

The Senate

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Our Paper

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# THE NATIONAL FESTAL DAY

## Celebrated With Great Enthusiasm by the Various Societies.

### Magnificent Service at the Parent Irish Church, St. Patrick's.

### His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi Celebrates Mass and Delivers an Eloquent Sermon.

### THE GREATEST PARADE FOR A DECADE.

### Five Thousand of Ireland's Sons March in the Procession.

### The Concerts and Entertainments in the Different Parishes in the Evening Crowded With Enthusiastic Gatherings.

Days there are for many nations, days of many patron saints, but in the real devotedness that combines patriotism with religious feeling there is one great day, known the world over, for everywhere there are Irishmen. They own no empires of their own, but they have built them up for others with their blood and the sturdy hardihood of the pioneer. The days set apart for St. George, St. Andrew, St. David, every good man delights to honor where there are men who follow the standard of their patron saint; but where, O where can there be found a festal day so universal in the celebration as St. Patrick's Day?

People talk of blood that is blue and speak of the pride of ancestry. The old saying that "blood will tell" holds good the world over.

Pride of ancestry, indeed! Will some one tell us to whom in the world we are most indebted for our modern advancement? Will some one tell us that the Irish are an ignorant race, even after the brutal persecution of the people when the hedge master was a martyr as well as a patriot and a scholar?

Will some one deny to us that semi-civilized Europe sent their learned men to be taught at the feet of the scholars in the Bangor School? Did the Irish in those days, with the pristine vigor of the faith upon them, scatter knowledge broadcast to those who came to learn? Did they send out Apostles of the true faith and spread the Gospel as the disciples of old were commissioned by the Master? Were they not the greatest, the most civilized people on earth at the period of which we speak?

Talk about pride of ancestry! The Irishman should be the proudest of them all. He civilized, he converted, he conquered, as much by strength of learning as of arms:

For on her teeming soil she nursed  
A gallant race with history's dawn that came  
Who won the land and bravely held the same.  
Fair freedom's flag upheld they from the first,  
And they were worthy of the grand Isle's trust,  
As proven well on thousand fields of fame.

Is it any wonder when, in the course of every year, a day is set apart by Holy Church in honor of the Patriarch who converted a country, that his followers should rejoice, and rejoice openly, in light of a glorious day, with the beams of a smiling sun lending refuge to the banners of green and gold that march in every town or city where there are Irishmen? Is it a wonder? Would it not be strange if they did not? Coming of a seed that sprouts perennially, watered by the blood of martyrs, bearing centuries of persecution, deprived of everything, and ground into the earth by the iron heel of military despotism,

only to sport a: i in all the freshness of the spring time—w at wonder indeed is it that a na of Ireland in every clime, with one grand voice of acclaim on St. Patrick's Day, shall carry their badge of nationality on the arm, and say unto the world—"We are Irish?"

Now, if one thing is more essential than another on St. Patrick's Day outside the spirit a tuting all true Irishmen, it is the weath r, and for days beforehand the prophecies from the meteorological offices are watched with the utmost care. And the eve of St. Patrick was not propitious. Just as the big bells tolled out in the night, a sad sighing wind came in from the east; then a few big drops came pattering down as advance guards of a coming storm. Then the wind put on a blant, the rain came

#### At St. Patrick's Church.

At half past nine the body of the church was crowded so that it was difficult even to obtain standing room, and by 10 o'clock it was almost impossible to secure entrance. Never before had there been so grand and large a congregation as that which assembled within the walls of St. Patrick's on Thursday last. As already noted the chancel was occupied with the various dignitaries of the Church, while immediately outside the altar rails seats had been provided for the Mayor and Corporation, judges, members of Parliament, and other prominent citizens. When the grand overture from the organ and orchestra announced the commencement of the Mass everything was silent in the church. It was the first time that an

Rev. Messrs. Wheaton and O'Brien. All the minor offices of the Mass were filled by ecclesiastics of the Grand Seminary. Among the priests present in the Chancel were Reverend Abé Leclair, P.P., of St. Joseph's; Reverend C. Beaher, P.P., Back River; Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's; Rev. Father Lonergan, P.P., St. Bridget's; Rev. Father O'Donnell, P.P., St. Mary's; Rev. Father Shea, St. Mary's; Rev. Father Strabbe, St. Ann's; Rev. Father Flynn, Ann's; Rev. W. O'Meara, P.P., Rev. Father Heffernan, St. Gabriel's; Rev. Father Sinnott, Rev. Father St. John, Montreal College; Rev. Father Hébert and Rev. Father Decantillon, of the Dominican Order; Rev. Father Laforce, P.P., St. Ann's, Lachine; Rev. Father Bastien and Rev. Father Neveu of the Grand Seminary; Rev. Father Chavre-

with which the Church of St. Patrick's is so intimately connected, he and they did full honor to the feast of St. Patrick. Never did its grand old walls resound to sweeter music, and never did the tones of the organ, under the inspiring touch of its master, penetrate so deeply into the hearts of the silent worshiper. The Mass was Professor Fowler, Mass No. 2. The choir was assisted by a full orchestra, composed of the leading instrumentalists of the city, under the direction of Mr. Grenwald. Mr. G. A. Carpenter conducted the choir, with Professor Fowler at the organ and in direct charge of the harmonious whole. The soloists were Messrs. W. Cowan, W. J. Crowe, C. H. Smith, J. Legalle, T. Wright, J. J. Ryan, M. Cherry, J. Kennedy, F. Cahill and D. McAndrew. The choir did well.

ficient sight that met my gaze, I penned a few lines to your much revered pastor, capturing the privilege and joy of Pontificating on the coming celebration of your illustrious Pat'n's National festival and of addressing you on that solemn occasion. The hopes I then entertained are now realized. I do not believe that I could, in any other way, offer you a better pledge of the sincerity of my kindly feelings towards you. Year after year, orators of your own nationality, deeply versed in sacred eloquence, have ascended this pulpit to laud your patriotism and revive your nation's glorious deeds, to rehearse the transcendent virtues and the imperishable achievements of your saintly patron. It would be presumption on my part to rise to their level, but, nevertheless, my foreign accent will not fail to impart to you all, what it cannot disguise, that there beats within my breast a fatherly and friendly heart in perfect touch with yours and in perfect keeping with your own sentiments and aspirations.

#### Lacordaire's Tribute.

With your kind indulgence, I may, I believe, recall the remembrance of my youthful days. I was in the act of penning for the first time the sublime eulogy of the Liberator of Ireland by Lacordaire, a prince among the orators of France. I came across the following: "Look at the map of the world. At both extremities lie two groups of islands, the Japanese and the British. Along the line for three thousand leagues you may read the names of Japan, China, Russia, Sweden, Prussia, Denmark, Hanover, England, Ireland. In none of those kingdoms or empires does the Church of God enjoy her inalienable rights. Her voice, her sacraments, her gatherings are proscribed. What! So many nations deprived of the sacred freedom of the children of God! What! Among the two hundred millions who people those lands, have none been bold enough to stand up and assert their rights of conscience, their dignity as Christians? No, no gentlemen. God has never left the truth without martyrs, that is to say, without witnesses to seal it in their blood, and, as in Ireland, so widespread, so enduring, so rigorous, was the spirit of oppression that God, on His part, wrought a new miracle in the history of martyrdom. Men, my whole families, have shed their blood in testimony of their faith and left after them only their mangled remains and an imperishable name, but nowhere does history record that an entire nation handed down to posterity persecution and death as precious heirlooms. God willed it, however, and it was done. He willed it in our times and in our times it came to pass. Among the above mentioned nations, bound to one another by their geographical positions and by a kind of spiritual slavery, one alone never accepted the yoke. Brute force might subdue her body; trammelled her soul, never; I shall not mention the name of that dear, saintly nation, that nation which outlived death itself. My lips are not pure, they are not fervid enough to pronounce its name. Heaven knows it. Earth blesses it. Generous hearts have offered her a home, an asylum, together with their love. Heaven, that who sees her; earth, that who knowest her. All ye who are better, worthier, than I, speak out, tell her name, say, say, Ireland."

These words deeply moved me, and I felt as if I should look more inquiringly into the motive that prompted an eulogy so much like to the most enthusiastic song of the prophets of old.

#### What Made Ireland So Great.

So lovable, so deserving of admiration that none but angelic lips could utter her name? Could it be the fertility of her soil, the agricultural ascendancy of her inhabitants? No, for other lands are equally favored as she, and may be regarded as her superior in their fields with their golden harvests, their orange groves, their trees and their flowers. Could it be wealth? No, for her children, by the thousands, have been for centuries groaning in poverty. Could it be the inspiration of her bards, the genius of her artists, the productions of her writers? No, they are to be met with elsewhere, and rivals and masters in the arts and sciences too. No, the reason lies in the fact that Ireland, favored by God and taught the revealed truths by her priests, has preserved intact the sacred deposit. Religion, in her onward march from land to land, has indeed found disciples and adherents, but has it not likewise been thwarted on many a battlefield and weakened in many an encounter? Nations as well as individuals have apostatized and denied the Faith in which they were cradled, nursed and reared. Doubtless, a nation may recover. For my part, I do believe in the possibility of their resurrection. Nevertheless, the sight of a whole nation steeped in apostasy cannot but sadden us. Ireland has kept the Faith, but not without the greatest sacrifice. She may well apply to herself the words of St. Paul, I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. From out the deep darkness of paganism,

#### Ireland Stepped Forth Into the Full Light of Christianity.

She remained her once cherished idolatrous practices, so flattering to national nature, and generously embraced the stern principles of Christian morality.

St. Patrick, a child of France, was the ambassador of Christ who, by the preaching of the pure doctrine of Rome, by his wise counsels and the example of every Christian virtue, subverted over their idols and hearts a complete conquest. He converted both subjects and rulers, established convents and monasteries all

Continued on fourth and fifth pages.



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESEI.

[From a Photograph by Messrs. Lapres & Laverigne, 760 St. Denis Street.]

down in torrents and beat against the panes with a force that, in the stillness of night, had all the staccato effect of well-directed hail. Then people shook their nightcaps and vowed that it was ever thus on St. Patrick's day. Little they recked that it was merely providential and that the warm rain was just the thing to clear the crossings of the superfluous mixture of snow and mud, which would naturally hamper the progress of a procession. So, despairingly, the heads were taken away from ventilators in the double windows, and dire thoughts of the morrow troubled sleep.

But what a surprise there was in the morning. Old Sol smiled broadly, and there was great rejoicing accordingly. Gowns for the occasion were produced and the streets presented a picture not soon to be forgotten—magnificent in numbers and picturesque in every way, with green predominating as if the spring were already upon us and the snow had melted its frozen heart to make way for the verdure of the year and the pretty faces of the May flowers. Rays of green garlanded hats and hung as orange bouquets about their maidens; favors of the same glorious color were worn everywhere; splendid music filled the air and gaily caparisoned cavalades were the admired of all admirers. The verdict of all those who saw the procession might be condensed into a few words—"The Best on Record."

Archbishop of Montreal had officiated in St. Patrick's Church on a St. Patrick's Day, and that in itself was an incident which caused the assembly of so large a congregation. The sermon of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi is given verbatim in another column, but it may be said here that those who heard it will never forget those burning words of eloquence which fell from his lips. He reviewed the life and times of the great Patron saint of Ireland and drew from his noble life lessons of self-abnegation and sacrifice, devotion to religion and to country, the immense audience seemed to have but one heart to throb with that of the august speaker. The sermon of His Grace was no labored oration. It sprang from the heart, full of sympathy for his Irish Catholic flock, and that feeling was so evident that many were affected even to tears.

#### The Mass.

His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, celebrated solemn High Mass with Very Rev. Canon Racicot as assistant priest. The Deacons of Honor were Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan and Rev. Father Brault. The Master of Ceremonies was Rev. Father Perron, and assistant Rev. Mr. Creedon; the Deacons of the Mass were Rev. A. Callen and Rev. John Stewart, of the Grand Seminary. Rev. L. Dunlan was Cross-bearer; Incensator, Rev. Mr. O'Leary; Acolytes of the Mass,

St. Anne de Bellevue; Rev. Father Charriers, St. James; Rev. Father Rousin, Vaudreuil; Rev. Father Gervais, Rev. Father Lalandais, Montreal College; Father Casey, Rev. Father Forbes, Rev. Caughnawaga; Rev. Father Primeau, Pucherville; Rev. Father Lajoie, Montreal College; Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. Father Kelly, Rev. Father Brady, Rev. Father Brennan, Kingston; Rev. Father Pielt, Rev. Father Kavanagh, S. J., Loyola College. The Reverend Fathers of St. Patrick's were all present, including Rev. Father Quilivian, P.P., Rev. Father McCallen, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, Rev. Father James Callaghan, Rev. Father Driecoll and Rev. Father McDermott.

#### The Choral Service.

The Choir of St. Patrick's Church has long been noted for the excellence of its music, so much so that its fame has not been confined to the Catholic people of Montreal alone, but has always been a source of attraction to our separated brethren. On Thursday last it may be said that Professor Fowler and his devoted choristers surpassed all their previous efforts and presented a choral service second to none in the history of any church in Montreal. It is almost needless to say that Professor Fowler presided at the organ and well did he and his choir sustain their well earned reputation. Practicing for weeks for the great occasion, the grand national festival

#### The Sermon.

"I have kept the faith." Words of St. Paul in his second Epistle to Timothy, 4th chap. 4th verse.

Dearly Beloved Brethren:

In October last I was in Dublin, the far famed metropolis of the Capital of Ireland, your native land, or the home of your noble ancestors. I went there not as a mere tourist. On my way to Rome, to kneel at the tomb of the Apostles for the first time as Archbishop, I felt in duty bound to stop over in France, the mother country of this Canada of ours. A thought came to my mind. Did not God entrust to my pastoral care and solicitude a large number who claim Erin for the land of their birth, or whose forefathers hailed from that Island of Saints? If so, I should not pass by without treading a soil sanctified by the prayers, the tears and the labors of their national Apostle. I thought of the majestic churches that your ancestors erected to the glory of God, to the honor of the Saints; the monuments which your nationality inspired and which your generosity achieved; the love of country embodied in the poetic lines of a Moore, a Mangon, a Griffin; the heaven born principles of an O'Connell and of other eminent statesmen in the arena of political and constitutional warfare, in the outspoken and dauntless cause of your national rights and religious liberties. Full of the warmest enthusiasm at the magni-