

dispensation, had washed away the guilt for all ages and had reconciled guilty earth to offended Heaven. The central point of worship was sacrifice. Christ was a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec; the sacrifice of Melchisedec was one of bread and wine, but Christ by His omnipotent power, changed the bread and wine into His veritable Body and Blood in the Sacrifice of the Mass. It was principally for this sacrifice, commanded by Christ, that their churches were built. All the lines of the church converged to the sanctuary, of the sanctuary to the altar, of the altar to the sacrifice. There were also other great purposes. Christ used the temple for teaching and His words to His Church were: "He that heareth you, heareth me." He dwelt in it, and energized the great truths and ordinance taught in Catholic churches. Baptism redeemed their children from the curse of the fall; confirmation equipped the young Christian athlete, and in penance the prodigal was restored. In the Eucharist Christ fed them with the Living Bread. In matrimony he perpetuated mankind and established their social conditions. In the priesthood He lifted men up to labour with Himself, and at death the last sad rites are performed. The Church entered into every epoch of their lives, and so served them to build these temples. In St. John's vision all the voices of heaven call upon the things of the earth to "ascribe glory, honour, praise, power and benediction to the Lamb that was slain," and so the Church summoned all things material, intellectual and spiritual to contribute to her worship. The flowers, grains, woods, etc., of the earth; the poetry, music, architecture, sculpture and painting of men, all ministered to holy things. Pagan architecture had horizontal lines and spoke of repose; the lines of Christian architecture were all upward, all lifting towards heaven. Everything in their Church spoke of God; the hush, the dim light, the interior adorning constantly breathed the spirit of worship. Architect, priest, people would soon be gone, but the church would remain, and the mighty heart of the Father would not refuse blessings to them after their sacrifice for His sake. Old cathedrals were built by kings and men of wealth, but the modern churches were raised by the givings of poor, but hard-working and generous men and women. This temple proclaimed the faith of the people before him, and priests and people had done wonders. Twenty-five years ago he had preached at the laying of the corner stone of a church in Guelph which had never been completed. Eleven years ago he had preached at the laying of the corner stone of this church, and now he saw the fruition of their work. In looking back these eleven years there were sad reminiscences. Then there were with him Mgr. Conroy, Papal Ablegate, Archbishop Lynch, Bishops Crinnon and Jamot, all now gone to their rest. Their memories should teach them to use the time. Material temples did not give value to souls but souls to the temples. Their bodies were the temples of the Holy Ghost, and they should adorn them with fitting fruits, and one day they would have their reward in heaven.

The musical services, rendered by a choir of fifty voices and an orchestra of thirteen pieces, all under the able direction of Mrs. James Kelleher, were of a high order. The soloists were Mrs. Tapsfield and Mrs. Dickson, of Toronto, Miss Gertrude Johns and Miss Anderson, of Guelph, Rev. Fathers Chalandard, C.S.B., and Macbride of Toronto, and Mr. Egan of St. Mary's Cathedral choir, Hamilton. Among prominent laymen present may be mentioned: James Innes, M.P.; Donald Guthrie, M.P.P.; Mayor Macdonald and the city Aldermen; Joseph Connolly, R.C.A., Toronto; Thos. Coffee, of the *Catholic Record*, London; The Editor of the *CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW*, Toronto, and Messrs. Principal Tytler, James Kelleher, John Harris, James Mays, J. E. McElderry, T. P. Coffee, Thos. Heffernan, Maurice O'Connor, Joseph Heffernan, T. J. Day, J. J. Hazelton, A. A. Baker, Dr. Herod, Dr. Cowan, Col. Higginbotham, Dr. Howitt, J. M. Bond, James Cormack, Edward O'Connor, T. W. Saunders and H. W. Peterson.

At the conclusion of the Mass a banquet was tendered to the invited guests, in the basement of the Church.

In the evening Vespers were sung in the new church,

the building being crowded to its utmost capacity. Rev. Father Flannery of St. Thomas officiated, being assisted by Rev. Father Chartier S. J. of Sault Ste Marie, and Rev. Father Cote S. J. of Guelph. Rev. Arthur Ryan, S. J. of Baltimore one of the best known preachers of the Society of Jesus, delivered an eloquent sermon on the Blessed Virgin, under whose invocation the magnificent temple has been raised.

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE.

Making editorial reference to the event, under the heading of "Christian Generosity," the Guelph *Herald* says:

The dedication of the handsome Church of Our Lady strikingly brings to notice the generosity of the faithful members of that flock.

To the untiring exertions of Rev. Father Doherty in connection with the construction of the church much credit is due. He has been closely identified with every move taken since he came to this city. When the corner stone was laid some eleven years ago it was not thought by the less enthusiastic that such an imposing structure would be completed in such short time; nor was it anticipated by the majority of the congregation that such an enormous sum of money would be so cheerfully and so generously forthcoming. But the Rev. Father went heartily into the work. He had faith in the liberality of his flock. He believed that an abundance of money would be provided, and we are pleased that his expectations have been fully realized.

MR. FROUDE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

When I entered at Oxford, John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety, clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose were almost the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers.

When I first saw him he had written his book upon the Arians. An accidental application had set him upon it, at a time when he had half resolved to give himself to science and mathematics, and had so determined him into a theological career. He had published a volume or two of parochial sermons. A few short poems of his had also appeared in the *British Magazine*, under the signature of "Delta," which were reprinted in the "*Lyra Apostolica*." They were unlike any other religious poetry which was then extant. It is hard to say why they were so fascinating. They had none of the musical grace of the "*Christian Year*." They were not harmonious; the metre halted, the rhymes were irregular, yet there was something in them which seized the attention, and would not let it go. Keble's verses flowed in soft cadence over the mind, delightful, as sweet sounds are delightful, but are forgotten as the vibrations die away. Newman's had pierced into the heart and mind, and there remained. The literary critics of the day were puzzled. They saw that he was not an ordinary man; what sort of an extraordinary man he was they could not tell. "The eye of Melpomene had been cast upon him," said the omniscient (I think) Athenæum; "but the glance was not fixed or steady." The eye of Melpomene had extremely little to do in the matter. Here were thoughts like no other man's thoughts.