## ST. PATRICK'S DAY

IN CHATHAM.

Planet, March 20.

Last Sunday St. Joseph's Church was filled with a very large congregation, met to honor the memory of the great Saint Patrick. The stained glass windows (all donations of St. Joseph's parishioners, three of them, together with St. Patrick's altar being from those of the Irish race) representing the Sacred Heart of Jesus over the main altar, Saint Augustine, Saint Bonaventure, Saint Ignatius, Saint Francis and St. Patrick, were much admired as were also two other windows not showing figures, but filled with emblematic devises in stained glass. That blematic devises in stained glass. That devoted to St. Patrick is a specially fine devoted to St. Patrick is a specially note work of art, made, in common with the others, by Messre. Fredericks & Staffin, of Windsor—the Saint, mitred and with crosier in his left hand, and is in an attitude of dignified triumph, while he points with his right to the ground covered with conquered and subject reptiles, and seems to say "the earth is now the Lord's and evil things cease to noison." This window, showing also the poison." This window, showing also the shamrock, surmounts St. Patrick's altar, on which were placed some exceedingly beautiful and life like artificial flowers of large size, imported directly from New York, together with brilliant and costly gitt wreaths. The window showed the legend St. Patrick, and the inscription "In memory of the deceased parents of Michael Kennedy," (the window cost \$150 and was the gift of Mr. M. Kennedy.) The altar panels were veined in green marble and gold, and there was a cross surmounted with shamrock and with an eight pointed star in the centre, also the inscription, "An Irish gift." High Mass was celebrated at this altar by Rev. Father William, O. S. F. Mass was played very effectively by Miss Mamie Chonan, under the able direction of Mr. J. W. Marentette while a special feature consisted in the duett and hymn to St.
Patrick, The sermon, preached by Rev.
Father William, O. S. F., was an able,
resume of the labors and fruits of St.
Patrick's life. We do not wish to do the discourse injustice by condensation, and therefore shall give it in fully in a future issue. We could not help thinking, during the service, how gratifying it must have been to Rev. Fathers William and Michael when they looked round the

nearly twelve years ago. Planet, March 22nd.

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It was the nature of every earthly power to fade away. Where were now the glories of Greece, the triumphs of ancient Rome, or the victories of Alex ander? All vanished, because formed in the control of the cont ambition and self-esteem. Not so with the works of the saints, whom God had made victorious over time, and as im-mortal as the soul of man over these mortal as the soul of man over these temporal changes had no power. Four teen centuries had passed away and the memory of St. Patrick was yet greengreen as the emblematic shamrock. Where was there an Irish family in the world which did not think of St. Patrick to day? His intervencion resistant. to-day? His intercession was implored, that men might, by obeying the spiritual precepts of this glorious apostle, enter at last into eternal life.

Diverse opinions were held as to the

saint's nativity, but the most probable belief was that he first saw the light in the year of our Lord, 372, in Brittany, a province of Gaul. It appeared from his "confessions," that at the age of fifteen, he committed a fault for which he subsequently performed penance. When sixteen he was captured by pirates and dragged into captivity. A second time he was captured, and made many converts among the pagans. How glad he must have been to embrace his father and mother again. Was he content there to remain? No. A vision came to him, saying "come holy youth, and dwell in our midst." He felt consumed by a desire to go to Erin and to enter the priesthood. By the aid of rich relatives he was educated, and learned Greek and Latin and other languages needful for his holy profession. He was priested visited various places in France and Italy and was consecrated bishop by the Pope in the year 432. He kings and princes of the country.

Preaching to them on the mystery of the country Trinity he picked a shamrock off the green sod, and by this symbol of unity in trinity and trinity in unity, at once realistic and convincing he some realistic and convincing he c realistic and convincing, he converted them and administered the sacrament of holy baptism. He always placed his confidence in God and not pompous oratory. He combined eloquence with piety, and by these means had the happiness of onverting thousands of all classes to the

He appeared with undaunted courage at the general assembly of the kings and states of Ireland, which was held every year at Tara, the residence of the chief king who was styled the chief monarch of the whole nation. Here our saint met a great number of the druids or heathen iests and converted many of them The daughter of King Laeghaire, when near a brook, found St Patrick there with a "synod of clerics with white gar-

ments and their books before them. The maidens were amazed at what they deemed a heavenly aspiration, and one, more courageous than the rest, began to question the saint, "Whence have you come? Are you the gods of the earth or phantasms?" St. Patrick was not slow to reply to their eager ques-tioning. He told them of the one true God more powerful than all, more than all, and then having instructed them as fully as might be in the

Church's creed, he baptized them.

They asked to see the face of Christ: so great was their fervor that nothing less than the beaufic vision could satisfy them. But St. Patrick told them tha they must pass through the dark portals of death before they entered the gates of life, and that they must also "receive the sacrifice, if they would see their Lord."

They answered "Give us the sacrifice that we may behold the Son, our spouse," and the moment after receiving the Sac rament of Love, they passed from earth

One of the great features of St. Pat. rick's mission was devotion to Mary, the Mother of Gcd.

He admirably insinuated the great mystery of the Incarnation, by preach-ing Jesus through Mary, calling Him the "Virgin's Son," and Mary herself he preached, with all her privileges, as "Mary Mother." The devotion to Mary sank deep into the heart of the nation, and this devotion was a protecting shield over Ireland in the days of her battles for the (sith. or the faith.

for the faith.

His sermons on God, Jesus and Mary, dispersed the darkness of infidelity, and by his ardent zeal and piety, he made truth and virtue triumph over error and

immorality.

It is recorded of him that he founded more than 300 churches, ordained nearly 3 000 priests, consecrated a great number of bishops, and established 700 religious of bishops, and established 700 religious houses, wherein thousands of the faith-ful devoted themselves entirely to the divine service, and aspired to the summit of Caristian perfection, by a regular observance of the three evangelical counsels, incomuch that this island was deservedly styled the "Island of Saints," when St. Patrick finished his glorious career in the hundred and twentieth year of his age, and in the four hundred and

of his age, and in the four hundred and ninety-third year of our Lord. Thus ends the history of the life of St. Patrick, which, from the time of his landing in Ireland, up to his death, resembles more the triumphant progress of a king than the difficult labor of a

missionary. He found Erin universally pagan. He

left her universally Christian. She is the only nation which never cost her apostle an hour of sorrow, a single tear, a drop of blood. Thus St. Patrick could well rejoice when leaving his beloved Ireland to enter into the

his beloved Ireland to enter into the heavenly Jerusalem.

Everywhere he had sowed the good seed of the faith and his labors earned for him an unfailing crown of glory in Heaven. But not only this: from heav-enly heights, he beholds to day the rich fruits of his labors and the seed which he

Like the children in the primitive Church who were confirmed in infancy, immediately after baptism, Ireland was called upon as soon as converted, to become at once the mother of saints the seminary of learning, the great teacher of the world, a nursury of piety, and its illustrious men derived the streams of eloquence and virtue from their great apostle, St. Patrick. They imbibed his spirit and the self same holy Catholic religion planted by St. Patrick, was by them cultivated and transmitted progress made as the result of their work, since their arrival in Chatham from generation to generation, whole and entire, unchanged and uncorrupted, as it was in the days of its primitive purity They prepared for their mission in the same spirit in which St. Patrick prepared

To fructify their work they prayed for

To fructify their work they prayed for Hesven's benediction. They continually thought of God.

They gazed from their monasteries, on the tall mountains, on whose misty tops the royal eagle found his throne, and praised the omnipotence of Him, who robed them in such majestic grandeur. The placid lakes glistening in the summer suushine, reminded them of the heavenly Jerusalem, whose streets are heavenly Jerusalem, whose streets are paved with the purest gold; and when the storm winds rose and tempest shrieked, and when the face of heaven shrieked, and when the lake of ueaven grew black, and the thousand torrents rushed from the mountain tops in furious array, jumping from crag to crag and the foaming and seething in the lakes below and when the lightning flutbelow, and when the lightning flut-tered from hill to hill, with sublime but awfui glare, and the booming thund-ers bellowed forth from mountain to mountain in echoes interminable, the lonely monks, though leading spotless lonely monks, though leading spotless lives, yet trembling for their sins, bethought themselves of the day of doom, and fancied they heard above the storm clouds the trumpet of the archangel, and the denouncing voice of Him who maketh the clouds His chariots, and waketh upon the wings of the winds.'
Great schemes are matured in solitude

So it was with Christianity. Our divine Savior spent thirty years in the solicitude of Nazareth, before He came forth to preach the wonders of the gospel, so it was with St. Patrick and his faithful followers. The monastic institute, like the ark amidst the waters of the leluge, because the de ository of learning and piety, whence came forth the apostles of the Emerald Isle of the West and of many other nations.

When St. Patrick had been gathered

when St. Patrick had been gathered to the dust, the religion which he planted, continued and flurished in the land. Schools were everywhere erected land. Schools were everywhere erected and in many instances these schools took the demensions of colleges and many attained the magnificent proportions of universities. The monastic schools of Kildare, Tuam, Armagh, Deery and Lismore, might well compete with the most distinguished academies of Athens or Rome in their hey-day of power, and could boast of a cultivation and refinement for which the proverbial elegance of ancient Corinth might seek, but would ment for which the proverbial elegance of ancient Corinth might seek, but would seek in vain, to supply a parallel. From all parts of Europe flocked the youthful representatives of all that was left of de sire for culture, while Gaul and Saxon met on equal footing. The Irishman was polished and hospitable by instinct and habit. Their smiling faces showed the happy hearts within, and amid the sounds of bagpipes, flute and violin, St. Patrick's songs resounded. The spirit Patrick's songs resounded. The spirit of chivalry was rife and Irishmen went to other parts of Europe to teach the holy doctrines of St. Patrick. In this country and in the United

States to-day there was a glorious array of Irish priests and bishops holding the torch of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and teaching the same truths uttered by the saint whose memory was honored to day, who loved Ireland and whom the Irish revered. As in the life of Patrick and his successors, so now foremost among the qualities of the Irish charac-

ter, is the steadlast attachment "through ages of bondage" to the Christian faith. I have no desire here or elsewhere, or on any occasion like the present, to depreciate any other creed by extolling our own. Ail I demand of my hearers is that tribute of admiration for the Irish, which they deserve for their faithful adhesion to a religion in which they sincerely believe, for which their ancestors bled, and for which they would bleed themselves to-day, if such a test

of their fidelity were needed. In their attachment to their holy faith, they are not influenced by any worldly motives, for all the inducements of the world, and spoliation and marytrdom, could ever make them sshamed of it. What a ever make them sahamed of it. What a powerful element in the Irish character is their faith! This is the strongest tie which bind men together. Children have generally the faith of their parents, and the sons and the daughters of St. Patrick have imbibed it through his teachings, which they never can forget at home or abroad. The diamond if crushed and ground to powder, will shine as bright as ever; thus the fatth of the children of Erin will glitter in spite of all hardships and sufferings.

They seem to be like the Jews, the chosen people of God, in the Old Testament. They were cosmopolitan except their faith, the only bond which held them together.

As long as Ireland clings to the cross there are hopes.

"Erin, O Erin, thy sun is but rising, while others have set.

The noonday of freedom shall beam round thee yet."

The world may see no valor in this and may call it fanaticism, but Ireland will adhere to that faith, which it embraced fourteen centuries ago, and it will bloom on its soil like her own green fields, with equal freshness in rain and storms, as in the pleasant sunshine of peace and prosperity. Irishmen are not content,

prosperity. Irishmen are not content, nowever, to cherish their faith at home. To what clime or region of the world will you turn and not find an Irish priest, that indomitable propagandist of Catholicity? Plant an Irish family anywhere and you plant with it the seed o Catholicity and the propagand of the Irishmen with the seed of Catholicity? and you plant with it the seed o Catho licity. But why do I dwell on the Irishand you plant with it the seed o Caino licity. But why do I dwell on the Irishman's attachment to his faith? Because you cannot conceive an Irishman without it, and because it is his greatest strength it, and because it is his greatest strength and his most reliable hope for the future. Such unflinching devotion may be tested by long and bitter trials. But, in good season, a just God will reward with priceless blessings a fidelity to Him unparalleled in the history of the

human race.

A second element which enters into the character of a solid people is love of their own country, i. e, the love of the objects that first strike the eye of the child the soil that bears his cradle and the tombs of his ancestors, everything that they are wont to express by the one word "Fatherland." The true Irish man cherishes love for his birthplace.

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said. This is my own, my native land?"

This is my own, my native land?"

The Irishman has special reasons for loving his country. First, there is the physical aspect of the land. The "Emeraid Isle," so called from the brightness aid isle," so called from the brightness of green which covers its fields. Then each spot has a history—the history of 1,000, perhaps 2,000 years. Here is the rounded tower, whose origin and object are lost in the twilight of table. Here is the ruin of a once famous castle, wrapped in its mantle of ivy, like some warrior taking his year. taking his rest, with his martial cloak around him Here is the ruin of some great monastery or church, tottering with age, and telling of the time when The love of Ireland beats warm in the breasts of the exile, for "absence makes the heart grow fonder." The exile of Erin still hears in fancy the blackbird, the linnet, and lark. He sees the smiling faces of the neighbors, who have flocked to hear the flute, the fiddle and the pag-pipe. He thinks of Donnybrook and the huntsmen as they flash through the air in pursuit of Reynard.

But here I will not continue to speak of the Irishman's native land.

The day will come when Ireland will be victorious over her enemies. The cable has recently brought the glorious news of the downfall of lies and slanders, and every Irishman felt the right to re joice. Liberty would soon be on the top, thanks to the "grand old man," and Parnell. Before we next celebrate this anniversary, I pray that the cross entwined with the shamrock may be raised aloft in a liberated Ireland. I ask the exile to be attached to his adopted home and to be a good, loyal citizen here, where Providence will never for sake him. Here let him, as well as in sake him. Here let him, as well as in Erin, on St. Patrick's day, put his sham rock in his cap and sing to himself the magic tunes of St. Patrick's day in the

## · IN WINGHAM.

Appropriate services in commemora tion of the anniversary of St. Patrick were held in Sacred Heart of Jesus church on Sunday morning by Rev. Father Costello. The service of Mass Father Costello. The service of Mass being over, the rev. gentleman, in choice and chaste language and deliberate and emphatic style reviewed the gifts, graces and achievements of St. Patrick and the obstacles that Catholicity had to contend against. He said that St. Patrick was born in France, near Boulogne. When a youth he was taken captive and carried to Ireland where for five or six years, he was employed as a slave herd years, he was employed as a slave herd ing sheep in the county of Antrim When a young man he was delivered from slavery and returned to his parents. He remained in his native land some years, but Ireland was dearer to him and he longed to go back and tell the in-habitants of Christ's wondrous love. Against the entreaties of friends, believing it to be God's will, he returned, where he remained until his death in A. D. 465 At the morning Mass and the evening Vespers plentiful and pleasing music was rendered by the choir com posed of Mr. P. B. Flanagan and members of his family.

THE CONCERT. In all essential features the St. Patrick's annual concert on Tuesday even ing was a grand success. There was a well filled hall and a varied and lengthy programme. The Clinton Quartette Club, composed of Messrs. W. Harland, W. J. Kay, Miss E. Walker, Mr. R. B. Foster and Miss Carrie Clint. Foster and Miss Carrie Gibbings, accompanist, appeared in varied selections and won greater and deserved applause and won greater and deserved applause in each appearance. Apart from these the only outsiders who took part in the musical programme were Miss Duffy, of St. Augustine, and Miss Coyle, of Ashfield, whose rendition of their respective selections elicited hearty applause. That beautiful song "Killarpey" was effectively

rendered by J. A. Cline. The artistic performances of the Flanagan family were, all things considered, the most entertaining portion of the programme. They rendered their parts most admirably and were most heartily received. Youthful Miss Ida, with force, percision and effect sang "I'm Single Still" and The Postman's Welcome." Miss C A. Flanagan sang finely "Jessie's Dream." Mr. Lou E. Flanagan did splendidly in the comic role, pleasingly rendering "Mick the Irish Boy," "Gay old Mick" and an original parody containing several good local hits. Miss Jennie Cargill sustained the wrapt attention of the house whilst reciting in her usually clever style a heavy selection. Rev. Father Kealy elequently and vividly pictured the influence of individual and national recollections, reviewed the life and labors of St. Patricks. reviewed the life and labors of St. Patrick, the struggles and achievements of the Catholic Church, the patriotism, generosity and ability of the Irish race—their brilliancy of intellect, strength of will and subjugation of passion and attachment to their passion and attachment to their Church and native land, O'Connet were instanced. The nobl efforts of Parnell and the Grand Old Man and their followers to obtain the bless-ings of Home Rule for Ireland were pictured in eloquent carnest and hope-ful language. Then followed an eloquent peroration urging liberty, enlightenment, religious toleration, respect for national feelings and the manifestation of a feelings and the manifestation of a brotherly spirit amongst Catholics, Protestants and all mankind. On the platform were Rev. Fathers McGee, Costello, Messrs H. Davis, T. Holmes, P. Fisher, M. Brennan and Armstrong. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer on motion of Messrs. Davis and M. Brennan. Mr. P. B. Flanagan presided with fact and acceptance.

## IN ST. CATHARINES.

St. Nicholas Hall was filled to the doors on Monday evening. The audience representing all classes of our citizens. met together to enjoy a musical treat and to listen to a most interesting lec ture on the music and poetry of Ireland given by a speaker of distinguished tal-ents, and one thoroughly familiar with his subject. Sheriff Dawson filled the position of chairman in an agreeable manner. In his opening remarks he referred to the evening's lecture, to the condition of Ireland, and the efforts which condition of Ireland, and the efforts which are being made by noble leaders in behalf of her people, and to the hopeful signs which promise a better state of things in the future than has ever existed in the past. He was applauded several times during the course of his remarks, and upon taking his seat after having introduced the first number of the programme, a piano duett, by Misses Morey and Ferguson. It consisted of a medley of Irish airs, familiar to all, and was and Ferguson. It consisted of a medley of Irish airs, familiar to all, and was received with hearty applause. A quartette followed, sung by Misses Morey and Maloney, and Mesers. Early and Begy. It was louely applauded, as was also Mr. Early's solo, which followed. Mr. Balfour sang a patriotic song, which was enthusiastically encored. Mrs. McDonagh, of Nisgara Falls, who sang in sweet voice, "Killarney," was encored, responding in a charming manner with a song that captured the hearts of her audience. Prof. Balfour, of Nisgara Falls, delighted the audience with his song of the "Village Blacksmith."

The lecture, delivered by Very Rev. J. C. Feehan. Superior of the Carmelite Vindow Nissand Palls.

C. Feehan, Superior of the Carmelite Order at Niagara Falla, was an intel-lectual feast, spread in an attractive and inviting manner for the delectation of those present. Of Ireland as the "Island of Song," too much, he thought, could not be said. Her emblem, the harp, proclaimed her a land of music; and in ancient times no profession was so honored as that of the bard, who held the place of distinction beside kinesed. the place of distinction beside kings and potentates, and was a recognized leader in society of noble art. So valued were his talents that the richest presents were bestowed upon him; the barony of Roscobbel was given to a bard for sing-ing a beautiful song. The music of Ire-land, said the lecturer, is the product of her genius and her misery. The very nature of the land stimulates the heart to express itself in music. Just as the streams ripple and the birds trill their notes of melody, so it is as natural to the Irish people to speak their language in notes of music. When sorrow tunes the notes of music. When sorrow tunes the harp the effect is sad and mournful, but when there is joy and happiness among the people their poetry and music is full of loveliness and gaiety. The patriotism and the tender sentiment that Irish people are not found in the street songs of other countries. Every spot in the Emerald Isle has its own interesting associations written in the poet's song and handed down to the future genera-

The lecture was given an added interest by the recitation of poems appropriate to the remarks and the singing, by Miss Sheehan, of selections chosen by the lecturer. Among these were "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Hall's" "Shandon Belle" and the "Extle of "Edn." After the lecture followed the second part of the programme. Miss Caldwell of Ottawa, who possesses a clear musical voice, sang "The Flower of Kildare," and was encored in the most vigorous manner. A very hearty applause was given Mrs. McDongh for her song "Buy my Fiowers," an encore being demanded by her delighted audience. She gave in response a pretty little song that won for

her another round of applause. Miss Sheehan, whose rich voice was much ad-mired, sang a choice selection, which was received with an expression of enthusiasm.

Mr. C. Cairns, in the comic song, brought
down a storm of applause. "A Good down a storm of applause. "A Good Night" song from the quartette brought ne entertainment to a close. Ex-Mayor Cuff rose to move a vote of thanks to lecturer of the evening, who responded in an appropriate manner, after which the national authem was sang and the audi-ence dispersed—St. Catharines Star, March 19th.

## IN DOURO.

dress on "Irishmen's Devotion to Fatth and Fatherland." He spoke three quar-ters of an hour and was listened to through out with breathless attention. His references Daniel O'Connell, Father Matthew and Charles Stewart Parnell elicited a hearty burst of species. hearty burst of applause. After the lec-ture Mr. Moloney. Douro's popular Reeve, and Mr. Wm. Moher, one of Douro's most esteemed citizens, moved and seconded a vote of thanks, which was and seconded a vote of thanks, which was unanimously carried amid the greatest 'enthusiasm by the very large and highly respectable audience. Senator Sullivan, Kiugeton, says that in a thorough knowledge of his profession Dr. McGrath has no superior in Central Ontario. Those who had the pleasuse of hearing him on Sunday will say that Dr. McGrath as a popular orator has no superior in the County of Peterborough. The following is a report of his able discourse:

THE LOYALTY OF THE IRISH TO THE REV. FATHER, LADIES AND GENTLE-

REV. FATHER, LADIES AND GENTLE-MEN—In undertaking to address you upon this occasion, which is the first time I had the honor and pleasure, I chose, with the suggestion of your worthy pastor, the above subject, thinking it the most appropriate and that it would interest the majority of those present.

I feel it my first duty to say a few words of him in whose honor we assembled to together to-day and assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, who first brought to Ireland the true faith, and to whom, after God, Irishmen owe their highest dignity and title—children of God and His Church. Fifteen hundred years ago St. Patrick came to Ireland bearing with him the light of faith, and often as it has been trampled under foot by unjust laws been trampled under foot by unjust laws and unscrupulous invaders never has it ceased to exist. The broad Atlantic Ocean lies between us and the home of our fore-fathers, but we have brought with us the traditions of that land, the teaching and traditions of that land, the teaching and faith of St. Patrick—the same faith which the Catholic Church teaches to day and has eyer taught and will teach to the end of time. If we wish that his blessing should follow us here to the land of the tranger we must accept his teaching and conform our lives to it as did our fore

fathers.
That the mission of St. Patrick to Ireland was fruitful there is no one to deny. Go where you will, on sea and on land, his name is honored to-day. All the world over, in every country and among almost every people, the praise of faithful Irish hearts ascends in his honor. And in Erin, the near old land of St. Patrick, every sharmorek assems to have found. shamrock seems to have found a tongu to-day, while the hills and the valleys re-echo the praise of their patron saint. St. Patrick made forever a sacred emblem of the shamrock, illustrating in the triplet leaf the shamrock, illustrating in the triplet leaf "The unity of the Trinity and the Trinity in Unity." In St. Patrick, the man of prayer, the Irish recognized the servant and messenger of God, and the Irish are the only nation on the face of the earth to day that accepted the faith without the shedding of blood. To the uttermost parts of the earth the sons of St. Patrick have carried the cross of faith, and founded churches without number, on the thrones of which reign the successors of St. Peter. Never since or before were the Irish as prosperous or happy as during the period prosperous or happy as during the period which elapsed after their conversion to Christianity, and perhaps the history of the world does not exhibit a more striking and glorious eight than Ireland for the three hundred years following her conversion to the faith. When we gaze with astonishment at the sight of the whole Irish nation converted by St. Patrick then we see in the hands of God and through the faith. Even now, here and there through the land, we find treasured as memoriais of those happy times croziers and chalices, Celtic crosses and Celtic harps, all of which go to show the high degree of perfection in Christianity and civilization which the Irish mind attained centuries ago.

Allow me now to point out to you the religious character of the Irish peasant, the persecutions he suffered and the temptations he withstood for the faith, the sacrifices which he made and the triumphs which he gained by his loyalty to the divine word of God. In many a parish was it to be seen on a Sabbath day service going on in one of the state churches, containing its stationed minister, who thought himself fortunate had he balf a dozen listeners, while near at hand, and probably in sight, arose a mere hovel, inside of which the ever faithful priest offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, while both inside and out did the prayers of thousands of the faithful ascend to the honor and glory of Christ and Him crucified. Now, thanks to Divine assistance, the hovel in most places has given away to handsome churches and in others to stately cathedrals. But often the poor Irish were not allowed to worship in any public place and had long to see hid in caves while the followers of the State Church worshipped, unmolested and protected, in temples. The Irish peasant remained through centuries of persecution devotedly faithful to the Catholic Church. Nothing could wean or win him from it. The Irish populaor win him from it. Ine Irish popula-tion of Ireland were made apparently for the Catholic faith. We find in a Celtic Irlshman that half his thoughts, half his life, belong to a world other than the natural world around him. The super natural becomes almost the natural to him. The very superstitions of the Irish peasant take a devotional form and are peasant take a devotional form and are never degrading but elevating. His piety is not merely sincere; it is even practical. It sustains him against many hard trials and enables him to bear in cheerful patience a life-long trouble. He praises God for everything, not as an act of mere devotional formality, but as by instinct, the praise naturally rights to be life. the praise naturally rising to his lips. At all times in Ireland are found old men and old women who seem to the observer to have lived lives of nothing but privation and suffering who are heard to mur mur with their latest breath that the Lord was always good to them. Assuredly, my dear friends, this natural genuine piety does nowhere exist as abundant as in the folds of the Irish Catholic Church. Centuries of cruel, futile attempt to force another religion on the Irish, in the name of their English conquerors, had made them regard any effort to change their faith even by argument as the attempt of and old women who seem to the observer to have lived lives of nothing but priva-tion and suffering who are heard to mur of their English conquerors, had made them regard any effort to change their faith even by argument as the attempt of

intensifies to an inexpressible degree the love every Irishman has for the "Emerald It was the hand of the stranger that

brought destruction to the "Isle of Saints," but the Irish forgot not the faith of their ancestors. The first enemies who came to destroy her nationality and faith were the Danes, at the beginning of the ninth century. For 300 years the Irish nobly defended their alters and their homes and defended their altars and their homes and finally defeated and expelled the fierce invaders. We now come to a second period of Ireland's sufferings. It is a period during which the Irish had to sacrifice everything they possessed, and though tempted in every way they would not deny their parental and baptismal faith. The English, having destroyed Irish nationality and satisfied their thirst for blood by the destruction of thousands of Ireland's bravest sons, now sought to assign the souls of those who survived to ever an iruin. It is a dark page of the his. assign the soult of those who survived to eternal ruin. It is a dark page of the his-tory of Ireland and we will pass over it quickly. Though the Catholics, on account of their religion, suffered much from the time of the conquest to the Emancipation Act of 1829, yet will it suffice for us only to relate a few of the acts and means taken by the English Government to stamp out of Ireland the Roman Cath. lic religion during the last two or three centuries. These acts, the most unpar-ralled, inhuman and unjustifiable which history affords, were in flagrant violation of the Treaty of Limerick. These laws were known as the Penal Statutes were known as the relation Statutes or Penal Laws and give us but a slight idea of the policy which Protestant England pursued towards Catholic Ireland for centuries. They forbade the training and education of all Roman Catholic chiland education or all Roman Catholic cond-dren abroad. The Roman Catholic popu-lation were disarmed. No Roman Catho-lic could become a lawyer or serve on a grand jury. No Roman Catholic could vote at the elections without taking the catha and by an Act passed in the first vote at the elections without taking the oaths, and by an Act passed in the first year of George II's reign every Roman Catholic was absolutely disfranchised both at parliamentary and municipal elections. Then followed an Act to expel all Roman Catholic ecclesiastics from Ireland and to prevent the entry of any fresh ones into the hingdom. If the eldest son of a Roman Catholic became a Protestant he Inherited the whole of the father's estate, inherited the whole of the father's estate, and the apostate son was authorized to drive his grey-headed father from the paternal roof if he refused to turn Protestant in his old age. The priests were offered pensions should they turn Protestant, and though it was deemed by the laws as an evidence of guilt to be a priest, still we find the more persecuted they were, to their holy religion the more devoted and firmer they became. The English offered the fatthful Irish the same as did the pagans of ancient Rome offered English offered the faithful Irish the same as did the pagans of ancient Rome offer the early martyrs—deny the faith and you shall have plenty. Then did the Irish testify the power of God's grace, the sanctity and truth of the Catholic Church even in this nineteenth century. Out of the struggle we find the Roman Catholic Church coming forth, its lustre shining like a diamond in the dark, and the State Church continuing to be as formerly, a Church continuing to be as formerly, a

Nothing could more evidently show the stachment of the Irish for the faith than stachment of the Irish for the faith than the remarkable manner in which their voluntary offerings covered the face of the country with churches dedicated to the uses of their faith. Often the contributions came in a liberal measure from Irishmen settled in far-off countries who were net likely ever again to see their native fields. So many were the holy, learned and indefatigable missionaries whom Ire-iand sent abroad that she received the glorious title of the "Island of Saints." Among them was St Columkill, who arrested not his course till the green bills arrested not his course till the green hills of Erin became invisible in the distance, and went to Scotland in 565 A. D. and at his death left the whole country Catholic. In the same century St. Aldan carried the the treasures of Ireland's faith and plety into England. St. Columban, like Abraham of old, left his native Ireland during the seventh century and traversed Switzerland and Italy preaching and converting the inhabitants of these countries. To praise Irlah missionaries of the middle ages is unneeded, for the generous self-devotion s unneeded, for the generous self-devotion of these holy adventurers thus traversing alone the land of the infidel and stranger well declared in the feeling of gratitude with which after ages have clung to their name, and which forms one of the most pleasing reflections which history affords. This shows the zeal, love and loyalty of the Irish for the faith in the early days of Christianity, which, I am proud to say, still con-tinues and will continue till the end of time, for unchanged and unchangeable as is the Irish faith just as much so are the Irish towards it. The Irish race of to day is the same as the race two or three hundred years ago. We have their blood, we have their names, we have their faith, we have their traditions, we have their love. Where to day is the Catholic faith that was once the crown of Eccland?

was once the crown of England? Where to day is the glorious faith that once to day is the glorious faith that once reigned supreme in Prussia and Northern Germany? Where to-day is the Catholic faith that was once so dearly loved and so excellently practiced in Sweeden and Norway? It is among the traditions of the past: But where to-day is the faith that fifteen hundred years ago St. Patrick preached in Ireland? It is in the minds and in the hearts of the Irish peeple wherever they are the world over. It is there to day as pure as it was when the message came from the lips of Ireland's apostle. After three hundred years of Penal laws England has tried in vain to rob Ireland of her Catholic faith by every means of bloodshed, persecution and confiscation but the English could not all means of bloodshed, persecution and con-fiscation, but the English could not dis-possess the faithful Irish of that which they had not the grace of God to possess. There is one race among races, one nation

every man must love his native land. Next to the readiness with which he stands IN DOURO.

Sunday was a great day for Ireland in St. Joseph's, Douro. After Mass Dr. McGrath, a rising young physician of Peterborough, delivered an additional statement of a spy to persuade a soldier to forsake his figs. To abandon the Catholic Church in defence of his sacred altar should be his was for an Irishman not merely to remove the religion but to betray his countries invader. That the Irishman loves his native land no

one will deny; rath verdant slopes and his life threatened become an inhabita rarely does he do so the saying of the be applied to all Iri "The patriot's boas His first, best countr Though scattered

APRIL 6,

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Daniel O'Connel I wish also to

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Temperance. A to uplift and rais

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