

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
 The Subser Gardien de la Salle de
 Writings for Lectures \$19.97
 and France Ass. mblee Legislative
 Germany and United States and
 Terms payable in advance.

The Montreal Witness

ESTABLISHED IN 1847

OFFICES: 253 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, Que.
 Remittances may be by Bank cheque, Post-office money order, Express money order, or by Registered letter. We are not responsible for money lost through the mail.

VOL. XLVI. NO. 3. MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1897. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

1847, A TWIN CELEBRATION, 1897

The National Festival and the Golden Jubilee of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal.

Imposing Religious Ceremonies at Which Four Bishops Assist.

An Eloquent and Impressive Sermon by the Very Rev. Dr. Lynch of Utica, N. Y.

PROF. J. A. FOWLER'S MASS PRONOUNCED A GRAND SUCCESS.

A Monster Parade of National Societies--The Decorations Along the Route--Notes of the Day--The Celebrations of the Evening in the Various Public Halls.

O blessed little trefoil,
 I love your smiling face;
 Your simple form of beauty;
 Your tender, clinging grace.
 You twine about my heart-strings
 And wake a yearning strong
 For Erin's storied island,
 The land of Love and Song.

The weather was charming, and at an early hour the main thoroughfares of the city were thronged by thousands of citizens wearing the dear little Shamrock, and hastening in the direction of St. Patrick's Church, where the imposing religious ceremony was to be performed in commemoration of the twin celebration of the National Festival and the Golden Jubilee of the Mother Church of the Irish People in Montreal. The occasion was one of the greatest significance to the sons and daughters of Erin, and right nobly did they so manifest their appreciation of it. Long before the appearance of the different national organizations at the sacred edifice it was filled by thousands of the faithful from all quarters of the city.

Seldom if ever did the grand old church present such a spectacle. The aisles and galleries were crowded, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the officers of the different societies could effect an entrance in order to reach the seats of honor set apart for them near the sanctuary.

On every side were heard exclamations of surprise and delight at the wonderful transformation which had taken place in the interior of the Church, and deservedly so, as it now occupies a rank in regard to its appointments and artistic features second to none on this continent.

The Sanctuary was a grand sight in its wealth of adornment. The altar, which was decorated in white silk, with cloth of gold trimmings, was resplendent with hundreds of candles and colored lights. The beautiful new Gothic Candelabra recently donated by a parishioner, with the magnificent Cross, standing out prominently in the midst of the ornamentation of banners of white and green, silk, palms and ferns and cut flowers.

Just as the Choir poured forth the first notes of the "Sanctus," the current of countless electric lights was turned on and illuminated the altar and the arches of the Sanctuary in a manner which was most inspiring.

Shortly after ten o'clock the clergy and Bishops entered the church in procession, passing up the centre aisle to the sanctuary, in the following order: The choristers, priests, Bishops Emard, Larocque and Decelles, the clergy of the Mass, and the officiating Bishop, Mgr. O'Connor, of Peterboro. On reaching the sanctuary their Lordships of Valleyfield, Sherbrooke and St. Hyacinthe were assigned seats of honor on the gospel side of the altar, His Lordship Bishop O'Connor occupying the episcopal throne, which had been erected on the epistle side.

The boys of the Montreal College were seated just within the sanctuary rails. The following priests were also present: Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, of Kingston; Very Rev. M. Colin, S.S., superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice; Rev. H. Hudson, S. J., Very Rev. Canon Bruchesi, Rev. Abbe Troie, curé of Notre Dame, Rev. Abbe Charrier, curé of St. James; Rev. James Lonergan, St. Anthony's; Rev. J. E. Donnelly, St. Bridget's; Rev. W. Casey, Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, St. Mary's; Rev. M. Leclair, St. Joseph's; Rev. P. Schelfaut, C.S.S.R., pastor, of St.

Ann's; Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R., Rev. E. Flynn, C.S.S.R., Rev. M. L. Shea, Rev. T. Heffernan, Rev. W. J. O'Sullivan, Montpelier, Vt.; Rev. T. B. Joynt, New London, Mass.; Rev. John P. McGrath, Montreal College; Rev. Father White, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father Hogan, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father Doyle, C.S.S.R.; Rev. I. J. Kavanagh, S. J.; Rev. Father Schlickling, Montreal College; Rev. Father Dupre, Montreal College; Rev. Father Decarries, Montreal College; Rev. Joseph Ruinn, Rev. George Corbett, Cornwall; Rev. Father Geoffrin, Superior of Cote des Neiges College; Rev. Father Kelly, Cote des Neiges College; Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, Alexandria; Rev. Father Worth, Cote des Neiges College; Rev. Canon Cloutier, Rev. Father Lonigan, Rev. L. D. Adams, of the Sacred Heart; Rev. S. E. L. Lee, Joliette; Rev. C. Larocque, Montreal; Rev. J. Jodoin, curé of St. Peter's Church; Rev. A. D. Turgeon, rector of St. Mary's College; Rev. Father Quinlivan, pastor of St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, Rev. Father McCallen, Rev. Father Lucien, Rev. Father Driscoll and the Rev. Father Fallon, of St. Patrick's parish; Rev. E. Schmidt, S. J., Rev. C. P. Beaubien, Sault au Recollet; Rev. Father O'Connell, Rev. G. M. Lepailleur, Maisonneuve.

His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, clad in full pontificals, sang the solemn High Mass, being assisted by the Rev. W. O'Meara, of St. Gabriel, as assistant priest; the Rev. M. W. Reilly, of Portland, Me., as deacon; Rev. Father F. W. O'Reilly, of Montreal, as sub-deacon; Rev. Fathers M. J. O'Brien, of Peterborough, and A. Martin, of Montreal, masters of ceremonies; Rev. Fathers J. A. McCovey, of Dover, N.H., J. J. McLaughlin, of Chatham, N.B., Acolytes; Rev. Fathers Freeman, of Springfield, McDermott, of Montreal; Flynn, of Portland; Abbott, of Springfield, and Burns, of Grand Rapids, Bishop's servers.

The Very Rev. Dr. Lynch, pastor of St. John's Church, Utica, N.Y., delivered the sermon, and when we say it was a masterly deliverance, and one fully worthy of the great occasion, we are simply voicing the opinions of the majority of the vast gathering who listened to the superb and gracefully delivered discourse. We present our readers with a *verbatim* report.

And thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year and shalt proclaim remission to all the inhabitants of the land; for it is the year of jubilee.—Lev. XXV. 10.

Right Rev. Bishop, Very Rev. and Rev. Brethren of the Clergy,—Dearly Beloved Brethren:—

The world is a school—Life is the session—the Universe is the book—Mankind are the pupils—Nature is the teacher. In this school there is no vacation—day by day we are constantly learning new lessons from the soft zephyrs and the mad tornado—from the rumbling thunder and the lurid lightning—from the chirping songster and the murmuring brook—from the stary empyrean and the quaking earth—from the bright sunshine and the darkening clouds. Yes, nature is ever telling us in her own peculiar language the story of the bounty and the goodness of the Creator. Here the human mind is absolutely free—like the bird in the air, like the fish in the water, it is in its own native health and may roam at will throughout this vast domain of natural truth, studying the beauties and grandeur of the wonderful works of God.

BEHOLD THE GIGANTIC GENIUS OF MAN exercising this high prerogative of his being in this sphere in which he is king. See him now delving into the very bowels of the planet on which we live, making Mother Earth disgorge her hidden treasures, now taking wing, mounting to the very Heavens and speeding from star to star and mapping the chart of those myriad worlds, which the mighty hand of God has flung into space—now calling up from the shade of the past, men and manners that have long since gone and making the nations of

antiquity pass in solemn procession before him as the panorama of human events is unfolded scene by scene, and then with the mystic key to the labyrinth of History binding together these links in a common chain, now culling the choicest buds of literary thought as they spring up around him on every side, now transplanting sweet exotics from gardens where age has mellowed their fragrance and spreading out this feast of flowers upon the banquet table of the mind.

Grand, indeed, is this scope of intellectual development, but there is another region of Truth at whose threshold the giant intellect of man stands paralyzed. Yes, here is all darkness. A Divine light is needed to lead us through the mazes of the supernatural world—and while the Holy Spirit of God is ever whispering to the faithful soul, and solving with ease problems which human reason vainly strives to grasp—yet there is a special school-room where, Sunday by Sunday, you are wont to assemble to study these secrets of another life, in so far as they have been revealed to us by the Almighty, a school-room where Divinely appointed teachers conduct these classes and Heavenly lights illumine the minds and descending grace disposes the hearts of the pupils.

It may be some grand cathedral whose massive columns and lofty arches and

altar, come up before you on this day. Yes, and those holy priests who spoke to you the word of God and broke to you the bread of life—all seem to live and move again in the vitascope of your imagination as they pass in review before your mental vision.

I am not familiar with the history of your parish, and I can hardly be expected to give expression to the thoughts which crowd upon you on this day of memories, as you look back on the work of half a century. But there is one form which stands out boldly in the picture which I have drawn, one name which comes unbidden to my lips—a name with which your church seems to have been always associated, a name that has made St. Patrick's Church of Montreal known throughout the length and breadth of America—the name of

THE SAINTLY FATHER DOWD.

But, thank God, the seed which he planted did not fall on barren ground, nor was it trodden down or devoured by the fowls of the air. Other faithful husbandmen were raised up by Providence to cultivate it and make it yield fruit a hundredfold, and we have only to reflect upon the wonders which have been accomplished in this parish within the last few years, to contemplate its remarkable development both in a material and spiritual point of view to realize that God continues to bless you and that you are under a debt of gratitude to Him for the prudent, pious, zealous and energetic pastor who now presides over your destinies, as well as to the faithful coadjutors who assist him in the administration of this parish. Oh! then, love your parish church.



VERY REV. DR. LYNCH, PASTOR OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, UTICA, N.Y.

vaulted ceilings and storied windows speak to us of the majesty and beauty of the Deity, or it may be some modest chapel with rude altar and rugged floor and homely pictures, so ill-befitting the Lord of glory—but to you, my beloved brethren, it is one of the most precious spots on earth—your own beloved parish church, the school where you are trained for Heaven. Around its hallowed walls cluster the

SWEETEST AND MOST SACRED MEMORIES

—here in the morning of life the spirit of God was breathed into your regenerated soul. Here, from those mysterious sacramental fountains of living waters, your supernatural life was springing up at the feet of the Crucifix, nourished and maintained, and here again at eventide, when the day is done, tender arms will bear you once again that your body, the temple of the Holy Ghost, may be blessed by Mother Church before it is returned to that dust from which it sprang.

Ah, my beloved brethren, when you look around on this splendid temple in which we are now assembled, so faultless in design, so solid in construction, so elegant beyond expression in artistic decoration, so harmonious in all its parts that the eye is delighted wheresoever it rests, methinks your heart goes out in loving gratitude to God as you sound the praises of this school room of your soul on this its Golden Jubilee.

My message to day is to deepen your affection, to hallow your love for this instrument which plays so important a part in the affair of your salvation. In fancy your thoughts float back to-day on the wings of memory through the

HALF CENTURY THAT HAS FLOWN,

you live over again in retrospect the trials and vicissitudes of long ago—the struggles and the successes, the joys and the sorrows that have met and blended in your history of fifty years.

Aye, the very faces of your forefathers in the faith, who once occupied these same seats and knelt before this same

Shout with joy on this its day of Jubilee, for here God lives and lives for you. It is true that God is everywhere. As a pure spirit, He fills by His immensity all space. Creation is His temple; nature, His altar, and all creatures His worshippers. His place is in Heaven. In that city with its streets of purest gold, transparent as glass and shining like jewels; with its walls of precious stones and its twelve gates of pearls, He lives and reigns. There is no temple in that new Jerusalem. For the Lord God Almighty is the temple thereof and the Lamb; and the city hath no need of the sun or the moon to shine on it. For the glory of God hath enlightened and the Lamb is the lamp thereof. Brilliant the crown, magnificent the retinue of Him "that sitteth on that flaming throne and thousands of angels minister unto Him" and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stand before Him. This is God's House. The world belongs to us. The Heaven of Heavens is the Lord's, but the earth He has given to the children of men.

Ah, my beloved brethren, as we gaze in spirit on the enchanting splendor of the Heavenly Jerusalem, a faint glimpse of which it was given the Blessed Apostle St. John to catch in prophetic vision, must we not exclaim with the wise man: "Is it then to be thought that God should indeed dwell upon earth; for if Heaven and the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Him, how much less this house which I have built."

And yet, unathomable mystery, it is our happy privilege to give back to God a little of that earth with which he has so bountifully enriched us to consecrate to His worship a few favored spots—to build for Him here and there a House where He may come and dwell, a resting place typical of His Heavenly Mansion beyond the skies. Ah, wonder of wonders!

EVERYTHING BELONGS TO GOD,

The whole world is His and yet He has chosen to place Himself in utter dependence upon His creatures. Here His

home is what we make it, and, alas, how often it happens that the humblest hovels of the poor surpass in elegance and grandeur the tabernacle in which He deigns to dwell amongst us. How often is repeated in our churches the poverty of Bethlehem, the sad story of Christmas.

Dearly beloved brethren, thanks to your generosity and self-sacrifice which has made this day's celebration possible, thanks to your faithful co-operation with your beloved pastor, who so carefully planned and has carried to maturity these extensive improvements which have made your old church new, you are able to correct in some measure this strange anomaly, to repair in some degree this flagrant injustice, by presenting to the Almighty a habitation not altogether unworthy of His Infinite Majesty.

Oh! remember then that your church is a hallowed place—it is one of those bright oases in the desert of the world. The very ground upon which it stands is sacred and has been separated by solemn rite and prayer from all profane and secular uses—it is the dwelling place of the Omnipotent, the new Jerusalem coming down out of Heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

Dearly beloved brethren, your work is not yet done, it will never be done while it is possible by any sacrifice of yours to enhance the splendor of this temple of the living and of all those objects within it that speak to the Catholic heart. Let the grandeur of its architecture, the silvery chimes that ring out from its towers, the richness of its decorations, the magnificence of its altars, the elegance and preciousness of its sanctuary, be for generations yet unborn living proof that you have loved the beauty of the Lord's House and the place where His glory dwelleth.

I have said that you ought to love this magnificent temple of religion, that you ought to rejoice on this Golden Jubilee, because it is your own beloved parish church.

And yet you do not call it yours—you call it St. Patrick's Church. Fifty years ago on this glorious Festival your parish was founded; fifty years ago the first Mass was said in this church. Happily was your titular patron chosen, and for fifty years the glorious Apostle of Ireland, from his bright throne in Heaven, has watched with a solicitude over your growth and progress. In sight of that magnificent statue which you have lately received from Rome, realizing at last the life-long wish of your former pastor, Father Dowd, accompanied too, by a most precious relic of your Patron Saint, your celebration to-day would certainly not be complete without a fitting tribute to that great Apostle, whose glory seems not to be dimmed by the march of time, but actually grows brighter and brighter as we recede farther from the age in which he lived. In studying

THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK,

there are three things which especially strike us:

FIRST—His extraordinary vocation—the astounding mission to which he was chosen.

SECOND—His fidelity in accomplishing the work which God gave him to do.

THIRD—The wonderful results of his labor.

Let us examine in the first place the nature of his remarkable vocation. Go back with me, my dear friends, 1400 years and look at the condition of the Church of Christ. Emerging from the Catacombs, after three centuries of the most terrible persecution, enjoying a brief respite of peace, she is just beginning to lay hold on society in order to carry out her great mission of evangelizing the world. But she is fit to pass through another ordeal before she begins the work.

Pagan Rome, concentrating within herself all that was grand and beautiful in the mighty empires that lay prostrate at her feet, bearing in her bosom all the treasures of the ancient world—the Rome of the Caesars, venerable with the dust of centuries, yet covered with the leprosy of iniquity—is to fall forever—the once proud mistress of the world is to be blotted from the annals of history, and in the beautiful designs of Providence, Christian Rome is to rise triumphant on her ruins, and thus from the very centre of all the wickedness of the ancient world are to radiate henceforth the blessings of religion and true civilization.

But, how is this great revolution to be accomplished? History tells us: By the mysterious permission of God the fierce barbarians of the North are let loose, and they come pouring down in all their savage fury upon the fertile plains of the South, piercing the very heart of the Roman Empire, pressing even to the very gates of the Eternal City, spreading desolation and ruin in their track, and uprooting every vestige of the grandeur of Ancient Rome.

THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

Never was the Church called upon to perform a more important, and at the same time so difficult a task. She must meet the fierce onslaught of these barbaric hordes; she must, by her mild and potent influence, tame these ferocious wolves and change them into gentle lambs. She must bring them completely under her yoke, and then, gathering up the chaotic elements into which society has been disintegrated, she must mould them into new forms and lay the foundation of new kingdoms and dynasties which shall be the germ of all modern governments.

But, how is the Church to accomplish this great work? How is she to provide the means? Where is the nursery in

which her Apostles are to be trained—where that quiet solitude in the midst of the universal wrecks of barbaric invasion, in which her disciples will be able to spend long years in patient toil and careful preparation for their sublime ministry—where the torch of Faith may be kept burning in all its brilliancy, so that she may be able to infuse into their souls her own spirit before sending them forth on their glorious mission.

Ah! my dear friends, what seems impossible to us, is easy to an Omnipotent God. Beyond the seas, far from these scenes of desolation, there lies a beautiful island; four or five millions of people, kind, generous and hospitable, endowed with every natural virtue, enjoying a high degree of civilization, whilst most other nations are shrouded in darkness and ignorance, and so bold and warlike that the Roman Eagles have never yet been able to pass their borders. One thing only seems to be wanting to them—that Faith without which it is impossible to please God.

They are pagans; they adore the heavenly bodies; they transfer to imaginary Deities the worship which belongs to God alone. Oh, if the Church of Christ could only get possession of this beautiful isle of the sea; if she could only draw these pagan people into her fold; if she could only transform them into a Christian nation; if she could only turn their valor in the right direction and make them zealous for the cause of Christ; if she could only plant here in these troublous times the seminaries in which their future ministers could be trained, then, indeed, she might be able to withstand the shock of barbaric invasion which was so soon to burst upon her.

But who is the man that will undertake a work seemingly so impossible?

The Irish are a proud and haughty people. Their religion, full of poetic imagery, has a strong hold upon their senses and their imagination, and they are deeply attached to its every tenet. The Druids—their priests—wield a strange influence over them. Who will ever be able to make them change the cherished rites of their fathers for the self-denial and severe discipline of Christianity? Many attempts, indeed, had already been made to convert the Irish people, but with little success. The very last missionary, a good and zealous man, after remaining in Ireland for a few months, and founding two or three churches, had just abandoned the work, deterred by so many difficulties and so much opposition, and had died in Britain, discouraged and disheartened.

Where is, then, the man to succeed in so arduous an undertaking? He must certainly be a man of indomitable energy and perseverance. One who will be appalled by no obstacles, who will shrink from no danger, and at the same time, be mild and gentle in disposition, kind and affable to all, and able to adapt himself to all classes of society. But above all things else, he must have a special mission from on High. Yes, my dear friends, looking at things from a human standpoint, there seemed to be little hope in the fifth century of bringing Ireland into the fold of Christ.

But God has promised never to forsake His Church. He is looking down from Heaven and watching her vicissitudes. He sees the lowering storm approaching, and in the hour of her need He decrees in His merciful Providence to take this beautiful island, rising out of the Western Sea, deck it

WITH BRIGHT ROSES OF CATHOLICITY

and present it to His beloved Spouse, that she may be the better able to accomplish her grand mission of spreading the true faith over the whole continent of Europe. Behold now, my dear brethren, how admirably Divine Providence brings about the mysterious and extraordinary vocation of Ireland's glorious Apostle.

Just at this time, in one of those frequent incursions of the Irish warriors, a youth of sixteen is taken captive on the northern shore of Gaul, brought into Ireland and sold into slavery. It seems to be but an ordinary occurrence of those warlike times, but in the mind of God it has a deep significance. Men are instruments in His hand, and in a thousand ways unknown to themselves he uses them to accomplish His hidden designs.

Little of old did the jealous brothers of Joseph think when they sold the youthful patriarch to the Ismaelite merchants that this was the very means which God had in mind to make him the deliverer of His people, and as little did the captors of St. Patrick believe that they were co-operating in the designs of Providence for the spread of the true religion. Yet so it was.

THE CAPTIVITY OF ST. PATRICK

was the very means which God employed to prepare him for his future labors as the Apostle of Ireland. During the six years of his captivity he acquires a thorough knowledge of the language and the customs of the people. Silently he broods over their miserable condition and petitions Heaven on their behalf. Poor, unfortunate creatures, distracted by intestine wars, how happy and prosperous might they be, had they but the light of the true Faith,—and why should the gift be denied them? Had not the Son of God died for them as well as for the rest of mankind? Were not the souls of these poor pagans as precious in His eyes as any others? Was there no way of dissipating the darkness in which they reined so hopelessly enshrouded? Was there no means of enlightening them without opposing too violently their superstitious practices to which they clung so tenaciously?

[CONTINUED ON PAGES FOUR AND FIVE]