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ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

THE RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT ST. PATRICK'S.

SERMON BY REV. FATHER M. T. RILEY.

PROCESSION BY THE IRISH CATHOLIC UNION.

The celebration of the thirteen hundred and eighty-fifth anniversary of the death of Ireland's Patron Saint and Apostle took place yesterday, and was celebrated with none the less heartiness on account of the decision of the various Patriotic and Benevolent Societies to forego their annual procession as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Pontiff. Service peculiar to the day were celebrated in all the Roman Catholic Churches of the city, and at St. Patrick's with all the solemn grandeur with which it has been wont there to celebrate the Day. The Church was appropriately decorated. Over the central aisle was suspended a huge banner composed of green silk, on the one side illuminated with gold and containing a coloured portrait of the late Pontiff, and on the other side, which is composed of white silk embroidered with gold, the Irish castle and stag, with the motto "Ireland for the Irish." From each pillar of the Church depended gracefully two silk banners, one green and the other white; the latter bearing the "crossed keys." Above these banners were shields containing the following mottoes: "Erin go Bragh; Ireland for ever." "Our Religion; Our Institution; Our Rights." "Temperance; Benevolence." "To be United, is to be Strong." "There is Rome; there is the Church." "Go ye therefore,—teach all nations." A special altar was erected to St. Joseph on the east side of the chancel, adorned with lilies and illuminated with coloured lights; on the west side was an altar to St. Patrick surmounted with a statue of that Saint in the act of benediction, and clothed as a Bishop. This altar was chastely decorated, and had on either side a large cross and harp in green and gold. All the decorations bore emblems of mourning in sympathy with the loss of the Roman Catholic Church at large has recently sustained. At Grand Mass the vast edifice was filled by the faithful to its utmost capacity, for some time prior to the commencement of the service. Punctually at 11 o'clock the clergy entered and took their seats in the chancel, the organ playing a selection of Irish melodies, commencing with St. Patrick's Day." Bishop Fabre officiated, assisted by Rev. Cannon's H. Moreau, V.G.; T. Plamondon, Prim.; M. Mongeau, Archdeacon; and Rev. Father P. Dowd, P.P. Among the other clergy present, were Rev. Father Leclair and Rev. Father M. T. Riley, assistant priests, St. Patrick's Church; Rev. Father's Callaghan, Hogan, and Lonergan. The Mass selected for the occasion, was Hayden's 16th, which was performed by a choir composed of 60 voices with organ accompaniment, and full string orchestra of 15 instruments. The solos were Miss McNulty, soprano; Miss Fallon, alto; Mr. T. O'Brien, tenor; Mr. James Shea, bass. Mr. Joseph Andrew Fowler, the organist of the church, acted in that capacity, and as director. The Mass, as a musical performance, was faultless, and was listened to with the deepest attention and delight by strangers from a distance, who attended the church for the first time as also the regular worshippers at the church.—*Herald.*

THE SERMON.

was preached by the Rev. Father Michael T. Riley, of St. Patrick's Church, who selected for text, "John xv-16." "I have chosen you, that you should go forth, and should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

My LORD AND DEAR BRETHREN:—Each recurring year the grateful Irish of Montreal assemble in the sacred edifice on St. Patrick's Day to give public thanks to God for the national boon of faith so eminently prized by them. On this day Mother Erin tearfully addresses herself to her children dispersed throughout the known world: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my children." With loving readiness their Irish heart responds with sympathy and overflows with warm feelings of affection for the country of his birth or that of his parents. In the sad affliction of beholding their mother bowed to death and in tears, her children recur to religion to express the pent-up sentiments of their hearts. The sanctuary is the exponent of her griefs and of her joy. Within its sacred precincts are emblazoned the "Green Immortal Shamrock," "Old Erin's Native Shamrock," with which our faith seems almost inseparably connected. To-day all else is laid aside. The one thought is Ireland. Here, upon the banks of the St. Lawrence; amid the wilds of the far West; under the burning sun of India the poor exile from a foreign shore fondly looks to that "Isle of Saints, the first gem of the sea." While he sacredly plucks the Shamrock from a foreign soil, he cuts many a flower from the garden of memory, and with it many a thorn. The land of the Shamrock will not, taken her place among the nations of the earth, yet she has a historical record that cannot be surpassed in glory, a past that will ever live. This past has made the theme of many, more worthy and better qualified to treat it than I, yet, can any here palisating with Irish blood be so flinty as not to throb with joy on St. Patrick's Day? Can any Catholic be so dead to the claims of Ireland's unmartyred Apostle as not to rejoice and be glad on this day, which commemorates his labours and his rewards? This is a religious, a holy joy, a joy that must find vent. In the temple of his religion have we this day assembled to express our joy, to renew the fire of our heart-love for fatherland. To this end let us dwell upon the vocation, mission and work of St. Patrick, and upon the permanent fruits of his preaching. The trite question of the birth-place of St. Patrick has been often and often treated, and the mouldy dust-covered volumes of ancient monasteries have been so frequently called into requisition, to determine this favoured spot, that I can but examine the different arguments and draw my own conclusion. Let us give to beautiful France this honour: Our Saint was born of Calphurnius and Concessa, the niece of St. Martin of Tours, probably in

the year 372. At the age of sixteen he was taken captive and brought to Ireland, sold as a slave and by his master appointed to tend his sheep. The humble slave is here to qualify himself for his future career. His captivity is his novitiate where he is to train himself to hardship, to learn the language and study the customs of the people whom he is afterwards to evangelize. "God is wonderful in His works. In a vision he is warned of his liberation, and amid cold, hunger, harassing fatigue, after many days of tedious and interrupted travel he is restored to the fond embrace of his parents." He is now prepared to be chosen and to go forth. In another vision the voice of the Irish calls upon the holy youth to come and walk among them. Resistance to this voice would be resistance to God, and yet go without being sent he could not. The mission to preach in order to bring forth fruit should come from the authority constituted by Christ in his Church. He at once sets about preparing himself more immediately for the sacred duty. Fasting, prayer, deep study are among his exercises. Besides he uses means to thoroughly imbue himself with the purity and regular discipline of Monastic life. Auxerre and Linn were the schools in which he perfected himself in all the virtues that distinguish the good pastor. At length he presents himself before the successor of Peter, Celestine and armed with the commission of Rome, the mother of churches set out in 432 for Ireland. Other missionaries had preceded him thither; but the hatred of princes, want of knowledge of the language, and other untoward circumstances, compelled them to leave the country; and to St. Patrick was the glorious privilege reserved to conquer this choice portion of God's people and bend their sturdy will to the sweet yoke of the Gospel. Before examining his work let us take a cursory glance at the materials upon which he had to operate. God often sends human means to compass his ends; by many and various inspirations the faith he moulds the earth to receive the faith, proportioning these graces to our words and to our co-operation. We have reason to be proud of Ireland's condition even under paganism when we compare it to other pagan lands. Previous to the full sun of Christianity illumina-ting the distant isle, the borrowed light of the natural law shone with comparative brilliancy. The Irish were essentially a religious people; they, following that light which enlightened every man that cometh into this world, were led to believe in not only a supreme wise being, but in one that was essentially holy. Polytheism was indeed their idea of the Divinity, but never did they descend to such depths of degradation as to deify wood and stone, and still less were they ever so besotted as to pay Divine honour to their very vices, as other nations had done. As St. Paul says, "They did by nature those things that are of the law, these not having the law were a law to themselves." (Rom. ii. 14) Among what people were the priests—those that offered sacrifice, the essential act of religion—more respected than were the Druids and priests among the Irish or Scotch? Religion was so innate in their hearts that it permeated all their relations, but which, devoid of the guiding light of true faith, engendered superstition. Many of their actions morally good did not merit supernatural recompense, yet they prepared their hearts kept them free from those vices that seal the eyes of the soul to the rays of God's grace. To their religious rites and observances they adhered most tenaciously; their nationality and their religion were almost inseparably wedded together; an enemy of the one was the enemy of the other, and with equally jealous eye did they guard both. We can then judge of their unflinching attachment to Druidism when we reflect upon their warlike nature. Even from the most remote period of her known history did Ireland scorn the encroaching steps of the invader, and adopt every military precaution to prevent his even landing upon their island. The argument of the pike long exercised a salutary influence upon intruders. Such then are the hearts that their former captive seeks to conquer, valiant hearts, jealously religious and patriotic. Patrick with his companions lands and sets about the work of his Master. Miracles seal his apostolic preaching and conversions follow. But "to hear the lion in his very den," he must strike at the very heart of the nation assembled, that the arteries may circulate the good tidings to every part of the island. The occasion of the annual meeting of the Kings, Chieftains, Druids and Priests at Tara, the residence of the Kings, is a fitting one for his purpose. Thither came the representatives of the civil and religious polity of the Provinces, and thither also came Patrick. The usual bonfire is lighted, and, either through ignorance of the law, or perhaps, the more effectually to procure an interview, Patrick kindles his, a happy forerunner of the flame of love for the true God that he is to kindle in their hearts. Summoned before the assembled kings and Druids, he fearlessly shows himself the apostle. Nature yields her tribute to her author, Ireland's soil waits its aroma to Heaven, the dear little shamrock serves to aid belief in the Trinity. The good fight was begun, the conquering hero marches onward planting the standard of "the crucified" upon the ruins of Druidism. Priests are ordained, and bishops consecrated, to further the good work. Cathedrals, monasteries, schools, began to stud the whole island, and at the death of St. Patrick, in 493, Ireland was mostly Christian. He had run the race, he had fought the good fight, he had planted the faith, he had brought forth good fruit. Has this fruit remained? This we shall now see. The brightest jewel in the crown of the electors over Paganism was Faith, that brilliant gem that has since shed its lustre over the whole globe. For where is the country that has not an Irishman within its bounds? Providence has at least so permitted that by the emigration, voluntary or compulsory, of the Irish, the seed of Faith should be disseminated and take root everywhere. Their forefathers scrupulously adhered to their religion, succeeding generations have tenaciously clung to the faith when despoiled of all else. Witness as an instance, the notorious irreligious movement of the 16th century; one thousand years before Patrick's preaching, Germany, England and Scotland had all sickened under the poisonous breath of the reform, which now emanating from an adulterous King, seemed about to sully Ireland's virgin soil. This is too much to suffer;

they raise a oft the standard of faith, served to do or die. The phalanx of pure Irish hearts will brave the storm—these are impregnable to the shafts of vice. Henry's divorce from Catharine led to his divorcing England from the Catholic Church, and at the instigation of the crafty Cromwell was steeped this seed of damnation and destruction in the blood of Moore and Fisher. Ireland became an object of charitable solicitude for the cunning master of Henry, and the "saint and soldier" induced the King to shed the light of the reformation upon the benighted country. Certainly no country needed reform so sadly as did Ireland; she held steadfast to the antiquated faith of St. Patrick; she acknowledged as head of the Church the same Clement VII., that refused to put asunder what God had joined together—that preferred right to might, truth to error, virtue to vice, matrimonial unity to polygamy and impurity, female innocence and dignity to overbearing male tyranny and oppression. Thence to the time to rescue this beautiful island from the thraldom of Rome, to induce it to accept the boon of Henry's supremacy. True! one, and but one (thanks to God and the prayers of St. Patrick), was found among the bishops base enough to disgrace his Episcopal character, to sell his birth-right, to become a recreant traitor. The glorious primatial See of Armagh sends her Archbishop Cromer at the head of the clergy to stem the heading curse of the sacrilegious usurpers. The laity rally under the leadership of Fitzgerald and O'Neill to maintain their rights against the minions of Henry, whose reign, it is said, would serve as an original if the portrait of tyranny were lost. Hard upon repeated defeats follows confiscation, high-handed robbery, hewing down of the crucifix, defacing the monuments of the dead, still the voice of the noble clergy bade the people keep intact their faith, which might be slandered and persecuted, but not destroyed by others. In a word, the English Government of that time employed force and violence to induce the Irish clergy and people to accept the various phases of the Reformation; and from first to last the Irish clergy and people in a body resisted and finally triumphed in their determined opposition. Victory perching upon the standard of the cross, bid defiance to the enemies of the shamrock. Think not that this staunch adherence of the faith came from a stiff-necked stubbornness in the character of the Irish, might break but would not bend. Than the Irish no nation possesses a gentler or more generous nature. The finger of God was here, and seemed to have blessed the island as the nursery of the faith, that choice seed might thence be wafted over the earth to germinate into the vigorous, wide-spreading tree beneath which the world now nestled. Blessed be God for its fruition. Adversity had strengthened, prosperity did not weaken their faith; the plant prospered in a genial and grateful soil. Comparisons are odious, yet history's luminous pages are but the reflex of our thoughts when they prove to us that Ireland was never craven. As well when science planted her beacon lights upon Armagh, Bangor, Clontarf and Lismore, as when the hedge school and subterranean cloister noisefully gave forth their treasures, the lamp of faith was kept constantly trimmed and replenished. As the vestal fire, this was never allowed to die. The violent storms of antagonism, or the gentle zephyrus of encouragement equally fanned its flame, brightening as they fanned. In sorrow the faith was cradled, and in joy it waxed strong, and in sorrow again still stronger. War and peace solidified its foundations, friendship and hatred gave it vitality. Sully not its virgin robe, violate it not, within the sacred precincts of the heart it seems to slumber or to die. Oh! it still lives, and lives an earnest, an active life, it is enthroned within an impregnable fortress. Iron may batter, swords may gleam, scaffolds grimly smile, death embrace, but faith triumphs even in the grave; no tyrant or bigot has ever yet dug grave deep enough to confine it. When the grave shall yield its dead—when the world shall stand a culprit before the Judgment Seat of God, what charge will be justly urged against it for nations have their sins as well as individuals? What the plea for condemnation? What for acquittal? Is it that the keels of their merchantmen have furrowed the waves of all the seas?—that they glided victoriously over the waters of the earth?—that they have produced a galaxy of patriots—starry names that glisten in the firmament of the world's history?—that they sway the destinies of millions?—that under their guidance Liberty had built her grandest temples, erected her holiest altars, dispensed her richest blessings, enacted her wisest law, established her freest institutions and achieved her highest triumphs? Other nations may offer these or such like pleas; but there is one nation, one race, one people, that will unfold no tale of saintly glory, claim no crowning power, swaying modifying, guiding the destinies of an unwilling world; no mighty armies dictating laws to enslaved peoples; no mighty fleets sweeping the seas and dictating laws to the nations to the ends of the earth. These were advantages in time—but time was—time shall be no more—eternity has dawned, to set—never! This one race, this one nation will then look down the ages and see glistening at every step of its history the pearl that will purchase reward. The apostle St. Paul, after his long and useful career, offered but one title to God's inheritance: "I have kept the faith." That race will be the Irish—the Irish that nation; that people the children of the apostle St. Patrick; that they have kept the faith. Under the special providence of God, that which drew down upon them the blessing of perseverance in the faith, was the purity of Erin's sons and daughters; this beautiful lily ever opened its delicate petals to be kissed by heaven's dew, to exhale its sweet fragrance around and about ascending as in cense to the Virgin Saviour. In the sunshine of God's grace the true virtues of faith and purity, planted in the Irish heart, thrived and blossomed their brightest, giving and receiving mutual nourishment. Hence, Ireland has never given birth to a heresiarch, though she has cradled thousands of virgins. Wherever heresy has grown up we can generally trace its root, primarily not to the mind of the heresiarch refusing to yield the submission of his intellect, but to the bad heart already corrupted by lust. Unnecessary, is it here, to substantiate this assertion by proofs. To remain an obedient child of Mother Church would place too great

a curb upon his unbridled passions, and hence he endeavours to bespatter her stainless robe, to defile it beneath his feet, lest it should haunt his dreams of sinful pleasure. Lust is the gangrene of faith, and, alas! too often has it undermined in individuals this foundation of the other virtues. Ireland's purity has nursed her faith, and, both inseparable, have ever hovered over the Island, attracting the smiles of the Almighty, warding off the pestilential breath of heresy and schism. The keystone of that grand arch that girds Ireland and the Irish has been an unswerving fidelity to the head of the Church. Where Peter is there is the Church. The clear fountain of faith is here unattainted by poisoned breath; the soul of the virgin bride is here without spot or blemish. From this source of unity should drink and drink copiously all that desire to be united with the Church, with Christ, with God. The Irish Church intuitively realized this necessity. What would avail her fidelity or her morality unless fostered and regenerated by the mother of churches, ancient but ever fresh, old but unwrinkled? In those days that tried men's souls, when her temples were desecrated, her altars razed, her sanctuaries polluted, her monasteries pillaged, her convents sacked, her bishops and priests tracked and hunted down like wild beasts—when the holy sacrifice and to be steadily offered with the broad canopy of heaven as the only shelter, or perhaps, under the shadow of a protecting cliff, the winds chiming the music so sweet to the ear of God, the grateful love of a people faithful in affliction—when the sorrowful joy depicted upon their faces well spoke the mingled thoughts that rushed upon the mind too warm an fact to find expression, in that state in which language ceases to have a function—when education became a crime, and the schoolmaster for the first offence was banished, and for the second hung as a felon; in those days, I say, a comforter was needed. Let us draw the veil of forgiveness over this infamous Penal Code, the more difficult the effort, the more meritorious the act. Edmund Burke, not a Catholic, speaking of this code, says it was "a machine . . . as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." Rome was not then deaf to the wail of the almost orphaned nation. By various privileges and relaxations of discipline she helped Ireland to keep alive the fire of faith. Within the recollection of many of you, a sad page, containing volumes of harrowing details, has been added to the history of the dear land. The year 1847 is written in letters of blood upon the records of eternity—let us leave its painful recital of the Eternal. The anguish of his Irish children in those sad days found a responsive echo in the heart of the father of Christendom. Rome provided for Ireland in the fifth century and in the sixteenth, and has not been forgetful of her in the nineteenth. Nor is grateful Ireland slow to testify her appreciation of Rome's solicitude. Whence the gloom that to-day enshrouds our annual rejoicing? Whence the sorrow that haunts us on our festive day? The grave has closed upon him we loved, death has severed from us the great, the saintly Pius IX. The father is dead, a whole people is in grief. What more appropriate, what more convincing proof is needed of your loyalty to the Chair of Peter, of your filial attachment to the person of our late Holy Father, than the action of the various Catholic societies on this day. Sacrifice in the test of love. The mother soil is bedewed with tears, faithful to your origin you also sympathize? Rome's loss is Ireland's loss—in weal and woe Erin has ever turned to the Papacy. True this union was sometimes impelled. Divisions upon points of discipline dropped out at various times from the differences in disposition, and especially from differences of nationality among her hierarchy, and they even, sometimes, became bitter, fostered by the civil power which sought to tamper with ecclesiastical appointments. Yet perfect unity was again restored, and side by side with the Norman fell the Celt or Milesian, sealing with their common blood their common faith. The heart of the Western Isle should throb in unison with that of the whole Christian world, or as Tesco sings, "The concert of Christendom was completed by the Irish harp." Rome's watchful, paternal eye has ever been upon Ireland from Celestine to Pius IX. and Erin's filial love for Rome's Ruler has been sealed by Irish blood upon Ancona's crimsoned field, and by the Irish heart of O'Connell at Rome. Each succeeding age has riveted this union the more closely Ireland's faith and her allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff, cementing and becoming more and more inseparable the more violent the persecutions of his enemies. To-day thousands of her bravest sons but yearn to dash from his place the son of the robber-king, and expose him to the world as an example of God's dire vengeance. Did that loving Father but consent to such a proof of filial love, Irish hearts would now, as before, offer themselves as holocausts upon the Altar of Justice, to purchase by their own blood the spoiler's downfall. Such has not been asked, such may not be accepted—a just God will in his own good time come to the rescue of the successor of his aged and saintly vicar. The well timed protests of the past will then become the grateful psalms of a whole world. Especially will the children of St. Patrick hail that day with unalloyed joy, and it is this hope alone that tempered the bitterness of the chalice that our Holy Father seemed drinking to the dregs. These then are the reasons we assign for the permanence of the fruit brought forth by St. Patrick. Ignorance—crime—bigotry are pat-words in the mouth of some who are supremely ignorant even of the geographical position of the country when they speak of Ireland. The pen of the historian portrays, but monuments speak the history of peoples. The ivy-crowned ruins, the sacred relics of massive abbeys, whose halls, once resounded with the echoes of science in its zenith; whose grand corridors felt the tread of Europe's wisdom, whose towering spires heralded forth the nursery of learning, whose every stone seems even to-day breathing the hallowed breath of Ireland's scholars. Ignorance, forsooth! Their minds have been nursed upon the poison they imbibed from sensational novelists, or hired agents of Ireland's enemies, who

have ever drawn the most hideous pictures of the cunning, bloodthirsty Irish villain, dyed in the most revolting crimes, fearing no danger, daring all. Let them but linger awhile in a more purified atmosphere, drink from healthier streams; let them read from just authorities, and such as would plead not guilty to the soft impeachment of unduly favoring down-trodden Ireland. The ivy-crowned ruins are silent monuments of a people reared under the civilizing educating influence of religion, of a religion that trains the heart while it develops the mind—victims of time they generated conquerors; born of decay they generated life. Where were the germs of talented European minds brought to their full maturity between the 8th and the 11th centuries? When all other nations seemed eaten up by the ravages of war, when their sons knew no mightier weapon than the sword, Ireland peacefully was nursing the arts and sciences. To-day talent in its most brilliant phases, intellect of the brightest order are, to say the least, equally the possession of the Irish as of other peoples. The idealism and inspiration coming to them from the Milesians or Scotii, oriental in liveliness, was well tempered and shaped by the insulated position of their country, which gave to their minds, already enlightened, a sturdy, firm character, that has ever made them, in the various spheres of social and professional life, our honour and our boast. Need you blush at looking at your own contemporaries—in the Hierarchy, an England and a Hungary—or another, a true Irishman, eminently Irish of the present time, a noble type of the Irish Bishop, and who was identified himself with your own Canada—the illustrious Bishops of Arleigh? Noble names indeed! The bar has its galaxy, whose ruling star is an O'Connor; brave swords never blushed from scabbard than those of the MacMahons of France, of the O'Donnells of Spain, of the Nugents of Austria. We ask ourselves—Is the Irish Catholic bigoted towards Protestants? In the sense that he adheres, with all his characteristic warmth and tenacity, to what has been taught him by his "Soghath Aroon," to what has been watered by the blood of his ancestors, to what has come down to him from Patrick, the Apostle of his race, to that doctrine preached by him than which no other should be believed were it preached by an angel from heaven—in this sense he is bigoted. Consider the affection of a warm-hearted people for all that was left to them. Confiscation, ejections, famine, persecution had been their chalice of sorrow; the great consolation of the mind, untrammelled study, school advantages had been refused them. Their faith was the gold tried in the crucible of bitter, religious hatred—of this they were jealous, scrupulous to keep it pure and unblemished. This was the pearl of great price to procure which they sold all that they had. Why not then be anxious about it? Why not guard against all danger of being despoiled of it? Yes, in preserving his own faith the Irish Catholic is bigoted; but in taking upon himself to say that any individual who differs from him in religious view is destined for hell, and that he is a devil incarnate upon whom the infinite mercy of God cannot be exercised, he is not bigoted; he judges not that he may not be judged. Among her patriots, benefactors and honored sons, Ireland numbers many Protestants. Is Grant remembered? Is the memory of Emmet still fresh? These were Irish Protestants; with Irish Catholics their names are household words, their deeds of patriotism a sacred trust, religiously treasured up in their hearts and transmitted from father to son as a precious inheritance. Glad would any Irish Catholic be to kiss the resting place of their ashes. Bigotry, an unwillingness to yield rational and intelligent submission to Truth, is foreign to the Irish mind. Were it otherwise, what would have resulted from the mission of St. Patrick? The good fruit, then, of St. Patrick's preaching still remains. Wherever a true Irish heart pulsates at home or in a foreign land it throbs with love for the Cross and the Shamrock. The spirit of faith lives and breathes quick, and where it lives, it has a bold word to speak, a sharp sword to draw, a brave hand to strike, a noble life to give in its defence. Irishmen, Catholics, prove not faithless to your sacred trust. In action, realize that you acknowledge no peers in your love for Erin, in your love for the faith of Patrick. Keep alive the flame of this two-fold love that Santa has nurtured with their blood. May God weld inseparably together in your hearts religion and patriotism.

At the close of the sermon, during the offertory, the duet "O Sancti Patrick" was sung by Mr. James Shea, and Mr. Timothy O'Brien, the whole choir joining in the chorus. The service concluded about 1 p.m., the audience dispersing to the strains of "St. Patrick's Day" and "Come back to Erin." At the

EVENING SERVICE.

the Rev. Father James Callaghan, of St. Ann's Church, preached an eloquent sermon suitable to the day. The musical portion of this service, under the direction of Professor Fowler, was also very grand and impressive. It consisted of the solo "O Salutaris," sung by Professor Cou'u, recently from France, and who is said to bring with him a high reputation; "O Sancti Patrick," duet by Mr. J. Shea and Mr. T. O'Brien; the "Ave Maria," solo by Miss Alice Compton, who bears a favorable reputation, and the "Tantum Ergo," arranged by Professor Fowler to the "Pope's March," and sung by the full choir and an addition of 60 youthful male voices from the Schools.

THE PROCESSION.

Shortly before two o'clock the Irish Catholic Union, wearing their regalia, and headed by the Bande Ville-Marie and a private band, proceeded on their annual procession, headed by their Grand President, Mr. McEneaney. The procession was some 3,000 strong, comprising 14 separate divisions, under the direction of their respective Presidents and mounted Marshals appointed for the occasion. The route taken, from St. Patrick's Hall, was along Craig and up St. Lawrence main street, along St. Catherine street, down Papineau road, through St. James', St. Mary and Notre Dame streets, down McGill, along Wellington to Point St. Charles; thence back to Victoria Square, where brief addresses were delivered by the