

## THE SOUL OF ST. PATRICK.

## SKETCHES OF HIS INNER THOUGHTS

His Sorrows, Humility, Special Call—His Sense of Union With Christ.

Nothing so builds up the interior man as coming in contact with the soul of a Saint. Men change through the different ages. The manners of the time of St. Patrick would seem to us as grotesque as his language would be difficult. But souls are always much the same, with capacity for love and sorrow, for desires lofty as the heavens and low as the narrowest earth.

Fortunately something has remained to us of St. Patrick which lays bare the working and aspiration of his soul. Concerning the dates and events of his life there has been much dispute among the learned. But all have agreed that the two curious documents called the *Confession* and the *Epistle to Coroticus* are his genuine productions. They resemble each other too much not to be from the same hand. Full of sympathy and as poetical as they are mystical, the one in its earnest humility and the other in its still more earnest remonstrance against wrong done to Christian souls, they lay open to us the inner heart of the Saint. We say "heart," because it is not merely the workings of his mind that are set down before us, but the sincere affections of the soul. All this is done with constant reference to the religious ideas which impelled him along his

## DIFFICULT WAY OF LIFE.

The thought which seems to have impressed most deeply the soul of the Saint is that he has been guided to his present life by the Spirit of God. He comes back again and again on this thought as did St. Paul. "It is not I, but the Spirit of God that worketh in me."

So he says of himself to Coroticus, who was doing a great wrong to Christian converts:

Not for mine own delight: 'twas God that stirred  
That strong sorrow within my heart,  
That of the heathen and the heathenest  
Whom He willed for these latter days  
Had pre-appointed, I too should be one.

And he gives as the reason of writing his *Confession* that it is only a fit return for the favors bestowed on him by God.

I . . . And therefore now  
I will not hide, nor could I, were it fit  
To hide such things, such graces as my Lord  
Has deigned to bestow on my soul.

And this my poor return, that having attained  
The touch and apprehension of my God,  
I should with high exultation here, in face  
Of all that live below all skies, confess  
That other God not was, nor is nor shall be:

On God in Trinity of Holy name.

This thought overrules him. Telling  
Of God's Providence which has led him  
step by step to his high calling, he lets  
drop precious details of his own history.

In this leading of Providence he sees the  
clear reason and justification of his de-  
sertion of his own race. This he boldly  
brings up to Coroticus, who seems to  
have been an only half-Christianized  
kinglet inclined for his own selfish pur-  
poses to leave his Christian brethren a  
prey to the pagan Priests and Scots.

What! Was it then without God's promises  
Or in the body only that I came  
To Ireland? Who compelled me? Who me  
sound

In spite that I should no more behold  
Kindred or early friend? Whence came the  
soul

That I should not with pity for the race  
Inadvising me mine own captors? I was born  
Noble; my father a Deacon;

That privilege of birth I have exchanged  
(I blush not for it, and I struggle it not)  
For benefit of others, baptized so  
In Christ and given over to the race  
Even to more of the glorious hopes  
In the hope of the promise of life  
Which is in Jesus Christ, our Lord.

He speaks of the sorrows of his early  
captivity, after he was carried away to  
Ireland as a slave, with patience and  
thanksgiving; for by this way of sorrows  
he has been led to his present calling  
wherein he has been able to do some-  
thing for his Lord.

Before my happy humbling came,  
I was as a stone that, in deep name,  
Lies on the highway; and He came, Who can,  
And in His pity lifted me up  
And set me on the way to life.

Not indeed, that I  
Was worthy that my Lord His servant poor  
Should so exalted me, and so exalted me now.  
The hard lips heavy, and the captive years  
Born among this people;—should bestow such  
grace.

As till I came to Ireland I nor knew  
Nor ever hoped.

He looks back over the commonplace  
unending toil of those youthful days,  
no longer with a sense of their wretched-  
ness, but thankful heart because of what  
God then wrought in him.

Hardening daily here,  
And often in the day saying my prayers,  
Daily there more and more did grow in me  
The fear of God. And holy raptures  
There: In me, that I had a single day  
I was as a man as a hundred prayers,  
And in the night I would say, so that off  
I would and on the Lord I would be  
And risen to prayer before daylight, through  
snow.

Through frost, through rain, yet I look no ill,  
For was there in me then and now  
For then the Spirit of God within me burned.

It is touching to note the humility of  
the Saint who, at the very end of his  
glorious career, counts himself as slow  
in comparison with the devotion of the  
days when he was a boy, a wretched  
slave—

For then the Spirit of God within me burned.

The special call which came to him  
from the Divine Voice, after he had  
escaped from slavery and returned once  
more to his family and the comforts of a  
Roman military post, resembles not a  
little the voice which came by day and  
night to Saint Paul—Come over to Mace-  
donia and help us.

THE CALLING OF SAINT PATRICK.

has been told a thousand times, but  
never more impressively than in his own  
simple words:

I found myself home  
Amongst the heathen with my family.  
Who all received me they might a son,  
And earnestly besought me that at length,  
After these many perils I had borne,  
I never more would leave them. It was there  
In a night vision I beheld a man  
Coming as there from Ireland. Victor he  
Innumerable letters bore he; one  
He gave to me to read. I read one line,  
"The voice of the Irish," so I ran.  
And while I read, methought I heard the cry  
Of them that by the Word of God had died,  
Beside the Western Ocean, saying thus,  
"Come, holy youth, and walk amongst us  
come!"

All in one voice. It touched me to the heart,  
And I could read no more, and so awhile  
I stood as if I were a stone. After many years,  
Has given to them according to their cry!

Whenever he speaks with authority, it

is always as one who has this authority  
from the vocation God has given to him.  
Thus he begins to Coroticus:

I, Patrick, a sinner and unlearned,  
Here in Ireland a confessor of Christ,  
Behold me surely that I am from God  
I hold commission to be that I am.  
A proselyte and pilgrim, for His love,  
Here amongst savage people. He who knows  
All things, knows also that this be not so.

This special call seems to have been  
borne in upon his soul by something of  
that high divine action which was used  
in the case of St. Paul: "I will show  
unto him what great things he must  
suffer for My name's sake." The story  
of the voices of the Irish calling to him  
in his sleep is parallel to later times,  
in the life of the great Apostle of the  
Indies, St. Francis Xavier. In his life  
we read that, whilst at the University of  
Paris, dreaming of the literary distinc-  
tion to which his family and his un-  
doubted talent entitled him, in sleep he  
bore, with toil and suffering, an Indian  
upon his shoulders over rock and tor-  
rent. As is probably the case with all  
the supernatural vocations which some-  
how transcend the ordinary call to help  
in the saving of souls, a special grace of  
God seems to have wrought a peculiar  
union between the destined Apostle and  
his Master Christ. St. Patrick is every-  
where conscious of this grace, and he  
gives us details from his own life as  
wonderful as those we read in the writ-  
ings of the most mystical saints. It will  
be noticed, too, that his uncertainty  
concerning the definite manner of such  
wonderful action of the Divinity on his  
soul is quite like that of St. Paul, who,  
when carried to the third heaven, knew  
not "whether he were in the body or

## OUT OF THE BODY."

And, on another night, I know not, I  
God knows, it was within me or without,  
One prayed with words exceeding exquisite  
I could not understand, till at the close  
He spoke in this wise: He who gave His soul  
For thee is He Who speaks. I worked with joy.  
And once I saw Him—praying, as it were  
Within me, and I saw myself as though  
I were another man. I heard Him pray  
Strongly with urgent groans, myself the while  
Amazed, and wondering who should pray in  
me.

Till, at the very ending of His prayer,  
He showed, a Bishop, I awoke and called  
To memory what His Apostle says:

"The Lord our Advocate doth plead for us."

This constant indwelling of his Master  
Christ in the depths of his soul sustained  
him through many trials. Doubtless the  
personal love of Jesus Christ is necessary  
to the most ordinary practice of the  
Christian faith. The martyrs, as has of-  
ten been said, did not die for any ideal  
truth, but for a Person in Whom they  
believed and hoped and Whom they  
loved more than life itself.

In the career of St. Patrick a peculiarly  
bitter trial seems to have come upon  
him, concerning which he says:

Some certain of my seniors came  
Against my will, and hard Episcopate,  
And made imposition of me on my sins.  
In that day truly I was tempted sore  
To fall both now and everlastingly.

They found me after thirty years,  
To charge me with one word I had confessed  
Before I was a deacon. In my grief  
And pain of mind I to my dearest friend  
Told what I in my boyhood, in one day,  
Yea, in one hour had done—became as yet  
I had not strength I knew not, Heaven knows,  
It, at that time, I yet had fifteen years.

With the strange contrition which  
great saints by reason of their complete  
light conceive concerning the slight or  
few sins of their youth, St. Patrick goes  
on humbly to attribute the sufferings of  
his slavery to this sin, whatever it may  
have been. Then, with a surprising burst  
of faith, he beholds the road from sin  
through chastisement to his present  
glorious calling:

I had not yet believed the living God  
Even from my childhood; but remained in  
death.

And unbelief till sore chastised I was  
By hunger, nakedness, and enforced toil  
Daily in Ireland, till I came to know  
That voice which said, "I am here."  
I was—until, indeed, I almost sank.  
Yet these were rather boons to me, because,  
So chastened by the Lord, I now am made  
To stand strongly I know not, Heaven knows,  
It, at that time, I yet had fifteen years.

Who then took no thought even for myself.

It is probable that those he calls his  
"seniors," did not take quite the same  
view of the case. Even estimable men  
may be lacking in the discretion of  
spirits, which is after all a freight of the  
Holy Ghost; and they may unconsciously  
be swayed by natural feelings of  
jealousy which prompt them to exagger-  
ate the least fault in men who are most  
nearly faultless. St. Patrick quaintly re-  
marks that if the members of your com-  
munity once get the idea that you are a  
saint, they will expect such great things  
from you that in the end they will make  
you a martyr. But in the midst of his  
trouble St. Patrick felt again, and in a  
new manner, the abiding presence of his  
Master with him.

On that same day when these my elder ones  
Beheld me, in a vision of the night,  
I saw a script against me, and no name  
Of honor written; and the while I heard  
That voice which said, "I am here." We are here  
I thought by men, stripped bare of dignity.  
It was not "Thou art here," it was "I," it said,  
"I am here." And the brother who had himself  
Imprisoned with me, and the voice  
Were His Who once said, "Who toucheth thee,  
Toucheth as 'twere the apple of Mine eye."

This sense of his union with Christ  
in working for the Irish people crops out  
constantly.

With fear and reverence  
Faithful in heart and uncomplainingly  
I serve the people, to whom the clarity  
Of Christ's light shines, for my rest of life,  
I'll be worthy that, with humble heart,  
And faithful lips, I teach it, in the faith  
And in the love of God, His Holy Trinity.

With the faith of the Holy Trinity St.  
Patrick's mission began and ended; and  
the same may be said of the faithful  
people he left behind him.

A last thought, to show how his spirit  
was remained among the Christians he  
formed, may be taken from the *Confes-  
sion*. In the midst of their wretchedness  
and poverty and forced ignorance, the  
Irish people have become known  
throughout the world for the love and  
practice of purity. How beautiful is the  
charter generation in glory. This, too, is  
the great deed of St. Patrick for his peo-  
ple.

Now the Irish, who in former days  
They were heathen and they were unlearned,  
Now they are the Lord's own people. And the sons of Sena,  
And daughters of the King, now sons of God  
Are counted, and are loved as the children of Christ.  
And one blessed Scotch boy nobly born,  
A most fair person whom myself baptized,  
Came soon after, and making his report  
Of what he saw of the Holy Trinity,  
Said he from God, with His admonishment,  
That virgin should live and never Him.

The violation of the high ideal by Cor-  
oticus, who had exposed the Christian  
flock to the lawless violence of the pagans,  
as the brother of St. Patrick's complaint,  
Lord, have thy wolves have never up the deck,  
Which here in Ireland had such fair increase,  
And now they are the Lord's own people. Now  
holy monks and handmaidens of Christ,  
So many.

And he reproaches the faithless chief-  
tain:

Thou slayer and sinner in extern lands  
Which know not God, my Christians, and dost  
cast  
Christ's baptized virgin members into shame.  
What hope canst thou, so acting, have in God?

This was the last message of holy love  
for God and man of him who described  
himself, humbly—

A proselyte and pilgrim for His love  
Here amongst savage peoples.

—*Rev. Maria.*

## BROTHER ARNOLD.

St. Ann's School, Grifftown.

Among the eminent men whose por-  
trails grace our pages to-day none stand  
deservedly higher in public estimation  
than the Rev. Brother Arnold, Director  
of St. Ann's school, Grifftown. Gifted  
with a noble presence and a highly cul-  
tured intellect, zealous in the cause of  
religion and education and fervently  
patriotic, he is, indeed, pre-eminently  
the type of that old Celtic race from  
whence he springs. As the subject of  
this sketch is of a retiring disposition  
and adverse to newspaper notoriety, we  
were obliged to have recourse to a friend,  
who has kindly furnished us with the  
following particulars regarding our dis-  
tinguished countryman:

The Rev. Brother Arnold was born in  
the picturesque "Vale of Aherlow,"  
County Tipperary, a spot renowned in  
song and story. He is the descendant  
of a pious and well-to-do family, which  
has given many soldiers to the Church  
and not a few heroes to the Cloister.  
In the "Premier" county of Ireland was  
laid the nucleus of that education which  
has since placed him in the front rank  
of Canadian educators. While yet a  
youth he crossed the Atlantic and  
settled for a time in New York. Here  
his pious training and excellent educa-  
tion soon brought him into ecclesiastical  
notice. He joined one of the Catholic  
Young men's societies of that city, the  
primary object of which was to instruct  
the young in the principles of their

religion and to foster a love and taste for  
the beautiful productions and creations  
of Irish genius which has cast such a  
glow of glory over the Old Land and  
rendered its name famous in history for  
centuries.

St. Patrick's choir may be justly  
titled the parent organization from  
which all the present existing choirs and  
musical societies have sprung.

It was formed in 1877 under the im-  
mediate supervision of the esteemed and  
reverend pastor, Rev. P. Dowd, M.A.,  
Gustave Smith was appointed organist,  
and with the aid of Messrs. E. Woods,  
Joseph Nicholson, F. Healy and Robert  
Warren, the first sound of the voices of  
that small but known as St. Patrick's  
choir was heard on Christmas day in  
the year of its formation. Within the  
space of a few years the enthusiastic  
founders were further reinforced by the  
enrollment of several others, notably  
amongst the number Messrs. A. G. Grant,  
H. Fenton, John O'Brien, T. Fallon and  
James Shea.

Of the founders or their early asso-  
ciates only two members remain to con-  
nect the past with the present circle,  
first of whom is Robert Warren, now  
known as the father of the choir. He  
is esteemed and respected for his un-  
wavering devotion to its welfare for a  
period of thirty-four years. At a recent  
social reunion of the members, Mr.  
Warren was made the recipient of a  
beautiful testimonial, consisting of a  
gold-headed cane suitably inscribed and  
an illuminated address, as a slight tribute  
of the appreciation in which his past  
conduct is regarded. He now occupies  
the office of president of the choir, hav-  
ing received the unanimous voice of the  
members at the last annual meeting.

The other survivor who has stood on  
the deck of the good ship, is Mr. A. G.  
Grant, the veteran, character from  
Scott's Heather-chill hills.

Mr. Grant is universally esteemed.  
Young and old love him for his gentle  
disposition as well as through the  
knowledge of the fact that he has a re-  
cord of more than three decades of  
unflinching attachment to the cause. Mr.  
Grant is a musician of no ordinary ca-  
pacity, as many of the members who now  
assume leading parts may bear testi-  
mony.

Proceeding another stage in our re-  
view, we reach the period when the  
tenable portion of the parish evinced an  
unusual interest in the undertaking,  
many of whom graciously volunteered  
their services. Among those who de-  
serve special mention for painstaking  
work in this regard are the Messrs.  
Healy, Conch, Martin, McNulty and  
McLaughlin, who formed the circle of  
early workers when the movement was  
inaugurated by the enthusiastic support of  
their sex.

At a later time Miss Alice Crompton  
and Miss Ada Wall entered the choir  
gallery and distinguished themselves as  
clever amateurs. During that decade of  
the history of the choir, many accom-  
plished and prominent singers were  
pleased to temporarily associate them-  
selves with the good work, and raise  
their voice in sacred song. Prominent  
among the number were Mrs. Anne  
Bishop, Miss Laura Honey, Mrs. Louisa  
Morrison Fiset and Rosa D'Eon.

Mr. Gustave Smith, who had occupied  
the position of organist during the long  
space of time, was succeeded by Mr.  
Lavallee, whose death was recently an-  
nounced in the United States. During  
Mr. Lavallee's tenure of office the subli-  
mations of Mozart and Haydn were  
interpreted by the choir for the first  
time in Montreal. Mr. Lavallee was fol-  
lowed by J. McLeur, who directed the  
services for a brief interval.

Father Dowd at this epoch, had been  
making inquiries for an organist. One  
of his confidants of the Order of St. Sa-  
vie recommended Prof. Fowler, who had  
completed his musical studies and was  
discharging the duties of a similar  
character at the Hotel Dieu chapel.

The suggestion was accepted and in a  
brief space of time the good pastor of  
St. Patrick's completed an arrangement  
which opened the portals of the choir to  
the present distinguished and efficient  
director and organist, Professor Fowler  
whose portrait we present with this  
sketch.

From the moment that the new occu-  
pant sat before the manuals of the mag-

nificent Warren organ, the most perfect  
of its kind in the Dominion, the sunshine  
of prosperity seemed to shine upon his  
labors.

Professor Fowler soon displayed won-  
derful ability as a director, as was evi-  
denced in the grand musical service  
which he arranged for the religious cere-  
monies attending the celebration of the  
O'Connell centenary.

He was not satisfied in restricting his  
sphere of action to the religious services  
but set himself to the task of forming a  
choir society, specially devoted to the  
study of Irish ballads and melodies.

How well he has succeeded is within  
the memory of the Irish people of this  
city who have listened to the efforts of  
the society each year at national festivals  
and other social gatherings.

In this praiseworthy movement Prof.  
Fowler received willing co-operation  
from Messrs. James Shea, T. C. O'Brien,  
James Crompton, W. J. Crowe, J. Char-  
bois, E. Hewitt, J. J. Rowan, John Ham-  
mill, F. J. Green, E. F. Casey, T. O'Leary,  
P. F. McCaffrey, and the indefatigable  
and able honorary secretary, Mr. G. A.  
Carpenter, as well as a host of laity  
whose names we cannot obtain, but who,  
nevertheless, have assisted in a very  
material manner in making the various  
entertainments a success. Mr. A. I.  
McGuirk is deserving of words of praise  
for assistance at different times.

A very important feature of the ad-  
ministration of the choir is the judicious  
manner in which the leading parts are  
distributed among the many, thus vir-  
tually rendering a great number specially  
interested in the work.

The crowning act of the professor's  
government is the deep and true social  
spirit which he has introduced among  
the members by having inaugurated a  
series of entertainments, principally held  
at his home, where he has dispensed that  
warm hospitality which has served in a  
large degree to create a fraternal and  
brotherly feeling among the members.

Amid the multitudinous duties of his pro-  
fession, Prof. Fowler has, in the lushness  
of his enthusiasm, devoted his energy  
and talents to the work of composition.  
In this regard two productions, the first of  
which an O Salutaris Hostia, dedicated to  
the Rev. P. Dowd, and the second,  
An Ave Maria, dedicated to the Rev. J.  
J. Toupin, have now an honored place in  
the catalogue of sacred music. A third  
creation, Salve Regina, will be sung for  
the first time at the Offertory on St.  
Patrick's Day, by a former student of  
the Grand Seminary, Mr. F. Feron, who  
deep and sonorous bass voice was heard  
at a recent evening service.

This last addition to the musical  
repertoire of the choir forms a threefold  
achievement which reflects the greatest  
honor upon the organization in having,  
as their leader and arranger, one of  
such a high order of talent as is dis-  
played in the composition to which we have  
referred.

An essential accessory of the choir,  
and one to which the parishioners of St.  
Patrick's owe a debt of gratitude, is the  
St. Laurence school, under the direction  
of the Christian Brothers.

This time honored institution, the  
direct of which emerged a large num-  
ber of boys who now occupy lead-  
ing positions in trade and commerce, may be  
called the veritable training school  
where the ranks of the choir are re-  
crutated.

Weekly instruction in the rudiments  
of music is now imparted to the pupils  
who are under the supervision of Brother  
Fobias brought into active duty in choral  
singing at all the services. The same  
spirit which characterizes the pupils of  
St. Laurence school is manifested in a  
marked manner by the pupils of St.  
Patrick's academy which is under the  
care of the nuns of the Congregation.

At frequent intervals during the year,  
in month of May specially dedicated to  
the Blessed Virgin Mary, as well as at  
the happy festive period of the First  
communion, the pupils of this estimable  
institution take possession of the choir  
gallery and perform highly creditable  
work that reflects lustre upon their  
teachers and principals.

While the reverend pastor of St.  
Patrick's is the kind spiritual guardian  
of the choir, whose large heart beats in  
harmonious response to every move-  
ment calculated to further and broaden  
the sphere of its usefulness as well as  
promote the social prosperity, the mem-  
bers are not, however, unmindful of the  
great enthusiasm which the Rev. J.  
McCallen infused into the manage-  
ment during the preparations for the grand  
concert which the choir gave a few  
months ago with the express purpose of  
bearing their share in the burden of duty  
which the parishioners have assumed in  
reducing the indebtedness upon the  
church. That the concert was an un-  
equalled success from an artistic, as well  
as a financial, point of view is without  
doubt, and in this regard it is due, in no  
small degree, to the zeal manifested by  
the Rev. J. McCallen, who has ever  
evinced an abiding interest in the success  
of all its undertakings.

In this connection we must not forget  
our good friend, Rev. Martin Callaghan,  
himself a devoted admirer of the music,  
who has, during many years, by voice  
and violin, testified his warm admiration  
of the good work.

The choir membership comprises fifty  
adults and forty pupils from St. Laurence  
school, all of whom are voluntary. It  
ranks second to none in the Province  
in point of efficiency, and, judg-  
ing from the enthusiasm and good spirit  
which prevails, it is destined to ever oc-  
cupy the place of distinction in the  
midst of kindred societies, and be worthy  
of the honored title of the parent organ-  
ization in the same true sense that the  
grand and stately edifice of St. Patrick's  
is the parent church and corner stone  
upon which is created the numerous  
saggregations of Irish Catholics, the  
spires of whose churches speak in elo-  
quent and soul-stirring language of the  
unquenchable love and immemorable de-  
votion of the Irish people to the Roman  
Catholic faith.

The following gentlemen comprise the  
present board of management of the  
choir:—Mr. A. G. Grant, honorary presi-  
dent; Mr. Robert Warren, president;  
Mr. G. A. Carpenter, honorary secretary;  
Mr. P. F. McCaffrey, leader; Professor  
J. A. Fowler, conductor and organist.

It was a privilege to whom the cross  
was not an old trophy, hung on the wall,  
but a sacred object of daily imitation.

\*The recent translation of St. Patrick's  
Confession, in his posthumous work *The Remains  
of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland*, is here  
followed with slight modifications.

Arnold from Toronto in 1877. The  
young men, for whom he has ever been  
solicitous, and the societies which he  
founded and fostered with paternal care  
in that city, were deeply moved by his  
removal, and many were the souvenirs  
of loving gratitude presented to him on  
the mournful occasion. In 1877 we  
found him installed director of St. Ann's  
school, a position which he still holds  
with as much credit to himself as honor  
and profit to the people of Grifftown.  
St. Ann's school was founded about a  
quarter of a century since for the reli-  
gious and secular education of the boys of  
that district. From an humble begin-  
ning this school has, under fostering  
care and an excellent selection of  
directors, forced itself to the foremost  
rank and with one solitary exception,  
"Mount St. Louis Academy," also under  
the control of the Christian Brothers, St.  
Ann's is far ahead in point of education  
of any school to be found in this city.  
As a partial proof of this statement we  
have only to glance around us and see  
the large number of pupils who gradu-  
ated there filling some of the highest  
positions of trust and emolument in the  
first commercial, industrial and finan-  
cial houses in Montreal and elsewhere.  
At the present moment there are 565  
pupils in actual attendance at St. Ann's  
school, divided into 10 classes. The  
curriculum of studies, which does not  
include the classics, is in other respects of  
a higher order than that frequently  
found in some chartered universities. It  
includes the "Science of Accounts" in  
their most modern and improved forms;  
the theory and practice of arithmetic in  
all its branches; mental arithmetic in  
its most modern form (this latter branch  
is a specialty confined to the Brothers'  
schools); algebra, geometry, mensura-  
tion and trigonometry in all their depart-  
ments; and practical applications;  
reasoning and analysis of the differ-  
ent subjects taught; astronomy  
and the use of the gnomon; history;  
composition and elocution; not  
to speak of typewriting, shorthand and

the picturesque "Vale of Aherlow,"  
County Tipperary, a spot renowned in  
song and story. He is the descendant  
of a pious and well-to-do family, which  
has given many soldiers to the Church  
and not a few heroes to the Cloister.  
In the "Premier" county of Ireland was  
laid the nucleus of that education which  
has since placed him in the front rank  
of Canadian educators. While yet a  
youth he crossed the Atlantic and  
settled for a time in New York. Here  
his pious training and excellent educa-  
tion soon brought him into ecclesiastical  
notice. He joined one of the Catholic  
Young men's societies of that city, the  
primary object of which was to instruct  
the young in the principles of their

religion and to foster a love and taste for  
the beautiful productions and creations  
of Irish genius which has cast such a  
glow of glory over the Old Land and  
rendered its name famous in history for  
centuries.

St. Patrick's choir may be justly  
titled the parent organization from  
which all the present existing choirs and  
musical societies have sprung.

It was formed in 1877 under the im-  
mediate supervision of the esteemed and  
reverend pastor, Rev. P. Dowd, M.A.,  
Gustave Smith was appointed organist,  
and with the aid of Messrs. E. Woods,  
Joseph Nicholson, F. Healy and Robert  
Warren, the first sound of the voices of  
that small but known as St. Patrick's  
choir was heard on Christmas day in  
the year of its formation. Within the  
space of a few years the enthusiastic  
founders were further reinforced by the  
enrollment of several others, notably  
amongst the number Messrs. A. G. Grant,  
H. Fenton, John O'Brien, T. Fallon and  
James Shea.

Of the founders or their early asso-  
ciates only two members remain to con-  
nect the past with the present circle,  
first of whom is Robert Warren, now  
known as the father of the choir. He  
is esteemed and respected for his un-  
wavering devotion to its welfare for a  
period of thirty-four years. At a recent  
social reunion of the members, Mr.  
Warren was made the recipient of a  
beautiful testimonial, consisting of a  
gold-headed cane suitably inscribed and  
an illuminated address, as a slight tribute  
of the appreciation in which his past  
conduct is regarded. He now occupies  
the office of president of the choir, hav-  
ing received the unanimous voice of the  
members at the last annual meeting.

The other survivor who has stood on  
the deck of the good ship, is Mr. A. G.  
Grant, the veteran, character from  
Scott's Heather-chill hills.

Mr. Grant is universally esteemed.  
Young and old love him for his gentle  
disposition as well as through the  
knowledge of the fact that he has a re-  
cord of more than three decades of  
unflinching attachment to the cause. Mr.  
Grant is a musician of no ordinary ca-  
pacity, as many of the members who now  
assume leading parts may bear testi-  
mony.

Proceeding another stage in our re-  
view, we reach the period when the  
tenable portion of the parish evinced an  
unusual interest in the undertaking,  
many of whom graciously volunteered  
their services. Among those who de-  
serve special mention for painstaking  
work in this regard are the Messrs.  
Healy, Conch, Martin, McNulty and  
McLaughlin, who formed the circle of  
early workers when the movement was  
inaugurated by the enthusiastic support of  
their sex.

At a later time Miss Alice Crompton  
and Miss Ada Wall entered the choir  
gallery and distinguished themselves as  
clever amateurs. During that decade of  
the history of the choir, many accom-  
plished and prominent singers were  
pleased to temporarily associate them-  
selves with the good work, and raise  
their voice in sacred song