

this modern vineyard has its hedges thick set and secure. None of those that pass along the wayside pluck it, neither does the boar nor any singular beast devour it, for the God of Hosts has visited that which his right hand planted. The great world-spreading vineyard, of which this little vineyard is a part, has been fertilized by the precious blood of a Divine Husbandman, and is fortified for time and eternity by the all-conquering omnipotence of that Master's unfailling presence.

The combined forces of all other religious denominations in New York City, aided though they are both by wealth and social standing, cannot approach Catholicity either in magnificence of church buildings, or in the number and acknowledged efficiency of its colleges, academies, schools and charitable institutions. Truly, in that great Metropolis of America, the Church of Rome has become an avowed power in every momentous question, and its present greatness is but a feeble prelude to the world-dictating super-eminence of its future authority.

The focus of New York Catholicity, the dearest object of its holiest pride, the *cushla machree* of its Celtic whole-heartedness, is, without doubt and with good reason, the splendid marble Cathedral of St. Patrick. For purity of architectural outline, massiveness of structure, and beauty of situation, this edifice stands unrivalled amongst church buildings on the American Continent. Its richly carved white marble spires, holding high above the tallest structures in the Empire City, the holy sign of fallen man's Redemption, are daily admired with triumphant gladness by Catholic residents of three different dioceses. Its mellow chimes, wafted over the

far spread city for the first time, one bright May morning a few weeks ago, on the occasion of its distinguished Prelate's Silver Jubilee, are said to be unsurpassed, perhaps not even equalled in all America. The cathedral building, independent of the valuable site on which it stands, and likewise independent of the rich treasury of its altar plate and gorgeous vestments, represents an expenditure of more than five million dollars. Well may the Catholics of New York feel proud of their church and country when they gaze upon St. Patrick's. Well may Irishmen the world over rejoice when they call to mind that this, in many respects the most magnificent temple raised to the Living God in the Western Hemisphere, is dedicated to their patron saint. It is indeed a significant fact that the choicest spot of ground in America's greatest city should have erected upon it so convincing a memorial of Holy Ireland's Apostolic mission.

The other city churches, while they stand, necessarily, inferior to St. Patrick's, are, nevertheless, every one of them, an additional glory in the bright halo of New York's unfettered Catholicity. Every one of them is an honor to the city—a fresh victory of our holy faith; most of them far surpass what are regarded as the “surprises” of many a so-called Catholic centre. Taken either collectively or separately, they are permanent and overpowering proofs that the old faith of our fathers, the perfection of Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity and Apostolicity, has found a kindly hospitable home in the tide-girt Mother-city of great, independent, free, Columbia.

In addition to its numerous elegant places of worship, the Church of New York City and Diocese has