

The True Witness

AND
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1873.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MARCH—1873.

Friday, 21—The Five Wounds of Our Lord.
Saturday, 22—St. Benedict, Ab.
Sunday, 23—Fourth in Lent.
Monday, 24—Of the Feria.
Tuesday, 25—ANNUNCIATION, Obl.
Wednesday, 26—Of the Feria.
Thursday, 27—Of the Feria.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As we anticipated Mr. Gladstone's Irish
University Bill has brought upon its authors
the retribution which justly awaits all those
who bring forth half measures; who cannot
make up their minds whether to ejaculate
"good Lord" or "good Devil." The Minister-
ial Bill has been defeated in the House of
Commons by a majority of three, Catholics
and Conservatives on this occasion making
common cause against the Ministry. The
House adjourned, and Mr. Gladstone waiting
on the Queen, placed in Her Majesty's hands
his resignation and that of his colleagues.

Mr. D'Israeli was then called in to prescribe,
but whether he will be able to form a Ministry
of his own political friends is very doubtful;
and still more doubtful is it, should he
even succeed in putting together a Cabinet,
whether it will be able to govern the country.
Still the question will come up "What is to be
done about Ireland?" It cannot be ignored;
neither can any Ministry hope to retain office
that sets itself in opposition to the wishes of
the Catholic Church in the matter of educa-
tion.

The reprieving by Governor Dix of the con-
victed murderer, Foster, has provoked an ex-
pression of public jealousy on the matter from
that class of society which is most in danger
from such rascals as the hero of the "car hook"
murder. A petition with a large number of
signatures from amongst the most respectable
citizens of New York has been presented to the
Governor praying him in consideration of the
"unholy means employed to defeat the ends
justice," to decide the question submitted to
him, on points of law and evidence only.—
Great efforts were made to procure the mur-
derer's escape. Amongst these was the pre-
senting of a petition in his behalf from the
widow of the victim. This at first sight looked
touching, and had its effect upon a public, not
sufficiently awake to the "smartness" of the
New Yorkers. It now turns out that the
"widow's petition," that touching document,
was paid for; and that in consideration of a
certain number of dollars and cents the widow
was bribed to affix her name to the infamous
document. We do not remember even in the
annals of United States rascality, to have ever
come across any thing more disgraceful to all
parties concerned than this. The "widow"
should next offer her hand, and gentle heart to
the man who delivered her from the bond of
matrimony. We have since learned that the
law is to take its course, so Foster will expiate
his crime on the gallows on the 21st.

Mr. D'Israeli is unable to put together a
sufficient Ministerial team, so it is probable that
Mr. Gladstone will resume office.

There seems to be a very unruly set of boys
at Fort Gerry; for we are informed by tele-
gram 8th inst., that the Speaker of the Assem-
bly, having given offence by a ruling of his on
a Bill for the incorporation of Winnipeg, was
decoyed from his house, seized, and tarred. A
reward of \$100 has been offered by the Gov-
ernment for the arrest of the perpetrators of
the disgraceful outrage.

The *Minerve* announces on the strength of
private letters, that the health of Sir George
E. Cartier is so far re-established, as to enable
the honorable gentleman to return to Canada,
the course of next month, and thus take part
in the present Parliamentary campaign.

M. Renault informs the public through the
columns of the *Courrier du Canada* that he
retires from the post of editor of that journal.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The weather was all that could be desired;
a bright sky overhead, and dry under foot,
with a fresh bracing atmosphere. At the hour
assigned in the Programme, the several Soci-
eties assembled at the St. Patrick's Society's
Hall, and marched to the St. Patrick's Church,
where High Mass was sung by the Reverend
Father Larue, Mr. Barry Deacon, Mr. Dug-
gan, Sub-Deacon. The Mass was taken from
Haydn's Great Mass, which was ably rendered
by the Church Choir, under the direction of
the organist, Mr. Fowler. At eleven o'clock
the Rev. Father Carroll, the Preacher of the
Day, ascended the pulpit, and delivered the
following

SERMON:

"But you are a chosen generation, a kingly priest-
hood, a holy nation."

To-day, my dearly beloved brethren, faithful to
the traditions of the past, you are assembled once
more together to tender, in this place consecrated
to the memory of your glorious apostle, the tributes
of your veneration and love to your faith and na-
tionality. To-day, your minds, crowded with the
remembrances of departed times, are waded to scenes
far different from those that surround you—to that
fair isle that rises like a virgin queen from out the
waves of the Atlantic. To-day, the past, by the
fond spell of memory, is as the present; the scenes
of youth and childhood, the old homestead with its
surroundings of natural beauty, the chapel where
you knelt in mute devotion, the green sod in the
churchyard which you strewed with your parting
tears and prayers, pass before you clothed in a life-
like reality. With these sweet recollections come
also other thoughts of a higher and more inspiring
nature. Devoted children to that dear land that
even now you call your home, you love to-day to re-
call her by-gone glories, every grand and noble deed
that adorns her history; you love to dwell on the
memories of those men whose talent, courage and
holiness have contributed so much to their nation's
weal. Many, indeed, are the illustrious names that
Ireland counts on the roll of her heroes—names re-
dolent with the memories of great and good acts, of
high and holy purposes, of glorious achievements.

But conspicuously in this bright vision of Ireland's
greatness there stand forth a few figures which draw
more largely upon our admiration—they are men
who have impressed their names upon, or who have
identified themselves with, some singularly glorious
event of our history. Prominent among this favour-
ed few is the apostle whose memory we honour to-
day. The reason that we hold him in such high
esteem is that to his energy and zeal can either
directly or indirectly be attributed everything that
is great, glorious and un fading in our history. The
benefit that he procured us, divine faith, harmoniz-
ing so truly with the ruling passion of the Irish na-
tion, its religiousness, has constituted itself the
primary and controlling element of our character.

It has so fully enwreathed the heart of Ireland that
it has absorbed her patriotism, and identified her na-
tional with her religious interests. It has become
her presiding genius, the soul of her national exist-
ence, and has ever shaped her destinies. It has set
its seal on our nation's character, and, in the words
of my text, has made us "a chosen people, a
kingly priesthood, a holy nation." Is it strange,
therefore, that we should surround this festival
day of our saint with such pomp and magnifi-
cence? Is it strange, that the outpourings
of our patriotism should find expression in this
great religious ceremony? No. We recognize be-
fore the world that it is our faith is our greatest
glory, the brightest ornament of our race. O, that
we may never alienate ourselves from such noble
and becoming sentiments! And that love of faith
may even in this land lose naught of its native
beauty and strength, let us to-day bring more vividly
before our minds the benefits it has procured us.
Let us see how it has made us a holy nation, by civil-
izing, enlightening and sanctifying our country;
how it has made us a chosen generation, by placing on
its brow the crown of martyrdom; how it has made
us a kingly priesthood, by confiding to the apostolic
privilege of diffusing the Gospel. Christianity is the
parent and guardian of true civilization; solely
under its benign influence can that refinement of
intellect and heart exist. It is true that previously
to the Christian era science, literature and arts
flourished; but these are not the sole elements of
civilization, for even where they were most highly
cultivated, as in Greece and Rome, there existed
certain remnants of primitive barbarity, which,
especially in the latter days of Paganism, develop-
ing with the growth of wealth, cast a shade over the
social and political lives of those people. It was
only under the gentle sway of the Gospel that the
heart of man was ennobled, and became adorned
with the bright social and religious virtues without
which civilization is but an empty name. Ireland
fairly illustrates this difference between so-called
Pagan and Christian civilization. The Pagan Irish
were not an uncultivated people. They excelled in
several departments of human knowledge and skill,
in mechanics, architecture and music; they pos-
sessed a well-digested code of laws, and one of the
most satisfactory proofs that their minds were not
undisciplined is their conduct towards St. Patrick
on his first preaching the Gospel at Tara. Like
the Aropeagites of old they called upon the great
Apostle to expose his teaching; and listening calmly
to his eloquent discourse, they deliberated critically
upon its tenableness. Yet the refinement of ancient
Ireland was considerably marred by the influence
of paganism; a deeply religious people, the Irish
delivered themselves up to the guidance of the
Druids, whose stern, gloomy and superstitious teach-
ings advocated rites and practices revolting to the
finer and gentler instincts of our nature. But though
the primitive history of the country was disgraced
by some sanguinary and barbarous deeds, these blin-
dishes were not constitutional in the Irish character;
like the morning mists before the rising sun,
they disappeared almost instantaneously before the
sweet light of Christianity. St. Patrick was but a few
years in the country when he was enabled to expu-
gate and remodel its constitution, and efface from
its customs almost every vestige of Druidism;
slavery, the index of pagan times, was disconti-
nued and finally outlawed, and the degrading
practices and regulations of warfare were abolished.
The influence of the Christian faith over the char-
acter of this newly-converted people was wonderful;
it gave development to its noble traits—its gener-
osity and sympathy; and directed its deep earnest-
ness and impulsiveness to the accomplishment of
good and noble deeds. It enlightened and enriched
the Irish mind, and, as history well attests, it showed
to the world the power and grandeur of Ireland's in-
tellect when favoured and encouraged by its inspir-
ing genius. For three centuries after its conversion
Ireland held the intellectual supremacy of Europe—
it became the home of learning, the emporium of
literature. While the rest of Europe was but a ruin
and a desert, while barbarism and anarchy were
swaying their bloody swords over its torn bosom,
while ignorance and savagery were fast crushing
out learning, this little gem of the sea was sleeping
in the sunshine of peace prosperity and civiliza-
tion. Providence, it would seem had des-
tined it to those vacillating chaotic times as the re-
fuge and sanctuary of thought and enlightenment.
To it flocked scholars from every European nation,
and from it went forth the seeds of learning to Eng-

land, Germany, France and Italy. To have an idea
of the progress that letters assumed in those golden
days, you have but to compute the number of the
vast educational establishments that crowded the
island. In the fifth century 21 monasteries and
schools of great celebrity were founded; besides
these there were built several others of lesser note.
In the 7th century, among the many retreats of
education erected, we distinguish the glorious names
of Bangor, Clonard and Clonsannaise; some of these
institutions contained 1,000, 2,000, 3,000 students
and the Apostolic school of Armagh is said to have
attained at one time the incredible number of 7,000
inmates. In this same age 44 new monasteries
which generally had schools attached to them were
constructed, and in the two following centuries 55
similar institutions were erected. Can any other
nation, in such a short period of time, present such
a record of intellectual progress? If, indeed, we had
not History's impartial assent to these facts, we
would at the present day be inclined to doubt their
veracity. Although Ireland had within her keeping
the secrets of learning, she was not selfishly spar-
ing of them; her hospitality to the stranger and
student is one of the bright features of those
times. "Her halls," says a foreign writer, "were
open to the students of every clime, who were there
received with greater hospitality than in any other
country of the Christian world." and the venerable
Bede says that "though great the number of Eng-
lish nobility and gentry who thronged these schools,
they were all most willingly received, maintained,
supplied with books and instructed without fee or
reward." So deep was the appreciation and love of
the Irish scholar for learning that he oftentimes
voluntarily exiled himself to carry to other nations
the treasures of Divine and human knowledge which
enriched his blessed isle. It was this noble desire
that sent Columbanus through the south of Europe
and made him finally settle in Italy, in a spot which
to-day bears his name, St. Gallus into the wilds of
the Alps, where he founded the celebrated monas-
tery and school of St. Gall. St. Frigidian's name is
still blessed on the banks of the Rhine, and Virgil-
lus, or Feargus who many years previous to the
days of Copernicus or Galileo sustained the spheri-
city of the earth, evangelized and enlightened a cer-
tain portion of Germany, and finally became Bishop
of Saltzburg. The famous Universities of Paris and
Padua owe their origin to the learning and industry
of Clement and John—Irishmen. From Ireland the
Anglo-Saxons derived their enlightenment, and un-
til the 13th century the literature of Scotland was
in the special possession of the Irish clergy. Wen-
drous as were the benefits that the intellect and so-
cial character of Ireland derived from her faith, they
were eclipsed in the halo of sanctity with which it
crowned the deeply religious nature of our people.—
The preaching and progress of the faith in Ire-
land is a historical enigma. That the conversion of
this country was not stained by a single drop of
blood is a fact unaccountable to those acquainted
with the warlike and superstitious nature of the
Druidical Irish. But even so rapid was the progress
of the Gospel that, ere he died, our beloved Apostle
beheld the land an Island of Saints; Kings and
Courtiers, Sages, and Warriors, with their humble
brethren, bowed their heads alike beneath the sav-
ing sign of salvation. Monasticism, which is the
highest expression of Evangelical perfection, flour-
ished there in a most remarkable manner; every
hill was crowned with some noble pile consecrated
to the service of the Most High, in every glen se-
cret retreats of sanctity. "When we look into the
ecclesiastical life of this people," says a learned for-
eigner, "we are almost tempted to believe that some
potent spirit had transported over the sea the cells of
the Valley of the Nile with all their hermits, its
monasteries with all their inmates and had settled
down in the Western Isle, an isle which in the
lapse of three centuries, gave 850 Saints to the
Church, won over to Christianity the north of Bri-
tain, and soon after a large portion of the then yet
pagan Germany." Is it surprising that the Irish
heart should thrill with a holy pride as it reviews
the glories of this brightest epoch of our race; and
that it ever loves to linger among the memories of
those days when science and holiness walked the
land, of that age that set upon the virgin brow of
Ireland the glorious title of Isle of Saints and Doc-
tors? Well indeed might our Poet relate, that in
those days a maid of high degree and comely mein
openly bore throughout the land a precious gem and
none were found to molest her, for Ireland then was
the land of the noble and the pure, the free and the
brave, the saint and the sage. In this
golden age our country presaged what a
bright and glorious future was in store for her,
how the genius, intellect and heart of her people,
developed and cultivated by her faith, would ever
give her a foremost position among civilized na-
tions. But Providence in its inscrutable designs
had adjudged that the days of Ireland's prosperity
should, for a time, come to a close. It had shewn
what a marvel of science, wisdom and holiness
faith had made this people in days of peace and
happiness; now it wished to manifest to the world
how in days of darkness and persecution that same
faith could make them a nation of heroes, of noble
and generous martyrs. Like the diamond that casts
a more lustrous sheen in the darkness of night than
in the bright sunshine, our faith shone with more
splendour in the long night of trial that for 1,900
years hung over our country, than in the palmist
days of her first glory. It may seem to some objec-
tionable that I, upon an occasion like this, vested
with the dignity of God's ministry, upon whose lips
should ever be found words of peace and forgiveness,
should allude to a topic which may provoke a feel-
ing of resentment in the hearts of my hearers; but,
while counselling my fellow-countrymen to forgive,
like the martyrs of old, those who have injured
them, I felt that I could not be doing justice to the
faith of Ireland, if I did not touch upon an era
which, though it may have been disastrous to her
national interests was a most glorious one for her
faith. The history of what Ireland has suffered,
though often attempted, has yet to be written; but
the imperfect accounts that we possess clearly show
that no other nation endured so much for the cause
of religion as she. In her outward desolation, she
stands forth the great "Niobe of Nations." She was
deprived of all that could remind her of her faith or
whose loss might shake her constancy in it. Her
monasteries, those reliquaries of her precocious civ-
ilization, those memorials of her piety and magnifi-
cence were pillaged, depopulated and destroyed;
their ruins, still cover the land, and with their moss-
crowned, ivy-covered walls—they tell in their silent
ravished beauty the story of Ireland's struggling
faith. Her priests, to whom she owed her faith and
greatness were either martyred or exiled;
they were priced and hunted as the wolves of the
forest. The few that escaped detection were hidden
in the mountain fastnesses, where with no other
vault than the canopy of heaven, they offered up the
eternal sacrifice and administered, consoled and
strengthened their persecuted flock. The constitu-
tion that was forced on her was one bristling with
statutes whose only aim was to crush out her reli-
gious spirit; her sons were ejected and made the
serfs of ruthless intruders; they were driven into a
small corner of the island, and forced to seek other
portions of it in the hands of a lawless soldiery.—
War, confiscation, exile—in fact every destructive
scheme was employed to blast the Irish faith, but
the attempt was fruitless. Three hundred years of
such persecution swept over the land, and that faith,
like the oak upon yon hills, struck its roots more
deeply into the Irish heart the more it was assailed.
In time after three long centuries there appeared on
the horizon of Ireland's destinies a faint glimmer-
ing of hope, and men seemed to think that the
worst of her suffering had past; but they were too
sanguine, the night of her trial was not over. She

had been the martyr of the sword; now she must
undergo a martyrdom more cruel in its slow ling-
ering—the martyrdom of famine and pestilence. In
the memory of many here to-day Providence al-
lowed our nation to be visited with these two dread-
ful calamities and you, yourselves, can testify how
nobly and heroically she bore them; how, when the
tempter stood beside her and offered her bread and
health, she raised her almost powerless arm to repel
his advances, how she preferred death to apostasy.
The sainted dead of '46 and '47, though they lie in
their own land without a monument inscribed to
their heroism, though their bones are whitening in
the depths of the Atlantic, though they lie beside us
almost unheeded and forgotten, though they sleep
in thousands on a distant isle of the St. Lawrence,
with nought but the wild rees to mark their graves,
and the surging tide to chant their dirge, have not
been those who have added the least glory to our
national faith, for their names are written on the
brightest roll of Heaven's martyrs. The incessant
calamities that strewn Ireland with her bravest and
her best, toll not, as some imagine, a tale of weak-
ness and dishonour; rather, they loudly proclaim
the highest victory that a people can achieve—the
victory of Divine Faith over the powers of Hell;
they place on our nation's brow a diadem that no
other people has worn—the crown of martyrdom;
they signalize her from her sister nations as the
special inheritance of God, so deeply cherished by
Him that He has made her national existence re-
semble the life of our Divine Lord, "the author
and consummator of faith who having joy set before
him, embraced the Cross." No, my dearly beloved
brethren, that nation that received the faith so spon-
taneously and unreservedly, that did not disfigure,
as other nations did, its conversion with the shed-
ding of the Apostle's blood, that gave to Heaven so
many illustrious saints, that became in the days of
St. Patrick one vast monastery, could not have un-
dergone the innumerable and indescribable afflictions
of the last three hundred years without some special
dispensation of Divine Providence. And to-day, if
we cast but a glance at the state of the world, we
may catch some slight glimpse of God's mighty de-
sign upon our country. How have other civilized
nations kept the talent of Divine Faith, which God
committed to their safe keeping? They have never
felt the suffering of our country, their histories are
more or less illumined with earthly prosperity. But
how has it fared with their faith—that greatest and
noblest gift of Heaven? In some its life is pre-
carious, in others its existence is no more than felt,
in others again it is entirely gone. But Ireland,
the martyred nation, whose earthly life was crushed
as the grape beneath the press, has kept the faith as
bright, as pure, and strong as when it broke from
the lips of its Apostle on the hills of Tara. Yes,
without wishing to construe wrongly the workings
of God's inscrutable counsels, I am forcibly induced
to believe that God has placed our nation in the
shade of the Cross, in order to preserve within her
bosom the life of Divine Faith, that one day she
might quicken those in whom this faith has dropped
or failed to exist—that God has crucified our nation
that redemption might come to other countries;

A land become a monument,
Man's work, but God's concealed intent,
Converts his worst to best.
The first of altars was a tomb,
Ireland thy gravest one shall become—
God's altar in the West,

What a grand and glorious mission—Ireland the
Apostle of nations! This honour is assuredly the
highest a people can receive; but, glorious as it is,
it is one that has brought many a pang to our coun-
try's heart. She could bear to see her sons give up
their life-blood upon her own soil, but to part with
them was a still greater sacrifice. Still, ever faith-
ful to her Divine Master, she shrunk not for a
moment before this great call; but with hopeful bless-
ing she sent them forth an exiled but apostolic race
throughout the world. Little you thought, my dear
brethren, as, with streaming eyes and grief-swollen
hearts, you beheld the last outlines of the dear
country, fade from your view, that God had such
wondrous designs upon you, that He had chosen you
to be the special instruments of his saving
power, the pioneers and champions of divine truth
in the lands in which a mysterious destiny was
wafting you. But such seemed the Divine will—the
tears of Ireland were to be the well-spring of
benediction to other countries. This mission of the
Irish people reveals to us how wisely God deals
with men and things for his own glory, how he
utilizes for the triumph of his holy cause what would
seem most adverse to it. He allowed a foreign
nation to place its yoke upon his faithful people,
and even to press the power of conquest so far as to
deprive us of our native tongue. But time is fast
disclosing that this humiliation is but the prelude
of a mighty victory. The British Empire holds to-
day beneath its sway upwards of 200,000,000 of
subjects; its influence and relations are world-wide;
its language, which is spoken by 90,000,000, is heard
in every clime. This mighty power, it would seem,
God wishes to wrest from the spirit of error, and the
instrument that he has chosen for this work is our
country. He has prepared and fortified Ireland in
her long sufferings for this glorious but arduous un-
dertaking; He has even allowed her tongue, which for
so many centuries had sung His praises to be sacrific-
ed that she might the more easily accomplish the
enlightenment of the millions of darkened souls
that live under this power, or use this language.
And well is Ireland doing this noble work; there is
not a spot where the English language is heard that
does not bear testimony to the zeal of the Irish
people to plant and spread the Gospel. It was
Irish faith that gave rise and impetus to the Catho-
lic movement in England and Scotland; it was the
missionary priest and the emigrant labourer that
fostered and preserved in those countries, enveloped
in heresy, the life of truth, whose rapid progress to-
day gives such hope to the Catholic heart. In
Australia, New Zealand, India and all the Eastern
and Southern British possessions Catholicity owes
its immense growth to Irish energy and zeal. But
it is when we turn our eyes to this vast continent of
America that we can more advantageously see and
admire the wonders of Ireland's Apostolic Faith.
In the neighbouring republic, which, though in its
infancy, can compete with any other nation in in-
dustrial progress; Catholicity is keeping pace with
its fast spreading material prosperity; half a cen-
tury ago its adherents could be counted by thou-
sands now they have swelled into several millions.
The children of St. Patrick have been admitted by
all to have done by far the largest share of his truly
stupendous work. To you, my dear brethren, was
not reserved the privilege of building up the faith
in this land; but, though you have settled in a
country where you have found your Divine Religion
established and flourishing still the Apostolic spirit
that exalted you has tended and is destined to
increase and encourage the great work of reli-
gion. During the last fifty years that you have
been here, you have never allowed yourselves to
be surpassed in any effort tending to sustain
and promote its honour; the noble generosity
with which you have met every demand that has
favoured the interests of your faith has won
for you the esteem of other creeds and nationalities.
Your strong and unyielding religious convictions;
your innate respect for ecclesiastical authority; your
deep esteem for all that breathes a Catholic spirit,
will be so many bulwarks to protect the true faith
against the aggression of religious indifference
which is fast flooding the land. Oh! how wonder-
fully God has avenged our country's wrongs; the
very means that men thought fatal to it, have, by
this dispensation, become the occasion of its tri-
umph! How the Spirit of Evil must have raged
when he beheld in the Council of the Vatican—that

illustrious assemblage of the strength and wisdom
of Christendom—that no other nationality was so
largely represented as the poor persecuted Irish,
against whom, with unrelenting fury, he had di-
rected every affliction to which his fiendish ingenu-
ity could devise. How our Catholic hearts should
throb as we recall this mighty victory! How they
should overflow with enthusiasm as we consider
that, in almost every spot of the habitable globe,
from some Christian altar: that no Apostle, St.
Peter alone excepted, has his anniversary celebrated
in so many countries and with such demonstration
of joy as St. Patrick! Surely our nation has real-
ized the prophetic words of St. John, "this is the
victory which overcometh the world, our faith."
It is indeed the great triumph of the age.—
Well may we surround the festival of the age—
who first preached us the faith with every
token of the deepest affection and esteem.—
As we have seen the faith has been to us a grand
inheritance that for nearly fifteen hundred years has
never ceased to ennoble our race. It has placed
upon our country's brow the triple crown of
sanctity, martyrdom and apostleship. It has made us
to use the words of one whose mighty eloquence
resounds throughout this continent, "the most Chris-
tian in character of any people of the world." It
has been the soul of our nationality. Whatever
lasting triumphs we may be proud of, have mainly
been achieved through its instrumentality. More-
over, whatever may be the after fate of Ireland, if it
ever regain peace, happiness and prosperity, to which
it has been so long a stranger, it will be, if we can
infer from the events of the last half-century
through the influence and co-operation of their holy
faith. But whatever may be the future intent
of Divine Providence on that dear country, let us for
the present fulfil the glorious mission that is allotted
to the Irish race—the diffusion and upholding of
our holy faith. Cling to it as the dearest relic of
that land from which neither time nor space sever
you affection. And to you, young and rising genera-
tion, to you who have never seen that green isle, do
I also address these words, for you too are the sons
and daughters of Ireland; in your veins flows Irish
blood, and in your hearts your parents have sown
the seeds of Irish faith. Let us one and all esteem
and preserve every time-honoured tradition, that
surrounds this faith, every characteristic that adorns
it, and if their be one characteristic that I would exhort
you to respect more than another, it is that deep
reverence that the Irish Catholic has for his Church's
authority that singular love he entertains for his
clergy. This has been the secret of our religious
undecaying strength in the old land, and it is the
cause of its purpose and prosperity in the new one.
Under the influence of this intelligent and well di-
rected faith, our race with its quick energies, its vast
resources of physical and moral strength will, in
this opening century, override every obstacle and
assert for itself a position inferior to none possessed
by any other nationality. Let us be true to this
faith, for in it are found our life, union and power.
To-day especially when collected and united
together by its divine bonds let us show to our
fellow-citizens how highly we esteem it, how
elevating and ennobling are its influences. Let us,
as we shall see the Cross and Shamrock borne aloft
through the streets of our city, as we shall hear the
soul-inspiring strains of our national music, remem-
ber that we are the heroes of 300 years of martyr-
dom and 1400 years of sanctity, that we are the de-
scendants of an illustrious line of saints and martyrs,
who to-day from their golden thrones are looking
down lovingly upon us, and praying their eternal
King that we may walk worthily in their footsteps
here below, and hereafter share with them the end-
less glory they now enjoy.

The reverend preacher having concluded, Mass
was proceeded with, at the termination of which the
congregation, to the number of about 6,000 persons,
poured out of the Church to the strains of "St.
Patrick's Day," played on the organ by Mr. Fowler,
organist of St. Patrick Church.

The Procession was then re-formed, and starting
from Radegonde street, proceeded through Victoria
Square, marched down McGill street, and turning
into Wellington St., passed under the triumphal arch,
amidst the cheers of a large crowd assembled there.
They then marched down Wellington street to St.
And's Church, turned up McDord street to St. Joseph
street, and back to the ruins of the St. Patrick's Hall,
where the large assembly, amounting to several
thousands, surrounded a platform which had been
erected on one corner of the ruins. Hero speeches
were delivered by His Worship the Mayor, Mr. M.
F. Ryan, M.P., Mr. Howley, Mr. McShane, Dr. Hing-
ston, and several other gentlemen, after which the
immense concourse of people separated, to meet
again in the evening at the

CONCERT.

The City Hall was crowded with an audience such
as is seldom seen there, and who seemed to highly
appreciate the addresses that were delivered and the
songs and glee that were sang. Shortly after 8
o'clock, a procession, consisting of His Worship the
Mayor, Mr. Howley, President of the St. Patrick's
Society, Mr. Justice Counsel, M. F. Ryan, M. P.,
Father Landrigan, Mr. J. Stewart (*Herald*), and the
Presidents of the different Societies, together with
ladies and gentlemen forming the musicians, who
afterwards delighted the audience by the way in
which they rendered the different solos, &c., awarded
to them, as well as several other ladies and gen-
tlemen, entered the Hall to the music of "St. Patrick's
Day," performed by the Hibernian Independent
Band, and ascended the platform. The President
took the chair, and was supported on his right by
His Worship the Mayor and Mr. Justice Counsel, and
on his left by Father Landrigan and M. F. Ryan, M.P.
After waiting till all were seated, Mr. Howley on
rising said that with regard to the re-building of the
St. Patrick's Hall, within one hour after the pro-
position had been made, he met an Irishman who
told him he was prepared to back the St. Patrick's
Society to the extent of \$5,000. After speaking in
praise of Father Burke, he quoted the comparison
made by Wendel Phillips between Froude the histo-
rian and Father Burke, he mentioned in the
highest terms of praise Charles Lever, the Irish
novelist, and to show the humorous side of Irish-
men, quoted several passages from Lever's works
which were received with much laughter. He then
referred to Lever's last work "Lord Kilgobbin," and
stated that the hero of the work was a Fenian Head
Centre, and drew a short sketch of the work which
was received with loud applause. He then quoted
from Lever by reciting a verse from "Rory O'Moore"
as an instance of what Irish wives are. He then
concluded with reciting William Tell's address to
the Mountains and sat down amidst loud applause.

Miss Wilson then sang "Erin go Bragh" in a way
that drew a hearty encore from the audience. She
was followed by Mr. H. Hamall, who (by request)
sang "Barney, come back" and for an encore sang
"Mollie Darling," both songs being rendered in a
very able manner. Madame Ledue sang "Kathleen
Mavourneen" in a very sweet way. Master Jas.
Howley then recited an incident of '98, which was
received with loud cheers. Several songs followed
all of which were very good; but, for want of space,
we cannot particularize them.

After intermission, Mr. Howley introduced Rev.
Father Landrigan, who said he had the misfortune
to be born out of his native country, although he
had found out that he was born from an Irish fam-
ily, and was very proud of it. He wished that he
had been one of those racy Irishmen whose eloquence
was natural to them, especially on St. Patrick's Day
when he most required it. He stated that a few
days since, he was speaking about music, on the
occasion of the opening of an organ, and he forgot
then an organ not made by hands, namely, an Irish