



REV. FATHER MCCORREY, C. S. P.

REV. FATHER KENNEDY, C. S. P.

REV. FATHER MORAN, C. S. P.

REV. FATHER DEVINE, C. S. P.

One of the most successful Lenten Missions held for many years in St. Patrick's Church was brought to a close on Sunday afternoon last at 3 o'clock, when 2500 men, married and unmarried, attended the closing exercises of the week devoted to them. The spectacle which such an assemblage of Irish Catholic men of

all walks in life, professional, commercial and industrial, associated with the old mother parish, presented, was one to give joy to our spiritual guides and to inspire the thoughtful layman with noble sentiments.

The married ladies, who enjoy the

special privilege at all times of being accorded the place of honor, attended during the first week in a most exemplary manner, morning and evening, numbering, so we are informed, about 2000. They were followed by the unmarried ladies, who taxed the capacity of the sacred edifice to the fullest extent.

The Mission was conducted by four members of the Paulist Order, connected with the house of the Order, New York, and they displayed a zeal and enthusiasm in their work which won all hearts. This week it affords the "True Witness" much pleasure to reproduce the portraits of the eloquent missionaries, the me-

mory of whose visit to St. Patrick's will be long cherished in the minds and hearts of those who availed themselves of the Mission.

We are indebted to Mr. P. J. Gordon, the well known Irish Catholic artist photographer, of St. Catherine street, for the photographs from which our portraits are made.

THE SERMON.

(Continued From Page 1.)

"The fires are symbols of the faith that now burns in the hearts of the Irish people, the light the symbol of the virtues of the nation."

At this the Saint poured forth fervent utterances of thanksgiving and shed copious tears of joy. But the scene suddenly changed. Fires which a moment before shone so brightly quickly became dim and glowed no longer. Nothing but smouldering embers remained. Then a deep shadow of darkness like the very pall of death hovered over the land. The Saint, now in doubt and sorrow, became more than ever earnest in his prayer when a voice in measured accent spoke—

"Even thus shall it be with Ireland in later days."

The Saint, overwhelmed with grief, asked God in His mercy to avert from his spiritual children so dire a destiny. His prayers were heard. The embers of the first fires, which were all but extinguished, were now seen to glow again, and to spread as of old their warmth and heat over the extent of Ireland.

We shall see in the sequel, how truthfully the vision has been verified.

THE GLAD TIDINGS.—The earlier Apostles had already gone as missionaries to many countries and carried the Name of the Crucified Redeemer to many lands. On many a shrine of paganism they had planted the banner of the cross. "Into all the earth, their sound hath gone forth and their words to the utmost ends of the earth." (Psalms, 18-4.) Full four centuries had come and gone and yet Ireland had not received the glad tidings of salvation. Rome's pagan civilization was unknown to her. Her people had never yielded to the all-conquering invader of the proud empress of the world. No Roman legions had trod the virgin soil. Ireland, possessing a civil polity all its own, was independent and free. The nation was yet, it is true, pagan, but was not sunk in the debasing vices in which the early missionaries found other nations. The very form of paganism which obtained in the country, the pagan priesthood that gave them laws, were highly intellectual. The fair Isle, immuned though it was from Roman invasion, was not however inaccessible to the Apostolic zeal of Pope Celestine.

In the year A.D. 433 this great Pontiff, having already ordained Patrick priest, and consecrated him Bishop, sent him with the fullest ec-

clesiastical powers to the Irish nation. The Saint was accompanied by twenty zealous companions. Of this Apostolic land, Patrick alone had any previous acquaintance of the country. For he had in his youth been carried hither as a slave and spent there six years of painful servitude. Never before did a more beautiful field or more promising await the labors of Apostolic men. The nation, as I have said, was not sunk in the debasing vices and what is more, those who have given time to the research of ethical knowledge have no hesitation in asserting that the Irish people at this period still retained the tradition of many of the revealed truths first delivered by God to mankind.

When the ship that carried Saint Patrick and his companions touched the shores of Wicklow, we may well imagine, my brethren, that there was rejoicing among the Angels in Heaven over the prospective conversion of the fair Island. But how can we conjure before us the anxieties and misgivings, the hopes and the fears which succeeded each other and at that moment agitated the Saint's own heart?

The retrospect he made of his former sojourn in the country was, however, we may take it for granted, reassuring. From what he then learned of the people of Ireland filled him with hopefulness for their conversion. He had come to impart the liberty of the children of God to a people among whom he had served his apprenticeship in the servitude of bondage.

For he had come to bring them the Divine Truth. They shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make them free. The South wind was about to come and blow through his garden; the aromatic spices of Divine faith would now flow.

Never did a nation before hear the word of God more submissively, or received it with more cheerful alacrity. The conversion of Ireland is unique in the history of the Church. It was brought about peacefully without the sacrifice of one human life, without the shedding of one drop of blood.

Faith as immovably settled there as the impregnable rocky ramparts which nature has thrown up along its shores to beat back the waves of the tyrant ocean. It was accomplished speedily. The lifetime of the Saint saw its beginning and saw its end. Jesus Christ at once entered upon, if we may use the expression, the possession of His new inheritance amid the spiritual rejoicings of the universal nation. For it was a thorough conversion. No lurking remnant of paganism remained.

THE SUBMISSION of the nation to the Divine law was without reserve; their acceptance of God's authority was unconditional, and their submission to the men whom God appointed over them was equally submissive and unconditional. Their allegiance to the Holy See is phenomenal. The nation became at once Christian, Catholic, Papal to the core. No concordats—which at best are but instruments in the hands of temporal rulers to oppress the Church—were then necessary to regulate the relations of the Holy See with the native princes of Ireland. Rights were respected—the temporal rights of the rulers; the spiritual rights of the Church, the rights of the King, the rights of the subject. At that period Ireland might well be said in the true sense of the word to be a Christian republic, in which the temporal and spiritual grew up side by side in commingled beauty and in which all were equally free and equally happy.

The Irish people grasped the ideal of the supernatural immediately it was proposed to them, and with them the supernatural was not merely an ideal but they made it a paramount factor in the individual and national life. Hence, my brethren, during the centuries next following their conversion they made the history which I may say has ever been the admiration, if not the despair, of other nations. It was at that period, too, Ireland became the Isle of Saints and scholars. Monastic institutions came into being, where Ireland's saints and Ireland's virgins practised the evangelical counsels, and homes where the poor were fed and the sick were cared for and whence the gifts of charity went forth laden with the benediction of earth and blessed by the smiles of Heaven. Even at this day we may see in their ruins the magnificent proportions of these institutions of charity and learning. For Ireland is a country where indeed, compared with its former religious self, all may be said to be ruin, but where ruin seems to us exiles of Erin more beautiful and appeals to our senses more forcibly than the freshest perfections of other countries. These ruins have resisted the hand of the despoilers and refused to yield to the devastation of time—and if now they rear their hoary heads and continue to live on 't is that they may to the remotest generation bear evidence of the invincible genius of our faith and of the great virtues of our early ancestors.

"This is the victory, which overcometh the world, our Faith" (John v. 4). Thus, my brethren, the first part of the Saint's vision had been literally verified.

SHADOWS OF DARKNESS.—Alas, for the constancy of human affairs! Four hundred years had now come and gone since Saint Patrick landed

in Ireland, when shadows of darkness began to gather on its horizon, and disturb the peace and tranquility it had so long enjoyed. Fierce hordes of Norse barbarians began to land on its shores and make conquests of the fairest portions of the country. For three hundred years they continued to harass the people, lay waste their lands, and destroy where they could their monasteries and Churches. This, however, was but a mere prelude to the religious persecutions of the sixteenth century, to which we shall allude as briefly as possible, and with the sole view of vindicating the constancy of the Irish nation and their monumental fidelity to the faith of Saint Patrick. To put it clearly

England had disrupted the bond of Catholic unity by throwing off her allegiance to the Holy See and initiated what she was pleased to call a religious reformation, but which the Irish people, with the Divine instinct of Faith, at once recognized as the mere political innovation which it really was.

Ireland was asked to give up at the bidding of England its own cherished faith and religion. Never was an all-important question more sternly put. Never was it more triumphantly and clearly answered. The self-called reformers enforced their demand with the strong hand of brute force. For the purpose of asserting their argument, penal laws were enacted which for cruelty and vindictive baseness could put to shame the edicts of the persecuting Roman Emperors. But I shall not dwell on the harrowing scenes which were then perpetrated—for you, my brethren, know the rest. To all this the Irish people had but one answer to make in the words of St. Paul—"Who, then, shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? But in all these things we overcome because of Him that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Paul, 1, Romans, chap. xiii., 35-39.)

The faith of the Irish people prevailed in the end. For faith is indeed the victory which overcometh the world, and vain are the forces of man when they are marshalled against the omnipotence of the Most High. "Wherefore have the Gentiles raged and the people devised foolish things? Know they not that He

who dwells in the highest heavens will smile at them—and the Lord will deride them." (Psalm 2).

The very means used by the enemies of divine faith to destroy it in Ireland became in the hands of God the occasion of giving it a greater and more extended victory. For when in their thousands and tens of thousands the Irish went into exile, leaving behind them the smouldering ruins of once happy homes, and of dismantled Churches, they carried with them wherever they went the precious, inestimable gift of the Irish faith, and thus it is, my brethren, that the sun this morning shines not on a spot of this earth, speaking our language, where it does not find the faithful around their altars, celebrating, as we do, the feast of Ireland's glorious Apostle and the triumphs of our holy faith. Like the vineyard so beautifully described by the Psalmist, they brought it out of Egypt, they cast out the Gentiles, and planted it. They watered with their labors, and their care had made it fair and fruitful. The shadow of it covered the hills, and the branches thereof the cedars of God.

DOWN BY THE SEA.—Among sea—Newfoundland, where I first saw the light, owes its faith to the exile emigrants from ever faithful Catholic Ireland. There in 1674 Louis XIV., Le Grand Monarque of France—the greatest potentate of his time—used the means and wealth at his disposal to establish a Catholic colony. It lived a short and precarious existence. A few tombstones and a small unused Church alone record the enterprise. Forty years previous Lord Baltimore, with ample resources at his command, established a Catholic colony on the peninsula of Avalon. Of this colony now not a vestige—hardly a memory remains. Later on still there came to the shores of Terra Nova poor exiles—fishermen from Kerry and Waterford—farmers from Tipperary and Kilkenny, followed by others from other parts of Ireland. These had but little of the world's goods. Simple in their manners, and, in many instances, illiterate. To all worldly seeming they were ill fitted to win success where the French King and the English nobleman had failed. But behold the hand of the Lord is not shortened. These poor humble fishermen had with them the faith of Saint Patrick, and became the pioneers of the Catholic Church, which is now so flourishing in Terra Nova, and I might add without the least feeling of boastfulness that nowhere else the Catholic Church lives a more vigorous and promising life.

STRIKING LESSONS.—These, my brethren, are the divine favors for

which we offer our thanksgiving to God on this day. We offer our thanks to God because the South wind came and blew on the garden of Irish faith and made it fair and free and beautiful. We are grateful because the North wind of persecution rose and drove to this as well as to other countries the Apostles of the Irish faith. We are thankful that that faith has taken deep root in new lands, that the aromatic spices thereof flow. But how may we best express our gratitude for these divine gifts? Need I tell you, my brethren, that it is by imitating the holy example of our Irish forefathers—by reproducing in our own lives the special virtues of the Irish race—unflinching allegiance to the Holy See, the centre of all Catholic unity, great spirit of self-denial, love for the poor, which they practised—and above all great devotion to the Blessed Mother of the Redeemer, the divine model on which Irish womanhood, whether in the cloister or in the world, formed the chastity which has ever been the admiration of the world.

"They were good as they were fair, None—none on earth above them, Pure in thought as angels are, To see them was to love them."

Happy indeed is the country in which this beautiful trait of Irish womanhood obtains.

May these and the other virtues of the Irish race ever flourish in this great Dominion of Canada and make it happy and prosperous as Ireland was in its palmier days. Then indeed would we say with the poet:

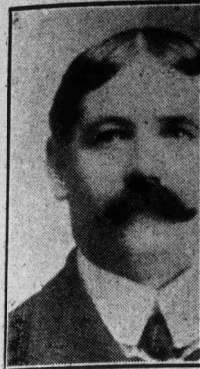
"Our native land with fond regard we view, Its clustered hamlets and its mountains blue, A virtuous populace—a nobler boast Than the riches of both India's coasts."

Loving as we do our own country, here, be it that of our birth or of our adoption, or hearts go forth affectionately to-day to dear old Ireland—the fairest Isle of the ocean. We thank God for His bounties to that country. Whether in prosperity or adversity, its children were the children of destiny—the favored people of God. We love it because it was the cradle of our faith. We love it because it was the home of Saints and scholars, and we love it none the less because of its dark days of trial and persecution—none the less because its soil was made sacred by the blood of our martyred forefathers. May God ever bless dear Ireland.

THE PROCESSION.—After Mass the procession formed on Radegonde street, which was crowded with citizens of all nationalities anxious to obtain a view of the parade. The Marshal-in-Chief, Mr. W. J. Ryan, of the Young Irishmen's L. & B. As-

association, attended by his busy half hour in lining up the various societies. But he was admirably. Seldom, if ever, witnessed such a well-ordered parade; there were no gaps in the various organizations.

The order of the parade was as follows:



W. J. Ryan, Marshal-in-Chief.

Band—Flag.
1—The Ancient Order of
2—Congregation of St. M.
3—Congregation of St. C.
(Not members of any
4—St. Gabriel '98 Litera
tating Society.
5—St. Gabriel Total Abs

Benefit Society.

6—Congregation of St. A.

7—Congregation of St. M.
(Not members of any
Band—Banner.

8—Holy Name Society of
Band—Banner.

9—St. Mary's Young Men

10—Congregation of St. A.
(Not members of any
Band—Flag.

11—St. Ann's Cadets in
Band—Banner.

12—St. Ann's Young Men
Band—Banner.

13—St. Ann's Total Absti
Benefit Society.

Band—Banner.

15—Boys of St. Patrick's
(Not members of any
15—Boys of St. Patrick's
Brothers Schools.

16—St. Patrick's Cadets,
No. 1, in uniform.

17—St. Patrick's Cadets,
No. 2, in uniform.

Band—Flag.

18—Young Irishmen's Lite
Benefit Association.

Band—Father Matthew B

19—St. Patrick's Total A
and Benefit Society.

Band—Banner.

20—St. Patrick's Society.
The Mayor and invited gu
The Clergy.

Leaving Radegonde ast
procession proceeded by way
Little Craig, St. James, J
streets, Chaboullier Square,
Dame, Seigneur, St. Patrick
prairie, Centre, Wellington,
Ottawa, Colborne, Notre D
Gill, and Alexander streets
Patrick's Hall.

NOTES—The three gallant
tidents of young men—Youn
men's L. & B. A., St. Ann's
Men's Society, and St. Mary's
Men's Society, turned out
gave a striking example of
spirit and patriotic fervor
footpath patriots. Bravo, des
of the Irish exile, may you
life manifest this spirit of r
for the land of your fathers
mothers.

The uniformed Knights of t
H. marched with the skill of
They were the leaders in the p

The A.O.H. divisions turned
in hundreds, and their presen
ed much to the success of the

The Cadets, St. Ann's and
Patrick's, and Mount St. Lo
dets' Band, organizations tra
the Christian Brothers, gave
that the younger generation
became imbued with the spi
the race.

Rev. Gerald McShane, S.S.
Rev. Father O'Reilly, Hotel D
sion.

Mr. Frank Loye, Marshal of
Young Irishmen's L. & B. A.
ed a gold-headed cane with
grace of a drum-major.

The clergy of all the Irish p
occupied sleighs and proudly
the Shamrock.