

ronomer and astrologer, so unfortunate, that his r would let him know s.

divert him from these abodings, and get him to his sweet wife, and his me in Hampshire, where his guest for a time or his marriage. Ever Oxford days, when we students of Magdalen, n like brothers, and al- separable as Orestes and old. So he talked quite ly to me about his dor, and said that as soon s law-suit with a Pro- ghor was ended, as he would be before long, favor, he meant to leave d reside on his own es- he hoped to live and far from all political d troubles. The fines for ce at the Protestant ould be heavy, but he d meet them. Then he rsuade me to settle in with him, and give my- life of study, for he did should ever make much e of the knowledge of had acquired at Padua, the professorship of La- nek poetry at Oxford or the latest object of my I might as well re- idea of that, at once, s very certain that no ad the slightest chance y any such post.

g on these and similar eached the time-honored he clear moonlight, shin- on the windows, brought every point of their deli- y, and lit up every pin- sp, and structure. As ward to the river, I ro "Suppose the old mon- rest here in their stone the pious abbots and in the silent cloisters angel's last trump, could our graves, what would the lamentable changes ., and the offspring of made in this and other of our land!"

monarchs would acknow- in some respects their wn the seed which now fatal fruit, and the old d exhort us to stand faith, and by prayer and ke God's mercy upon " was Tichbourne's re- he added in a changed walked slowly onward of Temple Bar, Windsor, call me a riar preacher if you will, say every day I like our gton less and less. I t to acknowledge that r is utterly different to e is prompt and daring, mery, and withal a ic, ready to sacrifice r his convictions; but is frivolity and love of an excess. Others of us as bad as he. For the a project, such as we hand, a leader of quite mp is needed, and our s ought not to be held hand! Really I almost pledged myself to l. Upon my word, I back now, if it were not nature of a Tichbourne

You know him better Edward; pray warn him, im also, for I am sorely te his denial, that he olhardy designs in view, shall gradually get en- u saw how he drew in hen we declared so posi- we would have nothing the crime he hinted at. d not be in the least so rash as he is, he o far, and get involved rehensible transactions. on your guard both for ours; for we have his designs to an ex- ould render us amen- aw, even if we took no

no gainsaying Tich- ds, and accordingly I do my utmost to avert he dreaded. I felt on my part to be all ob- sary, since I had ob- d of late Babington had vice in the persons he ith. One old soldier in who had served in the under Parma, in whose was frequently to be ter-looking individual, with suspicion and

me we had reached the Temple Bar, whence London Bridge in the hear the rush of the g swiftly under its made a small detour to the heads of the unfor- s who had been ex- sive sight, he said he be continued.)

The True Witness

Vol. LI., No. 37

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1902.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

1902

ELSEWHERE we dedicate a special space to the all-ab- sorbing subject of the lamented death of Rev. Father Quinlivan; consequently, in detailing the events that marked the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Montreal, this year we need but mention the fact that all the "eclat" that had been proposed by the various national societies, and all outdoor display that had been so elaborately prepared, gave place to a quiet attendance at the religious ceremonies, as a mark of respect and a sign of mourning in presence of the great blow that has fallen upon the whole community. What a solemn and glorious tribute to the memory of the departed!

While, then, the celebration of Monday was not as elaborate as was intended, still it was by no means lacking in enthusiasm and patriotic fervor. There is a feeling abroad to-day, amongst all Irishmen, and one that is justified by the events of the past couple of years, and especially of past few months, that the prospects of Ireland's cause are better than they have been for a long period back, and that the Home Rule outlook is decidedly encouraging.

It is not the mere language of patriotism, suggested by the occasion, that we make use of this year. We have always made it a rule, while never checking the natural flow of our enthusiasm on St. Patrick's Day, to always keep within the bounds of the real, the actual, the practicable. We have a greater dread of any over-excitement that might be the result of a passing fervor than we have of the apathy which, though frequently marked, is generally apparent. The fact is that no day in the year should lead us, more than St. Patrick's Day, to serious reflection and calm calculation in regard to the affairs and interests of the Old Land.

This year we were pleased to note the religious seriousness that marked all the ceremonies of attending the usual High Mass. It is a graceful and kindly, as well as a sympathetic and thoughtful act of our beloved Archbishop to preside on that day, a compliment which Father Martin, previous to the sermon, most appropriately acknowledged on behalf of the faithful.

His Grace was attended by Rev. Father Leclair, S.S., Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, Mgr. Racicot, V.-G., celebrated High Mass, and Rev. E. Kean and Rev. T. Cunningham acted as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Master of ceremonies, Rev. P. Doherty; acolytes, Rev. P. Casey and Rev. T. Duval; thurifer, Rev. E. D. Hickey; Cross-bearer, Rev. J. Crowley; candle-bearer, Rev. J. J. Roberts; mitre-bearers, Rev. P. Silk and Rev. T. Tiernan; book-bearer, Rev. D. Cotter.

Among the clergy present in the sanctuary were noticed: Rev. Martin Callaghan, S.S., acting pastor St. Patrick's; Rev. P. McGrath, S.S., Rev. Gerald McShane, S.S., Rev. Father Ouselette, S.S., Rev. Father Casey, St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Caron, C.S.S.R., rector; Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's parish; Rev. W. O'Meara, P.P., Rev. Father McDonald, St. Gabriel's parish; Rev. R. E. Callahan, Rev. P. Heffernan, St. Mary's parish; Rev. John E. Donnelly, P.P., Rev. T. Heffernan, Rev. M. L. Shea, St. Anthony's parish; Rev. Father Casey, St. Jean Baptiste parish; Rev. Father St. John, S.S.; Rev. James Loneragan, Rev. Father Reilly, Hotel Dieu; Rev. Father Labrosse, Rev. Father Bastien, S.S., Rev. Fa-



IRELAND'S PATRON SAINT.

ther Siro, S.S., Rev. Father Forbes, Rev. Father Fournet, S.S., Rev. Father Lelandais, Rev. Father Mercier, Rev. Fathers Robert and Mark, Passionist Order; Rev. Father Perron, Rev. Father Beaubien, Rev. Father Cullinan, Rev. Father Doyle, S.J., Rev. Father Geoffrin, Rev. Father Kirby, Rev. D. McDermott, Rev. D. Devine, Rev. T. O'Meara, Rev. W. Callahan, Rev. T. Ryan, Rev. R. Hawkes, Rev. J. Penders, Rev. J. Purcell, Rev. W. Kavanaugh.

The sermon was, this year, a rare piece of pulpit oratory, and a unique and long-to-be-remembered eulogium of the immortal Apostle of Erin. Rev. Father Roberts, of the Passionist Order, certainly did full justice to his magnificent subject, as will be seen by the report of the sermon which we give.

THE MUSICAL PORTION of the service was worthy of our own Professor Fowler, and of St. Patrick's splendid choir. Mr. George Carpenter wielded the baton. Rossi's magnificent Mass was sung, the soloists being: Messrs. G. A. Carpenter, W. Costigan, F. Cahill, F. Warren, D. McAndrew, and J. J. Rowan.

As to the evening celebrations we trust that our reports will prove full and satisfactory to all. There was a feeling of deep pleasure experienced in the fact that the press of our city, both French and English—especially the former—struck notes that harmonized entirely with the sentiments of the Irish people on that grand occasion. Although it had been intended that Monday's display would surpass anything of the kind for long years back, still the special seal of intense sorrow which was set upon it, will serve to render it memorable, for years to come, in the minds of all who participated in it.

When we look abroad over the Atlantic we feel an inspiration of great encouragement waited to us from the Holy Isle, where the representatives of the people are so solidly banded together in a union that has all the semblance and promise of being permanent. We can detect through the constantly shifting clouds that hang still upon the horizon, the shooting shafts of light from the sunburst of liberty; and we feel the more confident in the national glory of the race because we recognize how deeply, and how strongly the roots of the olden sun, the king of day, and God had mercy on her on these grounds, and sent her the Faith through St. Patrick blessed.

With these sentiments—of Faith and of Love—faith in the religious perseverance of our race, and love for the land of our ancestors, we

turn to the regular account of all that transpired in Montreal on the feast of St. Patrick, 1902.

THE SERMON.

Father Robert, C.S.P., preached an eloquent panegyric of the saint. He spoke as follows: The annual recurrence of this memorable day presents each year more vividly to our minds the great and lasting work of the great Apostle whose feast we are to-day celebrating. Every year tells us more and more of the great missionary, and adds new lustre to the glory in which he is enshrined. The occasion leads us naturally to think of that dear old isle of the sea where religion and nationality are both so intertwined that it is very difficult to separate them; to think of a land that is as great in suffering as she has been glorious in triumph. Illustrious she has ever been. But read the history of nations, and you will find that the greatest glory, in ancient, medieval, and modern times, comes from St. Patrick and his grand work.

Nearly fifteen hundred years have elapsed since St. Patrick went on his sacred mission to Ireland. The people there were well fitted to receive the Gospel. The Irish are one of the most ancient races in the world—a fact of which they may well feel proud. Long before the Christian era, before the Romans conquered the Britons, a branch of the great Phoenician family found its way to the West; then came the Milesians, who were far advanced in civilization; and these, mingled, became the grand old Celtic or Keltic race. It was then that philosophy flourished amongst them. Their code of laws would have done honor to either ancient Rome or classical Greece. The Irish, indeed, were well known to Greek scholars. It was the enchanted isle of Calypso, the isle of paradise, of which one of the Greek poets dreamed. His fancy, however, was not altogether a dream. Ireland was rich, beautiful, and fair. But her charming groves were never desecrated by the worship of Venus; her fair valleys were never disgraced by the orgies of the worship of Bacchus; her ancient hill-tops were never stained by the blood-drinking rites of the monarch of Syria. Thank God! there was never any devil-worship of human sacrifices offered up to Pagan deities in Ireland.

True, the Irish people knew not the true God. But their religion was a poetical religion. Her priests were poets. She worshipped the rising sun, the king of day, and God had mercy on her on these grounds, and sent her the Faith through St. Patrick. The land of his birth is obscured in doubt, but he was most probably born in France; and this perhaps accounts for the remark-

able sympathy and love that have always existed between Ireland and France. Wherever St. Patrick was born it was in Ireland that he passed a portion of his youth, and spent the whole strength of his manhood, and it was upon its shamrock-decked soil that he lay down in the sweet sleep of death. Ireland, too, has the honor to guard his remains at Armagh.

St. Patrick, as you know, was in his youth taken captive by pirates and brought to Ireland. The man for whom he worked—he was appointed a shepherd—was a whole-souled Irishman, of instructed mind, and he gave Patrick every opportunity of improving his intellect. Patrick loved the generous and good-hearted Irish people; he learned their language and their customs; and, being a Christian and a Catholic himself, he often, as he watched his flock on the star-lit hill-sides during the night, prayed and yearned that the light of the true Faith might be sent to this pagan but pure-living people; that a knowledge of God and the Blessed Virgin might be spread amongst them.

Afterwards, when he left Ireland, visions of its people followed him, and voices calling upon him to go back to them sounded in his ear. He made up his mind to obey the summons. He prepared himself for the priesthood. He was ordained. He went to the centre of religious authority to which his people are more devoted than ever to-day—the Pope. He spoke to Pope Celestine about the mission he would like to undertake. The Pope heartily approved of it. He consecrated St. Patrick a bishop, gave him his blessing, and sent him forth to carry the Gospel to the far-off island of the West. St. Patrick landed in Ireland, where he made several converts, but he was not satisfied with this. He knew well the Irish people, and he was determined to convert them, if he could. He knew that they were a bright people and were open to reason and argument and conviction. He knew about the great periodical gathering, on Tara's height, of the king, the princes, the chieftains, the druids and the bards, who would assemble to greet the rising sun. Ah! if he could only obtain a hearing; if he could only secure an opportunity to preach the Gospel to that enlightened assembly, he would succeed in his life-mission. He travelled to Tara, dressed in his episcopal robes, crozier in hand. It was night when he arrived, and pitched his tent at the foot of the hill of Tara. Perhaps he did not know that, according to law, all fires were extinguished that night till the Sun should rise in the morning, and the King should himself kindle the fire that was to light the other fires. Perhaps he did it designedly. However this may be, he lit a fire. It was at once noticed, and the King sent messengers to him to demand the reason for this breach of the law. St. Patrick replied, that he was a stranger, and did not know the laws thoroughly, and he sent the King a message, saying that he had come to Ireland to light a fire that would never be extinguished—the fire of truth. The King replied: "Let the man who brings us the truth come before us to-morrow."

St. Patrick prayed all night, and next morning mounted the hill and, with the bright rays of the sun beaming on his vestments, he addressed that great assembly of the King, the princes, the chieftains, the druid priest and the bards, with snow-white locks, flowing beards and golden harps. He preached to them. He picked up a shamrock to



REV. FATHER ROBERT, PREACHER OF THE DAY.

illustrate the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity. He spoke of the truths of Christianity, of their worship of the rising sun, of the Faith whose light would never fade, whose sun would never set, of the Holy Redeemer and His Blessed Mother. When he was finished the arch-minstrel, who was next in authority to the King himself, swept the strings of his golden harp with his fingers, and thus addressed the King: "Hear me, O great King of all Ireland! Hear me, ye bards and druids, ye chieftains and maidens! I swear that this man speaks the truth; and from henceforth this harp shall sing the praises of Patrick and of Patrick's God." Up rose the King and the chieftains who surrounded him, and they declared themselves Christians. What a glorious sight! Never before, in the history of the conversion of any other nation, has there been such a spectacle. The intellect, the heart, the chivalry of Ireland were all converted at once. St. Patrick at once began the work of baptizing them. The Druids became priests; the bards became missionaries; the maidens became nuns.

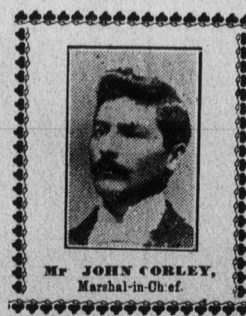
History tells us that a few years after this glorious scene at Tara the whole country was dotted with churches, monasteries, convents and schools. Sixty years passed, and not a drop of martyr's blood was shed. No other apostle had such a peaceful record. Sixty years passed, and St. Patrick, who was then about ninety years of age, once more ascended the hill of Tara. Gazing around him he said: "I have come to a land that was entirely pagan, and is now entirely Christian. May God grant that its Christianity shall ever remain! And after blessing dear old Ireland, and saying his "Nunc dimittis," he lay down to his eternal rest. His work was finished, so far as he was concerned; but his work will go on for ever.

Ireland soon became the island of saints and doctors. Her learned institutions attracted students from all parts of Europe. The country was peaceful and happy; yet, even then her sons had the same spirit that they have to-day the spirit which urges them to go to strange land and spread the Gospel there. How honest, how good, how virtuous a people they were was illustrated in the beautiful poem "Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

But dark days were in store for her. The Dane, who had conquered England, and France, and Spain, invaded her. But the Dane never conquered her. The sight of the Dane's pagan god Odin on the sacred soil of Ireland made the blood of Irishmen boil; and the great King Brian Boru, at the battle of Clontarf with a cross in one hand and a sword in the other, called upon his men either to drive the Danes into the sea or to spill their own blood in defence of the religion of St. Patrick. The Danes were defeated; most of them were driven into the sea. The Irish people resumed their work of evangelization; and history is making it clearer, as the years go by, that long before Columbus set foot on the Western world, the hard and

zealous monk from Clare, St. Brendan, in his frail boat, had reached America. Then came the Norman invasion, but still the Normans were Catholics. Ireland fought them long and desperately, but was, unfortunately, beaten. Three hundred years later King Henry VIII., who had changed his religion—you all know why—tried to foist upon the Irish a religion which was not that of St. Patrick. It was a period the blackest, the bloodiest, the most cruel. Though poor, the Irish fought with all their might for their Faith. What base ingratitude on the part of the England! Ireland had brought the faith, and learning and civilization, to England; and in return England massacred Irishmen and Irishwomen, Irish priests and Irish bishops, and Irish teachers. They burned their churches, their schools, their books. Penal laws, worthy of the statute book of hell itself, were passed. What a long line of martyrs Ireland furnished in that terrible period. Yet she triumphs and within the last half century the Established Protestant Church was put out of the land. That was the result of her attachment to the faith of St. Patrick, her virtue, and her bright intellect.

It may be that all this was good for Ireland; that Providence has made Ireland suffer, only to make her all the happier in the future. Her sons have spread the faith all over America, from the blue Atlantic to where the Pacific laves the golden shores of California; in Canada, in Australia, and elsewhere. In those countries we see the same fervent faith, female virtue, love of priests, loyalty to the Pope, that we see in Ireland. No matter what may be the nationality of the bishops appointed over them, they are loyal and obedient to him; for they have the faith of Peter and the faith of Patrick. Ireland has been suffering nearly a thousand years, but so long as she remains true to the faith of St. Patrick so long will her spirit of nationality burn brightly; and I believe that the glorious day of her national resurrection is close at hand.



The Marshal-in-Chief for 1902—Mr. John Corley, of Division No. 1, A.O.H.—was selected at the last public meeting over which the late lamented Father Quinlivan presided. His duties were confined to the Church where he superintended the work of allotting seats to the officers of the various societies.