

concourse of the laity. It was a grand day and a glorious festival for the entire diocese. The joy of the people knew no bounds; the future of the Canadian Church seemed assured in the City of Mary, while the pages of history were emblazoned by a name revered by every one, and to be ere long still more glorified.



Three years later, the people of Montreal once more assembled in the same hallowed precincts, but for a vastly different purpose. This time, they came to pay the last tribute of respect to all that was mortal of their first Bishop and Pastor.

Monseigneur John James Lartigue died in the arms of his beloved Coadjutor at the Hotel Dieu on the sixteenth day of April, 1840. The closing scene at that illustrious deathbed was most touching. The Bishop had breathed forth his last parting sigh, surrounded by his priests and the nuns of the Hospital. Monseigneur Bourget, overcome with sadness, tried to recite the *Subvenite*. Unable to do so because of his deep emotion, he begged a young ecclesiastic to continue the prayer while he retired to his room. He was found there shortly afterwards, bathed in tears at the foot of his crucifix.