

St. Patrick's Day.

THE SERMON.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

but in the words of the Apostle daily increase it in our souls. And St. Patrick enthroned to-day in glory, and who lovingly looks down upon his Irish children dispersed throughout the world, will hearken to our prayers and most certainly obtain our laudable request. You are acquainted with the early life of St. Patrick. Captured at the age of 16, he was landed on the western shores of Ireland, sold as a slave and consigned by a pagan master to be a herdsman. Six years he thus spent in exile, when finally, he stole away to his native land, France. Oh! what joy must have inundated that juvenile soul. Once more, young Patrick is under the parental roof; once more he freely breathes the air of liberty; once more, he is in the tender embraces of fond parents, and encircled by the comforts of home. Patrick can now sweetly repose his weary head, for he is no longer exposed to the inclement seasons of mountain tops and valleys deep. But behold one night during his peaceful slumber, in him was verified the history of Ruth. In the 16 v. c. of the book of Ruth, we read that Naomi with her husband, in consequence of famine, retired from Bethlehem to Moab, a fertile country, where her husband died, her two sons joining in marriage with women of that country. During her sojourn therein, her two sons also died, leaving her most despondent and friendless. She therefore resolved to return to

HER NATIVE LAND,

upon which Providence had abundantly lavished his choicest blessings. But, previous to her departure, she admonished her daughters-in-law to also return to the land of their fathers. But one of them, Ruth, found the idea of separation so affecting that she could not consent to it. In accents of love, Ruth therefore exclaimed: "Naomi! Naomi! I cannot abandon thee, I cannot consent to relinquish thee, but I will go with thee, remain with thee, and thy people shall be my people." St. Patrick tells us, that one night in his dreams, he heard the sound of waiting voices carried across the seas of the Western Ocean and which said: "O youth! O man of God, return once more and remain with us." This was the voice of the Irish and Patrick replied, yes, dear Ireland, I will go to thee, remain with thee and thy people shall be my people. No sooner said than done. Patrick is now filled with the spirit of sacrifice. He now voluntarily leaves a noble father and no mother whom he tenderly loved. He renounces his wealth and social position, which assured him a brilliant career; he leaves his native land where civilization and Christianity eminently flourished, and embraces in exchange an uncultured and idolatrous people. Like his Divine Master, he beholds the harvest is ripe, but the labourers few. He therefore makes the necessary preparation, and, after being stocked with knowledge, imbued with piety and invested with jurisdiction, like a Goliath, he goes forth, lands on the shores of Ireland and engages in the battle. But what a peculiar battle. No blood is spilt, no hearts are grieved, no tears are shed, no sorrow experienced. The Irish did not murder the prophets sent to them nor stone them to death like other nations. St. Patrick's arrival assumed more the nature of an ovation. The Irish received him like a friend, with open arms. True it is the

RELIGION OF THE IRISH

was not the degrading paganism of Greece, for, in their ignorance of the true God, they worshipped his nearest resemblance, the sun, the source of light and life. The Irish were not an uneducated people. History assures us that they were versed in various branches of knowledge. Previous to its introduction to Ireland, Christianity reigned in other countries for 400 years, but it also claimed years for its diffusion. But, once it dawned upon Ireland, behold the alacrity with which it spread. Like the melting of the snow, so did idolatry vanish at the preaching of St. Patrick. No sooner did St. Patrick expound to them the mystery of the Trinity, the incarnation of Christ, the Maternity of Mary, than they opened their famished hearts to his teaching. They cast aside their superstitious practices, they trampled under foot their idols; their temples, once the scenes of empty sacrifices, now resounded with the praises of the one true God. In a word, they made his doctrine the leading feature of their lives. Every day beheld an increase in their ranks. Rich and poor, illiterate and educated, all submitted to the sweet yoke of the gospel, for St. Patrick's prayers daily ascended to the throne of grace, his austerities fertilized the land and God gave the increase. Men struck the rock in the desert and suddenly gushed forth the waters of salvation. St. Patrick proclaimed the name of Christ throughout the land and the Irish retained him as their King. Whence came this instantaneous transformation? Because their hearts were not corrupted by vice; morality they cultivated. Ireland is the only country on record that owes her conversion to the labors of one man. St. Patrick found her pagan, he left her christian. So true it is that

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

is the mother of civilization, by virtue of that power which she received from Christ, her Founder. "Go ye forth and teach all nations. As my father sent me, so also I send you." The Catholic Church preaches unadulterated the doctrine of Christ; she procures unto man the means of sanctification in her sacraments, and success always crowns her endeavours, because the spirit of truth and sanctity is always with her. "I will send you the Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth," says Christ; "He will teach you all things and will remain with you all days even to the consummation of time." In effect, behold the marvelous results of St. Patrick's preaching. From a vast wild mess, Ireland is converted into a garden of Eden. Con-

vents and monasteries, as it were, magically spring up in all directions. Churches are erected to the glory of God. Young men and women abandon the world with its pleasures, nay, what is most dear to them, their parents, and consecrate themselves to God in the practice of every virtue. So numerous and rapidly they increase, that Ireland became too limited for their apostolic zeal. They sailed forth, and useless to relate, for you already know it, they evangelized the various parts of Europe. In a word, Ireland becomes the mother of the Western monks. What body outside the Catholic Church could present such a spectacle to the world. The nations of the earth, in admiration at the lustre of sanctity and learning that adorned her brow, united in styling her the isle of saints and doctors. But Providence had ordained that she should become an island of martyrs. The Irish not only speedily received the faith, but they preciously preserved it. It unblushingly was St. Patrick's conquest of Ireland, oh! how copiously flowed the blood of his children in defence of their faith. No nation ever endured as much as Ireland for her faith, as in the pinnacle of her glory as in the vale of her humiliations. In the ninth century the Danes invaded the land. It was a war against faith and nationality. It was a struggle of

HEROIC COURAGE

for 300 years; notwithstanding she came forth victorious, and, if covered with wounds, one thing she preserved intact, the faith of St. Patrick. The year 1172 beheld the downfall of Irish liberty, when Henry II invaded Ireland. From this period, she gradually dwindled, till finally Henry VIII entirely usurped her rights and proclaimed himself King of Ireland. With him came forth a new persecution, a reformation engendered in lust, brought forth in hypocrisy and perfidy, cherished and fed by plunder and devastation. Terrible are the sufferings which Ireland endured for her faith during his reign, heart-rending, their simple narrative. Never did Irish generosity appear to greater advantage or shine more brilliantly. True it is, some experienced three centuries of bloody persecution, but were they interrupted? No, years intervened, allowing time to recuperate. Not so with Ireland. For two centuries all the instruments of torture were employed, even poverty with all its bitterness, exile with all its sorrows, nay death itself. Their churches he pillaged and burnt. Their priests he hunted like wolves and set the same price upon them as upon the beasts of the field. Death it was to harbour a priest, death it was to preach their religion, death to teach in a Catholic school. The wife was encouraged to betray her husband, the child to disown its parents. Raise your eyes towards the scaffold and what prolonged sufferings! Go down to the prison cells, what untold distress! The sight of an entire nation suffering the agonies of a prolonged martyrdom, and an impoverished and degraded people rejecting the allurements of apostasy were heretofore unknown to the world. Henry VIII stripped the Irish of all their possessions; but their faith he could not take away, because apostates the Irish would not become. Let us pass by the barbarous doings of

THE TYRANT CROMWELL;

let us glide by the reign of the profligate Elizabeth who scrupulously followed in the footsteps of her lustful father. Her name will go down to posterity, steeped in bloodshed, stained by robbery and sacrilege. But in the midst of this wholesale corruption—as pure as the lily, as bright as the sun—shone forth in the hearts of the Irish, the undying faith of St. Patrick. Let us cast a veil over those penal laws, "which were a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, full of cohesion and consistency, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."—*Thackeray*. By this inhuman code, the Irish were deprived of civil and religious liberty. But were they despoiled of their faith? Never! Even today is Ireland her own mistress, notwithstanding her every endeavour by constitutional means to obtain her liberty. Ireland's destiny seems to be to suffer on the cross. Greatness and grandeur are not proofs of God's affection. If ever there was one that God loved as a Son, was it not He, who had no where to lay His head. If we wish to return to reign with Christ in Heaven, we must suffer with Him here below. "Blessed then" says Christ, "are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are you, when they shall revile and persecute you, for Heaven shall be your reward. Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land." Who ever imagined that Joseph was to save Egypt and Israel from the sufferings of famine and to become the Saviour of his people? Yet he was sold by his brethren, carried to Egypt as a slave, cast into prison and there left to die. In the designs of God, the Irish were to become apostles of faith. In effect wherever they go, they plant the cross of Christ.

THE IRISH HAVE THEIR FAULTS

and it is not my intention to palliate them; but what people loves and respects their religion and priests more than the Irish? Who exceeds them in generosity towards their churches? Who equals them in their firm adherence to their faith? None! Now it is contended by some that this firm adherence to their faith, was owing to their hatred of the English. True, it is, the Irish could not have been in ecstasies with a tyrannical government that most unjustly despoiled them of all they possessed, even life itself; but hatred of the English was not their motive for adhering to their faith. First of all, they belonged to a religion that taught them to forgive their enemies, nay more, to pray for their persecutors. Secondly, more passions than one, exist in the human heart. Where is ambition, where is love of money, of country, of parents, where is love of self preservation, all of which are equally influential over man's heart? These then were the inducements held out to the Irish, if they would do one thing, become apostates. But they were too firmly attached to the teachings of St. Patrick they lovingly cherished that church built upon Peter and against which, the gates of Hell shall not pre-

vail, says Christ. Where then will you find the solution of their tenacious perseverance? In the grace of God which was infused into their souls. You will find it in the spirit of St. Patrick which animated them and which covered the land with saints and martyrs.

And is this love of religion abating? No; the same fidelity to our holy religion, the same desire for the spreading of our holy faith still animates the Irish of the nineteenth century, so much so, that the Irish are by excellence, the

FAITHFUL CHILDREN

of the Church. And I feel confident, after all I have witnessed to-day in this temple, that the spirit of Faith is as deeply implanted in the Irish heart at this moment as ever it has been since the time of the glorious Saint whose anniversary you so worthily celebrate. Keep that light of your Faith. It is a heritage from your forefathers, it is the beacon-light upon the cliffs of Eternity, guiding your national bark, buffeted by the waves of sorrow and the tempests of persecution, through the darkness of this world's troubles, to the shores of earthly triumph, and still better to the haven of endless happiness. For that two-fold happy consummation do I pray this day: to see Ireland assume her rightful position amongst the nations, and to behold her children, ever faithful to the teachings of St. Patrick, rising higher and higher in the atmosphere of virtue and holy perfection, and finally—in the endlessness of God's glory—enjoying with their patron saint, the undying reward that our Lord has promised to "the good and faithful servant," in the mansions of His Father.

THE PROCESSION.

It was about half-past twelve when the vast congregation left St. Patrick's Church; and it took over half an hour to get the procession into marching order, the delay being principally due to the immense throng of people who crowded to St. Alexander, Laganchetiere, and Hermine streets, Beaver Hall Hill, and Victoria square. The number of persons

man concluded his hearers must have felt that no amount of additional speeches could add force to what they had just listened to and impart further interest in the proceedings.

Mr. Curran, whose appearance at the window was greeted with loud applause, said that as president of the St. Patrick's Society, he felt justified in congratulating all present upon the grand demonstration in which they had taken part—one of the grandest demonstrations that had been held in the streets of Montreal in honor of the dear old land (cheers). On that day, not merely in the Dominion of Canada, where they enjoyed the privileges and blessings of constitutional government, but everywhere throughout the whole civilized world, the hearts of Irishmen went back to the old country, and the prayer "God Save Ireland" went up to Heaven from millions of tongues (cheers). Irishmen had reason to be proud of the past history of their land, which was the record of centuries of heroic struggles against misgovernment and persecution. They could now look forward with confidence that the day was fast coming when their grand old country would enjoy the constitutional liberty which we possessed in this Canada of ours. The hearts of the Irish people, no matter where they were scattered over the globe, were always true to their fatherland, and every succeeding St. Patrick's Day their hearts beat with renewed force, their blood stirred faster than ordinarily, and by processions, meetings, banquets, concerts, etc., they proclaimed to the world their undying allegiance to the cause of their country's freedom. (Loud applause.) He had but one more word to add. Since the previous St. Patrick's Day they had lost one of the greatest Irishmen on this continent—the late father Dowd. He trusted that they would all show their appreciation of his services to the cause of the Irish people in this city by subscribing a large fund to erect to his memory a monument which should perpetuate his name in our midst; and he had no doubt that if all

all strength, and characterised by Mr. Morley as one of "the rottenest reeds," the Irish minority had ever leaned on for the retention of privileges."

The religious festival being over, the pastor had a treat for his numerous friends in the shape of a sumptuous repast that will not soon be forgotten by those who partook of the pleasure attending it.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

Grand Programme—Eloquent Speeches by Sir John Thompson.

Special interest was attached to the concert of St. Patrick's Society this year on account of the announcement that Sir John Thompson, the Minister of Justice, would be the chief speaker there. The Academic Hall, in the basement of the Church of the Gesù, was filled in every part. The president, Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., occupied the chair. The programme, as will be seen, was a very happily selected one, and the vocal and instrumental talent was of a superior class.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

- Introductory remarks by the President, J. J. Curran, Esq., Q.C., M.P.
1. Song—"The Last Rose of Summer"..... Moore
Miss Rubenstein.
2. Song—"O'Donnell Aboon" (Tempo 1537)..... McNeill, H. C. St. Pierre, Esq., Q.C.
3. Song—"Come Back to Erin"..... Chubb
Mrs. Bergeron.
Address..... J. D. Hazen, Esq., M.P.
4. Song—"Tillamook"..... Balfie
Miss Graham.
5. Song—"Toreador" from "Carmen"..... Blazet
Mr. A. G. Cunningham.
6. Recitation—"Orange and Green"..... Griffin
Miss Belle Boyd.
7. Song, Comic—"He Never Came Back"..... Mr. Holland.
8. Hornpipe..... Masters T. & E. McCrea

PART II.

1. Song—"The Song My Mother Sang" (Specially composed for Mrs. Bergeron, by Madame D'Angeli Waters).
2. Song—"H. C. St. Pierre, Esq., Q.C."..... Lanoie.
3. Song—"Neath the Wild Western Star"..... Lanoie.
Address..... Hon. Sir John Thompson, M.P.
4. Song—"The Kerry Dance"..... Molloy
Miss Robinson.
5. Song—"The Last Chord"..... Sullivan
Mr. A. G. Cunningham.
6. Song (Comic)—"Job Lots"..... Mr. Holland
7. Irish Jig..... Masters T. & E. McCrea
Prof. A. P. McGuirk, Pianist.

Sir John Thompson's Speech.

On coming forward the Minister of Justice was received with a perfect ovation. It was a few minutes before the applause subsided, and then the eloquent and distinguished speaker commenced one of the finest and grandest St. Patrick's day addresses ever heard in this city. Sir John's calm manner is at once suggestive of confidence, his dignified bearing is in accordance with the exalted rank he occupies in the eye of the Canadian public, and his fervor and sincerity spring from warm feelings and deep earnestness. At once he commands the attention of his audience and holds it enchained until the end, save when the feelings grow too intense and must be relieved in bursts of applause.

Sir John opened by expressing his pleasure at being present, to take part in the day's celebration, with his fellow-countrymen and co-religionists of this great commercial metropolis. He thanked Mr. Curran and the St. Patrick's Society for having conferred upon him the honor of delivering the address upon this grand old national anniversary. Pleased, he was sure, as the people of Montreal were to listen to him upon this occasion, still he felt that to impose a lengthy address upon them, and then by delay the enjoyment of the harmonious Irish songs and airs, which they loved so much, would be unjust—and as Minister of Justice he could not afford to act unjustly, no matter how great the temptation, especially on a St. Patrick's Night. Therefore he would not detain them long. He then entered into the subject of the evening, and in language as forcible as it was elegant unfolded the story of some of Ireland's greatness, and held up models for the practice of a younger Ireland in a newer country. He spoke of the national color, the green that is so peculiar to all scotch-hands and to Ireland in particular, as emblematic of the untiring verdure of Celtic patriotism, of filial love of native land. If the Irish people had one thing more than another that they could justly and proudly boast it is their steadfastness to their Faith. It is a remarkable fact that the more a truth is crushed the more it will survive; the more modest a belief is dashed to the ground the greater the elasticity with which it shall rebound. And again it is a note-worthy fact that the more a nationality is oppressed the more strongly it resists and the more enduring it becomes. No Faith ever underwent such tests as that of the Christian from the days of the Roman Emperors down through the ages, mighty arms and giant influences were raised to crush it; but from its very cradle the infant Church overthrew the Emperors and their empires, the idols and their altars. In no land, as in Ireland, (except perhaps in Poland), was a people ever subjected to such cruel persecutions, and all on account of that immortal Faith that St. Patrick planted upon the soil of old Erin. But despite the darkness of the penal days, in defiance of the barbarism of an invader and the more savage civilization of another, notwithstanding canon and sword, the iron limits of the Pale or the fearful enactments of coercive legislatures, the spirit of Faith survived, and has been the talisman of Ireland's perseverance and will yet be the guiding star of her ultimate triumph. After encouraging the children of old Ireland, in Canada, to be true to that Faith and to preserve it here, in a land of happiness, plenty and religious toleration, just as their fathers retained it in the land of persecution and sorrow, the speaker turned to the second consideration of the evening, namely, the learning and knowledge of the Irish and their success in every department and work of life. Having spoken of the numberless martyrs that Erin gave to the Church of God, he referred to that army of missionaries that went forth, not only to evangelize, but to teach in every branch and department of knowledge, sacred and profane, the peoples of Europe. From the Isles of Iona to the heights of Babylon, where you will find traces of Irish learning surviving the lapses of ages. From those ruined abbeys, once the foci of education, these monks and scholars went out to enlighten the darkness of distant countries. Today the eloquent ruins of Monaster-bace, of Clonmacnoise, of Adare and of

glory. But not only in remote times did Ireland's sons rise high in the eyes of nations. Her warriors dazzled the gaze of Europe by the daring and valor of their achievements, over the mist of years we behold still the gleam of Sarsfield's sabre, Brian's sword, and the vision of the Red Hand of Ulster. As we come down to modern days the same spirits of chivalry and of instruction seem to cling to the race. Looking at contemporaneous history, in Europe, in American, in Oceania, everywhere, and in every walk of life, in commerce as in statesmanship, Ireland has given her models to the world. It is for us in Canada, then, to emulate, as far as in us lies, the example and principles of those great lights in the history of Erin. In this country we enjoy that constitutional government for which they have so long struggled; here we have all the liberties that our forefathers prayed, suffered, fought and died for; in Canada every man—irrespective of creed or nationality—has a home in which contentment and peace may smile and where he can be as independent as a king, if he but makes use of the gifts God gave him and directs them in a proper channel; here the industrious need never fail, and poverty—above all such as Ireland once knew—can never haunt us. Living then in this grand land of the future all must strive, by word and by example to prove ourselves worthy of the benefits bestowed upon us, and to show to the world that we are Irishmen at home as unshackled as they are here, the darker pages of her history need never have been written.

After again thanking the audience for their attention and marked appreciation, and the society for the honor conferred upon him, and wishing them heartily all success and prosperity in the future, Sir John Thompson closed his magnificent speech, and resumed his seat amidst rounds of continued applause.

ST. MARY'S STUDENTS.

In was on St. Patrick's Eve that the festival was celebrated by the students of St. Mary's College. In the hall, underneath the Jesuits' Church, a most successful dramatic entertainment was given by the students. The play was entitled "The Conversion of Ireland," which was made up of scenes dramatized from the life and legends of St. Patrick, by the Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., the Rector. It was a very skillfully constructed as well as being ably written, and showed that Father Drummond is a playwright of conspicuous ability. The acting was very creditable, each of the boys filling his role with admirable histrionic feeling. Some of the scenes were very effective, and the applause was long and frequent. The orches was under the able direction of Professor A. P. McGuirk, and acquitted itself very meritoriously. Mr. Cunningham's splendid vocal contributions were charming in the extreme. The following is the cast of characters:—

"THE CONVERSION OF IRELAND."
Scenes dramatized from the Life and Legends of St. Patrick.
by the Rev. Lewis Drummond, S.J.
DRAMATIS PERSONAE.
Patrick, first a captive, afterwards a bishop and the apostle of Ireland. Jos. McEnany
Lagachetiere, St. Patrick's friend. Arthur Maguire
Lagachetiere, son of the preceding. Dunstan Gray
Muelon, one of the King's. Adolphe Girardot
Farmers. Molaga, King's Chief Counsel.
Priests. Walter Kiernan
Ere, young chief. Harry Charles
Muel, Arch-Deacon. Frank Laverly
Loch, Druid. E. Devlin
Dubouch, Arch-priest. W. Anglin
Senan, the Bishop's man. Frank Perry
Priests, Druids, etc., etc.
To be followed by the laughable sketch
"BOX AND COX."
Box, a journeyman printer. Frank Perry
Box, a journeyman hatter. Dunstan Gray
Botcher. Emile Bonnetiere
Souvenirs from the Land of Song.
Selections by a Vocal Quartette.

THE "DAILY WITNESS"

On St. Patrick's Day Celebration.

Some time ago, when THE TRUE WITNESS changed its editorial management, we stated that it was our trust that no line should ever be written by us that might grate upon the most delicate feelings of anyone; the alacrity with which our contemporary, the *Daily Witness*, copied that editorial seems to indicate that our friends across the way endorsed our course and would imitate that spirit of kindly and cosmopolitan feeling which should reign in Canada. But, alas! the two columns of mean satire and petty irony in which that organ attempted to describe the St. Patrick's Day celebration, tell too plainly that we need never expect from that source at least, to behold the finer and more delicate feelings, that should animate every race and creed in this new country, rise above the spirit of national intolerance and religious bigotry. The writer of that report has made a grand mistake when he addressed himself thus to the intelligent, noble-spirited and really patriotic people of Canada. He imagines that vulgarity is wit and that vituperation is reasoning. He is of that class of writers of whom Junius spoke, when he said: "they have assertion without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censure without dignity or moderation." Thank goodness, we have not been schooled in that class, nor have we been educated to insult the feelings of our countrymen. If we have no good to say of them, we can let them pass in silence; if we cannot unfold to the world their brighter characteristics we are not base enough to seize upon the minor blemishes—real or imaginary—in order to hold them up to ridicule. The scuffer is generally the sufferer in the long run; while the one scuffed at can afford to move quietly along, leaving to time his vindication, and to human generosity his revenge. "Scratch a Russian" said Napoleon, "and you will find a Tartar." "Scratch a writer of that calibre, we say, "and you will find a bigot." We, for once, however, to know the spirit that animates these gentlemen, "to be forewarned is to be forearmed."



HON. JOHN COSTIGAN.

Minister of Inland Revenue and Irish-Catholic Representative in the Dominion Cabinet.

who turned out to witness the procession was no doubt larger than it would have been if the weather had not been, as it was, quite mild and spring-like, the sun shining gaily down from a clear blue sky. Compared with last year, there were more people in the streets, wearing sprigs of shamrocks and flowers which betokened their nationality; but the number of those who took part in the procession was perhaps somewhat smaller. The banners were especially admired for their beauty both of workmanship and design. Conspicuous amongst the processionists were the youthful members of the Leo Club, of which the Rev. James Callaghan is the director. In their handsome insignia, and riding on horseback, they formed an interesting spectacle as they passed along. The members of St. Patrick's Young Men's Society turned out in very large numbers and made an imposing display. The Irish jannet-boys which have come to be an essential adjunct to the St. Patrick's Day procession, were in evidence, bearing on each of its side-seats three comely youths in genuine Irish costume, and four of them carrying formidable Irish pipes, which resounded to the on-lookers the days of '98, of which, it was obvious, none of those present "feared to speak." The route already noted was paraded, and several of the houses along the streets had Irish national bunting displayed. There were three grand triumphal arches—one at St. Mary's Hall, another at Mr. P. Wright's establishment on Notre-Dame street east, and the third at Papineau square. Alderman Kennedy was cheered at several points, and his late political opponent, Mayor McShane, who was in a carriage at the rear of the procession, received a few similarly complimentary recognitions.

Great credit is due to the marshals of the different societies for their successful efforts in preserving order, especially Mr. William Davis, of St. Patrick's Society; Mr. John Dwyer, of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Society; Mr. Thomas Sharkey, of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence & Benefit Society; Mr. Patrick O'Brien, of St. Ann's Young Men's Society; and Mr. Patrick Kennedy, of St. Mary's Young Men's Society.

MR. CURRAN'S ADDRESS.

After going over the appointed route the procession quietly dispersed in front of St. Patrick's Hall, on McGill street. A large crowd congregated in the street below, anxious to hear the speeches which it has hitherto been customary to deliver from one of the windows of the building. They were somewhat disappointed this year, as one speech was delivered. This, however, was made by Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., and though brief, was of so enthusiastic a character that when the eloquent gentle-

the Catholic societies of this city would take the project up, the monument would be completed by this time twelve months. (Applause.)

As soon as the crowd learned that there would be no more speeches they separated and went in groups there various ways; and St. Patrick's Day procession of 1892 became a memory—a pleasant memory of the past.

The following was the

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

- Ald. P. Kennedy, M. L. A., marshal-in-chief.
The Hackmen's Club and Benefit Society.
The congregation of St. Anthony, not members of any Society.
Band and Banner.
St. Anthony's Young Men's Society.
The congregation of St. Gabriel, not members of any Society.
The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
Band and Banner.
The congregation of St. Mary's, not members of any Society.
Band and Banner.
The Holy Name Society.
St. Mary's Young Men's Society.
The congregation of St. Ann's, not members of any Society.
Band and Banner.
The Shamrock Lacrosse Club.
Band and Banner.
The St. Ann's Young Men's Society.
Band and Banner.
The St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
Band and Banner.
Congregation of St. Patrick's, not members of any Society.
Boys of St. Lawrence Christian Brothers' Schools.
Band and Banner.
Irish Catholic Benevolent Society.
Band and Banner.
Catholic Young Men's Society.
Band and Banner.
The St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
The St. Bridget's Banner.
The St. Patrick's Society.
The Mayor and invited guests.
The Clergy.

The Day in Grenville.

The day was celebrated with great ceremony at the little parish Church of Grenville, Quebec. Solemn High Mass was commenced at 10.30, the celebrant being the present pastor, Rev. A. A. Labelle. At the conclusion of the first Gospel, Rev. M. L. Shea, of Lacolle, ascended the pulpit and delivered an eloquent panegyric on Ireland's Great Saint. In scathing language the reverend preacher delineated the sad havoc the "heartless Tories" committed amongst the religious communities in Ireland. The undestructibility of the Church is here again manifest, said he; "for to day after centuries of bloody and relentless persecution, the lamp of faith burns as brightly as the first moment it was brought to the Irish shores by St. Patrick." He also took occasion to express his delight at the extremely hostile reception given to the Irish local government bill introduced in the House of Commons by the leader, Mr. Balfour. The bill, he said, was certainly void of