

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Continued From Page One.

the words of the royal prophet: "God is wonderful in His Saints." But as, in the words of St. Paul, "Star differs from star in glory," so likewise saint differs from saint in his character, his special gifts, and in the mission God has given him to do.

As I stand here, I fear not to say, as I gaze aloft and behold in spirit the millions of glorious saints around the throne of God, as I hear them chant the glories of God Almighty, I fear not to say that among all the saints of God, among the millions of those that stand around His throne to-day, there is not one who so symbolises, who so gloriously personifies a nation's faith and a nation's love as the great, the grand, the glorious, the immortal Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick.

to Ireland, and held as a slave to a hard taskmaster. There he had to attend the sheep and the swine on the mountain top and in the valley; there he had to spend the cold days of winter and had to endure the scorching rays of the sun. After his hard day's work he had no home to go to, no church to visit, no mother to welcome him. In this manner he spent six long and weary years. At the end of that time he was in prayer one evening, and an angel of God appeared to him and told him: "The days of your captivity are at an end." The following night he had a vision, and he heard a voice from heaven telling him: "A ship awaits you, go whither the spirit will lead you." After travelling about 200 miles he came to a ship ready to sail for his native land. When he reached his native soil, he hastened to the home of his parents. Once more he found himself in the embrace of a fond mother, and once more he was surrounded by cheerful faces and enjoyed the sweets of a happy home. The thought of the Irish, whom he had learned to love, and the thought of their being buried, as it were, in paganism, stirred his heart, and he bade farewell to home, parents, brothers and sisters, and went and studied to prepare himself for the sacred ministry. He knelt before God's altar, and conse-

the monarch, proud as he was, did not deign to rise, but smiling, said: "Tell us who is your God. Where does He live; in heaven above or on the earth? Is He lovable or is He dreaded of men? Tell us at once, that we may know Him." And Patrick, looking on the orator, said: "Our God is the God of heaven and the God of earth. He is the God of the sun and the moon and the stars. He is the God who created all things, and as God Almighty, has a son co-equal with Himself. The father is no older than the son, and the son is no younger than the father. They are equal in all things, and from them both proceeds the Holy Ghost." Hearing these words, they were astonished; they could hardly believe their ears. They thought he was speaking foolish things to them, when he spoke of three persons and only one God. But St. Patrick had foreseen the difficulty, and pulling from his bosom a three-leaved shamrock, he held it up before their eyes and showed how the three leaves were so intimately connected with the one stem that the leaves and the stem formed only one shamrock. The mighty kings and great rulers bowed their heads, acknowledged he was right, accepted the doctrine of the Trinity, and asked him to explain the rest. He then went on to unfold to them the beau-

faith, the Catholic faith he had taught her.

This brings me, my dear friends, to the triumph of Ireland's Catholicity. Oh, what a glorious theme is this! Would I had the time to dwell upon it to my heart's content. Within a few short years after Patrick's death, schools and colleges, churches and monasteries, sprung up from sea to sea, and these colleges and monasteries became sanctuaries of learning. Ireland was the most learned nation upon the face of God's earth at that time. They came from England, they came from Scotland, they came from France, they came from Germany, they came from Norway, they came from Sweden, they came from the nations of the earth and knelt at the feet of Ireland to receive knowledge, to drink at the fountain head of her wisdom. We can scarcely keep our patience when we hear people speak about "the ignorant Irish." There was a time when England, when Scotland and France and all Europe came and knelt at the feet of Ireland; and in those days it was a greater thing to be an Irishman than to be an emperor. In those days Ireland sent forth her zealous sons, her learned priests, her consecrated virgins to all the countries of Europe. She sent her sons to England to preach the faith; they went to Scotland to plant the faith; they

Will you tear down your altars? Will you renounce St. Patrick? Will you renounce Rome? Ireland took up those words; the challenge was given and was accepted, and for years, and for hundreds of years, the green flag of Ireland waved over the ranks of those who bled and died for her. For years the flag of Ireland flashed amid the lightnings of war.

The Irish could suffer; they could be starved, they could endure persecution and death; but apostatize. Never!

When a boy, I rode through the glens of Ireland, and strolled along her green valleys and around her mountain tops, and, with others, stopped to examine the mounds, the monuments of those days of persecution and suffering. Time and time again we rambled through the hallways of the old cathedrals that now no longer echo the praises of God; and even then our boyish hearts throbbed, and we, in our boyishness, desired to see the day when that same flag of Ireland should wave and

gave them that inheritance, undying loyalty to Rome. The Irish people took these gifts from the hands of the apostle. Ireland took the Holy Eucharist, and her people had such a lively faith that it could not be stronger if they saw Christ with their bodily eyes. You know that in the sixteenth century a powerful monarch came to them and told them: "Give up your belief in the Eucharist and abolish the Mass." When that monarch tore down their temples, pulled down their altars and snatched the cross from the steeple, he demanded of them that they give up the Mass. He offered them gifts; they despised them. He threatened them; they laughed at him. He sent his bloody executioners, and our Irish forefathers laughed at them and despised them. They laughed at his threats and smiled at death. They fled from their homes, and went to the high hills and deep forests, and upon the heads of their persecuted priests was placed a reward. These persecuted priests had to hide among the hills and in the woods. Their faithful people followed them, and they celebrated Mass, having for an altar a rock, for a canopy heaven, and for music the howling winds and biting blasts.

Before the Irish girl St. Patrick held up Mary, the mother of Jesus, as a model of beauty and of purity,

It has been said that the Irish have apostatized. No, I brand it a lie, and I brand it a lie. I defy you to show a nation on the face of earth whose sons and daughters have been true to Rome and to the Pope. Rome. I grant, my friends, that here and there you find a man wearing a name who is a renegade, my friends, that man is an Irishman; there is nothing radically wrong with him; there is a drop of pure blood in his veins; don't believe that it is possible for a true-blooded Irishman, a noble-blooded Irishman, to apostatize. He is a renegade to Rome, the centre of Catholicity.

It was a proud boast of— that her fortresses encircle the globe, and that her heat followed the sun, but it is the true of Ireland and the Irish in spirit through every pore of the face of the earth, and you go you will find a fort up in the defence of Catholicity will find the Church and the wherever you go. Wherever you will find the Irishman, man and Catholic are synonymous terms. Wherever the rays of the sun fall to-day, they flag a green flag, and that flag round the cross, and around the cross is entwined the shamrock. Columbia, that great and nation, the starry banner over the Catholic Church. There is no country in the world, believe, where the Irish are to Rome and Rome's doctrine ever you travel throughout you will find a Catholic school, a Catholic Church. Wherever you will find a Catholic and a Catholic Irishwoman, are the missionaries, preachers by word, but by example, of St. Patrick.

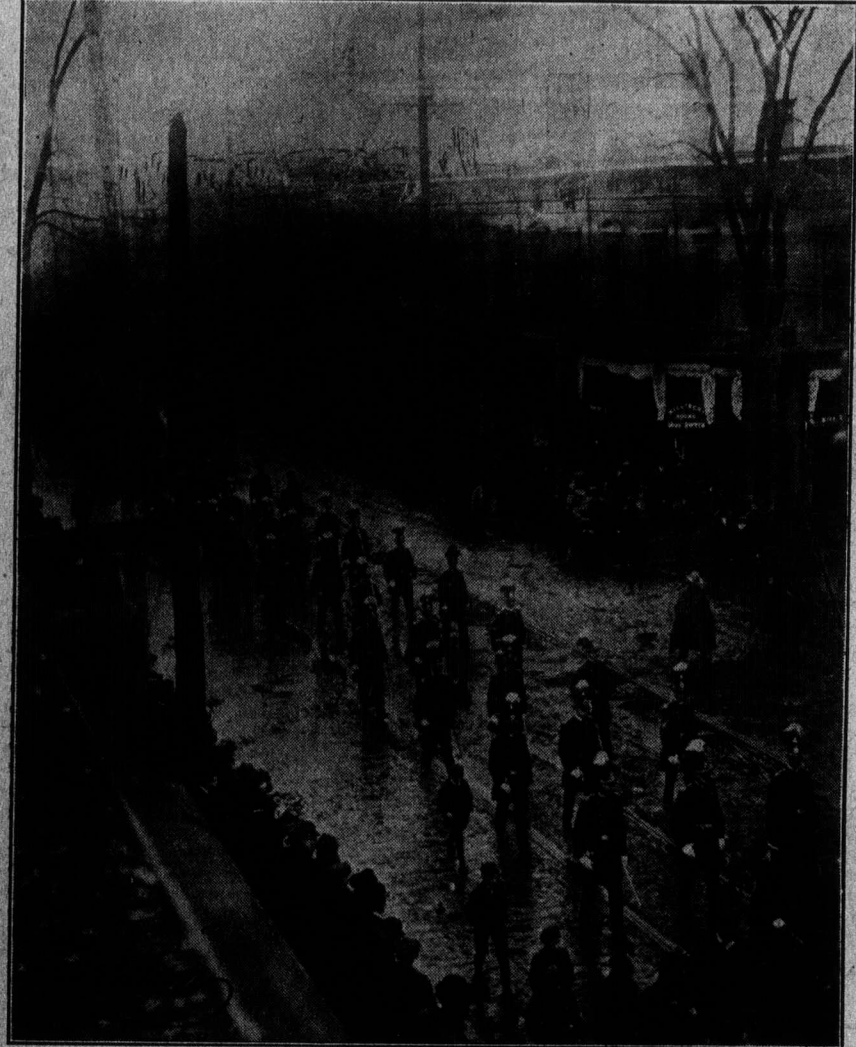
Oh, my friends, as St. stands before the throne of God, gazes down upon us here, his heart must throb with joy, and calling around him the of virgins and martyred saints of Ireland, who chant the glories of God and the glories of the Church, as he gazes down to-day, he says to you: "O men, be true to yourselves; to your faith, be true to your history." Your fathers bled and died for the faith, this faith; hand it down to your children, but let it be an inheritance; see that your sons and daughters are abreast of the time; it that the bright minds of Irish boys and girls shall, with faith human learning, wisdom, so that never again he said that the Irish are ignorant, they were forced to it. The ignorant when a persecuting forced them to leave their You have had the faith trampled and unadulterated to hand it down to your children. Oh, my friends, I call upon you to gaze in spirit upon the green Erin; see the shamrock entwined on it, and bear in mind that shamrock is the symbol of our faith. That flag has flashed amid the mists of war in defence of our faith. Oh, then, men, when men here present, be true to that shamrock, be true to that shamrock, be true to that faith.

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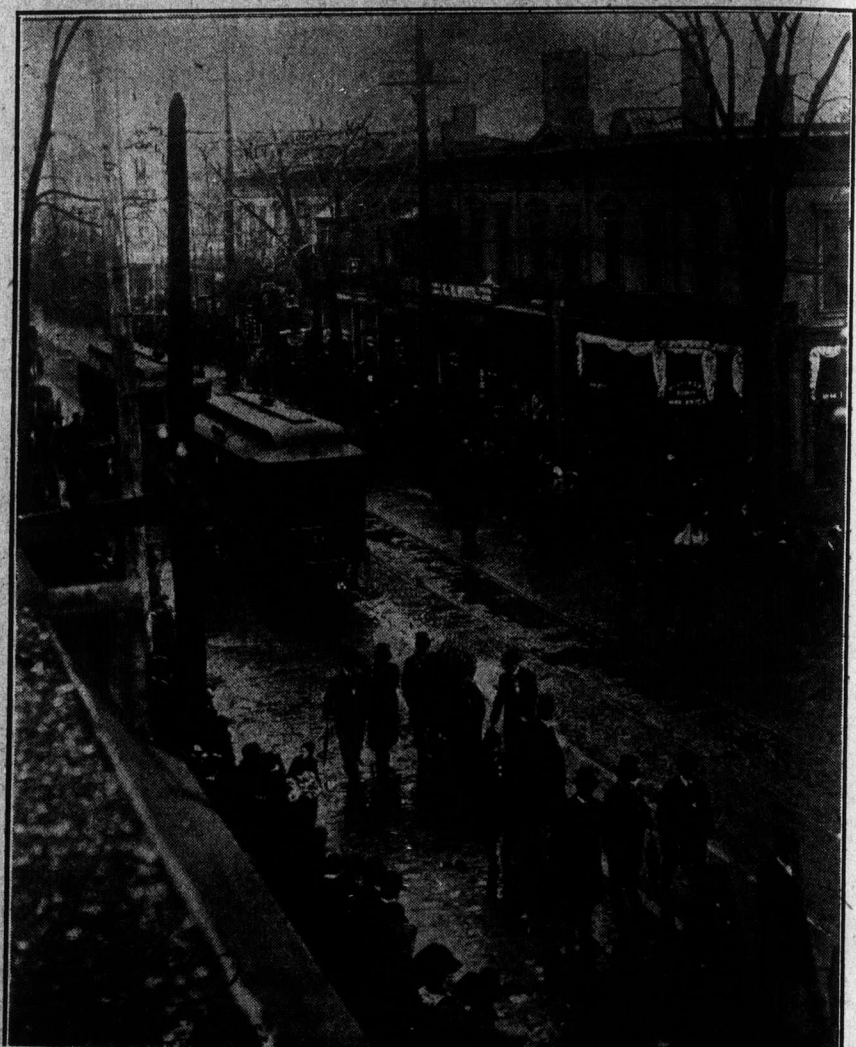
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The order was as follows:—
1—The Ancient Order of Hibernians.
2—The Congregation of St. Michael.
(not members of any society)
3—The St. Gabriel 98 Lancers.
4—The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence Society.
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A SNAPSHOT OF THE PROCESSION TAKEN BY MR. P. J. GORDON, NEAR HIS STUDIO ON ST. CATHERINE STREET, SHOWING THE HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS LEADING.



SNAPSHOT OF PROCESSION SHOWING THE OFFICERS OF ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY AND THEIR GUESTS.

Would, my dear friends, that I had the power to speak to you in a manner worthy of this glorious Apostle; but bear with me for a few moments while I show you, as best I can, how God is revealed in the character and the work accomplished by the immortal Apostle of Ireland. You know his history; you know that the date of his birth is matter of dispute. It is generally accepted, however, that he was born between the years 370 and 380, but the place of his birth is an almost interminable controversy. France and Scotland are the rival claimants for this truly great honor. This much, however, we know for certain, that his father was Calpernicus, a Roman officer of noble lineage, and his mother was Conchessa, the niece, if not the sister, of the illustrious St. Martin, Bishop of Tours. They exemplified in their conduct and illustrated in their lives the grace of God; they lived in holiness and sanctity. Here you have the secret of that wondrous sanctity to which their future child was to attain. The first words his baby lips were to utter were the names of Jesus and Mary. His mother watched the dawning of his reason, in order to train his mind in our holy religion, and direct his young heart towards God, who made it for Himself; and in this manner the young Patrick advanced in virtue and in sanctity. At the age of sixteen years, while in his father's seaside villa, he was captured by pirates, carried of-

crated his life and abilities, having before his mind's eye the Irish whom he had so learned to love.

A few years passed by, and again he had a vision, in which he saw a man come from Ireland with a bundle of letters, and taking one of them, he handed it to Patrick, who gazing at the envelope, saw written on it "the voice of the Irish." He imagined he heard the cries of the poor benighted Irish calling to him and saying: "Oh, noble youth, come and walk among us again; come and set us free!" Then and there he determined to follow the voice, and went to Rome and knelt at the feet of Pope Celestine, and got the authority and commission to go to Ireland and bring them into the bosom of the Catholic Church. On a bright Easter morning the flower of Ireland's nobility was gathered on the hill of Tara. The high king of all Ireland was surrounded by the four provincial kings, and they, in turn, were surrounded by their courts, their antiquarians, historians, by the Druids and Bards. In the midst of all this grandeur and pomp a stranger suddenly appeared, and standing in all his majesty, he surveyed that grand assembly. Then, walking to the foot of the throne on which sat the high monarch, he said, in tones of authority: "I am coming as an ambassador from heaven to teach you about our God." And

ties and the attributes of God. He spoke to them of God's omnipotence, of God's love, of His mercy, and of His perfection. He spoke to them of Jesus Christ and His Virgin Mother. He told them how men were created in grace and fell away from God. He showed man's responsibility and showed how, if man's sin was to be atoned for, God must become man, in order to atone for sin in His own nature. All was silence; they listened with the greatest attention to his words, until one of the bards next to the king in power and authority solemnly rose and said: "Hear me, Oh ye kings and chieftains of Ireland! This man is sent from God; he teaches the only true religion, and henceforth this harp of mine shall sing the praises of none but the God of Patrick." Unanimously, as one man, they rose to their feet, took to their hearts the words of Patrick, and at once, without the shedding of a single drop of blood, went to their homes in the different provinces, and spoke of the wonderful Apostle, of the wonders of the God of Patrick, and the wonders of His religion. Patrick went up and down through Ireland, preaching and teaching everywhere, and at the end of fifty years he had converted Ireland to the very heart's core. He found Ireland pagan, and on his dying bed, as he gazed in spirit upon her, he saw her Catholic, he saw her Christian, and he prayed to God that Ireland should never lose her

went to France and Germany, to Russia and Denmark, and there they planted the faith of Patrick. There is not a nation on the face of the earth to-day where the Irish missionary has not unfurled the standard of the cross, and around it was entwined the shamrock.

Come to the story of Ireland's sufferings. It is a sad, but a glorious one. The Danes came down from the north and swept over the land. They carried death and devastation in their train; they did all in their power to rid Ireland of her Catholic faith and drive her back to the darkness of paganism. But the Irish rose to their feet, and they rallied round the cross, round their altar, round their Church, formed ranks, and on Good Friday evening they swept the Dane from the fair bosom of Ireland.

Once rid of the Danes, the Irish set to work to rebuild their churches, monasteries and schools, and then, my friends, came another visitation. A country which should have been a sister to Ireland, a country which had received learning and wisdom, and sanctity gratis from Ireland, the proudest and, perhaps, the mightiest nation on the face of the earth, attacked Ireland. She came there and put this solemn question: "Will you give up your religion?"

flash amid the lightnings of war, and when the day should dawn that it would float in the breeze on the hill of Tara. But Ireland's body is enslaved. Yes, her body is enslaved, but her soul is as free to-day as it was in the days of St. Patrick; and Irish faith and Irish loyalty to the Church is as true to-day, as pure to-day, as it was when Patrick stood on the green hills of Erin and preached the doctrine of the Irish people, who took that doctrine and that faith from his lips, and pressed it to their hearts, and so illustrated it with their virtuous lives that for a thousand years, Ireland was the wonder of the world, and received from the nations of the earth the proud title of "The land of saints and sages."

Why were they true unto death? My friends, "God is wonderful in His saints." But among all the saints of God, there is none that shows forth in his work, in the results of his labors, the glories of God as does St. Patrick in the Irish people. When he came to the Irish, he presented to them a triple inheritance. In one hand was the divine gift of the Holy Eucharist. He told them about the love of God in instituting that sacrament. In the other hand, he held the devotion of Mary, the mother of Christ. And in order that they might know how to think, speak and act in regard to the Blessed Sacrament, and in regard to Jesus and his mother, Mary, he

and before the Irish mother as a model of maternal tenderness, and for 1,500 years the Irish girl and the Irish mother stood before the world as models of purity, models of chastity and models of every virtue that adorned the sweet mother whom they called Mary. He also taught them loyalty to Rome. Oh, here's the point that is worth dwelling on. When, in the sixteenth century, the tidal wave of rebellion, of the so-called Reformation, when it had rolled over the whole of Europe, and almost every nation in Europe, in whole or in part, rebelled against Rome, when that tidal wave reached the Green Island of Saints, the Irish race rose up and stood like a wall of adamant, and said: "Thus far and no farther." They could suffer, they could endure torments, they could bleed and die; but disloyal to Rome. Never! Every Pope, from St. Celestine, who sent St. Patrick to Ireland, down to the great and glorious Leo XIII., has praised the Irish for faith and loyalty. It is only about two years ago that the great Pontiff Leo XIII., in speaking of the Irish, said: "They have never failed, and they shall never fail." If we were tempted to doubt this, three hundred years of Danish persecution prove it; hundreds of years of English persecution prove it; the blood of Ireland's sons and daughters prove it; and to-day the Irish people are as true to Rome, as loyal to Rome, as in the days of St. Patrick.

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