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The True Witness



Vol. LV., No. 37

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1906.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

St. Patrick's Day Fittingly Celebrated

Patriotic Irishmen March in a Body

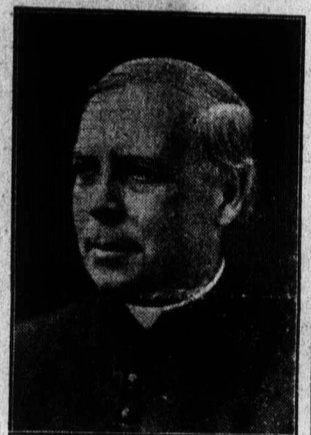
To do Honor to their Patron Saint.

Impressive Service at St. Patrick's — Sermon — Banquet — Entertainments.

Although the early morning hours were anything but propitious, still the loyal sons and daughters of St. Patrick heeded neither cloud nor snowfall, but with the one thought in mind, that of fittingly celebrating the day, they turned out all decked in their best, the bit of green conspicuous on one and all. As usual, the first item on the day's programme was High Mass at St. Patrick's Church, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi officiating. The church was gaily decorated with banners, streamers and shields, conspicuous on which were the Irish watch tower and dog, and Erin's harp. The sight was inspiring, indeed, as the procession reached the main entrance of the grand old church. The A.O.H., who looked so well in their smart uniforms, lined up, and through their ranks the processionists passed up the centre aisle to the seats allotted them, the officers of the different societies being seated at the foot of the sanctuary, during which time the organ peeled forth "St. Patrick's Day," "Garry Owen," "Wearin' o' the Green," and throughout Mass could be heard the strains of some familiar national air that kept everyone in mind that it was to do honor to the great saint of the Green Isle that such large numbers had come together. The Rev. Martin Callaghan, just before the sermon, addressed a few words of welcome and expressed his pleasure that they had in their midst one of their best friends, His Grace the Archbishop. He thoroughly understood and appreciated the meaning of the celebration, and nothing could give him greater pleasure than to endorse the object which they had in view. He moreover knew how fond, how singularly fond, the Irish people were of their ancestral soil. And why not? Ireland could not be duplicated for the beauty of its scenery, for the romance of its achievements, and for the spirit of its independence; and never would this spirit

in showing it on all occasions in a most practical form. From the See of Peter, he, like their national apostle, drew the jurisdiction which religion. And whatever was Roman would always be the beau ideal of the wielded and turned to good account by promoting the cause of labor, temperance, education and the Irish people. It could not be denied that American political influence swayed the present century; while it was equally true that Irish Catholic influence was powerful in every zone, from pole to pole. In the veins of the Archbishop flowed the blood of two nations—Italy and France—with memories which he would never cease to cherish. Without Rome, Italy would not be what she is to-day among civilized nations; while France had always been the sworn ally of Ireland. They should indeed weep over the wrongs which France had inflicted upon the Church, but they should also remember that these wrongs would be retrieved in God's own way, and in God's own hour. Neither their reason nor their faith would suffer them to insult any flag, or the national emblem of any country. They respected all nationalities and all races. The banner of our Dominion, and the maple leaf of

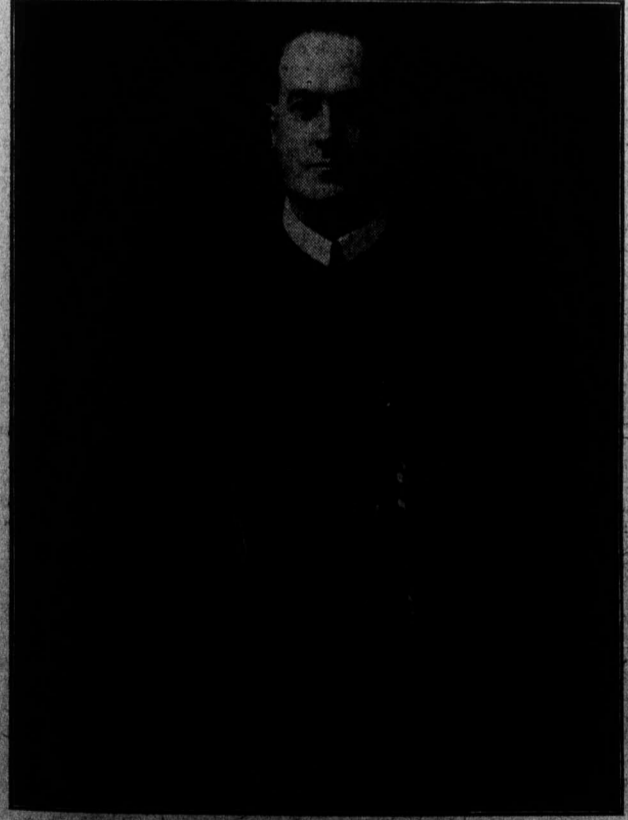
THE SERMON,
 Father Heenan took as his text; "He was beloved of God and men, and his memory is in benediction," and continued:
 "The words of my text we find recorded in Ecclesiasticus, 45th chapter and first verse, and they were uttered in praise of Moses, the patriarchal leader and law-giver of Israel. They epitomize the precious



REV. MARTIN CALLAGHAN,
 Pastor of St. Patrick's Church.

cho, bought up the right of the other three and employed the youth in watching his sheep. This Milcho was a harsh, unfeeling, cruel master. Hence it was that the life of the slave was rendered most miserable. He was exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, night and day were passed in the woods and on the mountain. He had to endure the burning rays of the sun and the cold, chilly blasts of winter; hunger, thirst, nakedness, accompanied by brutal, inhuman treatment, were the lot of six long years of this noble-born youth. Did he complain, did he cry out and rebel against God during such a servitude—did he become a prey to discouragement and despair? Far from it, like all the saints, he was not discouraged, but, buoyed up with confidence in God, he knew that He who sent these trials to him could bring good out of seeming evil. And God did bring good out of this seeming evil. This poor youth was destined to be an apostle, hence in his captivity he became conversant with the Irish language, and he learned to know from the simple peasants about him the warm and good disposition of the Irish heart. Fatigue, trials and hardships prepared him well for the great office of shepherd of souls. In all this was manifest the design of

With such an example, who can fail to have courage in adversity and confidence in God's Providence?
 "At times there comes to all of us, dear Christians, a day of sadness, a day of darkness—occasions arise when even God seems to have forgotten and abandoned us. Why do so many of us lose heart at such times and on such occasions? Men and women of little faith, as most of us are, we sink amid the very waters of discouragement and despair, just as if there were no God to hear us, no father and friend to sustain us. Is this not a contradiction between Christian perfection and daily practice? If the night be long and dark and dismal, will the morn never break? Is the sun that has sunken below the horizon never to rise and shine again? Oh, why mistrust in the promises of the Eternal One. Assuredly He is able to bring light out of darkness and good out of evil.
 "The designs of providence are accomplished, the work is done, the young captive has proven his fidelity, his bonds of slavery are broken, he is now to enjoy freedom. He hears a voice 'Thou fastest well, thou shalt soon go to thy country. Thy ship is ready.' In obedience to the voice he escapes, and after a long voyage, he turns his back on six years of cruel bondage. The woods and mountains of Ireland are exchanged for the vineclad hills of his native land; our exile is home again, and clasped in the loving embrace of dear ones. Here amidst the scenes and associations of childhood Patrick might have lived in ease and luxury. But fortunately for himself and for us the future holy shepherd of souls resisted the temptation, and overcame the strong pleadings of the flesh and blood. He had seen a people who had never heard the sweet sound of the Saviour's name. A people who adored the creature rather than the Creator. How powerful is the grace of God—for like St. Paul,



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 REV. JOHN HEENAN, PREACHER OF THE DAY.

either decay or perish, for it was cut from the tree of lignum vitae. He also knew what an extraordinary tender and sincere affection they had for Rome, and what pride they took

Canada should always claim their profound esteem, their most unfeigned love, and their most unwavering allegiance.

worth of a man and summarize one of the greatest tributes ever bestowed upon human goodness and greatness. Am I doing anything amiss when I quote these words and apply them to him in whose honor we have assembled here to-day, the great, the grand, the glorious St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland?
 "No, for does not his life's story point out to us that from very youth St. Patrick seemed to have been beloved by God and chosen by Heaven for high and holy things: that he seemed to have been called, as was Moses of old, to be a leader and a lawgiver—yea, more, did not to him come under peculiar circumstances the piteous cries of a pagan people entreating him to 'come and walk among them and give them the light and hope of the Gospel?'
 "Needless to say, my dear brethren, that this holy youth could not have ignored or mistaken the nature of this heartfelt appeal; for it was precisely to prepare him for this great and arduous mission that God in His own mysterious ways disciplined him, as He does all His saints, in the school of sorrow, sacrifice and suffering. He was tried and not found wanting. This test strengthened him to do, to dare and to bear in after years all the sufferings and privations for the glory of God and the lasting good of the Irish race.

ST. PATRICK'S PROBATION.
 "Do you ask me what was that test that proved him true and faithful? When but a mere youth, at the age of sixteen, he was torn away from home, country and dear ones by the ruthless hands of a piratical band, and sold as a poor slave to four men, one of whom, named Mil-



ST. PATRICK, PATRON SAINT OF IRELAND.
 Divine Providence and to this design our holy youth bowed and said: 'Thy holy will be done.'
 "What a lesson for us to-day!
 hearing the call of God to be the Apostle of the Gentiles, our holy youth hears and obeys the call of youth hears and obeys the call of (Continued on Page 5.)