

ant Tailor,  
atone Street,  
ntreal.

ly sought to establish that Shakespeare is everything, and the great nature of his writings constitute a philosophy, as is the philosophy of Englishmen, the mark exactly. Theories, theories, theories, suit the stage to well for mimic life. The Opium is required to serve a purpose.

referred to the B. church in his last. We repeat, it is not the Catholics we have to our infallible them we read the mighty truth. When the question of an un- how poor all the lions of the world's literature become! loft on the wings to circle about the great writers, epic, lyric, nor de- can replace, at the the "Credo" and is true that the and sublime ex- great writers are to be conducted to greater existence on sense of that "un- there is no time the fancy to play a between, constitute and useful im- and abiding has been taught by His Church, alone ght.

ect upon this pas- sion, from a re- y gifted men of the does its potential self upon us. St. Paul comes in in the inevitable ask ourselves "To what pur- is the benefit?" and is a nature at more seriously of all their tri- otherwise even in the "Imitation."

ST BIRTHDAY

y of His Holiness celebrated with the at the Vatican. Ac- cording to the "Ic Times," the ived the congratu- ed College and the Hierarchy and rt in the Throne ented a most pic- essing appearance, relates in their rdinals in dowing ed ermine, Noble form, and Swiss The ed College, Car- into Stefano, read ictory address, ex- the Sacred tholics felt at be- in a dignified and of the Venerable coronation. Leo h e venly much the king remarkably or a man in his in a dignified and anking the Car- dinals filial piety and the longevity which guide the Barque y a quarter of a striking manifesta- ful leniency rather n of any merit of y Father went on -growing activity the machinery, as icts, as illustrat- country hitherto and the propen- ity and the un- heliness re- Against the which the Church adding that the even were he so ree to renounce y of which he is faithful y concluded his was listened to in silence, by re- s that he had ublish that last Christian Democracy necessity of a of peace, order, ong the masses, obeyed the dis- and justice, disc- an barbarous per- their boasted civi- less singled out the dan- systematic persec- ay expose even a country. Apost- imparted with to all present, sive ceremony to be retiring to his shortly after

er we will send for one year Canada (outside United States or

OH! SING THAT AIR AGAIN.

BY THOMAS M'CALLLEN.

Oh! maiden, sing that sweet old air,  
The harp of Tara's hall;  
'Twill drive away all thoughts of care,  
And youthful joys recall.  
The radiant hopes of early life  
Rise softly on that strain,  
For with fond memories it is rife—  
Oh! sing that air again.

I'll listen to that heavenly sound  
Swollen to my raptured ear,  
Whilst memories of the past glide round  
In visions soft and clear,  
And as the twilight shadows fall,  
Sweet joy shall round me reign,  
Each hope it will recall—  
Oh! sing that air again.

Again I'll see with Fancy's eyes  
My loved, my native land,  
And youthful friends in love arise,  
A well remembered band,  
And as each fair young form I see,  
They will still all sense of pain,  
For they were dearly loved by me—  
Oh! sing that air again.

Yes, maiden, sing that loved old air!  
Those memories of the past  
Shall float around as phantoms fair,  
Of joys too bright to last;  
And mingling sweet each voice with thine  
Will join in one refrain,  
And breathe it soft as zephyrs sigh—  
Oh! sing that air again.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

AT JAMAICA, N. Y.

From our American exchanges we learn of the magnificent celebration of the National festival held at Jamaica, N.Y., where Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., so well known in Montreal, preached the sermon. The report says:—  
On Sunday, March 17th, the Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., who had been giving a mission at St. Monica's Church, preached a most eloquent sermon on Ireland's Patron Saint, during the solemn High Mass, which was celebrated by the Rev. M. Fitzgerald, pastor, assisted by deacon and subdeacon. Father McCallen took for his text: "If you have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet not many fathers. For in Christ Jesus, I have begotten you through the Gospel. Wherefore be ye followers of me, as I am of Christ" (1 Cor. 4: 15, 16).  
He said in part: As the great apostle of nations was able to salute his beloved Corinthians, so could Ireland's apostle salute the children of the Irish race. You have had many instructors to break to you the bread of heavenly doctrine—many guides to lead you in the path of salvation—many defenders to protect you from the assaults of enemies, who would rob you, if they could, of your faith; but not many fathers. For I, Patrick, your Apostle, have begotten you through the Gospel. The learned and eloquent preacher spoke of the wonderful gift of Catholic Faith, of how Patrick received it from his old depository, the Catholic Church, just as he received the commission to preach it to others, from the visible head of that Church, in the person of Pope Celestine. He brought the gift to a nation that was indeed pagan, but to a nation not of barbarians, as were nearly all the nations of modern Europe. He brought the Faith to a civilized people, who for centuries had had their laws, their schools, their arts and sciences, their chronicles and their music.  
"This faith with its doctrine, its mysteries, its moral code, and even its evangelical counsels, the Irish people received with such avidity, that even in the lifetime of its Apostle, the beautiful and verdant isles dotted with convents and monasteries. From these latter sprang the great Irish schools and universities, which made Ireland the home of scholars. The Rev. Father mentioned Lismore with its four thousand students, and Armagh with its seven thousand pupils, and one hundred lecturers, who taught science, both secular and religious. So numerous were these learned teachers, that going abroad, they founded similar houses of education in France, Germany, Spain, and even in far off Italy. In these new homes of their choice, many of their number were called to the mire, illuminating the continent with their science, and sanctifying it by the virtues of their beautiful lives. They had evidently answered the prayer of their Apostle, and had become followers of him, as he had been of Christ.  
The children of the race in this country ought to prove themselves worthy of their ancestors—love the Catholic Faith and be submissive to its teachings, and manifest in their daily lives the power of Divine grace. Nothing after God's grace would more conduce to this end, than a knowledge of Irish history, the history of a Catholic people. The typical Irishman, as painted by the slanderous caricaturist, and the no less clamorous stage actor have been so long before our eyes that the children of the race have almost come to believe that the Irish are what these caricatures make them. The sum total of information possessed by most people concerning Ireland and our race may be found in the one sentence: "Poor ignorant Irish. Those who read history might point to the time, when Ireland was the home of art and science and of scholars, among whom could be found the princes of many a royal house, can point to the time when Ireland was a rich and prosperous

nation. What ruthless hands have caused the change? Let the admirers of these are any, of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Cromwell, and their successors answer. Let the law-makers of the present English Parliament in this the opening twentieth century, who still regard every movement looking towards the improvement of Catholic education and temporal prosperity, in Ireland, answer. Who robbed the Irish of their land and then taunted them with their poverty? Who tore down or confiscated the monasteries—closed their schools and universities, drove the teachers from the land, set a price upon the head of any Irish Catholic who should teach or be taught, unless in schools which his conscience forbade him to enter, and then taunted the victims of this unrelenting persecution with being poor and illiterate? The Irish illiterate? Yes, under English penal laws—the Irish, poor? Yes, under English conscription and unjust land laws. But in every country to which the Irish thus persecuted fled, or were banished, they have proved that they love learning, and at great sacrifice have educated their sons and daughters and given these the knowledge, the learning, and the culture of which they themselves had been robbed in the old land.  
The Irish race has its faults, but it has its grand qualities. Its history, both before and after its acceptance of the Gospel of Christ, is something, of which we, the children of the race, may well be proud. Our fathers have answered the prayer of their apostle, and have indeed walked in his footsteps, and this in spite of hundreds of years of unrelenting persecution, of calumny, of slander, of contempt from enemies who glory in their own shame. The world, even the world of this fair, free, and so-called liberal America has not read our history aright. But the ruins of churches, monasteries, and schools in Ireland tell in clear and eloquent language the love of the Irish people for their God and their faith. The chastity of the Irish maiden still bears witness to the wholesome teachings of the Catholic Church. The professional man, who, in this land, with great odium against them, have risen to the highest positions of trust and honor; who shed the lustre of their genius, their science, their courage and their patriotism, in army and navy, in courts of law, in institutions of learning and in the higher walks of social and professional life, are the best answer we can give to the oft repeated calumny that the Irish race is poor and illiterate. The day will, must come, when Irish history will be better known, even by the children of the race. In that day every Irish child will bless God that he has flowing in his veins the blood of ancestors, whose faith, whose honesty, whose pure lives, whose love of learning, whose generosity, patience and patriotism will be to him a strong incentive for joy, exultation and imitation. The day of Ireland's full redemption from calumnies so widely spread and so believed, must be near at hand. And therefore, O Erin, beautiful Isle of the sea, land of Faith, purity, generosity and patriotism, ancient home of schools and scholars, lift up thy tearful eyes, and behold the sunbeams of thy future glory. Behold the day of thy justification, which must soon come to thee; when they who have robbed, and they who have persecuted, and they who have calumniated, shall, their own suns having set, behold Thee as great, as glorious, as renowned and as free as ever Thou hast been in the brightest day of thy ancient glory. Amen.

THE GATHOLIC JOURNALIST'S LESSON.

A well known scholarly and enthusiastic Catholic journalist, who has gone to his reward, in an interview with a friend shortly before his death, discussed some features of his life-work. Among other things, he said: "The most trying ordeal through which I had to pass was that of listening to the stories, which were recounted to me every week, of the criticism which fell from the lips of Catholic men and women for whose advancement and welfare I had braved many trials and difficulties. There are by the hundreds in the theory path of Catholic journalism, said he, but there are also many pure souls, humble and true, whose voice is never raised except to give expression to the prayer "God Speed to You" when referring to Catholic editors and publishers. To these generous hearts and to my confidence in the power of the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, to whom I address an appeal every morning in my humble little sanctum before entering upon my work, do I attribute the fact that I had the courage and strength to continue my task to the end. The experience of this humble and brave-hearted Catholic journalist is doubtless that of many of his profession to-day. Such are the ways of many Catholic men and women in all walks of life.

MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS

One of the things that most deeply impresses the missionary who is engaged in giving missions to non-Catholics is the large number of people who are ripe for admission into the Church. They have been prepared for conversion by a multitude of agencies sometimes the most diverse. Last evening the mother of a family was received. She had been instructed in the Catholic Catechism for ten years, and she knew it from cover to cover. She came with her husband to see the missionary and he, her husband, as though he were telling of a marvellous thing, said "that he had never tried to influence her one way or the other." The state of conscience which will permit a man to live with his Protestant wife for many years, and will never try to bring her to the knowledge of the truth will become impossible when the entire Catholic people are awakened to the missionary movement which is now stirring the Church. When the currents of conversions begin to set in more and more strongly towards the Church, they will carry with them all the people whose faces are turned to the light. In Baltimore the other day an entire family of nine were received. In Brooklyn, one priest has received 97 converts during the past year. In New York, one of the diocesan priests said that "his entire leisure was spent in instructing converts." In the inquiry class at the Church of the Paulists there are twenty-two on the way to the Church.  
Great movements are not started in a day, and the traditional methods of work are not easily changed, yet, it is astonishing what the non-Catholic mission work has achieved in a few years—give it ten years more of such progress, and it will have transformed the face of things.  
Although the non-Catholic mission

SONGS OF THE STAGE IRISHMAN.

In the letters of the several State and National officers, which appeared in our February issue, many valuable suggestions were made as to what might prove beneficial to our Order in the conduct of social features in Division meetings. None was more more pertinent, however, than the following, contained in the letter of Mr. Rossa F. Downing, the State President of the District of Columbia. He said on this important subject:—  
In this connection, however, let me stop to say that I sincerely hope no Hibernian will ever permit to be produced before an audience under the auspices of our organization any of those ribald doggerels, parodies upon the Irish race—the very mention of which should be an insult to any man having Irish blood in his veins. Yet I have seen Irish audiences applaud and encore these vile effusions in which the intelligence of the Irish people is insulted and their character held up to ridicule and contempt. In my opinion any officer encouraging such performances in his Division should be expelled from the Order. Our Order aims at the highest and best. If our ideals are high, the means to their accomplishment should be free from all taint of the low and vile. If we seek to preserve the pure traditions of our race, let it be those traditions of which any man may be proud—the folk lore, and the ancient songs of the people the "authentic" of which is vouched for by good authority, descriptive of Ireland's past glory and years of patient suffering—but not the miserable productions of the nineteenth century written by some wretch without a drop of Irish blood in his veins, and for the purpose of holding the race up to obloquy and ridicule. There is plenty of good Irish comedy, comic songs, written by authors such as Moore and Davis, which reflect the better qualities of the Irish people from a humorous point of view, and men whom we know do not strive to misrepresent

us. Let us trust, therefore, that while making our meetings attractive we will not make them degrading.

Mr. Downing's words are timely and well put. How any Irishman can contemplate without indignation and disgust the degrading parodies falsely styled "Irish comedies" we are at a loss to understand. And yet in the Division meetings of our Order they are sung and applauded when they should be vigorously denounced and their rendition absolutely prohibited. They constitute nothing more than "asinine disparagement" of our people, attempting to exhibit us before our fellow-citizens in a light of misrepresentation. Division officers should see to it that in all entertainments conducted under A.O.H. auspices, at least none of those "vile effusions" which reflect upon our people will be hereafter tolerated. As an organization we must cherish and preserve the purity and sweetness of Ireland's poetry and song and uphold at all times in our gatherings the traditions of our race in all that constitute the best type of Celtic manhood.

May Mr. Downing's advice sink deep into the hearts of every Hibernian, so that those idiotic and insulting caricatures, the so-called "Irish comedies," may never again be heard at an Irish entertainment of any kind.—The National Hibernian.

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is given for the benefit of grown men and women yet it often happens that thereby children are reached, and the words of the missionary which they hear spoken—though at the time they may make little impression on them—are remembered and bear fruit in after years.

It was in a small town in Western New York that a non-Catholic missionary was given some years ago, and among the attendants was a devout young Irish girl who brought a friend with her every evening. The girl was employed as a nurse, and as she could not well leave her little charge behind she brought with her the little boy for whom she was responsible. She thought the child would come to no harm, while the nights and music and excitement would keep him interested. The little boy, however, was a wide-awake child, and though he did not understand half that was said, yet some words fixed themselves in his mind, and he used often to ponder them over when alone.

The boy's parents were Protestants, and he was brought up by them in their belief, and apparently never thought of any other sort of religion. As he grew to manhood, religion of any sort fell away from him in the stress and excitement of youth. One day, however, he happened to go to a Catholic Church; called there by some business. The interior looked to him strangely familiar—the altar with its ornaments, the crucifix, the pictures on the walls—but he could not tell why it should be so. Suddenly his mind went back to his childhood; he remembered his nurse and the lectures he had attended with her. Soon after that a non-Catholic mission was given in the place, and through curiosity he went to one of the meetings. The intelligent explanation of Catholic doctrines, the considerate and sympathetic answers given to questions, moved him strangely, and he felt a great desire to look into the teachings of the Church more carefully. He sought an interview with the missionary and procured from him some books on the subject of the Catholic Church. These he read with so much profit, that he joined an inquiry class, and very soon declared himself a candidate for baptism. He was received into the Church, and is now a good practical Catholic.

Such a case illustrates how many there are who would embrace the faith if only they had a knowledge of it. Lack of opportunity is sometimes also an obstacle to conversion and shows how much there is for missionaries to do in out-of-the-way places. A missionary in a small town where there was no Catholic Church and where no mission had

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ever been given was called upon by an elderly woman. She said to him, "Father, for years I have wanted to join the Church. My girlhood was spent among Catholics, and they often sought to bring me into the church, but I could not see my way to it. Some five years ago, after diligent study, I decided to join, but I had no means of doing so. There was no priest here, and I am a poor woman, and could not afford a journey to a large city with the possibility of having my request rejected. So I have been praying to God to help me, and now, I verily believe in answer to my prayers he has sent you here." The joy and surprise of the pious priest can be better imagined than described. He questioned the woman, found her remarkably well instructed, and the next day she was baptized, receiving God's answer to her many prayers.—Rev. A. P. Doyle, Secretary of the Catholic Missionary Union.

JAS. P. BAMFORD,

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and Broker.

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Sealed tenders, marked "Tender for Saint Gabriel School," will be received by Mr. U. E. Archambault, Sec.-Treas. of the Commission, Montreal Catholic Schools, up to Monday, 25th inst., at 11 a.m. precisely, for the construction of St. Gabriel School.

Each Tender shall be accompanied by an accepted cheque for the sum of \$1,500; the Commission not binding itself to accept either the lowest or any Tender.

The Plans and Specifications may be examined, at the office of the Architect, Mr. W. E. Doran, 180 St. James street, who may also be addressed for the form of Tender.

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