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DISCOURSE DELIVERED BY HIS EMINENCE THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

THE OPENING OF THE CHURCH OF THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.

(From the Catholic Standard.)

"But rejoice, being partakers of the sufferings of Christ; that when His glory shall be revealed, you may also be glad with exceeding joy."—1 Peter, iv., 13.

If the Church of Christ, my brethren, were but a creature of this day, if she felt that she had her roots but in the surface of the past, that she was about to spread her branches only for a few generations into the future, and then to be lopped and trimmed in various forms, she would then, indeed, have that instinct which short-lived man shares with beings of an inferior order, the desire to pass the brief period of its existence in peace and in joy. But this is not the history, this is not the destiny of the Church of God. She issued from the bleeding side of her crucified Spouse. She traces her descent through Apostles and Martyrs, men of sorrow and of suffering. And she knows, that as from the first moment of her career even until now, such has been her course; such shall it be to the end. And she is not surprised when he who calls himself the very leader of the Apostles of the Church, and the witness of the sufferings of Christ bids them rejoice, not when they see the triumphs of religion, not when they see the glories of the Church, not even when they see its wide-spreading blessings embrace thousands who before had been unconscious of them, but to rejoice when they suffered. When they saw that Church afflicted, when they themselves felt but sorrow, and tribulation, and fear, then to rejoice because when the glory of their Master is revealed, then the hour of their joy shall come, and it shall be one of exceeding great joy.

This is a festive occasion. This is one to-day which naturally fills our heart with joy. It is right that that joy should be tempered with the thoughts of sorrow. As when it pleases God to afflict us, it is our duty then to look forward to that revelation of the joy of our Lord, when, at length, in compensation for our sorrows, we shall receive joy. And therefore bear with me this day, when we sung that "it is the day which the Lord hath made," and that we must rejoice therein, if after you have heard nought but notes of triumph and of exultation, when you have seen nothing but what fills your minds with sympathy of a great and solemn feast—bear with me if rather I speak to you words of sorrow, and shew you how, even connected with what we are doing this day, there are sentiments and feelings for which it becomes us to thank God, because they are feelings that temper and moderate our joy.

When, my brethren, any one enters into the noble profession of arms, he were asked what it is which he considers the true exercise of what he has undertaken, he will tell you that it does not consist in being arrayed in more splendid garments, in the brilliancy of the parade, in the grand effect of military movements; but he will tell you that the profession which he has taken up is only exercised in the real earnestness of war. He will tell you that it is only when the cannon gives not forth merely an empty war, but when its thunder is accompanied with the lightning of death; that it is in the heat of the fiery fight; that it is when death is walking around, when there are groans, and blood, and death,—then only it is that the soldier is in his proper sphere, and that it is for this that he took upon himself that profession, and that the principle, the first great principle by which alone the honor and glory of his state can be kept up is by the readiness of each one who takes part in it to become a portion of that sacrifice which may be necessary that not he, but that others may reap peace, and honor, and dominion.

And is not the Church of God the army of God, waging war against powers hostile to Him, and, consequently, hostile to her? Is she not familiarly known amongst us as the Church militant, the Church in warfare, the Church in combat? Is not the life of every one who professes the true religion of God more than others, even what the prophet of the Old Law declared, a warfare here upon earth? Is it, then, in peace, is it in rest, is it in the mere display of noble functions, and in the discharge of consoling duties, that this daily and constant warfare of the Church of God is to be carried on? Must it not be in danger, must it not be in suffering, must it not be, consequently, in persecution!

From the beginning to the end, then, this is the history of the Church. You will say, "What! look back on those past ages when the Apostles went forth and preached the truth of the Gospel. See what successes follows them on every side. Behold the miracles which they work. See the multitudes that gather and listen with docility to their teaching. Behold the noble churches which they raise in every

part of the world, giving birth to a noble line of Bishops that has remained enduring to this day.—Did not the Church triumph then? Was she not glorious?"

Yes, my brethren, she was. But the glories appeared not to them to whom belonged but the labor and the toil. They scattered the seed; they sowed in tears. But their tears dropped into the furrow, and were covered with the seed, and nourished its root, and then rose that noble and splendid harvest which men can even to this day contemplate with astonishment. The tears were lost to sight for ever.

But tell me of one single Apostle who, in his writings, speaks with glory or with triumph of anything he has done, and tells you how nobly he was planting churches, how he was establishing bishoprics, how he was converting thousands. You will hardly open one page of their writings in which they speak not to you of their sorrows and of their tribulations. St. Paul, when surrounded by senseless Galatians, dull and stupid Cretians, violent and factious Corinthians, having almost in every church to pluck up immediately frightful abuses, to complain of falling away, to use the spiritual power in order to punish the rebels who so soon rose against his authority, Alexander, Hymeneus, and Philetus, rising against him, and Diotrophes rising against John,—nothing but sorrow, nothing but affliction, scandals which set that noble Apostle's heart on fire, weaknesses which made him even almost weep with those who fell.—It is nothing but gentle complaint, nothing but weeping, nothing but sorrow which we have recorded of their own labors. And one element of consolation alone; that in suffering thus, they were made partakers of the sufferings of their Lord. They boasted, they gloried in that cross of their Saviour which they had taken in their hands as the standard and as the symbol of their power. And in that they conquered. But they left to others to reap the harvest which they had thus scattered.

Show me a single Father of the ancient Church whose writings throughout are not full of the expressions of his sorrow, who speaks of the Church as in his time glorious, great, triumphant. In those times to which we look back with such wonder and astonishment, one has to combat heresy springing up on every side, and afterwards to lament the irruptions of barbarians that are sweeping away his flock into captivity, or who, settling down on the desert they have made have introduced once more that black inundation of paganism or heresy which they had been for so many years intent on cleansing away; and others have to combat with the tyranny of emperors and despots; others are banished, like Chrysostom, because of the greatness of their hatred to royal and imperial vices; and others are oppressed and unable to do what their hearts would suggest. And there come a series of new combats with the world which has become iron in its very constitution, combats with simony and with vice; combats with the oppression and tyranny of the civil power. Then, when rest seems to be coming to the Church, and a new light of civilisation and of literature is poured upon her, comes schism and heresy to rend again the garment of Christ, and once more afflict and desolate the Church.

And then, if you look back, you will say, "But what great times were those? What magnificent monuments of learning were given to her as a treasure which she has kept up for ever! See how in the following ages there came theologians of deepest thought, who have filled the shelves of her schools with their learned volumes. See, at another period, how the whole surface of the earth was covered with her magnificent churches, with monasteries, with convents, with hospitals, with colleges, and with religious institutions of every sort." In vain you look into the writings of those who did those great things for the Church for a word of glory or of boast in them. You would not know from them when or how those things were done. They themselves looked upon their own age as one of affliction and sorrow. They complain of the scandals, they complain of the abuses, they complain of the tyrannies which oppress them. They speak not to us of their great doings for Christ. They leave others to see, to admire, and to enjoy that which they did. They themselves only considered what they suffered, or what they could suffer for Him. And they rejoiced in this; and they prayed to God, as did the early Christians in the catacombs, not that they might see peace, but that through their sufferings the Church might one day enjoy that peace.

Such, my brethren, has the Church been at every time during the whole of her existence. And surely we are not to be the first to claim exemption from this law, or to complain if we too have our trials and our sorrows, when it is a law, an instinct of the Church to keep account only of what she suffers. Let men keep an account of what she does. It is an instinct

of the true Church alone. None other is capable of doing so. Prosperity, brilliancy, success—they are with others the proof, the mark of God's hand. Sorrow, humiliation, affliction, but an unconquerable strength which cannot be subdued, the Church going on in her work and in her course, while those that compose it are little, and humble, and depressed,—that is the criterion of God's might, as the Church has always felt.

Look, by way of contrast, at what is a spectacle year by year, and almost month by month in this city. See one who assumes to be a teacher of religious truth, surrounded by vast multitudes whom he is addressing in triumph, without a word of opposition, without the fear that even a pebble shall disturb the smoothness of his discourse. He is addressing them upon the one fertile topic of every other religion. It is an old calumny furnished and polished up with all the sharpness of a wicked tongue. It is an old tale a thousand times repeated, and once more adorned with brilliant periods and cutting points. It is an assertion of doctrine denied again and again by those to whom it is imputed; and yet repeated with only additional sarcasm. It is the pouring out of the vials of hatred, of scorn, of untruth, upon the most spotless, upon the most sacred portion of the children of the Church, and these, virgins who, in early ages, would have borne the palm branch as well as the lily. O, how welcome! O, how pleasing to the thousands that hear him! And how, by degrees, the word of approval increases, and gains until it has become as the roar of a mighty sea heaving before the breeze of eloquence which has at length increased to a storm! And there is fury in every eye; and there is bitterness on every lip; and it wants but one step more, which, fortunately, the stormy hand of the law across the entrance of that hall forbids, for the torch to be taken in hand, and the professors of the ancient faith to be once more condemned to active persecution. And he who has spoken thus, he who has done these things, wipes his mouth with complacent peace, and returns home, and finds the silver placed upon his table, and the gold cast in heaps at his feet. And he believes, and they who have been with him believe that that is the type of apostolic, of Christian, of true religion. They conceive that that man represents, in his sentiments, in his thoughts, in his words, in his soul, that John who wrote page after page to entreat Christians to love one another,—that he is another Paul, who was willing to be anathema for his brethren,—that he is the publican who stands afar off and meekly strikes his breast, not the one who thanks God that he is not like the rest of men,—nay, that he is the representative of the religion of Him who was meekness and mildness itself, of—but I will not couple His adorable name with that of those who cast scandal upon the very name of Christianity; but they believe that he, too, is one who, after he has thus spoken and done, would not by his tread crush the broken reed, nor extinguish the smoking flax. That is the type, that is the idea of the representative of religion as considered and known in this country,—the man that prospereth in his way.

Compare with that the beginning and the progress of that work which it has pleased God in so many ways to accomplish amongst us. Look at one of those clergy, the last of whom has been but within a few months consigned to his tomb. An exile from France, coming over into this country, unknown, uncared for: without an acquaintance even of the language of the land in which, like Israel into Egypt, he has been cast. He comes stranded upon this coast by the surge of violent revolution. And his first thought is to act as well as he may up to his sacred ministry. He seeks his honest bread by toil. He supplicates and obtains the lesson which may give him his bread. And in his soul he has conceived a mighty thought. He will be the founder of a church, of a mission in this country. Day by day the mite is put by. Day by day the meal is halved, that the poor may have their share with him. Who knows how much that in the bitterness of his heart he swallowed then for years of jibe, and jeer, and reproach, and scorn? How he who, in his own country, had been a dignitary, creeps along the streets, less than a servant in the eyes of those who behold him; yea, steals along to the place where he has to earn, not for himself, but for the Church of God, and for years—for twenty, for thirty years—in this gentle perseverance, in sorrow, in tears, in many, many thoughts of what he had lost and what he left behind! He sees, by degrees, the small tenement purchased, and then the little chapel raised. And then, venerable in years, he sees a flock gathered around him. He has begun to marry those whom in youth he baptised. And, at length, he dies, full of years and full of love, and goes to rejoice, not on this earth, for his career has been one of sorrow and pain, but he goes to rejoice when the glory of his Divine Master is revealed to him. And we who come after him forget his sor-

rows, his tears; but we see the harvest that has sprung up, and we rejoice in the work; and it is ours, not his, to speak of the great things which he did for God.

My brethren, the same must be the history, not of the individual priest, but of the entire Church. For three hundred years we were suffering, or rather our fathers before us were suffering unmitigated sorrow. Scarcely a gleam of consolation came down upon priest or people during that time of sad darkness and persecution. One fell after the other. His life was in sorrow. He left scarce a trace of his footsteps behind. Family after family dropping away; the number of Catholics every day becoming less and less. And there did not seem to gleam upon the desolate condition of the whole life of a Catholic one, even the slightest, beam of hope. And then there came to us, suddenly, peace. A hand seemed to be stretched forth over the ocean, and the word spoken to it, "Be still." Its waters ceased their heaving. The storm refrained from more disturbance. The vessel of Peter seemed to us here to float in security and tranquillity.

Were we so foolish as to believe that we were to enjoy, concentrated in our own brief lives, the consolations that ought to have been spread over a period of three hundred years? Did we dream that security was to last? Did we believe that a time was indeed come to us such as had never been seen in the Church, when she was to do her work with the world sitting by and approving? Did we dream that she was to propagate the faith, and error was to speak applause; that we were to enjoy a rest and peace which never had been granted to the Church at any time, and to have as our friends and confederates those who believe every doctrine of our Church to be erroneous, and our practice of it superstitious?

We did dream so. For, when at last the Chief Pastor of the Church saw that the hour was come when we were no longer to be in that lower state of organisation which had lasted through the last few centuries, but that it was come for Catholic England to take its place among the Churches aggregated to the one Catholic Church; when he had spoken his word, and the world, according to its charter from the beginning, sprung up in fury against the Church of God, and error raised its voice, and endeavored by every attempt of bitter words, and every attempt at social disturbance, to undo what the Supreme Pastor had done,—there were not wanting Catholics who said, "Why disturb our peaceful slumber? Is the Hierarchy such a great organisation of the Church? Is it worth quarrelling for with our neighbors? We who represent the Church of Him who said, 'I came not to bring peace but a sword; and a man's enemies shall be those of his own house,'—was it worth while giving to the Church a place which for years she had been coveting, and which our most distant colonies and dependencies had petitioned for and grasped before us? Was it worth all this? Was it not better to remain as we had been during the three hundred years of persecution? Was it not better to be in close alliance with those who hate us, rather than put this glorious crown on the head of the Church?" O dastardly thought, to believe that anything could be done which was great in the Church without persecution, and believe that it was possible for the Church, prostrate as she had been, to raise her head but one inch from the ground, without a blow aimed at it to cast it down! We mistake the true destiny of the Church, her history, her lot, her glory, her power, when we grudge suffering, discomfort, even persecution, in order that she may do what her Divine Master has appointed her at all times to do—to save the souls of men.

And now it is so. There is outcry, there is clamor. There are attempts to suppress, if possible, liberties tardily conceded, to embarrass the progress of Catholic Institutions on every side. Some are sorry; some are dejected. The Church must be what she ever hath been—a partaker in the sufferings of Christ. In those sufferings she must rejoice. And each of us must be content only to bear his portion of that suffering, unconscious of the work which it may be doing, leaving it to others to know and learn whether or not we were suffering with Christ.

And now, my brethren, look at the occasion which has assembled us together. Here is a church raised with beauty, with a certain degree even of magnificence, to the worship of the only true God in the Church of His Son. To you it presents a form; elegant, comely, convenient. You will assemble in it. You will say your prayers here with devotion. Others will come after you, and find it standing, finished, beautified; and will enjoy still more its splendor. Who will think, who will know what anxiety, what pains, what labor, what restless nights, what prayer, what anxious turning to God and His Blessed Mother, it has cost him to whom you are principally indebted for it? This could not have been raised