

PANEGYRIC ON ST. PATRICK.

Sermon by Rev. J. R. Teefy, Superior of St. Michael's College.

The following sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Teefy in St. Michael's Cathedral last Sunday evening before a very large congregation, the occasion being a special service in aid of St. Nicholas Institute. So thronged was the Cathedral that extra seats had to be placed in the aisles. The Rev. gentleman took as his text:

I have chosen you and I have appointed you that you should go and should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain.—St. John, xv. 16.

MY DEAR BROTHERS—It is almost superfluous for me to deliver a panegyric upon our patron saint, Saint Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. It has been done so frequently, even from this very pulpit—and done so much better than I could possibly do it. You yourselves are conversant with his life, his mighty works and the history of that noble people amongst whom he labored so long and so successfully. But, my dear brethren, I have assumed the task out of charity for the good Sisters in whose behalf we are here to-night. In their name, I thank you for your presence, and your sympathy with the good work they have in hand. I have assumed it out of love for the land of my faith and my fathers—for few themes can be dearer to a priest with Irish blood in his veins than the life and work—the abiding work of St. Patrick.

All religious festivals are occasions of deep gratitude to God, for the triumph of His grace in some chosen servant or love-abounding mystery. Like fragrant breezes from a distant seaport, they come laden with the cherished memories not only of their Saints, but of all the gifts of God which were given to us upon them. Such, for example, is the day of our first communion. It may have been upon the feast day of our Blessed Lord or His holy Mother. Back upon its return there come to us our earnest resolutions, our fervent love. Such, likewise, is the anniversary of a priest's ordination, when, with hope fulfilled and generous determination, the young Levite found himself at the foot of God's altar clad with mysterious robes, invested with tremendous power. It may have been upon Corpus Christi, or All Saints' Day, or some other festival. But ever, as the year comes round, it brings again refreshing joy and grateful praise. These are turning points in the life of the individual. There are those which are the great central events in the history of nations. Such, to Irish the world over, is the feast of St. Patrick, in whose honor we are gathered here to-night. The centuries of our people circle round it. Hundreds of noble figures crowd upon our gaze as the story of Ireland unrolls itself before us. Nobler far than the grandest is the great and glorious Bishop, St. Patrick, whose life was a model, whose name is a household word, and whose festival fills in every clime his children's souls with fondest memories, and awells their hearts with undying love for the holy faith and the dear old land. He it is whose godlike deeds have not failed; whose good things continue with his age; whose prosperity is a holy inheritance, and whose seed hath stood in the covenants. He it was who was sent by God to be the apostle of a nation, who produced the most wonderful fruit in all Christ's vineyard, and whose fruit remains to this day, the glory and the consolation of the Irish race in whatever land they may have established a home. Therefore, let the people show forth his wisdom and the Church declare his praise—a man of renown, our father in his generation. Accordingly, my dear brethren, I propose for your consideration the life and work of our patron Saint, and also the glorious abiding result of his apostolate.

St. Patrick, born of Christian parents, was of noble birth, and was surrounded by all that could make life desirable and happy. But in his sixteenth year, taken prisoner by some marauders, he was torn away from home and friends, with no eye to pity him and no heart to feel, and sold as a slave to tend cattle on the bleak mountains in the North of Ireland. Here, he says in his Confession, "here I always became strengthened in the belief, love and fear of God, and prayed at least a hundred times a day and as often during the night." Thus for seven long years did he live despised and forgotten, with nothing but Christian faith and hope to support him. But the finger of God was there, and that wisdom which reacheth from end to end mightily and ordaineth all things most sweetly. It was an unsuspected yet excellent preparation for his mission. He became inured to toil and hardship—the necessary accompaniment of his apostolate. He learned the language and character of the people. He saw what excellent Christians they would make. And when he returned to his country a passion sprang up in his soul. God spoke to him. He heard in a dream the voice of many persons from a wood near the Western sea crying out as with one voice: We entreat thee, O holy youth, to come and walk among us. "It was the Irish," says the Saint, "and I was greatly affected in my heart." So he arose, and leaving kindred and lands went to prepare himself by long study for his apostleship. Then he turned his face to Rome, the source of all jurisdic-

tion and mission in the Church; and there in Rome, St. Celestine, consecrating him first bishop of the Irish nation, sent him forth upon his noble task. He returned to the Irish shores a second time—no longer a bondman, but destined to break the net on's chains—no more the unwilling slave of men, but the willing slave of Divine love—no longer a stripling, but a man with power and jurisdiction, with spirit undaunted and mind determined, with heart and soul utterly devoted to God and the holy enterprise he was undertaking.

I ask you if the centuries do not cluster round that day when, in the old Celtic tongue, the blessed name of Jesus was first preached. It was the day when, through the childlike symbol of the shamrock, the light of the Trinity broke upon the darkened mind of a kingly court. And that simple shamrock, thenceforth and forever more, became the emblem of Ireland's faith and Ireland's patriotism. I ask you if the memories of our people do not go back to that golden hour when the saintly Patrick landed upon the Irish shore to preach peace and bring tidings of everlasting joy. We look through the rain, my dear brethren, upon heaven's arching bow—the pludge of hope to the patriarch of old. So we look through Erin's ages of sorrow to the day when the light of God first rested upon those hills and threw around the dear old land a halo of glory which has never departed, planted that faith which was our fathers' and consolation in their darkest hour, their noblest pride amidst all their humiliations, their guide amidst all their wanderings.

There was a something in that old Celtic people of Ireland that made the Gospel produce fruit a hundred fold. There was a bravery and a fixedness of purpose which nothing could shake. That race possessed a natural nobleness, keenness of intellect, an admiration of purity, a simplicity, a reverence for things sacred, a tenderness and affectionateness of heart, qualities of soul which would become the glorious instruments of God's holy will when illumined with the light of His supernatural gift. The institutions and civilization of that people encouraged and hastened the spread of Catholic truth. No Roman praetor was there to turn the arrows of his mercenaries against the apostle. No Roman sophistry was taught to corrupt the mind; no Roman effeminacy was practiced to paralyze the pure teaching of the Gospel. Druidism of the highest form, with its mystic rites, pervaded the land. Superstitions of various kinds, indeed, were there, but none of a demoralizing character, none involving marks of cruelty or lust. No obscene emblems confronted the apostle, but festivity and song and deep affection for kindred. Their form of government, clanish, closely resembled the patriarchal government of the Church. Thus did Almighty God determine to unite what was beautiful in nature with what was fair in grace. Therefore did He bring our forefathers into His light that they should be His people and He should be their God.

It is an old story and familiar, and I need hardly repeat it, that life of St. Patrick as an apostle. You know, my brethren, as well as I do, how Erin welcomed him, how she took the word from his lips and put it into the heart and blood and life of her children. You know how he journeyed through the length and breadth of the land; how grace was poured abroad from his lips, and virtue went forth from him; how he scattered broadcast the seed of faith and prayer; and lo! as he passed, it sprang up in blossom and fairest fruit. Thirty three years did the saintly Patrick labor amongst them, and he saw the mummeries of paganism fit before the pageantry of Christian worship. He saw three hundred and sixty-five of his children walk forth, with crozier and mitre and uplifted hand, blessing and rulling a joyful people. And up the rugged hill and down the wooded vale he heard the Mass sung and the Saints invoked and the sweet Latin hymns chanted by three thousand priests whom he himself had ordained. Thus even in the lifetime of our Saint did the people who had sat in darkness see a great light, and thus did that Western wilderness blossom like the rose.

But the life of a Saint, my dear brethren, is made up rather of heroic virtues than great external works. So was it with St. Patrick. He could truly say to his neophytes and converts with St. Paul: Be ye followers of me as I also am of Christ. Now of the many virtues which adorned his soul, and which are specially mentioned in the Breviary, I shall notice only three—his humility, penance and his love of prayer. His very name and history come down to us by reason of his humility; for he would sign himself: "Patrick, an unworthy and ignorant and sinful man." He might have gloried in his miracles and visions and the wonderful success of his preaching; but no; he gloried only in his misery and his weakness, counting himself unworthy of the least of God's gifts. Again, the spirit of penance was especially Patrick's. His youth had been holy: he had grown up in innocence and purity, in fear and holy love. Yet for the indiscretions of youth he was filled with life-long sorrow. Tears were his food night and day. And when Lent approached he retired to spend the holy season in fasting and prayer. There are

still traces of this penitential spirit in the familiar traditions of Patrick's penance and Patrick's purgatory. The third great virtue was his spirit of prayer. A hundred times a day and as many times during the night he united himself to God by some pious ejaculation; and he recited the whole 150 psalms every day, while his devotion to the Mother of God and the souls in Purgatory has impressed itself upon the people of Ireland even to this very day.

Such was the life and work of the man upon whose memory we love to dwell. Rich in years and merits he passed away in 493 to receive the reward of his godlike virtues and heroic labors. Generation succeeded generation; century followed century—and still for a thousand years the seed which Patrick had sown kept growing and spreading itself into other lands. You may still see on the hills of Cornwall and the wolds of Yorkshire old Celtic crosses which the Irish planted, and holy well or peaceful shrine where dwell some Irish recluses. Their saints and their scholars adorned the schools of Europe. But there was one flower in that beautiful garden which had not yet sprung up—it was the passion flower of suffering. There were virgins and confessors and saintly pontiffs, but there were no martyrs. Now, religion may flourish in halls of learning or the peaceful walks of a simple life; but if there is a crown to rest upon a nation's brow, to be to her children a thing of beauty and joy forever, it is the crown of patience and persecution, the crown of fidelity to truth and conscience amid the most cruel forms of death. A time came in the history of religion, then, when that passion flower grew season after season for centuries. A time came when the brightest jewel in the crown of Erin was the ruby rod of her suffering. O my dear brethren, it is a sad, and story—and better is it for us to-day, when new hope fills our bosom and a brighter light breaks across Ireland—better for us in this Western land, where we wish to harbor no bitter memories, where we wish to live in charity with all mankind, where we wish to render to every man the duties we owe him, and respect every man's right—and where, with dignity and unflinching firmness, we claim the same for ourselves and all our co-religionists through the length and breadth of this Dominion—better for us. I say, not to dwell on Erin's sorrow, but to thank God for her fortitude and patience in the past, and to pray, and pray most earnestly, that she may be as faithful to the teaching of her apostle in the days of her prosperity, which now are dawning, as she has been in the days of her adversity.

"I have chosen you and I have appointed you that you should go and should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." These words are true of each and every one of us. We have not received from St. Patrick the gift of faith in vain. It is given to us that we in this now and young country, each in his own sphere, by his fidelity to the practices of his religion, by his temperance and purity, by the proper development of his talents and the useful employment of his time, that we each may thus advance in God's grace and temporal usefulness. To young men I address myself especially—a serious responsibility rests upon you—to say if the next generation of Catholics will be as influential, as exemplary, as useful as the former. It is for you to walk in the paths of temperance and a briety; it is for you to lay aside the spirit of levity which has encompassed you, and assume more earnestly the responsibilities of your vocation and to heed less the sneers and contempt cast upon us no-days; and when a public trust is put into your hands it is for you to administer it with unwavering fidelity to your holy Church, and return it unimpaired by religious liberalism or self-interest. Walk ye, therefore, worthy of the vocation in which you are called—proud of the blood that flows in your veins—thankful to God for the faith He has given you through St. Patrick, and resolved that by your life and example this faith will produce its fruit in this young country, and that that fruit may ever remain.

Fancy Fair.

The Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Helen's Church will hold a Grand Fancy Fair on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Easter Week from 3 to 10 o'clock. The proceeds are to be devoted partly to advance the interests of the Sodality and partly for the benefit of St. Helen's Church. A concert will take place every evening; an abundance of talent has been secured and a very pleasing entertainment may be expected. The committee of management has secured Mallou's Hall on the corner of Dundas and Sheridan Ave. During the afternoon admission will be free and all are invited to attend. In the evening an admission fee of ten cents will be charged.

Run Away.

While Rev. Father Shaughnessy was driving towards the city from Leaside on Sunday afternoon, his horse bolted at the railway crossing on Queen street east, and ran away. The clergyman jumped out of the vehicle and escaped unhurt, and the horse was stopped within half a mile of the place where it escaped from its driver.—Evening Telegram.

The Forty Hours at St. Patrick's.

On Sunday last the Devotion of the Forty Hours was solemnly opened in St. Patrick's Church by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. S. J. Krein, C.S.S.R., assisted by the Rev. C. Dodsworth, C.S.S.R., as deacon, and the Rev. S. J. Grogan, C.S.S.R., as sub-deacon. His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop was attended by the Very Rev. P. H. Barrett, C.S.S.R., and the Rev. Father Dumouchel, C.S.B.

After the Gospel His Grace preached an instructive and practical sermon on the Blessed Sacrament. At the end of the Mass the procession with the Blessed Sacrament took place. The boys and girls of the school, the married men of the Holy Family, joined in the procession. His Grace the Archbishop carried the Blessed Sacrament under a silk canopy borne by four gentlemen of the congregation. After the procession the Litany of the Saints was chanted by the Rev. Father Krein, C.S.S.R., and the Blessed Sacrament was placed on a handsomely decorated throne for the adoration of the people.

On Sunday evening Solemn Vespers was sung. The Rev. Father Krein, C.S.S.R., was celebrant, assisted by Fathers Grogan and Dodsworth as deacon and sub-deacon. The Sermon, on the Real Presence was preached by the Very Rev. P. H. Barrett, C.S.S.R. The Church was crowded.

On Monday evening Vespers were sung by the Rev. Father Grogan. The Rev. Father Krein preached an effective Sermon on Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. On Tuesday evening Vespers were sung by the Rev. Father Hayden, C.S.S.R. The Rev. Father Dodsworth preached on Reparation to the Blessed Sacrament. On both evenings the attendance of the people was all that could be desired. On Monday and Tuesday the boys of the school in charge of the Brothers, and the girls in care of the Sisters, came to Church at an appointed time to spend a half hour in adoration. The Sodality of the Children of Mary, the married and unmarried women of the Holy Family, also spent an allotted time in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Rev. Fathers were busily engaged in the confessional from Sunday afternoon till the close of the devotion. On Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock took place the solemn close of the devotion. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Barrett, C.S.S.R. Rev. Father Grogan, C.S.S.R., was deacon, and Rev. Father Krein, C.S.S.R., sub-deacon. After the Mass the Litany of the Saints was chanted. Then followed the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in which the boys and girls of the school and the married men of the Holy Family again took part, as on Sunday. After the procession Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. In this fitting way the Forty Hours' Devotion was ended in St. Patrick's. May the blessings and graces bestowed on the people by our dear Lord in the Sacrament of His love serve to increase in them the true spirit of our holy faith.

Success of a Torontonian.

We clip the following item from the Washington Evening Star.

"It is rarely that a Washington singer receives such an ovation as was given to Mr. J. J. Costello, who sang at the concert of the Philharmonic Club at the Universalist Church last Wednesday evening. Mr. Costello's voice has greatly improved since he left Washington and he sings with better method and understanding. It has the same sweetness that made it so attractive while he was a member of St. Matthew's quartet, but it has increased in volume in the upper register and is now one of the finest baritone voices heard upon the concert stage. At the close of the concert Mr. Costello held quite a reception, when his former friends gathered about him and congratulated him upon his success, expressing the hope that he would soon be heard again in this city."

Mr. Costello is a son of Mr. Michael Costello of this city. Those who remember having the pleasure of hearing Mr. J. J. Costello sing in St. Basil's church will be pleased to learn of his deserved success.

Phelpston.

In the little town of Flax stands one of the finest Catholic edifices north of Toronto, the interior appearance has been greatly improved, since the new Stations of the Cross have been added (at no small cost.)

Father Gerin, the utiring pastor, had a sad surprise for his congregation on Sunday, when he announced from the altar that owing to the scarcity of priests his assistant Father Cautillon was about to be changed to Angitous. He was always willing "says Father Gerin," zealous, and obedient, and would never stop to do anything in the interest of the Church or people.

Father Cautillon was a general favorite of the congregation, and will be missed greatly.

You never catch a lawyer taking the will for the deed. That would settle his professional reputation for ever.