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ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

St. Patrick's Day is a religious festival, and Catholic Irishmen should observe it by assisting with their families at the Holy Sacrifice, to thank Almighty God for the great favor He bestowed on Ireland in sending St. Patrick to her shores; for the success with which He has crowned the labors of His Apostle; for the Divine gift of Faith which has made Ireland a land of Saints and Martyrs; for the adomable Providence which has attended exiled Irishmen in every clime.

St. Patrick's Day is also a national festival, and as such should be celebrated by all Irishmen irrespective of creed. The out-door display, or procession, is national, not religious, and is open to the Protestant Irishman as well as to the Catholic Irishman,—to every one who loves old Ireland, and honestly believes that she is a nation, capable of governing herself without the intermeddling of her sweet sister England. We wish to see the national part of the festival celebrated in a national manner, and hope that on the approaching 17th, every Irishman, worthy of the name, will be found in line of procession with the dear little shamrock nestling near his heart.

Many will be the aspirations on St. Patrick's Day for the welfare of Ireland, many the prayers for the successful accomplishment of Home Rule. In the safe keeping of the leaders of this movement—patriots every man of them—the Irish people have placed the priceless treasure of their nationality. Believing with our countrymen at home, that Home Rule is attainable by moral means, we say to the Home Rule League, with all our heart, God speed your good work, and crown it in His own good time with the wreath of victory.

On St. Patrick's Day thoughts of England, the gentle, generous sister country, will cause

a frown to settle on many a manly brow. Some good Catholic and piously inclined people say that Irishmen hate England unjustly. We hate her, but not unjustly, Dr. Brownson be our witness! "What is England?" he asks in his Review for January, and answers:

"She is the oldest, the best organized, and the most impious usurper against the authority of Almighty God to be found on the earth. The British Lion bows neither to man nor to God. Her queen, by usurpation, assumes to be the Head of the Church of God in her dominions. Her Parliament creates and regulates this Church. It defines its faith, forbids its opposite, and prescribes with minute details the manner in which Almighty God shall or shall not be worshipped in its dominions, and legalizes the prayers to be addressed to him. Thus she assumes sovereignty over heaven, over her dominions on earth, and over hell. This is the moral monster whose garments are dyed with the blood of all nations. The Irish race, the unfaltering children of faith, as if inspired by a divine instinct, have always hated her."

But hatred for England will be forgotten in an extacy of love for Ireland. St. Patrick will help us to banish the gloomy past, and he will cause Ireland to rise up before us, clothed in the rights a no distant future will restore to her.

Then let us all be true to our own green isle,
Bear our parts as men should do, for our own green isle,
And our's the bliss shall be,
In the coming years to see,
Peace and joy and liberty, in our own green isle.

IRELAND'S NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

It has been customary for men of Irish birth—not only in their native land, but in every region of the earth where Irishmen are found—to celebrate their national anniversary with festive rejoicing.

Almost every nation has some one particular day in the year which it celebrates with peculiar festivity; and that day associated with some great man's name. America has its Fourth of July, and the illustrious name of George Washington associated therewith. Scotland gets merry, drinks deeply, and chants old national ballads, on the anniversary of the birth-day of "Robbie Burns." England contrives to get up a show of enthusiasm about William Shakespeare. But it is the peculiarity of Ireland (the most Christian nation in the world) that, though no other country can show a nobler list of warriors, patriots, poets, minstrels, orators—it is not the birth-day of any of these she celebrates.