

"My tabernacle will be with them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. And the nations shall know that I am the Lord, the Sanctifier of Israel, when my sanctuary shall be in the midst of them forever." (Ezekiel xxxviii, 27-28).

Beloved Brethren: However great the events which have marked the history of this Mother Church of the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal, from the day on which its corner stone was laid, the day on which it was solemnly blessed, and its doors thrown open to constantly increasing numbers of devout worshippers, all through the intervening years, so full of cherished memories, there was still wanting its crowning glory, bestowed this day by its solemn consecration to the service of Almighty God.

Both priests and people have longed to see this day; have worked hard to hasten its coming; have rejoiced as one after another each earthly lien was removed, till now in the fulness of their joy, they have offered it free of debt as a rich gift to Almighty God, a home on earth, which He can call His very own.

It is true, it was already His; for "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." (Ps. xxiii: 1.)

Yet, since God in His gracious condescension, bestows the riches of earth upon men, that they may have the merit of sacrifice in restoring to Him some portion of His bounty, it is to your credit that you have given Him, on this day, a home, which becomes His by every deed and title.

It must be to you as it is to me a source of intense satisfaction, that the hands which "blessed and sanctified and consecrated" these walls and this altar, are the hands of your beloved Archbishop, who before his elevation to his present high dignity, gave abundant proof of his interest in all that concerned your spiritual welfare, and who now, as the father of all the faithful of this archdiocese, continues to prove that his interest has in no way abated. Another source of great pleasure to us all is, that the Society of St. Sulpice of Montreal still manifests her love for the venerable church in which you worship. By a much needed loan, bearing no interest, she helped your fathers to build St. Patrick's. During fifty years she bore the expenses of the priests who served in its ministry. Now, on the occasion of its consecration, she generously waves all rights to that loan. I have been told how gratefully both pastor and people appreciate this new mark of what they know to be the abiding affection of St. Sulpice for this grand old parish, which it had so long and faithfully directed.

It is a joy, too, that the honor of paying off the remaining balance of debt, standing against the church, and hastening the day of its consecration, has been reserved not to a stranger scarcely known to you, not to some young pastor stepping in at the eleventh hour to enjoy a reward which cost venerable priests so much labor, toil and fatigue, but to one who was their co-worker during a long ministry, who has since become their successor, and is now your devoted pastor.

Oh! what an interesting, instructive, consoling subject would it not prove to you, to me, and to all the friends of this parish, were I to allow myself to go back over its past history in detail, and recall the great names and great deeds of those who have made St. Patrick's of Montreal a household word throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion and far beyond its borders. How consoling it would prove to live over again the memories of the past, whether sad in the bereavements which they chronicle, or joyous in the celebrations which they renew!

How can we ever forget the names and deeds of your illustrious dead! The names and deeds of a Richards, a Phelan, a Morgan, an O'Brien, an O'Farrell, a Bakewell, a Toupin, a Quinlivan, a Callaghan, and of that prince among them all, venerable Father Dowd, of immortal memory! But there is another list equally dear to you, the loyal sons and daughters of this parish, whose names we trust are written in the book of life. From the beginning till God called them to their reward, they gathered together as a rich treasure, faith, devotion, piety, generosity, loyalty, and unswerving fidelity, which they have bequeathed to you as a precious and valued inheritance. O dear young people, be faithful as your ancestors were, and as your fathers are. Do not trifle with even a portion of that legacy. Do not barter it for the passing follies of an hour. Imitate the glorious example of those who have preceded you. Be true to the traditions of this parish—true to yourselves, to your race, to your Church, to your religion, and to your God.

This much I felt I must say, but

why go into the details of a history which you all know—details which you have at your fingers ends, and which the printed page holds, and which, were every other vestige obliterated, are so indelibly imprinted on your memories that you can hand them down through sons and daughters as a proud tradition of the race, to generations unborn.

Almost grudgingly, therefore, do I turn from the glories of the past, to set before you the practical lessons of the present and the future.

What means this newly-consecrated Church? For what does it stand? What lesson does it teach to men both within and without the fold?

To you, Brethren, it means more than a simple meeting place, as any hall might be, in which to gather for prayer and the hearing of the Divine Word. It is the very house of God Himself. It is the abode of His Real Presence. It is the temple of Divine worship. It is the altar of sacrifice and God's home among men.

This is not the time for a dogmatic explanation of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ, proved as it is by so many irrefragable arguments from Scripture, tradition, and from the fact that it is admitted by all the Eastern sects, who, though they separated from the Catholic Church so many centuries ago, and still reject her authority, hold firmly to the doctrine of the Real Presence in both sacrifice and sacrament. These proofs, spread out over the pages of our doctrinal works, can be had for the asking.

What is more practical for you is to appreciate the treasure which you possess; to rejoice on this day that the Divine Presence sanctifies this consecrated temple and all who worship therein; that you have your God near you; that you can offer to Him a real sacrifice, the only worship truly worthy of Him, and at the same time the very essence of true religion. What a tremendous sacrifice is that of the Mass! It is no other than the self-same sacrifice once offered by Jesus Christ on Calvary for the redemption of the world and perpetuated unto all time through the ministry of priests, in the daily sacrifice of our altars. "From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof my name is great among the gentiles and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation." (Malachi i: 11) What glory is thus given to God! What endless acts of adoration of the Deity are made by men! What superabundant merits are applied to individual souls! As a sacrament, what a source of life, strength, sanctity and salvation for all who worthily enter into such close communion with Christ! "The bread which I shall give you is My flesh for the life of the world." (St. John, vi: 52). "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me and I in him." (v: 57). "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." (v: 54). "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." (v: 55).

But does the Church teach any lesson to men outside her fold? She does. She solves many problems which perplex them greatly. They know that as a rule we are not vengeful. Why then do Catholics build such costly churches? Because they build a house, not for man, but for God.

Let non-Catholics admit the Real Presence, and they will understand why we call to the work of building a home on earth for our God, all that is highest and best in architectural talent; all that is richest in building materials; all that is most beautiful in art, painting and sculpture for adornment; and then have but one regret left, that our poverty does not allow us to go farther. Thus one problem is solved which causes perplexity to those outside the fold. A house is built for Christ our Lord really present in our tabernacles.

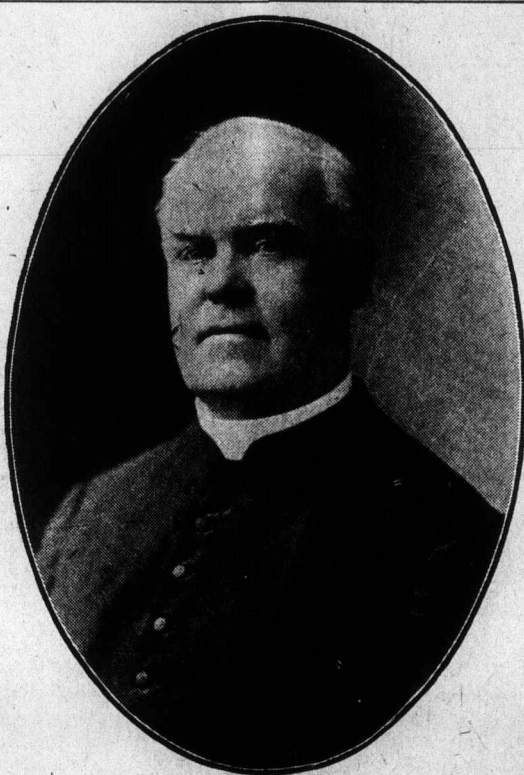
The Real Presence explains why our church doors are always open. Ours is not the religion of a day or of a few days in the week, but of every day of our lives. Hence it is, that when choir is silent, organ hushed, pulpit vacant and priest absent at the bedside of some dying Christian, or elsewhere engaged in the affairs of the Father's House, one never enters a Catholic Church without finding devout souls kneeling in adoration of the God of the Eucharist. They are there to seek light from the Divine Light, strength and courage from the Omnipotent,

grace from its Divine Author, and consolation to their troubled breasts from the loving Sacred Heart, which beats for men within His holy tabernacle on earth. The Divine Presence likewise explains why in rain, storm, cold, heat, thousands of devout Catholics seek the Church to assist at Mass, the adorable sacrifice of our altars. It explains why they are so faithful on the Lord's day to give the morning to His worship, and why thousands again meet to receive in the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, His blessing before they retire to the repose of sleep. These are only a few of the lessons taught by the Church.

The Baptismal Font is here. It heralds more than a mere ceremony. Baptism is a sacrament, which while cleansing the soul of the new-born child from original sin, bestows grace, bestows a new life in Jesus Christ, and insures sanctity and salvation. "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he shall not enter into the Kingdom of God."—St. John iii: 5.

In the church, too, is found the sacred tribunal of Penance, God's mercy seat to all repentant sinners, who, regretting their past infidelities, promising to repair the injuries which their sins may have caused to others, and resolving to lead a better life, are absolved by the minister of Christ, in the Name, and by the authority of Him, who said: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."—St. John xx: 23.

At this mercy seat of God must all



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Catholics kneel, from the Pope on his throne to the little child, just learning to distinguish between good and evil, and henceforth responsible to God for its thoughts, words and actions. What explanation can be given for such a ready acceptance of Penance as a sacrament which forgives sin? Simply this: Christ so ordained. Men may prefer some other mode of reconciliation with an offended Deity, but He who paid the price of our redemption in His blood has reserved to Himself the right to decide how the merits of that redemption are to be applied to individual souls. He has decided, and we accept the decision: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." Oh! if men outside the Church only knew the peace, the calm, the strength, the happiness, the consolation, which come from a confession well made, how bitterly they would accuse those who robbed them of this means of reconciliation with their Maker!

How many reasons are there not, especially in these our days, to speak at length of that other treasure of God's Church, matrimony, Christian marriage! For the sake of brevity, however, let one sentence suffice.

The Catholic Church to-day is the only power which stands forth as the champion of the unity, sanctity and indissolubility of Christian mar-

riage; the only church which safeguards fidelity of husband and wife; the only church which protects the rights of innocent children to a mother's and father's love and care; the only church which effectually denounces race suicide; the only church which holds aloft the standard of Christ against divorce. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." (St. Matthew xix: 6); and the only church whose members at least heed her voice in a matter which means the uplifting or degradation of the family, the salvation or ruin of all society.

Finally, (for it is simply impossible in one sermon even to enumerate the treasures contained in a Catholic Church), she is the Chair of Truth. From altar and from pulpit the holy Gospel is preached—not a part of it, but all of it—its heavenly doctrines, its moral code, its sacrifice, its sacraments, its evangelical counsels, its warnings, its exhortations, its promises, its rewards, and to those who heed not Christ's blessed words, its punishments.

Dear Brethren, it is God's word you hear from this pulpit—not the ever-changing fancies, opinions, and interpretations of men; not the contradictory tenets of conflicting sects; not the repeated revisions of their many creeds. What Christ taught as Divine Truth in the first century, does not cease to be the same truth or need revision in the twentieth. It is God's word you hear, and you feel secure, both in hearing and in accepting it; for the word comes to you by the mouthpiece of Christ, the Catholic Church—that Church built

Supreme Being teaching the only absolutely necessary sciences, Divine Truth, through His mouthpiece on earth, the Catholic Church! They believe men fallible like themselves, as they seek knowledge or counsel from the astronomer, the mathematician, the physician, the lawyer, the scientist, and they will not heed the infallible Church which Christ promised would never lead men into error.

What can be the reason for such glaring inconsistency? Have the warring, self-contradicting and constantly increasing number of sects, made these men skeptical of all religious truth? Have anti-Catholic prejudices begotten of early education, and nurtured during a life-time by reiterated calumnies (which no fair man should accept), so warped their judgment, that they are unable to distinguish the true from the false, the Divine from the human, the Church of the Living God from the sects who have cast off her authority?

I think, dear brethren, another explanation may be found for men's unwillingness to accept Catholic truth. It is this. They seem unable to get beyond the human and therefore false view of the Church. They acknowledge without difficulty that she is a wonderful institution; are loud in their praise of her powerful influence for good over the minds and hearts of her people; acknowledge the debt which the civilized world owes her for benefits conferred; and stand astounded at the youthful vigor which she has always displayed; but they ascribe all her success to human policy, self-adaptation to man's needs, admirable administrative ability, etc.

Why do they not honestly seek the true reason, by acknowledging the Divine action of the spirit of God, who dwells in her? Why do they not accept this, the sufficient, and at the same time, sole cause and explanation of the wonders, which they admit, admire and praise? I have conversed time and again with such men, here in this city and everywhere else I have been, and in all their conversations about the Church I never failed to notice that the trend of their thoughts was always the same, human.

They always stopped short at the one sole explanation of the Church's influence and of her very existence—the Divine action and sustaining authority of Christ her Founder.

With the great Presbyterian historian, Macaulay, these men seek, as he sought, a human explanation of the Church's influence in the world, and as he failed, they fail to find one that is acceptable. They acknowledge with him that no other institution is left standing "which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, when camels and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre." They confess with him that "the proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the long line of Supreme Pontiffs," and they trace that line back through the ages to Peter, but stop there, forgetting that Peter was chosen by Christ, and that Christ is God. Like Macaulay, they acknowledge that "the Papacy remains, remains not in decay, not in mere antiquity, but full of life and vigor, and that there is no sign which indicates that the term of the Church's long dominion is approaching." All this they admit, all this they admire and praise, and then with a flourish of rhetoric they ascribe it all to wonderful human policy.

But let me ask one question. Were there not strong and remarkably able men at the head of the human dynasties and governments which have appeared in the world, prospered awhile, and then disappeared? Was there not often a long line of brilliant, clever, able statesmen to uphold both dynasties and governments? Had they not at their beck powerful standing armies and efficient navies? Why, then, as Macaulay admits, did they disintegrate, crumble to pieces and disappear? Ah! Brethren, they were human. They disappeared, because they were from man. The Catholic Church falls not, falls not, for she is "the Spouse of Christ," and Christ is God. The papacy remains because to the first Pope, St. Peter, Christ, Eternal Truth, said: "Thou art a rock, and on thee, a rock, I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

The Church remains because she has the Divine promise that the Holy Ghost will dwell in her forever. "Be-

hold, I am with you all days to the consummation of the world."

If the Catholic Church is like other institutions, only human, how has she outlived during nineteen hundred years, the persistent calumnies, cruel persecutions, and rude assaults of her enemies from without, and the sad defection of many of her own children? How has she successfully weathered so many storms, and avoided ship-wreck, unless it is that the Divine Pilot guides and sustains the hands which direct her helm? Why, amid repeated revolutions and social upheavals, which shattered thrones, destroyed dynasties and changed governments, does she alone remain in all the force and strength of youthful vigor? Her very existence is a standing miracle which mere "human policy" does not and cannot explain. Here is the explanation. She is of God, and the truths which she teaches, are like her Founder, Divine, immutable, eternal. If men are not religiously blind or fanatically obstinate, there is not one of them, after reading the history of her trials and her triumphs, who will not be forced to exclaim: "The finger of God is here."—Exodus viii: 19.

Time and again has the world tried to effect a compromise with the Church. Time and again have men, resenting her influence, sought to have her change and adapt herself to modern thought. "Give up your Real Presence," they said, "do away with your confessional; at least cast aside infallibility, and all Christendom will flock to your standard." Her answer has always been: "Non possumus," "I cannot." Alas! the non-Catholic mind never seems able to get rid of the common, contracted, human view of Christ's one true Church. The Pope can no more change its truths, nor make the desired compromise, than I can. The Church is not a corporation, whose Bishops get together and say: "Let us revise our creed to suit the present age." It is not a government which by a vote of the majority may decide that this truth of Christ is to be given up, that other modified, and a third exchanged. God cannot be false to His promises, and truth does not change.

How clearly and eloquently did the great Dominican preacher, Father Lacordaire, in his admirable conferences on the Church, emphasize the immutability of her doctrine! He represented age after age coming to demand of her, now one change, now another. Sometimes it was a mighty conqueror, who, having made nations and peoples bow to his haughty sway, "with buskin and boot," knocked at the door of the Vatican. "The doctrine in the keeping of the frail and wasted form of some old man of three score years and ten, said:

What do you desire of me?

Change!

I never change.

But everything else is changed. Astronomy has changed, chemistry has changed, philosophy has changed, the empire has changed. Why are you always the same?

Because I come from God, and because God is always the same.

But know that we are masters; we have a million men under arms; we shall draw the sword. The sword which breaks down thrones is well able to cut off the head of an old man and tear up the leaves of a book.

Do so: blood is the aroma in which I recover my youthful vigor. Well, then, here is half my scepter; make a sacrifice to peace, and let us share it together.

Keep thy purple, O Caesar. Tomorrow they will bury thee in it; and we will chant over thee the Alleluia and the De profundis, which never change."

This, Brethren, was no mere flight of oratory on the part of the great Dominican preacher. It is simply the oft-repeated story of a world which has always sought to destroy the Church. It is the story of the outcome of every conflict of the world with the Church and the immutable truths for which she battles. Will the world never learn the lesson? Will its agents and its partisans never give up the unequal contest? Is the prophecy of Christ, in their opinion, some time or another to become a dead letter? "The stone, which the builders rejected, is made the head of the corner. By the Lord, this hath been done, and it is wonderful in our eyes. Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." (St. Matthew, xxi: 42-44.) Is the prophecy of Isaiah to become a dead letter also? "The nation and the kingdom that will not serve her, shall perish." (Isaiah li: 12.) Napoleon entered on just such a conflict. His life dream was to rule the world and have the Church an obedient auxiliary to his ambition. Napoleon dies a lonely, exiled captive

(Continued on Page 15.)

Great Celeb

The announcement of lebration, which marks this present month of the consecration of the Church, brings one back the days when a gentleman of the year had that "you could with a good sized party the Irish Catholics were Sunday." They worst old Bonsecours Church thirty Irish Catholic y Montreal were collected by the convert priest, chards.

Well, all that seems like now, in the lapse half a century; the time come more than 30,000 tives of the Irish race legislative halls, have tending Senators' with have risen to distinction ous professions, have a bench, or have occupy, have accumulated commerce, and have hel "iron horse" upon its cal circumvallation of t.

There was an inte which the Irish worshi old Recollet Church, u torship of a Sulpician, lan, afterwards Bishop and then, in May, 184 purchased for St. Pat Mother Church of the blessed by the Bishop ground was broken, and Royal Standard, was in. In September, the seven in number, were 17th March, 1847, the dedicated. That was for the Irish populati body of Irish Catholics cieties, citizens, sch marched to the tuck o banners flying from the Church to that of Notre the procession was Joh Bishop and clergy, who the new edifice and th marked by a sermon fr "Build the house, and ceptable to me. I fied."

Surely it was a pr for the glory of God I shone forth in full m that temple, whose tall rise upwards to high he its commanding positi the lower part of the St. Lawrence river.

All this is ancient his familiar to the generati since then thronged the and worshipped before They are also aware c connection existing b congregation and the Sulpice, which enabled the church and supplie tors, from the time of ly, the first and very parish priest, until the of this present centu- tale" is also the comi remarkable priests, brought from an Irish supply the growing ne speaking ecclesiastics Father Dowd, whose t ten in letters of gold, f the bulwark and stren people; Father O'Brien late Senator O'Brien, w became proverbial, and Cullagh, type of the garth," who afterwar Ireland, to die upon h tive soil.

Many pages might b the remarkable body o successively controlled of the parish and min Father Richards, the I ister, who came to co minary and remained a ber of the Sulpician O Bakewell, likewise a c courteous, polished i ous and charitable t ther, Morgan, a cou Dowd, who died a m ty during the typhus her Toupin, the hol who though entirely I his life in laboring Irish people," and ce golden jubilee with Fa 1887. Father Quinliv latest and most disti last, I believe, of its s tors, whose eminent judgment, zeal, pruden initiative, made his p mental. These and have ministered the upon their way int exile" of the poet, by ism he described the other pastures. Fath Bishop O'Farrell, of T