

THE TRUE WITNESS

March, 18, 1896.

SOUVENIR NUMBER

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1896

Celebration of Ireland's National Festival.

The Situation this Year—Montreal's Magnificent Demonstration—Ceremonies at St. Patrick's Church—The Sermon, Music and Singing—The Procession, Speeches and Incidents—The Evening's Entertainments by the Various Societies—Programmes, Music and Addresses.

"Seven weary years in bondage the young Saint Patrick pass'd,
Till the sudden hope came on him to break his bonds at last:
On the Antrim hills reposing with the North Star overhead,
As the gray dawn was disclosing, 'I trust in God,' he said—
'My sheep will find a shepherd and my Master find a slave,
But my mother has no other hope but me this side the grave!'"—McGee.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1896!—Once more the faithful children of Erin the world over, and no place more patriotically than in Montreal, have done due honor to their great national festival. Although we must confine ourselves to a report of the various proceedings, ceremonials and entertainments with which our fellow-citizens celebrated the day in this grand commercial metropolis, we cannot but cast a rapid retrospective glance over the year that has elapsed since the seventeenth of March, 1895. The last twelve months have beheld more than one change of importance on the chess-board of Irish politics, have witnessed changes not unworthy of being recalled, have seen the disappearance from the scene of life of many familiar forms and well-remembered faces. What the coming year may bring—both for the cause of Ireland and for individual Irishmen—is more than we can dare prophesy. But we can hope for success to the former and prosperity to the latter. We can pray that St. Patrick may aid, with his powerful, celestial influence, in emancipating the nation, even as—with his trust in God—he once emancipated himself.

Although, as far as legislative progress is concerned, the Irish cause has not very much to record last year, still it is evident that it passed through one of those resting, or recuperating epochs that periodically come in every great movement. Unfortunately a handful of personally interested individuals have kept alive the spirit of dissension; but there has been a marked and great general tendency to close up the ranks and act in more perfect harmony. The most important event of the twelve months has been the retirement of Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., from the leadership of the Parliamentary Party. Mr. McCarthy's years, health, and professional literary duties made it imperative for him to retire. His disappearance from the chair was the signal for much speculation and no small degree of friction. Hon. Edward Blake's name was spoken of as a successor to Mr. McCarthy; but it subsequently became evident that the choice rested between Mr. Sexton and Mr. Dillon. The former positively declined the nomination, and even withdrew from the field of active politics—thus depriving the party of its best and greatest orator. The latter accepted, and, although his nomination has been criticized by some, is likely to become a very efficient man in the place. What the coming year may have in store for the cause and its progress is more than we can now predict. God grant that it may be good!

Since our Souvenir of last year we have had to record the deaths of several important Irish Catholic citizens of Montreal. Foremost amongst the honest, patriotic, sincere and model Irishmen, who have gone to their reward, may be mentioned the name of Hon. Senator Murphy. Long shall his words and deeds remain fresh in the memories of our people. Another was the late Mr. Patrick Kennedy, city alderman and local member for Montreal Centre. In what might be called "the rank and file" of our fellow-countrymen, the late Mr. Anthony Hogan, N.E., should not be forgotten. Mgr. O'Byrne, the distinguished Roman prelate so well known in Montreal, went suddenly to his reward, while at St. Patrick's Presbytery. The late Rev. Father James Hogan is one more of the chosen few whose lives leave an unmistakable impress upon the history of this city.

Since last year's celebration St. Patrick's Church has been completely renovated, and is, to-day, one of the most beautiful, attractive and comfortable churches on the continent. Without further preface we will simply tell

the exact story of all that took place yesterday, firstly, in St. Patrick's Church, secondly in the public demonstration, and thirdly at the various concerts.

Mass and Procession.

The day was glorious; the societies all mustered at the appointed time and place and marched to St. Patrick's Church. The sacred edifice was crowded to overflowing. The grand swell of the magnificent organ added solemnity to the scene, while the electric lights flashed over the sanctuary and the beams of day streamed in through the beautiful colored windows. His Grace, Archbishop Fabre, clad in full pontificals, sang the solemn High Mass, assisted by Very Reverend Father Geofirion, C.S.C., Director of Cote des Neiges College, as assistant priest. The Deacons of Honor were Rev. Fathers McPhail, C.S.S.R., and J. Brophy. The Deacon of office was Rev. Father Charles McManus and the sub-deacon, Rev. Hugh O'Connell. The 1st master of ceremonies was Rev. W. Doran, and 2nd master of ceremonies, Rev. W. J. O'Brien. In the sanctuary were noticed the Rev. Father Quinlan, Pastor of St. Patrick's, Rev. Fathers McCallen, Fahy, James and Martin Callaghan, all of St. Patrick's. Amongst others present were Rev. Father Finan, of Manchester, N.H., Rev. Fathers Larouque, of St. Louis de France, Loneragan, of St. Bridget's, St. Jean, S.S., of Montreal College, Danguay, S.S., of Grand Seminary, Roussin, of St. Jean Baptiste, J. J. Kelly, C.S.C., Chas. Desautels, Sault au Recollet, Laforce, St. Ann's College, N. Pellerin, C.S.C., Strubbe, C.S.S.R., of St. Ann's Parish, O'Donnell, of St. Mary's, Leclair, of St. Joseph's, Sheu, of St. Mary's, Casey, of St. Jean Baptiste, Portier, of Montreal College, Colin, S.S., Superior Grand Seminary, Driscoll, S.S., O'Meara, of St. Gabriel's, Brady, Lepellier, of Maison-neuve, and Donnelly, of St. Anthony's.

The Sermon.

"The memory of Him shall not pass away, and His name shall be in request from generation to generation." Eccl., xxxix.13.

The feast which summons us here to-day is one of no little importance to all the faithful children of Holy Mother Church; but chiefly, and in a special manner is it to those through whose veins courses the rich, ruddy blood which gushes from generous Irish hearts. To-day is the commemoration of the natal feast of one of God's holy pontiffs, one whose life of sanctity is held up as a model for the imitation of all races; likewise is it the feast of one who has endeared himself, in a special manner, to Irishmen, and the sons and daughters of Irishmen. The love which he evidenced for them, in bringing to their shores the light of God's faith and the sweet flame of His love, won the hearts of untold generations. Thus animated with sentiments of filial devotion, we assemble on this occasion, each recurring year, in this grand, old, historic temple, in order to impart to this festival all the pomp and splendor of our Church's sublime ceremonies and all the warmth and patriotism of which our hearts are capable. And what pleasure is not ours, when we see our efforts to do fitting honor to the occasion, seconded by him whom God, in His Wisdom and Goodness, has placed over the great Archdiocese—His Grace, our venerable Archbishop—who condescends to preside pontifically over the religious ceremonies, offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, calling down from the highest heavens the choicest blessings and favors of the triune God whom our glorious apostle—St. Patrick—so loved and served and whom he thought our forefathers to love, serve and adore. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that we, the descendants of those so instructed, should glory in the feast day of that immortal instructor! Natural to the human heart is a feeling—I might say an instinct—that prompts us to save from

oblivion the names of the illustrious. We cling with a grateful tenacity to the names of this world's greatest; and from lip to lip they are passed, even long after the labors of the honored ones are over, long after their hearts have ceased forever to beat. Even the cold, material world inscribes upon pillars of marble and columns of bronze the names and achievements of its heroes, statesmen, philosophers, philanthropists and poets, and thus transmits them to the keeping of the future. But vain the efforts! The tide of time rolling through the centuries submerges many a great name; the rust of ages eats away the gold lettering once destined to

PERPETUATE THEIR HISTORY.

In the matter of immortality, or fame, in this world, as in many others, it is only when the sacred influence of religion falls upon renown that the depth and beauty hidden within it can be discerned. Only when a name has been written above an imperishable altar may it be said truly to have acquired immortality. Wherefore is it that we justly rejoice in celebrating the memory of the great Apostle who, when our fathers were weeping without the porch, when they sat through long years in the shadow of death, brought the glad tidings of freedom, who—like another Moses—led them from out the house of bondage, and, like the same law-giver or Sinai conferred upon them the inestimable gift of Faith. Wishing, then, to recognize our undying obligations to our National Apostle, we will strive to bring home to our own minds a just appreciation of the services that he rendered, and of the utility and necessity of that Faith which, amidst untold labors and sacrifices, he planted in Ireland.

What would our lives be were the torch of Faith extinguished for us? What would this world be? Our lives,

be ever on our lips, his memory implanted in our hearts, and his glittering virtues before us like models for our imitation and examples for our practice? Although you are all familiar with the details of that saintly life, still on this occasion we love to recall the old, and yet ever new story of St. Patrick's wonderful career.

Born in Gaul, towards the close of the fourth century, young Patrick gave but slight evidence in his early years, of the lofty mission that God had in store for him. A change came, however, and what took place, judged by the world's standard, marked with premature blight all the prospects of his young life. Not amid the affections and comforts of home was Ireland's Apostle to be trained; for in his sixteenth year he fell into the hands of pirates and, when his feet first kissed the soil of Erin, he was a slave. There, in his lowly state, he saw what the Druids did not perceive; and, in his soul, were kindled, by the contemplation of paganism, the first indications of his great vocation.

After six months of captivity, guided by Him whose wisdom and ways are unfathomable, the young slave found a path to the sea coast, and eventually a means of returning to his native land. When again amidst the contentions of his once lost but recovered home, his thoughts led back to the land of his exile, the voices of earthly affections murmured not sufficiently loud to stifle the echoes of lament from a people for whose welfare he was solicitous and whose paganism he deplored. Careful training was succeeded by ordination to the priesthood; sacerdotal dignity and responsibility was followed by consecration to the episcopate. Back to Ireland he came—but no longer as a slave; back he came to emancipate. He came, he labored

and with its all strange places look strongly like home. Follow that band of pilgrims, bearing aloft the cross, and moving into the far west. They open out the forests, colonize the prairies, ascend the rugged slopes of the Rockies, pitch their tents on the very confines of civilization. When the day of toil is over, laying their weary heads to rest upon a foreign soil, far away from the chapel yard where sleep their fathers, the strong faith within them whispers the consolation that in heaven they shall again be united. The Catholic heart grows peaceful in the assurance of the Communion of Saints.

Now, my friends, what lessons are we to learn from the story of this day? We have received, from good, old, Irish parents the untainted gift of faith; it becomes our sacred duty to transmit that heritage to the future. As our forefathers ever humbly bent to the teachings of Holy Church, so it behooves us to accept with docility and filial devotion the guidance of that same true Mother. Had it not been for the steadfastness with which our ancestors clung to the faith we might not to-day enjoy its blessings. As they were true in the hours of persecution, in the days of sorrow, in the years of martyrdom, what a disgrace it would be for us, in this age of liberty, to become false to the traditions of the past and the hopes of the future! The world sings to us in varied notes, a changeful, deceitful melody that bewilders while it lures to destruction; the Church, throughout the ages, bears forth the same, unaltered, unchanging message—and it is an appeal to our souls. You may harken to whichever voice you choose. You may blush at your nationality—other people will despise you; you may seek to bury in oblivion the good old Irish names which were proudly borne by the venerated saints of the Emerald Isle—but their ghosts will haunt you with reproach; you may turn from the faith of St. Patrick—but the memory of your infidelity will be your punishment; in a word, you may listen to the world's sordid and deceitful chimes, you may live for the age; but the age will pass away, the chimes will be forever silenced, while you will awaken from the dream to a reality that is too unpleasant for contemplation.

But why dwell upon this unpleasant side of the picture? Let us lean our ears against the air of heaven and harken to the deep, solemn, inspiring and ever harmonious roll of that great tocsin of truth from the Church's bellry of centuries! Whosoever is swayed by its magical, mysterious notes, and works in accord with the melodious teachings that it waltz adown the paces of time, must feel that its notes are but the prelude of an unending psalm that shall go on after this world has disappeared, and must know—with the knowledge of the inspired—that all his thoughts, words and deeds, are treasured up for him in the realm of God's glory. Should I ask an Irish Catholic, a worthy son or daughter of St. Patrick, to choose between the discord of this world's chimes and the harmony of the Church's bell-like invitations? Is not the Isle of our fathers called the "The Land of Song"? Melody and Celtic music have become synonymous terms in the lexicon of the world. No discordant notes can possibly attract the sympathies of the Irish race. Perfect harmony must exist for them, or their harps remain untuned and their voices preserve silence. Truth is harmony in the most exact acceptance of the term. And that undivided, indivisible, ever harmonious truth is the gift which God sent us through his medium of His great apostle St. Patrick. That we may the more worthily honor our patron to-day, let us unite in one grand vow to preserve, forever, intact the heritage of Catholicity that he bestowed upon our fathers—and through them upon each of us! Let us love the old land, her traditions and her glories; let us pray for the success of her time honored and justice-blessed cause; let us cling to the faith of our ancestors and enjoy the radiance that it ever shed upon the highway trod by millions of our blood and race! From this sacred pulpit, and in this temple of God to-day, I venture to predict an hour of triumph for the long-suffering sons of the Emerald Isle. I behold the clouds of night grow golden, like the dawn in

the east; the tears of misery lost in the smiles of happiness; and a rejuvenated nationality springing up, sublime and solid, from the debris of ancient glories and the ruins of former greatness. And in that hour of triumph let the sons of St. Patrick unite their voices in one magnificent chorus of thanksgiving to the Omnipotent Being who guides the destinies of nations, fires the barble souls, and whets the sword of justice! Faithful to your faith and truthful to your country, yours, I pray, will be the two-fold consolation of beholding—like Simon of old—the fulfillment of God's promises, in the exaltation of the humbled nation, and in the realization of that other certainty which comes after a well spent noble and Catholic life—the enjoyment, with St. Patrick, and the army of Ireland's saints and martyrs, of an unending happiness of an imperishable glory and the wondrous privilege of chanting throughout the unmeasured span of eternity the two possible triumphs of our holy faith.

The music selected for the occasion was as follows: Nery's Messe Solennelle (first rendition in Montreal.) Soloists: Messrs. J. J. Rowan, D. McAndrew, D. Brennan, tenors; G. A. Carpenter, T. Wright, baritone; W. Crowe, J. Murray, M. Corcoran, basses. Gratias Agamus, a duet by Luzzati, will be rendered by Mr. J. J. Rowan and Mr. C. H. Smith at the offertory. Prof. J. A. Fowler will preside at the organ.

Owing to the enormous expenses of the decoration of the church and the new organ, no orchestra has been engaged for this year. But Nery's Mass is a very beautiful composition and the choir number over sixty well trained singers, and the organ is such a fine instrument that music worthy of the occasion was heard.

After Grand Mass, the procession formed on Victoria Square and proceeded by way of Craig Point and Notre-Dame Streets, Place d'Armes Square, St. James and McGill streets, to St. Patrick's Hall.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

- Bernard McDonald, Marshal-in-Chief.
- The Congregation of St. Anthony (not members of any Society.) Band—Banner.
- The Congregation of St. Gabriel (not members of any Society.) The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Band—Banner.
- The Congregation of St. Mary (not members of any Society.) Band—Banner.
- Body Name Society. Band—Banner.
- St. Mary's Young Men's Society. The Congregation of St. Ann (not members of any Society.) Band—Banner.
- The St. Ann's Young Men's Society. Band—Banner.
- The St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Band—Banner.
- Congregation of St. Patrick (not members of any Society.) Boys of St. Lawrence Christian Brothers' School. Band—Flag.
- The Ancient Order of Hibernians. Band—Flag.
- The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society. Band—Flag.
- Irish Catholic Benefit Society. Band—Banner.
- Catholic Young Men's Society. Band (the Father Mathew's)—Banner.
- The St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. The St. Bridget Banner. Band—Banner.
- The St. Patrick's Society. The Mayor and invited guests. The Clergy.

When the societies reached St. Patrick's Hall on McGill street stirring addresses were delivered.

Dr. J. J. Guerin, President of St. Patrick's Society, congratulated the societies and the magnificent display made on this occasion. And why should it not be so? In a mixed community like that in which we live it is proper that we should show our fellowmen how Irishmen of all classes can unite. He thanked the priests of St. Patrick's and the young preacher of the day for the immense benefits, from a religious standpoint conferred upon the people. Dr. Guerin then introduced Mr. C. R. Devlin, M. P.

Mr. Devlin was received with prolonged applause. He thanked the people of Montreal for the honor he had in assisting at this the most splendid demonstration the city had ever witnessed. Not even in the days of McGee and Devlin were the celebrations equal to this one. He called upon the opponents of Home Rule to reflect upon what they beheld to-day and to dare say, if they could, that Ireland's sons are not fit to govern themselves. He congratulated St. Patrick's Society, the A. O. H., the visitors from Muine, and all the other associations, upon their splendid display, and concluded with a prophecy that Home Rule would yet be Ireland's reward after centuries of suffering.

We are glad to learn that Mr. T. J. Quinlan, of the Queen's Insurance Company, has almost entirely recovered from the illness which has confined him to his house for the past three months, and that he hopes to be able to attend to business again in a few days. The True Witness office was favored with a call from him last week, and we were much pleased to observe that he appeared to be "his old self" again, notwithstanding the long siege he has gone through.



REV. T. J. HEFFERNAN, PREACHER OF THE DAY.

plunged in darkness, would constitute a splendid slavery; enjoying all the intelligence derived from God, there would be nothing to quell the passions participated with the brutes. This world would be a miserable, dreary cavern, without order or ornament—a scene of miseries destined to know no reward, no compensation. Time has been given—of God's free will—to each of us, that we may utilize its opportunities in loving and serving our Maker. But they only know love and serve the Father who believe in Jesus, the Son made man, who follow His doctrines, obey His precepts and hope confidently in all His promises. Of this Faith the Apostle speaks when he says: "Without Faith it is impossible to please God." Take away that Faith and Hope has no foundation, Charity no motive; and man, in darkness, must drift with the years, knowing not whence, caring not whither; soul-engendered, aspirations clashing with the interests of the animal, conscience, perhaps, claiming a mastery over action, but without any guarantee of its guiding powers. Life, without Faith, would be a mystery, and death a horror; the world a vast prison-house and the fluttering heart, filled with desires that it could not voice, would wear itself out dashing against the bars.

"Let there be Light!" was the creative order of Omnipotence, and out of the blackness of unmeasured cycles flashed a radiance that filled the world. "I believe," says man; and that act of Faith lets in a flash of glory upon the soul, before which the clouds roll away, the shadows vanish, the night is merged in day, and a creature arises more beautiful than any object stirred from chaos by the words that

FIRST BROKE ETERNAL SILENCE.

And if the boon of Faith be so important, so indispensable, may I not fairly ask what honor is too great, what veneration too sincere, what love too deep for the grand missionary who came under God's blessing and with a mandate from St. Peter's successor, to impart the warmth and brilliancy of those beams to our forefathers? Should not his name

ed, he conquered. As he preached salvation the Irish hearts were captivated; the Holy Gospel that he announced was readily welcomed by multitudes; soon another magnificent kingdom was added to Christ's domain on earth; the first grand strokes were given that formed what has been truly called the Isle of Saints and Martyrs

After fifty years of extraordinary apostolic labor, when the closing hour was at hand, his dying eye, lit with prophetic light, must have glanced adown the centuries, and beheld the miraculous triumphs of the Faith he had given our race. His heart must have then beat with jubilant pulsations to feel that the Church he had there established would yet send forth an unbroken series of saints, scholars and martyrs.

Thirteen centuries have come and gone since St. Patrick laid down his life-burden at the feet of Death's Angel—language, laws, customs have changed; but one institution alone has remained immutable. The Church of the nineteenth century is identical with that of the fifth; not one link in the golden chain that unites the Irish Catholics of to-day with St. Patrick and his age has been snapped. The same, however, cannot be said of every church. Many a brilliant volume of history, blazoned with the names of saints and glorious with the record of martyrs, has closed with lamentable pages of defection and decay. A bitter time came when children grew ashamed of their sainted fathers, and an ever widening gulf divided their present from their past. But from the painful contemplation of such scenes and such men, on this grand occasion, we love to turn—with consolation and hope—to the inspiring reflection that we are of the faithful ones. The Lord had been good to us. As the children of His saints we can exult in our hearts when we glance over the history of the Irish Church. The glories of St. Patrick, of his successors, and of all the faithful, throughout the centuries, are in a sense our own; we participate in them, by the holy communion of our all-uniting Faith. To the