



INCE last St. Patrick's Day great and important changes have taken place. The Gladstone Home Rule measure was fought through the House of Commons and rejected by the Peers. The Grand Old Man has been forced, in consequence of a sad physical affliction, to relinquish his powerful grasp on the helm and to allow another to take the lead in the political arena. But the cause has gone steadily on and hope still shines upon the path. Since last St. Patrick's Day THE TRUE WITNESS has had many unexpected vicissitudes and has met with numerous shocks; but the tempest has swept past, leaving the old vessel still ploughing her way along the waters of Catholic journalism. Like the sacred cause which we have a mission to defend, and like the nationality to which we belong, we have known many adverse days and trying circumstances, but as in the cases of both our faith and nationality, our courage has not fallen, while the willing hands of disinterested friendship have kept the oars going and the barque moving. We do not think it too much to predict that when the next St. Patrick's Day comes to us our readers will find THE TRUE WITNESS the most successful and popular Catholic journal in our Dominion.

This year the enthusiasm and fervor displayed by the citizens of Montreal have been equal to the brightest national celebrations of the past; and, perhaps, the imposing ceremonies of the seventeenth, the grand concerts and the other demonstrations, have given evidence of a stronger faith in the future than any we have ever witnessed. It is with a pride and a pleasure that we now present our readers with a full account of the day's proceeding.

Saint Patrick's day this year was an ideal one in point of weather; the sky was blue, the sun shone brightly, and the atmosphere was not too cold. Every true Irishman's heart must have leaped with delight when he woke in the morning and discovered that his day (the day of their patron saint) was so glorious.

Green was everywhere on Saturday; the merchant going to his business wore his shamrock, the post-man delivering his letters, the milkman, the office boy, the alderman, all wore proudly, and were bound together by the insignia of their race, a shamrock or a bit of green ribbon.

Many stores had their windows wholly decorated with shamrocks and green Irish harps; the dry goods merchants went partially aside from business for once and draped their door ways and shop fronts with green cashmere and other goods of similar hue.

There were flags and decorations in every part of the city; St. Lawrence Main was almost as brilliant with hunting as if the occasion was the day of St. Jean Baptiste itself. Flags were displayed on every side; the American flag, the French flag and the Union Jack were all unfurled, side by side with the Irish flag, in honor of Ireland's greatest feast.

The day's proceedings went off splendidly, and the marshals are to be heartily congratulated on their very efficient fulfilment of a very difficult task; everybody was happy and light-hearted on Saturday, and the enthusiasm and happiness of Ireland's sons and daughters seemed contagious, for there never was a

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1894

UNPARALLELED CELEBRATION IN MONTREAL.

MAGNIFICENT WEATHER

AN ENTHUSIASTIC AND SPLENDID TURN-OUT.

FAITH AND FATHERLAND; IRELAND'S SONS EVER FAITHFUL.

Scenes at St. Patrick's; The High Mass; The Sermon by Rev. Father William Sullivan; The Procession; The different Concerts in the Evening, and General Notes of Interest regarding the Day.

jollier, better-humored crowd than the thousands who lined the sidewalks to gaze on the procession.

The processionists were astir early, and long before nine o'clock in the morning trim-looking, exceptionally neat and gentlemanly Irishmen, in their silk hats and black coats, could be seen wending their way in ones and twos to their various starting places.

Alexander Street presented a lively scene indeed; crowds lined the sidewalks, each person sporting his or her bit of green.

In the crowd was the usual element of youngsters who gazed with intense admiration at a dozen or so of young lads in gorgeous green silk and satin coats and hats, who were galloping about and looking exceedingly small but exceedingly brilliant on the backs of large gaily caparisoned horses. In fact these dashing juvenile horsemen seemed to come in for a larger share of admiration than any other part of the procession, especially was this so on the part of the ladies and children.

The small boys and girls all wore some bit of green about their person, be it a bit of ribbon, a shamrock, an old green badge, a green necktie, no matter what, in fact they were sufficiently proud of it; but their pride in their own adornments was humility to the intense admiration and respect that was lavished on their young mounted friends, every one of whom had a group of voluntary attendants eager to perform any little office. Amongst the few boys who did not sport the green were two little urchins of 8 or 9. After gazing for some time at the proceedings the younger said:

"Say, what they goin' to do."
The other answered: "Oh! there's goin' to be a procession for St. Patrick."
"Who was he?"
"Oh! he was—he was the King of Ireland, I guess."

About half-past nine the young men of the several literary and national societies began to fall into line, then the band struck up and the assembly accompanied by the mounted boys marched

into Victoria square and St. James street, where the procession was some little time in forming, then, with a crash of stirring music, marched grandly to St. Patrick's Church, in front of which hundreds of people had congregated.

The bands gaily played the processionists into the church.

High Mass at St. Patrick's,

The church was prettily decorated with emblems of the Emerald Isle, and long before the hour for Divine Service the sacred edifice was crowded. Although a large number of chairs had been placed in the centre aisle for the sole use of the members of the societies there was such a large muster that only about one-half of the members were able to gain admittance. The presidents and officers of the several societies wended their way up the aisle to the strains of Irish airs by Prof. Fowler at the organ. His Grace the Archbishop officiated at Grand Mass, being assisted by Rev. Father Brady, whilst the Rev. Fathers O'Meara and Donnelly were the deacons of honor.

The musical portion of the services were on a scale of grandeur seldom excelled in the past history of the choir. Every portion of the spacious circle in front of the organ was occupied by musicians and choristers.

The services consisted of Rossi's celebrated Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus and Benedictus and Professor J. A. Fowler's Credo. The chorus numbered 75 voices and each of the portions of the Mass were given with such precision as to reflect the highest degree of credit upon the director of the choir, Prof. Fowler, and his enthusiastic assistant, Mr. P. F. McCaffrey. The soloists for the occasion were Messrs. J. J. Rowan, E. Hewitt, John Hammil, and Frank Feron, each of whom gave such a careful interpretation of the several parts allotted to them as to warrant us in according them a rank as leading amateurs in the choir circles of this city. During the Offertory, Mr. John Hammil rendered Pergetti's Salve Regina, with orchestral accompaniment, in an exceedingly able manner.

The orchestra numbered 25 and was

under the immediate leadership of Prof. Gruenwald. During the service and at its close the orchestra rendered with splendid effect selections from Gounod and Sir Jules Benedict.

The Sermon.

The Rev. Father Sullivan took for his text the first Epistle of Saint John, 5th chapter, 4th verse. "This is the victory which overcometh the world."

We are assembled here to-day in one of the great temples in this city of Mary, one of the grandest Catholic cities in the world, to celebrate a feast which in many respects is the greatest and grandest of the Catholic world. As a feast of the Church Saint Patrick's day partakes of the usual festivities established by the Church in honor of her great saints; but as a national festivity appertaining to a particular nationality. St. Patrick's day stands forth in relief, prominent and unique, redolent as it is of the glorious memories of the past, significant as it is of faith, of gratitude, of heroic devotion to an exalted principle, St. Patrick's day compels the admiration and applause of the world. St. Patrick's day epitomizes the history of Ireland. Sad and pitiful indeed that story might seem from a superficial and human point of view, so pathetic and sorrowful was it. But study the question under the searching light of historic truth and analyse her story and you will find it is the grandest ever written on the page of history. It is true she was persecuted as no other nation had been persecuted; she was the spoil of every invader. She sipped deep and long to the very dregs the bitter cup of sorrow and anguish; her night of Gethsemane seemed almost endless, and she had stood so long, oh! so long, on the heights of Golgotha; but to-day she stands forth in all her queenly beauty, exultant and triumphant, and with joyful accent she cries out to the millions of her children, torn from her bosom, and exiled in every land of the world: Oh! my children; oh! my beloved ones; oh! my great loyal ones, this is the day that the Lord hath made; this is our day, let us rejoice and be glad therein. It has been said that Ireland is a conquered country, but observe the bearing of Ireland's sons throughout the world on this day, note their beauty, the sparkle in their eyes, their bright laughter, their elastic tread, and say if this is the mien of the conquered; nay, rather is it that of the conqueror, and as they stood to-day with the banners of Erin unfolded in the temple of God, before the altar of the faith of their fathers, they realized the truth and justice and the appropriateness of the sentiment which to-day filled the heart and soul of glorious old Erin with joy and exultation. That really was the victory which overcometh the world. The faith of Ireland was her greatest glory; in the days of her prosperity her faith was her mainstay, her preservation and her victory. In her days of adversity her faith was her support, and her faith to-day is the secret of her success in her onward march to victory. More than 1400 years ago a Christian missionary, a Roman patrician, who in honor and dignity had a right to stand beside the thrones of the Christian Emperors, stood on Tara's Hill before the royalty of Ireland, and to her kings, her princes, her bards and druid priests, her chieftains and clansmen, preached the glad tidings of peace, and joy, and good will. It is better that I should believe than that I should live, said Saint Patrick. When a Pagan priest professed doubts about the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, Saint Patrick plucked a shamrock, and holding it forth, he cried, "Behold the emblem of the Trinity with its three leaves, each equal and distinct on one stem." In that