# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, MARCH 31, 1876.

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

6

## 'THE CELEBRATION AT ST. COLUMBA OF SILLERY.

Somebody once wrote a song in which he pitched into people for repining at their lot in life and to encourage them he made some verses which as well as we can recollect jingled to the tune of "For to-my feelings and sympathies with those that emanate morrow the sun will be shinning, although it is from your warm Irish heart. Ireland has chosen cloudy to-day." The embodiment of such a pleasant idea would have been acceptable to the good people of Sillery yesterday ; but perhaps the day previous was too fair, too fine, too delightfully full of promises of golden sunlight and balmy genial weather for people to expect a continuation of it. The many town friends however of the Columbians were determined not to desert them, and from an early hour in the morning they drove out, heedless of the bitter wind which soughed and shricked through the trees in a way that reminded one of the shrill hissing of the foam when a roller breaks upon the strand. The first indications of the national festival after

leaving the city were to be found in the shape of petty combinations of flags over the entrance to the Lieutenant-Governor's residence at Spencer Wood. Turning the corner and driving through Bergerville, more flamboyant and highly colored synamentation became visible; right across the Queen's highway were strings of flags of every natioh, and close by the school house and church as pretty and tasteful a triumphal arch as could well have been designed. In shape it partook of the Moorish character. When our reporter was passing through, several young ladies were, in spite of the gale that howled around them, putting the finish- seed had to be watered with martyrs' blood ; in ing touches, in the shape of flowers, golden hearts, crosses, anchors, and other religious symbols upon large hospitality, and therefore flourished in spite In the several alcoves there were the evergreens. places arranged so that they might be occupied by appropriately dressed little children. Over the centre of the arch was a compartment in which was a harp, also made of evergreens and flowers. The good people who have devoted so much of their time and ingenuity in the erection of this and seveand other arches on the proposed line of march will we hope have, on Monday next, an opportunity of the Neva, the Rhine and the Danube can be collected showing them in all the resplendent brilliancy which a fair amount of sunshine must give them. Passing through the picturesque district of the Bergeres and down Sillery Hill, where there is another sumptuous arch crected, gay with flowers, floating pennons and radiant bunting, the Sillery Church is reached. The sacred edifice ins been carefully prepared and decorated for the occasion. Over the high altar, and immediately under, that dark weird picture of Our Lord crucified, one of the most realistic, crucl, and powerful that we remember to have seen, waves the green banner adorned with the Harp of the Martyr nation. On either side float the flags of England and France, and from the column facing the public hangs the dag of the Dominion. Another conspicuous banner is that of the Hibernian Society-a vast field of pure green silk. The pulpit was draped most fittingly in a green silk flag which was embroidered with golden Shamrocks, a harp and the proud old Celtic motto," Erin go Bragh." Notwithstanding the ex-ternal feud of elements, a large congregation were assembled by 9 a.m., and the solemn services of High Mass were at once commenced. His Lordshin Bishop Persico, assisted by the Revd. Fathers Audet, Mayrand and Sarsfield, celebrated the Mass. The musical portion of the ceremony from its intrinsic merit, novelty, and the splendid voices of those who took part in both solos and choruses is worthy of special favorable comment. The flood of pure mellow voices that seemed to have a rustic sweetness and freshness, all their own, pealed forth so jubilantly that the sacred fane was instinct with harmony, and those within forgot the raging storm and were contented to remain where all was peace, concord and good will. Among the many choice morceaux that the talented willingness of the choir showered upon the congregation were Farmer's Mass in E Flat. The gradual, "Hibernia's Cham-pion Saint all Hail!" air. The Harp that once through Tara's Hall solo by Miss McNeil and whorus by choir. At the offertory a beautiful anthem to the Blessed Virgin was sung by Miss Margaret Bogue. At the elevation of the Host the Tantum Ergo was sang by Miss Rocket to that most favorite of airs "The last Rose of Summer," in a style, which for evident love of the theme and is the theme which occupies the population correct startingly effective vocalisation could hardly of each town and hamlet. If we pass have been surpassed by an amateur. During to France there we shall find revered Communion Miss Power sang 'O all ye people God the vestiges and memories of Irishmen, Communion Miss Power sang 'O all ye people God the hath made' very pleasantly. There were several and incidental pieces introduced with great effect during the service, for example, there were two Solos during the Kyrie, in which Miss E. Fitzpatrick and Miss McNeil took part. Then in the Gloria, where the voices of Miss Falardeau, Miss Fitzpatrick and Dr. Rochette were conspicuous. In the Agnus Dei Miss Hennessy and Miss Teakle took prominent parts. And in the soul stirring Credo, Mrs. Power, Dr. Rochette and Miss Fitzpatrick. The Solo of the "Hosanna" in the Sanctus was admirably given by Miss Cantilion. Strangers might well have thought in listening at first to the continuous outpouring of melody, that professional artistes had perhaps been engaged for the celebration, but the untrammelled fashion of their utterance, the absence of falsetto, and all the vocalistic tricks by which prima donne gain reputations, would soon reassure one of the fact that all was natural and therefore good. Amongst the earlier arrivals was a never-failing visitor, His Honor Lieut. Gov-ernor Caron and some of the lady memberss of his family ; he was attended by Major Amyot, A. D. C. Of course the continued tempestuousness of the weather and the drifts on the roads prevented anything like a march to the church being attempted, but had it been fine, there is no doubt one of the most carefully prepared and costly pageants that this city has ever seen would have been the result. As it was the President of the St. Columba Society, J. Cantillon, Esq. and Messrs. Timmony and Connolly, Vice-Presidents, together with many of the members, and their band arrived during the service and took their places in the church. The officers of the society all wore the collars, badges and insignia of their calling. The texture was as a rule dark green silk or velvet heavily laced or embroidered with rich bullion and looked very handsome. The cortege, procession, cavalcade or whatever might have been its fittest name would have consisted of two pages dressed in green and gold as mounted Marshals; the children of the parish schools, a banner, the Grand Marshal mounted of the St. Columba Society, the Grand Master on foot, the flag and banners of the Society, the President, the Vice-Presidents (2), the Committee, twenty in number, the members who will carry two splendid banners-and the procession will be closed by troop of 22 Marshals mounted on horseback. It may here be mentioned that throughout the entire line of the contemplated march (which will take place on Monday next), the French Canadian residents, without a single exception, have decorated their houses, levelled the streets, and done everything in their power to enhance and contribute to the pleasure of their Irish friends and co-residents. This is a most cheering and significative proof that within the limits of St. Columba de Sillery, a social international and religious harmony prevails, which does each and every one of the residents honor We have been obliged to diverge from following the actual course of events as they occurred yester-day at Sillery Church, and must resume at the period when His Lordship Bishop Persico ascended the pulpit to preach the sermon de circonstance of which we append a summary.

BISHOP PERSICO'S SERMON. Dear Brethren,-Last year when I addressed you from this pulpit, my remarks were confined to a

panegyric on the life and actions of the great and glorious St. Patrick. This year I have not the same object in view-it is not necessary, his every exploit and good deed are too well known to require a mention. To-day I come amongst you to mingle for her day of rejoicing no anniversary of a civic national action or political event or victorious battle, but differing from the other nations of Europe she has selected the natal day of the blessed St Patrick, a day which the church has set apart for his special honor and glorification, and this selection is one that might be expected of a people whose entire national life beats in unison with the Church Universal. It is a fitting question to-day to ask why Irishmen are so proud of this day, why every thing seems to be centred in St. Patrick. The answer and cause may be found in the constancy

and perseverance which have distinguished the race throughout centuries of hardship, oppression and malevolent cruelty towards the Catholic religion. The Bishop here in glowing and animated language described the arrival in Ireland of the Roman Priest Patricius, and the quality of inhabitants he found on the Green Isle. In manners simple and homely, with all natural characteristics and traits far less savage and more refined than was to be found amongst the unchristianized peoples of that time, the timid Hibernians accepted without argument or dispute the doctrines and teachings of the Saint. This to him as a worker amongst men was a source of perpetual joy ; elsewhere in Europe, the Gospel Ireland it sound a genial soil, warm hearts and a of all. Even at the remote period alluded to all nations were aware and appreciative of the refined civilisation and superior intelligence of Irishmen, and their archives contain memorials of their prowess both in doughty deeds and learned writing. From the plains of France, from the hills of Switzerland, from the shores of the Mediterranean from the gardens of Italy and Spain, from the banks of memories and relics of the great men who visited them from the Western Isle. The patient long suffering of the Irish people is another of their right to celebrate this bay with all honor to themselves. Ireland is essentially the martyr nation. She has been despoiled of her sons, her daughters exiled, her manufactures crushed, her religion interfered with, her soil awarded to the stranger, and her earthly all confiscated or made valueless. She has reached, through trouble and anguish, the degree of glory which make her worthy of Divine help. Yes, the Irish might well rejoice to know that, despite the 700 years of illusage and tyranny, during which everything that devilish malice and supreme power was brought against them to annihilate their spirit and trample down their faith, all was in vain ; their religion supported them throughout. Bribery was resorted to, the services of the church were proscribed. It was made impossible for Irishmen to hold any office of emolument, and all that diabolical ingenuity could do was done to stamp out the pride and faith of the people, This treatment was not remitting but continuous, and when their unwavering constancy and belief is considered, one will not wonder at the exclamation of one of the old fathers of the Church-" Ob, Irish people ! You are the most faithful adherents of the Church of God !" Yes, brethren, I repeat that you may rejoice in the fact of belonging to that race. No other nation shares with you a similar history. All trials that human nature had ever contemplated had been visited upon them, but in spite of invasion, infidelity, schism, there was no apostasy. Faith, Hope and Charity were the inestimable gifts and the predominating characteristics of the Irish people. St. Patrick's day and its yearly celebration do not pass away like a dream ; it is a day of mighty significance. The whole world resounds with the echoes of its festivities. In Rome, from the Holy Father himself down to the simplest clerk in orders is singing the praises of Ireland's patron saint. There the work of this great apostle was not alone acknowledged, but perpetually extolled ever since his canonization. And not only in the Vatican City but throughout the entire extent of Italy has the life of St. Patrick and the history of his good works the same may be said respecting the and length and breadth of Europe. Even in England now there was sympathy and support for the Irish Catholic. In the Colonies, however, it was where the loving feelings of patriotism and staunch nationality were best expressed and understood. His Lordship concluded a remarkably eloquent and appropriate sermon with a choice peroration, in which he spoke of the prayer uttered by St. Patrick himself during his aposto'ic career-" Grant, O Lord, that I may never lose the children Thou hast given me." The Bishop said this prayer had been granted, inasmuch as although 1400 years had elapsed, yet the Irish had never been lost to the true religion. At the conclusion of the mass, the storm having in no way diminished, the large congregation dispersed to their several homes, disappointed that their claborate and tasteful preparations had no chance of showing to advantage, but well pleased with the complete success-if such a word is permissible - that distinguished every particular in the religious honoring of the great national day.

never, make her prostitute her virtues. Yes, our country has had her glory and her mission; and it is precisely what some people seem to forget nowthe services rendered by her to the cause of civilization. On all sides we hear friendly voices who bewail the greatness of her misfortunes; but how very few deign to contemplate for a moment that phenomenon unexampled in the annals of history, the phenomenon of a nation who, persecuted, bent preserves, pure and stainless, the twofold treasure of her faith and nationality.

Strangers are generally inclined to consider Irethat under the rags of this slave beats a noble heart that a pure blood courses through his viens,-a celestial beauty illumnines his features, and on his brow sparkles forth the bright flame of genius. Ah! let them break asunder the chains of this slave; let them throw over his shoulders the royal mantle of her silent harp, suppressed in the distance of ages, awake from its slumbers, and by its sweet accents reanimate the echoes of her desolate mountains; in a word, let Erin diffuse among her own children all the riches, all the resources of her fertile soil; let her employ in their favor all the energies of the land, then, ladies and gentlemen, and then only, can they have a just idea of Ireland.

By three distinctive marks, we may judge of the real greatness of a nation, has she been faithful to divine faith bequeathed to her? Has she laid open to her offsprings the glorious fields of intellect and learning? Has she inspired them with that love, that invincible affection of herself, that sacred flame which we call patriotism. Her greatness is no longer a question, for faith, intellect, and patriotism, such is what honours a nation far more than power, riches or the laurels of victory. Faith, which binds the patriotism of earth to that of heaven, intellect, genius, which shines forth on the brow of all that is great, genius, which crowns with its imperishable brightness the works of man,patriotism which binds the hearts of many to one sentiment, patriotism which sums up all the wants. the efforts, the energies, all the glory of a nation. Ladics and Gentlemen, can we recognize these marks on the brow of our martyred nation? Let us open history, let us listen to the voice of mankind and they will both proclaim aloud that Ireland has not faltered in the days of adversity, and that the violent storm of persecution, has passed over her souls, a noble successor of the Apostle, in zeal and without fading the cown of her virtues, and that under the threefold calling of faith, intellect and patriotism, she has proved herself in no way inferior to other nations.

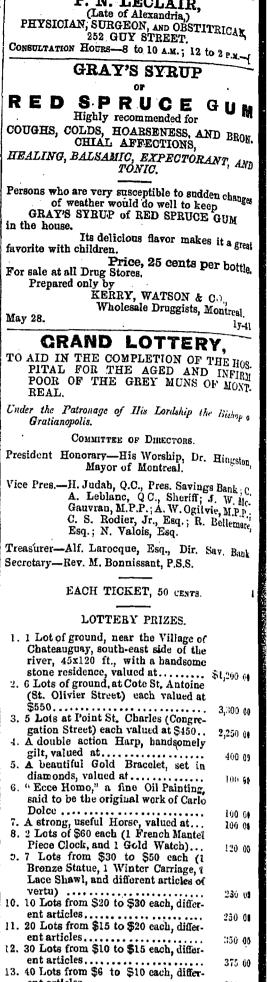
I will say nothing of the faith of Ireland, faith received through the glorious Apostleship of St. Patrick, faith so deeply rooted in the heart of the Irish nation, faith stronger than sufferings, than after his Lordship's good words to night, Ireland require a more elequent voice than mine to describe the seven centuries of gigantic struggle, the protracted martyrdom of a nation, ebbing forth its life-blood, and ready to die, sooner than to give up the treasure of divine faith, the noblest gift of God. Neither shall I speak of the intellectual glory of Ireland, of the sparkling genius of her poets, the splendid eloquence of her great orators; to others I leave this task; let me speak only of another glory of our country, glory which seems to assuage the heavy weight of her misfortunes; I mean the love her sons bear her, the genuine purity of their patriotism. Yes, this sentiment the noblest of the heart of man, this sentiment, without which genius is nothing, and virtue itself looses its dazzling splendour, we find it deeply engraven in the heart of the Irish people. Whether the Irishman is passionately fond of music or poetry, whether he delights in literary or scientific pursuits, whether he pours forth against his oppressors the fiery darts of his manly eloquence, it is always for the same object, it is always the sorrowful picture of dear old Ireland that animates his genuis; such is the only theme of his conceptions. Yes the Irishman loves his native country; we all love Ireland, and I may say of each and everyone of us, those words which a modern writer applied to the great O'Connell, " He placed Ireland as a heart in the very centre of his affections." By country, the true son of Ireland means not honours nor riches, for riches are very seldom, his iot, and the road to honour is barred out against him. Neither is it the resources and interests of the land, for what should he care about interest that affect him not; nor is it these laws which tyranize rather than protect him? what then must be the object of his patriotism ? It is, ladies and gentlemen, a poor miserable hovel; it is, perhaps, a few feet of earth which aged father and grandfather before him cultivated at the sweat of their brow, and which they preserved at the price of a thousand sacrifices from the cupidity of a pitiless master.-His courtry -is the blood of his martyrs,-it is the remembrance of a glorious past; it is the hope of seeing Ireland one day as the poet sings : "Great, glorious and free, first flower of the carth, first gem of the sea." Our ancestors loved their country when as yet, no stranger, no tyrant's foot had trodden over its fertile plains, they still loved it when they had to protect its coasts against the invasion of the Danes and Normans. They loved Ireland, those heroes who fell at Clontarf, beside the valiant Brian Boru. They loved their country and that glorious struggle of three centuries against the oppression of English Government; and if Rome which the genius of the great Hannibal had reduced to the brink of ruin, thought that it was only right to crown a defeated general, because he despaired not of his country should not, ladies and gentlemen, posterity crown the valiant efforts of our forefathers. For if they were defeated, if victory did not second their glorious achievements it is not that courage was wanting to their arm, or the flame of patriotism was extinct in their hearts. It only proves that treason, perfidy and cold blooded sagacity, obtained for our adversaries a victory, their swords would never be able to win on a fair battle-field. Let us ask of heroic old France if the Irishman is wanting in bravery on the field of battle. Let us rather see them at work, whether they fight for France or St. Ruth, for Spain under their fine general, or for the See of Peter; on the plains of Rancoup, on the ramparts of Lanfelt, on the slopes of Fontenoy, on the rugged heights of Castlefidardo, no swords cut deeper than theirs; and history is there to record their fierce onsets, their dauntless courage, and matchless discipline. The more recent history of war tells us that it was Ireland's sons who gave England her most brilliant victories, her bravest generals, and from Waterloo to the Crimea maintained the glory of the English name. See them again, see our fellow countrymen hastening to the defence of our glorious Pontiff Plus IX. You all know how they fought in that memorable struggle. Their place in the bloody battle of Castelfidardo, was where the heaps of slain lay thickest on the field of battle. They fought as brave men fight, conscious of a right cause; they fought as did their fathers at Limerick and Fontenoy, and many a son of Ireland lying on that Italian plain, his life-blood ebbing fast, mingled with the prayer of the departing soul the patriot's last reflection, "Alas that this were for plore in silence her misfortunes, or shed a fruitless Ireland," it was for Ireland, ladies and gentlemen, tear over her unhappy lot. But ladies and gentle- they died for their faith, for their country's glory

men, it is not thus; we may consider Ireland with and pride, and amidst the tears that fell in that confidence, for her long sufferings could never, no, native land they loved so dearly, sentiments of powerful consolation softened the grief of their fellow countrymen. They died nobly as Irishmen, they died gloriously as Christians. The God a-day. We know better the wrongs of Ireland than of their fathers will crown them with a reward eternal, and their names will be enshrined in the legends of story and song.

The Irishman loves his native country when a cruel destiny compels him to bid a lasting farewell to his parents, friends and to all those he loves, to seek under another sky the means of existence, redown under the degrading fetters of servitude, has, nevertheless, stood upright and undaunted on the ed Jøle of his forefathers is ever before his eyes. In ed Isle of his forefathers is ever before his eyes. In shattered ruins of her liberty,—of a nation that, his exile she is the sole object of his souveniers and after long centuries of oppression, still lives and conversations; and when death comes to close his weary eyes to the light of day, his last blessing is for his country. Oh, no, he never forgets his dear Ireland—Happy, O happy, those who in their exile and as a slave bowed down under the scourge of a find benevolent friends, a people always ready to pitiless master; they gaze on her from afar with alleviate their destresses, as the French Canadian sentiments of disdainiul pity : and they reflect not | people. Here at least, in this fine Province of Canada we find a second country. On the hospitable shores of the majestic St. Lawrence, we find what we always desired for our country, what the Irish heart always loved; faith united to genius and patriotism. Here Ladies and Gentlemen we enjoy together with our French Canadian countrymen his ancestors ; let also the sweet song of Liberty re- the inestimable gift of Faith ; we may practice sound once more o'er the green fields of Erin; let our religion without obstacle or restraint. In this country every thing favours the development of learning and science. If the ardent aspirations of TO our heart sigh for *liberty*, where can we find it more desirable, surrounded with a purer glory than in the midst of this young nation who compelled their very conquerors to respect their rights ; this brave and generous race, which inscribed on their victorious colours this noble motto : "Our institutions, our lanugage, and our laws." We Irishmen, we love glory; but if ever the day come, that the bravery of the Irish Canadian would be in danger of dying away, if ever he forgets the glorious achievements of his ancestors, let him question the majestic scenery which surrounds him; every object will bring to his mind the remembrance of warlike valour, and the echoes of Carillon and Chateauguay will tell him that the land he treads on is the land of heroes.

O my fellow countrymen, Irishmen of Sillery, you love Ireland, your presence here to night in such numbers, the grand and solemn demonstration of this glorious day, is more than sufficient proof of it-continue always to love your native land, poor forlorn Ireland, and be also united as you are to-day-love also your adopted land, and be proud of its prosperity and fine constitution. Love your fellow countrymen of every erigin and destinction ; honour and respect your religion, and your pastors -and be happy and proud that God in his goodness gave you a spiritual guide, as pastor of your apostolical spirit, His Lordship the Rt. Rev. Dr. Persico. Let us all pray that God may preserve his Lordship for many a long day over your Churchfor we have all good reason to be proud of his Lordship—you as your pastor and guide; and I as my spiritual father; by his hands I was raised to the sublime dignity of priesthood and I am surepersecution, stronger than death itself. It would herself must feel proud of him, and claim him as one of her noblest adopted sons. Oh Ireland may we be ever able to apply to you those prophetic words of the venerable Bede.

"Far eastward lies an Isle of ancient fame By Nature blessed, and Eriu is ber name Enrolled in books, exhaustless in her store Of Veiny silver and of golden ore. Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth. With gems her water, and her air with health, Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow, Her woolly flecces vie with virgin snow, Her waving furrows float with bearded corn. And arms and arts her envied sons adorn. No savage bear with lawless fury roves, Nor rav'nous lion through the peaceful groves. No poison there infect, no scaly snake Creeps thro' the grass, nor frog amongst the lake An Island worthy of her pious race, In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace.



P. N. LECLAIR.

ent articles.... .... 320 00 14. 50 Lots from \$4 to \$6 each, different articles .... 250 64

200 00

\$10,120 00

- 15. 75 Lot of \$3 each, different articles 16. 150 Lots of \$2 each, different articles 225 00 300 00
- 17. 200 Lots of \$1 each, different articles
  - 600 Amount of Prizes

FOR SALE-VALUABLE-Adjoining TOWN of LINDSAY-200 acres-Can be made into two farms

FARM

#### THE CONCERT.

At the Concert which was given in the evening, at which were present many distinguished personages, both lay and clerical, the Rev Father O'Farrell, of St. Joseph's Church, Levis, delivered the following eloquent address :----

Excellency, my Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen,-After the eloquent address of the worthy President of your Society, after the noble and patriotic sentiment, expressed with such happiness and success by my young and talented friend, Mr. Fitzpatrick, it would seem inopportune on my part to trespass any longer on your benevolent attention. I fear all I could do would be to throw discredit on a theme which they treated in so eloquent and satisfactory a manney. If, then, ladies and gentlemen, I venture to say a few words, it is because I am sure, before hand, of your kind indulgence; I know that the young Irish priest, is always certain to claim sympathy when speaking to his countrymen of the glory of their country, a glory brightened by the shadow of misfortnne, and coming forth purer from the bosom of sufferings and oppression. And as the well-bred son is not ashamed to speak of those to whom he owes his existence; neither should I blush to speak of my country. And why, ladies and gentlemen, should I be ashamed to speak of Ircland? Is it because misfortune has been her lot ? No; misfortune is no disgrace, no dishonor. It is only those nations which have misunderstood their mission, those nations which have stifled the generous sentiments of justice and honor, to give way without restraint to the solfishness of their passions, that opprobrium has marked out with its eternal and indelible stigma. Alas! my friends, if misfortune had the great, the two deplorable privilege of excluding genius, of closing the heart to every noble and generous impulse; of extinguishing those sentiments by which man feels himself superior to the trials of fortune, I could say nothing to night of our country; I could only de-

-130 acres cleared-in a high state of cultivation -good barn-stable-sheds-terms to suit purchasers .- This farm is within five minutes walk of market, Separate School, and Convent. Address Box 235, Lindsay, Ont. 23.

**F**OR SALE, an EXCELLENT FARM, known as MOUNT ST. COLUMBA FARM, West Williams, North Middlesex, Ontario, containing 130 acres, all enclosed, of which 110 are well cleared, and in a high state of cultivation, and 20 acres of woodland well tembered, plenty of good water, first class frame buildings, stone wall cellars under dwelling house, large bearing orchard, and well fenced all around, within a quarter of a mile of the Catholic Parish Church and Separate School; four and a half miles from Park Hill Station on G. T. R. Road; thirteen miles from Strathroy, and twentyeight miles from London; good gravel roads to and from it. Apply (if by letter, post paid) to the Proprietor on the premises, L. C. MCINTYRE, Bornish P.O., North Middlesex Ont.



It is the cheapest, handsomest, best technically constructed Machine, most durable and the least liable to get out of order of any Machine now being manufactured.

A complete set of Attachments with each Machine.

Examine them before you purchase elsewhere. J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER, 365 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

#### 100,000 Tickets

The month, day, hour and place of drawing will be duly announced in the Press.

Tickets can be procured at :-

- The Bishop's Palace, from Rev. Canon Dufresne. The Seminary, Notre Dame Street, from Revds. M. Bonnissant, and Tambareau.
- The General Hospital of the Grey Nuns, Guy Street.
- Savings Bank of the City and District, 176 St. James Street, and at its different Branches-St. Catherine, 392; 466 St. Joseph, and corner of Wellington and St. Stephen Streets. At Messrs. Devins & Bolton's, 195 Notre Dame Street.

#### THE MARTYRS OF THE COLISEUM By REV. A. J. O'REILLY, MISS. AP.

Sixth Edition-Considerably Enlarged by the Author THIS WORK has been blest by his Holiness Pius IX., by letter of 4th March 1874. It is the first and only authentic work on this subject; it has been translated into several languages, has been read publicly in the religious houses at Rome, and is thus spoken of by both Protestant and Catholic Reviews :---

"We do not believe we can recommend to our readers, a more useful, instructive, and entertaining book. The narrative abounds with incidents so picturesque, surprising and delightful, as to equal the richest fancy of the novelist."-Civilla Cattolica.

"We may say without exaggeration, that is interest and value it surpasses Fabiola."-London Tablet

"The first really authentic Christian account of the scenes in the Coliseum. The work is evidently the result of much careful study."-Catholic Opinion. Father O'Reilly has given us a collection of narratives as fascinating as they are truthful, and far more thrilling in their intensely interesting incident than the most sensational of the trash that is so widely, but still so surely, corrupting our modern life. The volume is creditable to his research, and is equally creditable to his scholarship; and we again express our delight that so beautiful and 50 novel a book should be the work of a young Irish Missionary.—Freeman's Journal.

"A well executed work and may well stand side by side with Fabiola."--Literary Churchman. "Few books are more likely to enchain the in-

terest of children than this. It is a beautiful record of the triumphs' of Christianity .- Church Re-

view. "Fr. O'Reilly deserves the thanks of Catholics seum, which is carefully compiled, well printed, and told in an interesting and attractive style."-Westminster Gazette.

"The Rev. Mr. O'Reilly's ' Martyrs of the Coliseum,' is one of those books which, when they appear, fill us with wonder why they were not written before. The writer has done his task very well, taking old Acts as his guides and authorities."-Month.

"The gracefully written series of biographics."-

Weekly Register. For Sale at this Office. A Very liberal discount to the Trade,