

## Historic And Eloquent Sermon.

With great pomp and impressive ceremonial the observance in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the dedication of the first Catholic Church in Boston took place at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. The sacred edifice was crowded as never before. Archbishop Williams celebrated the Pontifical Mass, and within the sanctuary were clergymen from all over the State, and several professional men of Boston and many of other creeds were in attendance. The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Denis M. Bradley, Bishop of Manchester, N.H. As this is a remarkable sermon, both from a religious and from a historical point of view, we have decided to give our readers the text of it. The Bishop spoke for about half an hour. He spoke thus:—

"The Most Rev. Archbishop, Rt. Rev. Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers; My beloved brethren, it is unnecessary to say that we are assembled in this metropolitan church this morning for the purpose of commemorating the 100th anniversary of the dedication of the first Catholic Church edifice erected in this City of Boston. This Church, at the time of its dedication, was known as the Church of the Holy Cross, and subsequently as the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. The 100th anniversary of its dedication to the service of God should be a memorial to you and should be kept by you as a feast of the Lord, because of all that the ceremony implied to your city and yourselves.

"It was on this memorable day, 100 years ago, that Jesus Christ took up his actual, permanent abode in this city of Boston. From that time, and at every moment during the past century, he has been as really present in your city as he had been present in Nazareth and in other portions of Palestine during the 33 years of his life upon this earth. Blessed privilege this! May the time never come, while time is, when the Eucharistic Christ will not find a lodging place within your walls. His delight is to be with the children of men.

"One hundred years ago to-day the Church established by this same Jesus Christ, in as far as it existed in the United States, was centered in this city of Boston; because there was present as chief authoritative actor, in the function of the occasion, the only legitimate successor of the apostles found within the limits of the republic. As St. Peter had sent St. Mark to Alexandria, as he had sent St. Patrick to Ireland, St. Augustine to England and St. Boniface to Germany, in order that they might establish the Church in these various countries, so he sent John Carroll to the United States in order that he might establish, rule and guide the Church therein. And in September, 1803, this apostolic prelate came to this distant portion of his diocese that he might dedicate to the living God the first Catholic Church erected in your city.

"How the rare ceremony of the dedication of a church must have gladdened the heart of this venerable high priest! His great soul must have rejoiced at the evidence which the existence of your Church of the Holy Cross gave him of the fact that here and now was planted a sturdy tree whose branches would soon extend themselves throughout New England, sheltering under their luxuriant foliage hundreds of thousands of children of the Holy Church. On this notable occasion the hands of the patriarch of the Church in the United States were held aloft by the humble, zealous Matignon and by the gentle, learned and chivalrous Cheverus, the only priest in Boston in these by-gone days.

"Many edifying reflections suggest themselves at the mention of the names of these two apostles of New England, but we are reminded that things historical are to be dealt with elsewhere during the period of this celebration. In turn the hands of these saintly priests were sustained by the few hundred Catholics of Boston, whose sacrifice for God's house made possible the ceremony of the day—a few hundred Catholics, the story of whose sturdy, practical faith went forth to gratify and fortify their brethren of neighboring States. In turn again, and let it be said in grateful acknowledgment, the hands of the few hundred Catholics of Boston were held aloft by the timely and generous assistance rendered by not a few of their towns-

men who were not of the household faith. We wonder if the action of these latter good men has not been visibly rewarded in them and their posterity by that blessed Lord who gives abundantly for the cup of cold water given in his name.

"Let this day, the day of the dedication of your first Church, be a memorial day to you; and you shall keep it a feast of the Lord. And when thy son shall ask to-morrow, saying: What is this? thou shalt answer him: With a strong hand did the Lord bring us forth. When thy son shall ask thee, The sacred writer uses the word son advisedly, and the term is not inapplicable on occasions like unto the present. The apostle says: 'The head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is man.' Tremendous responsibility, this of the man. It is the duty of the head to lead and to guide. Man is the head; it behooves him to lead, but to lead only in the footsteps of his head, Christ the Lord.

"It is, then, entirely in order that on to-morrow thy son should say to thee in reference to the significant religious festivity of to-day: 'What is this?' It is well in these days, when the temporal would supplant the eternal and the natural the supernatural, that Catholic young men should feel it incumbent upon them to ask questions about things supernatural and eternal. It is well they should give expression of their belief in the fact that eternal life consists in knowing the one true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. When thy son, then, this man, this head, shall ask on to-morrow: 'What is this?' thou shalt answer him: 'With a strong hand did the Lord bring us forth.' To God's strong hand be the honor of what you are about to tell him. Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain, who buildeth. Tell thy son of the handful of Catholics of Boston of 100 years ago, who, like the Jews of old, rejoiced when they promised their offerings willingly; because they offered them to the Lord with all their heart, in order that they might build in their midst a temple worthy of the true God. Tell him of the early immigration to your city, in the last and middle portion of the past century, of the children of that supernatural race who brought with them as their gift to their adopted home a deep, living faith and vigorous, honest manhood.

"Tell this son of yours that because of the generosity of these poor immigrants and their children, the one church of 100 years ago is succeeded by more than 50 magnificent temples, at the head of which is this noble cathedral, in which is enthroned a successor of the apostles who has witnessed, who has known and who appreciates the great deeds of this sacrifice-making people for God and holy church. Tell him there is no ill—moral or physical—to which human nature is a prey for which the Catholic charity of Boston has not, during the past century, provided a remedy. One finds the hospital for the sick, the shelter for the orphan and the homeless, the refuge for the foundling and the abandoned, abodes of correction for the fallen and of protection for the feeble.

"Tell him, likewise, that Catholic sacrifice and generosity have provided institutions of learning of every grade, from the lowest to the highest, for the Christian education of youth. One beholds the seminary for students in philosophy and theology, the college well known for its high standard of education, many academies for the training of young women in the higher studies, together with numerous parish schools, in all of which the pupils receive instruction at the feet of Christian Gamaelists, who, while they seek to give the highest secular training, yet insist that as the heart as well as the head is a component part of the human being, this heart must receive its due attention, if education would be what it should be—a harmonious development of all the faculties of the entire man.

"Tell this son that the few hundred Catholics who assisted at the dedication of Boston's first Church are represented at the ceremonies of to-day by nearly an equal number of hundreds of thousands of God-fearing, law-abiding Catholic citizens. Tell him that for the two priests of God who served in the sanctuary of the Church of the Holy Cross a century ago, a couple of hundred are to-day found within your city limits ministering to the spiritual wants of the children of holy church. Tell him that here as elsewhere these priest constitute the great conservative order preserving body of the community. Tell him your priests are largely of the people who have built up Catholicity in Boston. Tell him that having been stamped in God's good providence with the priestly character, they return whence they came, to be an eye to the blind, a staff to the feeble, an ear to the deaf, a physician and consoler to the afflicted, a life giver to the spiritual-

ly dead, a father to the widow and the orphan, a protector to the outcast and the homeless, and a preacher of the Gospel to all.

"And tell him these hundreds of thousands of faithful Catholics and these hundreds of devoted priests are affectionately and loyally united with the venerable Archbishop of the diocese, Boston's devoted high priest. And tell him that for near unto 60 years this apostolic prelate has labored in season and out of season in your midst with but one end in view—the glory and honor of the master whom he so faithfully imitates and serves. May God spare him to continue his good work!

"Let this anniversary day then, brethren, be kept by you as a feast to the Lord. It is well that it should be thus; for God hath 'not done in like manner to every nation.' And in your feasting turn heavenward; turn to those who are rejoicing with you to-day, to those whose labors have contributed not a little to the accomplishment of the great things which conduce to your joy and your glory on this memorable occasion. A Matignon, a Cheverus, a Thayer, a Fenwick, a Fitzpatrick, a Fitton, a McElroy, a Haskins, a Healy, a Blenkinsop, a Lyndon, a Shahan, and hosts of clergy and laity, joyfully praising God, take up your refrain and chant with you: This day shall be a memorial to us and we shall keep it a feast of the Lord, for with a strong hand did he bring us forth."

## Knights of Columbus.

Supreme Knight Edward C. Hearn has announced the appointment of new committees of the National Board of Directors for the present term as follows:—

Finance—William A. Prendergast, New York; Joseph C. Pelletier, Boston; Hugh O'Donnell, Providence, R.I.

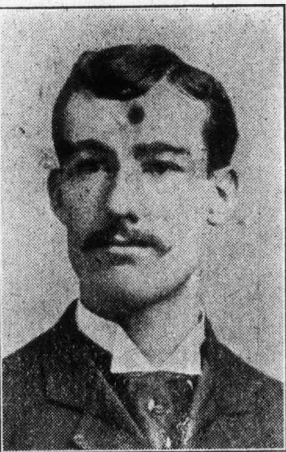
Appeals—James E. McConnell, Fitchburg, Mass.; James A. Flaherty, Philadelphia; George F. Monaghan, Detroit; William McNary, Boston.

Chair of History—Joseph C. Pelletier, Charles A. Webber, Brooklyn; James A. Flaherty.

Fourth Degree—J. A. Flaherty, John P. Kavanagh, Montreal; James A. Burns, East Orange, N.J.

Indian Schools—P. L. McAedle, Chicago; D. J. Callahan, Norfolk; George F. Monaghan.

## Catholic Sailors' Club.



MR. JOHN J. BARRY.

The concert of this week was under the auspices of Father Dowd Court, C.O.F., and the attendance was a large one. Members and friends of the organization turned out in force. Mr. John J. Barry, Chief Ranger, occupied the chair. He said that the Club could always rely on the sympathy and support of Father Dowd Court in the good work it was carrying on in this great commercial city.

The following ladies and gentlemen took part in the programme: Miss Broderick, who had to respond to several encores, and was presented with a bouquet; Miss H. Harkins, Miss Josie Harrington, Miss McGowan, Master P. Feeney, and Master J. Washbrook. Messrs. T. Murphy, J. H. McCaffrey, J. J. McLean, J. Brown, J. N. O'Brien, R. Foran, Fred Hogan, and Seamen John Thompson, SS. Mount Royal; Thomas Duncan, SS. Tritonia; J. Davis, W. Rhodes, J. Malone, Miss Orton was the accompanist.

Next Wednesday's concert will be under the direction of Mrs. S. Mul-larkey O'Brien.

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## Revolting Scenes

### In Macedonia.

(The following remarkable description of the massacres in Macedonia is by M. Jesson, correspondent of the "Nationaltidende" of Copenhagen, an eye-witness of what he narrates. Practically all of the reports of probably the most atrocious events in the history of the world have been at second hand. This account is by one who actually saw the holocausts.)

"Of all that I have seen in Macedonia, nothing has made such an impression on me as the battle at Moghila, one of the villages of the immense plain of Monastir. As I approached this neighborhood I heard the report of cannon followed by the less distinct rattle of musketry. Without doubt, I thought, the rival forces had come together. Hastening on, I could discern a village whose contours were partly lost in a dense blue cloud that overhung. Columns of smoke were curling up in the air and from the hill that I had reached I could perceive dimly the combatants kneeling and partly protected by a wall from below which they were firing incessantly. The Turkish officers of my escort refused to go any further. I advanced alone, possessed by the horrors that weighed on men and things, and expectant of the horrors that I was to witness.

Reaching the village I learned that a band of twenty comitajis armed with Mameluker rifles had arrived three days before in search of provisions. A spy gave the information of them and they were soon surrounded by three hundred Turkish fanatics. The twenty patriots took up a position in a house and awaited the attack. While the Turks were investigating the house, the comitajis knowing their certain fate began a chant of patriotic songs, celebrating the death of those who sacrifice their lives for their country. Before the song was over a furious battle began. To dislodge the insurgents the Turks had mounted a cannon on a height whence they poured live shells into the frail fortress. The latter was soon in flames and the handful of insurgents that were still alive made sally in the hope of reaching the mountains. They were shot down in their tracks by the soldiers that I had seen the evening before entrenched behind the wall. Thus ended the fight.

I visited the scene of this slaughter and saw such sights as I had not thought possible outside of hell. Eager for more information I sought to the hands of the Turks they were fastened and blown from the mouth of cannon exactly as the infamous English treated the Sepoys in India. In contrast with this vague and horrible human debris, I saw, at one side the body of a man that the Turkish fiends had evidently over-looked. The corpse was intact. It was that of a young man, and it had evidently tumbled out of the car-

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little white church surrounded by acacias in bloom; adjoining was a dem-eter, carpeted with jasmine and roses, and for an instant it seemed that I was in my beloved Denmark. But the idea was soon dispelled. A group of women were uttering in rhythmic cadence a tragic lament. I drew near the group and saw the body of a young woman stretched upon the grass. Her countenance was disfigured by an enormous blood clot making a hideous contrast with the wax-like paleness of the rest of the face. I asked myself if I were dreaming, if I were not in some place of horrors.

An old man, his face twitching, his mouth twisting, ran towards me and throwing himself upon one of the bodies shrieked, "My Son! My Son!" Accustomed as I was to horrors, this was too much for me. I turned away suddenly, but only to face something still more heart-rending. I was now forced to see what the grave diggers were doing. They had dug a large trench and were now throwing into it nameless things taken from that frightful heap. Though filled with horror something impelled me to go nearer and look closely at this carnage harvest. The heads of those shattered bodies were specially terrible. I wondered what sort of refined art or slaughter had produced what I know saw. It must have been that when the insurgents fell into the hands of the Turks they were fastened and blown from the mouth of cannon exactly as the infamous English treated the Sepoys in India.

In contrast with this vague and horrible human debris, I saw, at one side the body of a man that the Turkish fiends had evidently over-looked. The corpse was intact. It was that of a young man, and it had evidently tumbled out of the car-

that I have mentioned. The young hero had fallen in an admirable attitude, his arm crossed in attitude of supreme invocation. The head was superb, it was a head of civilization and refinement—nay that of an intellectual man and artist. They told me that it was the body of a young professor of music in the College of Monastir, and that his name was Svetkov. No wound disfigured the serene beauty of the dead patriot.

What I found on investigation was this: These men, numbering only twenty, had fought heroically for liberty for thirty-six hours, holding at bay more than three hundred Turks. These insurgents were not, as the world sometimes supposes, bandits or criminals or savages. They were instructed, intelligent men representing the more elite of the country—men in every respect, similar and equal to those who in all ages have given their lives for a sublime idea. I what they accomplished in devoting themselves to death to the last moment without dreaming of surrender or heroism, then I do not know the meaning of the word.

Such are the facts that I have seen and having seen these things I saw that to speak of reforms in such a country is not only ridiculous, it is revolting. I have read in some of the Austrian Journals that a movement in Macedonia is on the way. My humble opinion is that in all the villages where such butcheries are acted, and where the Turks propagate slaughter and fire, the exasperated peasants dream of nothing but vengeance. The men join the band in the mountains, while the women and children hide themselves in the forests adjoining the Bulgarian frontier.

## A Canadian Artist

## And His Work

## AN APPRECIATION

By "CRU"

"I have been my good friend have had several good and true enjoyments, a collection of things each one of which is a masterpiece. They are all brush of a Canadian artist that it is a subject of some special comment is a part of the life and when it commences away over a young and nationality it is proper to be aware of its existence and appreciate its value as a building up of the future. Before I touch upon the special paintings, the which gave rise to my remarks will take the liberty of my comments upon Canadian art. In so doing, I am account of both time and pass over the sculptors, architects, and others whose class work comes within of what the world recognizes. I am obliged to confine myself to painting. And as say that the field is limited would be impossible to review briefly, the various painting—historical, landscape, marine and otherwise—each has its special master, even young country.

For some time past there has been a peculiar school of painting that has had which I feel almost inclined to have been undeserved. I am able to give a name to it but the most expressive one would be "brilliant." The flash of color about it that surprises and on these does the artist seem to do his success in creating it. And while this style has been of success, it could not be passing one. Whenever I study those "brilliant" paintings with their exaggerations of shades, their eccentric coloring, I always felt inclined to compare them to the tinsel garbs of the actress in a circus. The incongruities of loud colors, the shawls and petticoats, the dash and attitude without taste or reality, the artists have their merits the writers who appeal to the emotions and tickle the fevered fancies of the masses. There is novelty, there is design in this "brilliant" equally are these qualities found in the crowd, which brought to such a point of view that it often baffles the eye to say whether it is an original. But all this not real. A man may be a master of art and yet not be a painter. He possesses all the secrets of literature and yet be devoid of any secret of perspective. It is this perspective of color constitutes the basis of painting. I am not now dealing with a branch or department of art, but that of painting, and a rather space forbids any length even upon that section of the subject. However, I desire to upon the reader's mind the meaning I have in my mind refer to perspective of color.

You stand on a clear summit on the slope of the mountain and look southward at Beloeil. It is a cloudless day you will see that summit rising high, and very blue; if the day is the mountain-top will be almost plain; if the day is cloudy, it varies from grey to almost black sun bursts through a cloud suddenly tips a declivity the mountain will assume a shape. If it were possible for to come down from our mountain and to walk in a direct line to the foot, without losing sight of the hill-top, you perceive as you advanced the constant shifting of tones or shadings of the object, until finally, or drawing nearly near, all the coloring vanishes and you have the plain and grey rocks, the brown soil