DAY, MARCH 17. 1910.

alari

with the world so well ering precious and sacred.-

IR INNISFAIL.

m I seem to see, Island of the sea, pring's bright verdancy nisfail.

waves that break and hy lonely shore, calling evermore, nisfail.

a the vistas of the past pysterious shadows cast at through ages last, disfail.

hy Brehons, warriors ho struck the harps of , famed in days of old, nisfail.

r fathers loved the best peace their ashes rest, d of the West, sfail.

athers, gone before, greet the day on

J. A. SADLIER. ch 1910.

cis Orto Sidere.

Iym:, at Prime. light of rising star, voice we pray, tain of sin afar ours this day.

ightly shade; fast doth circum-

ory, Heaven's King, ne only Son, ring praise we sing a ages run H. FITZ-HENRY, 910.

# of the Blood.

en you, Ireland, never pressed ills, O Sireland, ers keep their rest. preign land you are



My Lord Bishon:

Kings have come, brethren,

LAVANAGH, LAJOIE & LACOSTE ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, ER. 7 PLACE D'ARMES L RAVANAGH, K.C. PAUL LACONTE, LL.S.

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TEURSDAY, MARCH 94, 1910.

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS ANY even numbered metion of Domi-sive Land in Maxitoba, Samainish-wan and Alberta, axcepting 6 and 36, set reserved, may be homestanded by any person who is the sole head of a landly, or any make even 16 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter mo-tion of 160 arrs, more or lass. Buty must be made personally of the local lasd office for the district in which the land is situated. Buty by pray may, however, be ande on certain conditions by the offer, mother, son, daughter, bro-ther or sister of an intending home-reader.

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s day, as heretofore, isfail. T. PATRICK'S SOCIETY .- Estab

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nks be paid!

bomesteader is required to per-the conditions connected there-under one of the following At least at months' remdense approach cultivation of the land in such year for three years.
 (3) If the father (or mother, If the father is decensed), of the brane. the Pale, is something calling



Eulogy Pronounced by Former Montreal Priest, in St. Michael's Cathedral, Chatham, N. B.

The following sermon was preached on St. Patrick's day in St. Michael's Cathedral, Chatham, N.B., in pre-sence of His Lordship Bishop Barry, by the Rev. R. H. Fitz-Henry, for-merly of Montreal. "Behold a great priest, who in his

"Behold a great priest, who in his time pleased God, and was found just; and, in the time of wrath, be-came an atonement. There were none found like him in observing the law of the Most High. Therefore, chair, and when Augustine ruled the destinies of the Church in Carthage of Africa. To Ireland he went on destines of the Church in Cartage of Africa. To Ireland he went on the eve of the Empire's downfall; when new nations were sharing the spoils of Rome. He was in Ireland, while yet the Briton was betaking himself to the fastnesses of rugged law of the Most High. Therefore, by an oath, did the Lord make him great amongst his people."—Ecclus. xliv. Wales and storm-swept Cornwall, or across the channel, and while the savage hordes of Hengist and Horsa sat before the deserted hearths of the function acoustic

Brethren: Why are we assembled in this church to-day? Why are we gathered round the altar of the God of our fathers and our God? Why does the exiled heart of the Gael thrill within you, within me? Why the exultant hymns of thanksgiving? Could it be thet we are come fugitive people. Could it be that we are come to grant a triumph to some mighty conqueror returning victorious, with princely spoil and plunder, from the crimsoned hillsides and blood-deluged battle-plains of a vanquished for deluged battle-plains of a vanquished foe? Why the paeans of acclama-tion? Are we gathered to cheer him of our people who may wear the victor's laurel of some test Olympic? Or is it that we are met to greet the poet who may have outsung the bards of other nations, and of standards different? No! A thousand times, No! We are here,— and it is well for us to be here,—to celebrate the natal day of our coun-try's great Apostle. It is because, at this particular hour of blessing, we look back, with heaven-born joy, to him who brought the faith to our ancestors—back through the midst of

The minor details of Patrick's birth and early boyhood may well escape us. But, even if it is not definitely known when he was born, yet it is a well-authenticated that Ireland was the land of fact his spirit's adoption, the scene of his life-work. If, indeed, various lands have reclaimed him for their house-hold; if, as we are told, the learned ancestors-back through the midst of ages; beyond dynasty and period and epoch; past the upheaval ages; beyond dynasty and period and epoch; past the upheaval of realms, and the birth of new peo-ples; beyond the hopes of to-day, through the vicisitudes of yester-night; past the triumphs of the forehypothesis of those brilliant scholars who say it was Scotland, is as plauit was France; yet, let us not be one whit dismayed, when we remember that, after all, it is for the Irish that day, to the hour of Patrick's arrival in and of his wandering over the hallowed extent of the Island of our hearts' fondest love. heart a something rather God-granted, that his birthplace should not ed, that his birthplace should not be known with certainty, so that our saint may more fully belong to the land wherein he chose to live and work, to that dear little wave-swept, thorn-crowned island home and kings have gone; empires have laugh-ed empires unto scorn and into the shadows of death; nations have con-quered, to be vanquished in turn; great men and mighty have appear-ed, but to be ushered into the night

swept, therefore and mothers, the faithful land all covered with undy-ing green; to the one, true, real and veritable Isle of Saints and Sages, in whose soil the Cross was plant-ed, and from whose soil it could and one network by method. can never be snatched!

of the tomb: yet has the people Pat-rick won to Christ stood a nation, firm in the faith, with an unerring devotion not equalled in story. Again, Brethren, if St. Patrick was not born in what was after-And mountain slope and valley-side re-echo the hymn of praise, the anthem of grace. Before the hearths of ten million homes, and under the shadow of twelve thousand altarwards called French Brittany, yet are the best historians agreed that are the best historians agreed that, at least, he was brought up there. Furthermore, his, indeed, was an age of storm and plunder, of sea-faring and of sea-coast piracy. The greed of booty then drew fierce war-bands from the German coast, shadow of twelve thousand altar-piles: in the pulpit and on the ros-tra; in that Commonwealth whose freedom-shores are swept by the seas of the South, and in this our fair Canadian land of plenty; in the war-bands from the German coast, from the sea-girt shores and the monster ocean-bays of the North. In turn, the peoples of the Western Isles were forced to face the viking on the domains of his own billowy emimmortal Republic of the Star-be-spangled banner, and in and over and through the length and breadth and full extent of the Emebreadth and full extent of the Eme-raid Isle of the Ocean; everywhere an Irish heart beats with normal pulse, and everywhere a sincere exile of Motherland has set a foot,—a hal-lowed fort, I say—shall it be said, to-day, that ours is a great Apos-tle, that his people have kept the faith, and that they mean to keep it, regardless of legislator or per-secutor, of vampire or scorpion, as long as a matron or a maiden, a sire or a son, of our nation's people pire, in order, all the more assured-ly, to ward off the dangers that threatened the coasts of their re-spective homelands.

Now, brethren, kidnapping is older than romance. Thus did it come to pass that Patrick, the son of Cal-phurnius and Conchessa, was cap-tured, by some pirates, at the age

the year-scheme of the Druid. He had now finished his studies (and had been ordained a priest of the living God) in the monastic institu-tions af Marmoutier and Lerins. From France, then, brethren, he came, after passing through Rome, after having knelt at the feet of Christ's vice-gerent, the immortal Celestine. He had an uncle in France, St. Martin of Tours, who had been God's instrhment in the work of his mephew's preparation for the dutinephew's preparation for the duti-ful and saint-making ministry in the vineyard of the Lord God of Sabbath . From Martin, and through him, had Patrick learned how to scatter the harvest-giving seed. how to spread the glad message of peace, the selfsame the Angèls of Bethle-hem had sung over the crib of the holy Child-King.

In France, Brethren, in the heart of a noble country, whose sons should be found, at a later date, preaching Christ and Him crucified breaching christ and Him crucified to the law-giver and to the money-changer, and, as willing exiles, to the benighted Hottentot, on the sand-plains of remotest Africa, and to the man-eating tribes of far Oce-ania; in that storied land of France, whose priests and brothers and nun Whose priests and brothers and nums have proved their love for God and altar in a thousand perils, but never more fully than to-day, amidst the trials of national heart-breaking vicissitudes. of

St. Palladius had preceded Pat-rick in Ireland, the Palladius strange rick in Ireland, the Palladius strange story-writers would mistake for Patrick himself: but notwithstand-ing his saintly zeal, in spite of a few souls won to Christ, his mis-sion to the nation, as such, had fail-ed. Our saint, too, was doomed for a passing trial. Having been refus-ed entry to the Bay of Dublin, he did not lose courage, however, but entering upon the course of the afterward strange-storied River Boyne, he proceeded to Tara, in story-writers would mistake for
fugitive people.
Was the hour one of Providence?
Was Patrick to prepare a race of
missionaries for the new-born nations of Europe? Was God then
making of Ireland a seminary,
whence heralds of truth should go
forth, with martyr-courage, to the
Saxon in England, bear the glad
tidings to the Goth of the East? Had He
again chosen a well-beloved people
who should bear witness to the
Gross, over the face of a new world,
just as Israel of old had caused His
of the Gentile? There is a
question that history has not, as
The minor details of Patrick's ence, and unheard-of transgression! No fire could be kindled, at that special season, until the signal for such should have come from the royal court. There a flame was such should have come from the royal court. There a flame was first set ablaze, and, from Tara, through the land, past smiling glen and happy vale, from sun-bathed hiltop to cloud-bedewed mountain-peak, were the people to learn of the acceptable hour, when the new fire could burn in ten thousand dis-tant places.

Ah! Brethren, but Patrick's Ah! Brethren, but Patrick's un-looked-for firepile was but a symbol and a prefiguration of the flame of apostolic zeal, which should chasten and transform cultured, victim-spar-ing. Irish Druidism into Christian

and transform cultured, victur-spar-ing, Irish Drudism into Christian truth, while it caused the hearts of Ireland's sons and daughters to burn with godly lowe, and be con-sumed unto Christful embers.

Again, and on a solemn occasion, was a king, and with him, all those of his court, alarmed and troubled of his court, alarmed and troubled. In person did he, Leoghaire the ru-ler, go out—a strange happening—to learn who the offenders might be, and what their intent. In a short time, the saint and the ruler stood time, the saint and the ruler stood face to face; the world in the pre-sence of God! And soon were the laws of an earthly king placed in contrast with the Gospel-code of a Redeemer: Mammon at the fect of Jehovah; Error at the bar of Truth. In response to the king's queries, Patrick said that he had come to preach the abiding faith of Heaven; that he was a messenger of the tri-une God. The King and his fol-lowers, true to the lifeblood of Ire-land, unlike the fierce potentates and stiff-necked war-kings of cruder lands, waxed interested, and bade lands, waxed interested, and bade the saint explain more fully the faith that in him lay: it was the hour of grace, the passage of God's Angel of Deliverance; it was at the moving of the waters. Opposed, it is true—and it was natural, as well —by the Druids, but strongly up-held by the bards, Patrick converted Leophnics the orcepting and with

# The work became so widespread, and the believers so numerous, that new bishoprics had to be establish-ed at various points in the land, while priestly and religious voca-tions multiplied a thousand-fold. In vain, Brethren, should we seek, in church history, for another ex-ample of the kind; in vain, should we search for another instance, when such a fruit-laden tree sprang from the tiny grain of good seed, in so short a space of time.

Later when struck Ire-land's hour of sorrow and suffering, when the birthright of her national freedom was sold to the heartless invader, by an accursed traitor and factionist and lead invader, by an accursed traitor and factionist—and Ireland has others to-day;—when her glens and vales, her lovely hills and mountain-passes, were covered with the clean life-blood of her martyred children, thanks to the worst fiends outside of Tartar; when her sons were torn from their mothers' embrace, and her dauwhters driven from here at from their mothers' embrace, and her daughters driven from beneath the roof that had sheltered their in-nocence; they stood, Ireland stood, by the faith as truly and as fully as in the days when the immortal Brian won her victor-laurels from the Danes, on the storied field of Clontarf; as surely and as truly as she shall stand by it forever, in the face of every fiend and foe and de-mon.

The martyr-embers, brethren, of our country still glow and her blood-besprinkled fires still burn; let us hope that our own generation shall not be found wanting in loyalty-to God, to our clergy, to our green flag and to our country's tradition. Blest the Apostle and blest the

blest the Apostle and blest the sires; blest the martyrs and blest the people; thrice blest the altar of our fatherland, and blest; yes, blest the dear little sweet little shamrock of Ireland, the emblem of the triune God, and of our coun-try's subjection to the sume mole try's subjection to the sweet yoke of Christ!

"And in the time of wrath came an atonement. Therefore, an oath, did the Lord make be him great amongst his people."

### III. THE NATION HE WON TO CHRIST.

"By an oath did the Lord make him great among his people," Let me ask you, brethren, what country there is that reveres its Apostle as does Ireland? What other country celebrates its national holiday as the feast-day of its Apostle? She fully ceast-day of its Apostle? She fully proves her love for St. Patrick, by standing faithful to the word he taught her. After St. Patrick had, under God,

After St. Patrick had, under God, made Ireland great, she in turn, added lustre to his diadem and glo-ry to his crown. I know it, Bre-thren, and, thank God, the blood within my veins shall ever make me confess it, that, thanks to bad go-vernment, thanks to officials, vil-lains and demous in the flesh, Irish-men have been made aliens to their own land, and strangers in their own home. My place is not to preach disloyalty; but I have Irish sense of honor and Irish battle-blood in me. Our country was wronged ; in me. Our country was wronged our fathers were treated as only in me. only cannibals could treat them ; nor have the wrongs been fully righted So, Brethren, it were better that my right hand should wither, than that I should fear to voice the truth

that I should fear to voice the truth that history bears out, and that present conditions in Ireland con-firm. I shall ask you again, was it in answer to some special Providence that Irishnen were driven from home, their sweet, blest home ? Too ment agains have and Yos, that it home, their sweet, blest home? Too many sages have said Yes, that it should be rashness for me to say No. The truth of the matter is, that Irishmen have borne witness to God, from the coldest regions of the God, from the coloest regions of the icy North, to the deepest plains of the balmy South; they have gone to the Levant, and they have mastered the West. The Cross was their standard: their watchword, Faith ! You will find them at work in every country that can boast of free constitution; they have taken a free constitution; they have taken their stand beneath the flag of their stand beneath the flag or prosperous Canada; but more espe-cially have they thrived, succeeded and supremely risen in the ever-glo rious "land of the free" and the ur equalled "home of the brave," in the in the United States of American, that welcomed our exiles with open arms, cheered their drooping, if stout, hearts, and proved the best benefac-tor of our persecuted country. For

### LAID UP FIVE YEARS Until Half a Bottle of Father Merrisey's Liniment Cured His Shoulder.

Mr. Jos. J. Roy, a prominent tinamith of Sathurst, N. B., jaly 16, 1909: "Tomot let this opportunity pass i societed from your Liniment. For we years I had a sore shouldes, which are provided from working or from alcoping at night. I had tried everything or should an a sore shoulder, which and still could find no reflect until I was advised to try a bottle of out delay. I only used one half of the abottle when I was completely cared, and now I feel as if I never had a sore shoulder. I would advise anyone suffe-shoulder. I would advise anyone suffe-himment triat, for I cannot praise it bilinent that will do that is the finiment you want. It is equally good schee, ear ache, spraine, sore muscles and course out. 250 per bottle at your dedicine Co. Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

Strong with strength of sainted martyr, Braved they tyrant's fire and spear, With a faith that knows no barter For the passing goods of fear! Such the heroes, such forever, True to God unto the last; And, in torture, true as ever, Like the martyrs of the past.

Wherever they went their priests were with them to teach them how to live, and show them how to die. Even in penal days, when Hell tried its worst artifices, its most accurs-ed bitterness, Ireland's ministers of Christ did not betray their sacred

Hunted down like felons dreaded, Marked there heads for traitor's fee; Even tortured, burnt, beheaded— Thus the land from priests to free. Prissly heroes ne'er can falter; Ne'er can share a coward's shame; But their love for God and Altar, E'en on scaffold can proclaim!

Let us, then,-and it well behooves Let us, then,—and it well behooves the scions of a clean, gallant race,— let us be mindful of our nation's story! Practice the virtues that have saved millions of your kinsmen for God and Heaven. Be pure of mind and unsullid of heart. Re-spect the minister of God, as your ancestors did. Hearken to the voice of Mother Church with a lite well. ancestors did. Hearken to the voice of Mother Church with a like wil-ling ear. Let your glory be in Christ and in His Cross. Do not forget our-struggles, even if you must pardon, as did our elders, the heartless persecutors who tried to crush our spirits and bring-our souls under the yoke Even if our recrush our spirits and bring our souls under the yoke. Even if our re-verige must be that of Holy Stephen and Eulalia of Spain, of tender Agnes and Ignatius of Antioch, let us be true to the flag of our coun-try. Pardon the Tudor monsters. Pardon the grim, barebone hypo-crites of the Cromwellian Common-wealth nardon these wooden states wealth; pardon those wooden stateswealth; pardon those wooden states-men, who, while refusing our coun-trymen their rights, were, or are still, pleased to call us a stiff-neck-ed people, in return for constitution-al good-will. It may be the great-est sacrifice of all, yet pardon even the spineless sons of our nation, who, dazzled with modern fancies and utionly devoid of busin are who, dazzled with modern landes and utterly devoid of brain, are, through human respect, and weak-ness worthy of a worm, ashamed of the noble blood that courses in their veins, in spite of themselves,-the blood that made their noble fathers

blood that made their noble fathers the men they were. Stiff-necked let us be, if the term be synonymous with principles unto death: prepared to mount the scaf-fold, or burn at the stake, rather than surrender the trust of our faith, the charter of our rights, and the heaven-born traditions of our race. Irish Catholicism is not sen-timentality, is not schism, is not revolt. Ours is inrooted sincerity with God, and dauntless fidelity to the Charter and our pastors, be their the Church and our pastors, be their nationality what it may. We are Catholics first and foremost. Brethren: Prove the truth within you. Stand faithful to the tradi-tions of your sires and countrymen; and the God who was pleased to

and the God who was and the God who was pleased to bless our people in their trials and triumphs, shall welcome us all into the splendor of his eternal domains, after the day's heat and the dust of the arena; past Thabor, through Calvary, from Olivet, to Heaven.— Amen.

## THE TRUE WITNESS ... ND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

The survey of the second second second

of me is calling to

our bitter story, within has cried; ir annals, gory of them that died, an alien land m me the wail; s something calling the Gael: 'me is calling to

ou, Ireland, never feel; , O Sireland, r kneel. ty Columbia, cannot fail, something calling, the Gael; me is calling to

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RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS HAVING DESIGNS -\*\* ENGRAVINGS DONE \*SHOULD APPLY' TO LAPOR

hearts. "Behold a great priest, who in his time pleased God." St. Patrick's life was that of a saint among the very saints of God; "and in the time of wrath became an atonement": his Apostleship bore, bears, and shall ever bear the evidences of an over-outpouring of Heaven's mercy and wisdom. "Therefore, by an oath, did the Lord make him great among his people": his nation has taken up his work; after he had made her great, with the help of the Most High, she, in her turn, added lustre to his diadem and glory to his crown. His Life, then, his Apostle-ship, and his People are what con-cerns us.

### I. HIS EARLY LIFE-STORY.

1. His EARly Lifestown. It is no easy task, brethren. for the willing student of history, to open the book of ages and read therein, with full satisfaction, the early lifestory of our Patrick. He was not of the proud of earth, who make it a duty to bequeath unto posterity the praise-story of their achievements, and the glory-song of their lineage; not a pride-eaten po-tentate or earth-illumined sage. His "Confessions" speak but of hatred for self, while, with John the Evan-gelist before, and with Francis of Assiaium after him, was he wrapt in God, and was his soul the dowry of the Master Who had fashioned it. And yet, brethren, the cloud of

And yet, brethren, the cloud of time has not utterly beshadowed Patrick's lifestory. Indeed, history speaks volumes concerning the age in which he lived. He was born

it, regardless of legislator of per-secutor, of vampire or scorpion, as isree or a son, of our nation's people is left to give proof to the world of the Irish sincerity of their and of the Irish sincerity of their hearts.
''Behold a great priest, who in his time pleased God.'' St. Patrick's life was that of a saint among the very saints of, God; ''and in the time of wrath became an atonement'': his Apostleship bore, bears, and shall
ever bear the evidences of an over-memory of the stars' strong years did he full and pray and struggle, while, at eve, as, on the hillside, he sat tending to his six genes, did he, however, learn to admire the generosity, the full-heart-danes, the unbloody instincts, on
is a stars's men and chieftains, and
is a stars's the unbloody instincts, or
is a stars's flock, did his spirit
is a sub-king and 12,000 of his people at a national convention held six years, did he, however, learn to admire the generosity, the full-heart-edness, the unbloody instincts, of Ireland's men and chieftains, and did he master the polished tongue, in which he should, at a later hour, announce God's obscripts message of in which he should, at a later hour, announce God's cheering message of hope and salvation; while he blessed the brawn of Ireland's sons and the purity of Ireland's daughters; while he grew to half-pardon Druidism, and to lovingly admire the early ci-vilization of Innisfail, which, al-though not of Christ, yet seemed to prepare the way for the advent of the Master.

the Master. Helped by God, guided, as it were, like the Magi of old, by some myste-rious light, even, if in his case, it shone but in the heavens of his soul serene and saintly, he field to within the confines of France; but with fix-ed resolve of returning to Ireland, that he might win her to Christ, after he should have studied for, and been ordained to, the sacred ministry of God's altar-to begin. continue, and fulfil his calling, as God's Apostle to our Motherland.

II. ST. PATRICK'S APOSTLESHIP

"And in the time of wrath, be-came an atonement." In God's ac-ceptable day of grace and mercy, Patrick became the Apostle of Ire-land. Accompanied by nine zealous companiens, he reached the Irish coast, in the Bay of Dublin, at a lime which was as a Paschalilde in

people at a national convention held near Tociat. In Connaught, he spent eight years. Bards and chiefs eagerly embraced the faith; whole clans were baptized at a time. Lat-er he founded the archbishoppic of Armagh, over which see his glorious Irish Eminence, Cardinal Logue, pre-sides with such power and dignity to-daw to-day. Patrick's work, then, brethren, was

to-day. Patrick's work, then, brethren, was not in vain. Soon the faith spread all over Ireland, but not a drop of blood was ruthlessly shed by any apostle sent by God to our fathers. Soon churches reared their sacred piles towards the skies, and a thou-sand spires soon pointed out the way to heaven. Cheered and strength-ened with grace from above, fer-vent souis betook themselves to the new-made sanctuaries and cloisters, there to pray for their brethren and toil for their kinsmen of their blood; there to sing the praises of God, at morn, noon and eve. Such was the piety and devotion of Ireland's priests and people, that it could be said that the country was a great home of prayer. Princes be-robed themselves in sackcloth and ashes, as willing penitents for the hour, even Druds, the priests of the altars Patrick overturned. threw thomselves at his feet and prayerlu-ty they baptime.

God's sake, let Jrishmen always re-member this, and ever love the Re-public of the West !

Furthermore, in the words of a former Governor of Tennessee, let me ask you. "where is the battle-field that has not been glorified by Irish courage and bapized with Irish blood. And where is the free coun-try, whose councils have not been strengthened by Irish brains, and whose wealth was not increased by Irish brawn ? . . Wherever the banner of peace is unfurled over the English-speaking nations of the earth, this same irresistible Celtic blood has ever been present, shap-ing the destinies of empires and republics." Furthermore, in the words of

## Troubled With **Constipation** For Years.