bound to give every boy and girl a secondary education, and to make such education free even to the sons and daughters of those who could well afford to pay for it. While higher education cannot be denied to any boy or girl whose parents are willing and able to pay for it, I believe the State is not acting in the best interests of the people when it offers free secondary education to children of average and inferior ability. I believe that the clever country boy and girl should have equal opportunities of higher education with their city

brothers and sisters; but you will, I think, agree with me that it is a grave mistake to be enticing from the land into the cities young people who have neither the natural aptitude nor the superior educational foundation to make good in professional or business callings. A college training received by the average boy has, without really educating him, often made him disdain rural pursuits and abandon them for the city. This is the sense in which wise heads sometimes tell us we are over-educating the population. It is a sad thing to find men failures in life because their parents or other advisers led them to take up a vocation for which they were quite unsuited. To my mind the best thing the Government has done for education has been the establishment of technical and rural schools, and I hope it will continue to pursue that policy.

Of all modern parliamentary inventions the dole is perhaps the most degrading to the individual and the most demoralizing to the spirit of self-respect that should characterize free and industrious people. Old-time charity, when there was much more religion and much less materialism, was a splendid thing compared with the flesh-pots of the unemployment dole offered to self-respecting men who want work and scorn to eat idle bread. How the dole has demoralized the working men of England may be judged from the

following paragraph which I have taken from an article in a recent issue of an *English Review.* The writer, Mr Austin Hopkinson, says:

In the north of England at the present time the population may be divided into two classes—those who work for their living and those who live willingly or unwillingly upon doles. Now, in spite of Mr Lloyd George's prolonged endeavour to convince the nation that the whole duty of a citizen is to get more out of the public purse than he puts into it, it is generally regarded as more meritorious to earn one's livelihood than to sponge upon one's neighbours. But already over large areas of the industrial north the non-workers are in the majority and are using their political power to make the position of the worker ever more intolerable. Thousands of wage-earners have made a brave struggle for self-respect. But the power is on the side of the non-workers, and the pressure grows steadily, so that we see scores of families forced every week over the line which divides self-respect from pauperism. The political domination of the non-workers has enabled them, since the general election of 1929, to raise the dole to an amount in excess of the economic wage in some of our basic industries. Those industries may, therefore, be regarded as dead, and will remain defunct as long as the wages of idleness are higher than the wages of labour.

It is appalling to think that at the present time the dole is costing the taxpayers of England little less than £100,000,000 a year. In this there is surely serious food for reflection and an incentive to the promotion of reciprocal trade within the

Empire, which would greatly alleviate unemployment in England and in the Dominions.

Having contemplated this rather sad side of the picture, let us, before closing, take a glance at the more hopeful side. Were the present depression confined to Great Britain or Australia, instead of being as it is world-wide, we might have much more with which to upbraid ourselves and much less to inspire hope. If, as so many writers say, it is the same political follies in every country that have produced the same economic results, then our plain duty is to put an end to these follies and to get back to saner living and earnest hard work. We live in a country sparsely populated, but its resources are so vast and varied that it may well hope to be in the future self-contained and self-supporting, while at the same time sending its surplus products to the countries of the world that need them.

We have in our people, taken as a whole, the foundation of a great nation. I believe that neither the seeds of communism nor of revolution will ever mature in this country. To-day Australia is practically disarmed, yet its people are among the most peaceful and best contented in the world. The Australian employer is, on the whole, considerate and just, and the Australian workman, when he finds himself fairly treated and his work appreciated, has no superior anywhere. I speak from experience, and I desire no

better or more capable men than can be got in our own country. All these things are national assets which should inspire us with great confidence for the future.

It seems strange that I should be addressing these remarks to you, gentlemen, who are much better versed in matters of industry and political economy than I am. But you invited me to come, and I should have thought it discourteous to decline, especially as I have so often made pleasant journeys by land and sea with commercial travellers, and as you have been such good neighbours to us here near the cathedral.

I have already said much, but there are a few observations which, in concluding, I should like to emphasize. The first is that the duties of citizenship should be inculcated in the young, who should grow up with a high sense of their responsibility to the nation. In the second place, I should like to express my conviction that no political party can furnish prosperity. That must come from the people's own industry. An honest, intelligent and unfettered Parliament can do much for the country, but ultimately success must depend on the country's resources and on their proper development by private enterprise not unduly hampered by legislation or overburdened by taxes. The more prosperous the enterprise the better it will be able to treat owners and workers alike who share in its success.

My third observation is that overtaxing only dissipates the savings of the people, as they are being dissipated to-day by the death duties in England; and when people's resources are dissipated the nation is weakened. Remember it was the savings of the peasants that extricated France from the enormous levy laid upon it after the Franco-Prussian war, and it was the savings of the people of Britain and the Dominions that enabled the Allies to sustain the terrible financial strain of the Great War.

In the fourth place I would emphasize that good management is necessary both in public and in private undertakings. I hope I may not be offending anyone here to-day when I say that the cry against high wages is often just a cloak for mismanagement. The best business men I have met, and those on whose word I would place most reliance, have told me that they have never begrudged good wages for efficient service. There are many overhead expenses besides wages, but it is the wages sheet that is generally the nightmare of incompetency. And in connection with industry let me again affirm that rural industries are at the very foundation of the prosperity of a country like Australia. I say advisedly that the nation that has ceased to be agricultural has abandoned the high road to prosperity.

Finally, those who take upon themselves the weighty responsibility of governing the country

should be as careful in the administration of public affairs as they would be in their own private business. Members of Parliament should remember that their sworn duty is to the State or the nation at large, and that the interests of these should never be betrayed or neglected to serve a particular individual or a section of the community.

Democracy is on its trial to-day more than ever before in its history. Many people believe it has failed; others believe that it can be saved only by following lines such as I have tried to indicate in this address.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN THE FEDERAL CAPITAL

(Preached at Canberra, March 1927.)

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN THE FEDERAL CAPITAL

And all the nations shall call you blessed; for you shall be a delightful land.—MALACHIAS iii, 12.

ONE of the most memorable days of my life was that on which I arrived in Washington and feasted my eyes on the grandeur of its monuments and the majesty of its public buildings. The United States of America has made its Capital a model city, worthy of the great Republic of which it is the headquarters. From a scenic standpoint, however, I regard Canberra not merely as a rival but as the superior of Washington. I hope the public monuments and buildings to be erected in this city, in which the heart of the nation will soon be throbbing, may be worthy of the natural beauty with which it has been endowed by the Creator, and worthy also of the great people whose national aspirations and lofty ideals will be epitomized in the laws emanating from the Commonwealth Parliament here assembled. To-day we are standing on ground that is doubly sacred, because consecrated to God and to country. We are assembled

on that portion of the Federal Territory on which the capital city of this young nation is being already built, and on the very ground proposed as the site of a glorious temple of the living God—the future Catholic cathedral of Canberra.

To these inspiring circumstances is added the fact that the chief purpose for which we have come here to-day is to promote the cause of Christian education by the laying of the foundation-stones of a church-school and convent, the walls of which will rise simultaneously with the walls of those civic institutions destined ultimately to be associated with the life of the nation.

The Federal Capital would be incomplete without those landmarks of faith that will proclaim to the world the Christian character of the vast majority of the people of the young Commonwealth. There has never existed a people without religion, or a people that did not insist on religion as a matter of the highest importance to the individual and to the tribe or nation to which he belonged. Whether the religion was pagan or Christian, true or false, the fact to be borne in mind is that religion of some kind has always been a prime factor in the life of every people on the globe. For nearly two thousand years Christianity has been the greatest civilizing power in the world. Europe owes to the Church the grandest and most lasting elements of her civilization—faith in Jesus Christ, the sanctity and stability of family life,

the abolition of slavery, the honour of womanhood and the learning of the ages. Take away the story of Christianity from our history and traditions; pluck from human society the customs sanctified by centuries of use and handed down to us as precious heirlooms by those who have gone before us in the faith of Christ; destroy Christian art and architecture, all that uplifts humanity, that enhances the worship of God and unites the living and the dead in one great communion; quench, if you can, the hope of immortality in the human breast—what, then, is left to the world to boast of but the flayed skeleton of worldly pomp and pride staring vaguely at a future of blank despair?

In one of his most exquisite passages in the Introduction to *The Idea of a University*, Cardinal Newman writes:

> I cannot forget that at a time when Celt and Saxon were alike savages, it was the See of Peter that gave both of them, first faith and then civilization. . . . I cannot forget how it was from Rome that the glorious St Patrick was sent to Ireland, and did a work that was so great that he could not have a successor in it, the sanctity and learning and zeal and charity which followed on his death being but the result of the one impulse which he gave. Nor can I forget, either, how my own England had meanwhile become the solicitude of the unwearied eye; how Augustine was sent to us by Gregory, how he fainted in the way at the tidings of our fierceness, and but for the Pope would have shrunk from an impossible expedition; how he

was forced on "in weakness and fear, and in much trembling," until he achieved the conquest of the Island for Christ.

Such pioneers of the Gospel, as these, brought learning in their train, established famous schools and laid the foundations of a civilization which, built on the ruins of a pagan world, has endured for more than fifteen hundred years, and will, please God, last till the end of time.

My theme to-day is "Christian Education, in its relationship to God, to the individual, and to the nation." One of the most notable errors—indeed, it might be called the chief heresy—of our age is the antagonistic attitude of certain governments and organizations to Christian education. The religious school is regarded by many as an intruder, as an institution that has no right to exist and is permitted to function only by the will of legislators and by the toleration of organizations that presume they would be perfectly justified in demanding its abolition. These people forget, or conveniently overlook the fact, that the Christian school was at work centuries before a Parliament existed or secular education had a single institution to its name. Even in Australia the religious schools were ostensibly the first, and for many years continued to be the chief, institutions that imparted knowledge of any kind to the children. If I were to attempt to educate an Australian child without ever mentioning Australia or en-

deavouring to stir up in that child's heart a love for, and an attachment to, his native country; if I were to take from the school all symbols of loyalty and patriotism, I should be doing the child a grievous wrong, and I should be inflicting a deep wound on the heart of the nation by gross neglect of its highest interests. Now the child does not first belong to the nation, but to God. To Him indeed it belongs first and last. Hence, if I do wrong in educating the child without imparting to him knowledge and love of country, much more do I sin by failing to educate him in the knowledge and love of God. It is God's right that man, created and sustained by Him, should be brought up in His knowledge and service, and should thus be prepared for the eternal citizenship of Heaven. "Take this child and nurse him for me" (*Exodus* ii, 9) is the command of the Almighty. "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me" (*Matt.* xix, 14) is the cry of the Divine Master; and the Church can no more be untrue to her charge in this respect than can she betray the deposit of faith entrusted to her keeping. As to the child itself, unless we deny its supernatural destiny, we must admit that it has an indisputable title to such religious training as will enable it to attain that destiny. To fill the child's mind with facts of physical science and a knowledge of material things—of history, literature and the arts—and not to speak to it of

the Author of all nature and the Source of all knowledge, is to leave its education imperfect and its equipment for life altogether incomplete.

The acquiring of knowledge must be accompanied by the formation of character; but character without the fibre and inspiration imparted to it by religion lacks its most vital force and remains cramped and undeveloped within the boundary of worldly standards. Man is the one creature of God's earthly creation that is capable of knowing and loving his Creator. Of him alone it was said, "Let us make man to our image and likeness" (*Gen.* i, 26). That image and likeness of God demands a corresponding cultivating and perfecting of the powers of the soul, such as only religious education can give. Hence the Church has always combined religious training with the imparting of secular knowledge so as to make the complete man.

Not only God's claim and man's very nature, but the welfare of society demands that children should have a religious training, which can be given effectively only in the atmosphere and work of religious schools. In defence of this proposition we are here to-day and we declare that, far from impeding national progress, the religious school is the greatest bulwark of the nation, because it does not stop at regulating outward human activities, but reaches the heart, the conscience, and the will, which are the real sources of activity.

Parliament may devise many good things for the right order and prosperity of the Commonwealth, but it cannot make good law-abiding citizens, nor does it profess to do so. Unless its subjects are trained in the ways of righteousness, in vain will Parliament multiply laws and punishments. It is precisely for that training that the religious school exists, and it is on that account that it has ever been a potent factor in the life of the nations. Pagan philosophers and writers acknowledge the grave necessity for the religious teaching of the young. Aristotle tells us that "the first care of the State is to see well to the training of the children, which, if neglected, will be its certain downfall." The great philosopher wants the child trained morally as well as mentally and physically. Cicero says that "the State has no greater or more sacred obligation than to rear citizens from childhood in knowledge and virtue." Plutarch demands an education that will not only train the child in body and mind but in righteous ways. If such be the views of the pagan sages on the importance of religious education, what should be the attitude of the Christian nations which, as we have seen, owe their civilization absolutely to the influence of religion?

The most powerful enemy of our civilization to-day is that system of education from which religion is debarred. The school is at the very foundation of the nation. What the school is the

nation will be. The enemies of Christianity and social order know this well, and they feel that the elimination of the religious school is the only sure road to the overturning of stable government and good order in the world. When America was settling down to nationhood, as Australia is to-day, George Washington, (the Father of his country), in his memorable farewell address, warned the Republic against the supreme evil of the neglect of God. He said: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail to the exclusion of religious principles." These precepts of Washington constitute the fundamental principles of good citizenship. Had they been obeyed, America would have been saved much of the crime and vice that to-day disfigure the annals of a great people.

If we turn to our own Australia must we not admit that, through neglect of religious education, many young people are growing up without any proper moral sense of the grossness of sexual crime or the degradation of many other forms

of vice? Indeed, in this country the results of education without religion are so plain that "he who runs may read." We hear on all sides complaints of irreverence on the part of the young; we witness an increase of juvenile crime, empty churches and empty cradles. These are results of the legacy left by the Acts of Parliament that half a century ago placed religious education outside the pale of government support and left it to shift for itself, to live or die (preferably to die!) and be buried without a sigh of regret from the men who then held in their hands the destinies of this allegedly Christian country. Did it ever occur to those men that, in rejecting the religious school, they were probably sowing the seeds of some revolutionary movement that would be fraught with terrible consequences to the nation, a movement that would be the direct outcome of the divorcing of religion and education of which they were guilty? In Parliament and from the Press we hear severe condemnations of Bolshevism, and we do not want its poisonous fangs to grip our fair land, for it is a hateful, callous, and terrifying thing. But it might be well to remind those (if any of them are still alive) who assisted in removing State aid for religious schools from the statute books of the colonies fifty years ago, and those others who still lay claim to good repute as citizens, but are ardent champions of secularism in education as opposed to the denominational

school—it might, I say, be well to remind those people that one of the chief aims of Bolshevism, which has so completely overrun Russia and other unfortunate countries, is "death to the religious school and to religious training." The point which I wish to emphasize is that the Press and the Parliaments, and all those who dread and strenuously oppose the Bolshevists, are guilty of an unpardonable inconsistency when they say in effect "we will not root out the Christian school, for that would be a gross piece of intolerance, but we will starve it out; we will deny it all support and leave it to live or die." The drastic methods of Bolshevists are repudiated, but the religious school is differentiated against to such a degree that it would perish if it were not for the splendid sacrifice of its supporters.

I cannot touch on this phase of the question without recalling the debt of gratitude which we owe to the pioneer Catholics of this country. We must not forget—we never shall forget, that when Australia was in her infancy the pioneers, who carved their way through her forests, built their rude huts by her running streams and founded the villages which since have grown into prosperous towns and mighty cities, were for the most part men and women who mingled their prayers with their work and who worshipped God in rude structures or in the open air with a faith and trust, deep and abiding, that have left an indelible

mark on the face of this favoured land. The religious institutions to be seen on all sides are a testimony to a blending of faith and sacrifice, not surpassed in any other country in modern times. We owe to these intrepid pioneers, lay and clerical, a special debt of gratitude, not only for their splendid example of fidelity to God, but also for their fostering of Christian education in the face of the greatest difficulties, particularly during the period when the downfall of denominational schools was confidently predicted by the champions of the purely secular system. Bishops, clergy and people stood solidly united in their determination to maintain Christian education and thus save the child for God. Much as those pioneers of fifty or sixty years ago loved their churches, they would, I believe, have seen them razed to the ground rather than witness the elimination of their religious schools, which would have meant the spiritual starvation of generations of children yet unborn.

To-day the stand made by those sterling colonists has been justified to such a degree as enables us to set down as the outstanding feature of the Catholic Church in Australia the number and flourishing condition of her schools and colleges, conducted by thousands of gifted men and women, whose lives are consecrated to God in the noble work of religious education. I cannot help reflecting that the abolition of State aid to religious

schools in Australia was brought about when sectarian feeling ran high, and when those opposed to the Catholic Church were bent more on crippling her progress than on denying religious training to the youth of the country. The result has been disastrous, not to the Catholic Church, but to the religious life of the hundreds of thousands of children who have had no alternative to a purely secular education. Thank Heaven, the passage of time has mollified the feelings of our fellow-countrymen towards us and towards our schools; and many who before opposed our system of education or were indifferent to its existence, to-day recognize the wisdom of the Church which fostered it. Nay more, other religious bodies throughout the land have emulated our example in the matter of building schools for their children, for they have learned that the ignoring of religion in the school inevitably discredits it in the minds of the young of their flocks.

We are not behind others in secular knowledge or in devotion to national ideals, which are entirely consistent with Catholic teaching. The aim of Catholic education is not to segregate the Catholic body from their fellow-citizens, but to keep them loyal to God and make them worthy of this great country to which they have the privilege to belong; to make them share in the work of developing her resources, glory in her free institutions, and co-operate in promoting the peace, happiness

and prosperity of every section of her people. As far as the advancement of Australia is concerned, we are all—no matter of what creed—in the one boat, and our institutions must aim at the highest national standards. I feel I can speak for my confrères in the hierarchy as well as for myself, when I say that we would be the first to disown our Catholic schools if we thought there was anything in them inconsistent with the loftiest aspirations of Australian national life or with that mutual goodwill, justice and charity which should prevail among fellow-citizens of all creeds. We feel that, in laying the first stone of a Christian school at the Federal Capital to-day, we are adding strength and endurance to the great edifice of this young Commonwealth, which will grow with the years in honour, peace and prosperity, and which we all believe is destined yet to take a foremost place among the nations of the earth. "And all nations shall call you blessed, for you shall be a delightful land." That through the vicissitudes of time, her history may be unsullied, and that she may never lose her Christian character but may attain her high destiny, under the aegis of Heaven and the blessing of God, is our most fervent wish and prayer for this land so fair, so free, so richly endowed and so full of promise—our own Australia.

PANEGYRIC ON THE LATE MOST REV. DR JOHN GALLAGHER, BISHOP OF GOULBURN, NEW SOUTH WALES

WHO DIED ON 26 NOVEMBER 1923.

(Preached on the occasion of the celebration of the Month's Mind, 23 January 1924.)

PANEGYRIC ON THE LATE MOST REV. DR. JOHN GALLAGHER, BISHOP OF GOULBURN, NEW SOUTH WALES

And now behold, I know that all you, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more.—ACTS xx, 25.

THE twentieth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, in which these words occur, gives a most touching description of the departure of St Paul from Ephesus for Jerusalem, where he was to suffer imprisonment and ignominy for the faith of Christ. The incident affords one of the strongest evidences we have that, even in those early times, the bond of union between pastor and people was sacred and dearly cherished. The narrative relates how the people clung to the Apostle as they accompanied him to the ship, and how "there was much weeping among them all . . . being grieved most of all for the word which he had said, that they should see his face no more" (vv. 37-8).

The relationship of a bishop with his flock is unique. It is modelled on the Saviour's descrip-

tion of Himself as the Good Shepherd, and so it must contain elements that distinguish it from, and make it superior to, any other relationship on earth. When this relationship is severed by departure or death, there is generally a manifestation of grief like that experienced by the Apostle.

We are gathered here to-day from all parts of the Commonwealth to give expression to the sorrow which we feel over the passing of one whose missionary labours might in many respects be likened to those of St Paul, to commend his soul to God and pay tribute to his noble, unselfish life of toil in the service of the Divine Master.

A few short weeks ago the Diocese of Goulburn was overshadowed by a cloud of sadness, when it became known that the hitherto vigorous health of the devoted Prelate, who for more than half a century as priest and bishop had laboured so zealously among the flock, was declining. The sorrow was deepened when the word went forth that his end was near. It was turned to poignant grief when he lay in the peaceful stillness of death and so many thousands of the faithful, into whose lives he had brought happiness, realized that they would never see his face again. The active brain had ceased to work; the big, kind heart beat no more; the tongue that had stirred tens of thousands by its eloquence was silent; the hand of the delicate touch and warm, friendly grasp—the hand that so often had been raised in benediction

over his people—was cold in death: John Gallagher, bishop, scholar, apostle of charity and friend of humanity was no more. His pure soul had returned to its maker, and the body, worn by age and fatigue, awaited consignment to the grave to the accompaniment of the celebration of the Mass which he had so often offered for others, and the blessed liturgy of Holy Church which he had loved so well.

The funeral procession through the streets of Goulburn was made the occasion of a remarkable demonstration of respect to the memory of one who had always felt pride in that city's progress and shed lustre on its citizenship. Now, under the roof of his cathedral, the intrepid Prelate rests side by side with his predecessor, awaiting the last trumpet-call and glorious resurrection. The sorrow evoked by the death of so gifted and distinguished a churchman was not confined to his own diocese or to the State of New South Wales. The wave of grief passed over the whole Commonwealth. Bishops, priests, prominent laymen, statesmen and scholars, from all parts of Australasia, joined in mourning the noble dead and in paying fitting tribute to his memory. But as grief is always deepest where the bonds of affection are strongest—as in children who have been the special objects of a departed father's love and care —it is amongst his clergy, who were his fellow-labourers, the religious communities whose saintly

and self-sacrificing lives he appreciated to the full, and the orphans, whose sad lot he made bright and happy, that the late Bishop's death is most keenly felt and most bitterly mourned. They indeed are grief-stricken at the thought that they shall never more hear his footfall on the threshold of their homes or institutions, listen to his words of encouragement or look again upon his kindly face.

John Gallagher was one of Catholic Ireland's greatest gifts to the Church in Australia. Born at Castlederg, County Tyrone, on 4 July 1846, he at an early age showed signs of a strong vocation for the priesthood. It has been my privilege to visit the venerable Seminary at Monaghan where, in company with the late Cardinal Farrelly, of New York, he had pursued his studies preparatory to entering the great ecclesiastical college of Maynooth. In Monaghan, the young student cultivated the passionate love of the classics so characteristic of the Irish scholars of his time. At Maynooth, where his mental powers were measured with those of some of the highest intellects that have ever passed through its halls or adorned the Irish or Australian hierarchy, all paid tribute to the young student from St Macartan's as the possessor of a singularly gifted mind.

Those rare mental endowments and the vigorous health with which God had blessed him, young Father Gallagher, leaving his own native land,

devoted entirely to the expansion of the Kingdom of Christ in Australia. Learning, piety, enthusiasm, every fibre of his being and every aspiration of his soul, were pressed into the service of his Divine Master. The monuments which he has left behind will, for many a year, bear witness to the energy with which he worked for the glory of God, the relief of human suffering and the salvation of souls.

Dr Gallagher's life was as full of apostolic labours as it might have been had he lived in the days of St Paul. As a priest, at a time when population was sparse and the difficulties of travelling were immense, he bore many hardships, and showed an exemplary missionary spirit. It was only in obedience to the will of his superiors that, for some years, he relinquished this life of hardship to assume the responsibility of presiding over the college of which he became the mainstay, and which to the end he cherished with a special regard. The saddest thought of the "old boys," who knew and revered him at St Patrick's, is that he was not spared to join with them in its Golden Jubilee celebrations, an event to which he had looked forward with the keenest delight.

His elevation to the episcopate in 1895 brought Dr Gallagher again into the missionary life of the diocese, and from his consecration until a short time before his death he was constantly travelling from parish to parish. It is doubtful if the late

Bishop ever spent a consecutive fortnight in his own house. His confrères present to-day will be familiar with the simple printed list of engagements, arranged months ahead, that he usually sent when he found it impossible to comply with an invitation to participate in a function outside his own diocese. He was a familiar figure on the railway train, where he might be observed in the corner of a compartment poring over some Greek or Latin author after he had read his breviary. He was acquainted with most of the people who travelled on the country trains, and, whether they belonged to his flock or not, he was always interested in their welfare.

Succeeding to the wise and saintly Bishop Lanigan, who had ruled the diocese from its foundation and bequeathed a splendid record of achievements, Dr Gallagher had the satisfaction of witnessing an extraordinary expansion of the Church's work in Goulburn under his own inspiring leadership. Convents, schools, presbyteries, hospitals and orphanages sprang up with wonderful rapidity, until Goulburn, in its institutions of education and charity, became an example to the other dioceses in Australia.

I wonder if to-day there is in the world any city with the same Catholic population that counts so many Catholic institutions. I think not. For these institutions, so many of them of his own founding, the Bishop lived. He exhibited them to

the wondering eyes of interested visitors with as much delight as a brave soldier feels in displaying his decorations or in describing the victories of his regiment.

He was a frequent visitor to his hospitals; he knew every Nun and Christian Brother in his schools, and he was thoroughly acquainted with their work. He loved to linger in the dear old college which he had piloted through its most critical years. But his supreme delight was to be in the company of the orphans, who had found a home and happiness in the institutions which he had raised for them.

We are told that most of the time he managed to spare from his laborious life of travelling and visitation was spent, not in his episcopal palace, but among those fatherless little children whom he dearly loved, and every one of whom he could call by name. He slept under their roof and partook of their food, identifying himself to the full with their life, their work and their recreations. He loved them so much that he could truly say with the Divine Master that he regarded as done to himself any kindness shown to them.

Those of us who have had the privilege of accompanying the late Bishop on his round of visits to the Catholic institutions of his city can never forget his own beaming countenance, and the happy faces of Brothers, Sisters and children who gathered round him as he passed through school,

or hospital or orphanage. Truly, in the words of holy Job, he might exclaim: "The ear that heard me blessed me: and the eye that saw me gave witness to me. Because I had delivered the poor man that cried out; and the fatherless, that had no helper. . . . I was an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame. I was the father of the poor: and the cause which I knew not, I searched out most diligently." (*Job* xxix.)

In assemblies and conferences dealing with matters affecting the Church in Australasia, Bishop Gallagher was a shining light. His views carried great weight with his brother prelates, for he spoke from long experience and knew exactly what things were most essential to the life and progress of the Faith in a young country like Australia. With an extraordinary courage, born of confidence in God, he outlined the work of the Church, particularly in the field of education. As one of the pioneer builders of our Catholic school system, he watched with pride its wonderful growth and expansion, unaided by any government subsidy, and he rightly regarded it as one of the foremost signs of the vitality of the old Faith in this new land. He was a tower of strength to St John's College within the University of Sydney. Breadth of vision was characteristic of him because he knew Christ's promises could not fail. He would bring the Church from the cenacle of obscurity into the very front line

of social action, and steering her clear of all political parties, make her, here as elsewhere, the greatest moral force in the life of the nation, promoting peace, happiness and the real prosperity of the people. He visualized for her a glorious future, and to ensure that future he would have Catholics fortify themselves by devotion to their religion, by the diffusion of learning, and charity, and by the practice of the highest civic virtues. He would have them go into the highways and byways, and by their upright, industrious lives and exemplary citizenship, confirm their loyalty to the Constitution of the Commonwealth and dispel all prejudice against their faith. He would have the Church give of her best to Australia and adorn the history of this country with bright pages of noble achievement in every department of national service.

Dr Gallagher was never happier than when addressing young men. His heart was on fire and a torrent of eloquence flowed from his lips as he held up before them the high ideals to which, by fidelity to God and themselves, he bade them attain. Simple in dress and appearance, frugal in diet, indifferent to bodily comforts, John Gallagher could never be commonplace in speech or conversation. In the ancient classics as well as in modern English, he was a master of diction. He rounded off sentences with the delicacy of a New-

man, and thundered them forth with the eloquence of a Bossuet.

Honest and even blunt in the directness of his methods in dealing with others, the late Bishop was an utter stranger to the art of diplomacy. The simplest child in his flock had not a more guileless soul than the learned Prelate who ruled the diocese. By his death a great figure has passed from the ecclesiastical life of Australia. The Diocese of Goulburn mourns a kind and watchful pastor, and the poor a sincere friend. Truly, priests and people of Goulburn, in the words of Ecclesiastes, your Bishop was "beloved of God and man, and his memory is in benediction." Like his namesake among the Apostles, he has gone down to the grave full of years and honour and has left a memory that will inspire all who knew him to nobler deeds and greater sacrifices for God and humanity.

May his soul rest in peace.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST

A REPLY TO DR EISLER'S BOOK

(Sermon preached in St Stephen's Cathedral, Brisbane, 5 March 1931.)

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST

THE story of the Transfiguration as told in to-day's Gospel contains a striking manifestation of the divinity of Christ. Having led his Apostles up to a high mountain apart He was transfigured before them. His face, the Gospel tells us, shone like the sun and His garments became white as snow and there were seen with Him Moses and Elias and a voice from out of the cloud that surrounded them was heard saying "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye him." St Peter was so overwhelmed and overjoyed with the vision that he cried out "Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles, one to thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." The three disciples—Peter, James and John—who accompanied our Lord to the mountain-top were not men likely to be deceived. They were not visionaries, but plain, simple, honest men who narrated facts as they had experienced them and who could never be convicted of trying to lead the people astray.

Now, dearly beloved, it is on this very subject of the divinity of Christ that I wish to address

you briefly this morning. Not that you or I have or ever have had or could have any doubt whatsoever about a truth which lies at the very foundation of our faith and upon which the Church of which we are members is built. Every day as we recite the Apostles' Creed we declare our faith in the Incarnation of the Son of God and our belief that He is true God and true man in one Divine Person. As the Athanasian Creed says: "The right faith is that we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, is both God and man. He is God from the substance of the Father, begotten before all ages; and man from the substance of His mother born in time; perfect God, perfect man, subsisting of a rational soul and human flesh; equal to the Father according to His Godhead; less than the Father according to His manhood; who though He be both God and man, nevertheless is not two but the one Christ; one, not by the conversion of the Godhead into flesh but by taking of manhood unto God; one altogether, not by the confusion of substance but by unity of person. For as the rational soul and the flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ."

In making this declaration of its faith, the Church forestalled, as it were, the many attacks made from time to time on the incarnation and divinity of Christ. By defining and declaring exactly what she means, the Church bases her

teaching, the Revelation of God, on the Word of Christ Himself and on that of His Apostles. All through the life-story of Christ from His birth to His death; in His infancy, His youth and His manhood, in the days of peace and calm of His retirement as well as in the days when contradictions and sorrow and suffering were especially His lot, nothing shines out more clearly in His life than His personal divinity and the divinity of the mission on which He came to earth. Time and again during His public life He gave testimony of His divinity and challenged the world to disprove that He was the Son of God, to disprove that He was one with the Father, and that He worked the works of God.

No one ever left the human race under a deeper debt of gratitude to him than did Christ, yet though no one has ever received in return greater love, it is also true to say that no one has ever met with greater ingratitude, no one has ever been more sinned against; and the transcending sin against Christ has been exactly the denial of His divinity. The blasphemy of this denial is broadcast to-day by the voice and pen of anti-Christian propagandists whose main purpose in life is to defame and discredit and if possible eliminate from the earth Christianity and the very name of its Founder, and let me say, above all, to eliminate the Catholic Church that stands uncom-

promisingly for Christ and every iota of His teaching.

From the man, whose recent caricature of Christ has, according to the cables, caused a sensation in Europe, back to Arius and Nestorius many have set out on the unenviable mission of discrediting the man-God, denying His divinity, contradicting His teachings and endeavouring to disrupt His Church. Even in His lifetime and in the very face of evidence of His miracles which they witnessed with their own eyes, there were many who denied His divinity and declared to the people that He worked these wonders by the power of the demon.

The Scribes and Pharisees dogged his footsteps for the purpose of noting His words and setting a snare for Him, but He triumphed over them all and after they had persecuted Him and put Him to death He gave the final and supreme proof of His divinity by His resurrection from the dead.

It seems strange to us that He in Whom the prophecies concerning the Messiah were being fulfilled before the eyes of the people, and Whose sanctity, simplicity of life and purity of doctrine were the grandest things ever seen on earth, could be so treated and disbelieved in; but we know it was so. The New Testament has stood every test of reliability as a book of history. The facts related in it were attested by many witnesses—a

large number of them hostile; yet while it so clearly bears witness to the divinity, the kindness, the goodness, the infinite compassion and mercy of the Saviour, it also attests that He had in His lifetime many hearers who, blinded by prejudices and worldly interests and their false idea of the manner in which the Messiah should come, rejecting Him, "went away and walked no more with him."

When the disciples of John asked Him "Art thou the Messiah?" how did He answer them? He did not say "I am" or enter into any dispute with them, but simply: "Go, relate to John the Baptist the things that you have heard and seen. The lame walk, the blind see, the lepers are cured, the deaf hear, the dead are raised to life and the Gospel is preached to the poor." Christ answered not by a mere assertion of His divinity, but by referring His interrogators to the proof of His divinity contained in His works. "If you do not believe in my words believe at least in the works which I do."

These works are faithfully recorded in the Gospel. Herein we find many instances to confirm what Christ said to the disciples of John, the lame walking, the blind seeing, and the dead being raised to life. Witness what happens when Christ gives sight to him who was born blind, as related in the ninth chapter of St John. The man himself when interrogated related all that had

happened to him and added "from the beginning of the world it hath not been heard that any man hath opened the eyes of one born blind. Unless this man were of God, he could not do anything." The parents said to the Scribes and Pharisees "we know that this is our son, that he was born blind, and that now he sees; he is of age, let him speak for himself and tell how he received his sight." Here was an indisputable miracle: those people saw this boy with his eyes open and had convincing proof that up to then he had been blind. Nevertheless, how did they receive it? They simply denied Christ's power, called Him a sinner and imposter, and cast the boy out from their midst. Similarly, we have in our own day men with a pretence to great learning, scientists, historians, philosophers and writers of fiction, who would be deeply offended if they were not classed as men of culture; yet they are blind as the Scribes and Pharisees of old. They are well described by St Paul in his second epistle to St Timothy as men "always learning and never coming to the knowledge of the truth." They ever remain far estranged from that wisdom which the same Apostle described to the Philippians as "the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ."

St Paul himself who everywhere gives the highest testimony to the power and divinity of Christ judged himself to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The knowledge which

we have of Jesus Christ is a precious grace; the angels announced Him to the shepherds; a celestial light proclaimed Him to the sages of the East; the Apostles preached Him to the nations; their successors announced Him to our fathers. He Himself, interrogating His disciples, asked "Whom do men say that the Son of Man is?" (*Matthew* xvi, 13.) How truly in their answer did they depict ancient and modern error and heresy about the Son of God. "Master," they replied, "some say that you are John the Baptist, others say that you are Elias, others Jeremias or one of the prophets." (v, 14.) See, brethren, how these men whose opinions the Apostles were relating had conceived false notions of Christ.

They had conceived grand ideas of Him, if you will, but like many to-day who teach that Christ was a great and holy man and a wonderful influence for good, they did not elevate Him higher than the prophets, they did not recognize Him for God, they were still in darkness. How different was the answer when Christ interrogated the Apostles themselves as to their belief in Him. Peter, in whom the Faith was most lively, as says St Jerome—Peter, the chief and oracle of the Apostles—replied: "Thou art Christ the Son of the Living God." (*John* vi, 69-70.) And on another occasion, when He had been abandoned by certain hearers who refused to believe that He would give them in the Blessed Eucharist His

Flesh to eat and His Blood to drink, our Lord asked the twelve if they also would go away from Him. Then Peter, speaking for the twelve, said "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed and have known that thou art the Christ, the Son of God."

Our faith in the divinity of Christ is the faith of Peter and his brethren. It is the faith for which the martyrs of every age have died; it is the faith of the Church established by the divine Master Himself and within which we drink at the very fountain of truth; it is the faith in which we live and the faith in which we shall die. Menaced as society is to-day by evils that strike at the very root of our civilization and the stability of our social system, it is much to be regretted that there should be found people turning whatever power and talent they have to the terrible work of destruction of men's faith in Christ; for if ever that faith were destroyed—and we believe it cannot be—the world would undoubtedly revert to paganism with all its accompanying horrors.

Through the liberty or licence permitted to such people by governments that have themselves largely thrown off the yoke of religion, the enemies of Christianity have been emboldened to carry on a desperate and unrelenting warfare against Christ and His teachings which, however

far the world may have erred from them, are still the basis of our civilization as well as of our hope for a future life.

The caricature of Christ which the cables tell us has just been published in Europe is not by any means the first, nor can we hope it will be the last, book written as a contribution to this warfare. That such works should be permitted to circulate in any Christian country is a sad reflection on the nations whose Christian traditions form the most glorious pages of their history. Had the author of this recent book dishonoured the name of the King as he has that of the Saviour of the world he would not remain at liberty for twenty-four hours. It is passing strange that in a country like England or Australia, where the omission of the national anthem is regarded as a sign of disrespect if not of disloyalty to the Sovereign, blasphemy and denial of God and His Christ, in whose name kings rule, can be carried on with impunity in books and from public platforms. It would be an act of real patriotism were the governments of Australia not to allow into our country this latest attack on the divinity of Christ.

THE LATE MARSHAL FOCH

(Panegyric delivered at Brisbane, 26 March 1929)

THE LATE MARSHAL FOCH

He got his people great honour and put on a breast-plate as a giant . . . and he was renowned even to the utmost part of the earth.—I MACHABEES iii, 3, 9.

Two events of recent happening have profoundly stirred the civilized world. They are the serious illness of the British Sovereign and the death of the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies. The latter event has united us this morning in an expression of humble obedience to the Divine Will and of whole-hearted sympathy with a brave nation mourning the loss of a great son.

One by one the outstanding figures of the World War are passing hence. Earl Haig, the embodiment of British valour, has been laid to rest amidst the unforgettable scenes of a nation's mourning. Lord Kitchener and General French preceded him in death. The indomitable Cardinal Mercier and the intrepid defender of Liége, have passed away in Belgium. Italy has laid its final tribute on the tomb of Cadorna. Now Marshal Foch, the idol of the French nation, is no more.

"Foch is dead." These three words, flashed

a few days ago to the ends of the earth, caused a busy world to pause in awe and reverence at the passing of the man who, in the greatest war of history, commanded with supreme skill the mightiest army of all time. While his beloved France stoops in sorrow over his bier and views through her tears the stilled features that so often gave inspiration to her legions, not one, but a score of nations mourn with her.

Greek and Roman warriors who have left their mark on the pages of history were more feared than admired, for theirs were arms of oppression rather than of defence. They sought not merely national preservation but invasion and conquest, and when the sword fell from their lifeless hands, only their own friends and countrymen grieved that their end had come.

How different with Foch! To-day three-fourths of the civilized world kneel in homage and gratitude at the tomb, not of an oppressor or invader, but of a great liberator through whose matchless military genius and superb leadership the peoples of the Allied nations, under Divine Providence, have preserved their national existence.

Rarely, if ever before, has the world paid greater tributes to human worth than it has laid at the feet of this Generalissimo of our own day. From the flowers strewn round the coffin by childish hands to the tears shed over his remains

by the Belgian monarch who was a companion in arms; from the simplest peasant's prayer to the generous wholehearted message of sorrow and praise sent from his retreat of convalescence by the beloved Ruler of the British Empire, those tributes have assumed a thousand forms and expressed the feelings of millions of hearts.

This world-wide sorrow is not over a soldier fallen in the prime of life, with battles still to be fought and laurels yet to be won. No; Marshal Foch had long since passed man's allotted span. He was even near it at the zenith of his fame. The mourning is over the breaking of a precious link with a sad and memorable phase of the world's history; over the passing of him who was to the Allied nations the symbol of hope, a man of providence whose destiny was to restore to a war-weary world the inestimable blessing of peace.

It is fitting that Australia, whose splendid troops participated in the hardships of war and the glory of victory under his supreme command, should join in the world-wide homage now paid to his memory. And fitting, too, that those of us who are sprung from a race whose sons have fought with dash and courage on every European battlefield, should be here to honour the name and memory of the great leader who, four months ago, on Armistice Day, speaking of the Irish regiments from north and south in the Great War,

said: "Never once did the Irish fail me in those terrible days."

We have assembled this morning not to glorify war, but to honour an outstanding character among the noble dead. Still, we cannot hide from ourselves the fact that it was in the tragic circumstances of the battlefields of Europe that the sons of our young nation achieved imperishable fame for her and made older nations—France among them—her debtors. No one was more ready to acknowledge the services of our troops and the courage of the youth who bore their arms twelve thousand miles from home, than Foch himself. The cherishing of his memory by Australia will be as gratifying to France as it is creditable to ourselves.

In the second year of the Great War the newspapers were asking: "Who is Foch?" Twelve months later they were writing columns on his genius. To-day the Press of the world is filling its pages with tributes to his memory.

This is neither the time nor the place to review a life to which only a great biographer can do justice. Foch had lived through eventful times. He had served as a subaltern in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and thence onwards his military genius was recognized by every commanding officer under whose notice he came. Few, however, fully recognized that they were dealing with a military sage and a master of

strategy, to whom one day would fall the gigantic task of placing an army on a salient of many hundreds of miles from east to west and so co-ordinating its movements that each unit would be in perfect harmony with all the others. Never before had so colossal a task been committed to one General; never before did issues so mighty and far-reaching depend on the fulfilment of that task, and never before was a task more faithfully carried out. Yet this man of destiny, this hero of the Marne, this deliverer of Ypres, this military leader of vast strategic conceptions, of gigantic and daring movements of swift unfaltering attacks, might have been lost to France and to the world had not a great crisis forced on the Government the recognition of his genius.

It is a regrettable, though undeniable, fact, that up to the time of the Great War promotions to high command in the French Army came more by influence than by merit. It is equally regrettable that in any country a man of outstanding merit in any walk of life should have to belong to a particular political party or sect in order to attain recognition and advancement in his profession or calling in life. Such, however, was the case in France. But war makes inexorable demands, and war wrung from the French Government a confession that all was not well with its arms of national defence either on land or sea. Religious, God-fearing men of the French Army, who had put

their faith before preferment and were passing their lives practically unknown, had to be called from obscurity and placed in the commands held by those who had attained them not by merit, but by influence. A score of French generals—Foch among them—thus brought forth, appeared on the horizon of France in the greatest crisis of her history, and these men led her armies to victory.

Foch and Lord Roberts were two of the few discerning minds in the armies of Europe that foresaw the inevitableness of the Great War. Both had sounded warnings of it, but Foch was spared to behold the realization of that prophecy and witness the slaughter which accompanied its fulfilment.

His greatness overshadows the fame of the most notable men in the history of his native France—even that of the first Napoleon, by whose side he is to-day being laid to rest. Nevertheless, the sweetest memory that this remarkable man leaves to the world is not that of a renowned military leader, but that of a humble follower of Jesus of Nazareth. To him, faith in God was a greater treasure than worldly fame. To his religious duties he had held with exemplary fidelity right from his childhood and, when the gigantic task of controlling the movements of millions of soldiers was laid upon his shoulders, he depended not alone on the master-mind with which the Creator had endowed him, but upon the prayers

which he poured out in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament in the little grey church close to his headquarters, and on those which he craved from the children of the Allied nations, and which they most generously gave.

Marshal Foch was a man of God, rivalling in the strength of his faith and the warmth of his devotion the greatest warriors in the history of the Israelites or among the Christian crusaders. Thank Heaven for the noble example of this Christian hero, and thank God too, for the great men of our own Empire who recognized his genius and insisted on his leadership.

And what shall I say of the Sovereign who, having met him on the battlefield in the early stages of the war, decorated him with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath—the highest military distinction in the form of an Order within the gift of the British Crown; who later drew him more closely to the hearts of the English people and of all of us by handing him a Marshal's baton, and who to-day is represented at his funeral by his son and heir, the Prince of Wales? In this, as in other circumstances, King George has acted with a magnanimity that is beyond all praise.

Foch is dead! He has gone to join the great company of his valiant comrades who laid down their lives for their fellow-men. Foch is dead! But he will continue to live for generations in the

memory of grateful multitudes throughout the world. His legacy to France and to humanity is the noble example of an unblemished life devoted to God, to his country, and to his fellow-men. "He put on a breastplate as a giant; he got his people great honour and was renowned even to the utmost part of the earth." Eternal rest and peace to his noble soul!

PERSONALITY

(Address delivered before a gathering of business men at Brisbane, November 1928.)

PERSONALITY

In the best dictionaries *personality* is defined as "the sum of qualities or characteristics peculiar to some individual rational being; prominent traits or attributes of some particular person." Everyone of us realizes personality in others. We may not know whether a man is learned, wealthy, or possessed of great business acumen. We may not even know whether he is sincere or insincere; but one thing we cannot fail to perceive, even on slight acquaintance, and that is a man's personality. One's personality is somehow self-evident.

I am, of course, excluding from this address, personality that is dishonourable or that has been put to bad use. It is quite possible that there would be a charm of personality about one who is otherwise a poor type of character. There may be a charm of personality about a criminal, and even in a criminal it is a great asset.

I am confining myself to personality in the virtuous, upright citizen. Such personality has always a wholesome, helpful influence. What we have to regret is that there are so many good, intelligent, well-informed men who have very little person-

ality—men who, on account of the absence of outstanding personality are left behind in the race of life; men who can never aspire to become representatives of their class, leaders of the people, or successful pioneers of any movement that requires the co-operation of their fellow-men.

It may be asked why are so many men without an arresting, impressive personality. Is it a gift, or is it an acquired and cultivated attribute of character? Certainly, nature, while endowing some men with the bare necessities, has been very bountiful to others. Some are naturally gifted with mental and social endowments that make them envied by their fellows, just as some are gifted with beauty and physical proportions that give them an outstanding advantage over their less fortunate fellow-beings.

Environment, no doubt, has a good deal to do with the development of personality. Any man brought up in a selfish groove, where he comes but little in contact with suffering humanity and learns little of the needs of his fellow-beings, cannot be said to have an opportunity of cultivating personal attributes that will make him dear to his fellow-men. Some of the finest personalities are found amongst the virtuous poor, whose lives call for continual labour and self-sacrifice. They cultivate pure family life with a great love for one another, and they are unspoilt by a wealthy,

self-indulgent world that certainly is a menace to the development of nobility of character.

What we have to remark particularly about personality is that it is not supplied by learning or social position or great genius. One may have all these, and yet not have an outstanding personality. One may become so wrapped up in his scientific researches, in his books, in his business, in his profession, that, while attaining eminence in his particular walk of life as a scientist, littérateur or business man, he passes his days without ever gripping the hearts of his fellow-beings, without ever making a deep impression on his particular circle of society, without ever winning what is the best thing to win, the love and devotion of his fellow-men. Without personality, no one, no matter what resources of mind or body or wealth he may have, can ever be a successful leader of men.

Personality may be an outstanding characteristic of men who in some respects have not a multiplicity of gifts. History is full of examples of men of great personality. Although the British Empire owes much of its advancement to achievement in the field of science, when we come to celebrate great national anniversaries it is not the scientists that we commemorate, but the deeds of men of outstanding character, the deeds of our great warriors, the deeds of our explorers, the work of our pioneers. All these were men with outstanding personality, and if they had no per-

sonality all the science known to men would never have carried them as far as they went.

We need not go farther back than the late King Edward, who was the nation's greatest ambassador because of his winning character. That character, we are sure, kept the peace of Europe for many years. It is not only the great things but the small things that tell, and I have heard of small acts of kindness done by the late King that showed his personality as much as any of the great things he ever did. Physically Napoleon was a small man. Intellectually he was a genius. As a general he was a born leader of men, and his legions were prepared to die for him. It is well known that members of his staff considered it the highest honour to be selected by him for a particularly difficult and delicate operation in war, even though the carrying out of that delicate and difficult operation meant death—such was the influence that his personality had gained over men.

Undoubtedly, the conditions of past times had much to do with the development of character and personality. The circumstances of life called forth the very best that was in a man in order that he might succeed. I regret to say that with the advancement of science and the multiplication of conveniences, such as the motor car, the radio, the aeroplane, comfortable railway travelling, luxurious ships, living is made so easy for us, that occa-

sions to show a spirit of endurance and bring out the best qualities in us are now more rare.

The development of personality is hampered by the facility with which we get education, by the conditions under which young people are employed —so different from the conditions against which their fathers had to contend. Nevertheless, personality is needed now as much as it ever was needed. You business men listening to me to-day, know that personality in your employees, who stand between you and your clients, is a quality of great importance. Your clerks, your salesmen, your managers, if they have not some personality, will do more harm than good to your business. If a man's work does not bring him into communication with the public he has not the same need for personality, but once a man enters into any business, profession, or other walk of life that brings him into contact with the public he is sure to find himself at a disadvantage if this attribute of personality is not developed in him.

Personality, of course, has its greatest strength in prudence, sincerity and honesty. It cannot associate itself with narrowness, peevishness, prejudice, selfishness, pride, envy, or other faults which are destructive of a lofty character.

We shall not have this fine personality, which uplifts the individual and the community, unless we pay heed to the training of the young. Now, I greatly fear that while we are most solicitous

to cram our young people at school with knowledge of every kind, we do not show the same solicitude for the development of their character and the cultivation of personality in them. This, of course, must be largely the work of the home. A boy or girl is most influenced by father and mother and family traditions, but the school can do a great deal by cultivating a high tone. Athletic recreations, too, enter largely into this, although while boys and girls play games they may not be conscious of it, yet, organized sport, properly carried out, has, I believe, a good influence on the cultivation of character and personality; one has to suffer defeat, to give and take, and one must have patience with others, respecting the rights of all.

Above all, religion should be the element most depended upon. A man of fine personality realizes his duty to God and his duty to his neighbour. He realizes the importance of "service," and his personality manifests itself mostly in the service of his fellow-men.

I fear that I have given you too great a variety of ideas, but you, Gentlemen, will be able to take some side or portion of this address and think it over, and leave this room to-day with the determination to esteem an attractive personality in others and cultivate it, as far as you can, in yourselves. Much of the happiness and success of life depends upon it, and for my part, I think a man

who has a fine personality has a fortune greater than the biggest banking account. It will carry him through life; it will win him everywhere the esteem and confidence of his fellow-men, and it will enable him to make the world better; for we cannot help feeling that some special virtue radiates from the man of fine personality—personality which rests upon the virtues of noble qualities, and particularly on sincerity and charity.

PANEGYRIC ON THE LATE HON. T. J. RYAN

(Delivered in St Stephen's Cathedral, Brisbane, 11 August, 1921.)

Born at Port Fairy, Victoria, in the year 1877, the late T. J. Ryan was educated first at the local school where he won a scholarship and went to Xavier College, Melbourne. At the age of nineteen he entered the Melbourne University, where he took his B.A. degree at the age of twenty-one. He then began to follow the profession of a teacher, and while on the staff of the Maryborough Grammar School, Queensland, gained his LL.B. He passed his final examination for a barrister in the year 1900 while teaching at the Rockhampton Grammar School. He practised his profession successfully at Rockhampton, and entered Parliament as a Labour candidate for Barcoo in 1909. In 1915 he became Premier of a Labour Government in the Queensland Parliament, and a little while before his death entered Federal politics. He died on 30 July 1921.

PANEGYRIC ON THE LATE HON. T. J. RYAN

Beloved of God and of men whose memory is in benediction.—ECCLESIASTICUS xlv, 1.

MY Lords, Reverend Fathers, and dear brethren in Christ: Death, from which mortals shrink in terror, is a great messenger. It has a singular mission. Death has assembled to-day within these venerable walls men of every rank and position in the community, men of many shades of religious belief and political opinion, to unite in the one desire to pay a tribute of respect to a great and good man who has been called away in the prime of life before he had scarce reached the meridian in a career that promised so brightly. When, dearly beloved, on last Monday morning the news spread through the land that Thomas Joseph Ryan had passed away, there was a wave of sorrow over the community. Even now, after several days, we can scarcely realize that we are speaking in the presence of death or that so brilliant a young life has been closed for ever, as far as this earth is concerned. And yet, so it is. From all parts of Australia and from far beyond our shores have

come messages of condolence together with testimony to the work of the life of our dear friend. It is recognized everywhere that Australia has lost a gifted son and the Empire has lost a great statesman.

The community is bowed in grief by this loss, and the hearts of the people have gone out to the noble wife who for so many years shared so intimately the fortunes, the successes and the goodwill which her husband enjoyed in Queensland and throughout the Commonwealth. For that excellent wife and her little children the hearts of all Australia feel the deepest sympathy. The loss to the Commonwealth is great; the loss to the bereaved wife and children is irreparable.

Were I to analyse the tributes that have been paid to the memory of the late Mr Ryan I might place first and foremost the touching scenes witnessed in this cathedral all day yesterday, when wage-earners of the city, men and women, many of them in their working-dress, came in their thousands to pass before this coffin, and very few passed with dry eyes. They recognized that they had lost a strong and faithful friend; one who had battled for them ever since he entered into public life; one who had enshrined himself in their hearts.

This is not a time to enter into anything like an analysis of the public life of the late Premier. The occasion is too solemn and too sacred for

that. We think of him, not as a politician, nor as a lawyer, but as a great man with a heart of gold and a deep love for his fellow-men. He was endowed by God with rare intellectual gifts. He had a strong character and an uncommon power of making friends. Those of us who remembered him long before he entered into public life in this State recognized that there was a great future before him. He had carved his way to the front rank amongst his colleagues at the Bar. He was widely sought as advocate and adviser. He was loved and trusted by his confrères in the learned profession to which he belonged. When he decided to enter public life he gained a seat in Parliament and soon made his influence felt.

No one to-day can deny that the late Mr Ryan has been a potent force for years past in the public life of this country. All admit that he used those high intellectual gifts of his for the benefit of his native land and for the uplifting of his fellow-men. His lot in public life was cast in the most difficult times in our whole history. Never before had Australia experienced such a critical period, and never again, we trust, shall she have to pass through such an ordeal. It was a time when the country called for strong men whatever the opinions of those men might be. Mr Ryan, in the principles he advocated, showed uncommon courage. He knew that he had large masses of his fellow citizens against him, but he believed that

he was right; he believed that what he thought and what he fearlessly spoke in public was right, and would ultimately be best for Australia.

Men differed about these policies, but difference of opinion is a good thing. Mr Ryan has often appeared before the bar of public opinion; he has presented himself, to clear his character, before the highest courts in Australia. He has appeared now before the Supreme Tribunal, and we believe he has gone to his God with the heart of a child and a mind free from the least prejudice or the least ill-will towards any man.

The heart of that great man was too big and generous to harbour ill-feeling towards any of his fellow-men. No one, I think—and there are many listening to me to-day who knew him intimately—can say that he ever heard an uncharitable word pass from the lips of the late T. J. Ryan about any man, no matter how opposed to him in politics or in any other sphere such a one might be. The tributes that have come from the strongest of his opponents during these sad days of mourning bear out what I have just said. Friends and adversaries alike have nothing to-day but the happiest memory of this young Australian statesman.

The public life of the late Mr Ryan will be touched upon by others more competent to deal with it than I. His memory as a great Australian shall never fade. He has written his name indel-

ibly in the history of our time and of this young country, and had he lived he would undoubtedly have become a great factor in shaping the destiny of his native land. The loss to Australia at a time when men of high intellectual gifts and untarnished honour are so needed in our public life is beyond any calculation of mine to-day. All who knew him had looked forward to many years of honourable service by him to the Commonwealth. He has gone now, leaving a precious memory and a noble example to the young men of this country to follow in his footsteps. If they do not follow his political opinions let them at least strive, as he did, by courageous, honest hard work to do the very best that lies in them for this young nation.

The private life of the late Thomas Joseph Ryan charmed everybody who had the privilege of visiting his home. Perhaps in this land there was not a more united or affectionate couple than Mr and Mrs Ryan. His life was beyond reproach. One could always be proud of him as a Catholic and as a citizen. He was a most devoted husband and father. Who can estimate to-day the loss to the little children of so devoted a parent?

The succession of victories that the deceased leader achieved never changed him. In the midst of his triumphs he always preserved the same kindly disposition as when he was a young barrister at Rockhampton. Everyone who had

been intimately associated with him had for him the affection of a brother for a brother.

Knowing that the members of his own faith were in the minority, he naturally felt that he might be looked upon with suspicion in regard to his relationship with his Church, but in the presence of the dead to-day I can say that never from the moment he entered into public life until he passed to his Maker did he allow his faith to influence him in any public act that he ever did, and I can attest that never was Mr Ryan asked by any representative of the Church for any concession to the religion which he professed. Every one of Mr Ryan's colleagues will acquit him of that, and posterity will acquit him of hard accusations made against him in other directions. As a matter of fact, those who shared most intimately the confidence and trust of Mr Ryan were some who differed from him in faith and nationality.

We pray that the great God whom he loved and to Whom he turned in all his difficulties and trials, may receive him into the Kingdom of Heaven, and we pray that the same God may comfort his sorrowing widow and children and give them strength to bear with Christian resignation the heavy Cross which has come to them with such appalling suddenness.

PANEGYRIC ON
THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE McCAWLEY

Born in Toowoomba on 24 July 1881, appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Queensland 1917 and Chief Justice on 1 April 1922; died 16 April 1925.

PANEGYRIC ON THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE McCAWLEY

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in the last day I shall rise out of the earth.—JOB xix, 25.

IT is always difficult to speak in the presence of death; for what is speech before its silent majesty? What human tongue, however eloquent, can restore to life those on whom it has set its seal? Our first feeling on an occasion of this kind is one of absolute impotence. We approach the dead with awe and the bereaved relatives with a conviction that, however deep our feelings and however aptly and sincerely they may be expressed, human sorrow must run its course.

The measure of our grief to-day is complete. It is not merely a family bereavement with which we are concerned. It is a calamity—a national loss. We are mourning for the sudden snapping of a young life at the noontide of its achievements, a life full of promise for the future in the eminent sphere of service in which it was being passed. The overpowering circumstance of the passing of

him whom we mourn is its tragic suddenness, and its most regrettable aspect is its prematureness. When a man dies before he has begun his task, or after he has completed it, there is much to assuage sorrow; but when a man is taken away in the midst of his life's work the pain of the sense of loss, both public and private, is keenest and deepest. Raphael died at the age of thirty-seven, and his greatest work—the picture of the Transfiguration—was carried unfinished in his funeral procession. Thomas William McCawley's work remains unfinished, and Queensland mourns that fact, but the life on which he will be judged by his Creator was complete day by day.

The late Chief Justice rose from a humble position to the highest office given in his native State to one of his profession. Whatever misunderstandings, on the part of others, marked his advancement soon melted away before his high conception of duty and the unfolding of the rare gifts of mind which he brought to bear on the performance of it. His character was such as to exclude all suspicion of anything not consistent with the highest integrity, and his genial personality was the expression of a heart full of human feeling and a mind untainted by the least bitterness.

But with the public and professional aspects of Chief Justice McCawley's life, others more fitted than I am for such a task will deal at another time

and in another place. Our duty this morning, after offering suffrages for his soul, is to speak of him rather as a man than a judge; rather as a son, father, citizen, and noble type of Christian character, than as the learned head of our State Judiciary. It is as a devoted son that his aged mother will ever remember him; as a father his life will remain the mirror and model to serve his boys in forming their own characters and carving out their own careers. As a Christian gentleman his unblemished life will always remain an inspiration and encouragement to our young men who may be tempted to regard as incompatible with the duties and cares of a busy life the practice of solid virtue.

Justice McCawley had no misconceptions of the relationship of man with his Creator—a relationship in which alone true greatness is found. As a judge he retained the simple Catholic faith, the first lessons of which he received at the knees of his aged mother, who is to-day bowed down in sorrow at his death, and his fervour in the practice of it only grew stronger with the passing of the years. He was never absent from his religious duties, and he sought no privileged place, his delight being to sit with his family among the ordinary rank and file of the congregation, which he never failed to edify by his piety and reverence. His life was indeed warmed with the glow of Christian virtue, not practised spasmodically, but

sustained faithfully from childhood to death. Alike at home as in public, in the humblest station as well as in the most exalted position, Thomas William McCawley was a man the guiding principle of whose conduct was his faith in God.

It is no small tribute to a great democracy like ours that a man can rise from the humblest walk of life to the highest position in the land, and that having risen he need not forfeit the affection of the ranks from which he ascended. It is an equally great tribute to our Australian Commonwealth, wherein it is possible for the humble and industrious to rise, that some of the greatest men who have shed lustre on Australia were reared in her own maternal lap, and that their ascent to fame was facilitated by her own generous help during the years of their preparation for the callings which they subsequently adorned. For such a life as that of the late Chief Justice, however brief, we are thankful to Divine Providence, and we bow our heads to the will of God Who hath given and Who hath taken away.

Seldom has this sacred edifice held so distinguished a congregation as that which is gathered to-day to pay a last tribute of respect to the man whose life I have so feebly attempted to summarize. Could I interpret adequately your feelings towards the beloved dead, I might indeed have assuaged much more than I have the breaking hearts of the aged mother and the wife and child-

ren whose grief though great, is not yet at its full tide, for to-day they are too stunned by the crushing blow to realize their loss. Fathers love to live over again in their sons, and many times have I seen the late Chief Justice among his boys. We talked together and planned together about their future. Little did we then dream that they would be destined to grow up without him. But Queensland, which was so kind to their father, who in turn shed lustre on his native State, will, I am sure, watch over his sons with a friendly eye and take an interest in their progress. Please God, the day will come when they will be able to wipe the tears from their mother's eyes and take their father's place.

Queensland has lost many distinguished sons. To-day we are mourning for one of the noblest of them. We are laying to rest, not only a great judge, but a noble character, whose patriotic soul made him love and serve his native land. Australia can ill afford to lose sons of this calibre. Thomas William McCawley, however, will long live in memory, and his name will ever remain on the honour roll of his country.

May God grant rest to his noble soul, and comfort to his sorrowing relatives.

CONSECRATION OF THE MOST REV. JAMES BYRNE, D.D., FIRST BISHOP OF TOOWOOMBA

(*Preached in St Patrick's Cathedral, Toowoomba, 1 September 1929.*)

CONSECRATION OF THE MOST REV. JAMES BYRNE, D.D., FIRST BISHOP OF TOOWOOMBA

Thou, O son of man, I have made thee a watchman to the house of Israel.—EZECHIEL xxxiii, 7.

BY to-day's sacred ceremony, the third of its kind ever performed in Queensland, a faithful priest of the Archdiocese has been elevated to the plenitude of the priesthood and to episcopal rank. He has been taken from among the clergy to be made a watchman in the House of Israel, to be chief pastor of this new diocese of Toowoomba, and to be responsible not only for its temporalities, but for the spiritual welfare of the whole flock within its confines.

If the dignity be great, the responsibility is proportionately enormous. The first among the Apostles to bear this dignity and responsibility, writing to the bishops of his time, warns them in these words, "Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking care of it, not by constraint but willingly, according to God: not for filthy lucre's sake but voluntarily: Neither as lording it over the

clergy but being made a pattern of the flock from the heart." (*I Peter* v, 2.)

There is no more weighty responsibility on a body of priests than that of choosing one from their ranks to be their guide and leader. Such choice is made only after fervent prayer and a solemn promise to the Almighty to nominate only him whom they regard as most worthy of the office. The choice of the clergy has to be reviewed by the Bishops of the Province, and the final decision rests with him who is the Supreme Head of the Church on earth.

A bishop becomes a successor of the Apostles, and takes his place, not only among the hierarchy of his own country, but in the general councils of the Universal Church. By his consecration he is carried beyond the limits of parochial and diocesan interests, and obtains a voice and a vote in matters affecting the Universal Church. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that he who is chosen for this high office should be the best fitted for its duties and responsibilities. St Paul lays down in simple, direct language the qualifications of a bishop—"without crime, as the steward of God: not proud, not subject to anger. . . not greedy of filthy lucre: but given to hospitality" (*Titus* i, 7). Such are the standards of life required in the chief pastor of the flock. We have to thank Heaven that, for the most part, those qualifications have from the beginning been found in the

episcopate. God has kept His promise given to the Church in the words of Jeremias: "I will give you pastors, according to my own heart: and they shall feed you with knowledge and doctrine." (iii, 15.)

The government of the Catholic Church is unique in history. The Church is a perennial, indefectible, world-wide institution, set up for the glory of God and the salvation of souls; its scope is limited only by the confines of the earth, the duration of time, and the numbers of the human race. Never before, and never since, was so wide or lofty a mission given to men as Christ gave to His Apostles, when He said to them "Going therefore, teach ye all nations." Confirming this commission and emphasizing the power and authority, distinguishing it from the power of mere earthly ambassadors, He said to His Apostles on the eve of His ascension into Heaven: "You shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and you shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth" (*Acts* 1, 8). There is nothing in the whole Church more remarkable than the episcopate, in which, under the guidance and supreme authority of the successor of St Peter, the government of Catholic Christendom resides. It is marked by unparalleled unity, harmony and steadfastness in ruling and in teaching. Whether the seat of the bishop be in the centre of Europe

or at the antipodes, there is the same attachment and obedience to the centre of unity.

It is less than a hundred years since the first Catholic bishop was appointed to Australia. The fifth of this month will mark exactly the ninety-fourth anniversary of the arrival of Bishop Polding and a small missionary party in Port Jackson. There were then about half a dozen priests and a little over 20,000 Catholics in New South Wales, with very meagre numbers of the faithful in the other colonies. To-day there are in the Commonwealth of Australia over 1,200,000 Catholics, six archbishops and seventeen bishops, with nearly seventeen hundred priests, while most of the religious orders of the Old World are represented in this young land, where they conduct with characteristic zeal and success schools and charitable institutions, the number of which now runs into many hundreds. It is estimated that in the Commonwealth the Church is educating in her schools and colleges about 220,000 children, who will be the future citizens of this rising nation.

With particular regard to the Church in Queensland, I may emphasize the fact that we are to-day participating in what is one of the best testimonies to her progress—the consecration of a bishop for the new See recently constituted, with Toowoomba as its headquarters. The vast territories of the Darling Downs and the south-west have hitherto been portion of the Archdiocese of

Brisbane. Henceforward they will have their own chief pastor, possessing jurisdiction from the Apostolic See which sent the first Catholic bishop to Australia and which has ever shown a fatherly solicitude for this far-off portion of the Lord's vineyard.

The noble document which you heard read from this pulpit at the commencement of the consecration ceremony this morning is the charter of this new diocese, giving it its first bishop and that full measure of autonomy which is the privilege of every episcopal See in union with the Chair of Peter.

It is not yet seventy years since the first Bishop of Brisbane arrived on these shores. For a diocese he had the whole of Queensland, and in that vast territory his flock numbered less than eight thousand souls. He found in the colony four churches, four schools and two priests. The scattered flock had to be visited by coach and on horseback, and it is little wonder that Dr O'Quinn found himself, after twenty years of labour in the colony, broken in health and poor in means, but rich in merit before God. The mustard-seed of the Faith, sown amidst poverty and innumerable difficulties of every kind, was richly blessed by Heaven, so that it blossomed forth into the mighty tree that it is to-day and that still continues rapidly to expand its branches on every side, multiplying churches, schools and benevolent institutions, continually

adding to the number of its priests and fostering native vocations to the altar and the cloister.

It was not before the time was ripe for action that Rome decided to give two more bishops to Queensland, the one with headquarters in this beautiful city of Toowoomba, and the other with spiritual jurisdiction in the rapidly-advancing city of Townsville and the territory of which it is the recognized port. This provision will, in matters spiritual, bring the Church in Queensland right into line with the Church in the older States of the Commonwealth, and will give a tremendous impetus to the religious life of the people.

Sixty years ago Toowoomba was little more than a village. Under the fostering care of one of the best of pastors—the cultured and gentle priest who was destined to become the second bishop and the first archbishop of Brisbane—the little congregation grew in numbers and importance. The Church advanced with the town, and, when in 1881 Father Dunne said good-bye to his beloved flock, great progress had been made. That progress was maintained by subsequent parish priests, notably by the late Father Thomas O'Connell, who built this fine church; by Monsignor Fouhy, who gave you your magnificent schools, and by Father McKenna, whose untiring efforts since he came here two years ago, have left their mark permanently on the advancement of the Church on this side of the city; while Father Cashman has

to his credit a similar record on the other side. The retrospect is indeed consoling, and every citizen of Toowoomba, no matter of what creed, must be proud that to-day that record has been crowned by the coming of a bishop and the elevation of this rich, beautiful and important centre to the dignity of an episcopal See.

The loyal and filial welcome, which you have extended to your Bishop here at his headquarters, will be renewed by the faithful people in every centre of the diocese, and the memory of the events of these solemn days will pass down in the history of the Church in Queensland to be told and retold, read and reread by the generations to come.

In parting with this precious portion of the flock, of which I have now been chief pastor for nearly thirteen years, feelings of regret naturally well up within my heart, but the sorrow is assuaged by the assurance which I confidently entertain, that I am handing over a great people to a bishop of sterling worth—to one with the heart and soul and the deep, tender feeling of a pastor who has ever taken for his model Christ, the Prince of Pastors, Who so loved to describe Himself as "the Good Shepherd who giveth His life for His sheep."

I might, if I thought it opportune, dwell at length on the combination of gifts that has endeared your new Bishop as man and priest to those within and without his own faith, but most of you

are already familiar with his fine qualities, and to those who are not, they will be unfolded and revealed in the course of that relationship which must grow and be strengthened between bishop and people as the years pass. So much as this I can say with certainty, that in entrusting to Dr Byrne the care of this new diocese, the Holy See has acted wisely. It has given to Toowoomba and the Darling Downs not only a devoted bishop, but a citizen of high merits, and one who will be a friend to all without stopping to ask at what altar they worship. He will be an elder brother to his priests, a father to his flock, an unfailing support to his religious teachers and the schools in which they labour, and the kindest of friends to the little children who have always been the delight of his heart. He will foster every work for the good of humanity, the relief of suffering and the advancement of civic and rural interests which are so capable of expansion in this wonderful portion of the State of Queensland.

My Lord Bishop, with the oils of consecration still on your brow and the weighty words of the Papal Brief of your appointment still ringing in your ears, here in the presence of the Representative of the Sovereign Pontiff and the Bishops who with him have laid consecrating hands upon your head this morning, I welcome you to the ranks of the Hierarchy and with most fervent prayers and good wishes that the union of Bishop, priests

and people in this new diocese may be productive of most abundant fruit for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, I consign into your hands a most cherished portion of that heritage which was mine when I became Archbishop of the See of Brisbane.

"The Lord has made thee a watchman in the House of Israel." God grant you continual light and strength to feed the flock of Christ so that "when the Prince of Peace shall appear you shall receive a never-failing crown of glory."

THE LATE COLONEL A. J. THYNNE, EX-MINISTER OF THE CROWN AND CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

(*Panegyric preached on 1 March 1927.*)

THE LATE COLONEL A. J. THYNNE, EX-MINISTER OF THE CROWN AND CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

In this venerable church this morning we have forgathered to pay a sincere tribute of esteem to the memory of a man who was in every respect an excellent citizen. Those of us who claimed the late Hon. Andrew Joseph Thynne as a brother in religious faith are here specially to offer to God for the repose of his soul the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, at which he so frequently assisted in this cathedral.

All of us who claimed him as a fellow citizen are present to pay a fitting tribute of respect to one whose sterling public services to Queensland have covered a period of over half a century.

It would not become this solemn occasion to indulge in any vain expressions of regret at the passing of this remarkable man whose span of life covered just on eighty years. Rather should we thank Divine Providence Who blessed him with such length of years and endowed him with the mental and physical powers that enabled him

to use that life to the fullest for the benefit of his fellow-men.

As a Catholic the late Mr Thynne's life was consistently edifying, and, fortified with all the consolations of religion, he met his death with the calm confidence of a man who, in the words of St Paul, "knew in whom he had believed" and expected the reward of those who strive constantly for the mastery over human frailty by keeping the Commandments of God.

As a citizen the late Mr Thynne measured up to the highest standard. Beginning life without the prestige of wealth or great influence, he rose steadily in his profession and in the esteem of his fellow-men. In him were united the keen intellect and dignified bearing that enabled him to adorn whatever he touched.

As a soldier, statesman, and scholar he attained a high rank in the service of his country and graced every office bestowed on him with conspicuous ability and a great charm of manly courtesy.

To an ever-widening knowledge he joined great prudence and sound judgment, which made him an ideal adviser in the many weighty matters of state and private interest with which he was called upon to deal. His lot as a public man was cast in the times of some of the greatest political leaders of bygone days, yet the ablest of them confessed to having in their Ministry no more valued colleague than Andrew Joseph Thynne. Loyalty,

integrity and a high sense of honour marked his public career. He gave of his best to his adopted country, and his ideals in giving it were so high that his name has never been tarnished with the least suspicion of ulterior motives. Indeed it was common knowledge that Mr Thynne devoted to the public weal a large amount of time taken from his own professional work and private affairs.

While never compromising an iota of his Catholic faith he had a notable aversion to religious strife, for from early experiences he recognized the power of the sectarian wedge to disunite a community in its civic and political issues, and he also knew what a menace it might prove in a great crisis when a nation should be absolutely united against a common foe.

I feel sure that his fine sense of patriotism and fair play were prime factors in winning for him the host of friends and admirers from all classes of his fellow citizens represented in the gathering here this morning, and that his life contributed much to the banishment of sectional ill-feeling and to the establishment of the spirit of harmony that happily exists among us in Queensland to-day.

Mr Thynne's public activities covered so wide a field that he made all of us debtors to his fine spirit of service. Every good cause found in him much more than an admirer. He rendered assistance with money, advice and active participation

in the work undertaken. He contributed much to the building up of many of our public institutions, and such estimable organizations as the Ambulance and the Red Cross had his whole-hearted support. To him Queensland is indebted for great improvement in the agricultural and dairying industries, of which he might well be styled the father, and higher education found in him an ardent advocate and an untiring promoter. It was fitting that his life should be crowned by the holding of such a high office as that of Chancellor of our young University, and that his death should occur while he was yet occupying that exalted position. Having himself experienced many of the difficulties that beset the lives of young scholars, he was ever sympathetic towards the body of students attending the University and manifested an extraordinary interest in the working of the various departments of the University itself, as well as in the bearing of the whole institution on the development and advancement of the State. We who sat with him around the Senate table will miss his presence and his wise counsel in dealing with the important affairs of that rapidly-growing institution, the governing body and staff of which is so largely represented here to-day to mark their sense of loss at the passing of its fourth Chancellor.

Long as was the life of the distinguished man whose remains we are now about to lay to rest,

we cannot but be filled with admiration at all he pressed into it. Few lives of the great Queenslanders, who have passed away before him, covered so wide or so useful a field of service as did his.

Lofty examples of unselfish service on the part of her sons are the finest adornment to the history of a country. If the life that closed two days ago will only inspire men of a younger generation to tread similar paths with equally high ideals, then we may truly say that the dead will continue to live in the fruitfulness of an exemplary career. As parents love to live over again in their children, so must we all desire to see the noble example of the past generation perpetuated in the lives of the present.

I feel sure that the late Colonel Thynne will long be remembered by the citizens of Brisbane, among whom he was so familiar a figure, and by the State of Queensland to which he rendered such long and distinguished service. In according him the prestige of a State funeral the Government of the day has shown a fine sense of appreciation of that service, and has fittingly endorsed the belief that the personal worth of a great citizen stands high above all party considerations. May the soul of Andrew Joseph Thynne rest in the peace of Christ, and may God comfort the sorrowing widow and family.

THE SACERDOTAL DIAMOND JUBILEE OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY, THE MOST REV. M. KELLY, D.D.

(Preached in St Mary's Basilica, Sydney, 31 October 1932.)

THE SACERDOTAL DIAMOND JUBILEE OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY, THE MOST REV. M. KELLY, D.D.

He that shall do and teach, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.—MATTHEW v, 19.

IF any warrant, beyond the love and veneration of priests and people, were needed for holding religious and social functions to honour the distinguished prelate, who is to-day celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, it would be supplied in the words of the Saviour given in my text, "He that shall do and teach, he shall be called great."

To be called great by the Divine Master is a eulogy surpassing all human praise, and to be great in the Kingdom of Heaven is the destiny of those who have expanded the Kingdom of Christ on earth. To have carried unsullied for six decades the alb of one's ordination; to have daily ascended the altar to offer the Holy Sacrifice for one's people; to have left the impress of one's priestly life on one's native land; to have trained Levites under the shadow of St Peter's in Rome; and

worthily to have worn the mitre during a fruitful episcopate of more than thirty years in the land of one's adoption—these are attributes of true greatness.

Such a record stands to the credit of the Archbishop of Sydney, and for that we are honouring him to-day. To me has been allotted the duty and privilege of reviewing briefly those sixty years, probably for the reason that I have known the venerable Jubilarian longer than most of those assembled here. He it was who, forty-one years ago, received me as a student in the Irish College in Rome, and fourteen years later, in the cathedral at Rockhampton, poured the oil of episcopal consecration on my hands and head. Most ardently could I wish, even on this occasion, to make some proportionate return for these favours; but the gifts that have come to me through the venerable Archbishop's hands are beyond human estimate to value, or human eloquence adequately to acknowledge. I can only humbly and in all sincerity give expression to the feelings of my heart.

Sixty years, much the greater part of a man's life, is but a short span in the history of the Church, yet into its compass may be pressed a multitude of great events and far-reaching changes. The world on which the Archbishop of Sydney looks out to-day is far different in aspect from that on which he gazed on the day of his ordination. The vicissitudes, religious, national and social, of

six decades, have left their impress on every portion of the globe. Long-established dynasties have fallen, thrones have been overturned, national boundaries have been altered, forces hitherto unheard of, for good and evil, have been at work, manners and social customs have been modified, commerce and the intercourse of nations have been marvellously promoted by fresh discoveries and new means of communication, and in many other ways the world of 1932 stands out in sharp contrast to the conditions of sixty years ago.

Through all these changes Dr Kelly has lived, himself unchanged in outlook on the things that really matter, for he consecrated his life to the service of the immutable God in a Church that has never changed its doctrine or ritual or abandoned one iota of the commission given it by its Divine Founder in order to conform to modern ideas or customs or win the approval of a world that fain would minimize the teaching of the Gospel.

And so the Archbishop, after so many years of study and attainment, brings to this day, associated with an alert mind and a keen appreciation of human problems, the heart of a child in the giant frame that has made possible a laborious life in the service of the Church. Full of charity and goodwill towards his fellow citizens of all creeds, he stands unflinchingly by the least as well as by the greatest of the principles embodied in

Catholic doctrine, and sternly refuses to compromise with social advancement or laxity in religious ideals where the education of the child and the spiritual welfare of the family are concerned.

The period through which, as priest and bishop, Dr Kelly has lived is one of the most interesting in history, equally divided as it is between the thirty closing years of the nineteenth century and the thirty opening years of the twentieth. When the Jubilarian of to-day was ordained on 1 November, 1872, the continent of Europe was still suffering from the shock of the Franco-Prussian War, and the Catholic world was plunged in sadness over the invasion of Rome and the spoliation of the Holy See. Ireland, his own beloved country, was still in chains, with the hallmark of inferiority unjustly stamped on the brow that once shone before the world as that of a proud self-governing nation. Sydney was under the rule of its first archbishop, and the Catholic Church in this continent had scarcely yet found its feet. It consisted of a scattered flock cared for by a few bishops and priests, bearing with the intrepidity of the pioneer the difficulties and hardships that were their daily lot. Only the crude beginnings of the cathedral, the coping-stones of whose lofty towers would one day be laid by the young priest who on the morrow was to celebrate his first Mass, were yet apparent, and ships were taking six months to

travel between the Old World and the future Commonwealth of the south.

It was with a heavy heart that, at the call of his bishop, the young Levite, whose eyes had witnessed the sad scenes of the invasion of Rome, bade good-bye to his Alma Mater and its venerable rector, Monsignor Kirby, and set out for Ireland, where it was arranged he should be ordained. His years in the Eternal City had filled his heart with a love of its sacred associations, its glorious churches, its catacombs, its martyrs' shrines, and the benign presence of the fatherly Pius IX, whose blessing he had so often knelt to receive.

He could not foresee, (who indeed could have foreseen?) that one day he would come back to govern the college he was leaving and drink more deeply at the fountains of faith and learning in the very centre of Christendom. Much less could he foresee that he would be called again from Rome, this time by the voice of the Holy Father himself, to come to this new land as Coadjutor to the most distinguished of the alumni who had preceded him at the Irish College, the late Cardinal Moran, and that he would succeed him in a lengthy and fruitful episcopate.

The Jubilarian has lived to see much of the sadness of his early years turned into joy. The Successor of St Peter is no longer a prisoner in the Vatican; he is a free man and a ruler within his own Kingdom, and the popular cry of "Viva il

Papa Re" goes up to-day without fear beyond the confines of St Peter's.

After centuries of an unparalleled struggle for freedom Ireland, his beloved native land, is again a self-governing nation with the fame of its Catholic life undimmed and the strength of its attachment to the Holy See undiminished.

With his burden of more than eighty years His Grace recently went back to that old land to take part in the greatest occasion in its Catholic history, and placed on its brow a tribute of gratitude from Irishmen and their descendants in this young country.

Here in Australia the Archbishop's advancing years have been gladdened by the singular progress and expansion of the Church and crowned by the two most notable events in her history, namely, the completion and dedication of St Mary's Cathedral and the holding of the First International Eucharistic Congress on these shores. Since Dr Kelly succeeded to the See of Sydney in 1911 the number of priests and nuns has been practically doubled, and, more notable still, so has the number of children receiving education in Catholic schools.

To-day there is not a spiritual or bodily need that is not provided for in the great Catholic institutions of religion, education and charity that stand out as beacon lights in city and suburb, and that, in this metropolis of the south, renew in a strik-

ing manner the glory of the most golden epoch of the Church in Europe. Under the rule of Dr Kelly the sound of the trowel or the hammer has never ceased in the archdiocese. While attending assiduously to the building of the spiritual edifice of the Church, sanctifying souls by preaching and teaching, travelling over long distances in his pastoral visitations, providing priests and nuns and every facility to the faithful to practise their religion, he has not been unmindful of the material needs of the Church, and so he has built everywhere fortresses of the Faith as strong as the tower in his own escutcheon, and has crowned all the strength and comeliness of these ecclesiastical edifices by accomplishing in his own day, what was regarded for a single individual as impossible, the task of finishing this noble cathedral. Within its walls the great National Eucharistic Congress was majestically inaugurated four years ago, and in it to-day we are gathered to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of its Archbishop's ordination.

My dear Lord Archbishop, your own priests, whose veneration for yourself and whose trust in your sense of justice are well known throughout Australia, will on this auspicious occasion express their own feelings; so, no doubt, will your seminarians, your schools and your flock at large; I have but to speak here for the assembled prelates and those outside your archdiocese and to assure you

that we bring you on this day the most cordial fraternal greetings; that we recognize, with gratitude to the good God the immense work you have done for the Church in Australia, and that we wish you strength and further length of years "to do and to teach" and add still more to the great accomplishments of your episcopate and to the great reward with which your apostolic labours will be crowned in the Kingdom of Heaven.

HIS MAJESTY, THE LATE KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM

(Panegyric preached at St Mary's Basilica, Sydney; 23 February, 1934.)

HIS MAJESTY, THE LATE KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM

Our king shall judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles for us.—I KINGS viii, 20.

ONE of the most precious gifts that the Creator has given to man is the power to feel and to express sympathy. Before this power national and racial barriers disappear and moral greatness and human sorrow claim their tribute from the hearts of mankind.

In the purpose for which we are assembled in this noble cathedral to-day this truth is vividly brought home to us and the gift of sympathy gets full play.

We have come here to condole with a sorrow-stricken royal family and a bereaved nation, and to pay our tribute to the memory of a ruler whose moral greatness and magnificent leadership had long ago won world-wide recognition.

As we kneel before this altar and offer our suffrages for his soul, a heroic nation is bowed in sorrow by his bier. From end to end of the land, through city and town and countryside, the sad

news has gone forth all over Belgium: "The King is dead." Yes, the father of his people, the undaunted leader who, in an unparalleled crisis in the history of his country, exchanging the sceptre for the sword and disdaining thought of self-security, kept unsullied his own honour and the nation's soul—is no more. He has passed away in tragic circumstances, with a suddenness that but adds poignancy to his people's grief, and his death has come when a world, beset by evils and uncertainties of the gravest kind, could ill spare his moral influence and wise counsels.

Thousands of war-scarred soldiers yesterday lined up in the streets of Brussels to salute with reverence the remains of their Soldier-King, whose splendid courage and comradeship, had so often inspired them in the trenches. For days past, multitudes of men and women weeping and praying have filed by that noble form lying in the stillness of death in the Royal Palace and under the pale light of Belgium's noblest church. Little ones who remember nothing of war stand mute and awe-stricken at the calamity that has befallen their children's world, for the King was their friend and the idol of their young hearts. Lastly, and most touching of all, the heroic Queen, who, with her children, shared so fully in his trials and triumphs, receives the full force of the stunning blow that in this world severs those two noble lives, so interwoven in love and affection and so

united in every project for the people's welfare. Only God can fathom the depth of her grief, as only His hand can apply the balm of divine healing to the wounds of her heart.

I am not going to mar this solemn occasion by any detailed reference to the war, which has given Belgium and its late ruler a special place in the history of Europe. We all regret war and pray that its scourge may never devastate our own country. But if there be any compensating effects of war, I think one of them assuredly is the discovery of noble and humane characters, whose greatness of soul shines undimmed through the clash of armies and the horrors of battlefields. King Albert was one of those noble souls. The war found him in the prime of his manhood, but with a gravity and sense of responsibility altogether in harmony with his exalted position.

In the early months of the titanic struggle the King became a great world figure, and in the years that passed from then until his death, he never lost the place he had gained either in his own people's affections or in the hearts of world-wide admirers. He was admittedly a great soldier—the very embodiment of chivalry and honour. By his supreme courage in the hour of his country's invasion, he captivated the imagination of the armies and peoples of all the Allied countries and became the idol of his own nation. Wherever he went after the war, he was acclaimed with enthusi-

asm. The British Sovereign and people held him in warm affection, which was deeply appreciated and most cordially reciprocated. His modesty was as remarkable as his courage, and both combined not only endeared him to his fellow-men, but strengthened his own throne and enhanced monarchal rule at the most critical period of its history.

For his decisions in delicate matters of state, which he lifted above party politics, he was called "Albert the Wise." The latest European mail brings us the news of one of these matters. It involved the loyalty of certain civil servants during the war invasion, and but for the King's intervention the antagonism aroused might have led to serious results.

Had the events of King Albert's life happened in ancient Greece or Rome, he might have been immortalized in the works of the classic writers of those countries; or had he lived a century earlier than now, he might have made history on the neighbouring field of Waterloo.

As a husband and father, the late King Albert's life was truly exemplary. During a memorable interview, which I was privileged to have with another heroic figure—the late Cardinal Mercier —one day in his Palace at Malines, when he showed me over his battered cathedral, reminiscent of the late war, he spoke feelingly of the Belgian royal family. "The King and Queen," said His Eminence, "are excellent parents—their

home life is simple, affectionate and extremely happy. They are a great example to their people." When subsequently, at a Convent in Brussels, I met the King's daughter at school among the children of the people, and noted her exquisite courtesy to her companions, I had a further proof of that spirit of religious faith and Christian humility that marked the daily life of Belgian royalty.

Among the world-wide tributes that are to-day being paid to the memory of a beloved monarch, who "went out before his people and fought their battles," whose heroism captured the world's imagination, and whose death is universally deplored, this representative assemblage and solemn religious function, held at the very heart of a young nation, will not, we feel confident, be the least.

It is eminently fitting that the late King, who knew and valued Australia's soldier-sons, should be remembered by us in death; and it is fitting, too, that while his remains are being laid to rest to-day in Brussels amidst the tears and sorrow of his people, we should share not only in their grief, but in their prayers and suffrages for the repose of the royal dead, linked to all of us by the memory of noble needs and the common bonds of humanity, and to most of us by the sacred ties of religious faith.

The world is poorer for the passing of great

characters; it is immensely poorer for the death of a recognized world figure like King Albert, whose life stood for God and country, for constitutional government and for everything that was best in the interests of the peace and happiness of the human race. While we realize the world's loss and mourn the noble dead, let us not forget to thank Heaven for the blessing of a life which has taught us anew the possibilities of weak human nature aided by Divine guidance, and which has left to generations to come an inspiration to high and noble achievement.

May the repose of the departed King be undisturbed by any untoward event that would mar or annul his labours for his country and for humanity at large, and may the son, into whose hands the sceptre passes to-day, walk worthy of a father who was pre-eminent in those Christian and patriotic virtues which make a noble citizen, and in those qualities of wisdom and justice which make a great ruler.

THE GOLDEN EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD

(*Sermon delivered in St Mary of the Angels Church, Wellington, New Zealand, on February 1924.*)

The Most Rev. Francis Redwood, D.D., Archbishop of Wellington, was consecrated Bishop by the late Cardinal Manning on 17 March 1874, succeeding the Right Rev. Dr Philip Viard, S.M., as second Bishop of Wellington, which, by Papal Brief of 13 May 1887, was raised to the dignity of an Archiepiscopal See.

THE GOLDEN EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD

Behold I have given him for . . . a leader and a master to the Gentiles.—ISAIAH lv, 4.

FROM the dawn of history the qualities of leadership have been the most prized of human endowments. Every nation, ancient and modern, has placed the names of its leaders first on the scroll of fame. Even among the highly civilized races, where culture and learning are most appreciated, the leaders of the people in peace and in war achieve vastly greater fame than do men of science and letters. Above the poet, the orator, the author, the genius of a hundred inventions, is the man who leads his country successfully through some crisis in its history. The more sacred its cause, the more difficult the road to victory, the greater is the renown of the man in the vanguard.

God, from the beginning, chose leaders from His people. The Old Testament is full of glorious examples of leadership, from Abraham and Moses to the Macabees. To carry the Roman eagle across the Alps, to make incursions into

Africa, Gaul, or Spain, was the ambition of the Roman general. To bring the knowledge of the Gospel to all men, to carry the Cross of Christ and plant it in the remotest corner of the globe, has been the ambition of the Apostles of Christianity. The Cross of Christ is the only standard under which it is possible to unite all nations, and the men who have borne it aloft to the ends of the earth are God's own heroes.

As an example of apostolic leadership picture to yourselves that weary, travel-stained pilgrim from the east, who, in the day of Rome's glory, appears at her gates. He is a stranger, his language is not understood by the soldiers on guard at the entrance to the Imperial city, but he is allowed to pass, for he can be bent on no harm. Little do they who in the narrow streets draw aside their togas from the touch of his dust-laden garments, suspect that he is the bearer of a Light before which all the glory of pagan Rome will one day pale into insignificance; that he is entrusted with a commission of leadership more sublime than has ever been carried by a Roman general or ambassador. The stranger is none other than Peter, Vicegerent of Christ, Prince and Leader of the Apostles.

The unfolding of the resources of Christianity has been the wonder of ages. A Pope dies, and one but little heard of is elected to replace him and found to possess all the elements of great and

inspiring leadership. A bishop passes away, and some unlikely one, with a concealed wealth of talent, is elected to feed the flock in his place. Practically every religious Order has sprung into being for some special work rendered necessary by special circumstances. Each Order is a regiment in the great army of God's Church, fighting in the noblest of all causes, the cause of Christ.

To honour one of the most illustrious and fearless in God's service all the Hierarchy of New Zealand and nine-tenths of the archbishops and bishops of Australia, with an immense number of priests and a vast concourse of laity, are gathered in Wellington at the present time. To have completed fifty years in the episcopate, to be able to look back over a half-century of life in a vast field of missionary activity, to watch the growth to marvellous fruitfulness of the seed of faith planted by one's own hand, is a privilege granted but to few men. The Venerable Archbishop of Wellington not only has that privilege, but he enjoys it with the strength and health of a wonderfully preserved youthfulness of mind and body.

I need not dwell on the work of the illustrious prelate whom we are honouring to-day; that was done this morning. No stranger can come to New Zealand or into this city, without being impressed by the marvellous growth and development of the Church. Here the vitality of the Faith, expressed in a thousand lasting monuments,

but above all in the lives of the people, is a splendid tribute to the work done by the bishops, clergy, and people under the inspiring leadership of the venerable jubilarian Archbishop. We behold everywhere churches, colleges, schools, convents, hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged and afflicted, until we ask ourselves: Is there an ill of soul or body which the Church here is not ministering to alleviate? When we are told that all this is the growth of seventy or eighty years, we realize how abundantly fruitful have been the labours of bishops, priests, Sisters and Brothers, how bountiful the generosity of the people, and how faithful the fulfilment of God's promise.

The early Marist Fathers have had a large share in this wonderful spiritual harvest, and it is an archbishop of that same Society that has lived to see the growth of the mustard-seed of faith into a mighty tree spreading its branches all over the Dominion.

It is peculiarly fitting that an important portion of the jubilee celebrations of one whose whole life has been lived under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, should take place within the walls of this exquisite temple, bearing her name and erected on the site of the first church in Wellington.

Your Grace, from my heart of hearts I express to you this evening the congratulations of this vast assemblage of your flock and of your friends

from far and near. We rejoice with you on this memorable occasion, and thank God for the wonderful gifts He has bestowed on you all through your eventful life. We thank you for the inspiration which that life has been to all of us, and we pray Heaven to prolong it. "Blessed indeed are the eyes which see the things which you have seen and the ears which hear the things which you have heard." You are our most precious link with the past, a bulwark of strength to us in the present, and a guide to us with your clear vision of the future.

You have been not only a great leader in God's Church, but a noble citizen, shedding lustre on this land which is so dear to your heart and on its capital city wherein you have so long resided. In your vast travels you have never failed to proclaim your patriotic attachment to this country, or to make known its richness and charm. Your abiding love of its people and your intimate knowledge of its great natural resources exceptionally fitted you to speak of its attractions, apart from your exalted position as a churchman. All classes and creeds recognize and appreciate your distinguished leadership in public questions affecting the prosperity, happiness, and moral well-being of your fellow countrymen. By word and example you have promoted peace and concord and rendered splendid service in civic affairs, and New Zealand, I am sure, is proud to claim you as one

of its most illustrious citizens. Our fervent wish is that your remaining years may find you still vigorous and active in directing the work of the Church from the Watch-towers of Israel, and when the close of a great life comes, as come it must, may it be to exchange the mitre of the bishop and leader for the immortal crown of the good and faithful servant.

PANEGYRIC ON THE HON. EX-JUSTICE PATRICK REAL

JUNE, 1928

PANEGYRIC ON THE HON. EX-JUSTICE PATRICK REAL

A man simple, and upright, and fearing God.—JOB ii, 3.

AFTER offering our suffrages to God for his soul in this cathedral where he worshipped for forty years, we are now about to consign to a hallowed grave the mortal remains of a noble citizen and great judge. But before we perform that last act of respect to his humanity, I may be permitted to utter a few brief sentences about the remarkable life that ran to the unusual span of eighty-two years.

When that life ceased at half-past three o'clock yesterday afternoon Patrick Real, the poor boy, the industrious artisan, the able lawyer, the learned and upright judge, had to his credit a remarkable record. No man who knew him ever doubted his integrity, and from the legal profession, his brother judges, and the whole community of his fellow citizens he received in life, as he now receives in death, that full measure of respect which his high character always commanded.

From beginning to end the life of Patrick Real was unblemished. Humble in its origin, noble in its conception of duty, scrupulously faithful in performing its allotted task—it was a life that might be summed up in the words of Holy Writ: "simple, and upright, and fearing God."

The grand figure of the man, who for thirty years upheld the best traditions of the judiciary in Queensland, shall never again be seen in the streets of our city, but his memory will remain an inspiration to all—especially to the youth who aspires to rise from a humble station to a position of trust and service to his country in a higher calling of life. I need not review the career of the late Judge, for it is better known to many others in this assemblage than it is to me. Still there are phases of it with which, while living for years in Ipswich, the first home of the Real family in Queensland, I became particularly acquainted. It was in this town that our deceased friend passed his youth and entered on his life as an artisan. That was the theatre of his activities in building up the fortune of his family, studying for his future career in an honourable profession, and doing social and educational work among the young men of his own age. As a son, Patrick Real excelled most of his contemporaries. The late Father Andrew Horan used to relate how "Pat" Real, as he loved to call him, came to Mass every Sunday arm in arm with his mother to whom he

was truly devoted. During the lunch hour in the workshop he studied for the law, and in the evenings he was assisted in Greek and Latin by the late Father Breen, then a teacher at the Ipswich Catholic School. By perseverance he not only won his way into the legal profession but reached a high place among the foremost lawyers of his time, and was finally elevated to the Bench—which he adorned by his integrity, learning and high sense of duty.

The late Mr Justice Real was a model husband and father. To him family life was the most sacred thing on earth, and up to that belief he lived to the hour of his death, loving his honoured wife, his children and his children's children, whose reunion at his home was his greatest delight.

As a friend he was generous to a fault. He loved to help those who, like himself, had had hard struggles early in their careers, and there are men in professions to-day in Queensland who owe much to his timely advice and help. The extent of his private charity will never be known here, for he carefully kept it concealed from the world.

As a Catholic the late Judge was a fine example to his co-religionists. Anything that dishonoured God or belittled religion deeply wounded his feelings, and he more than once publicly rebuked exhibitions of bigotry. Deep reverence, born of sincere piety and a great soul, showed itself in

the respect with which he treated the humblest minister of religion. In public dining-halls, as well as in his own home, he crossed himself and said his grace before meals. This may be a little thing to mention, but it shows how utterly the man had conquered human respect—the great failing of so many otherwise good and worthy men. He was a familiar figure in this cathedral every Sunday, his presence and his piety edifying all his fellow worshippers.

In another place, and by members of his own profession, justice will no doubt be done to the deceased gentleman's services to Queensland as a lawyer and a judge. The greatest service he bestowed on the community was, I think, the one which we have in the lesson of his long, honourable and successful life, which for many a year to come will stand out as a striking example of extraordinary success achieved by industry, integrity, and high sense of duty.

May the soul of Patrick Real rest in the peace of Christ, and may God comfort his sorrowing family.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD

(Address to the Women's Town and Country Club, Brisbane, August, 1930)

WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD *

In choosing a theme on which to address you this evening I thought I could select no subject more appropriate or of deeper interest to an assembly like this than that of the part woman has played in the religious, national and domestic life of the nations.

Right from the beginning woman has acted a remarkable part in the history of the nations. As a wife she has sustained the honour of the home. As a mother she has given rulers to the nation, priests to the sanctuary, patriot sons to carry the banner of their country on land and sea. Few men who have attained greatness have ever done so without the care and training and prayers of a devoted mother. There is no human influence more uplifting, no impression deeper, no memory more lasting than that of a mother.

The Old Testament is replete with anecdotes of great women. Among no people has a national consciousness been more thoroughly developed or more deeply seated than among the Hebrews.

* For some of the material used in this lecture I am indebted to Dr Walsh and other Catholic writers.—J.D.

Following Miriam, the sister of Moses and a woman of extraordinary attainments, whose tomb for many generations was pointed out in the land of Moab, we have a host of extraordinary women who for God and country showed themselves capable of the highest sacrifices. History tells us that, when in the wanderings of the wilderness it became necessary to erect a temporary structure for the worship of God, women willingly tore their jewels from their ears, their ornaments from their arms and ankles and devoted them to the building of the tabernacle. With their own fingers they spun in blue, purple and scarlet, and wrought fine linen for the hangings and the service of their temple in the desert. In these women piety and patriotism were one. Not even the Spartan mother who wished her son to return from the wars, bringing his shield with him, or being borne upon it; nor the women of Carthage who plucked out their hair for bow-strings, could surpass the women of Israel for national independence and political glory. It was a woman who received the first recognition for services rendered to the victorious hosts of Joshua after the first campaign against the Canaanites had been waged. This was Rahab of Jericho. No less valiant was she who is called Deborah, a woman who by force of will and wisdom wrought great things amongst the people of Israel. "It is," says one writer, "from the sanctuary of this woman's mind and

heart, that deliverance from the king of the Canaanites is to break forth." She sends for Barak, a chief man of Naphtali, and enjoins upon him to prepare an army of ten thousand men to meet Jabin's army, which is approaching under its captain, Sisera, on the banks of the river Kishon. Barak makes one condition. He says to Deborah, "If thou wilt go with me I will go." Deborah accepts the challenge. An army is raised, the battle is joined and the victory is won.

How fascinating is the story of Jephtha's daughter. Returning from victory over the hostile Ammonites, Jephtha purposes to give as a sacrifice to Jehovah for bringing him success in arms, the first creature that comes forth to meet him as he turns his face homeward. It is his own daughter, his only child, going out to meet him with timbrel and with dances. In his eyes a "very daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair." Will he break his vow? Will the young woman herself shrink from the sacrifice? When she learns from the broken-hearted father of the vow that he had made, she calmly turns to him and says: "My father, thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord; do unto me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth." So deeply did her pure devotion to filial and patriotic ideals impress the daughters of Israel that for four days in every year they went out to lament in honour of the daughter of Jephtha.

Many superficial minds are apt to regard our time as the age of the emancipation of women and the granting to her of a voice in the affairs of her own country. That is an erroneous idea. That Jewish women enjoyed a good deal of liberty of an exalted kind, and that they took a deep interest in political matters, may be perceived from the way in which the exploits of David appealed to the imaginations of women when Saul's star was setting and David's appearing above the horizon, for they went out to meet the coming hero with musical instruments, singing, "Saul has slain his thousands, David his tens of thousands." The Hebrew women were patriotic and their social position was exceptionally free and independent. Their family life was remarkable. It was the Hebrew wife and mother who largely gave to the home its peculiar quality. Among them the birth of children was always considered an occasion for rejoicing, and it is a remarkable fact that in all the Hebrew scriptures there are on record only two instances of death at the time of childbirth. One is that of Rachel, who, when upon a fatiguing journey with her husband and family, gave birth to Benjamin and died; the other is the wife of Phenias, who, when she heard the sad news of the victory of the Philistines over Israel, the capture of the Ark of Jehovah, of her father Ely's and her husband's death in battle, gave birth to a child whom the nurse called Icha-

bod, "for," said she, "the glory has departed from Israel."

The strength of motherly devotion was nowhere stronger than amongst the mothers of Israel, and their training of their children was most exemplary. The Apostle, St Paul, congratulated his young friend Timothy that from a baby he had known the Hebrew scriptures, which he had learnt from his mother, Eunice, and his grandmother.

Coming to the Christian era, we find that in the Gospel narrative itself woman has no mean place. Foremost among the women of the Gospel is Mary, the Mother of Christ, who is held up as the model of all Christian women. Her devotion and loyalty stood every test, and as she was found in Bethlehem and Nazareth at the beginning of the life of her Divine Son, so was she found on Calvary standing by the foot of His Cross, loyal to the end.

Much of the recorded history of Christ's life is peculiarly influenced by the spirit and presence of the feminine characters. They were immediately and entirely won to His cause. They sat at His feet and listened with gratitude to the gracious words which He spoke; they brought their children to be blessed by Him; they followed Him with lamentations when He was led away to death. There were among their numbers no disbelievers, none to deny or betray. Inspired by His sym-

pathy and forgiveness and the grandeur and nobility of His character, Mary Magdalene, hitherto a notorious sinner, became, after His own Mother, the most outstanding female character in the Gospel. He honoured Martha and Mary by accepting hospitality in their home, and He rewarded them by raising their brother Lazarus to life. He cured many of them stricken with illness, and raised to life the daughter of Jairus and the son of the widow of Naim.

There were among the women of the apostolic age many noble and beautiful characters who, in the profession of the Christian faith and in devotion to the highest national and domestic ideals, have left to succeeding generations a heritage of virtue and courage that is truly marvellous. And these were of every class. Lydia and Priscilla belonged to the working class. Thecla became a fellow-worker of St Paul in the spread of the Gospel. In higher social circles we find many of the martyrs of the Christian faith. Domatilla was the niece of the Emperor Domitian. Perpetua and Felicitas were ladies of Carthage. The exalted purity of Christian maidens was as effective in setting at naught the counsels of the ungodly as were the elaborate arguments of the apologists, and their blood was even more fertile for the increase of the Church.

Woman was emancipated from the servitude which had been her lot under paganism, and which

unfortunately is largely her lot in pagan countries to-day, and she never failed to show her gratitude for it.

Perhaps in no century of the Christian era did woman attain to such a high position of honour and service as in the thirteenth. Dr Walsh of America has written a most illuminating book on this century. In it he tells us: there are numerous women of this time whose names the race will not let die. Some of these names are household words. It was, for instance, the age of Elizabeth of Hungary, of whom the world knows some pretty legends, while the serious historian recognizes that she was the first settlement maker of history. As a child she wandered down from the castle walls in which she lived, and saw the poor in their suffering. She felt so much for them that she stripped herself of most of her garments, and even of her shoes, in order to clothe them. She became the wife of the Duke of Thuringia, and when he went away on the Crusade she gave herself up to the care of the poor. When he died, though she was only twenty, and according to tradition one of the handsomest women of her time, she devoted herself more than ever to her poor and even went to live among them. She tried to teach them something of the true significance of life, to bring them to realize, to some degree at least, that so many of the things they vainly desire are not worth thinking about, but

that happiness consists in unselfishness and service towards God and our fellow-man. No wonder that all Germany called her 'the dear St Elizabeth.' Millions of women since her time have read entranced the story of her charity and have been incited by her example to do more and more for the poor around them. Kingsley has commemorated her in *The Saint's Tragedy*. The simple recital of what she did is the story of a great individuality that impressed itself deeply upon its generation and left the example of a precious life to act as a leaven for good in the midst of the social fermentations of succeeding generations.

Another great woman of the century was Blanche of Castile, who was intimately related to the English royal family. She was married to Louis VIII of France, and is known principally as the mother of Louis IX. This great woman ruled France for many years while her boy was a minor. France was probably happier under her than under any ruler that the country has ever had, with the possible exception of her own son. Then there was Mabel Roch, the mother of St Edmund of Canterbury, who became one of the striking men of the thirteenth century. He had been a student at Paris and, later, a professor at Oxford. Edmund finally became Archbishop of Canterbury and suffered exile in defence of the rights of the Church. This great man insisted

that he owed more to his mother than to any other single factor in life. He loved to tell how the poor around her home in London blessed her for her charity. All during his life the thought of his mother was uppermost in his mind, and in the immortality that has been given his name his mother has ever been associated.

Female learning flourished in this century. There were women students at many of the universities, and not a few of them became famous as scholars and teachers. The real story of women's intellectual position in the thirteenth century is to be found in its literature. How deep was the general culture of the women of that century in Italy can be judged from the sonnets of Dante and his friends. Anyone who reads certain of these sonnets of Dante will find ready assurance of the high state of culture and of intellectual refinement that must have existed among the women to whom they were dedicated.

The same will apply also with regard to the women of the south of France, to whom the troubadours addressed their poetry; to those of the north of France, who were greeted by the trouvères; and to those of the south of Germany, for whom the minnesingers tuned their lyres and invoked the Muses to enable them to sing their praises properly. Perhaps, the best possible testimony to the high estimation of woman during the thirteenth century is to be found in the attitude

of the men of those generations towards them. This estimate may be clearly detected in the literature of the time. In the songs of the period woman occupies the highest place in life:

So gentle and so fair she seems to be,
My Lady, when she others doth salute,
That every tongue becomes all trembling mute,
And every eye is half afraid to see;
She goes her way and hears men's praises free,
Clothed in a garb of kindness, meek and low,
And seems as if from Heaven she came, to show
To one who looks on her she seems so kind,
That through the eye a sweetness fills the heart
Which only he can know who doth it try
And through her face there breatheth from her mind
A spirit sweet and full of Love's true art,
Which to the soul saith, as it cometh, "Sigh."

It is noteworthy that though these lines of Dante contain the highest possible praise of the woman whom he loved, unlike the modern novel, it has not a single reference to any of her physical perfections or, indeed, to any of those charms of which poets usually sing. It is not the beauty of the face or figure that has attracted him, but the charm of her character constitutes the supreme reason for his admiration. Those were the days when women spoke Greek and Latin, and even professed it in colleges as they speak and teach French to-day. Some of them were versed in medicine and other sciences, which they taught with distinction.

More modern times have not been wanting in noble women. Religious sisterhoods have set a noble example of devotion to God, to the sick and to the young, consecrating their lives to the service of others.

We are equally thankful that, if other countries have their heroines, the English-speaking race has had its Grace Darling, its Florence Nightingale, and the luminous example of Queens who have upheld high traditions in maintaining the dignity and purity of their courts and a simplicity of life that has been truly exemplary.

Changes in our own day have largely affected the condition of women and girls. This has been particularly the case in America and Australia. Australia may be said to have led the way with the woman's franchise and the opening up of many avenues of employment for women.

As regards accommodation, sanitation and shorter hours, industrial legislation throughout the Commonwealth and New Zealand has generally ameliorated the hardships of both male and female workers. Industrialism has claimed a large percentage of women workers, and this, no doubt, has to a great extent affected the race in regard to marriage and the taking up of domestic duties.

It is to be regretted that, while many thousands of women find work in offices and shops and factories, domestic duties have not been con-

sidered of sufficient importance to devise means to raise them to a more dignified status; therefore, they are largely avoided, preference being given to occupations where hours are shorter and greater freedom is experienced. Domestic service, in particular, is avoided though better paid than many industrial occupations, and this will continue till it is raised to a more honourable position in the social scale. Nursing was once a despised calling, but training, education, and a due appreciation of its onerous and noble aims have placed it in the front rank of women's occupations. It is to be desired that the training in domestic economy, now being given in our technical schools, and which it is hoped will extend to the universities, will succeed in making domestic service more popular and more remunerative than it is to-day.

The independence which woman has found in our day in earning her own living and the shorter hours which she is required to work, have given her a great deal of liberty and leisure. The war, too, has changed her outlook. While no reasonable person will deny to woman a fair measure of liberty, it must be remembered that she is always woman, and that her greatest safeguard is not in unsexing herself by adopting mannish conventions and competition with her brother, but by the cultivating of real womanly qualities and by upholding the dignity of her sex. I believe, too, that many of our girls' schools have gone too far

in encouraging masculine sport. I doubt very much if hurdle races, rowing, cricket and football are of real physical benefit to a girl. I think honest medical men would say they are quite to the contrary. Most of us who desire to see woman held in the highest esteem would, I think, be inclined to say that if that esteem is disappearing to any extent it is the fault of woman herself rather than of man. Woman always has required, and always will require, protection, and in our day she requires protection, not only from unscrupulous men, but from her own temerity. She presumes too much, sometimes because she is innocent, sometimes because she is ignorant of her own weakness and believes she possesses strength—which, when tested, does not resist the strong forces of temptation. She becomes a victim of over-confidence in herself and trust in those who have no honour to be trusted.

It is no credit to any young girl or woman to be found smoking and drinking in an hotel lounge, nor is it any credit to a man to lead a young girl into waywardness on the plea of giving her a "good time." It is bad economy and worse morals. It is much better to encourage a girl to cultivate unselfishness and service and to make good use of her talents and her leisure in helping others more unfavourably circumstanced than herself.

We have many more luxuries and conveniences than our grandfathers and grandmothers, or even

than our parents, had, and the motor car has been no small factor in bringing about the ruin of many who would otherwise have remained good and honourable women. Whatever legislation is enacted in Australia should, and I hope will, reach the unscrupulous men who, through the medium of the motor car, inveigle young girls to a destruction worse than death. The early closing of hotels, which seemed to many to be a very good provision, has been more than counter-balanced by the evil of sly-grog selling and the carrying of drink in motor cars, where young women have a greater temptation to take it than in a hotel parlour. Strong drink should be excluded from all night dances and night social functions in which young women are taking part. It is a dreadful thing to think that there are men who will encourage young girls to take strong drink at such places of amusement.

These are some of the drawbacks which have arisen from our changed social conditions and, particularly, from the new-found liberty of women. Nevertheless, allowing for all this, the womanhood of Australia to-day is, I believe, second to none in the world. Many daughters are growing up worthy of their pioneer fathers and mothers, and upholding the best traditions of their race. Physically, mentally and morally, the Australian woman will hold her own against the world, and her country is justly proud of her. As far as the

professions go she probably does her best work in teaching, in which she is largely employed in Church and State schools. We only need to be careful that the high standing of the Australian woman is not marred, and that her real interests are not injured by false standards or unworthy friendships.

THE LATE HON. FRANK McDONNELL

(Panegyric delivered in St Stephen's Cathedral, Brisbane, 29 November 1928)

THE LATE HON. FRANK McDONNELL

The memory of him shall not depart away—ECCLESIASTICUS xxxix, 13.

TO-DAY, accompanied by the touching prayers of her liturgy, reminding us at once of the sadness of death and the glory of a future resurrection, the Church lays to rest one of her staunchest sons by whose passing the State is deprived of a splendid citizen, and an affectionate family mourns the loss of a devoted and exemplary father. Brisbane, indeed the whole of Queensland, is the poorer for the passing of Frank McDonnell.

Forty-two years ago he came here, and, without means or influence, but simply relying on God and the asset of a fine character, laid the foundations of a career that in private and public life and in the domain of commerce has had a good and far-reaching influence on the happiness of his fellow-men and on the prosperity of this young State, which he loved as dearly as if he had been a native of its soil.

Coming from a land where he had witnessed

much suffering among the working classes, the late Mr McDonnell burned with the desire of improving the conditions of his fellow-workers in his adopted country. His passing away offers an occasion for reviving the memory of his great service to the over-worked shop-employees and others of thirty years ago. As the generations pass rapidly one after another, the services of those who won just concessions for the people in an earlier generation are likely to be forgotten. It is to be hoped that Mr McDonnell's services to his fellow-men will never meet with that fate, for they deserve to be written in letters of gold. Aided by the late Mr J. J. Knight—one of the most genial and kind-hearted of men—Mr McDonnell championed the cause of his fellow-workers and deserves to be known as the father and founder of the Early Closing Movement, which brought such desired relief to the shop-assistants of Queensland. The humane legislation of this State in respect to those employees had its effect on other parts of the Commonwealth. Thus Mr McDonnell became the benefactor of a very wide circle of wage-earners.

His fellow citizens did him the honour of electing him to a seat in Parliament, and their confidence was not misplaced. Unselfish and warm-hearted, and gifted with the eloquence characteristic of his countrymen, Mr McDonnell soon made his presence felt in Parliament. His sincerity won

the admiration of all his fellow-members in the Legislative Assembly of Queensland, and he rapidly became a notable figure in the House. Honesty of purpose always made a strong appeal to him, and so long as a man was endowed with this virtue it did not matter to Mr McDonnell on which side of the House that man might be. As a matter of fact, Mr McDonnell himself frequently in public paid a high tribute to such men as the late Hon. Sir Robert Philp, whose government listened sympathetically to his plea for the extension of the scholarship system to denominational schools. He went to Sir Robert and others with as much confidence as he would have appealed to Cabinet Ministers of his own party.

After years of much active service in the Legislative Assembly he was honoured with a seat in the Legislative Council, and there also was felt the influence of his active brain, his honesty of purpose, and his love of justice.

Mr McDonnell was selected as a member of the Senate of the University of Queensland and gave much assistance to that institution, particularly during the first decade of its history. He knew the value of higher education, and he was anxious to see it as widely diffused as possible.

What Mr McDonnell's influence has been on the commercial life of Brisbane, the business men associated with him for so many years know much better than I could tell or need tell. Commercial

honesty is a great asset to a country. Going hand in hand with commercial prosperity, it lifts a community to a high level. Mr McDonnell, while yet a comparatively young man, had reached the honourable position of chairman of directors of one of the finest business houses in this city. Behind the progress which he witnessed, and of which, with his late partner, Mr East, he was an important part, there must have been sound business capacity and great courage. Certainly, the name of Mr Frank McDonnell must be remembered as one of those business men who have raised Brisbane from the status of a small town commercially to a great city, the magnificent emporiums of which rival those of southern centres with three or four times Brisbane's population. They have taken away from Queensland's capital the reproach of inferiority and brought her right to the forefront in the commercial life of the Commonwealth.

To speak of the late Mr McDonnell as a father is to touch upon the finest traits of his character, for his home life was unblemished and marked throughout with that affectionate family bond which must make it an immense pleasure to a man to return home on an evening from his office or his business-place after a hard day's work. With the aid of an excellent wife Mr McDonnell had raised a large family of sons and daughters, whose exemplary lives have well repaid the devoted parents. It is consoling to know that one of the sons

is capable of succeeding his father in business, while another has devoted his life to God in religion.

While loving whole-heartedly the country of his adoption and contributing to its advancement, Mr McDonnell never forgot the land of his birth. Up to the establishment of the Free State he was a foremost figure in every movement carried on in Australia, and particularly in Queensland, for the cause of Irish Home Rule. No meeting for such a purpose was complete without him, and his spirited addresses were always prominent features of any gatherings held in support of that movement. Undoubtedly, he was a tower of strength to the Irish cause. It may be truly said that no man in Queensland ever did more for it than Frank McDonnell. With the establishment of the Free State he wisely felt that his work for Ireland was done, and he declined to associate himself with any movement in opposition to the constitutionally established government.

As a Catholic, Mr McDonnell was always exemplary, generous, and consistent. He was incapable of any action that would belittle his faith. He loved the Church, and it was edifying to see a man of his standing in the public and commercial life of this city present at Mass Sunday after Sunday with his family, kneeling regularly at the Communion rails, helping in every movement, and giving generous assistance to Catholic education and every parish work. For the new cathedral

of the Holy Name he gave the princely donation of £250 as a first instalment of his assistance towards that building to the glory of God. But it is as a friend and strenuous advocate of the rights of our Catholic schools and teachers that Mr McDonnell will be best remembered by his co-religionists. We shall miss him from the platforms on which he was so familiar a figure, whenever I laid the foundation of a new school or opened a completed building. One of his own sons has devoted his life to the work of Catholic education in the great Congregation of the Christian Brothers. Another father might have begrudged this promising boy to the service of God, but Mr McDonnell had been educated by the Christian Brothers in Ireland, and I heard him say more than once that one of the greatest pleasures of his life was to see a son of his entering that glorious body of teachers.

Thus, in every department of life did Mr McDonnell fulfil the duties of a good Christian citizen, serving his God, loving his Faith, doing good to his fellow-men, and advancing the interests of his adopted country.

Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy, this morning, to the bereaved wife and family. Whatever material fortune Mr McDonnell may have left behind, he has certainly bequeathed to his family what surpasses all material wealth—a high reputation as a citizen and a fine example of fidelity to God, to home, and to country. "His memory shall not depart away." May his soul rest in peace.

THE GRAND CATHEDRAL OF THE WEST

(Preached at the opening of St Mary's, at Perth, 4 May 1930.)

THE GRAND CATHEDRAL OF THE WEST

And I heard a great voice from the throne, saying: Behold the tabernacle of God with men: and he will dwell with them. . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—APOCALYPSE xxi, 3, 4.

IT is not so many years ago since the first Catholic settler in Western Australia gave up his soul to God. This good man, we are told, had been accustomed on Sundays to climb to the summit of Mount Clarence, overlooking the bay of Albany, reciting the Rosary and shedding bitter tears at the thought that there was not a priest, or altar, or Holy Sacrifice within a thousand miles of him; and turning to the west he would unite in spirit with his distant countrymen and pray fervently to God that he might not be left always in such spiritual desolation. His prayer was heard. He lived to behold "the tabernacle of God with men" and to see the tears of sorrow that he shed on that mountain supplanted by the joyful spectacle of the spiritual wilderness of Western Australia turned into a smiling garden cultivated by zealous priests and devoted nuns. He lived, too, to see the first cathedral built in Perth and to witness

the acquisition by the Catholic community of this glorious site now hallowed by the prayers of generations of children of the Faith, some of whom raised on it the first church to the glory of God and His Immaculate Mother.

In our day the children of those pioneers have finally crowned this site with the most magnificent architectural creation in the whole State of Western Australia—a cathedral that will stand for centuries to come as a monument to the faith and spirit of the Catholic community that, inspired by a great prelate, raised it to the glory of God at the very time when the city of Perth was celebrating the first centenary of its foundation, and actually before the Church itself had completed ninety years of its life here. We wonder if any of those first intrepid missionaries who came to this colony were ever accorded a vision of the future. Had those devoted priests, who offered the Holy Sacrifice in the wilderness, under the shadow of protecting boulders, stored away in their hearts magnificent hopes that are being realized in the ceremonies of to-day? Had that little company of Irish nuns, who sailed up the Swan River in the first month of 1846, any premonition from Heaven of the dawn for the Church of a new era that would be marked by the wonderful expansion of the work of Christian education which they came to inaugurate? Did that saintly bishop, who for years carried between his shoulders the

Cross spiked into his flesh, and during whose episcopate this remarkable site was providentially acquired, ever foresee that it would one day be crowned by a temple so magnificent as that which this morning has been dedicated to God? Truly the ways of Divine Providence are wonderful. There is not a sentence of Holy Writ that has not application to the life of man on this earth, nor is there a sorrow or triumph of the Church that is not foreshadowed in that sacred volume. The lives of the Apostles themselves are lived over again in those who lay the foundations of the Faith in missionary countries—lives to which Holy Church applies those striking words of the Royal Psalmist, "Going they went and wept, casting their seed. But coming they shall come with joy carrying their sheaves." (*Psalms,* cxxv, 6, 7.)

The seeds of the Faith sown in this colony of Western Australia were watered with the tears of those who scattered them far and wide from the sea shore to the mining and cattle camps. To-day their successors, who also have laboured unceasingly, carry their sheaves with joy. From every quarter of the Archdiocese of Perth priests and people have come, and they come to-day, bearing their gifts to this noble temple of God in which the faith and devotion and perennial hope of the whole flock is beautifully enshrined and expressed.

As the Temple of Solomon was the supreme thanksgiving offering of the Israelites to God

for having brought them out of bondage and through the desert in which they had wandered for forty years, and as many of the great cathedrals of Europe were raised up in gratitude for deliverance of the people from some scourge or national calamity, so may not this cathedral be regarded as a recognition of Divine favours? It is, in fact, the supreme act of homage and thanksgiving of the people of this archdiocese to Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ for His protection over the struggling Church of Western Australia and over its children not only in the days of tears and sorrow and privation when this State was still a penal settlement, but in the subsequent years, when with greater liberty of life and action and with reinforced numbers of clergy and Sisters and Brothers, it expanded to its present wonderful proportions.

And what a thank-offering this Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception is! In its plan and structural beauty, in its symmetrical lines and majestic proportions are represented the genius of the architect, the skill of the stone worker, the craft of the artisan, the exquisite conceptions of the painter and the sculptor. As the forests of Libanus yielded up their cedars and firs, the mountains their stones and the mines their gold for the building of the Temple of Solomon, so have the quarries and forests and mines of your State contributed materials for this cathedral, and all combined

constitute a fitting tribute to the Creator Who enriched this land with them and Who has endowed the human mind with power to plan and the human hand with power to fashion those materials into things of exquisite beauty.

A church building more than anything else expresses the homage of man's gifts to Him Who is the Giver of them, for the church is not only the House of God, but a sanctuary of the arts. Architecture, painting, sculpture, music, sacred eloquence and other arts marking the perfection of human progress and civilization are in their loftiest forms employed in the service of God through the liturgy of the Church. The Catholic Church is the mother of the arts and the sciences because her Divine Founder is the Word through Whom all good and beautiful things were made, and because all down the centuries her most gifted sons have paid tribute to God in the designing of stately churches and in the masterpieces of music and eloquence that have resounded through their vaults. They have made the cold marble live in the great statues of the Divine Master and His Saints with which they have adorned those buildings, and they have made the canvas glow with the vivid pictures of Christ and the Madonna and the many Biblical scenes adorning wall and dome and sanctuary. The church building is, furthermore, the home of gentle manners. The most rugged of human beings are mollified when they enter the

House of God. They feel that they are on holy ground. They know they are in their Father's house—the only place on earth where they are on a level with their fellow-beings and where they have equal rights with the best in the land.

The church is still more: it is a school wherein are taught the highest and most lasting lessons. No branch of university learning can take precedence of the simple but sublime lessons of the Gospel that are taught from the pulpit, and no philosopher is more learned than the child who knows these lessons. Behold therefore what a combination of human and divine gifts you have in this cathedral! But there is one gift that you will treasure above all: it is the indwelling of Christ in His Sacramental Presence day and night, year in and year out, on this altar where He will be daily offered as a Victim for you and for the whole world. Above gems and precious stones and every grace of architectural line of beauty is the fragrance of the daily Mass and the Real Presence of Christ. It is because of the Mass and the Real Presence that you have poured out your means to make this cathedral so beautiful. From its tabernacle will radiate blessings to your homes sanctifying the daily life of every one of you, and blessings too, we trust, to the whole State of Western Australia and, particularly, to this delightful city of Perth, of which it is so exquisite an ornament. The cathedral will stand for ages

to proclaim that Christ is loved and worshipped in this land; its lofty spires will lift to heaven the hearts of their beholders, while they will ever stand as a sign to visitors to our shores that, in the robustness of its Catholic Faith and the beauty of its ecclesiastical edifices, Australia bids fair to rival the most Catholic countries of the Old World.

If I may presume to speak for the members of the Australian Hierarchy, who are here to-day taking part in this memorable ceremony, let me say how delighted we are to be able to congratulate the Archbishop of Perth and his devoted people on this great achievement. Exactly four years ago we were here with you at the laying of the foundation stone, and the enthusiasm and generosity we witnessed left no doubt in our minds that the great work then inaugurated would be successfully completed. Nevertheless, the intervening years must have been a time of great anxiety for your beloved Archbishop (Dr Clune). The building of the cathedral has entailed not only extensive travelling in his own vast arch-diocese but a visit to Europe, while the difficulty of meeting the costs incurred has been emphasized by the financial depression through which Australia has recently been passing. We have travelled immense distances to be here to-day not only to tender our congratulations to the Archbishop, but to give him heart and courage in this final stage of his great work and to assure him that his brother

bishops are intensely proud of his success in raising this monument of faith to the glory of God. My Lord Archbishop, with all the fervour of our hearts we greet you on this historic occasion and we pray that the good God, Who has given you strength to carry this noble edifice to the stage at which it has now arrived, may grant you means and length of years to see it completed in every detail. Well may you say to your people to-day, pointing to this cathedral, "Behold the tabernacle of God with men"; and well may your first prayer in its sanctuary be like unto Solomon's in the temple of old: "The Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers . . . may he incline our hearts to himself, that we may walk in all his ways, and keep his commandments." (III *Kings*. viii, 57, 58.)

THE UNITY AND DIVERSITY OF HUMAN SERVICE

(Address delivered to a Brisbane club, 23 May, 1932.)

THE UNITY AND DIVERSITY OF HUMAN SERVICE

As the title of an address should as far as possible epitomize the subject to be dealt with, it is often difficult to choose such a title, and I fear the title of my address to-day may be misleading. I chose to speak on service and I wished to show how varied and yet how unified is human service. I have therefore called the address "The Unity and Diversity of Human Service."

There is nothing more common than the singling out for notice and praise of certain branches of service and the neglect or overlooking of others which relatively are just as necessary to human comfort and progress. Behind our lives there is more than a human plan: there is the divine distribution of physical and intellectual gifts in such variety as avoids placing all men in one category and fits some for one calling in life and some for another, until we have an almost endless chain of avocations, all fitting admirably into the one whole which we call civilization. If all men were architects we should have an abundance of

designs but no buildings, a variety of gardens and terraces and pretty villas on paper, but we should still be living in the primitive houses of savages. Were all men wealthy there might be none to labour; and if all were fitted only for intellectual pursuits there would be none to till the earth to produce food for the human race. It is this very lack of knowledge of the variety of human service in uncivilized man that stunts his development and confines him within the narrow bounds of his primitive environment.

What I wish to emphasize in this address is that every legitimate occupation in life whether humble or exalted is a service, and that every legitimate work is honourable. It was largely by not grasping and acting on this principle that great ancient nations decayed and ultimately perished. While Roman legions were abroad scoring new conquests and extending the confines of the Empire, hordes of slaves were working like beasts of burden erecting the buildings, the colossal ruins of which to-day, when all the Roman conquerors are dead and most of them forgotten, remain solitary but imperishable witnesses of the grandeur of ancient Rome. It was the pride of the Greeks and the Romans in refusing to admit human equality or human dignity, except among the privileged classes, that robbed them of the impregnable tower of strength which the masses of the population might have been to them, and finally betrayed

them, weakened by self-complacency and self-indulgence, into the hands of nations whose superior virility was founded on a better treatment of the masses of the people and a wiser estimate of their value to the race. England, France and other succeeding nations, while not neglecting learning and military genius, fostered their peasantry as the backbone of national independence, and even Italy by its insistence on the freedom of the masses and the honour of cultivating the soil, lived to belie the foolish policy of its first masters. The Italy of to-day, truer to the advice of Virgil than the Italy of his own time, is supporting on a narrow peninsula a population of forty millions, while it is a matter of comparatively recent history that the ransom of France from the iron heel of Prussia sixty years ago was paid by the peasantry, and that more recently still, her peasant soldiers formed the greater part of the army that defended her against the same foe.

It is indisputable that in the past certain branches of service that are of vital importance to human and national life have been in many ways underestimated. We have only to recall the days of sailing ships, which have now practically receded into history, to realize the truth of this assertion. Let us take the British Empire about which we are talking so much around this anniversary, and ask ourselves who did more to build it up than the humble British sailor, yet who was

there who had to endure greater hardships or received less remuneration for his work. An exile from his family and his country for months and even years at a stretch, he sailed over trackless and stormy seas building up the commerce for which his country became famed. The picture of the British sailor so wonderfully drawn for us by Tennyson in *Enoch Arden* was not at all exaggerated, nor did Campbell overestimate the value of the sailor or the glory of the sailor's heritage when he wrote:

> The spirits of your fathers
> Shall start from every wave!—
> For the deck it was their field of fame,
> And Ocean was their grave.

As a matter of fact nation-building and the mass of the world's work is done largely by patient, humble, industrious men and women in a variety of humble occupations—men and women mostly living in obscurity, often struggling hard for existence with no ambition for fame, only desiring to fulfil faithfully and well their duty in that capacity in which Divine Providence has placed them to serve God and their fellow-man. I often think it is a pity that so much publicity is given to the evil deeds of men while so little is recorded of the good done and the service rendered to humanity by those in even the most humble walks of life. How often a man is never heard of during the years he struggled to live

uprightly and serve faithfully, but the moment that, under some temptation, he swerves from the right path he is pilloried before the world as a criminal. Like the members of the human body, all branches of human service should be in sympathy and harmony, and for this it is necessary that all of us should be impressed with human dignity and the value of every branch of human work, no matter how humble. The ignoring of this has led to misunderstandings and upheavals that have brought bitter strife where there should be mutual respect and sympathy. Men are and always have been inter-dependent. Even the greatest have had to depend for success on their subordinates: business men on their employees; the loftily placed on the services of the lowly; and the greatest genius on the man working to carry out his designs. Whoever breaks the harmony and unity in which a diverse human service finds its work done and its aim attained, is an enemy to human progress. Hence it is that every branch of human service should have respect and encouragement and should receive in due time and measure the recognition which it merits.

To come down to our own daily lives, a little consideration should convince us how absolutely we are depending on others from morning until night. Our household furniture and conveniences were made by others; everything laid on our breakfast-table, even though we pay for it in

cash, lays us under a more sacred debt to humanity than that represented by the traders' accounts. What a variety of work and industry does not even the simple breakfast-table represent. Our food is supplied from various sources, with which we ourselves have probably nothing to do, and we are under a further debt to those who have prepared it. Then there is the morning paper which so many read while they eat. Let us just remember the grower of the pulp, the paper-maker, the journalist and the printer who have been writing and working while we were sleeping, the men that have been clicking the news through the cables or over the wires, the attendants at the machines and the paper-boy who, in rain and in cold as well as in the morning sunshine, has brought that newspaper to our doors—all combining to give us the news of the world at the magnificent cost of a penny or two. The tram or the train takes us to our offices or our business places: either represents the work of many men and many minds; yet as we ride along comfortably we scarcely ever think of those to whom we are indebted for such convenient transport.

And likewise are we served at every turn of the day. There is scarcely an hour or a moment in which we do not find ourselves in circumstances that make us debtors to our fellow-men and remind us of their claim on us for recognition. Even the man who occupies the lowly position of sweep-

ing the streets makes humanity his debtor, for he contributes in no small measure to the prevention and elimination of disease. Readers of Addison's works, which I indulged in very much as a boy and which I regret are not so favoured by the present generation, will remember how Sir Roger de Coverley always respectfully saluted a man with a wooden leg on the assumption that he had lost the limb in the service of his country. I think the world would be much better if there was more of the spirit of Sir Roger to-day and if courtesy, kindness and consideration were more widely extended to those serving in humble callings of life. If you want your meals cooked to your liking say a kind word to the person entrusted with that duty, even though it be your wife or daughter. If you want a better ordered house do not omit a kind word to the maid, and if you desire your garden to be the envy of your neighbours, pass a word of encouragement to the gardener. I know there are numerous parasites who look for a "tip" for every service rendered, even though they are paid otherwise for it, but we should not therefore treat others in an off-hand fashion. Service rendered and received, no matter how big or small, will bring much genuine sunshine into our own lives and the lives of others and will form one of the strongest and most lasting bonds with our fellow-men. While generous service is the most direct way to the securing of friends, selfishness is the surest

road to the alienation of friendship and goodwill. It is pleasant, indeed, to believe that your association is actuated by such ideals. Its unselfish character and its determination to assist every worthy citizen to become more worthy will be a guarantee that no man, no matter what his country or his creed may be and no matter what honest occupation in life he may follow, will be alien to its sympathy or excluded from the benefits which are in its power to confer. I therefore feel that in asking me to address you to-day you have done me an honour which I deeply appreciate and which I hope I shall not soon forget.

THE WORK AND PROGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AUSTRALIA

(This sermon was preached at St Mary's Basilica, Sydney, 8 April, 1934, at the Pontifical High Mass celebrated prior to the laying of the foundation stone of the Cerretti Memorial Chapel at St Patrick's College, Manly.)

THE WORK AND PROGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AUSTRALIA

Let these things be written unto another generation and the people that shall be created shall praise the Lord.—PSALMS ci, 19.

THE attention of the stranger entering Port Jackson cannot fail to be arrested by two conspicuous monuments that may be said to epitomize the history of our Catholic Faith in this young country. They are St Mary's Cathedral, that from its splendid elevation looks down in benediction on the placid waters of the harbour, and St Patrick's Seminary standing like a massive grey sentinel keeping watch between the city on the one side and the vast expanse of the Pacific on the other.

The noble cathedral, with its stately Gothic lines and magnificent dimensions is emblematic of the strength and expansiveness of the Catholic Church under the Southern Cross. It is a most cherished link with the past, carrying the mind back over the reign of all the chief pastors of this Mother-See and enshrining memories and self-sacrificing deeds of generations of faithful priests

and laity. It is more: in its enduring grandeur it is, we may confidently hope, symbolical of the future of the spiritual edifice of our holy religion, the growth of which here at the antipodes is one of the most remarkable signs of the vitality of the Church in the twentieth century.

St Patrick's Seminary, with which our presence here to-day is intimately connected, is not only a great monument to the wisdom of its illustrious founder, the late Patrick Francis Cardinal Moran, but is a splendid testimony to the fruitfulness of the teaching and labours of the pioneer bishops and priests of this land; for one of the supreme proofs of such fruitfulness is always to be found in the flowers of a native priesthood springing up in the footprints of devoted apostolic men by whose ministrations the people were sanctified. It was one of the tests of the teaching of Christ Himself Who drew around Him the first heralds of the Gospel, and it was a mark of the fecundity of the preaching of the Apostles, that, in an age of prejudice and unbelief, they could, when they went to their martyrdom, leave the infant Church in care of men consecrated and pledged as they themselves were to bringing the nations to the knowledge of Christ. In the epistle read in the Mass to-day St John reminds us that "This is the victory which overcometh the world: Our faith." (I *John* v, 4.)

I shall leave the subject of the seminary to be

dealt with by others at the historic ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Cardinal Cerretti Memorial Chapel this afternoon, and confine myself to a retrospect, however brief and imperfect, of the work and progress of the Church during her little more than a century of life on these shores.

When the Fathers of the first Plenary Council of Australasia met in Sydney in the year 1885 under the presidency of the late Cardinal Moran, as representative of the Sovereign Pontiff, they left on record this remarkable pronouncement: "The prevalent impression on our minds during these days of our Council is one of intense thankfulness to God Who has so blessed the mustard-seed of the Faith in the Church in Australasia. At a date so recent as to be quite within the memory of men still moving amongst us, there was not one priest nor one single altar in all these southern lands. It is not simply that the ministrations of the Church were poor and scant, but, as a matter of fact, it did not exist." And then having reviewed the progress of the Church in Australasia till 1885, they declared: "Such a contrast between the beginning and the close of a century is unexampled in history. Such a blessing of fruitfulness is unparalleled since the early ages of the Apostles."

There is only one of the Fathers of that Council living to-day: he is the venerable Archbishop

of Wellington, who has seen the Church in his own Dominion grow from its infancy. Were all those Fathers alive and were they to take part in the forthcoming Plenary Council of the Church in this young land, their retrospect would be immeasurably greater and more consoling than when they met in this cathedral nearly fifty years ago to invoke the blessing of God and the light of the Holy Spirit on their deliberations. Since that time there has been not only a great advance in the Catholic population, but a manifold increase in Catholic institutions of every kind and in the number and variety of the labourers in this vast portion of the Lord's Vineyard. A hundred years ago the Catholic Church existed in Australia much as it existed in the Catacombs in the first centuries. It was as little welcome on these shores as Christianity was in Imperial Rome. At most, it was regarded as a sect merely to be tolerated; the priests were very few and held their charges at the pleasure of an administration that was not only unsympathetic but often hostile, for it was directed from headquarters twelve thousand miles away, where the Catholic people who were relied upon to send labourers into the distant Vineyard were themselves only just being freed by emancipation from the shackles that had bound them for three hundred years. Well might the little group of Catholics that gathered together in the home of Mr Davis, between the departure of Father

O'Flynn and the coming of the intrepid Father Therry, have cried out to God in the words of the Royal Psalmist: "How long wilt thou feed us with the bread of tears, and give us for our drink tears in measure?" (*Psalms* lxxix, 6.)

It was not until 1835 that a Chief Shepherd, destined to be the first Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, arrived on these shores. The commission given to this zealous son of St Benedict has but few parallels since the days of the Apostles. In the words of Holy Writ he was, like his Divine Master, "to gather in one the children of God that were dispersed." (*John* xi, 52.) Well might the mind of Dr Polding have been filled with consternation at the immensity of the work before him as he looked out on a territory twenty times the size of the British Isles and contemplated the scattered flock, mostly without pastor or church or mass, that awaited his coming. But with confidence in God he set himself to the task, and we may picture himself and his few priests addressing in the words of Isaias the Prophet that little flock of those early days: "Thou shalt no more be called Forsaken, and thy land shall no more be called Desolate." (*Isaias* lxii, 4.)

Where to-day there are flourishing dioceses equipped with churches and institutions of education and charity, there was then not only not a solitary church building, but the feet of a single priest had never trodden the land.

It is related of a celebrated botanist that one day having ascended the summit of a hill, rising sheer above the surrounding country, and that looking out and seeing the land clothed in a garment of the most magnificent purple heather, he cast himself on his knees and thanked God that had given man so beautiful an earth. Well might we to-day, looking out on this vast and beautiful land of Australia and seeing everywhere signs of the progress of the Church for the last hundred years, cast ourselves upon our knees and thank God for the constant blessing and protection that has brought about such marvellous results. Well might we say in the words of the Royal Psalmist "We have rejoiced for the days in which thou hast humbled us: for the years in which we have seen evils." (*Psalms* lxxxix, 15.)

To-day not only are the spiritual needs of nearly a million and a half of people faithfully supplied, but the young are educated, the sick are nursed, the orphan is fed and the aged are cared for with an efficiency and solicitude that would have done credit to the Church in any part of Europe in the brightest eras of her history.

With the coming of Dr Polding the Church of God beneath the Southern Cross entered upon a new era, and during his long episcopate of forty-two years the progress was continued, until before his death he had the happiness of seeing erected seventeen dioceses claiming his own Archdiocese of

Sydney as their Mother-See. New provinces and new dioceses have since been created, until to-day, between episcopal sees and vicariates in the Commonwealth and New Zealand, there are upwards of thirty bishops ruling the Church of God in these regions, while more than two thousand priests minister to the needs of the faithful. A quarter of a million children are being educated in our Catholic schools by a devoted army of teachers numbering at least ten thousand religious brothers and nuns, besides priests, who divide their lives between preaching and teaching. The faith of the people is expressed not only in the daily practice of their religion, in prayer and Sacraments and Holy Mass, but in those thousands of material edifices built to the glory of God, from the weatherboard church of the inlands to the magnificent cathedrals of our capital cities; from the tiny outback school, where devoted little communities of nuns keep a constant vigil over the Catholic children of lonely settlements, to the great colleges and convents that crown the hills in our big centres of population.

It is true that for many years in the beginning the Catholic settlers in our outlying districts suffered much religious privation. That was unavoidable. But once having received her liberty and established her hierarchy, the Church in these parts steered a course from which she has never deviated. She followed the settler into the re-

motest regions, baptizing his children and bringing to his household the consolations of religion, and, in the face of mighty opposition and manifold difficulties, she established and has carried on down to the present day a system of religious education that I venture to say is not excelled in any part of the world. In these two things —in cultivating the love of the people for that central act of our holy religion, the Mass, and in maintaining a system of religious education— has the genius of the Church been shown in Australia in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries as it was shown in Ireland and throughout Europe in the various vicissitudes of the Catholic cause in those countries. "Let these things be written unto another generation: and the people that shall be created shall praise the Lord." Yes, let us rejoice in what has been accomplished and leave a record of it for the generations of our co-religionists that are to succeed us here. Let us, not by way of boasting, but in a spirit of profound thankfulness to God, tell of the rapid rise of a great civilization and of a splendidly organized Church under the Southern Cross upon such a foundation as was provided by a convict settlement, and let us proclaim it for what it really is—a fact unique in history. Perhaps, it is because Australian Catholics are too modest to proclaim their own deeds, or it may be that we are too far removed from older countries to expect them to be interested in our work. But,

whatever be the cause, one looks in vain through the Catholic Press of Europe or America for any considerable notice of the marvellous progress of the Church in Australia.

The lives of our pioneer priests and bishops form an epic that has but few parallels in the history of Christianity. Imagine Dr Polding setting out by stage-coach from his headquarters in Sydney and riding with his pack-saddles into what are now remote parts of the Archdiocese of Brisbane, or away to the borders of South Australia, to visit the scattered flock. Contemplate Bishop O'Quinn, another undaunted apostle of the Faith, riding from Brisbane into the far west and north of Queensland, camping out continually and travelling in all kinds of weather, so that he might bring the consolations of religion to the lonely settlers and confirm their children. Picture to yourselves the hundreds of devoted pioneer priests who travelled over the vast spaces of this country, lonely and weary but for the company of the Christ Whom, morning by morning, they met on the table of the rude altar erected for the celebration of Mass, as the Apostles long ago met Him on the seashore. These men were worthy of apostolic times; they were heroes who, if their interior lives and their many sufferings were revealed, might well be placed on the calendar of the saints. "*Erant gigantes in diebus illis*": "they were giants in those days," giants, every fibre of

whose being vibrated for God; men whose generous hearts never counted the cost and whose noble souls have surely been received into the company of the Divine Master Whose prophecy they so faithfully fulfilled: "You shall be witnesses unto me . . . to the uttermost part of the earth." (*Acts* i, 8.)

Their devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Mass was a prelude to the great Eucharistic Congress of five years ago, and the example of their lives of self-sacrifice and priestly virtue has been a great incentive to the religious vocations now manifesting themselves everywhere and giving to our epoch the character of a veritable springtime in the spiritual growth of the Church, notwithstanding the atmosphere of indifference and unbelief outside it.

In recalling the past with its trials and triumphs, we must never forget those who have planted and watered, and brought to fruition, the faith of our fathers in this southern land. First of all, we must remember with undying gratitude the "Rock of which we are hewn;" Catholic Australia never has forgotten, and, please God, she never shall forget her debt to the Rock of Peter —to the Vicar of Christ, whose infallible teaching and more than fatherly care has guided her through her seasons of joy and sorrow, and the presence of whose distinguished representative, His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, adds lustre

to our ceremonies to-day. Neither must we forget our debt to the Catholics of England who, out of their spiritual poverty, gave us those great and distinguished prelates—Polding, Vaughan and Ullathorne. And what shall I say of our debt to Ireland? As I contemplate it a myriad figures rise up before my mind, from the indomitable convict priests who gave the consolations of religion to their fellow-Catholics in chains and misery, down to the great Prince of the Church who was the last occupant of this Mother-See of Sydney, and who, like another Moses, marched at the head of his people, inspiring them with that confidence and courage and spirit of sacrifice that were the secret of the great expansion of the Church, particularly in his own day. As I contemplate this debt there arises before me a mighty company of bishops and priests, of brothers and devoted nuns who, exiling themselves from country and home and friends for Christ's sake, came twelve thousand miles to till with the fidelity so characteristic of their race the Vineyard of the Lord under the Southern Cross. Their lives and their achievements are beyond all human praise; their adequate reward can come only from God. The names of many of those pioneer bishops are sculptured on the foundations of the buildings they raised to the glory of God; the memories of those prelates and priests and nuns are treasured from generation to generation in Catholic homes

throughout the land, but above all they are in benediction in the Church of God, in the daily Mass of their successors, and their names are written in the Book of Life.

No matter how vast and grand the superstructure may rise in the future, the part played by the men who laid its foundations can never be obscured. As the names of a Carroll an England and a Gibbons are indispensable to the history of the Church in America, so shall the names of a Moran, a Carr and an O'Quinn be indispensable to the history of the Church in Australia. Under the guidance of her prelates the Church here has not only done great work for the glory of God and the salvation of souls but it has made a notable contribution to civic and social advancement; it has adorned city and town with chaste and beautiful buildings; it has promoted a love of the arts and every branch of higher education; its institutions of learning are honourably represented in every profession; its has given statesmen to Parliament, merchants to the city, and industrious settlers to the country; it has preached peace and goodwill among men, and while instilling into the hearts of its people the love of God, it has never failed to tell them that next to that love comes the love of their native land.

I have spoken of the past, and chiefly of the work of the honoured dead. Were I to discourse of the living my theme need lose none of its

greatness. "*Ab uno disce omnes.*" I shall confine myself to one brief reference which is appropriate to-day. It is to the work of the present venerable Archbishop of Sydney. One can scarcely stand in this completed cathedral without being reminded of the Herculean labours of the Prelate who completed it and who, when it was completed, opened it with the inauguration of the first International Eucharistic Congress held under the Southern Cross. Archbishop Kelly's characteristic zeal is expressed particularly in his love for his seminaries, and his efforts to form a cultured and saintly priesthood are recognized on all sides. Assisted by a devoted people throughout Australasia and particularly, by a notably charitable lady* whose faith and generosity have been fittingly recognized by the Sovereign Pontiff himself, he to-day inaugurates the work of building at Manly a fitting home for the Divine Master and an appropriate link of memory between Australia and its first Apostolic Delegate. The Archbishop's courage is inspiring, but his vision is not limited by the horizon of his own time or clouded by the difficulties of the hour. It is the vision of a great future for the Church of God in this southern continent —the vision of a glorious harvest to be reaped, not only throughout the vast Vineyard of the Lord in this, the youngest nation of Christendom, but in all the neighbouring countries of the Pacific.

* Countess Freehill.

The grandest act of gratitude to God for the growth of the Catholic Faith on these shores will be the passing of it on to neighbouring countries and nations. This, too, was the vision of the great Cardinal who built St Columba's Missionary College at Springwood. The vision will be realized in God's own good time: indeed, the exodus of missionaries has already begun. Meanwhile, for the love of God and Holy Church, and for the expansion of the Kingdom of Christ, let our hands be to the plough, and "let the things accomplished be written unto another generation, so that the people that shall be created shall praise the Lord."

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