

## St. Patrick's Day at Hastings, Ont.

Never before in the memory of our parishioners was St. Patrick's day kept with such celebration as this year. Our venerable pastor having established the League of the Sacred Heart on a solid and flourishing basis, proposed to stir up devotion to Ireland's saint and faith in the breasts of old and young by a magnificent ceremony.

The Rev. Father Connolly, S.J., came all the way from Montreal to be preacher for the occasion. At the High Mass, which was fully attended, Father Quirk was celebrant, and he was ably assisted by an angel choir of altar boys in white surplices to the number of thirty. They wore proudly on their youthful breasts Ireland's green with the red of the Sacred Heart, which, as the preacher took occasion to tell them, blended together in perfect harmony.

The sermon for the day was from the text of St. Paul to the Romans: "I thank my God in Jesus Christ that your faith is spoken of in the whole world." "The faith spoken of to-day in the whole world," said the preacher, "is Ireland's faith. It is the festival not only of the little Ireland cradled in the blue foaming billows of the Atlantic, but much more of the greater Ireland extending beyond the seas in England and Scotland, in Australia throughout the length and breadth of America, in our own Canada. In every part of the world there is ascending to-day with the strains of music and the incense of a thousand altars, a two-fold hymn of praise in honour of Ireland's saint and faith and Ireland; nationality, the time so closely interwoven and blended that they have their fit expression in our glorious festival.

What a momentous event took place, what a triumph did St. Patrick achieve, on that Easter morning when, with the help of the little shamrock plucked from the sward of Tara, he presented to the assembled intellect of Ireland the queen of mysteries, the truth of Triune God. At once without hesitation, as by a miracle, the mind and with it the heart of a whole people opened to the true faith. Other Apostles had to wade their way in blood to the hearts of the nations which they had undertaken to evangelize, but the island which Patrick found a nation of pagans he left an island of saints. So deep did the faith sink into it, that henceforth the whole nation—its mind, heart, character and history—shall be moulded by its influence. Oh! what a triumph for the nation and what a triumph for the faith! On that day Ireland took her stand on the rock of Peter, never more to be separated from it, and henceforth the nation shall partake of its life, its strength, its vitality, its undying constancy—the eternal freshness and youth of the rock of ages. Other nations, those that boasted of being the most Christian and Catholic and eldest daughters of the Church, have grown old and decrepid. But Ireland, after fourteen hundred years, still retains all the freshness and vigour of her first youth, the full, untadged beauty of the faith and life that St. Patrick breathed into her on that eventful morning. Her sun is only rising whilst all others is on the decline or has already set.

And what a triumph for the faith! On that day of Patrick's first sermon the Church of Peter was a whole nation of apostles. They carried the torch of faith with the light of sanctity and learning into every part of Europe in those dark days following the descent of the ruthless barbarian hordes from the North and East on all the fields and centers of southern civilization. But especially Divine Providence had chosen this nation of Apostles and tempered it like so much steel in the fire of tribulation, and kept it like a quiver packed with sharpest arrows for the Church against

those latter times when a more material and soulless civilization was to spread like a universal blight over the earth, and the torch was to be lighted anew and carried brighter, higher and farther than ever before. Bishops and priests and saints would be powerless unless there was a whole people to catch their illumination and hold their light, reflect it, radiate it far and wide. God had chosen a people and prepared them and clustened them for the Apostolic mission. There can be no apostleship worthy of the name unless at the price of self-sacrifice and suffering, with bloodshedding and to death. Ireland had her days, aye and her centuries of suffering and bloodshed. And she had her deaths when in this century her famine-stricken children lay spread over her bosom as a shroud, when their bones whitened the bottom of the ocean wake and of the channel of our own St. Lawrence. Yes, Ireland had her darkened day of death, but it was to be followed by the sunrise of a glorious resurrection. Life was to come forth from the very sepulchre. Only the seed which rots in the clay shook up in a rich waving harvest with fruits a hundred fold. Behold the harvest, look forth and see the fruits of Ireland; Apostleship, not only in the little island, but in the greater Ireland spread over the world. Behold those glorious churches with their hierarchies clothed in stoles and white surplices, in purple and cardinal red, with golden crostiers in the hand and glittering mitres on the brow. On their right and on the left, surrounded with vanity, are religious orders and congregations of men in monasteries and colleges and academies, and troops of virgins in convents and cloisters, in orphanages and houses of providence, attending to every form of want and suffering. Look at those majestic towers and Gothic spires, and in the churches from St. John's and Halifax to Toronto and Guelph and Winnipeg, from New York to San Francisco, in England, Scotland. Turn your eyes now to the Southern seas, Australia, Oceania, and there the same glorious vision unfolds itself to the view. These are all fruits of Ireland's Apostleship renewing in those Celtic homes on a world-wide scale, the enchanting scenes prescribed by one little island following the days of St. Patrick's preaching. "Going, they went and wept, casting their seeds. But coming, they shall come with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves."

To you, brethren, it belongs to perpetuate this twofold triumph by living true to your race, true to your faith."

In the evening a large audience, in which were nearly all the principal Protestant residents of the town, assembled again in the church to hear Father Connolly, this time lecturing on the Apostolic spirit of the Irish people. He began by explaining that the apostolic spirit of Ireland did not imply that a large proportion of its sons were called to be priests and its daughters nuns, but that whenever there was an Irishman whose breast was stirred by the spirit of his race, there was one who gave to God and church the last child of his family, the last room of his house, the last dollar in his pocket, and if necessary the last blow in his arm and fist. The lecturer attached himself to illustrate, by anecdotes taken from the pioneer history of the Irish in this country and the United States, the three following traits of Irish character. Zeal for the glory of his faith and religion, as shown in the beautiful and costly churches, colleges, convents and institutions existing in the various centres of Irish settlement in this and other countries, St. John's, N. F., Halifax, St. John, N. B., Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Guelph, and in the United States from New York to San Francisco. Secondly, in the Irishman's innate love for controversy as shown in his attraction for controversial ser-

mons, his memory for points and arguments, his skilful use of the weakness of logic in the cause of the faith. The battle that Patrick engages with his fellow-workmen, Bridget carries into the homes of which she is the trusted and devoted servant, practising not less by her knowledge of her catechism supported with chapter and verse, than by the example of her virtue, her honesty, and regularity of practice. Thirdly, in his readiness to expose his life in defense of his church and priest, as instanced in the Orange riots and attacks on churches and processions in this country, and in the Know Nothing raids that occurred in the neighbouring republic.

In conclusion the lecturer expressed the hope that the parish of Hastings would pursue that free apostolic spirit of self-sacrifice which in the past gave so many vocations to the priesthood and to the religious orders from amongst its children.

CORR.

As is always the case, priests were prominent as St. Patrick's Day orators all over the country. This fact shows that the Irish-American people, like "the old folks at home," regard St. Patrick's day as a religious feast first and Ireland's national holiday afterwards.

Bishop Brennan, of Dallas Texas, has ordered that a religious celebration be held in every parish of his diocese on the morning of Oct. 12, the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, and has suggested that a civil observance be had in the evening of the same day.

At a meeting of the Irish-American societies of San Francisco it was resolved that the proceeds of the entertainment given on the evening of St. Patrick's Day should form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a statue to General Philip H. Sheridan in Golden Gate Park.

A report from Rome on Saturday had it that Archbishop Corrigan, of New York was to be made a Cardinal. At the episcopal residence no confirmation of the report could be obtained.

The report is made on the authority of *Il Capitale*, a newspaper of Rome. The Archbishop places no reliance in what the paper says, for the reason that it is a radical journal.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine, for April, is a very interesting number. The leading article gives an account of the importance of the Irish Element in New York Public Life, by Hon. Edwin Arling. A Contrast, by Miss Anna T. Sadlier. Convict Priests in Australia. Mary Magdalen, a poem from the German. Rt. Rev. John M. Farley, D.D., V.G. (with a portrait). Why Mixed Marriages Should be Avoided. The late Cardinal Manning on the life of Ireland's Patron Saint. Auxiliary Trade Schools' Forty Years in the Church. Present Outlook of the Negro Catholic Missions in the United States. The above is but a few of the articles in this number. The juvenile department is as interesting as usual.

At the meeting of electors to choose a coadjutor to Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, Bishop Kain, of Wheeling was named dignissimus and Mgr. Gleeson, dignior.

Rev. Edward J. McCabe, of Brooklyn, editor and proprietor of *The Catholic Youth*, died on Thursday last while on his way to Jacksonville, Fla., in search of health.

The Pope, who is eighty-two, wears spectacles only when reading. For ordinary uses his eyesight remains good. He could see better at seventy than he could at twenty, for when young he was very near-sighted.

A leading and popular Portuguese actress, Lucinda Simoes, has recently abandoned the stage and entered a convent of the Sisters of Charity.