

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

A Twelve Month's Retrospect THE IRISH CAUSE TO-DAY.

MANY CHANGES SINCE THE 17TH MARCH, 1891

National Prospects for the Future.

ONCE again has the 17th of March, the Irish national day, come around. As the First of January is the beginning of the New Year all over Christendom, so is their National anniversary, as it were, the day that marks the closing of one and the opening of another year for a people. Upon that occasion it is customary to glance back over the twelve months just elapsed, to examine what has been done by the Race, in the social, moral, political, national and religious spheres; to recall the names and deeds of those fellow-countrymen whom it pleased God to summon to another life during the year gone past; to draw lessons of warning from the mistakes and examples for practice from the worthy deeds that mark that period of time; to contemplate the present in all its phases; to look forward to the future, and finally to encourage each other in everything that might tend towards national advancement and consequently future triumph.

Since the last celebration of St. Patrick's Day many changes have taken place. Death's Angel has been busy, and in his passage the shadow of his wing has taken upon several prominent figures in the great world of public life; the aspect of the Irish National cause has had several and some material mutations; clouds collected upon the horizon which are, thank God, being rapidly broken up today; divisions rent the patriotic ranks, which are gradually but surely being cemented; and on the whole, the prospect for Ireland's future seems much brighter, more promising, than it was a year ago.

This time twelve months there was a feeling of dread, of deep anxiety over all the Home Rules in the world. The cause was menaced with a blow that seemed only the more terrible in the suspense; it would seem as if Erin were marked out by Heaven to be the ceaseless victim of misfortunes and expiations. The experience of history had taught us that each time, after unnumbered struggles and sacrifices, when she was with a sigh of the promised land, like the wandering Israelites of old, she was destined to return into the desert of her troubles and to suffer anew the privations of suspense, and thirst for the long-sought draughts of Freedom. But with the Manna of Faith the Almighty has ever fed her children in the wilderness of their misery, and although their hopes seem to O'Connell down, for different reasons, like Moses might not be given the joy of personally leading them into the land of Liberty, still that All-wise Providence has ever awaiting them in the future some commander destined to lead them in triumph the Jordan of their nationalhood.

able O'Gorman Mahon. John Pope Hennessy is another of the prominent political magnets who has paid nature's last debt and quit the field of life. Of all the men who played conspicuously in the Irish Drama, from 1840 till today, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy remains almost alone. Looking around to-day and conjuring up memories of the past, he might say, with Oliver Wendell Holmes:—

"I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted;
Whose joys have fled, and friends are dead,
And all but he departed."

There is one, an illustrious son of the Church, a light, and not the least one—in the evening sky of our century, a man who, although not an Irishman, has been a most powerful friend of the old land and a potent advocate of her cause,—the now immortal and ever to be lamented Cardinal Manning. Catholic Ireland owes him a deep debt of gratitude, and green shall be his memory in the hearts of our people, and frequent the prayers that shall ascend from a grateful race for his eternal glory and happiness. It would be unfair to skip over, in our hurried retrospect, the name of that grand apostle of all the noblest principles that our Holy Church professes and inculcates. It would be impossible for us to go over, in the short space at our disposal, the names and deeds of the prominent members of the Church and the conspicuous Irishmen, who, during the year just elapsed, have disappeared from the scene; but there is one whom Montreal can never forget, whose labors in the "fold of Christ" were great and fruitful, whose Irish nationalism was of the stern, faithful and undying stamp. Needless, almost, to say that we refer to the late pastor of St. Patrick's, the Reverend Father Dowd. It is not necessary to relate the events of his life; they are impressed upon the memories of the people, and have been recorded in all their beautiful and edifying details by every journal in this broad Dominion. When we entered St. Patrick's Church to attend the celebration of the Adorable Sacrifice, we instinctively felt that, amidst all the pomp of ceremony and glory of decoration, there was a vacant chair, that in the harmonic swell of hymns blending with peal of organ, there was a voice silent forever more. How many St. Patrick's Days had he not filled that seat; on how many an anniversary of the national festival did not his accents blend in prayer, or canticle, or awaken the echoes of the familiar temple with his earnest appeals! In the words of the greatest of all Irish Canadian poets we can but say, of Father Dowd:—

"Where shall we find his equal? Where?
Naught can avail him now but prayer."
Miserere Domine.

In the records of the last year we find the deaths of several prominent Irishmen of Montreal, men, who, in their respective spheres, were an honor to our race and a loss to the community. But while the Messenger of Death darted hither and thither, cutting on all sides, there was another Spirit abroad in the land—the guardian Angel of our nationality. Under its direction we have seen the great progress made by Irishmen in Canada. Their influence in the higher spheres is daily and perceptibly augmenting, and they are gradually and surely becoming a powerful factor in the great composition of Canada's future. May the 17th March, 1892 dawn upon a people still further advanced along the highway that we have so successfully trod since 1891! May the annals of the coming year contain as few as possible of our good Irish names upon the death page! May the writer of next year's retrospect be able to point to a still greater change—to the victory of Home Rule in

Ireland and the complete enfranchisement of a long-suffering and patient nation.

Each one in this world judges the general progress from its effects upon his individual prospects; on that principle it may be pardonable for us to glance, for a short moment, at the advancement made by the TRUE WITNESS since last St. Patrick's Day. Not only has our circulation augmented, but the approval, expressed in correspondence from all sides, upon the tone and programme of their organ, should suffice to encourage us for the coming year, and to cheer us along the course of purely Catholic journalism which we have adopted. Besides the TRUE WITNESS we have undertaken several publications and foremost amongst them THE SUNBEAM. Like a ray of light from a glowing source that little paper has fallen among the children of the Catechism classes and has brightened their prospects, warmed their fervor, and illumined their studies. We are grateful to all our readers and patrons for the encouragement they have given us—still more deeply thankful to those who have given tangible evidence of their renewed confidence in co-operating with us in our efforts to build up a really good and great Catholic newspaper for our country. We have not the slightest fear for the future.

what part of the habitable globe it may be, there also will be found the Church of God. The ardor of their patriotism lends sublimity to their faith, and the anniversary of their patron saint is consequently with them a double celebration—religious and national. All round the earth to-day there is a vast chain of loving hearts which throbs in patriotic union; and Montreal forms one of the largest links in that golden chain. From any early hour in the morning the Irish people were astir. The whole city may fairly be said to have worn a holiday aspect. As the hour for the assembling of the processionists arrived the streets through which it had been arranged that they should pass, were thronged with thousands of men, women and children, most of them wearing sprigs of shamrock, green ribbons, and other garmentary embellishment of the same immortal hue. Indeed the supply of the

Chosen leaf of bard and chief seemed inexhaustible. A large number of store-windows throughout the city were gaily decorated with Irish national emblems, and the green and gold flag, with the harp and the shamrock, fluttered in the breeze from many a house-top. The procession was in every way a splendid success. The richly caparisoned steeds pranced gracefully along, with

the same combination of decorative banners and streamers could be seen. The choir gallery was magnificently decorated with bunting of the prevailing tints, and on the front of it was the following inscription:—"Harp of Erin, send forth His praises."

As the grand marshal, Alderman Patrick Kennedy, M.P.P., marched up to his seat about half past ten o'clock, the organ pealed forth the inspiring strains of "St. Patrick's Day." As soon as the members of the various societies had arrived and taken their seats His Grace Archbishop Fabre, in his gorgeous vestments, slowly emerged from the sacristy followed by a long train of priests and choir-boys. His Grace pontificated at the Grand Mass, the assistant priest being the Very Rev. Vicar-General Marechal, with the Rev. Father Donnelly, of St. Anthony's, and the Rev. Father Lonergan, of St. Bridget's, as Deacons of Honor; Rev. Father Dolan as Deacon of the Mass and Rev. Father Clarke as Sub-deacon of the Mass. The Master of Ceremonies was Rev. Father Perrin; and Mr. Redihan was thurifer; Messrs. Murray and Harold, acolytes; Mr. Skelly, candle-bearer; Mr. Gallon, cross-bearer, and Mr. Dollard, mitre-bearer. Amongst the clergy present in the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Quinlivan, Toupin, James Callaghan, of St. Patrick's; Salmon, O'Donnell, of St. Mary's; O'Meara, Casey, and Therien, of St. Gabriels; Portier, Lelandais, Laliberte, Denis, of the Montreal College; Bourgeois, C.S.V., Cote des Neiges; Latraverse; Delinelle, chaplain of the Good Shepherd; Foley, and Beaubien, Sault a Recollet; De Foiville, Lassiserayecure of Lake St. Francis; Rioux, C.S.S.R., of St. Anne's; De Repentigny, of St. Cuneogonde.

Egan, although a resident of the West is well-known to the worshippers at St. Patrick's and highly esteemed by the members of the choir as an artist of a high order. He fully sustained that reputation by the manner in which he used his powerful and melodious voice. Mr. P. F. McCaffrey wields the baton with all the precision of an accomplished leader, and assisted Prof. Fowler in conducting one of the most artistic musical services ever rendered by the choir for many years.

Prof. Fowler is to be congratulated for the efficiency displayed by the choir. He has spared no effort in the desire to develop not only the resources necessary for the discharge of the functions associated with the regular services of the Church, but he has likewise entered into the work of assisting National Societies and charitable organizations in promoting their objects. He is a veritable "Father to the Choir" in a social sense, dispensing that true and unostentatious hospitality which has served in such a great measure to create a spirit of unity and good-fellowship among the members. Prof. Fowler has now completed his 25th year as director of the choir and it would be most opportune for the parishioners to act in conjunction with the past and present members of the Choir in the endeavor to give some testimony of their appreciation for a "Silver Jubilee" for service of such a high order as Prof. Fowler may justly lay claim to in the ranks of St. Patrick's Congregation.

Officers of the Choir:—A. G. Grant, honorary president; Robert Warren, president; G. A. Carpenter, honorary-secretary; P. F. McCaffrey, assistant-conductor; Prof. J. A. Fowler, organist and conductor.

ST. PATRICK'S CHOIR.

In the midst of the great gathering of associations and societies which entered the portals of St. Patrick's Church on St. Patrick's Day, none are deserving of more praise for the earnest manner in which they discharged the duties devolving upon them than the members of St. Patrick's Choir. This valuable association is slowly moving towards the completion of a period of existence embracing two generations, and its members, the greater number of whom have been born on the banks of the St. Lawrence, yet nevertheless deem it consistent with their loyalty and devotion to Canada that at frequent intervals during the year, and more especially on the 17th of March, they should wear the garments and symbols of the nationality of their fathers, as well as sing and chant in sacred and national song. That the members of St. Patrick's Choir have been the pioneers in the good work is amply verified by a glance at the early history of the musical portion of our religious and national celebrations. Upon entering the stately old edifice the grand organ was heard pealing forth in thunder tones its vigorous tribute to Ireland's patron Saint, St. Patrick. The ever inspiring "St. Patrick's Day"—The majestic air, "let Erin remember the days of old," followed in the softest whispers by many of those sad strains which characterize a number of the Irish melodies gave the assurance that the talented and energetic director of the choir Prof. J. A. Fowler was occupying his seat before the manuals.

The musical portion of the service consisted of the Kyrie, Gloria and Credo by celebrated Nini. The manuscript of which Prof. Fowler seemed during a visit to sunny Italy and also the beautiful and prayerful Sanctus and Agnus Dei of Mercadante. The chorus was the largest which has occupied the precincts of the choir gallery since the memorable celebrations of the O'Connell centenary and under the guidance of the director and leader performed highly creditable work—more particularly in the Gloria and Credo when the volume of sound was really grand. Throughout the entire service the choral singing was skilful and reflected the greatest credit upon the members. The orchestra was of larger proportions than usually heard in St. Patrick's, and under the calm supervision of Gruenwald, did most effective work. The solo parts were entrusted to such able amateurs as Messrs. John Rowan, J. P. Hammill, E. Hewitt, E. F. Casey and H. M. Bolger. The burden of the solo parts fell to Mr. John Rowan, who possesses a rich sympathetic tenor voice which he uses with all the wisdom and cleverness of an artist. At the Offertory Mr. James F. Egan rendered with orchestral accompaniment the bass solo, Neukomm's "Comprina Hoc Deus" a most difficult production bristling with all the intricacies of vocalization which required a master of the art to interpret. Mr.

THE SERMON.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Fahey, who spoke as follows:—

"This is the day which the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and exult therein." Ps. 150th.

Most Reverend Archbishop, Rev. Clergy, Dear Brethren:—At the sight of this vast, most pious and respectable congregation, composed of our most beloved and esteemed Archbishop, his respected clergy, and you, dear brethren, the worthy sons of Erin; on beholding this beautifully decorated temple, its ornamented altars and its ministers in gorgeous array, I ask myself, what calls forth this magnificent display? This morning, the atmosphere re-echoed our national airs, emblematic of victory, and unfurled to the breeze, you proudly carried your patriotic and religious banners; on your bosoms you lovingly wear the green immortal shamrock, indicative of your belief in the true God, and why this manifestation of joy. Because to-day we commemorate the anniversary of an immortal hero; a conqueror, not of earthly domains nor of perishable treasures, but of immortal souls, because Holy Mother the church chants to-day the praises of one of her most exalted saints, whose successful career and zeal for the glory of God is unrivalled in the annals of ecclesiastical history; because to-day, we, the sons of Erin, in an especial manner, celebrate the feast of the greatest of benefactors, one who procured for us a gift, compared with which, all earthly treasures are insignificant. What is this gift; divine faith. That faith which has baffled the tempests of ages; that faith which indissolubly unites us to the true church, which settles all our doubts, sustains us in the sufferings of life, justifies us at the hour of death, that faith which, adds the Apostle, it is impossible to please God. Let others then boast of their royal birth, of being the children of the great men of the earth; we will glory in being the dutiful children of the church, because we thus walk in the path of salvation, which is that of faith accompanied by good works, adds the Apostle St. James. Who is this conqueror, apostle, and benefactor?

ST. PATRICK.

the glorious patron of Ireland. Can we not, therefore, most justly rejoice to-day in our saint, who has brought us out of the land of Egypt into the land of Canaan, who withdrew us from the darkness of error to the bright light of Christianity. In the words, therefore, of my text, let us exult, for this is the day which the Lord hath made. Let our prayers like the incense which ascends before God's altars, soar aloft to-day before the throne of St. Patrick in Heaven, thanking God, the giver of all good gifts, through his instrumentality for this incomparable boon, beseeching him that Almighty God may not only preserve

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.]



THE PREACHER OF THE DAY.

THE REVEREND FATHER FAHEY, of St. Patrick's, the eloquent preacher of the day, is yet in the prime of life, full of vigor, energy, eloquence and patriotism. He was born in the City of Quebec, thirty-six years ago. He is of Irish parentage; therefore a thorough Irishman in sentiment and true Canadian in principle. He made a brilliant classical course at St. Mary's Jesuit College, Montreal, where he passed to the Sulpician Seminary of the Montreal College. There, after a full theological course, he was ordained priest on the 20th March 1868. During seven years Father Fahey was attached to the Parish of St. Charles mission. In 1875 he was removed to the parish of Bunde, and during three years he ministered, as pastor, to the spiritual wants of the good people of that district. In 1878 he was recalled to Montreal and has since been attached to St. Patrick's Church in this city. Since the day of his ordination, Father Fahey has exhibited untiring devotion in the service of the Church. In city and in country he has been noted for his incessant exertions in the spiritual interests of the faithful confided to his care. His voice in the pulpit has ever been eloquently and effectively raised to warn, counsel and guide, to instruct, encourage and evangelize. The glowing sermon, replete with sentiments of priestly devotion and patriotic fervor, which we give below, mirrors in itself the mind of the man. The young orator has yet, we trust, many long years of usefulness before him in the fields of Catholic labor—years which we hope will be marked with health, strength and success.

with this number do we set out upon our mission—the advocacy of Irish rights and privileges, and the defence of Catholic doctrines and principles.

The grand celebration of St. Patrick's Day, this year, augurs well for the future of our people in this city and all over Canada. The religious fervor in the Church, the patriotic emulation in the out-door demonstration, the splendid arrangements of the concerts, the calm, practical and honest tone of the addresses, the refined and elevating spirit of the entertainments, are so many indices of improvement, progress and great hope. Before giving the following reports of the day's proceedings we desire to thank the different gentlemen who furnished us with the programmes, notes, or contributions, thereby enabling us to present this year the best and completest St. Patrick's Day special that has ever been produced in Canada.

In Montreal the great festival was celebrated with the customary patriotic and religious fervor. The annual recurrence of St. Patrick's Day is always eagerly looked forward to by the Irishmen of the city, and no pains are spared to give to the occasion all the eclat which can be imparted to it by gorgeous religious rites, eloquent and soul-stirring sermons, a brilliant pageant parading the principal streets, concerts in the evening, in which songs and airs redolent of the dear old land beyond the sea form the chief items on the programme, and at which addresses by well-known orators are delivered—addresses in which all the glories of Ireland's magnificent past and hopeful present are set forth in ornate language. "Where'r the German tongue is spoken, there you'll hear of fatherland," sings an enthusiastic Teuton bard; and similarly it may be said of the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle that wherever they congregate in any number, no matter in

their beautifully-uniformed riders, the gold lace so profusely worn, glittering in the sunlight with dazzling brilliance. Cheer after cheer went up as the bands passed by playing national airs that recalled to the throngs which lined the route the memories of the reverent and faithful nation from which they sprang—her joys and her sorrows, her hopes and her aspirations, her chequered past and bright future. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and it is not too much to say that notwithstanding the vast crowds who occupied the streets and the sidewalks, the demonstration was one of the most orderly that has ever been held in this city. Grand Mass was, as usual, celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, in which every available space was occupied, hundreds having been unable to obtain admission.

The various societies mustered on Craig street shortly after nine o'clock, and proceeded to St. Patrick's Church.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

The interior of St. Patrick's Church was very handsomely decorated, and great credit is due to Mr. S. Young, the sexton, for the taste he displayed in arranging the embellishments. On the Epistle side of the altar was a green harp, six feet in height, lighted up by a number of green lamps, placed at short intervals over the whole frame. On the Gospel side was a large green Celtic cross, similarly illuminated. The Archbishop's throne was neatly decked with both the Papal and the Irish colors. High above the sanctuary was a crown, from which depended wide streamers, in the hues of which the Pontifical and the Hibernian colors were also intermingled, happily suggestive of the twin causes which are so dear to the hearts of the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle—faith and fatherland. On every pillar