## ST. PATRICK'S DAY

In Ingersoll.

The following programme was admirably rendered at the St. Patrick's concert held in the town hall, Ingersoll, Ont., on the 17th ult., under the patronage of the church of the Bacred Heart: PART I.

Selection. Prof. Hulme's Orchestra
Song. Mr. J. O'Meara
Specialty Master Eugene Lockhart
Song. Miss B. McDonaid
Violin Solo. Miss Lottie Hulmid
Violin Solo. Mrs Lottie Hulmid
Specialty Engene Lockhart
Specialty Engene Lockhart
Address Rev. Father Killcullen s. PART II.
net Solo Master George Hulme
Miss McDonnid
Eugene Lockhart
T. McCabe
T. O'Meara
E Lockhart Clarionet Solo....

Song.

"God Save the Queen:

"God Save the Queen:

"Atter Part I. of the programme was gone through Father Klieulien, P. P., of Colgan, Ont., delivered a stirring and patriotic address on Irish Hone Rule. He vainted in vivid language the success of Grattan and the volunteers in gaining Ireland's independence in 1782 and her great national prosperity during the too brief period of her eighteen years of self-government, and sketched in a masterly way the great efforts of Conneil, the Young Irelanders of '18. Sir Isaac Butt and Charles Stewart Parnell, with their galaxy of Irish heroes behind them to win back her autonomy to Ireland. At the end he was graphic in describing the dawn of Ireland's freedom in the acceptance by all parties of England's measure of Home government in the bill of County legislation, and bredieted that Emmet, the young marryr of Irish liberty, would have his spiltaph soon written, because his country would take her place among the nations of the carth, great, glorious and free. The people of of Ingersoli are indeed grateful to them: beloved pastor, Rev. Father Connolly for the musical and intollectual treats he procured them on Ireland's great national festival.

We have much pleasure in reproducing Rev. Father Kleulien's address in full, feeling sure that it will be perused with interest by our readers. The rev, gentleman took for his text:

"Let us now praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation. (Seclessiasticus 31-1).

Dear Brethren—We are gathered within the accept precincts of this church to comply with the admonition of holy writ. We are here to return thanks to Almighty God for the glorious gift of faith bestowed upon us through the tool, labors and perils of him wh. like unto St. Paul, was in travail till he brought us forth to Christ. Jesus out of the bowels of his mercy. Nor are we alone to-day in bestowing our meed of praise on our hero of renown. Wherever the exile of Erin is—and where is the clime in which he is not to be found f—his heart is all aglow. He goes b "God Save the Queen!"
Mayor Mills, Chairman.

the Atlanta days, the scenes of his childhood, and spend some time in reverie on that part of earth he loves best.

This day is to him full of proud memories, of fond and sad recollections, all of which stand crowded in memory's hall. The old time-honored cabin wherein generations of ancestors were born, the limpid stream by which the dear little shamrock grows, the lowly chabel where he first received the bread of life. His aged parents, who, may hap, are taking their last sleep in the dear old graveyard, and all the companions of his early youth hom up before his monial vision. Thus is every foot of Irish soil visited to-day, in spiri, by the expatrioted sons and daughers of Erim. To-day, above all other his the year, the Irishman is a manual other his the year, the Irishman is a manual of the his his colors in all height of the case not conceal himself in the shade; for the cases not conceal himself in the shade; for the goes abrond with his colors in all the plantade of his greatness, to proclaim to the world that, after all, there is nothing to be ashamed of his rather to glory in, since he is only exhibiting to the hardens of the earth that faith that his him which conquereth the world. And this all the world over. "Quae regio in terris nost tri non planta laboris?" (What region in the world is not full of our labors not "This was the exclamation of Freeas, the Trojan cxile, when he saw the glorious deeds of his nation embarsoned on canvas in a foreign clime. Mach more appropriately can the Irish exile of to-day put that question: "What region in the world is not full of our labors?"

Look abroad! On St. Patrick's day in Italy, Look abroad! On St. Patrick's day in Italy.

more appropriately can the Irish exile of to-day put that question: "What region in the world is not full of our labors?"
Look abroad: On St. Patrick's day in Italy, that very Rome founded by the reputed ecendants of Æneas, Ireland's festival is pt. Ireland's apostle is glorified, and the wloty of Ireland's adourance for the faith is told. In France, that gave us our apostle, the same thing occurs. In England Ireland's banner is raised, Ireland's hymns are chanted, the tale of Ireland's wrongs and woes is rehearsed, and the shout of religious triumph goes up in the land of the conquerors. Quitting Europe turn we our eyes to this mighty land of the West. The same spectacie meets our vision, only surpassing in grandeur, splendor and magnificence. From Michigan to Florida; in the Pacific slope, from Michigan to Florida; in the Pacific slope, from Michigan to Florida; in the Pacific slope, trom Michigan to Florida; in the Pacific slope, untamed West, where the red And in the yeu untamed West, where the red And in the yeu untamed West, where the red And in the yeu untamed West, where the red And in the yeu untamed West, where the red Same Tourns in this native wide, Ireland's bar the wide and the wi

The grand and magnificent processions that Maren threugh the streets of every city, kown and village where the sons of St. Patrick are to be found, prove that it is a day of mighty significance. A day on which the Irishman forgets his labors, his toils and his poverty, but because he crystalizes in speech and deathless song the glorious deeds of the captive boy who in the silent retreats of the bog and waste had uppermost in his mind the thought of ransoming his fathers from the wiles of hell, and placing on their brows a mark that would claim a recognition on the Judgment Day, and a place of reward in heaven. It was he who first announced to them the glad tidings of redemption, as did the prophet of old to the people of Jerusalem in reference to the brith of Jesus Christ. "Arise, be callightened, oh! Jerusalem, for the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Cast aside the works of darkness and put on the armor of light, lay down the heavy burden of ignorance and spiritual bondaxe; give up offering sacrifices to Baai and other false Druidical divinity. How down in submission before the majesty of the law of the Crucified; you are walking in ignorance and the shadow of death. Believe in Jesus Christ, He is the "way, the truth, the life and the light;" wheever followeth Him walketh not in darkness.

They heard, they believed, obeyed the imjunction and retained the message of peace

on every recurring anniversary all over the globe.

Having said so much I now pass on to take a cursory glance of the life and labors of our illustrious saint. The birth-place of St. Patrick has from time to time called forth warm discussion. Seven cities have view with each other in claiming the honor of being the birth-place of Homer, the poet divine, and nearly as many nations assume the same attitude to St. Patrick, From St. Patrick Sown 'Confessions' it is clear that France can lay claim to him as her child. "My father was Calpurnius, son of Potitus, of the town of Bonaven, Taberniae, the had one at the town a small villa called the more of the district in which Bonnaven is situate. From his own writings it would seem that Britain gave birth to him. Hence when St. Patrick is called a Briton, it must not be inferred that he was a native of Great Britain, as Usher, Ware. Colgan and other eminent writers supposed, thus awarding to Scotland the honor of giving him birth, but of Gallie or Armoric Britain. Pliny places in the neighborhood of Boulogne a people called Britons, whose territory stretched to near Amiens.

The first authencie record of St. Patrick's life is, his capility and transportation to Ireland by the Dalaradians, of Uister, who invaded Armoric Gaul. Over two hundred children had been captured and sold into shavery. It was our saint's hard lot to be sold to a relentless our saint's hard lot to be sold to a relentless

tyrant who could not treat him with justice or humanity, but subjected him to every hardship possible. During the first months of his captivity many a briny tear crossed his eyeballs and roiled down his rose-tinted cheeks as he remembered his fair France, his loving parents who lavished on him all their affections and caresses, and the componions of his early youth. But he learned the language, observed the customs and habits of the people, and this knowledge afterwards was of great value to him. At the end of six long years of captivity and slavery he was restored to freedom.

As soon as he set foot on the shores of his native land his first grand a flow was kneed down on the sandy being over lond and send, but he was once more restored to the bosom of his family. With them to remained for some time, Strongly did they prevail on him to forsake no more the sweets of nome but stay with them to rever, when Almighty God made known to him in a vision His divine will in this regard. He tells us he saw a man named Victor coming to him, as it were, from Ireland with a bundle of letters one of which he handed to him. In the beginning of it he read the words: "You Hibernigenariam," the voice of the Irish, While reading the letter he thought at the same moment he heard the voice of the inhabitants who lived hard by the wood of Foelut, near the western sea, Killala, Ireland, crying out to him with one voice: "We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk amongst us." The vision determined St. Patrick to attempt the conversion of the Irish, He, therefore, began the studies necessary to prepare him for his noble calling. The study occupied nearly the whole of thirty years, during which the saint had been in the most renowned and famous colleges of the time; he had for masters some of the holiest, most famous and learned men then living. Finally in the year 433 Pope Celestine, the forty-third successor to St. Peter, appointed St. Patrick to break the braad of life to the little ones who, in the disant isle of Innish House an

forgot the insu toffered to Baai.

The controversy resulted in favor of Christianity and disastrous to Druidism. Many of the nobles, scholars and lords were converted on that day. From the blow Druidism there received it never rallied. The gospel was then preached without let or hindrance until the whole island within the short, period of thirty-two years had piedged its allegiance to the true faith, without exacting from its apacitic. two years had piedged its allegiance to the true faith, without exacting from its apostle one drop of blood to water and fertilize the seed of the gospel, an exception in this respect to the rule of planting the faith in any pagan land before or since that time. Hence our Divine Lord said to His apostles, "Lo.1 send you as sheep amongst woives," That piedge has been kept. It is inscribed in the blood-stained records of wars, confiscations, pillage and persecutions during a period of over tweive controller.

out a short time before emerged. But where all was confusion, all disorder, all utter darkness one bright spot remained.

The Isle of the West lay in peaceful security in the midst of all the wreck and ruin. She preserved the arts, she cultivated the sciences. From her shores set in the reaction which rescued Europe from her threatened doom. From her monasteries, nurseries of learning and piety, went forth scholars and missionaries who carried with them the sacred torches of faith and knowledge to nearly every land. They founded schools and colleges, propagated the sciences abroad, preached the gospel truths, and again she received through her children another title. She was called the "Home of Knowledge." Every nation appears to have its golden age. Ireland enjoyed hers from the sixth down to the ninth century, during which time she was confessedly, religiously and intellectually mistress of the nations. Ireland become the university of the world. She had her schools and colleges all over the land, at Armagh, in Bangor, in Clonard, in Clonmacnoise, in famed Lismore, on the Blackwater, in Mungret, on the lordy Shannon, and even in the far-off islands of Arran, on the western conset, and many another classic and historic spot on the fair bosom of the Emerald Isle. From the most distant parts of Europe kings and their subjects came to drink in the ducled draughts of knowledge from her nexhaustible fountain of science. There they received gratis, not only their tuition, but also their clothing, support and the charts and new stern conset, and men did the place of or the kindly treatment her received gratis, not only their tuition, but also their clothing, support and the charts and new stern cover and the

I travelled its fruitful provinces 'round, And in every one of the five I found

Alike in church and palace hall Abundant pearl and food for all,

Gold and silver I found and money, Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey. I found God's people rich in pity Found many a feast and many a city.

I found strict morals in age and youth; I found historians recording truth. The things I sing of in verse unsmooth. I found them all I have written, sooth.

Tround them all I have written, sooth.

But the peace and tranquility that Ireland then enjoyed were doomed to be short-lived Ireland's faith and Ireland's nationality must undergo a fearful and flery ordeal. As she received the faith without requiring that is should spring up after being watered by martyr's blood, now her own children after receiving it beacefully must shed their blood in its defence. Her fair bosom must be sprinkled it order that it may become indigenous to the soit. The beauty of the country and fertility of the land awoke in the minds of marauders a covetons desire to get possession of that gen, the most beautiful that sparkled on the surface of the ocean. It commenced with the Danes, who swooping down from the North Sea in their long galleys, made sudden descents upon the coasts and plundered and murdered its inhabitants, and before sufficient forces could be organized to drive them off were away again

edge the supremacy of Peter.
They, too, cut the anchor that bound them
to the rock of Rome, and soon sank beneath the
gailing yoke of Turkish oppression. Give up
allegiance to Rome-Prove recreant to their
Redeemer-Cail the Virgin Mother opprobrious names-Rob her of that immaculate purity
and sanctity which their apostle assured them
were pre-eminently her's from the very beginning-Deny her all honor and veneration and
proclaim aloud that she is no better than any ier in the communion of samis—Breame not a grayer for the eternal repose of their dead.—
This was the doctrine of the new religion, which had for founder, the lacestuous and coluptuous Pontiff of England; forswear the ruths preached by St. Patrick, and attested by astounding miracles, and believe in the new-dangled doctrine brought over by apostate oriests and monks from England. Oh, never! "What doth it avail a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul." You will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated and suffer the loss of his own soul." You will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, as the shade of the faith which St. Patrick brought from Rome, hen said they: "Better death a thousand innes, belter under whatever shape or form it may come, perish this habitation of elay but the the soul, after its paths are over, bask in the sunshine of revealed glory for ever." "Oh teernity." (St. Augustine.)

The story of Ireland's long and painful struggle to keep and preserve: the fuith intact the sunshine of the path of the path

is, describes more mildly than is his wont the manner in which the new evangelizers set to work;

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son To sell the priest and rob the sire;

Their dogs were taught alike to run, Upon the scent of wolfe and Friar;

Among the poor,

Or on the moor,

Where hid the pieus and the true;

While traitor knave,

And recreant slave

Had riches, rank and retinue,

And exiled in those penal days

Our banners over Europe blaze.

Here England's whole scheme of devastation is told in a few words. They bribed the flock to sell their priest, and a reward of 25 would be given the traitor. The youngest son had only to foreswear the faith of his fathers to get possession of the property and drive his parents, brothers and sisters to beggary. But in all justice to their memory be it said very few were found base enough among them to barter their birth-right for the bribes thus temptingly and fervently as in the days when Alfred the Great landed on the Irish coast to light his lamp at the torch of science that burned brightly in Erin.

Neither the blandishment of power nor the sword of persecution could make them swerve one iota from the faith preached to them by St. Patrick. Time could not effect it, persecution could not enfeeble it, adversity could not wrest

the bright jewel from their hearts. Oh, my friends, cherish and preserve with a jealous care the gift of faith for which your sires suffered so much in defending, in order to hand it down to you in all its pristine grandeur and magnificence. They could leave the land of their nativity, and tear themselves away from all the endearments of home in order to hand down to their posterity the precious heir-loomof faith pure and unsuitled. It has been given to us at the price of poverty, afflictions, sorrows and persecutions; to many hast come down sprinkled with a parent's tears and blood. We shall be unworthy off; if in thue of peril we inrough shame or fear swerve from it in the least.

arough shame or fear swerve from it in the east.

Should it ever be our lot to suffer shame, opproprium or insult on account of our faith et us not think less of it on that account, but ather love it the more, like the veteran soldier of historic France when he saw the flag of his country torn in shreds. "Tottered, torn, blood-t-timed flag I love thee more because I have bled for thee." Love also the dear old and in which the small mustand-seed pianted by St. Patrick shotup into a grand treesheltering beneath its boughs millions of devoted souls. I find no condemnation of love of country in Christ's gospel. On the contrary I find it commended.

in Christ's gospel. On the contrary I find it mmended. St. Luke VII, 2, 3, 4, 5. And the servant of a riain Centurion who was dear to him was k and ready to die. And when he had heard Jesus, he sent to him, the ancients of the ws, descring him to come and heal his servit. And when they came to Jesus they beinght Him carnestly, saying: He is worthy at Thou shouldst ou this for him. For he yeth our nation, and he hath built us a syna-

In Toronto.

LECTURE BY REV. "SILAV-NA-MON."

The annual concert and lecture of the Irish atholic Benevolent Union was held in the auditorium on St. Patrick's night. Every eat in the house from pit to gallery was occupied when the chairman, Rev. J. J. McCann. G. appeared on the platform, which was icely decorated with palms and ferns. When he applause, with which he was greeted had omewhat subsided, the rev. chairman proceed do to open the evening's entertainment with a hort address. He said that at the present inne Iricland's prospects were bright, that the resent century had brought many just and qual laws, and, quoting Mr. Gladstone, he aid, that Irishmen, if they woul's only stand inited, could obtain anything they wished. A deasing feature of the programme was Miss (hompson's rendition of the bailad' Millerschane," by Rev. Father Dollard, which was nthusiastically received by the audience. His Vorship Mayor Shaw sat in the audience, and In Toronto.

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer.
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley-ear.
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand.
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned.
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs in the yellow sand.
On the fair hills of Holy Ireland,

On the fair hills of Holy Ireland,

Irishmen are born poets, and they love their country for the mystery and romance that clings to its ruined jabbeys and war-scarred towers; to the deep glens wherein the stillness of night the weird caoine of the "Banshee" is heard, and fairies hold high revel by haunted rath, and spell-encharmed thorn-tree. They love it for the sacred and intimate associations with which it is enshrined in their souis: the fond affections of home; the promptings of religion that draw them, at the sound of the chapel beil to worship God on the peaceful Sunday morning. And as they love the old land, so also they love and revere the memory of the men who sacrificed their lives in its cause; and so the memories of the men of '8-0' Wolfe Tone, of Emmet, of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—are enshrined to-day in the hearts of Irishmen, Wolfe Tone—thedaring, fearless, untiring diplemat—moving Heaven and earth to free the country, and dying at last in bitterness of disappointment. Emmet—the nobic, intellectual, beautiful—cut off cruelly in the flower of his youth, and dying with words of exulting defance on his lips. The people have never ceased to mourn for him—the idol of Ireland:—

land;—
Monuar! Monuar! for our hero that is dead.
'Tis my soul-searing sorrow, his grave is deep and red;
The jong hills and valleys, and; the sun in Heaven high.
I cannot see their beauty, for the scalding tears I cry.
And the youthful, impetuous Geraldine, within whose veins bounded "the blood of conquerors for full a thousand years!":—
"How gay his laugh; how proud his mien; you'd ask no herald's sign.
"Among a thousand you had known the dauntless Geraldine.

"Among a thousand you had known the dauntless Geraldine.

Ah, yes; these may be traitors and rebels to all the world beside, but to Ireland they are heroes and martyrs, and to-day they speak powerfully from their graves. "The martyr is the victor in his death." The bard of old when Erin was crushed with defeats cried out to the mighty shade of dead O'Neil!—"Conn of the Hundred Fights sleep thou in thy grass grown grave, and unbraid not our defeats with thy victories." And the Irishman who is ashamed of his country or of its giorious history may well cry out to the shades of Tone and Emmet, and of the men of '98, to sleep in their grass-grown graves, and unbraid him not with his ignorance and craven-heartedness. The lecturer here quoted the words of Lord Holland—British Cabmet Minister—justifying the action of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, because "his country was bleeding under one of the hardesst tyrannies our times have witnessed." The people of Ireland," said Lord Holland, "were driven to resistance by the free quarters and excesses of the soldiery which were such as are not permitted in civilized warfare, even in an enemies country." He then gave a rapid sketch of the "United Irish" movement. Its leaders were mostly non-Cathohes. Its bulk in Uster, where it was 200,000 strong, was composed of Presbyterians—descendants of the Jacobite "planters." A dozen well-known Presbyterian free of them were driven wanted Parliaministers were among its prominent members. Three of them were driven wanted Parliaministers were among the prominent members. The comment of the Locobite shades. The Prosbyterians wanted Parliaministers were among the wanted Parliaministers. The prospection of the state of the such as a s

to further his ambition. He ended his life by suicide, and Byron, the great liberty-loving English poet, said of him in fierce satire:

And so be's cut his throat at hast—he—who?

The man who cut his throat at hast—he—who?

The man who cut his country's long ago,

"Then," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "free quarters were ordered to irritate the Irish population; slow tortures were inflicted under pretence of foreing confessions—the people were goaded and driven to madness."

The insurrection at last burst forth! The leaders of the United Irishmen were arrested—Lord Edward died in prison of his wounds. Actions with the military took place at Prosperous, Monasterevan, and Old Kheullen, in why defeated disciplined peasants were gener. In the north severe fights took place at Antrim. Saintfield and Ballinahinch, but it was in another part of the country where resistance was least expected that the rebeliion reached its climax. Wexford was the most peaceaole and loyal county in Ireland, but martial law was proclained there, and a change came over the scene. As Edward Hay, a Frotestant gentleman of that county tells us, very soon torturing, pitch-capping, and florging became the rule; nobedy was safe from the brutal and licentious soldiery, suddenly let loose like wild beasts on a heretofore peaceful people. The exploits of the notorious North Cork Millita, and of the Yeomanry Corps under the command of Hawtrey White, Hamilton Jacob, and Hunter Gowan, were them described by the lecturer. In an agony of fear and rage the people knew not what to do. Father John Murphy's chapel at Boolevogue was burned, and he called his flock, telling them the hour was come. Arming themselves with pikes, they attaked and cut to pirces the Camolin Calvary. Then Father Murphy marched them to Oulart Hill, and from all sides the people rushed to his standard. Here was gifchance for safety—a chance for revenge—a chance at least of dying under the old green flag:

flag:
The plough they leave by Slaney's banks, the seythe in soft Imayle.

And in thro' famous Scollagh Gap they surge like autumn gale.

Bold hearts are there from Ballaghkeen and wooded Shlimaleer.

Sends many a stalwart rifleman to fill the foe with fear.

with fear.

The speaker described the defeat and annihilation of the infamous North Cork regiment at Oulart, and the storming of Emiscerthy, which the Wexford men captured, surging down from the hills in the form of a crescent bristling with the terrible pikes. Then the robels fixed their camp on Vinegar Hill, a beautiful eievation outside the town. On the summit stood an old windmill, which was converted into a guardhouse for prisoners. On this tower was planted the green flag of Ireland, which floated proudly within view of all the country for miles around. Along the edge of the hill they threw up a light entrenchment, on which they they already they had captured. Sentines were stationed they had captured. Sentines were stationed n Old Madrid.

Here a strange act of heroism, took place. A boy of thirteen, of the respectable (family of Lett, had some days before run away from his mother in the town, and joined General Harvey's Wexford army on Corbett Hill. Seeing the disorder of the lasurgents the boy snatched up a green flag and crying out, "Follow me who dare," rushed ascain into the bown they was followed by about five thousand pixemen, uttering appalling cries. The assounded garrison was swent back again through the blood-recking streets, and driven across the Barrow into the County of Kilkenny. The town now belonged to the insurgents, but they soon lost all subordination, and neglected to guard the bridge. Many of them, wearied with nine hours incossant fighting, went to sieep. The troops being apprised of this state of affairs, with great interpidity recrossed the Barrow, and the insurgents, after an obstinate fight and terrible slaughter, were driven out again from the town they had so dearly won. All the men found sleeping in the houses were slain, and it is said that in this battle of Ress upwards of five thousand insurgents for their lives. Ross was the turning of the tide against the men of Wexford. Meanwhile, the battle of Arklow had been fought, and Royal armies were pouring into the devoted county from all sides. And now the British generals resolved to put an end to the war by a combined attack on the Irish headquarters a Vinegar Hill. Four splendid armies, amounting in all to twenty thousand men, moved against it from different points on the morning of the 21st of June, the long, scarlet lines of the British infantry marched up from all sides. It is amazing to read how obstinately the men of Wexford show the hill into Wexford sown, The Royal armies mude no attempt at the result of the private odds, the sample of the Resident of the recommended of the string of the private odds. The shells bursting in their midst were answered with shouting defiance, the women seen running through the ranks adding the wounded and cheering on the men. The fire, the army of Wexford slowly and sullenly broke and poured down the hill into Wexford blown. The Royal armies made no attempt at pursuit. They had enough of the pikemen for that day. But the power of the insurgents was vanished. They never again could face a large force in the field. Dispersing into bands they kept up the fight bravely for some time, and were at length totally scattered. A division under Myes Byrne and Edward Fitzgerald surprised and cut to pieces the infamous regiment called the Ancient Britains at Ballyallis, and this was the last act of the war. The came the terrible work of wholesale hanging and execution. For then, as the poet tells us—Just after the war in the year Nine-Eight.

Just after the war in the year Nine-Eight.
As soon as the boys were all scattered and bate,
Twas the custom whenever a peasant was caught
To hang him by trial, barring such as were shot.

"Many a fine boy was then on his keepin',' and many a fine boy was sleeping the long sleep on Wexford's hiis. Many a broken-hearted mother moaned amid the green vales of Forth, and Bargy, and Borris—Idrone. Thus failed the men of Wexford. However unwise ly they fought, it is the verdict of history that they fought well. The historian Gordon bears witness to the incredible swiftness with which the peasant armies marched, so that sometimes across fields and hedges they could not be overtaken by cavairy. He says that they were so strong of constitution that it was difficult to kill them, and a surprising number recovered after being shot through the body. Sir Jonah Barrington tells of the skill they attained in handling that terrible weapon, the pike: at close quarters they could shorten it to little more than the length of a dagger, and then suddenly dart it out to its full length of twelve feet. As was shown at New Ross and Oulart "Many a fine boy was then on his keepin','

solved to create a premature explosion. His instrument was Lord Castlereagh, an "antificial Irish Irishman," who would stoop to anything to further his ambition. He ended his life by suicide, and Byron, the great liberty-loving English poet, said of him in fierce satire:

And so be's cut his throat at last—be—who? The man who cut his country's long ago.

"Then," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "free quarters were ordered to irritate the Irish population; slow tortures were inflicted under pretence of forcing confessions—the peopic were goaded and driven to madness."

The insurrection at last burst forth! The leaders of the United Irishmen were arrested—Lord Edward died in prison of his wounds. Actions with the military 'ook place at Prosperous, Monasterevan, and Old Kilculien, in which the undisciplined peasants were generally defeated.

In the north severe fights took place at Antim, Sainffield and Ballinahinch, but it was in another part of the country where resistance was least expected that the rebelion reached its climax. Wexford was the most peaceable and loyal county in Ireland, but martial law was proclaimed there, and a change came over the scene. As Edward Hay, a Frotestant gentleman of that county tells us, very soon torturing, pitch-capping, and flogging became the rule; nobedy was safe from the brutal and licentions soldiery, suddenly let loose like wild beasts on a heretofore peaceful people. The explois of the notirous North Cork Militia, and of the Yeomanry Corps under the command of Hawtrey White, Hamilton Jacob, and Hunter Gowan, were then described by the lecturer. In an agony of the men of strain grain and in the service of the pick and when she will again enjoyed the escribed by the lecturer. In an agony of the men of strain grain and when she will again enjoy of the part of the part of the first and when she will again enjoy of the part of the part of the first plant when the first plant is a proposal to the first plant is a proposal to the part of the carlied of the part of the country tells u

## In Alvinston.

Opening Selection of Irish Airs. Miss K. Howe
Dear Little Shamrock. Mr. John Daly
Irish Gig. Miss Susie Megil
The Handicap. Mr. M. McKeeugh
A Waiting Heart. Miss M. McCarthy
Clang of the Hammer. Mr. Jas. Connor
Fifth Avenue. Mr. M. McKeeugh
A Two-step. Miss Kathleen Howe PART II.

In Old Madrid Mr. John Daly
Wearing of the Green Miss Susie McGill
Whisper and I Shall Hear Miss M. McCarthy
Tim Toolan Mr. M. McKeengh
The Old Brigade Mr. Jas. Connor
Gypsy Dance Miss Susie McGill
Waltz. Miss Kathleen Howe
Good Bye until we meetagain Mr. Jas. Connor
Sword Dance Miss Susie McGill
Accompanist Miss Mary Connor 

## In Simcoe,

The annual St. Patrick's concert given by the local branch of the C. M. B. A. was fully up to the standard of former years. It was an anjoyable affair. Tho Opera House was well lifed and the lerge crowd was agreeably enertained.

The following programme was given : Recitation .. Jno. Porter. Song-(Char.)-"O'C 

Sciecas. Harmonica C. ...

Solo—" Darling " Tratere Miss Mildred Jackson.

Recitation—" Money Musk " Miss A. Delphin Kearney.

Scene From Don Munio. . . . . . Dudley Buck Miss M Nolan.

Dance " ... Song-"The Kerry Dance"....
J. J. O'Neil.

PART IL Recitation—"The Spinning Wheel"
Miss A. Delphin Kearney

Song ..... Mr. Hoffmann. 

Miss M. Nolan,

Harmonic Club.

Song—"Say Not Farewell".

J. J. O'Neil.

Grand Chorus—"Gol Save the Queen"....

Mrs. John Aligeo, accompanist.

## In Brantford.

In Brantford.

The observance of St. Patrick's day in Brantford took the shape of a sermon by Key. Father Lennon, on the life and labors of St. Patrick, delivered on Sunday cening, March 20, and a special collection for the benefit of that portion of the city swept by the benefit of that portion of the city swept by the benefit of that portion of the city swept by the conditions before the hour for Vespors, and it was with difficulty that place was found for those who came late. The sermon was one of the most eloquent ever listened to in St. Basil's church,

Taking for his text the words of St. John, xv., 16, "You have not chosen me; but I have chosen you, that you should go, and bring forth fruit and your fruit should remain," the preacher said every nation celebrated some great event in its history and made of it the occasion of a national holiday. Thus the republic to the south of us annually commenorated its independence; in Canada our national day is the anniversary of the confederation of the various provinces, and so withother nations some great thistorical event is celebrated. But (Continued on fifth page.)

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The week set aside by meditation John Chrys the devil of sin and its

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