

Leo XIII. appeared in all the splendor of his Pontifical array, when first the tiara rested upon his anointed head. The same inscription upon the dome up there, "Tu es Petrus, &c.," as it seemed to fling into the sky the golden ball that connected the masterpiece of Angelo's genius.

In August, 1870, Mgr. Bourget blessed the corner-stone of this monument. He beheld the work commenced. But eventually the walls stood there, proclaiming sadly that they were incomplete—more mournful than ruins. But the Catholic spirit was alive in Canada. A grand man, a priest of God, blessed by the Bishop, consecrated his life to the noble work. To-day he beholds the realization of his dreams. Here is the mother of all the churches of the Archdiocese; here the service of God's altar will be found in all its plenitude; here is the burning focus from which must radiate the beams that will illumine the other churches. Here the clergy and the laity, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, shall have a share in the work and a participation in the blessings, therefore in the prayers, of thousands. This is a fitting occasion to express gratitude to all benefactors, direct or indirect, of the work; to the living who have aided, to the dead who have helped, to the architects who designed, to the workmen who executed, to the good and holy Bishop whose name will ever be associated with this temple, and whose remains rest under its altar beside those of Mgr. Lartigue. From heaven, to-day, he smiles upon this scene, and his heart is glad in the triumph of his work. But, before closing, there is one other to whom we must address words of gratitude and praise; to the present Archbishop, who has carried on and completed the work of his predecessor. He is the object of our prayers and thanks to-day; he is the central figure in this magnificent tableau. Long may he live to administer the archdiocese, to guide his clergy, protect his flock and shed blessings upon our country. The hand of Time may efface, after years, the beauty of this temple's youth; but it is only an image of the Church—that immutable temple built in the celestial Jerusalem, that shall resist the ravages of centuries and in which may we all one day join in an eternal alleluia of a general and glorious resurrection.

THE AFTERNOON SERVICES.

As in the morning so in the afternoon the great Cathedral was filled with a general congregation. The principal feature of the service, apart from the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, was the eloquent and powerful sermon delivered by Rev. Father Donnelly, the pastor of St. Anthony's Church. The following is a report of that able address—

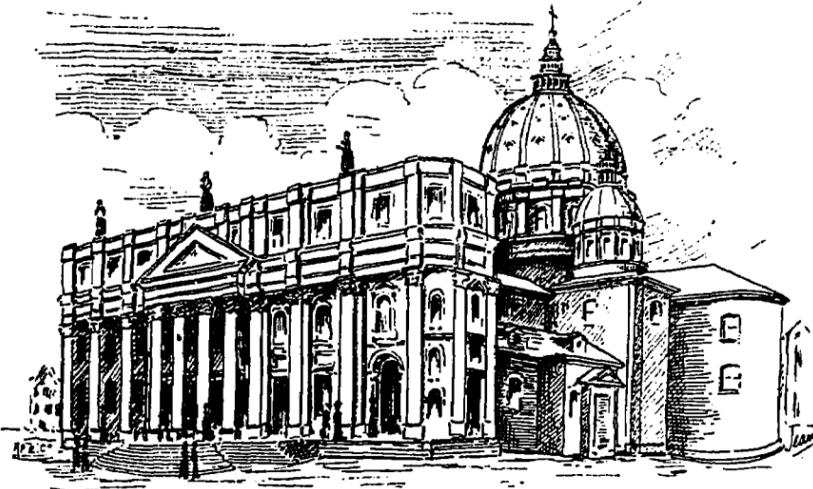
The Rev. Father Donnelly took for his text: "And the work is great, for a house is prepared not for man but for God."

Throughout the entire world Christians join in the cry of Alleluia, hail, for the Lord has arisen, proceed to preach joy and happiness, for this is the great day of God's resurrection; let us rejoice, let us be exceeding glad, for Christ dead has arisen. To all in the Catholic Church this day brings great joy for it terminates the sad season of repentance. But as Catholics of Montreal let us rejoice for to us it is a double resurrection, a double victory over death, and for the first time we gather together within the walls of this vast monument, this great mausoleum opened to receive under its roof the God of Gods, the Host of Hosts. Let us think of the past and then gather round and bend the knee to the Host of Hosts and offer the tribute of our praise to him who under God accomplished this great work. When a child appears in this world, joy appears in every countenance because a new man has been born into the world, but when this child is heir apparent to vast domains, when he is the son of a great prince, joy takes possession of every heart throughout the kingdom and the day is a day of great festivity and rejoicing. When we celebrate the christening of this prince of churches then should our joy overflow; and we should fervently thank God for allowing our Archbishop to bring to completion this great work. We are gathered here to-day from all the parishes of the city, and many who are here never worshipped in the Pro-Cathedral, and many are not acquainted with the history of this vast and beau-

tiful edifice which we worship in for the first time to-day. Therefore a short history of its vicissitudes and the trials which delayed its completion may not be without interest. The undertaking in every sense of the word was great, for says King David the work is great, for a house is to be prepared not for man but for God, and who can ever hope to erect a temple worthy to be occupied by God. The greatest artists in the world may paint for it their masterpieces; the greatest sculptors chisel their most glorious creations, and all these and more may be placed in the house of God, before the Master, but they will be as nothing, for all the genius we have in the world is but a feeble ray of what God has, and in giving it to God, we give but to the Master, that which he gave us. If this be true of a parish church, what is it when we erect a cathedral. Wherever you go, in every city and town and village of the world, you will find temples and churches erected in honor of the Most High and all these temples and churches under the guidance of that citadel at Rome in harmony with which all Catholics worship. A cathedral is one of those towers, one of those forts which surround the world like a great chain and bind together all those who are proud to style themselves Catholics, "when a strong man guards the house, they therein are at rest." A cathedral is a church among churches, a father whose devotion and love guides the footsteps of his children, and again a mother tender and solicitous.

The preacher then proceeded with the history of the Cathedral. In the year 1852, on the 8th of July, that memorable day when a great conflagration swept the eastern portion of the

would not become reconciled to the bishop's decision and withheld their contributions; this was the first of the many great trials which for years hampered the progress of the new Cathedral; but finally after much waiting the foundations were laid in 1870. The first stone was laid with great ceremony in presence of a large concourse of clergy and laity, but after the walls had been raised to a height of 40 feet work had to be suspended for lack of funds; for years little was done, but in matters of this kind Catholics can afford to wait. It had been announced that Saint Peter's at Rome should be the model on which the new Cathedral should be built. This was a great matter, to erect a church, the only one in the world, on the exact plan of the great Saint Peter's. But if any city is worthy of a temple on the plan of the great Roman temple it is Montreal, the home of Catholicity, the Rome of America, where the clergy are so numerous, where there are so many religious orders with members so full of zeal, and so true and loyal to the grand old Catholic faith. These are reasons why this city is worthy a temple on the plan of the temple of Saint Peter. Then again, take the people, where are they more inflexible and faithful without bigotry and unswerving without fanaticism—mark the word? My friends, this is more than other American cities can say, and it were well that other cities should take a page from Montreal. For years, when the Cathedral made no progress towards completion, the Catholics did not lose heart entirely, for they knew the time would come, they knew the Church is eternal like God, so they could afford to wait. Unbelievers saw the Church for years make no progress



ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL, DORCHESTER STREET, MONTREAL. [A facsimile of St. Peter's in Rome.]

city and reduced the greater part of it to ashes, the old cathedral of St. James was burned to the ground and the venerable bishop was homeless, his palace was burned and his cathedral was gone. But great as were his own trials, his first thought was for the distressed members of his flock, and that good old man went forth, first succouring his children, and not until all that could be done for them had been done did he think of himself. Montreal was not then the great city of commerce it is to-day, not then was its name known throughout the length and breadth of the land as the great metropolis of industry; the spot on which this cathedral stands was then a waste, a city of the dead, a grave-yard; the bones of many pious priests and faithful laity rest under this spot; how their dust must have quivered with emotion when to-day for the first time the great sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated over them. His Lordship Bishop Bourget, to whom is due the instigation of the cathedral on the present site, after the great fire was called upon by his parishioners, who were willing, at every sacrifice to themselves, to erect another cathedral. His Lordship then announced to them his intention of erecting the new cathedral in another part of the city, in fact in the western part. His intention caused great surprise, and he was implored to change his intention; the Bishop, however, remained inflexible in his determination, but it must be remembered that he often derived his inspiration from God and that he was a man of prayer. The western portion of the city in those days was not the Catholic portion, it was not the French portion, but His Lordship, with true wisdom, calculated that the city would grow westward; and do we not see now that God assisted the good bishop. Many citizens

and they scoffed and wagged their heads and quoted the parable of a man who set about to build a house but when he had made his plans he found he had no clay for his bricks; scoffers, too, scorned the Divine Master, but that did not prevent Him dying for them, and scoffers could not prevent the Church from doing her duty. Bishop Bourget died before the completion of his cathedral, but others went on with the work. Like David, the good Bishop wished to erect a temple to God, but it was not the will of God that he should see its completion; that trust was transferred to another. This church will be a monument to the Catholics of Montreal for ages and ages and the work which has been begun will be carried on, for a great glory of the Catholic Church is the lack of personal ambition in the priests; one may drop out but another takes his place and goes on with the good work. Observe these glorious words: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of the kingdom of hell shall not prevail against thee." Observe those words placed above us in letters of blue and gold, and also in letters of fire in the heart of every Catholic. This cathedral stands as a beacon-light in the midst of the churches in this city of churches; on every side you see towers and steeples, some of them look as though beneath those towers and steeples rested the altar of God, but alas there is no altar; but let us pray and think of the words of the prophecy, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold, them too will I bring into this fold." That prophecy has not been fulfilled as yet, but let us hope, please God, that it will be in the near future. Vigorous efforts have been made of late among the different sects to bring about a union of churches, but how ludicrous, how ridiculous;—a union of churches with

the Catholic Church left out! But let us hope that time will open the eyes of these sheep of other folds and that they will all eventually come into the union of the Catholic Church, where there only can be union. There is hope in this age for it is a thinking age; there is less of that indifferentism which stills the pulse of life. Since this Cathedral of Saint James was commenced churches have been built on all sides, some of them are not Catholic, but it is better to have people of another faith than for them to be indifferent. We fondly trust that this Cathedral will be a beacon light to the truth to all the churches which rest in its shadow. If this be so, the task of our good Archbishop will be repaid a hundred fold, aye, even if this glorious time be delayed for 200 or 300 years.

In conclusion the preacher said: For us, my friends, this is the house of God, but not for others; let us hope that those who came to gaze out of curiosity may stop to pray.

To FATHER McDERMOTT.

Welcome to-night to our bright festive hall!  
A cad mille fall the from one and from all!  
Long shall we treasure the words of your theme,  
Thrilling our souls with fond hope's kindly gleam,  
Echoing strains of our country's sad muse;  
Rich in their sweetness, with pathos profuse.  
Long may your voice be heard o'er the land!  
Eagerly pleading a cause that is grand:  
Calling up visions of scenes far away,  
Kindling the embers that long dormant lay,  
Exiles from home, we pray heaven to-night  
Your efforts to guide with God's holy light.  
ERINA.

Windsor Hall, March 17th, 1894.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

CLOSE OF THE RETREAT.

Never before in the history of St. Mary's church did such large congregations assemble therein as during the past fortnight when the missions for the parishioners took place. The attendance increased nightly, a fact which testifies to the zeal of the parishioners to promote good, and which also, in a great measure, may be attributed to the powerful and eloquent exhortations of the Rev. Fathers Doherty and O'Bryan—two able Jesuit missionaries who conducted the mission. The rev. fathers preached four sermons daily, and treated their various subjects in an original, vigorous and lucid manner, and with a persuasiveness which could not fail to reach the heart of the erring ones. An impressive scene was witnessed at the 7.30 o'clock Mass Sunday morning, when the societies of the C.M.B.A., C.O.F., C.Y.M. and other members of the parish received Holy Communion. It is estimated that the number of communicants were thirteen hundred, besides the hundreds that approached the Holy table at the other Masses. At the High Mass, which was chanted by the Rev. Father Shea, assisted by the Rev. Fathers O'Sullivan and Cotter as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, the choir, under the able direction of Mr. James Wilson, performed "Mercadante's Mass" in a very creditable manner. The orchestra was under the leadership of Prof. Sullivan. The Rev. Father O'Bryan preached an effective and instructive sermon on "the resurrection of Our Lord." In the afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock, the Rev. Father O'Sullivan, S.J., late of Woodstock, Md., spoke to the members of the League of the Sacred Heart on "the importance of the work in which they were engaged." Sunday evening the church was packed from the altar rails to the very doors. The rosary was recited at 7.30 by the Rev. Father O'Donnell, after which the Rev. Father Doherty preached the closing sermon of the mission, choosing as his theme the words of St. Paul, "without faith it is impossible to please God," and for over an hour held the immense congregation spellbound. The brilliancy of the main altar, where over two hundred tapers and lamps were lit, the fervor and earnestness of the people, augurs well for a good future. The Papal blessing was then imparted by the Rev. Father Doherty, and the solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the solemnities to a close, the Rev. Father Allard, of St. Antoine abbey, officiating. At benediction Mr. Hamlin's fine tenor voice was heard to advantage in Wilson's "Ave Verum," Pleyel's "Tantum Ergo," and Wilson's "Laudate."

Jack: What did that horse cost you?  
Tom: It cost me all the respect I ever entertained for the man I bought it from.