

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

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 to make some verses which as well as we can recollect jingled to the tune of "For tomorrow the sun will be shining, although it is cloudy to-day."

The first indications of the national festival after leaving the city were to be found in the shape of pretty combinations of flags over the entrance to the Lieutenant-Governor's residence at Spencer Wood.

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.

At the conclusion of the mass, the storm having in no way diminished, the large congregation dispersed to their several homes, disappointed that their elaborate 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.

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:—

Excelsency, 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.

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.

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 offspring 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.

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 persecution, stronger than death itself.

By country, the true son of Ireland means not honours nor riches, for riches are very seldom, his lot, 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 tyrannize rather than protect him?

See them again, see our fellow countrymen hastening to the defence of our glorious Pontiff Pius 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.

men, it is not thus; we may consider Ireland with confidence, for her long sufferings could never, no, 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 now—a day. We know better the wrongs of Ireland than the services rendered by her to the cause of civilization.

Strangers are generally inclined to consider Ireland as a slave bowed down under the scourge of a pitiless master; they gaze on her from afar with sentiments of disdainful pity; and they reflect not that under the rags of this slave beats a noble heart, that a pure blood courses through his veins, and a celestial beauty illumines his features, and on his brow sparkles forth the bright flame of genius.

By country, the true son of Ireland means not honours nor riches, for riches are very seldom, his lot, 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 tyrannize rather than protect him?

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.

See them again, see our fellow countrymen hastening to the defence of our glorious Pontiff Pius 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.

See them again, see our fellow countrymen hastening to the defence of our glorious Pontiff Pius 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.

and pride, and amidst the tears that fell in that 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 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, refused to him in his unhappy country. The Blessed Isle of his forefathers is ever before his eyes. In his exile she is the sole object of his souvenirs 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 find benevolent friends, a people always ready to alleviate their distresses, as the French Canadian people. Here at least, in this fine Province of Canada we find a second country.

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.

"Far eastward lies an Isle of ancient fame By Nature blessed, and Erin is her 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 flocks vie with virgin snow, Her waving furrows float with bearded corn, And arms and arts her envied sons adorn, Nor savage bear with lawless fury roves, Nor ravenous 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.

FARM

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

FOR 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 timbered, 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 Stratford, and twenty-eight 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.

ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO



JOHN CROWE, BLACK AND WHITE SMITH, LOOK-SMITH, BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER AND GENERAL JOBBER

Has Removed from 37 Bonaventure Street, to ST. GEORGE, First Door off Craig Street. Montreal.

LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES. Price \$35 with Attachments.

The New LAWLOR FAMILY MACHINE is unequalled in light running, beauty and strength of stitch, range of work, stillness of motion and a reputation attained by its own merits. 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.

P. N. LECLAIR, (Late of Alexandria,) PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND OBSTETRICIAN, 252 GUY STREET. CONSULTATION HOURS—8 to 10 A.M.; 12 to 2 P.M.—1

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM Highly recommended for COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, AND BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS. HEALING, BALSAMIC, EXPECTORANT, AND TONIC.

Persons who are very susceptible to sudden changes of weather would do well to keep GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM in the house. Its delicious flavor makes it a great favorite with children. Price, 25 cents per bottle. For sale at all Drug Stores. Prepared only by KERRY, WATSON & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Montreal.

GRAND LOTTERY, TO AID IN THE COMPLETION OF THE HOSPITAL FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM POOR OF THE GREY NUNS OF MONTREAL.

Under the Patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Gratianopolis. COMMITTEE OF DIRECTORS. President Honorary—His Worship, Dr. Hingston, Mayor of Montreal. Vice Pres.—H. Judah, Q.C., Pres. Savings Bank; C. A. Leblanc, Q.C., Sheriff; J. W. McGowan, M.P.P.; A. W. Ogilvie, M.P.P.; C. S. Rodier, Jr., Esq.; R. Bellemare, Esq.; N. Valois, Esq. Treasurer—Alf. Larocque, Esq., Dir. Sav. Bank Secretary—Rev. M. Bonnissant, P.S.S.

EACH TICKET, 50 CENTS. LOTTERY PRIZES.

- 1. 1 Lot of ground, near the Village of Chateauguy, south-east side of the river, 45x120 ft., with a handsome stone residence, valued at... \$1,200 00
2. 6 Lots of ground, at Cote St. Antoine (St. Olivier Street) each valued at \$550... 3,300 00
3. 5 Lots at Point St. Charles (Congregation Street) each valued at \$450... 2,250 00
4. A double action Harp, handsomely gilt, valued at... 400 00
5. A beautiful Gold Bracelet, set in diamonds, valued at... 100 00
6. "Ecce Homo," a fine Oil Painting, said to be the original work of Carlo Dolce... 100 00
7. A strong, useful Horse, valued at... 100 00
8. 2 Lots of \$60 each (1 French Mantel Piece Clock, and 1 Gold Watch)... 120 00
9. 7 Lots from \$30 to \$50 each, (1 Bronze Statue, 1 Winter Carriage, 1 Lace Shawl, and different articles of vertu)... 230 00
10. 10 Lots from \$20 to \$30 each, different articles... 250 00
11. 20 Lots from \$15 to \$20 each, different articles... 350 00
12. 30 Lots from \$10 to \$15 each, different articles... 375 00
13. 40 Lots from \$6 to \$10 each, different articles... 320 00
14. 50 Lots from \$4 to \$6 each, different articles... 250 00
15. 75 Lot of \$3 each, different articles... 225 00
16. 150 Lots of \$2 each, different articles... 300 00
17. 200 Lots of \$1 each, different articles... 200 00

600 Amount of Prizes \$10,120 00 100,000 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 Revs. 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. A.P. Sixth Edition.—Considerably Enlarged by the Author. THIS WORK has been blessed 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 Reviewers:—

"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."—Civitas Catholicas.

"We may say without exaggeration, that it is interesting and valuable 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 incidents 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 so 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 interest of children than this. It is a beautiful record of the triumphs of Christianity."—Church Review.