

Brilliant Celebration of Festival.

(Continued from Page 1.)

THE SERMON.

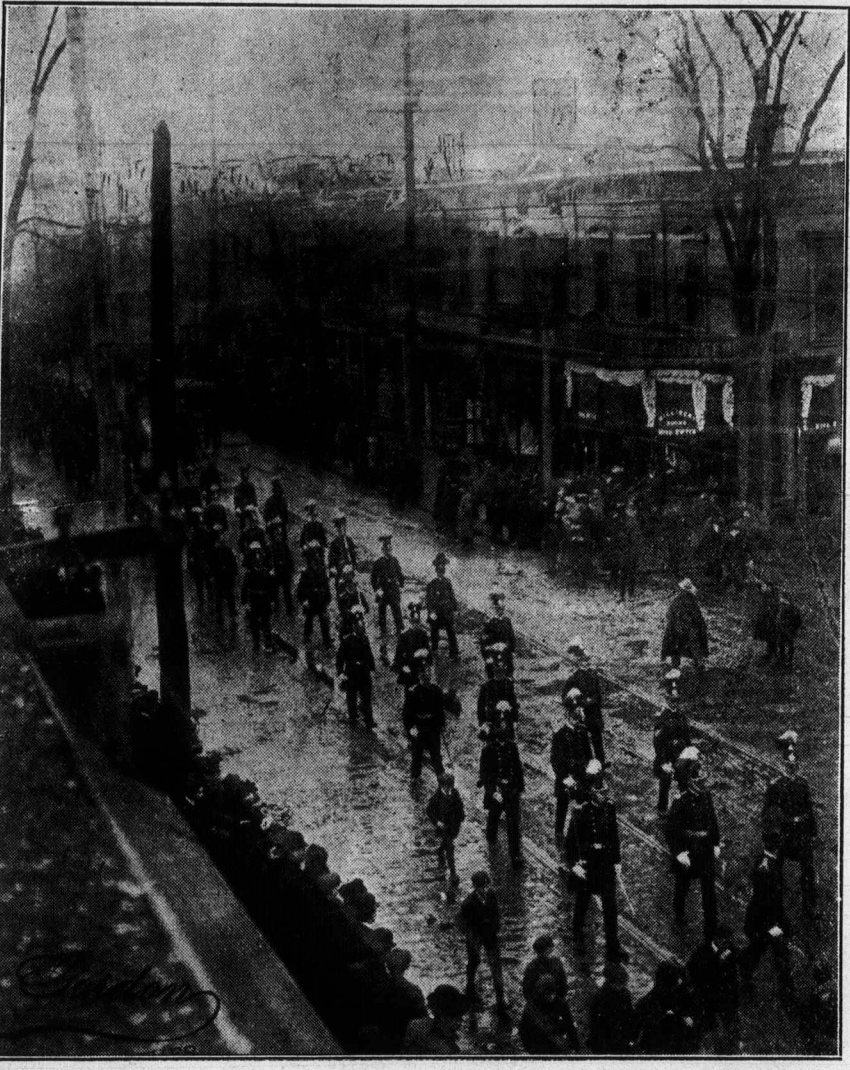
Father Barrett then began the sermon: May it please Your Grace, Very Rev. Fathers, and children of St. Patrick: An eminent Irishman, Edmund Burke, has written: "No people will look forward to posterity who do not frequently look back to the past." The Irish race has been censured for brooding too much over bygone days. Our apology is this: God, who gave us retrospective faculty, has also given us a history which is an abiding inspiration and a powerful stimulus to noble effort; I challenge the annals of the world to produce another such record. But let me guard against misconception. Some pictures cannot be appreciated unless viewed at a certain angle. It is somewhat similar with the history of our race; we must gaze from a definite view-point to realize its transcendent beauty. That point of view is the supernatural. What glorified only in the strong arm and keen battle-axe. O how the heart of the Saint must have pulsed when the serried ranks of that warrior-race broke on his vision. Then he spoke, and spoke as one whose heart is aflame with fire from above. He portrayed the Beauty and Love of the Saviour, and lo! the hearts of the sons of war are touched—when did the beautiful and true and noble ever appeal in vain to the Celtic soul? and a wondrous change is wrought in them, the ferocity disappears the heroism remains, and their affections rush with impetuous current to their Incarnate God. The same results await his preaching all over the Island. And soon along the fair valleys of Munster, and far up in the North where the towers of O'Neill and O'Donnell sentinel the land, and in wooded Wicklow and brave Wexford, and hard by the lordly Shamon, monasteries arise, and the valorous sons of Erin lay down the battle-axe, and her fair daughters renounce pomp and pride, and they make the vales and hills resonant with sacred song. Wonderful victory of the grace of God!

nation ever achieved. In the spiritual order humiliation goes before triumph. During the years that she was the intellectual centre of Europe she resembled Christ on Tabor. Now she will enjoy a higher privilege, she will drink the bitter chalice of His passion. The sixteenth century saw the great rebellion of the three lusts of the human heart against Christ and His Church. Avarice, pride and sensuality flung their banner to the breeze. Henry VIII bribed his nobles with the property of the monasteries, and then found it easy, absolute monarch as he practically was to begin to rob the English race of their ancient heritage and Catholic faith, and all that just to feed his own vile passions. He said he wished to reform the Church. Heaven must have been in a sad plight for an envoy when it selected Henry and Luther. What Henry began his gentle daughter Elizabeth completed. Cardinal Newman has explained in a beautiful volume how the anti-Catholic tradition was created in England and how the honest English people were despoiled of their faith by that despotic queen and her sycophants. But when the English monarchs had reformed the nation after their own image and likeness, they were naturally very anxious to effect a godly

ed. Erin cleaved to Christ. She endured the scourge and wore the crown. She suffered millions of her children to die rather than forfeit the Gospel which Patrick had preached, rather than prove a renegade to her Saviour. O heroic nation, blood stained and dying, yet unconquerable! Here is a triumph to stimulate our faith. Well may we look back with pride on the history of our country, and challenge the annals of the world to show anything as heroic.

LEARNING FLOURISHED IN ERIN.

And side by side with sanctity, learning, also flourished in Erin.



A SNAPSHOT OF THE PROCESSION—HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS IN LINE.

other race on God's earth can today look back on fifteen centuries of robust supernatural life? Fifteen hundred years of fidelity to Christ? Of vigorous faith issuing in love strong even to the shedding of torrents of blood? A life that neither poverty nor persecution nor the scaffold could interrupt, nor the more insidious lure of power and affluence? Why, children of St. Patrick, should we not often and lovingly rivet our thoughts on such a record? O, would we be strong and lead for the future, we must ponder on the past. It is in this spirit and with this intent that I shall depict the past today, not to stir evil passions or feed animosity, but to stimulate your virtues and fortify your faith. Patrick was the first link in the golden chain, and his influence abideth for ever. The history of Ireland is the record of the triumph of our glorious natural Apostle.

STUDY MOTHER ERIN.

So we shall study thee today, Mother Erin, first in thy transfigured beauty, during the early ages of thy Christian life; then we shall look on thy sad pale face, with the crown of thorns on thy head and the cross on thy shoulder—O so like thy Saviour—and finally we shall think of thee as thou art now triumphant, strong at home in the ancient faith and love, and still stronger abroad, where thy myriad sons are building up vigorous young nations to East and West, and impressing on them the traditional virtues of the race, and because of the spell that thou dost exercise over them, O Mother, the heart of these exiles is ever turning towards thee, and however dear to them the land of their adoption, their dearest spot on earth is still the lovely isle that folds to her fond bosom the ashes of their forefathers.

Brothers, it is well-nigh fifteen centuries since Patrick came to Erin to preach Christ. Providence had shaped him for his destiny. Adversity and grace had lifted his soul to the level of the heroic. And as the men of God stood on the hill of Tara, what a spectacle met his gaze and stirred his spirit. There sat the High-King of Erin surrounded by Bards and Druids, and stretching far away over the green hillsides were the warriors whose prowess was known in Britain and Gaul. They

The pagan Roman Empire had shed the blood of countless martyrs. Providence called on the barbarians from Northern Europe to avenge that blood, and down they rushed and smote the mighty fabric, whose foundation corruption and crime had sapped until it crumbled to dust. Where will learning now take wing? Must her torch be extinguished for ever? Are the classic treasures of Greece and Rome destined to disappear? Not so, Ireland will offer hospitality to the poets and sages of antiquity, and in her cloisters, while some are transcribing the Gospels, other scholars are poring over the pictured page of Homer and Virgil. O beautiful union of earth and heaven! The beams from on high and the rays from beneath have their focus in Erin. While darkness broods over the rest of Europe, there is light on the Irish coast. And would you find the germ of modern civilization? It is there in Ireland—which at that time was the University of Europe.

Finally, who will go forth to preach the Gospel to the young barbarian races that have settled in Gaul and England and Germany? Rome knew where she could find men ready for peril and sacrifice. She called on the Irish monks, and forthwith Columba and Fridolin, Gaul and Columbanus and others whose name is legion, rise up and walk forth, the Gospel in their hand and Christ in their heart, to encounter danger or death for the dear Saviour's sake. O beautiful Mother Erin, this morning we hail thee across the centuries and the ocean! We, the children of St. Patrick, hail thee, Mother of Saints and scholars and Apostles.

This brilliant era lasted three centuries. Then the Danes arrived and the Irish warriors took up the battle-axe again, and finally met the fair-haired, blue-eyed sons of the North at Clontarf and drove them into Dublin Bay. But war begot dissension, and the next century, when the Normans came, they found us disintegrated. Then the crown fell from thy fair forehead, Mother Ireland, and the sceptre from thy fair hand.

THE GREATEST VICTORY.

Providence was preparing her, brethren, for the greatest victory any

reformation of benighted Ireland in like manner. Now gallant Erin, hold thine own, be faithful to Patrick, be loyal to Peter, betray not Christ!

The conflict began. Armies were the first apostles they sent to convert us, and our poor country was depopulated by fire and sword. The physical force failed, and changing their tactics, they had recourse to moral suasion in the shape of penal laws. I will not harrow up your soul, brethren, by detailing these atrocities. Suffice it to say that St. Patrick's prayer prevailed. The faith which he had rooted in the heart of Erin defied Elizabeth and Cromwell, Anne and the George's. The word failed, famine failed, bribes failed, proselytising institutions fail-



SNAPSHOT OF THE PROCESSION N-ST. PATRICK'S CADETS.

Swollen Hands and Feet mean Kidney Trouble. Liniments and blood purifiers are useless. What you must do is to cure the kidneys. Take GIN PILLS. GIN PILLS act directly on these vital organs—correct all disease—neutralize uric acid—purify the blood—relieve the pain and reduce swelling in hands and feet. 50c. a box; 6 for \$2.50. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price. DEPT. T.W.—NATIONAL DRUG & CHEM. CO. LIMITED TORONTO 106

THE PENAL LAWS. At length the penal laws were gradually relaxed. The French Revolution broke the first links, and God raised up Daniel O'Connell—name that our race reveres—to complete the emancipation. And when Erin emerged from that fiery ordeal the faith of Patrick had been wrought into every fibre of her being by the hand of persecution. Lastly let us glance at Ireland triumphant to-day, for she has cast off the ceremonies which her enemies had wrapped round her, and is walking abroad in renewed strength. Just as O'Connell was sinking into the grave, the appalling famine of '47 swept over Ireland and drove myriads of her children into exile. Now, brethren, admire and adore the Providence of God. He is going to reward the fidelity of our race by according them the most sublime of all destinies. When the Jews of old possessed the true religion, remark how God scattered them among the nations as a leaven of religious truth. Even so has He done to the Irish race. He led them by the hand to the East and West. And with the purity and faith of Erin in their souls, and the blood of the martyrs in their veins, they have traversed oceans and planted the standard of St. Patrick in America and Australia.

Who are building up the vigorous young churches of these two countries to-day? The Cardinals and prelates that preside over them, of what nationality are they? Under the banner of the Stars and Stripes alone there are upwards of twenty million Catholics. Who constitute the back-bone of that mighty army of God? Oh rejoice, dear land of St. Patrick, for thy children to the East and West are as the sands of the seashore. They are strong in material strength; but stronger yet in the virtues that have ever characterized thee. And these virtues they are rooting in the land of their adoption.

THE MISSION IN CANADA.

And here in Canada, brethren, though I know not your comparative strength, that you have a very definite and divine work to accomplish there is not the shadow of a doubt. This young nation will expand, it may be, into gigantic proportions. Her greatness if it is to abide, must not be built on the shifting sand of expediency or egotism, but on the granite rock of religion. Children of St. Patrick, it is your privilege and destiny to preach religion in this young land by the eloquent tongue of a thoroughly Christian life. Be first in temperance, purity, faith and charity. Otherwise you are false to your race, you are false to Ireland. Let not your religion be an empty profession merely. Let it shape your whole life. The blood that is flowing in your veins is the blood of saints and martyrs. Oh, let your conduct proclaim your high lineage. Degenerate not from the grand traditions of our race. And thou, O glorious Patron of Erin, guard our race in the future as in the past. Lead us along the old paths, that walking therein we may arrive one day at the Mount of the Vision of the Eternal God. Amen.

DAD GAVE IT UP. Stern fathers and timid lovers still claim our attention on this terrestrial ball, but mothers usually save the day in some way. "That young man stays until an unearthly hour every night, Doris," said an irate father to his youngest daughter. "What does your mother say about it?" "Well, Dad," replied Doris as she turned to go upstairs, "she says men haven't altered a bit."

BRONCHITIS. Bronchitis is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and inclement weather, and is a very dangerous inflammatory affection of the bronchial tubes. The Symptoms are tightness across the chest, sharp pains and a difficulty in breathing, and a secretion of thick phlegm, at first white, but later of a greenish or yellowish color. Neglected Bronchitis is one of the most general causes of Consumption. Cure it at once by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine SYRUP. Mrs. D. D. Miller, Allandale, Ont., writes: "My husband got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for my little girl who had Bronchitis. She wheezed so badly you could hear her from one room to the other, but it was not long until we could see the effect your medicine had on her. That was last winter when we lived in Toronto. She had a bad cold this winter, but instead of getting another bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I tried a home made receipt which I got from a neighbor but found that her cold lasted about twice as long. My husband highly praises 'Dr. Wood's,' and says he will see that a bottle of it is always kept in the house." The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, so, be sure and accept none of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup."

At a time when tiny orange trees are to be seen as table decorations, and oranges innumerable are for sale, it is not inappropriate to trace the introduction of the fruit into Europe. According to a Paris contemporary, says the London Globe, after its introduction into Europe from China a Carthaginian conceived the idea of grafting the yellow mandarin orange upon the grenadier, with the result that we have the blood orange. Jean de Castro introduced the orange from the West Indies to Portugal, and the first attempt to cultivate it was made by the Constable de Bourbon; but after the revolt Francis I continued the experiments. At the time Louis XIV. visited Toulon, the Chevalier Paul, in compliment to the King, placed some preserved oranges on the trees in the orangery. Ladies in the retinue, it is added, were under the impression that these oranges grew sugared. On Sale Everywhere.—There may be country merchants who do not keep Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, though they are few and far between and these may suggest that some other oil is just as good. There is nothing so good as a liniment or as an internal medicine in certain cases. Take no other. The demand for it shows that it is the only popular oil.

TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY of Padua.

Dear Reader,—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it? or what else can I do? For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church. I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room. Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles. And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocesan Grant, No Endowment (except Bope). We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag. The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt. I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity. To those who have not helped I would say—For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament. Address—Father Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England. P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. Letter from Our New Bishop. Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the aims which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained. Yours faithfully in Christ, F. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 28, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land. Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent. W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

NORTHERN Assurance Co'y OF LONDON, Eng. "Strong as the Strongest." INCOME AND FUNDS, 1908. Capital and Accumulated Funds...\$47,410,000. Annual Revenue..... \$8,805,000. Deposited with Dominion Government for security of policy holders..... \$398,580. Head Offices—London and Aberdeen. Branch Office for Canada 88 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal. ROBERT W. TYRE, Manager for Canada. MONTREAL CITY AGENTS. ENGLISH DEPARTMENT. ARTHUR BROWNING, 228 Board of Trade, Tel. Main 1743. FRED. G. REID, 20 St. John St. Tel. Main 1227. WILLIAM CARRIS, 33 St. Nicholas St. Tel. Main 839. CHAS. A. BURNES, JOHN MACLEAN, 88 Notre Dame St. W., 88 Notre Dame St. W., Tel. Main 1539. Tel. Main 1539. FRENCH DEPARTMENT. N. BOYER, GHO. H. THIBAUT, 88 Notre Dame St. W., True Witness Bldg. Tel. Main 1539.

THURSDAY, M. A Telling the The immortal universality of were points dur er Barrett disri ed at High M Patrick's. The delivered his di and a spirit of dered it striking hearers. The giv on with a weal language that person in the s evidence of the t At night Fath the question of important topic no less convinc At both a large cong seating capacity ing heavily tax when the Lente the pulpit. The presence of a co non-Catholics; it that they have m worthy of their THE MORN On Sunday mo preached from th don divided aga brought to desc There is one t that contrasts i with all others. certain laws—the mate, then decaye gether with the inates and the in founds, is ever h tion. "If this w will come to nau ish Sage. So it ed on all thy w even as on thys thou just not. There is no t tion which that Tine signs the d things else but c on her queenly b mind back to the man Empire ach expansion and al that enormous c can say that her ed? She has see thrones fall, dy marching along superior to the l enable Mother C ever ancient and Catholic children ENEMIES OF Nor is time th the Church has passion in the h to her and wrou structure. She is ed by a strong to spring a mine tips, others diry fire against there is a third City—most formi embarrass the act And this assauti turies, so long ties, and unwor war on the imp War. Or again, the treacherous o sion and pride. tempest roars a in fury, and her joy! 'Lo, she has But look again— proudly riding o billows, and the bridge. And, bra say why thou ha save that the Lo But perhaps the al institution i some powerful s from destruction Quite otherwise. Not national, she land, speaks eve children of every all national bou sion and at no fr er on earth can shall thou halt, will accept; but, pence with it, he ly proves. Does She is grateful. fears him not. D fold and spill he but expand all every drop of blo germ of a new l she will win Pau Plunkett, she wil