

**Father M. Callaghan's
Remarks Anent Consecration of St. Patrick's Church.**

(Continued from Page 1)
tended the Notre Dame Church, the Bonsecours chapel, and the Recollet chapel. They were served by priests conspicuous for their learning, piety and zeal. Rev. John Richard Jackson was the first English speaking priest who had them under his special care. He claimed the State of Virginia as the residence of his parents, the place of his birth and the scene of his Loyhood. Two centuries may dispute him—the eighteenth and the nineteenth. He was a Protestant minister when he crossed the frontier. He fancied he was called to dispel the darkness of Popery which like a pall hung over the fair form of Ville Marie, and to spread the noonday light of the Reformation. Little did he suspect that he was intended by heaven to be like the Apostle of the Gentiles, a vessel of election. He went to see Father Roux, of the Sulpician Seminary, who refused to his satisfaction all his objections and impressed him with the divinity of Catholicism. The grace of conversion was offered him, and like Princess Ena of Battenberg, he accepted it readily and cheerfully. He became a priest in 1813 and thirty-four years afterwards he sacrificed himself on the

altar of charity and duty. He died from the contagion he contracted whilst administering to those who were stricken down with the typhus fever. I was told by the priest who baptized me that fresh in his mind was the day when from a window in the old Seminary he saw Father Richard with a satchel in his hand passing through the gate and making his way as best he could to the Hotel Dieu Hospital, which was then close by.

The same day in October, 1843, he married two Irish brides, who during the nuptial Mass, took up a collection in aid of St. Patrick's Church. I was acquainted with one of the brides. Father Richard had an invaluable assistant in the person of Father Phelan. It happens I am a Phelan on the maternal side. He was from the County Kilkenny. So were both my parents. He did not spare himself in providing for the welfare of the flock to which he was assigned, and he won for himself, by the eminence of his merit, the signal honor of being appointed to the episcopal see of Kingston, Ontario, in 1843, the year when the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church was laid and blessed. Rev. Patrick Morgan worked conjointly with the two priests I have mentioned. He was a con-

sin of Father Dowd. He was only five years in the priesthood when he took the typhus fever and died from the plague. He had scarcely passed the meridian line of life. He was greatly appreciated for the superiority of his attainments, and was thought to be destined for a long career of exceptional usefulness.

At the departure of Father Connolly for the United States, Father Dowd succeeded him as the director of the Irish congregation. He became the first pastor of St. Patrick's Parish when in 1873 it was canonically erected. At his death he was replaced by Rev. J. Quinlivan. The canonical parish of St. Patrick was enlarged and civilly constituted in 1903. I was then retained in the capacity of Pastor, though the Sulpicians divested themselves of all responsibility and Archbishop Bruchesi assumed the direct and exclusive control.

What shall I say of Father Dowd and Father Quinlivan, or of the priests who assisted them in the discharge of their functions? Could I be too loud in their praise? What little I might say is that the two pastors in question, as well as their curates, proved equal to the times in which they lived and did not lack anything that was calculated to

sanctify their own souls or the souls of all those with whom they were brought into contact. They enhanced the sacerdotal dignity. They kept unsullied and intact all the traditions of our race. Their names will never perish. They are treasured in the memory of your hearts and emblazoned upon the pages of history.

What shall I say of the people to whom they devoted all their energies and resources? Nothing could surpass, if equal, their loyalty to the Sogarth Aroon. What shining examples! Never were they so much pleased as when multiplying testimonials of affection, docility and veneration.

On approaching the consecration day, thank God for having scrupulously watched over the children of St. Patrick and over their posterity from the beginning till the present hour. We have now a population of almost 40,000, and besides the parish of St. Patrick we have six other parishes entrusted to priests who are both esteemed and cherished—no less a credit to themselves and to their relatives than to the Archdiocese and to whatever portion of the Irish flock they look after.

Be not oblivious of the past. Revive and perpetuate it. Be grateful

to your predecessors. In no small measure do you owe them the spirit which is animating you and the manifold advantages which you are enjoying. In a stained glass window of this church you can see the portrait of a personage without whom you would not have the kind of parish to which you belong—without whom I might not be its privileged pastor—without whom there would be no such things as the St. Bridget's Home and the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum of today, a personage whose most ardent and constant wish was that the two institutions which he founded, fostered, protected and patronized in all kinds of ways would be inseparably united to St. Patrick's parish. This personage is Father Dowd, who should never be forgotten in your prayers or in the prayers of subsequent generations.

Steadfastly cling to your church. Let nothing detach you. Love each inch of the ground upon which it is built, each stone in the walls, everything from the foundation to the steeple. Who could be jealous of St. Patrick's Church? Who is not proud to see and enter it? How solid the construction, how spacious the nave, how elegant the architecture and exquisite in taste the ornamentation! How singularly de-

votional! Prefer it to every other church. Whether you reside at a short or long distance, frequent it at least on holydays, Sundays and on all important occasions. Never be without a pew or at least a sitting. Stand by your parish. It may have had to suffer from being dismembered, invaded by foreigners or rendered less residential. Do not be uneasy or alarmed. Proclaim it still as the banner parish. Always will it remain the banner parish if you show yourselves the right thing and the right way.

On the day of your baptism you were consecrated to God, transformed into His living temples, the temples of His predilection upon earth. On that day you promised to have nothing to do with your arch-enemy, with his pomps or works. You then pledged yourselves to make common cause with our Lord, to believe only what He taught, and to observe whatever He commanded. Beyond the grave have you been prepared the home of homes, a mansion of unspeakable bliss and unending splendor which when you will occupy it you will never run any risk of forfeiting. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus put you in possession of this home, of this mansion of mansions! Rest assured that heaven will be yours for all eternity if you persevere till the end in loving His Father and your Father and in accomplishing the will of His God and your God.

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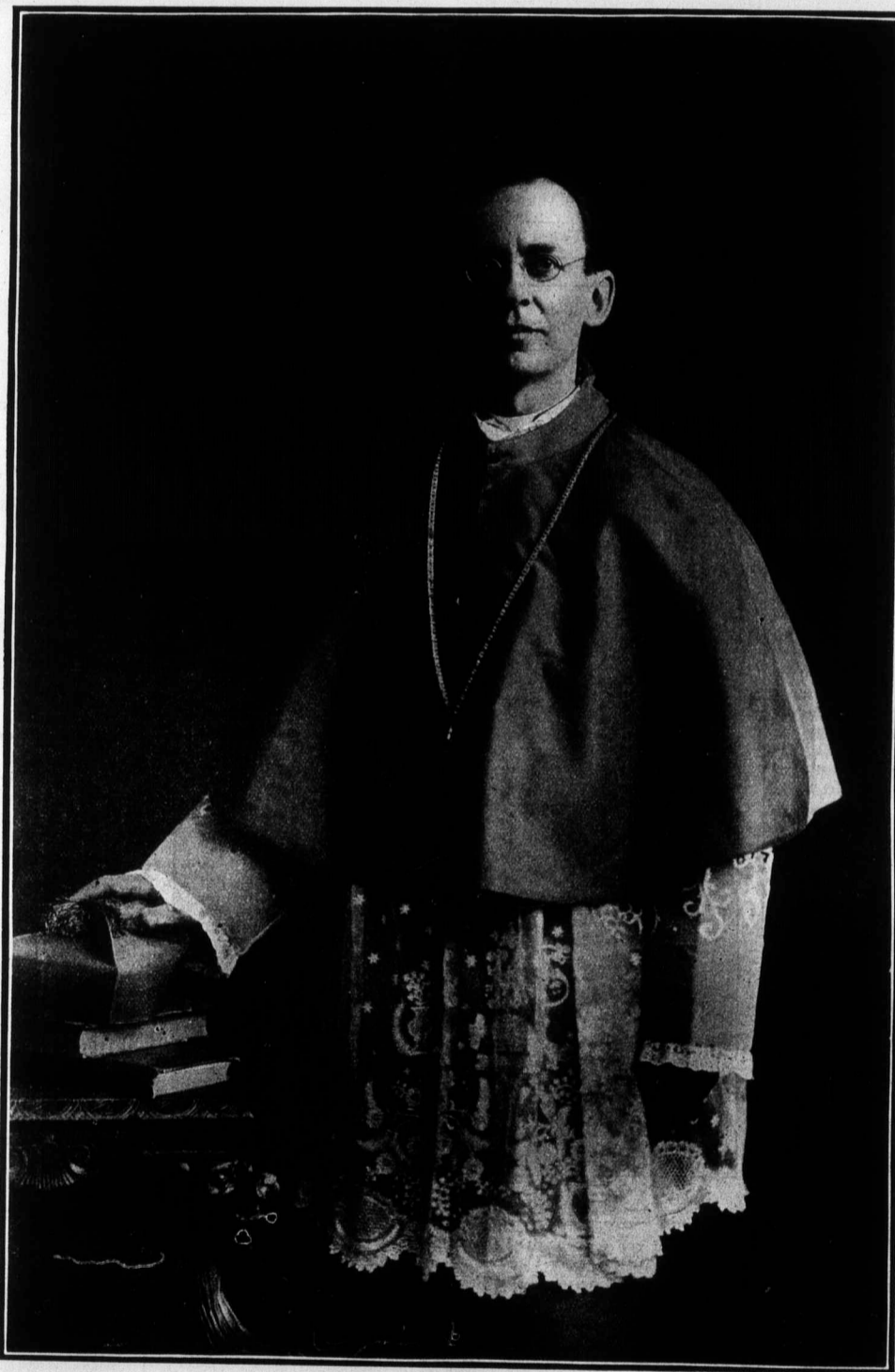
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