

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1874.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

OCTOBER—1874.

Friday, 9—St. Dionysius and Comp., MM.
Saturday, 10—St. Francis Borgia, C.
Sunday, 11—Twenty-third after Pentecost.
Monday, 12—Of the Ferial.
Tuesday, 13—St. Edward, C.
Wednesday, 14—St. Callistus, P. M.
Thursday, 15—St. Theresa, V.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Holy Father has signified his intention of
sending a religious souvenir to the Marquis of
Ripon, whose conversion has afforded him
the greatest consolation. The *Liberte* states that
the Holy Father has bestowed his Apostolic
Benediction on, and accorded a Plenary Indulgence
to each mission preached for the brave soldiers of
Charles VII. The Benediction will be given
either by Mgr. the Bishop of Urgel, or by some
priest designated by that prelate. The Vicar-
General of Treves has been fined for having har-
bored the Bishop of Eichstätt, without giving no-
tice to the police. Truly, a free country is Ger-
many just now. At Munich, the Director of Police
has issued a notice declaring all Social Democratic
branches of the Working Men's Association in that
city to be independent political societies, and has
ordered them to be closed. The Catholic Vicar of
Posen having disobeyed an order to leave the Pro-
vince within 12 hours, has been forcibly ejected.—
The death is announced of Augustus Frederick
Fitzgerald, Duke of Leinster, in his 83rd year.—
The English Post Master General arrested the
transmission of an account of the Beecher Scandal
from Queenstown to London, on the ground of its
being obscene matter.

We hope that our readers will not find fault with
our devoting so much space this week to the Que-
bec Anniversary Celebration to the exclusion of
other important matter—it is not often we have
the happiness of chronicling such. We are in-
debted to *Le Canadien* for the eloquent sermon by
the Rev. A. J. O'Reilly, and to the *Chronicle* for an
account of the proceedings. The sermon by Mgr.
Racine, Bishop elect of Sherbrooke, we caused to
be translated for the benefit of the readers of the
True Witness.

On our Sixth Page will be found a very interest-
ing account of the foundation of the Church in
North America, from the pen of M. Hubert LaRue,
translated by J. O'Farrell, Esq.

BI-CENTENARY.

GRAND CELEBRATION

OF THE

TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE ERECTION OF THE

DIOCESS OF QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, Sept. 30.

The steamers were crowded arriving here this
morning with ecclesiastics and others coming to
take part in the bi-centenary celebration of the
establishment of the first Roman Episcopal See on
the continent of America.

On the 1st of October, 1874, the diocese of Que-
bec was constituted, under the charge of Francis
DeLaval, as Bishop of Quebec. There have been
since that time 15 bishops who have occupied the
position. His Lordship Bishop Taschereau being
the 16th Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec.

The programme issued comprised a special service
in the Cathedral at 5 o'clock this evening, at which
it was announced that Bishop Lynch, of Toronto,
would preach. That prelate addressed the con-
gregation briefly, owing to fatigue and slight indis-
position, and the sermon—a very eloquent one—
was delivered by his secretary, the Rev. Mr. O'Reilly
being specially for the benefit of the English speak-
ing Catholics.

SERMON BY REV. A. J. O'REILLY.

The Rev. A. J. O'Reilly—came to this country a
few months ago and is fast rising to celebrity. He
was Missionary Apostolic in South Africa for several
years, and contributed to the establishment of a
new mission amongst the tribes of that district.
He seems a young man, not yet being thirty three
years, was born in Dublin and is the stamp of a
thorough Irishman.

He has gained some laurels in the field of litera-
ture—being the author of the celebrated work
entitled "The Martyrs of the Coliseum," which has
passed into several languages—has been approved
of by the Holy Father and by the English press,
universally put side by side with the inimitable
Fabiola, of Cardinal Wiseman. The first edition
was published in London, Eng.—the last, the 6th,
was published a few weeks past in Toronto, con-
siderably enlarged by the author.

It is not a new feature in the history of the Cath-
olic Church to see her prelates and people gather-
ing with devotion around the early altars of their
faith. Gratitude—a virtue pleasing to God—is in-
separable from the hallowed memories of the past.
After the dark night of persecution had passed over
the infant church, when the triumph of the Labarum
placed her on the throne of the Caesars and gave
her cross as a standard to the legions of the Empire,
she did not forget the humble altars at which she

had worshipped, nor the shrines of the martyrs
whom she had invoked in the days of her tribula-
tions. The Christians gathered in weeping crowds
around the tombs of the Catacombs; altars of gold
and temples of magnificence sprang up as expres-
sions of grateful memory; through the wreck and
storm of ages the superb monuments of their piety
and zeal commemorated their love and devotion for
the early altars of Christianity. They transmitted
the feeling to their posterity; it flowed on through
centuries of sacred tradition and to-day the pilgrims
pour in from every land under the sun to kneel
with devotion and gratitude before those altars
which were crimsoned with the blood of their
founders.

A few years ago the long lost tomb of a martyr
was found in the Catacombs at Rome. The aged
Pontiff who rules the church in this hour of trial
surrounded by his prelates and cardinals, knelt at
the foot of the altar on whose porphyry slab the
sacrifice was offered in the 2nd century; he sat on
the stone seat whence his predecessors prepared his
children to bow their heads to the sword of the ex-
ecutioner. The Acts of the martyrs, read in the
touching monographs on the surrounding tombs;
the memories of the persecution that drove the
living to the sepulchres of the dead, was a theme
full of emotion and sympathy for the venerable
Pope who was himself the victim of so much out-
rage and injustice; with eyes bedewed with tears
he prayed to that God who was never invoked in
vain from the crypts of the Catacombs for strength
like his martyred predecessors to guide the storm-
tossed bark of the church and thwart the
machinations of his enemies who were at that mo-
ment plotting his ruin in the capitals of Europe.
Father O'Reilly spoke as follows:—

My Lords, Rev. Fathers and Dearly Beloved
Brethren. The touching scene of Pius IX kneeling
amongst his cardinals and prelates at the altars of
the Catacombs seems to us to have more than a pas-
saging analogy with the majestic celebration of the
second centenary of this venerable Basilica in which
we see the prelates and zealous missionaries of the
vast continent of America kneeling with reverence
and gratitude around the first altars of their faith.

Doubtless the faithful band of Martyrs who
gathered in the sombre caverns beneath the pagan
Capital of the world knew that long and many
would be the struggles of truth against the pride
and prejudice of the pagan world, yet it would
have been a consolation to them in the dark hour
of their trial, if the vision of Catholicity of to-
day were shown to them—her 200,000,000 of sub-
jects—her crown in the crown of kings—her laws
in the hearts and cabinets of nations and her in-
fluence felt in lands never darkened by the in-
vincible eagle of the Legions. Not otherwise would
it have been a consolation to the brave pioneers
of Christianity in this land, who built up
in this grand old City of Quebec, the first
altars of the faith, if they were permitted to
contemplate the scene that is now the joy and
congratulation of this august assembly.—
Before them were vast prairies and interminable
forest, lakes like seas, and torrents of stupendous
volume such as were never seen in the old world,
broadcast over the land roamed the swarthy chil-
dren of indomitable and idolatrous tribes; now
the vast continent is a garden of produce and
wealth; a thousand cities bask in the sunshine
where yesterday was a forest; a happy and gen-
erous people have sprung into the power and
numbers of a mighty nation. In 1790, scarce a
century ago, there were but 21 priests in the
whole of America and now there are 4,800 priests
under 61 bishops, ministering to the five and a
half millions of people at 6,000 altars.

All hail! venerable altars of Quebec, the chil-
dren of the Catholic Church of America kneel at
thy steps to-day to thank the great giver of all
good gifts for the blessing of Christianity—to
breathe the grateful recognition of the Royal
Psalmist—"Non fecit taliter omni nationi."

Not the least remarkable feature in this cele-
bration is the rapid increase of the American
Church. All the works of God grow into perfec-
tion according to defined laws of development;
from the larva and chrysalis to the insect of gaudy
perfection, from the bud to the flower, from the
child to the man. In the vaster fields of nature
the startling theories of development are neither
impossible. This said that all matter was created
in the commencement in a crude mass, struck with
motion and bade under defined secondary laws to
find its own equilibrium; thus worlds are said to
have been gradually gliding into systems and to-
day after the lapse of a fabulous period of time,
have but completed a small arc in the stupendous
orbit of their evolutions. "The public mind has
become gradually tolerant of the idea that not for
six thousand years but for ions embracing untold
millions of years, this world has been the
theatre of life and death. The mysteries of the
rocks have been read by the geologist, the keen vi-
sion of scientific analysis has measured the age
and strength of matter from the subterranean
depths to the roll of untold centuries in the dark
and impenetrable caverns of the ocean. On the
leaves of a stone book are stamped the characters
of the plainer and more intelligible than those
formed by the ink of history, carrying the mind
far back into the abysses of time giving the Biblical
periods but a figurative terminology to express
duration before the mind of God."

Thus too in the moral order: "The kingdom
of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed which
is the least of all seeds but when it is grown up it
is greater than all herbs and becometh a tree so
that the birds of the air come and dwell in the
branches thereof." Matt. 13. Christianity did
not come on the world at the burst of lightning or
the sunshine but like the seed gradually develop-
ing itself into full growth, approaching like
ripples in widening circles on the ocean of time,
breaking on the shores of the most distant lands.

My Lords, Rev. Fathers and Dearly Beloved
Brethren, the most casual observer can trace the
rise and rapid development of the American
Church, to a well known fact in the history of the
last two hundred years. The Commemoration of
the 2nd Centenary of the establishment of the
American Church, celebrated with such befitting
splendour in this grand old basilica, is insepar-
able from a reverential allusion to the history of a
green Island away in the East, once a nation and
still a nation in the fidelity of its patriotism and
in its aspirations for independence, but through its
geographical position gravitated into the
greater and stronger power that overshadowed her.

It was the arrangement of an all wise Pro-
vidence, that when England blinded with a virulent
religious fanaticism, pressed with an iron hand on
her sister land, a refuge for the exiled children of
Ireland should be opened in this free Continent of
the West. The horrors of the penal code that
brooded like the storms of old over the Irish, the
closing of the schools, the murders of the priests
and nobles, and the lawless confiscations of three
hundred years, are written in the annals of tradi-
tion and repeated by every Irish fireside; yet it
was these sanguinary and demoralizing laws that
unfurled the sails of the emigrant ship tearing the
Irish people from their country and home, poured
into this grand nation the stream of emigration
that is hourly swelling the population and de-
manding new Churches and new Episcopal Sees.

I and by the latest statistical returns that there
are five and half millions of Catholics in the
United States; alongside of this, we find there
came from Ireland during the last twenty years
3,831,740. Therefore more than two thirds of the
Catholics of America are Irish. Abused for our
faults—our enemies perhaps have none—ridiculed
for our enthusiastic love for our suffering country,

they know not the sacred character of our patri-
otic feelings, but lift the Irish element from the
Church in America and you will find it a vast
plain studded here and there with a few stalwart
oaks of foreign growth which would tell the site of
a forest. Therefore it is the Irish nation under
heaven that claims the most honorable mention in
the celebration of to-day. It is her sons, in their
exile and misfortune, who clasp hands to-day
with the true and faithful children of Catholic
France, who claim the honor of the first altars in
this rising nation.

Scattering is a principle of nature, the flower
grows, for a while; it refreshes the eye with its
beauty and the breeze with its perfume. Then the
rich bulb buds with golden seed; the grateful
breeze carries them to other gardens; they are
scattered through the land and another year finds
a thousand for the one that charmed nature's field.
Thus the Irish race had grown to a flower of great
moral worth; rich in the odours of the virtues
most pleasing to heaven, purity and patient suffer-
ing; and a beneficent Providence bade the
storm to wait the seed to other lands; and behold
in the Irish race to-day the prolific increase of a
favorite stem.

The scattering of a household—an army or na-
tion—is undoubtedly a weakness or a misfortune,
but there are unseen springs guiding the actions
of divine Providence; it is the part of the Supreme.
Being to draw blessings from apparent evils
and there is before our view at present one great
and incomparable blessing flowing from the dis-
persion of the Irish. 'Tis not their prosperity and
national liberty achieved and won in other lands;
'tis not their wealth and intelligence with which
they enrich the Colonies and the great continent
of America. I see for my countrymen a halo of
benediction far surpassing any of the paltry excel-
lences of time; away in the visions of the future
I behold the grandest and most lasting honor that
heaven can bestow on man, a privilege that
will remain through the endless ages of eternity.

The vision before me is no other than the day
of Judgment I see all the nations, of the earth
gathered into the valley of Josaphat; turning in
disgust from the countless millions of our fellow
creatures under the law of eternal retributions, I
turn towards the bright galaxy of the elect,
and there in the fancy that nations can gather un-
der their own banners, I see by far the largest
number of the saved are under the flag that
would represent the Irish nation and Irish influ-
ences.

This thought alone counterbalances the agony
of 300 years of persecution, of blighted homes and
ruined sanctuaries, of the outraged feelings of a
trampled race driven in the emigrant ship across
the broad Atlantic to be the instrument under
heaven for the establishment of Catholicity in
other lands; the faith of persecuted Ireland was
carried before propitious winds to the prairies of
this vast continent—to flourish in the 61 Churches
commemorated in this celebration—and finally to
be wafted by angelic hands to the everlasting gar-
dens of celestial paradise, "quia non sunt condigne
passionis hujus temporis ad gloriam que revelabitur in
nobis."

My Lords, Rev. Fathers and D. B., the assertion
of this stupendous privilege which we claim for
the Irish race is not the hyperbole of an excited
imagination flung out to gild with smiles the
thoughts of the handful of Irish who are now
gathered in this Basilica; we have come to the
conclusion that more of the Irish race will be saved
than any other from close observations and analo-
gical deductions from her claims in time, in num-
bers and in merits.

The Evangelist tells us that when the Son of
God had ascended into heaven the disciples stood
gazing with pardonable delay on the bright cloud
that had shrouded him from their vision. An angel
appeared and said: "Men of Galilee, why stand
ye here looking into heaven? The angel, doubt-
less, knew why they were looking into heaven, yet
he addressed them in the language of reproof.
Commentators say he reminded them that the
world was to be converted. That the vulture of
Paganism was flapping its funeral wings over every
nation of the earth, that millions of souls were
sinking with the stamp of immortality to dungeons
of everlasting sorrow.

My Lords, Rev. Fathers, kneeling on these altars
to-day a feeling of sympathy must mingle with
our gratitude. We are like soldiers who pause in
the battle to contemplate the fields we have won,
an encouragement, no doubt, to plunge deeper into
the thick of the fight, but around us there are thou-
sands in the darkness of the shadow of death.
Schools of error flourish under the shadow of the
Cathedral towers of the sees commemorated in this
celebration. There are yet 30,000,000 of all shades
of belief to be brought into the fold. Will we not
pray around these altars that Almighty God may
dispel the darkness that still shrouds so many no-
ble souls in this vast continent. Like the Angel
at the throne of the Eternal Father we will ask,
"How long, O Lord, wilt thou not have mercy on
Jerusalem?" And doubtless when this grand cele-
bration will come around again, tens of millions
will be attracted from every side of the great
American Church, their bishops and delegates will
pass over our forgotten ashes and will kneel as we
do to-day at these venerable altars to thank the
Eternal Father for the gifts of Christianity.

THE CELEBRATION.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1874.

The city was afloat at an early hour, by half-past
seven o'clock the streets began to fill with specta-
tors, and an hour later circulation was next to im-
possible. Flags and banners were freely displayed
in the principal thoroughfares, and the town wore
a thoroughly holiday appearance. Trade suspended
itself for the occasion, and from the highest to the
lowest, from the wealthy merchant, to the sturdy
mechanic, all classes combined to add *et cetera* to
the day, and the memory of the day, two hundred years
ago, when the good Bishop Laval was vested with
the Bishopric of Quebec.

At nine o'clock, a gun of the Field Battery, under
command of Captain Baby, gave the signal for the
starting of the Procession, and soon from the Palace
close issued the immense stream of life rejoicing in
the anniversary. Slowly and majestically the body
moved along amid densely packed ranks of the un-
covered multitude, and to the strains of the national
anthem of "God Save the Queen," performed by
the Seminary band.

The Procession moved off in the following order:—
A detachment of Provincial Police, the pupils of
the Schools of the Christian Brothers, the pupils of
the Normal School of the Minor Seminary, with
banners, the Students of the Laval University in
their robes, the Septuor Haydn and the Union
Musical, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Con-
gregations of St. Roch and Notre Dame, represent-
ed by deputations, St. Patrick's Catholic and Liter-
ary Institute, the Institut Canadien, the St. Jean
Baptiste Society with banners and emblems, the
"Marguilliers" (Church Wardens) of the various
Catholic Congregations of the city, the Committee
of management of St. Patrick's Church, the mem-
bers of the Medical, the Legal, and the Notarial
professions, in their robes, the Mayor and members
of the Corporation of Quebec, the Militia Staff, the
Rector and members of the Laval University in
their robes, the "Drapeau de Carillon" escorted by
a guard of Pontifical Zouaves, the Police Magistrate
and the Recorder, the Speaker and members of the
House of Assembly, the Consuls of France and
Spain, members of the Legislative Council, the Ex-
ecutive Council of the Province, members of the
House of Commons, the Judges of the Queen's Bench

and Superior Courts, Senators, members of the
Privy Council, and of the Federal Cabinet, His Ex-
cellency the Lieutenant Governor, attended by
Major Amyot, the band of the Minor Seminary, the
Clergy of the various dioceses of the Archdiocese
in white surplices, the Bishops, in robes and mitres,
and finally, a detachment of Police.

It is difficult to present in detail a description of
a procession of the magnitude we have just describ-
ed. It is not every day that such magnificence
passes through our streets, and if we fail to convey
to the minds of our readers who were unable to be
present at the celebration an idea of its magnitude
and gorgeousness, our want of space in which to
recount that which we witnessed must be taken as
our excuse. There was a moving sea of glittering
banners, of surging men and boys, of imposing
robes and caps, of more banners, of deputations
from societies, and so forth, and finally the bishops
in their mitres of gold and lace and purple, defil-
ing under the splendid arches erected from the
gate of the Palace of the Archbishop to the Cath-
edral, now a minor Basilica. The procession was
witnessed by eager thousands of people, to whom
the closing of the doors of the sacred fane to all
except those possessed of tickets of admission was
felt to be a sore injury. It was a wise provision,
however, for notwithstanding that admission was
only to be secured by ticket some five thousand
persons were present, and every available inch of
sitting and standing room occupied. Entering
the Church, the Bishops moved to the Chancel,
where they took their assigned seats. The mem-
bers of the clergy occupied the aisle on the "Gospel"
side, and the members of the learned professions
and the Professors of the University that on the
"Epistle" side. Pontifical high mass was com-
menced, and celebrated with all the imposing cere-
monial of the Roman Catholic Church, and on this
occasion, with more than ordinary pomp and im-
pressiveness. At ten o'clock His Grace, the Arch-
bishop, preceded by acolytes, bearing an immense
gold cross, and the Archbishopal crozier opened
the ceremony by intoning the *Introit*. The spec-
tacle in the Cathedral was grand beyond all concep-
tion. We have already spoken of the decorations,
and we wish our space were ample enough to dwell
upon the details which are so deserving of credit.
But to-day the living and moving mass of the
clergy, gorgeous in the rich vestments of highest
ceremonial, and celebrating the sacrifice of the
Mass, far exceeded anything it was ever our lot to
witness. Thousands of lights blazing upon the
altar, magnificent plate, and in fact all the treasures
of the Cathedral, were presented, and helped to
make up the grand and imposing spectacle.

The choir was crammed. The Union Musical
aided the regular choir, and the orchestra was
composed of the Septuor Haydn, the Band of B
Battery, and a number of well known amateurs.
The mass chosen for the occasion was Weber's, in
G and it was rendered with a fidelity giving proof
of long and careful practice. The Kyrie by chorus
and orchestra was given with great effect, the solo
parts, by Mesdames Hamel and Robitaille, attract-
ing warm attention. The Gloria, with a quartette
taken by Miss Desane and Messrs. Delisle, Plam-
ondon and Leclerc, was exquisite. Madame Hamel
sang the *Agnus Dei* with great taste and feeling,
while Miss Tourangeau created quite a sensation
in *Dona Nobis*. The general delivery of the
orchestra was very fine indeed. Mr. Ernest Gagnon
presided at the organ. Mr. Gustave Gagnon,
directed the chorus. Mr. Lavigne executed the
solo violin parts with great ability. The *Triduum*
was carried out with all the pomp possible to be-
stow upon it, and it will leave a lasting impres-
sion upon the minds of those who had the good
fortune of assisting at it.

The Sermon was preached by Monseigneur Ra-
cine, the bishop elect of Sherbrooke, who took for
his text, the 22nd and 23rd verses 10th chapter of
the Gospel according to St. John, describing the
appearance of Christ before the Doctors in the
Temple.

MGR. RACINE'S SERMON.

"And it was the feast of the dedication in Jeru-
salem, and Jesus walked in the temple in Solo-
mon's porch."—St. John, x, 22, 23.

My Lords,—This feast of the dedication was dear
to all the children of Israel; it recalled to them
the most heroic joys of their country and all the
divers phases of their history. More than the an-
cient synagogue, the Catholic Church, the spouse
of the immortal king of ages, professes the worship
of her sovereign. Her commemorative feast of the
mysteries of the mysteries of the Man-God, of the
death of the saints, of the dedication of the hum-
blest church are a striking proof of it.

A like remembrance reunites us to-day in this
church; it is the two hundredth anniversary of
the erection of the Episcopal See of Quebec, by
the Sovereign Pontiff, Clement X., of happy me-
mory.

At the voice of the venerable successor of Mgr.
de Laval, the illustrious and holy founder of this
church, the children of God hasten from all points
of this immense region primitively confided to the
solicitude of the bishop of Quebec, to return thanks
to God for the benediction bestowed upon this
church, fruitful mother of so many other churches
disseminated over the greater part of North Amer-
ica.

See, how everything that falls beneath our gaze
breathes joy, a pure and holy joy of which reli-
gion alone has the secret. These peaceful detona-
tions of warlike bells, these splendid illumina-
tions, these triumphal arches, these joyous hymns,
these magnificent decorations, this numerous
affluence of the faithful, this innumerable attend-
ance of priests, everything recalls to us the pro-
phesy of the holy man, Tobias, announcing the
happiness of Jerusalem when the joyous alleluia
should one day resound from all sides: *et per
vicos ejus, alleluia cantabitur*.

But your presence here, my Lords, speaks more
eloquently than all our words, for it is to the faith
a lively demonstration of the benediction granted to
this See of Quebec, and the most precious tes-
timony of the filial affection, with which your
hearts are filled in its behalf. And, surely, what
should not be the joy of a mother on seeing re-
united at her side so many of her children, crowned
with glory and enriched with the virtues and
merits of a glorious apostolate.

In order that nothing may be wanting to the
joy of our feast, He whom we all call our Father,
the Glorious Martyr of the Vatican, the immortal
Pius IX, taking part in the joy of his children of
Canada, opens the treasures of the Church, and,
by a special favor, confers upon the ancient church
of our Lady of Quebec the august title of Minor
Basilica.

What say I, my Lords and my Dearly Beloved
Brethren, Our Lord Jesus Christ, who, the day
of the anniversary of the dedication walked in the
temple, is he not here in our midst? From with-
in his tabernacle he casts looks of love upon this
assembly, he blesses us, he hears our prayer, he
participates in the joy of his children.

But what then is the secret of this marvellous
fruitfulness, which, on this day, is the object of
our gratitude towards the Most High?

How is it, that the church of Quebec, so small
and so weak in the beginning, has become after
two centuries so grand and so strong? Jesus
Christ once said to his Apostles: *Ego elegi vos
ut estis et fructum offeratis et fructus vestri
maneant*. I have chosen you, that you may go,
that you may bear fruit and that your fruit may
remain.

Powerful word which has made the Catholic
church such as you see it to-day after eighteen
centuries, one and fruitful. Powerful word which

is varied in each of the green branches of this

great tree.
Two centuries ago, the vicar of Jesus Christ
sent a bishop to Quebec, and addressed to him
the same words, in the name of the Lord: *Elegi
vos ut estis*.

Go to those numerous tribes who fill the forests
of North America; let the good news be heard on
the shores of the lakes and of the great rivers;
go and give testimony to Jesus Christ from one
ocean to the other and from the pole to the
equator. *Eritis mihi testes usque ad ultimum
terre*; be the founder of a new church whose
grandeur and beauty add a new jewel to the crown
of the Spouse of Christ. Make for me the finest,
the happiest, and the most Catholic people of the
world.

Sovereign word which has made the church of
Quebec such as we see it to-day, after two cen-
turies of existence, faithful image of the unity
and the fruitfulness of the Catholic church, its
mother.

Let us speak, first, of this admirable unity
which constitutes the strength and beauty of the
Catholic Church.

It is Jesus Christ who has laid the corner-stone
of this majestic edifice called the Church. He has
acquired it at the price of His blood, at the hour
of His agony He has loved it as His cherished spouse.

This Church, object of God's eternal thoughts, is
not a vain and useless institution; created by God,
governed directly by God, she is a perfect society,
the first of societies, and the reverence of ages has
confirmed the divinity of her origin.

In sending His apostles towards the four quarters
of the globe, Jesus Christ dispersed without divid-
ing them. As the sun disperses its rays through
space without dividing itself and without losing
any of its splendor, so the church, exhausted
source of truth, scatters her light over all the uni-
verse, and enlightens intellects united in one com-
munion, whose centre is God Himself.

"And in order to prevent any one from losing,
with regard to her, those sentiments of confidence
which children should have for a mother, the
Saviour has adorned and enriched His church with
gifts the most capable of conciliating their esteem
and their respect, such as the privilege of infalli-
bility due to the continual assistance which He has
promised to her."—(Perrone.)

This living, infallible, authority which the
church possesses does not divide, but draws to-
gether and unites minds, to whom she proposes to
believe the same truths; she produces a union of
intellects, hearts, and wills. And this is why God
has crowned her in investing her with a character
the most capable of procuring the respect of man.

The Catholic Church is holy in her Chief, who
is Jesus Christ; holy in her doctrine, which con-
duces to holiness; holy in her members, who have
received the grace of holiness, the grace of baptism,
pardon of sins, and who possess Jesus Christ.

She is Apostolic, because she teaches the same
doctrines that the Apostles taught; because her
sacraments are the same as at the time of the
Apostles; because the succession of these bishops
and of these doctors is traced back to the Apostles.

She is Catholic, or Universal, because, according
to the words of St. Augustine: From East to West
she is radiant in the splendor of a faith one and the
same.

She is one in her doctrine, the same in all places,
and among all the nations of the earth; one in her
sacraments and in her supreme head, whether in-
visible,—that is Jesus Christ,—or visible,—that is,
the legitimate successor of St. Peter in the See of
Rome; one also in the union of all the bishops
with the Sovereign Pontiff, Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Far from me, my Lords and my dear brethren, be
the thought of assimilating in every respect a par-
ticular church to the Universal church, to whom
alone have been promised and accorded in an abso-
lute manner the divine privileges and the super-
natural characteristics of which I have just spoken.
But would we be forbidden to study, to contem-
plate with love and admiration in our dear church
of Quebec the portion of privileges which divine
bounty has deigned to grant her as a cherished
member of the Universal church? The Apostle
lays down this absolute principle: "If the root be
holy so are the branches—*si radix sancta et rami*."
—(Rom. xi, 16). The sap which starts from the
root and carries life to the extremities of the
branches must necessarily communicate its own
qualities to them.

A particular church must then participate in the
holiness, in the apostolic quality, in the unity of
the Universal church to which it remains united.

Happy union! inexhaustible source from which
the church of Quebec has drawn that principle of
vitality and that power of expansion which have
caused her to triumph over persecutions and ob-
stacles. O church of Quebec whom Jesus Christ
has engraven upon that grand tree of the Universal
church, you will grow by her side full of life and
youth, full of strength and fruitfulness, as the Ro-
man church, your mother, weak and persecuted at
her birth, you will be her joy, her crown. As your
sisters of France, the Church will in the march of
ages, press you lovingly to her heart, just as a mo-
ther presses her children to her breast with com-
placency and happiness. What a glorious and con-
soling spectacle presents itself to our eyes at this
moment! The faithful of the numerous churches,
whose fruitful mother is the church of Quebec,
group themselves around their pastors, the pastors