THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.

"If I do not preach the gospel." Then woe to the others who will not listen, because the obligation they had of preaching imposed on others the necessity of listening. Otherwise the prerogative would have been in vain. Hence we draw the conclusion that none have the power of teaching except those sent by Christ. No others can take charge of the sheep except those marked out by the shepherd. No man can dare to take that honor to himself unless he be called by God as Aaron was. "No man can preach," says St. Paul, "unless he be sent." Sent by whom? By Him who has all authority in heaven and on earth, and no preacher can claim that right to teach unless he can show that he has been appointed by Christ, or by those to whom Christ gave the commission. And whom are they to teach? The whole world! No one excluded, no color exempted, no nationality excepted. The world is allowed to them. They got it from Christ who has all power in heaven and on earth. Go teach. What must they teach? "All nations, baptising them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe the things, whatsoever I have commanded you." There is the mission of the church. She must teach what she has learned from Christ; nothing more and nothing less. She has no mission for other purposes. Her mission is to teach the gospel and truths that Christ confided to her. Consequently, that mission must be the same in every age; for Christ gave no other mission since. What suited the first centuries must suit ours. The world may change. The world may progress, but the church cannot change, because she received her mission then from Christ and has received none other since. Hence, my dear brethren, in the early ages, when heretics rose up in the church to proclaim some new doctrines, it was sufficient for the Christians to say: "These are new and, therefore, are false. We did not hear them from our fathers, we did not learn them in our childhood. They are not what we learned from our teachers; they are new, therefore they are false." And all the councils decided the great questions of Christianity by this simple proposition: "These questions were not understood in that light before. Our fathers did not believe them, and therefore they are false." Christ gave His doctrine once for all, and it must be the same in every age. But men will say the world is changing all around us, and why should not the Church change with the world. Men are progressing every day, they make new discoveries in all the sciences, and find new laws for the planets as they roll in the heavens. They make new discoveries by digging into the bowels of the earth. Everything changes and everything belonging to man must change. Man himself changes. He rises from childhood to old age and then dies, and everything beginning with him must change. Yes, everything *beginning* with man must change and everything human must change; but the Church is not human and therefore does not change. Kingdoms may rise and fall. Constitutions may be invented more perfect than others. Everything around us takes the change that we ourselves pass through, but the Church of God was not built by man and therefore does not change with him; and though men may say that she should advance and progress, she cannot do so, for she has her doctrine direct from God and she cannot change it without destroying herself. But people say it is impossible that a church could remain unchanged. In this world where everything around us is constantly undergoing modification, must the Catholic church change with everything else? Ah! no; for we have the guarantee of God himself that she will not change; for after he had said to the apostles: "teach all nations; teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, for behold I am with you all days even to the end of the world." "Mark," He said, "what I am going to tell you. I am with you. Go teach, and while you teach I am with you, therefore you cannot change." He did not say "I will be with you," but with a word that only God himself can use; a word that only suits that Infinite Being who has neither past nor future but with whom everything is present, he said, "I am with you as you go to teach, and I am with your successors a hundred years hence, when they are teaching. Every one of you will die and yet I am with you all days, even to the end of the world." It was not to them personally he gave the commission, but to the church founded by them and to be guided by them; and to that church down to the end of the world he pledges his divine word that he would be present with them. Hence it follows that the church cannot change in her doctrine as long as Christ is with her. If she could change then Christ would be no longer with her. He would not be teaching in her, and the conclusion we must draw is that the Catholic church is unchangeable because Christ has pledged His word to be with her even to the end of the world. We might make a comparison. Christ declares that he will be with His Church, and He also told them that he would send the spirit of truth to abide with her forever; that that spirit would animate His church with a living principle by which she would be guided. Therefore as the spirit of truth must abide with her forever, she must never teach anything but the truth. This comparison then, I say, might be made. As long as the body is animated with a living soul it is a living body and it acts and speaks and works by the power of the living principle that is within it. The man who thus lives knows and feels that he is living. The spirit that animates his body makes him know that he is a living man; but when that soul has departed from the body, it is a motionless and inanimate mass of matter. As long, however, as the immortal soul animates that body it will live by that power. Now the Church is to be guided and animated by the spirit of truth, and therefore as long as that power abides with her, she will be the living body of Christ. She will be guided and controlled by it just as the soul animates our bodies. If our soul were to be always united to the body it would always be a living body and would not cease to be so as long as that soul remained. So, as long as the spirit of truth animates this church, it must be the living church and be directed and guided by that spirit of truth. It necessarily follows, therefore, that she must always teach the truth; for if it could ever be supposed that she could teach falsehood, it would be evident that the spirit of truth were not with her. She could not then speak or act, for her animating power would be gone. There is no possibility of supposing the Church of Christ can ever teach anything but truth. There is simply in a few words the whole constitution of the church, and you will allow me then to draw your attention to a few conclusions that must follow. I am not going to develope the principle more fully—you can do so yourselves—but if the words of Christ be true the conclusions I draw must inevitably follow. Since Christ commanded his church to go and teach all nations, then that church must always have been busy. She must have always been present, for if she were absent there would be no one to teach the nations of the earth.

Then again, since the church is to teach always the doctrines taught by Christ, and He promised always to be with her, it follows that the Church could never have gone astray. Therefore, the theories that the Church was pure for a few centuries and then was corrupted and fell away, are absurd; or, at least, they are contradictory to the very words of Christ. If Christ pledged His word that He would be with the Church even to the end of the world, how can Christians bring themselves to believe that a time ever came when He was not with that Church? Would that Church falsify the promise that Christ made, and make shipwreck of the faith by teaching falsehood to her children? It would inevitably follow that Christ was not able to keep His promise, or did not care for it. He had pledged His divine word to teach the truth down to the end of time, and He became so careless of His promise that He allowed the Church that was to carry out the work to drift into error and upon the rocks, while His power was not strong enough to save them from these dangers. My dear brethren, for me it is a strange phenomenon, that men who profess to believe the divinity of Christ and our Blessed Lord, can believe that He could ever allow His church to drift into error. Hence, we conclude, and as the subject is so vast I only leave the point with you to-night, that the church of Christ must always have been one, as there was but one church founded by Christ. "I build my church upon *a rock*," he said, and we conclude that she must have been infallible in her teaching because Christ promised to be with her and send the spirit of truth to abide with her. It must be one and governed by the same head. It must have uniformity in faith and sacraments and sacrifices. Where is the church in all this world that can claim this prerogative? Where is there a church one in her faith, like the Roman Catholic Church? That faith that is the same in every land and spoken in all the tongues of the earth; the same truths spoken and the one doctrine preached; with one head, the old man who rules at Rome, the successor of St. Peter upon whom Christ built His Church, and to whom all men look up. There is the one Church, infallible in her teaching. No other church pretends to claim infallibility. They openly acknowledge that all churches went astray, that the church at Jerusalem and Alexandria went astray, and that they themselves may go astray. Now the Church of Christ cannot go astray, it must be infallible, must possess the divine spirit of truth; must have Christ dwelling with her down to the end of time. Therefore when we find that there is but one church which lays claim to that infallibility, it must be the true church of Christ. Here is the church then, that does not change. Here, in this glorious temple you do not have any change of doctrine; and if this temple were increased to ten times its glory; if its length and breadth were multiplied ten times; if the marble pillars were enlarged and most costly ornaments decorated the walls, you would not hear a single article of doctrine different than you heard in the little church that has disappeared. Here in this great church, and in all churches throughout the world, the same Catholic faith, the same sacraments and same sacrifice will ever be found unchanged. No change in her nature, and yet see how she progresses and advances to meet the wants of her children. Just as this church is a progressive step beyond the old one that occupied the front of this building, so does the Catholic Church advance to meet the wants of humanity as they arise one after another. Of this glorious Church we can say: "Thou are always the same and thy years cannot fail," and then again, "I make all things new, I am always progressing, yet I am always the same." Let us see how she has shown this progress. It would be a theme worthy of a separate discourse and many discourses, for no more glorious subject could occupy Christian minds than the march of the Catholic Church since her foundation. Oh, brethren, let us go back through the ages and see how the church sent out to teach the truth, was able to meet every want of humanity. How, like a generous man, who as the poor passed before him was able to fill the needs of them all, or, like a great queen, she sent such gifts to all nations as suited them best. She began under persecution and for three hundred years she had, to brave all the combined powers of the world and of darkness as they were hurled against her. Yet even in that dark period she loved humanity. She proclaimed the doctrine of equality amongst men. She overturned those theories that paganism had been so fond of. She taught that there were no distinct classes, no privileged beings created by the Almighty to crush their fellow-men. She proclaimed equality to all. She proclaimed equality between the slave and his master. She reconstituted the social fabric and gave back to woman the position she was intended for by God. She made her the queen of the household and the help-mate of her husband. She took away the degradation that seemed to have followed woman from the fall of man. It was only where the Catholic Church was able to lift her voice, that woman was able to recover the dignity that God intended for her. She made woman the guardian of the household, and gave to the mother a Christian dignity that has never since failed to put a halo about her. Then, when the world fell into confusion, and barbarianism threatened the Roman church; when human knowledge seemed about to disappear, and the hordes of the Huns and Vandals swept over Europe; when this tide of barbarianism swept like a deluge over the regions of the old land, they scattered all that was noble in the old civilization. But, like the deluge of old when the waters subsided, there was the ark of God floating; the church of God still living, bearing within her bosom the germs of future glory and the greatness of Christendom. Then the church took up these races that had been so degraded and fostered them by her care. She instructed by her missionaries, and out of those barbarous hearts she made the Christian nations of Europe. Did she not progress when she filled the pulpit of Constantinople with the genius of St. John Chrysostom? Did she not progress when St. Augustine with grandest genius man ever received, set up his power against the combined doctrines of heretics? The church progressed, I say, and showed she was able to meet all the wants of humanity when heresy sprang up like the dark clouds from an abyss. She had the genius of her sons to illumine that darkness and with the fathers of the church shining like stars, she dissipated all the mists raised by the heresies of the centuries. Did she not progress when the barbarians had gone and she made every cathedral and church centres around which civilization could gather? When she made the bishop's crozier more powerful than the lance or the sword of the warriors; when under the shades of cathedral spires she gathered the peaceful people in fairs and marts. It was she who made her monasteries store-houses of learning. It was she who made her monks copyists of all that had been saved from the barbarians, of Greek and Roman literature; and she not only made them copyists, but she made them original writers, to transmit to later generations the treasures they had saved. She not only made schools for the poor, and academies for the middle classes, but she established universities in every country in Europe. There is now no great centre of learning that was not begun by the Catholic church, and the nearer we go to the throne of St Peter, the brighter becomes the light that illumines the records of the past. In England, all that is bright is due to the Catholic church. Oxford and Cambridge was founded by Catholic bishops and blessed by the popes; and at times when the kings and nobles disliked and despised learning, and claimed only the sword and lance as their weapons, it was the Catholic church that made learning respectable. It was the church that made agriculture a blessing. It was the Catholic church that cultivated all the peaceful arts, and made learning and industry more respectable than war. The Church progressed in all those ages and as she advanced she was ever ready to meet all the other wants of humanity. In fine arts who shone most brilliant? Was it not the children of the Catholic Church? In architecture was it not she who gave the models of the Gothic style so freely used and admired to-day? Where have temples ever been raised like those erected by the children of the Catholic Church to the honor of the Almighty? The pagans in their greatest glory, the Greeks and Romans with all their wealth and power, were never able to raise the magnificent temples that have been reared by the Catholic Church, with their arches springing into the heavens, and piercing the clouds around their spires was the cross that has ever been the standard of civilization. To-day, with all the wealth of the world, has anything been done to equal what was done in the ages of faith, the dark ages, as they are commonly called? Westminster Abbey is still the greatest glory of England, Notre Dame in France, the old churches in Italy and Milan, and St. Peter's, the grandest of all, are the works of the Catholic Church. What has ever equalled the genius of her children? Has Michael Angelo been surpassed in painting and sculpture? It seems as if the genius of man could never get beyond that shown by the children of the Catholic Church, for three hundred years of greatest civilization have past and yet no painters have arisen to equal, let alone surpass, the works of the old masters. It was only that they were guided by the faith of the Church that they were enabled to paint in that way. In music too, what has ever equalled the music given by the Catholic Church to the world, among which are those sweet strains that are the grandest that human ear ever listened to. Mozart was inspired by the Catholic doctrine and Catholic worship to bring forth those strains that can only be surpassed by the song of angels sung before the throne of God in heaven. There is no department of knowledge that the Catholic church does not encourage, and no department of learning where her children do not shine. Astronomy was first developed by them. Chemistry was founded by them, and all the discoveries that regulate modern life owe their origin to the principles they laid down. So, not to detain you too long, we must see that the church has progressed and is ready to meet all the wants of her children; that she is like the sun, unchangeable and ever sending her light to give life and activity all around. In this country she has also shown that she is able to advance. She has kept pace with the progress of our country. She has grown with its growth and become strong with its strength. She has grown stronger under the liberty of our country than she could have under despotism. She has sought no protection; she only claims liberty, and she grows best where there is most of it. She appeals to the hearts of the people and to the intellects of the greatest. She is the friend of the weak. No genius too high to sound her doctrine, and no heart too low to be beyond her saving principles. The grandest minds that the world ever made are filled with astonishment at the riches of her doctrine, and yet the poorest and lowliest and most ignorant are those that are most welcome to her bosom. She takes in the greatest intellects and fills them with the grandest truths that lift them higher than their natural genius could ever raise them; and yet she can go down to the lowest grade of society and pluck from the deepest mire the immortal soul that God created for Himself. All know that she is the Church of the poor, for nowhere else are the hearts of the poor so consoled. Nowhere else are benefits so precious held out to those who have nothing in this world. She gives the same sacrament to the lowest poor that she gives to the rich. Let men grow in their genius and might of their intellect but they will never fathom the immensity of her doctrine; and those who come here with the full blaze of their intellect find themselves almost blinded with the new light that is thrown upon them by the teachings of the Catholic church. So, to-night, we can say that if the Church never changes, she is always advancing. She is like the ladder of Jacob I have already referred to. It rests one end on the earth and the other reaches to the throne of God. That ladder is fixed and immovable, and yet upon it the angels of God are going up and down. Christ's messengers are ascending with our prayers, and returning, bring with them new blessings to meet our wants. Oh children of the Catholic church, how glorious this theme is, and how gladly I would develop it, but I must not fatigue you. Yet where is the subject that ought to be dearer to our hearts than God's great work on earth, the Catholic church. This church, which has borne all the storms and tempests that the powers of darkness could raise against it. This church that survived the onslaught of the Franks and Huns and Vandals; that saw the beginning of France, Italy and Spain; that saw them rising and now decaying, and yet remains herself the same, imperishable, incorruptible and immortal. For 1800 years she has borne all the fiercest storms that could be raised against her. Often stricken down and thought to be dead, yet always arising and living on. She bears the scars of many wounds. Though abandoned and persecuted by the powers of the world; counting upon no government, she is stronger in the faith and love of her children than she ever was before. She is sending out her missionaries to all parts of the world, and counting upon no other sustenance than the love of her children, and the power of the Almighty. All the governments have turned against her. She has nothing to rest upon except the immortal promise of Him who built her upon the rock and declared that the gates of hell should not prevail against her. Here, then, to-day, we thank God that she is growing greater and stronger. When she was poor and small and her children few in number, everybody despised her, or pretended to do so, but rather feared her; but now that we are spreading over this whole continent, we are more worthily spoken of. It has been seen that we can teach authority and yet preach liberty; that we can teach respect for law and stand up for the immortal rights of every soul; that the Catholic Church is the greatest teacher of discipline and order, and yet the mother of sciences and knowledge. As we grow, people come to know us better and fear us less; to know that the Catholic Church is the mother of those who love their country best, the mother of those who will stand by their nation in the hour of danger. The true Catholic, the one inspired best by the teachings of his church, is the one who can always be relied upon most. The true Catholic is the man to stand faithful in all the relations of life. He will be the good father, the good husband, the good son; or she will be the good mother, the good daughter or good wife. Wherever the principles of the Catholic Church are carried out, all the ties that bind society together are held all the more firmly by her teachings. Wherever these teachings are recognized, immorality and vice grow less, and wherever they are disregarded the bonds of society lessen and it falls to pieces. The Catholic Church alone can bind the family together. She alone has laid down a principle making the marriage tie unchangeable, and despite all the temptations that have been held out to her, she has firmly upheld the unity and indissolubility of that tie. She alone will perpetuate the family and protect the rights of woman. She also protects the rights of the children and saves their consciences in the hour of danger. We are not opposed to anything that is good. No knowledge is foreign to us. No discoveries are strangers to us. Every new truth that comes the Church accepts, because she knows that no human knowledge or discovery can ever be opposed to the divine revelation she has received. The Catholic Church tells her children to grow in every branch of knowledge to perfection; to grow in grace and knowledge, because every degree of knowledge is like the ray of light that comes down from the throne of the Eternal God; and every degree of knowledge that we attain brings us nearer and nearer to God, who is the God of all knowledge. But she tells us we must grow in grace as well, for knowledge without grace indicates the position of the demons who kept the knowledge they had in heaven, but lost the grace that made them angels there. She tells us that knowledge which takes us away from God and turns us against our Creator is not true knowledge but a perversion of truth to be hated and despised; but every degree of knowledge that brings us nearer to God is worthy of our love and should be sought after. So, my brethren, in thanking you for your kindness to-night, I feel that we to-night have this glorious love of a mother that is immortal; that we are the children of her who was the Bride of the Lamb, the Immaculate Spouse of the Son of God. In proclaiming the praise of our mother, we are simply proclaiming the mercies of God who established that church through his infinite love for the human race; that it might not only guide the intellects of men in all ages, but their hearts as well, to all that would make them happy both here and hereafter. As children of that church let us bless God that we have received this inheritance. Let us remember, however, that the greater the inheritance the greater the responsibility. If we are children of the church let us live like them. Let us live in a manner worthy of our mother. Let us show by our lives what our mother wishes us to do; for the worst enemies of the Catholic Church are not those who are outside of her. If they knew her as we do they would not oppose her. Her worst enemies are bad Catholics. Bad fathers who neglect their children and allow them to grow up in sin and vice. The worst enemies are bad mothers who sacrifice the immortal souls of their daughters, and drunkards who stagger through our streets with eyes inflamed and foaming lips, breathing blasphemy. They are our enemies, and yet they pretend to be Catholics. How can we blame those outside if they fail to recognize such specimens as members of the true Church. It is hard to blame them, yet they are wrong. Judas was a true apostle, and was a follower of Christ as truly as St. Peter, although he sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver. So the drunkard may be a Catholic and have the true faith, although willing to sell his immortal soul and Master to gratify his vile passion. Still, for outsiders to see only these external things, it is hard to blame them if they say this man cannot belong to the true Church of Christ. Oh let us try to be worthy of that Church whilst we are building temples as glorious as this one, and through God's mercy these temples are being multiplied throughout the length and breadth of the land in the United States as well as Canada, by the faith of the people of our nation. Let us feel there is something more glorious than building marble temples and rearing these costly monuments. The true monuments ought to be to raise in the hearts of your children such a race of Catholics that when we are gone they will carry on the faith with brighter hearts and keener intellects than we have had throughout the whole of this great land in which the Church has such a magnificent future, for there never was a land in which the Church had such a glorious future as on this continent of ours. We have no earthly power to keep us down, and no tyrant to oppress us. We have only the hearts of the people to rest upon, and, therefore, we have a future, which, if not broken by our misdoings, will form the brightest chapter in the entire history of the Catholic church. Thus when God calls us to our home and we have done our work as well as we could and night comes when no man can work, may we have the consolation of leaving to those who come after us a faith even stronger than we have received from our fathers; and along with that faith, and a brighter knowledge of the glories of that faith, may we have a more ardent love for the beauties of the Church. Then, indeed, our death-beds will be happy, and when we pass away and leave this Church on earth behind, we will be welcomed into the still more glorious Church above, where all the brightness and joy of this earthly place will be nothing in comparison with that which shall burst upon the hearts of those who love and serve Him here below.

THE BISHOP AND THE CHILDREN OF LONDON.

On Saturday last took place a touching manifestation of regard for His Lordship the Bishop of London, the presentation to him by the children of the Diocese, of an episcopal ring, cross and chain, valued at $500. The address was read by Miss Delia Carey, of the Sacred Heart Convent:

To His Lordship The Right Rev. John Walsh, D. D., Bishop of London:

MY LORD,—With feelings of unspeakable gladness we approach your Lordship on this day. We well know that this is indeed a gladsome day—a day for which your Lordship in your inmost heart has long yearned—a day the crown of many hopes, the term of much anxiety.

We, your loving children, join with you, our devoted and good Bishop, whom God long spare to rule and govern us, in the joys of this glorious occasion, the opening of the magnificent new Cathedral, erected in honor of the prince of the apostles, and this day, with all the splendor and solemnity of Catholic ritual, dedicated to the service of the Almighty.

Here is, indeed, the fruit of many sacrifices, of lengthened vigils and of ardent prayers; here the crown and glory of your Lordship's brilliant episcopate.

If every member of your flock may well on this day rejoice with your Lordship, it is meet, especially, and fitting, that we, the little ones of Christ, for whom your Lordship bears such singular love and solicitude, should share your joy on this day of all days.

"Thy children bright, thy walks adorn;
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the rapture thrill of joy."

Loving, kind and tender father as you have been to us, we seize upon this glad moment to give feeble expression to our reverence, gratitude and affection, and beg your Lordship's acceptance of this Episcopal ring, Pectoral cross and chain.

THE CHILDREN OF THE DIOCESE OF LONDON.

London, June 28th, 1885.

The presentation was then made to His Lordship by Miss Julia Kennedy, also of the Sacred Heart Academy. St. Peter's School was represented by Miss Annie Tilman, and St. Mary's by Miss Mary Moylan. His Lordship spoke in affecting and most impressive terms in reply to the address, which was beautifully engrossed on parchment, and will be kept in the episcopal archives. At the presentation, which took place in the palace, the following clergy of the diocese assisted: Very Rev. Deans Wagner and Murphy, Rev. Dr. Kilroy, Rev. Father Walsh, Tiernan, Kennedy and Dunphy.

SACRED HEART ACADEMY.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

The exercises at the Sacred Heart Convent, in this city, took place on Monday, the 29th inst. The occasion was honored by the presence of His Lordship the Bishop of London, His Grace Archbishop Lynch, Toronto; and the Bishops of Rochester, Trenton, Kingston, Peterboro, Hamilton and Eudocia, besides many priests from various portions of the country. The following address of welcome was read to the visiting bishops:

It is noon in Judea. Noon on a day following the solemn pageant prophesied for the world's redemption—heralded by God's messengers—promised by the Lord of Israel. The Sacrifice typified through countless ages, in burnt offerings whose incense has filled the valleys of the earth and made fragrant the gateways of God's city—typified in the humility, the obedience, the discipline of the Patriarchs—in the inspiration of those who stood within the Temple, their hands and eyes resting on the Holy of Holies—typified by all that was fulfilment of his ordination—has been accomplished at last. Calvary has set the seal of perfection on the order of Melchisedeck. The Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world has been slain and the Word made flesh has risen again. The glory of His going up into Heaven has been felt in that peace which passeth all understanding.

His thirty-three years of life—his hidden life and his open one—the mystery and the solemnity of that scene on Calvary—the grandeur of the Resurrection has taken place. The Lord God made man—come among us—Prince of peace and divine interpreter of our needs—has ascended to the most High, but His love is yet with us—promised in that unutterably solemn and pathetic final benediction—that message of deliverance spoken in the hour of departure, and which has sent forth the twelve gathered together on the Judean hill.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and, "Lo, I am with you even unto the end of the world."

Divine utterances which, followed by the sacred fires of Pentecost, sent the apostles forward on their Master's work! Their tongues are loosened—their bonds are broken—and their feet, beautiful on the mountain tops, start forth, bearers of glad tidings.

But in that solemn hour when the twelve, with Peter for their chief, stood together for the last time, we can but fancy that something from the vision of all future ages may have been vouchsafed them: Some gleam of a cross that should be raised among the mountains of India—some flash of the sword that should draw a martyr's blood—some echo of the choirs singing of Christ's redemption, in the unbuilt cathedrals of the future. Afar off, the forests of our own land may have been seen by their anointed eyes and lent to the most reluctant footsteps an impatience born of zeal—a strength kindled by prophetic visions. And if, turning their eyes westward, they could indeed have beheld one after another the fair proportions rising of those Temples built for the Redeemer, what joy must have been in the heart of Christ's disciples! Oh holy and prophetic hour! Did the spires of Amiens, Venice, Bologna, Rome, and England glitter in the picture shown from that Judean hill! The aisles, the galleries, the oaken rafters, the uplifted turrets and the crowning sign of salvation—the cross of all ages to come—did they pierce the mists of the future and show themselves to those yearning eyes, for one instant illuminating the darkness of Jerusalem for whose daughters He had wept! Did they behold the Cathedral of the middle ages as it really was; not alone a church or meeting house for prayer, and the sacrifice of the Mass, but the centre of a moral commonwealth, which united all influences—the one rule for an interior life, bringing together all conflicting sympathies and classes—the essential sacraments of the church demanding ceremonials in which Dives and Lazarus, Pharisee and Publican, side by side, could, with repentance, glorify their Lord and their King!

Teaching and baptizing all nations! oh arch and pillar, stone and marble, aisle and cathedral choir, what story have you not to tell! What picture of unbroken traditions—of the church, a harbor of sure refuge—of the church, vindicator of order—of the church, upholder of the moral continuity of our race! And speaking that message of God's peace and love, let every flower and leaf graven in the stone tell us that it is for Christ's dear sake—to do him homage, with whatever gifts or talents in us—we have placed it there—symbol of art that he has created and permitted us to use—symbol of the greatness of God whose treasures are infinite, and the foundation stones of whose city, built up of Jasper and of Beryl, of Chalcedony and of Pearl, we typify in the altar consecrated to His use to-day.

"We lift our eyes and all the windows blaze
With forms of Saints and holy men who died
Here martyred—and hereafter glorified.
And the Great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's triumph, and the angelic roundelays
With splendor upon splendor multiplied.
Oft may we see at our Cathedral door
A laborer pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden and with reverent feet
Enter, and bless himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his "Lord have mercy" o'er.
Lo, as we enter there from day to day
To leave our burden at the minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time, disconsolate,
To inarticulate murmurs dies away
While the eternal ages watch and wait."

Privileged are we, My Lord, and Reverend Fathers, your children of the Sacred Heart, to have witnessed this day in the annals of the church; to extend to you our welcome. The east uniting with old England's Province, the west meeting with the north, all under the spell of the green and faithful Isle where our faith has been so proudly nurtured—all banded together—linked in the one eternal chain that leads us straight to the brow of Calvary—that shows golden in the glory of Galilee—made radiant by the halo of the first season of Pentecost. Proud and honored to receive, my Lords and Rt. Rev. Fathers, from your consecrating hands our laurel wreath and hard-earned prize, we speak our greeting; in accents echoed and re-echoed we bid you WELCOME.

This address was followed by the distribution of premiums. Miss Delia Carey, Chicago, received her graduating medal at the hands of the Bishop of London. Several of the bishops addressed the pupils in brief and kindly terms. We doubt if any institution of the kind in Canada has ever been favored by the presence, on any one occasion, of so many bishops. The Sacred Heart Academy was, indeed, highly honored by the visit of these distinguished prelates. But merit and devotion deserve high honor and singular privileges.

CARD OF THANKS.

Rev. H. S. Marrion returns his sincere thanks to his numerous and esteemed friends throughout the Dominion who generously tendered him the large sum of $3,702 for the purpose of the election which was held between him and the Rev. Father Devine at the Cobden picnic, also to his zealous canvassers who cheerfully co-operated in securing him the honors of the event.

"Mistakes of Modern Infidels," by Rev. G. R. Northgraves. Paper, 75c.; cloth, $1.25. By mail, free. THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD office, London, Ont.