

# The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

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## ST. PATRICK'S DAY

### Splendid Parade of Societies on Sunday.

#### ADDRESS BY THE ARCHBISHOP

Love for Canada and Respect for her Institutions

Celebrations on Tuesday evening—Rev. Dr. Burns on Irish Hopes—Mr. Devlin of Montreal on Irishmen Abroad—Rev. Father Ryan on Ireland's Love of Liberty

The Irish Catholic societies of Toronto united on Sunday in a parade in honor of St. Patrick's Day that will be memorable. They presented a magnificent body of men—magnificent in numbers and in personnel. Their parade was witnessed by thousands of citizens who lined the streets along the route, and none but complimentary observations and expressions of good will were heard.

It was a notable demonstration as an evidence of the prosperity of the Irish Catholic societies, and of good feeling towards them on the part of citizens of all other classes. There was not the slightest incident to mar the successful harmony of the day.

The men in the parade were some in uniform; but the greater number wore only the badges of their societies. All were bunches of shamrock. On the streets green was the predominant color of the day, bits of the immortal color being worn in the dress of men and women.

The men of the societies began the day by parading to Mass in the morning to receive Holy Communion. The great majority went in a body to St. Mary's Church, Bathurst street, and those living at a distance attended their own churches.

At 2.30 in the afternoon all the societies mustered in front of St. Patrick's Hall, corner of King and Jarvis streets. The procession was made up as follows:

D. Sullivan, grand marshal.  
P. Cassidy, and P. W. Falvey, deputy marshals, I.O.B.A.

President Owen Hickey and 600 men with the Society's band.

E. B. A., Geo. L. Malborough, president, and 200 men.

O'Connell Five and Drum Band.  
A. O. H., in five divisions, 600 men, officered by J. Routledge, M. Fahey, P. Mohan, John Pierce, P. D. McDonald, J. McGirdil, W. Brennan, J. Kane, W. Moore.

H. Kelly Perry's Band.

The Celtic League Band; Marshal O'Reilly.

Uniformed Knights of St. John, 65 men, Capt. Heffernan and Kelly.  
Granadier's Band.

The route was from St. Lawrence Market along King to Sherbourne, Sherbourne to Queen, and Queen to Bond.

Bond street from Queen to the Cathedral was jammed with spectators and the mounted police did the work of clearing a way for the parade most efficiently. The crowd around the Cathedral was packed and considerable difficulty attended any effort to gain access to the Church. A few minutes after the last of the parade had entered there was no standing room in the aisles or entrance. The organ pealed forth Irish airs, and the scene was inspiring in the extreme.

FATHER RYAN'S WELCOME.

Father Ryan on ascending the pulpit said: Before such a magnificent and inspiring audience as this is one is forced, I may say, to be eloquent. Before such a bright, intelligent and interesting crowd of men, especially of Irishmen, one feels inspired in mind and soul and heart. And, therefore, I feel very much tempted to preach a lecture or make a speech. But I am restrained, first because the time is short, and in the second place because I have to preach again this evening; but especially, my dear friends, because I am glad and proud to say to you that our revered and eloquent Archbishop will himself speak to you, and speak as only he knows how on such an occasion as this. Therefore

I will only do my best to welcome you to St. Michael's Cathedral with a cordial millie faith. I am glad and proud to see you here this afternoon in such a magnificent parade. I would like to think my friends of the Catholic societies of Toronto, but your Archbishop himself will do that. Sometimes it is said Catholic societies do not do much for the Church. I say that you are doing great work for the Church. Your parade this morning was a grand work. You began the Lord's Day as Christian men should begin, by sanctifying it. You walked like noble men to the place of Christian worship, and you received the great sacrament of the Body and Blood of our divine Lord. Ah! my dear Catholic friends that was a noble parade, to witness the grand act of Christian worship, of public worship. That was sanctifying the Sunday by a grand public act of solemn worship. And I say that I agree with my friend Canon Dumoulin in his standpoint of beginning the Sunday in such manner. After you have done that we are not opposed to a little recreation, but your parade of this afternoon, my friends, is more than recreation. It is another grand public act. Your act of this morning was emphatically a religious act, a Catholic act, and your demonstration of this afternoon is a Canadian act, a civic and social act. For those who see you in the strength of your peaceful parade, harmonious and united, giving offence to no man, and cause of scandal to no man, when you are witnessed doing such an act you are approved by all your fellow-citizens. My Catholic friends your demonstration is a Canadian and a civic demonstration, and it is only regarded as a power of peace, of harmony and unity and Canadian strength in this city of Toronto. Therefore after your parade of this morning and this afternoon, I can only say to you, cordially, God bless you. His Grace will now address you.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ADDRESS.

My dear brethren, Irishmen of Toronto, I am glad to see you here on this occasion. I am glad that I am here to witness this immense congregation, to have the pleasure and the honor of delivering an address before you, not to speak at much length, however, for, as very many of the old men among you know, my strength is not what it used to be, and I am somewhat tired coming from the opening of the Forty Hours at St. Basil's this morning. However, I am here and the sight of this congregation, I need not assure you, stirs me with the most pleasurable emotions. I am sure you are to be congratulated, the young men among you, and the old men among you, members of the various Catholic organizations in this city. You are to be congratulated I say upon the magnificent sight you present here to-day in this congregation. And I will add this that you are to be congratulated, also, upon the prosperous condition of the various charitable and benevolent organizations to which you belong. Such societies as yours, my dear friends, are calculated to promote the most desirable Christian and social relations as between Catholics in our city; your objects are calculated to promote the welfare of your individual members, and the sum of your good work must be, as I know it is, to promote the social welfare and kindly, friendly relations in this community. Charitable are the objects of your societies and one of your first objects is to give the helping hand to those among your members who may stand in need of it. These various objects are, and deserve to be named as the foundation of good citizenship. Furthermore your rules require of each and every one of you that he must be a practical Catholic, and your societies foster the Catholic spirit, impressing upon the members loyalty and devotion to the Church. My friends I am delighted to be told that all who are here before me, this great body of men, strong in their union, strong in the example they give, went in a body to holy Mass this morning and received the Holy Eucharist. This is practical evidence, my dear brethren, that you are loyal Catholics men, loyal to your holy religion, loyal to society and every good cause, enemies of no man. Such is your spirit, my friends, and such is the strong spirit that thrives upon sunshine and light, and is handed down to you from the days of St. Patrick to this day. A grand impetus you give to that spirit to-day my dear friends. Every man who has taken part in this parade has made a profession of his loyalty to the faith planted by St. Patrick in holy Ireland. This parade is a public demonstration and profession of your loyalty to the faith of the Apostle of Ireland, the faith planted in the soil of your fathers in the 5th century, the faith that through all the ages has survived through proscription, persecution, and through

darkness and sunshine and is as fresh to-day as the chosen leaf itself that is the symbol of faith and country—the shamrock. That faith was rooted in the soil of your country, and my dear brethren, you know it is a fact affirmed by all history to the glory of Ireland, that the holy Catholic faith, which through fifteen hundred years has been the priceless inheritance bestowed upon us by our fathers, was preserved in Ireland through what might be called the darkness of the middle age, when Ireland was the centre of culture, of religion and learning, and Europe sent her students and scholars to the great universities of Ireland. And it is a fact attested by all history that men of royal blood, the princes of Europe were then sent to Ireland to receive an education befitting their station, which was to be then had nowhere else. Further more you know that not only did Ireland keep alive European culture and education in her own homes of learning, but she sent her thousands of priests and teachers abroad to spread the faith through the world, to keep the light in the continent of Europe, to make the lamp of learning to burn in countries, and in cities hitherto in the shadow of darkness and threatened with decay and barbarism but for the missionaries of Erin. From the very earliest ages that was the place of Ireland in the scheme of Christian civilization, that was the fruit to spring from the seed of Patrick's blood, that the noble harvest of the faith he planted in Ireland, and if we dwell upon that glorious age it is to show the deep religion, the glorious wealth of faithfulness that the Irish race brought to the aid of the Catholic Church. It is but to inspire Irishmen, Catholic Irishmen, with the truth that has descended to them, the truth that they will guard and keep green for a progeny that will still bear the faith onward, and never forsake it while the Church lasts. If we dwell upon that glorious record of the early ages, it is also, but to show us more clearly what the so-called "Reformation" meant for Ireland and for her Catholic faith. Was it a reformation in the morals of a Christian people? No; the "Reformation" was the long struggle which the Catholic faith of Ireland was called upon to stand against the new disgraceful travesty of religion that was called Protestantism. The "Reformation" was the cruel struggle of this people, who had preserved the faith for Europe, and who were now prepared to preserve it for themselves, in a contest that began with the confiscation of their soil, the spoliation of their abbey and priories, the plunder of the houses, and the rape and rapine of the spoliators sent among them. Did they yield? Let the history of Ireland answer; let the record tell what happened then when every horror practised under the barbarian rulers of old was repeated under British domination in Ireland. And the men of this faithful race were sent off to serve in slavery—gentlemen of the highest rank, as well as the laboring men and women from the hillsides and valleys of Ireland, then scenes of blood, to serve as slaves among strangers. We need not dwell upon this page except, as upon an occasion such as this is fitting, to show how the noble men and women of Ireland stood steadfast to their holy faith under conditions to which history can afford no parallel of relentless cruelty. Shall the narrative not stir our hearts? Are we not of the race that carried the faith abroad into France, Spain, Portugal and Italy, that clung to it and preserved it in the land of our fathers—we are not also willing to uphold it again as they did, to keep it steadfastly in every land across the ocean where we have brought it? That is the profession you have made today, that is your declaration that you are willing to shed your blood, too, if necessary for your faith. And so I say to you look back to-day over the page of Irish history, love the land of your fathers, and love the faith that has descended to you from them. And I say to you that men who love and are loyal to the land of their fathers will be loyal to the land they live in. We live in different times, in happier times, and we are happy in our faith. Here in this city of Toronto, after forty-two years of ministry among you let me say this to you, that I am proud of the Catholic people of Toronto. They have never been men who were afraid to profess their faith; they have also shown they were prepared to stand by it. God bless them for it. God bless you for your earnest faith, I know how earnest you are. And standing here among you, my people, I can talk plainly to you as brethren and Irishmen. And there is one fact I would especially impress upon you, to ever guard against intemperance. Sobriety of life; let that be your standard. I am

asking to Irishmen, and I do so to them, as friends, that the love of Irishmen at home and abroad has been want of sobriety. I am glad that some of the most gifted geniuses have fallen from the place of want of sobriety, fallen from the sunshine and sunk into it. And so I say to you beware of intemperance, of drunkenness. Be temperate, sober men, keep away from the curse of liquor, be sober in your character as in your lives. Listen to my words, for I speak to you in plain manly fashion, leave off drink, be sober men and you will succeed in any line of life you are fitted for. Keep in mind the preaching of St. Patrick; deny yourselves, aim to bring honor upon your faith and country by being men of character, men of sober lives, men of honor. Another observation I have to make upon your magnificent parade is this, that while it shows you love the old land, it also shows you love the new. I cannot conceive any thing more unworthy of an Irishman than to forget father, mother and native land. And, therefore, I say to you stand by the old land, its memories and traditions; but at the same time stand by Canada as your home and country. I have been 40 years in this country and I love it. It is a great country. It is a country under noble institutions and noble laws. Here all men are on a par before the law of the land. This I say is a great country and nature intended it to be great. Consider its magnificent rivers, its inland seas, its mighty mountains and wealthy soil—God and nature intended it to be great, intended it should be the home of a mighty people. Men of Ireland you have helped to build up this great country, you are helping in its development, you are helping to make it the home of many millions of happy and prosperous people. Stand side by side with the noble people, Protestant and Catholic, who are developing Canada and shaping its destiny. The Canadian people, although there may be a few bigots amongst them, are a noble people, a broad minded and liberal people.

I love it, and I say to you as Irishmen, have confidence in them, and have confidence in the institutions and laws that you share with them. Help them to build up this great nation, help to make it the home of millions of your race, and may God bless you, and may God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost dwell among you for ever.

Mrs. Bonner presided at the organ and played several popular Irish selections, including some of the sweetest of the melodies. A choir of young ladies from Loreto sang "St. Patrick's Day" and another festival hymn, beginning "Hibernia's Champion Saint, All Hail!"

The services at the Cathedral were brought to a close by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament by Rev. Father Ryan, after which the procession was re-formed. The route from the church was as follows: Shuter, Church, Gould, Yonge, Queen, Spadina and King.

CATHOLIC CELTIC LEAGUE.

Lecture by the Rev. Dr. Burns of Hamilton.

The concert and lecture under the auspices of the Catholic Celtic League and Branch 10, I.O.B.U. in St. Andrew's Hall, on Tuesday night, was a splendid success. The Hall was crowded and the lecture by Rev. Dr. Burns, the eloquent Methodist clergy man of Hamilton, was a treat. The chair was taken by Mr. O. J. McCabe and amongst others present were, Rev. Dr. Carson of Detroit, Ald. Burns, Ald. Preston, D. P. Cronin, President of the Celtic League, P. Patton, K. Bolan.

In the course of his lecture Rev. Dr. Burns, after a rapid survey of Ireland's glorious past, said:

Yet, as we remember the glories of days that are gone, or indulge in the most glowing anticipations of those that are to be, no rapturous vision of the past or future can blind us to the fact that our country is passing through a crisis that will tax to the utmost the resources of the land and the wisdom and patience of the people. If Ireland needed clear headed, steady, patriotic statesmanship and the warm, practical sympathy of all her sons, it is now. We pray with full heart that if ever God inspired men with keenness of purpose and strength of both hand and heart, He would thus, endow the men who are honestly endeavoring to bring order out of chaos on the Irish question. In the strength of my hope my prayer has to be a partial fulfillment already, for I

hear within me a voice, sweet as the singing of birds, telling me that spite of the predictions of pseudo friends and open foes, our Ireland shall be transformed from a house of bondage to a land flowing with milk and honey. I have faith in my country men and faith in their cause.

For right is right and that is tried, And right they must win, To slout would to distroyat, To falser would be sin (Loud cheers).

Patriotism has not the same meaning to all Irishmen. As in the neighboring republic it meant, during the recent and struggle, in the northern states loyalty to the general Government, but, in the southern states, loyalty to the individual state, so among our countrymen, it means to the Celt, to the Catholic, loyalty to old Ireland and the Catholic faith; but to the Protestant, usually a descendant of a foreign house and a creed, it means loyalty foreign to England and Protestant ideas. Between these two spreads a gulf almost impassable, that can be spanned by naught but rational conciliatory measures, and a Christian catholicity and charity on both sides that should be broad enough to treat with moderation and kindness the many creeds of an empire on which the sun never sets (loud cheers).

Ireland's children are on this side of the Atlantic by the million. Our countrymen know how easy it is to combine self-government with an Imperial Parliament, and to protect the civil and religious liberties of minorities. America, both the United States and Canada, have solved that problem, and why should there be any insuperable difficulty in Ireland?

He serves his country best who helps her to be just, for, as God reigns there is no peace for an unjust nation any more than for an unrighteous individual, and these wrongs to which I have referred tonight have too long served as foul exorcismes to mar her symmetry and retard her growth. I yield to no man to my loyalty to Britain, but I cannot be blind to her treatment of my native land, and I love nothing to her proud people who have done little else than wear unearned honors, suck her life blood and retard necessary legislation. (Hear, hear).

Difficulties need not deter us. We don't fear difficulties we have been long accustomed to them. We have fed on them. They have no terrors for us. It is in difficulties that men are tried and strengthened. Only be true to convictions; we can afford to part with everything else, but with truth never. Don't heed the cry "stubborn." It is heroic to be able to say "no" and to stand there.

Be true to religious convictions especially. "A foe to God was never true friend to man." It is after all from this source that all true mental and moral fibre must come. Here in the soul, with the light of God's truth aiding us, must be woven, both warp and woof, all true character. Here under the influence of religion must we find the motive to nerve us in all the great struggles of life. Our country needs us, the world needs us, and we must rise superior to the attractions of the golden bangles of earth. I'd rather be able to say of this right hand of mine that it wiped the tear from sorrows eye, had lifted the burden from the shoulder of the oppressed, had struck the blow that liberated the enslaved, than that it had wielded the sceptre of the Caesars, or signed the cheques of a Vanderbilt. (Loud applause).

The programme of the evening was made up of songs by J. W. Baker, Miss Flynn, W. H. Rich, Miss O'Neill, F. J. Perrin, Miss Lili Kleiser, Miss Maud Alexander and recitations by a clever little tot, Miss C. Smith. Mr. Rich's descriptive song "Robert Emmett was admirable."

I. C. B. A.

Concert in Association Hall—Lecture by Father Ryan.

The I. C. B. A. concert and lecture in Association Hall was attended by a splendid audience. Among those who took part in the programme were Miss Fannie Sullivan, Mrs. McGann, Mrs. Donville, Miss Ella Ronan, Miss Alice Burrows, Mr. J. J. Costello, Mr. Peter Ryan presided. The officers of the Society present were Messrs Owen Hickey, Chairman; P. Shea, J. McQuillan.

Rev. Father Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, began his lecture on "Ireland's Love of Liberty" by complimenting the Society on the large and representative audience they had gathered that evening, notwithstanding the many other celebrations in the city. He also complimented them on the excellent programme of music and song they had provided for the evening. He wished to emphasize this matter of the programme. He liked

to see such selections of music and song at these national and civic gatherings of our people, as tending to elevate and refine as well as entertain. The society had secured some of the most eminent musical and vocal artists of the city, who had given them all they could desire in the way of a refined and enjoyable entertainment. This was only what was to be expected from such cultured artists as Miss Fannie Sullivan, Mrs. McGann, Miss Moran and Mr. Costello. An Irish audience never objected to a laugh, and is able to enjoy humor. One of the comic gentlemen to night had said that nothing is too good for the Irish. He would advise entertainment committees to remember this always; but he was sorry to have to remark that some of their humorous brethren seemed to imagine, in their presentations, that nothing was too bad, and too low, for an Irish audience. This he considered an insult as well as a mistake, for the Irish people, proverbially bright and quick, were capable of appreciating the highest in art and culture. He hoped there would be nothing to complain of in this particular at future gatherings of Irish societies.

Father Ryan, also, complimented the I.C.B.A. on the important part they had taken in Sunday's parade. Personally, the speaker said, he was opposed to national parades especially when held on week days. But upon seeing the magnificent parade of Sunday last he had to confess he was completely converted. That manifestation of national unity and civic harmony had, he considered, an excellent effect on our people. It was good for those who took part in the parade; it was good for Ireland, and good for Canada. It was a pleasure and pride to our great Archbishop, who was a typical Irishman and representative Canadian.

Coming to his subject of Ireland's love of liberty, the speaker said, his time being short, he would give them some principles that would be instructive and useful in future actions. In speaking of the liberty that Ireland loves it would be as well for us to understand what liberty is. There is a false liberty, much lauded at the present day, that is not the liberty Ireland loves. It is the liberty in political, literary and social life that has been well secured by the late poet-laureate, Lord Byron:

Bring the old dark ages back, Without the faith, without the hope, Break the throne, let the church, the state, And roll the ruins down the slope, Author, essayist, artist, rhymer, play your part, Paint the moral shame of nature In the living hues of art, Rip your brother's vices open, Lay your own foul passions bare, Down with reverence, down with reverence, Down, make the world let the power of think, Do your best to shame the worst, To lower the rising race of men; Have we come from out the beast? Then back into the beast again.

This is the liberty, or rather license and licentiousness; that is proscribed in certain sections, on the platform and through the press, at Ireland loves us just the contrary of this. And what he especially wished to advise is corrective of this. It is not the right and the power of thinking, and saying, and writing, and doing what one likes; but it is the noble God-given right and power of thinking, and saying, and writing and doing what one ought. It is the right and the power to do our duty to our God and to our country (applause). One post had given the creed of the anarchist, which he had read, another poet, and philosopher and statesman, a devoted Irishman and representative Canadian, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, would tell them in stirring verse of the liberty that Ireland loves:

Where is freedom's glorious land? Is it where a lawless race Scorn all just control, and stand Each one galling his brother's face?

No! In men's wild passions, still Heavier chains their tyrants forge; And his own unbridled rage; It is itself the dearest scourge.

And a land of anarchy Never can be truly free.

But where men like brethren stand Each one in his own spirit rules Serving best his own dear land Turning from the anarchy's schools.

Such be thou land of mine, Stilled be every discord note; Erin, let thy sons combine in one holy brotherhood.

Taking this as a text the eloquent lecturer went on to develop in forcible language the love of pagan, of Christian of Catholic Ireland at all times for the highest human and divinely heavenly liberty. In concluding his address he exhorted his hearers to persevere and foster in this land of freedom the love of liberty; that characterized the Irish race. The future, he said, is

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