THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1884.

St. Patrick's Day.

There are those who are of opinion that as Ireland improves in material prosperity, the celebration of the festival of its Patron Saint will lose in splendor. We do not agree with those who think so. The celebration may not be so national in feature, but it will be more religious, always religious, for without religion it would have little meaning. What gives such glory to the celebration is that religion and patriotism are combined, and combined in such a way, and for such a number of centuries, that they cannot be divorced without injury to both, but more especially to patriotism. If the Irishman's nationality and the Irishman's religion had not been persecuted so long and so persistently by those who held the power it is probable they would not to-day be so indissolubly connected. A St. Patrick's Day procession or celebration would be as singular a spectacle without a green flag as without Grand Mass. What does the song say:

And if St. Patrick's Day we keep our colors can't be seen,
For there is a bloody law against the wearing of the green.

And so there was in good south, and against the altar as well, until in time both were looked upon as one and the same. If Ireland had not been persecuted on account of her faith there might be the great annual commemoration, but it would probably not be on St. Patrick's Day. The birth day of some national hero would have been selected, or the anniversary of some great battle, while on the other hand if it had been the faith only that was laid under the ban St. Patrick's Day would be commemorated with religious services only, and be devoid of some of the enthusiasm that now accompanies it, and which is one of its living features.

But in truth it is doubtful, no matter what is in store for Ireland, if love of religion and nationality will ever be separated. When an Irishman at home or here in America abandons the religion of his fathers, his next and hastiest step is to divest himself of his nationality by leaving out the big O to his name, or adopting some equally decisive course in the process of denationalizing himself, feeling, as he does, that so long as he is an Irishman, people will look upon him with some suspicion if he is not also a Catholic Irishman. The green is no longer under the ban of the "bloody law" the poet refers to, and Irish Catholics have been emancipated, in a great measure; but, nevertheless, St. Patrick's Day is commemorated all over the civilized world wherever the English language is spoken, and in a good many places where it is not, with an intensity and universality that have no parallel in history. On Monday morning last Grand Mass was celebrated in antipodean New Zealand, on the banks of the Ganges, on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, on the banks of the Mississippi, as on the Shannon itself, and here in Charlottetown, as well as in far-off Vancouver on the Pacific boundary of Canada; and shamrocks from the "ould sod" were moistened in the waters of many distant rivers; aye, and Irish songs were sung by night at banquet hall and in lecture room, and tears and laughter followed each other in succession as Irish pathos and Irish wit ruled supreme for the moment, and this with more devotion, strength and enthusiasm than fifty years ago; and we have no doubt in a century from now, when the prolific celtic race shall have still further extended itself over the broad earth, the same devotion to religion and patriotic fervor will manifest themselves, showing clearly that even then the time will not have arrived to divorce religion from nationality. When Moore composed his famous song of the shamrock it was the trefoil he glorified. He made its three leaves represent love, valor and wit; but in doing justice to such a theme the great bard should have immortalized the lyric still more by treating of the enchanted four-leaf shamrock, and adding religion, for no matter how much of love, and wit, and valor are mixed up in the nature of the shamrock wearer, he is not a complete man or a good patriot without the religion preached by St. Patrick.

Editorial Notes.

Our readers will have to excuse us this week for our limited stock of general news and editorial matter. St. Patrick's Day has dealt sad havoc with our space.

From the meagre cable reports received, we learn that a crisis of some sort has been reached in England, and that at one time the Ministry thought of resigning. It may have been on account of Liberal disaffection against the franchise, or the Egyptian embroglio, or both.

The debate on the Address in the Local Legislature was concluded on Wednesday night. The Bill to expedite trials was read the third time on Thursday; a Bill to amend the Act respecting the garnisheeing of debts was also introduced, both of them being by Hon. Mr. Sullivan. Hon. D. Ferguson introduced a Bill intituled "An Act Respecting Surveyors' Instruments and Measures," which is intended to save the public from false measurement; the Bill was read a second time. Progress was reported on the Act respecting bills of sale. On Saturday Mr. Sullivan introduced a Bill to amend the Chancery Act of 1884.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

HOW IT WAS CELEBRATED IN CHARLOTTETOWN—PROCESSION — GRAND MASS — FATHER CARROLL'S SERMON—THE CONCERT—THE DAY ELSEWHERE.

St. Patrick's Day, as a general rule, is not remarkable for the fine weather it ushers in, but on Monday last the most enthusiastic member of the Benevolent Irish Society could not ask for any more beautiful. It was a day of sunshine sandwiched in between two days of gloom and snowfall, for which let us all be thankful. From an early hour in the morning shamrocks and green favors were to be seen in the streets. At half-past nine o'clock the Benevolent Irish Society paraded in front of the St. Patrick's Hall, surrounded by the usual enthusiastic gathering. The Society was marshalled by Mr. James Daley and his assistants, and here may be the proper place to remark that since it was formed sixty years ago it never turned out so fine or so aggressive looking a body of men, and we use the word aggressive in its military sense. They were the subject of universal and favorable comment, and their appearance did not escape the eye of Father Carroll, who, in the few remarks he made at the close of the concert, complimented them on time and their contribution to the success of the day generally. At about a quarter to ten, the Society having been formed up, marched with flying banners and headed by Worth's fine Band, along Richmond Street to Queen, thence to Dorchester Street, and thence to St. Dunstan's Cathedral. The Cathedral was gaily decorated with flags and banners, and was crowded to its utmost capacity, whether as regards standing or sitting room. There were many Protestants in the church. His Lordship the Bishop celebrated Pontifical High Mass, Father Coriolt acted as Assistant Priest, Father Gallant as Deacon, and Father McIntyre as Sub Deacon. The choir boys, dressed in their new uniforms and numbering over seventy, attracted a good deal of attention. They are composed of three divisions, each wearing cassocks of a different color. The eldest wears black, the second purple, and the youngest red. They have evidently been well disciplined and look neat and bright in their uniforms. Mozart's Twelfth Mass was selected for the occasion, and the organ was presided over by Mr. Blanchard.

Father Carroll preached the sermon of the occasion. It was a splendid effort, such as has rarely been heard in Charlottetown, it thrilled the congregation many a time during its delivery. The text, which was taken from the 136th Psalm, verses 5 and 6: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee."

My Dearly Beloved Brethren, Never, perhaps, was uttered so pathetic, so sublime an apostrophe to the land of one's birth as this thrilling cry of the captive psalmist as he sat and wept by the waters of Babylon. He had been dragged in chains from the land of his fathers, and enslaved by a ruthless victor; he had been reviled and despised by a people whom he was taught to scorn. All this he had borne in silent bitterness and resentment. But when his barbarian taskmasters, eager to diversify their pleasures, desired that he should sing before them the sweet lays of his native land, his wounded spirit assumed an intensity of indignation that knew no bounds. What an apostacy! What an unpardonable piece of treason it would be to voice the most sacred feelings of his people beneath the hideous god of Baal, in the polluted atmosphere of Babylonic orgies. As he pondered on this cruel command of his idolatrous oppressors, latent fires of patriotism that he had never before felt, even in the palmiest days of his nation's greatness, flashed into throbbing life. From his youth he had loved Zion as none but a son of Juda could love his country, but never did she inspire him with such a deep, passionate devotion, such an unspeakable attachment as when he remembered her on that day through the years of his exile. Forget her, in the land of the stranger; no, never: let him rather die a thousand excruciating deaths than be guilty of such a heinous crime. If I forget thee, oh Erin, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee. Similar, methinks, must be the feeling of every Irishman on this day; on this day which not only commemorates the virtues and the mission of Ireland's great Apostle, but which revives and concentrates within our exiled souls the memories of that dear old land whose undeserved grief, neither time nor distance can efface from our remembrance. Strangers wonder and cannot explain to themselves why Irishmen never tire dwelling on the wrongs and afflictions of Ireland; while even in other lands contributing to build up other nations, they so strongly assert their love for Ireland, and feel, perchance, a deeper interest in her vicissitudes than in the national life of their adopted countries. People who wonder at this thing know but little of the ardent, unswerving nature of the Irish Celt, or how deeply rooted in his heart is the love of fatherland; how sorrow and suffering have so exalted, so intensified the feeling that it has become with him a passion and a worship. Yes, he loves that country for the sweet memories it awakens within him, for its bygone glories, its chivalrous heroism, its undespairing struggle for right and liberty, for the tender and sorrowful associations that cling to the homes his oppressors have left him. And above all does the Irish Catholic love that sainted isle for the unparalleled glory that our holy faith has shed on every phase of its existence. Men may question our right to assume for Ireland any special superiority over other nations so far as her material life is concerned, but no man, especially no Catholic, can deny that we have been specially blessed and favored in our faith. It has been the basis of our national life, its strength, the crowning glory of all the great achievements which illustrates its chequered history. The very conversion of Ireland sufficiently attests that God intended this Divine Faith shall play no ordinary role in the destinies of the nation. No Christian people ever received the faith of Jesus as did the Irish. It is a well known fact of history that Christianity only triumphs, like her Master, through defeat. It has never conquered a pagan people without first baptizing the faith in the blood of its Apostles or their converts. But such was not the case with Ireland. She opened her arms and welcomed to her heart the messenger of the Most High. The vision of St. Patrick, wherein he heard the voices of Ireland's sons and daughters entreating him to come and walk among them, was but a foreshadowing of his reception. His first preaching at Tara before the assembled kings and chieftains was but the prelude of that uninterrupted song of triumph that accompanied his passage through the Island. For sixty years he labored incessantly through the length and breadth of the land, but his labor was not lost. Before he closed his eyes forever upon this mortal scene he had the satisfaction to know that the pagan rites of Druidism were shadows—things of the past, that not only Ireland was Christian, but it was already an Island of Saints. Aye, so thoroughly did the Irish character become permeated with the teachings of Patrick, that his demise, though mourned, was hardly felt; he had left a race of saints that even older growths of Christianity cannot boast of. Gorse, speaking of Ireland of that day, says that one would think that the deserts of the Nile with their numberless saints were by enchantment transported to this holy island. Monasteries and nunneries could not be constructed fast enough; in fact, to use the words of an old historian, "the country was so dotted with these cloisters of prayer and ascetic virtue, that the nation might be regarded as one vast monastery." Nor was this an ephemeral ardor, like the fire of stubble flashing into a momentary blaze to relapse into a still greater gloom. It lasted for several centuries; it was still in full flame at the time of Columba, more than two hundred years after St. Patrick. It grew into a vast conflagration in the seventh and eighth centuries, when multitudes rushed forth for the burning island of the blessed to spread the sacred fire through all Europe. These latter centuries were the darkest hour of continental Europe. Hun, and Goth and Vandal descended like an Alpine avalanche upon the fair, smiling plains of Italy and southern Europe. With sword and fire they wreaked divine vengeance upon the mighty Roman empire, which, drunk with the blood of martyrs, was reeling to destruction. They left nothing unspared; arts, literature, science, even civilization disappeared before them. But whilst the continent was one vast scene of barbaric ruin, afar to the West, embosomed on the waves of the Atlantic was a green little Isle that shone in the midst of that nightly gloom like a beam of hope and salvation. She became the cynosure of all nations; every cultured and noble mind turned to her as the last refuge of civilization, as the solo remaining sanctuary of learning. For three centuries she became the home of the scholar and the saint. Her schools became famous; the proudest universities of the present day pale into insignificance when compared with the popularity of the Irish schools. It was a common thing to see 3,000, 4,000, 5,000 strangers within the precincts of one of these monastic nurseries of learning. And it was with no grudging hand that Ireland, in that great day of her intellectual supremacy, dispensed the rare gifts that her sons had cultivated. Not only did she open her schools to the stranger, but she received him with a *Cead mile failthe* that none but an Irishman can give. She refused payment or compensation of any kind for the learning and the hospitality that she so lavishly diffused. What a beautiful, what a never-to-be-forgotten sight it must have been to see those thousands of young strangers at the sound of the matin bell wending their way to the cathedral, around which the monastic city was built. As they went along commingling the tongues of the Gaul, the Cimbra, the Pict and the Frank, it was a scene that must have ravished the eyes of the angelic hosts that watched over those sainted cloisters. But the Irish monk was not content with attracting the votary of learning to his own shore. Though he felt like Columkille on the northern hills of Iona, that death in faithful Ireland was sweeter than life for ages in Albion, his love of religion and Apostolic spirit sent him a wanderer over the face of Europe. He became the Apostle of light and culture not merely to the people of Celtic origin but also to the Teutonic races. St. Columkille became the Apostle of Scotland and the Western isles; St. Columbanus, St. Gall and their companions evangelized France, Switzerland and Italy; St. Donatus, St. Frigorius and St. Cathaldus evangelized Tuscany; St. Aiden and others preached in northern England; St. Virgilius, St. Killian and their disciple, St. Boniface, who, though generally supposed to be a Saxon, was in reality an Irishman, planted churches and schools in every part of Germany. Irish monks founded 15 monasteries, which became nurseries of learning in Bavaria, 15 in Helvetia, 13 in Scotland, 12 in England and 24 in France. An Irishman founded the University of Paris, and two Irishmen, Clement and John, the famous University of Padua. Alumin, the tutor of Charlemagne, and Alfred the Great, the founder of the English Monarchy, received an Irish education. This necessarily limited list of intellectual achievements can give you some idea of the influence that Ireland had during the three centuries that she was allowed to develop in peace the genius of her sons. At last a time came when Ireland, after illuminating the European world, should step down from her high pedestal of fame and hide her fair face in a sea of bitterness and gloom. But she had done her work and had done it well. She had saved Europe from barbarism. Now she must enter upon a long novitiate to prepare herself for another Apostolic mission, far more glorious and more extensive than the first. She was to be in future ages a sign of redemption to men, and like her crucified Master, she must for many centuries drag her fettered limbs along the stormy heights of Calvary. God had chosen her as His beloved; but oh! into what depths of humiliation has He stooped her. The historian has yet to appear who can give a true and faithful account of Ireland's martyrdom. Yet the few scanty records that we possess of that gloomy phase of her life shew us plainly that never has a race suffered so deeply, so generously, so patiently for the faith as this great Niobe of nations. From the day of Henry VIII. particularly, until our own time, her national life has been but a slow tragedy of undying death. She had to bear the galling yoke of England almost from the days of Strongbow, but her sufferings were doubly increased when England, forgetful of the creed of her saintly founders, rose in revolt against Rome. Fanaticism of the wildest kind now added fuel to the deadly antipathy that already existed between the two nations. The planters who wore sent from England with authority to supplant everything that was Irish, looked upon the vanquished as so many wild beasts that should be exterminated. And so awful was the havoc those ravenous wolves inflicted that the people were reduced to almost unimaginable misery. "They looked," says the poet Spencer, "like so many living ghosts." In his wanderings through the ruined districts he saw them crawling from their hiding places upon their hands, their feet being unable to support them, so weakened were they from starvation. Froude, who is no friend of Ireland, says that in the great Elizabethan war, Sir Peter Carew was seen murdering women, and children at their breasts. Gilbert, another servant of the crown, alludes in his letter to his wholesale massacres of helpless children as the strangling of cubs and the rooting out of the entire brood. But it was only in the days of Cromwell that this inhuman system of destroying the race reached its climax. A cold thrill of horror comes over us as we open this bloodiest page of Irish history. Suffice it to say that he made the Catholic parts of Ireland a complete ruin, so much so, that the soldiers marching through them had to carry their own provisions as through a desert. The Catholics that escaped his butcheries were despoiled of their possessions and sent across into Connaught to eke out the best way they might an existence from its unproductive limestone soil. He tore the children from their parents' arms, and shipped them as slaves to the West Indies. Reliable authorities inform us that over twenty thousand young boys and girls were thus transported as slaves, aye, to meet from the hands of their brutal and licentious masters a fate more terrible than slavery or death. So thoroughly did this modern Atilla do his work that the final hours of Ireland's dissolution seemed at hand. One thing only kept alive the last spark of Ireland's vitality, and that was the devotion, the patriotic zeal of the clergy. Ireland had lost her kings and her chieftains, but her priests remained, and these men saved her. "The ardent zeal, the fortitude, the calm resignation of the Catholic clergy," says a Protestant writer, during this direful persecution, "might stand a comparison with the constancy of the Christians during the first ages of the church. Sooner than desert their flock, they fled from the haunts of men, and concealed themselves from the fatal eye of the government spies. Though poor as the people themselves, they were men of sound learning and culture, and if the Irish peasant was not reduced beneath the level of a Russian serf, it was solely due to the refining influence of the priests." Yes, it was the poor hunted Soggarth Aroon, with his unflagging zeal and undaunted courage that stood between Catholic Ireland and moral degradation. The old Mass Rock, the Carrig na affruon," even to this day are pointed out to the traveller in many parts of Ireland as the silent witnesses of the love those devoted men bore their people. It was a crime punishable with death to celebrate the Divine Mysteries in the old churches that once so thickly strewed the land, but which were now converted to Protestant worship. The lonely mountain cavern, or the impregnable glen were the only places where the priests could meet their people. There for many a year at early dawn of the morning under the canopy of heaven those martyr-patriots offered up the Holy Sacrifice. Oh, how the tear has started to many a worshipper's eye as he contrasted the grand and pompous ceremonies of their old Catholic and Abbey Church with this humble rite, the rude stone altar hewn by nature's hand, the iron chalice, the threadbare, weather-stained vestments that hung upon that form, whose head was prized as the wolf of the forest. Many and many a time the priest-hunter, with his baying sleuth-hound, has broken in upon their little assemblies, ruthlessly dragged the martyr from his post of duty; many a time was he torn to pieces upon the very altar whereupon he had sacrificed the Victim of the World. But these awful surprises did not daunt the ardor of those noble men; as soon as one fell at his post another took his place beside the trembling flock. It is therefore not surprising that even to-day no Christian people have such reverence, such affection for their priests as the Irish Catholic. The old tradition is still living among them; when everything was lost to them the priest stood by them, and willingly gave up his life for the sake of their faith and their cause. It inspired all the supernatural energy of his deep religious nature to maintain alive the nationality of the Irish Catholic in 17th and 18th centuries. Not only was he despised and brutalized, but he was forced to sink into the most abject poverty. Pauperism and ignorance which are cast in our faces to-day as characteristics of our race are not innate in the Irishman; they are but the natural outcome of the grinding tyranny that Protestants have exercised over Catholic Ireland. Famine after famine swept over this unfortunate Island. There were times when, according to the testimony of eye witnesses, the people lost their natural clear and ruddy color and assumed the dead, greenish tint of decomposing bodies from the ague and loathsome weeds that they were forced to devour in order to support life. Travellers were horrified at the ghastly wretchedness they beheld; one, a French tourist says, "Ireland is the land of anomalies and contrasts, the most deplorable destitution on the richest of soils. No where does man live in such wretchedness." Another remarked that he found the hut of the Irish helot much worse than that of the negro slave in the darkest days of American slavery. If ever the afflictions of God were poured on a people it was surely upon the down-trodden generation of Irish, who, from their cradle to their grave, suffered, in the depth of their obscurity, every ill on earth. Our fancy even cannot depict the innumerable miseries that made these people as Job of old, a living ulcer, and a blot upon the British Empire. How changed their lot from that proud day when Erin with outstretched arms welcomed to her classical halls the young Saxon, whose descendants were now like vampires, seeking out her heart's blood. She was robbed of everything she had but her faith, and in God's overprovidential way this sole relic of her past was destined to be the arm whereby she would one day conquer her master. The time was near at hand when this unparalleled phenomenon would take place, when the most beautiful teaching of gospel charity—returning good for evil—would be realized. One more calamity and Ireland would receive the final consecration that would fit her for the glorious mission for which she had been so long and so sternly trained. Many among those whom I am addressing to-day can remember that awful period when Ireland became a hot bed of pestilence and a grave, when her sons and daughters were driven by this awful calamity from their native shores. The younger generations that have grown up can form no idea of the load of woe that bowed those exiled hearts as they took a last glimpse of that dear land they were never to see again. They were crowded into unwholesome ships, or rather floating charnel houses, whose very course might be tracked by the whitening bones that lie at the bottom of the Atlantic. Many died as they touched the friendly shores of America; their graves are to be found dotting the coast of the Atlantic from the gulf of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. Their graves are nameless and unmarked; but their obscure martyrdom has not been ineffectual. Tertullian said in his own day that the blood of martyrs was the seed of the Church, so we with equal truth can say that the tears of these sad victims was the dew that was to fecundate the seed that their surviving brothers were to sow. Clad in coarse garments like the Apostles, scoffed and reviled for the stripes and the wounds of their faith these latter, to use the words of the Psalmist, "going, went and wept casting their seeds." But wherever they went, whether to the north or to the south, to the cold snows of Canada or the burning tropics, whether into the coal mine or the primeval forest, the crowded city tenement or the broad western prairie, wherever they went, they brought with them two things the faith of St. Patrick and the love of its Apostle. Something more than generation has passed away since Ireland, in the moist of her desolation, sent forth her humble workers into strange lands, and to-day we see the undisputed results of their labors. Truly can we apply to them the remainder of the verse I have just quoted: "Doubtless they shall come with joy and fullness carrying their sheaves." In every clime where the language of their oppressor is spoken, that language which, as a humiliation, was substituted for their own sweet native tongue, the Irish have built up the Church of God. Men in days gone by spoke of the great Irish apostle the work of God accomplished by the sons of France; but with as much truth we can speak of the Gesta Dei per Hiberios, the work of God done by Ireland's sons. Were it not for Ireland, says a learned American Bishop, Catholicism would, to-day, be feeble and non-progressive in England, America and Australia. Though they are, as a rule, poor, and obliged to struggle against unfairness, prejudice and influence, they have a million's share in all the glory that surrounds the wonderful or second birth of Catholicity in those lands. So miraculously have they spread, so supernatically have they planted forward this work of reconstruction that they have become a power in the church. In the Council of the Vatican there was no nationality so largely represented as the Irish. "No saint," says Cardinal Manning, "had there so many mitred sons as Saint Patrick." With the world-wide extension of the English language, there is not a country on the face of the globe that is not filled with their labors. The sun that is careering over our heads in his onward march from the shores of Eastern Asia to the Western Slopes of the Pacific, has beheld and will behold thousands gathered together in honor of St. Patrick united in a spirit of faith, and a love of nationality, for which there can be found a parallel neither in ancient nor modern history. Fifteen million Irish Catholics scattered on every spot of the habitable globe will on this blessed day throw aside the trammels of their toil and unite in spirit to celebrate the glories of that faith they love so well. Our hearts may grow sad as we think of the past, as we revert to the dark struggle that is still being waged in our home across the sea, but we rejoice that our apostolic labors has been so blessed, that God has enabled us to achieve a victory that bedimms the grandest triumphs of proud England, and this is the victory which overcometh the world—our Faith. But, my dear brethren, this must not be simply a day of national glory. We must not content ourselves with wearing the emblem of our nationality, the Cross and the shamrock that we so proudly bear are but symbols of the life that we, as children of St Patrick, should daily lead. No man who is not a good Christian and a true Catholic has a right to wear that insigna. We must therefore understand that the celebration of this day should be no isolated merit in our lives; it is intended to show to all men in a most emphatic manner the noble feelings of patriotism and religion that form the undercurrent of our lives. Let us, therefore, not celebrate this glorious anniversary—this great national festival—in rioting and banqueting and sensual excess, but with deep thankfulness for the honor of belonging to that faith of Saint Patrick, and to the race that he evangelized. "Let us rejoice in the Lord. This is the day the Lord had made, let us exult and rejoice therein." Let us manifest to all men to-day that we are in no wise forgetful of the sublime mission that Providence has confided to our race—that in our day we must, in this great Ireland of the West, the land whose religion is in the hands of Irishmen, copy the grand and magnificent virtues that characterized the sainted generations that have gone on before us. Let not St. Patrick be a mere figure head, a national ideal, let him rather be the grand ideal of national and individual life. Like him let us shine by our purity, our sobriety, our love of religion and its practices, let us be men of prayer, filled with unbounded confidence in God's protection and love; let us be not like the slaves of Mammon, confining our views, our hopes and expectations to the little horizon of this world; but let that power of the supernatural, which is a characteristic of the Irish Catholic, make itself felt in social and material life as well as in a religious profession. In a word, let the faith that is within us shine without hindrance in our daily life; and rest assured that though in this land we may be few, weak and lacking of weight and influence in the community in which we live, if we love and revere our Holy Faith and correspond to its requirements we, too, will have done our duty in vivifying the Catholic spirit in America. Men will come to admire, to appreciate and to imitate us. Let us, therefore, on this day promise at the feet of St. Patrick to be worthy of him and his labors; let us walk in his footsteps, that when at last the final hour shall have come and when weary and worn with the struggle through life we shall lay down our cross, it will be our consolation and our glory to repeat in the words of St. Paul: "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. For the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the hand of the just God will render to me on that day."

When Mass was over, at half-past twelve, the Society formed up once more outside the church door, and marched in procession down Great George Street to Water, from Water to Prince, up Prince to Grafton, along Grafton to Queen, thence to Kent, along Kent to Pownal, through Pownal, Water, Queen and Richmond Streets to their Hall, where they dispersed. While the procession was marching, numbers of people lined the sidewalks along the route, and the city generally presented a gala appearance.

THE CONCERT.

The Market Hall was filled to overflowing at eight o'clock in the evening, when the concert began. Every inch of space was utilized, chairs were pressed into the service in all directions, where chairs had never been before; but notwithstanding all this, it is estimated that over two hundred persons had to be refused admission owing to the lack of even standing room. His Lordship the Bishop and several of the clergy occupied the front seats. Among others of the latter present from outside were Father McPhee, Father James and Father Allan Macdonald. The Hall was handsomely decorated with the flags of Ireland, the United States, England and France, noticeable among them being the flags of the Society with their emblems and mottoes. The Overture, the "Queen of the Valley," was rendered by the Orchestral Club, followed by "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," sung by the Choir of St. Dunstan's. The Choir also sang "The Minstrel Boy" and "The Last Rose of Summer" in a manner that would not have disparaged their famous author were he alive to hear. Miss Jeannie Newbery sang "When the Tide Comes in." This young lady has a sweet, flexible voice which she uses without seeming effort, and did ample justice to this fine melody. Mr. Fletcher, who was the next on the programme, gave the audience as a cornet solo "The Green Little Shamrock." Mr. Fletcher knows how to play the cornet; he is perfect master of the instrument, which he makes to speak in a singularly sweet voice. Mrs. Byrne sang "The Waiting Heart" in her best vein, followed by Mr. C. Hermans with "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant." The next was "Selections from Poets and Peasants," by the Orchestral Club, of which we shall say nothing but that its members would be an acquisition to any musical entertainment anywhere. They are a credit to Charlottetown. Then came the address of Mr F. J. Conroy of which the following is a summary

A characteristic of the Irish people is their strong love of nationality, which in their case is combined with lofty patriotism, tender home affection, and the strong sympathy which national misfortune ever draws from noble hearts. Irish patriotism is fostered in the hearts of the people, and kept alive by tradition, by the songs of the bards, the ruins and monuments of former greatness that covers the land, and the heroic achievements of their ancestors. There is also a strong religious element in the Irish character, and to-day, wherever Irishmen are assembled to celebrate their national festival, at home or abroad, in all climes, and almost in all countries, the hymn of praise that goes up from many hearts will be mingled with the sweet refrain of "old Ireland." Reviewing the past condition of Ireland, the lecturer pointed to the fact that the population was divided into two classes—there was no intermediate—the officials and landlords, the latter comprising a small body of monopolists, who are hereditary and class legislators, who neither toil nor spin, and the people—the million who toiled but had no voice in the affairs of their native land. Those millions had been ground in the dust by brutal penal laws, they had been deprived of all means of education, and if there has now dawned a better era, if political and educational rights have in a great measure been recovered, if the future looms bright and cheering, to the Irish priest must the principal part of the credit be given, the *Soggarth* who stood by his people in the dark night of their misery in danger and death. The priests were mainly instrumental with O'Connell in wresting Emancipation from an alien and hostile legislature. He brought comfort and consolation to the poor peasant in affliction, and if to-day he obtains the first place in the Irish heart, it is only a grateful return for services rendered in the past. Truly has the poet sung of the "Soggarth Aroon."

Who in the winter's night
Would leave his snug bed bite,
Came to my cabin door
And on my earthen floor,
Knelt down beside my poor,
Soggarth Aroon!

Who on the marriage day
Made the poor cabin gay,
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to fling,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth Aroon!

Who as friend only met,
Never did flout me yet,
And when my hearth was dim
Save while his eye did brim,
Soggarth Aroon!

O you, and only you,
Soggarth Aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth Aroon!

In love they'll never break
When for old Ireland's sake,
We a true part did take,
Soggarth Aroon!

The address closes with the following fine passage:

But what have Irish-Canadians to learn from this celebration of St. Patrick's Day? It will add fame to the Irish history, and from the record of the trials that were then endured they will be true to the principles for which their forefathers fought. From the struggles of their ancestors to secure liberty of conscience they will learn to be tolerant of the opinions of others; and subjected to poverty and ignorance as the old country the Irish people are, will learn to be industrious and progressive, to educate their children and to cultivate in them principles of manly self-reliance. And Ireland is advancing at last towards the goal to which she has been so long tending, the principles for which so many of her sons struggled and died are now to be acceded to her. When the millions in Great Britain, who are now waiting to be admitted to the privileges of the Franchise, obtain their rights, then Ireland will be granted that measure of self-Government that a clan has so long denied her. That measure of right and justice which was demanded and sought for as the policy of Davis and Dillon, of Gavan Duffy and Smith O'Brien—the Government of Ireland by the Irish and not by the English people. And after a long night of darkness the dawn of a better day is breaking in the horizon. The constitutional measure of the Irish party will yet result in success. The times portend that this deserving policy is full of hope. In the words of the poet we may say,

Go on, then, all rejoiceful,
March in thy career, unbowed
Ireland, let thy noble voiceful
Spirit cry to God aloud,
Man will bid thee speed,
Heaven will aid thee in thy need,
The time, the hour, power are near.

The second part of the programme was opened with a piano duet by the Misses Quirk, which was fully appreciated by the lovers of classic music in the audience. Mrs. Strickland sang "Barney O'Hea" with expression, and was encored, as was Mr. Reid in the "Monarch of the Woods." After this came Mr. Vinnicombe and the Orchestral Club again, followed by Mr. Caven with the "Green Immortal Shamrock," which drew forth thunders of applause, and an encore. Mr. Caven's right hand has not forgotten its cunning. "The Last Glimpse of Erin," another of Moore's, was sung by Mrs. Gaffney with much feeling. The last and perhaps the most entertaining of the performances of the evening was "Domestic Scenes," in which the Choir took part, led by Mr. Caven and Mrs. Gaffney. It was pathetic and amusing at the same time to hear Mr. Caven and the Choir deliberating in a flood of vocal melody as to whether "We Shall Mortgage the Farm" or not. There was never a hitch in the programme, which was carried out in its integrity, save in the one instance wherein Mrs. Blake's beautiful voice was not heard as announced, owing to the indisposition of that lady. Mr. Blanchard deserves credit for his management, a more difficult thing, by the way, as regards concerts than most people imagine. Miss Finlay accompanied the Orchestra on the piano, and did it well. Father Carroll thanked the audience in a few appropriate words at the close of the concert, "God Save the Queen" was sung, and all went home through a ripping snow storm.

The amount realized by the concert, after all bills were paid, is something over $300, a very handsome figure indeed. We may state here that Father Carroll is deeply thankful to each and every one who assisted in bringing about this result.

St. Patrick's Day in Summerside.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Summerside does not partake of the general holiday character which it wears in Charlottetown. This may be owing in a great part to so few of the residents of Summerside being of Irish birth, yet on Monday last the shamrock was everywhere to be seen on the streets, and all classes and creeds seemed to take pleasure in honoring the day. Low Mass was said at St. Paul's Church at 8 o'clock by Rev. Father Doyle, and in the evening a very pleasant entertainment was given in Ludlow Hall, under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The Summerside Brass Band was in attendance, and discoursed some very good music, which did much credit to the young men composing the band, and to its leader, Mr. A. A. McLennan. Mr. McLennan is also leader of the St. Paul's Choir, which sang several choruses in excellent tune, and with good expression. Mr. Leonard Morris's rendition of "The Box of Shamrocks" was so highly applauded that he had to respond to an encore, and sang "The Miller of the Dee." Mr. C. W. Strong then gave a humorous reading upon "Woman's Rights." Mr. A. A. McLennan followed with a Cornet Solo, "The Kerry Dance." He shows signs of careful study and practice, and has improved greatly, being now as much at home with the cornet as with the piano. Mr. Angus McSween then sang "The Rose of Erin," he is a favorite with Summerside audiences and is not unknown to Charlottetown fame. His appearance on the stage was the signal for prolonged applause, and he received an encore to which he responded with "Will ye no Come Back Again." Miss Katie Doyle played a very beautiful piano solo "Moonlight on the Hudson," with much brilliancy and effect. This was Miss Doyle's first appearance, and considering her extreme youth and her careful and conscientious rendering of her music, as well as the ease and composure with which she played the accompaniments of most of the singers, there is every reason to believe that in her Summerside will posses a pianist of no mean order. It is much to be regretted that the piano used was such an inferior instrument; it detracted very much from the several performances and accompaniments. "Prayer on the Pier," a solo by Mr. P. Gillis was very nicely rendered, and the choir sang the chorus with much feeling. Mr. Clarke followed with two comic songs, which brought down the house. "Am I Remembered in Erin" was sung by Miss Dempsey, who has a fine clear voice of much compass and expression, and well deserved an encore. Mrs. Gillis "Barney O'Hea" was perhaps the choicest *morceau* of the evening. Her voice is very true and sweet, and she entered into the spirit of the ballad which she rendered with an arch grace that is the natural heritage of an Irish woman. She received a rapturous encore, as did also Miss Wickham, who sang "Eileen's Message very sweetly; this young lady does not make the most of the very fine voice with which nature has endowed her. "The Irish Exile," a solo and chorus, was rendered by Mr. A. A. McLellan and the choir. Mr. McLellan's voice is pleasant to hear; it is naturally sweet and he manages it with discretion and taste. The comic was again represented by Mr. James Kenny in a song called "Fat Mickey," which appeared to be a great favorite with the boys. "Moonlight on the Lake" by the choir was the last piece on the programme; it was carefully sung in good tune and with excellent expression. The intellectual tastes of the audience were catered for by the President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Mr. Charles Murphy, who gave an address on the life and labors of St. Vincent de Paul, with some account of the good achieved by the Societies that bear his name and labor in his spirit, and by Mr. W. C. DesBrisay, 2nd Vice-President of the Benevolent Irish Society of Charlottetown. Mr. DesBrisay prefaced his remarks by saying that he was not going to give them an Irish reading, but was going to read them something about Ireland. His address was a clear and graphic account of how *might* had triumphed over *right* in the case of England and Ireland, and he told some plain truths in his rapid review of the wrongs that for centuries have been meted out to the "mere Irish." When dwelling on the readiness of England to subscribe to foreign charities, and go mad with sympathy for African savages and Indian braves, Mr. DesBrisay made a graceful allusion to the generous open-handedness of the Irish people who gave not only of their abundance but of their scarcity, and who, poor themselves, were always ready to share with those who were poorer still. An appropriate recitation from Moore closed this fine address, which threw a momentary solemnity over the hitherto merry audience. "God Save the Queen" by the choir, with Band accompaniment, brought to a close this most enjoyable entertainment, to which the only drawback was the bad behavior of the boys, who, if possible, are worse than those of Charlottetown. It must be very gratifying to Father Doyle to see the good feeling which reigns in Summerside among Catholics and Protestants—the result or proof of which is the list of names on his programme—representing the generosity and good will of our "separated brethren."

The Day in Mount Stewart.

At seven o'clock in the evening the street in this place presented a lively appearance, as hundreds of people might be seen wending their way to the hall, which, a little later was filled to overflowing, all patiently awaiting the hour as announced for the Concert to open. Mr. Horace McEwen presided. The programme, which was a carefully selected one, consisted of music—both vocal and instrumental—readings, recitations and dialogues. After a few introductory remarks by the President, the Rev. James McDonald, St. Andrew's, delivered a well-chosen address, which merited the applause it received. The violin music was rendered by such well-famed musicians as Ronald McDonald, Esq. (Garahelia), and Messrs. Ronald A., Allan C. and Ronald McDonald, Pisquid, and was all that could be desired. The songs, which were beautiful, were sung by Mr. Michael Koughan, Pisquid Road, the Messrs. and Misses McDonald, Cardigan, and Messrs. McDonald's (Garahelia), and Miss McKenna. The recitations and dialogues were well done, and reflects credit on those who took part in them; and from the frequent outbursts of applause which greeted the performers, it may be concluded that the audience were satisfied that they received a treat rare to be had on such occasions. The Concert was held under the auspices of the Debating Club and Literary Institute. Although the fee was small, a handsome sum was realized.

St. Patrick's Day at Sturgeon.

On St. Patrick's Day, at ten o'clock, a. m., a Solemn High Mass was celebrated in Sturgeon parish church by the Very Rev. Dr. McDonald, assisted by the Rev. William Phelan, of Montague and the Rev. Charles McDonald, of Georgetown, as deacon and sub-deacon. At the early Masses, as well as the ten o'clock Mass, a very large number received Holy Communion. The Altar was decorated in a simple but tasteful manner. The choir, under the able leadership of young Mr. Keeffe, performed their part with much credit. The congregation was unusually large, filling the humble but sacred edifice to its utmost capacity. After the Communion the Rev. William Phelan preached a very impressive sermon to his old parishioners. Father Phelan had attended Sturgeon parish some years ago; and in the course of his address he took occasion to express the great pleasure it afforded him to find them so regular and punctual in attending to their religious duties; the generous efforts they were making to realize funds for the erection of their new church; the evident progress they were making in their system of farming and other temporal mat