

OUR CORNERSTONE
OBSERVER.

On the Spirit of the Seventeenth

WHILE St. Patrick's Day, 1903, is passed and gone, it is yet time for me to dot down a few of my observations made on that occasion. I do not mean to go over the celebrations, either here or elsewhere, nor to attempt what might be called a report of all that I witnessed and heard. That would be out of place, and old; but before and since that day I had occasion to observe many things which, as a whole, had the effect of awakening my attention and causing me to reflect seriously. Above all I note the two-fold characteristics of the spirit that generally prevailed on all sides; it was a spirit of hopefulness blended with one of conciliation. This I could perceive amongst the different classes of the people, and amongst even those who were not Irish at all. There seemed to be no distinction drawn, or rather there was no means of drawing the line of demonstration. The rich and the poor, the native born and the descendant, the Celt and the stranger, seemed all to have been affected in the same manner.

THE HOPEFUL SPIRIT.—The brightness that appeared upon the features was like the first flush of morning, a herald beam to proclaim that the daylight was at hand. In their very hearts there appeared to be a presentiment of better and happier times. As a rule, the Celt has been obliged to draw whatever of pleasure or delight he might chance to enjoy from the contemplation of a very distant and misty age when Ireland was truly contented, and was the "quiet home of sanctity and learning." But more generally was his feeling tinged with a sadness that translated itself in vivid hues upon his features, in his voice, and in his appearance. This was the sad relic of generations that had gone down in despair to the tomb, it was the undesirable heritage of centuries of miseries such as the pen of man cannot adequately describe. The iron had entered the soul of the race, and the people carried about with them, despite all their natural liveliness of spirit, the sense of a bondage from which they had vainly sought to free themselves. No wonder, then, that the promises which the Present hour offer and which an hour in the near Future will fulfil, have had the effect of lifting the veil of discontentment from the countenances of the race. What, to me, was most remarkable is the fact that many, without exactly knowing why, were filled with this same spirit. They caught it from the general sentiment prevailing amongst all classes, and even if they were unable to account for its presence, they were surely affected to a visible degree by its action. This was one part of my observations on the occasion of our national festival this year; and I trust that I may never again see the return of those clouds of misery and dread, of weariness from long patience, that heretofore

Our Boys
And Girls.

GRATITUDE.—Speaking of gratitude, my dear boys, let me tell you, your parents come in for the greatest share of it. They no doubt have done more for you than anyone else. Consequently they deserve the greatest thanks from you.

Boys are easily led to forget the benefits bestowed upon them by their parents. They take these things simply as a matter of course. They do not pause to think what it costs their parents to provide for them, to educate them, to clothe them, to give them a home. This way of acting, however, to say the least, is very unreasonable.

Whatever you do, do it with reason. When you receive a present from some friend do you ask yourself the question, what is it, who sent it, why did he send it, what is it worth, in how far am I deserving of it? You must do the same in regard to the gifts you receive from your parents. If you have clothes to wear someone must have given them to you. Who is this someone? Your pa-

marked the children of Erin on St. Patrick's Day.

THE SPIRIT OF CONCILIATION.

—Like twin sisters, hand in hand, these two spirits seemed to move together—Hopefulness and Conciliation. It is in vain that the Irishman is painted in the colors of revenge and hate; these are sentiments, or passions, that are alien to his nature. He is quick, prompt, ready to give or to take a blow; but he is the first to unbend and to feel a sincere sympathy even for the foe whom he has defeated. He cannot keep in his heart, any length of time, the thought of enmity. Once the shock is over, he is ready to forgive the hand; he is prepared to forgive and to forget, to forge the links of a new friendship. He is imbued with the sentiments of that ancient chief—on whose lips the poet McCarthy placed these beautiful lines—and still more beautiful feeling:—

"MacJohn, I stretch, to yours and you,
This hand beneath God's blessed sun;
And for the wrong that I might do,
Forgive the wrong that I have done."

So truly grateful and forgiving is the Irish nature, that a kind word, a gentle smile, a tear of sympathy would suffice to awaken in his breast the most tender feelings, and to drive him to a delirium of pleasure in which he would have every living being participate. This is the sentiment that I note amongst the people on St. Patrick's Day; and it was simply a natural and characteristic one.

THE SOURCE OF THE SPIRIT.

Noting all these things, in my own silent way, I was led to ask myself what could be the source from which they have sprung. I trace them easily. Were they only visible in one individual, I might consider that isolated case as an exception; but they are to be found in the entire race—and the rare exception is the one who is not affected by them, or does not possess them. I consequently have to look back through the ages for their spring, and I find it in the teachings of St. Patrick, in the great Catholic Faith, with its Hope and its Charity that he brought with him from Rome, the centre and heart of Christianity, and that he planted so firmly and deeply in the fertile soil of the nationhood, that the tree took root, grew, expanded, until it sheltered the whole race—at home and abroad—and was capable of resisting the most terrible tempests that ever swept over a people in history. That is the origin, the source, the spring of the two-fold spirit of Hopefulness and Conciliation, and the Irish race can no more divest itself of that spirit than its oppressors, for ages, could divest it of the Faith of St. Patrick.

And where did your parents get them from? They bought them; they did not get them for nothing; they paid for them, too. And where did they get the money? They worked for it and earned it by their toil and labor. Therefore, for whom did they work? For you, their child, and why? To be able to clothe you and make you happy and comfortable. The same holds good as to the food you eat and all the things you receive for your maintenance. The things you need are there—Where do they come from? Things don't fall from heaven you know, as the rain drops. Who gives them to you? Your parents.

If you reason a little in this way, you will soon look upon the gifts of your parents in a very different light. They will not seem to you any more to be simply matters of course. But on the contrary, you will trace them back to the giver, to the real benefactor. After you shall have learned to understand that your parents are the ones who procure all these things for you, and are after all your greatest benefactors, then your love for them will be increased in proportion. The special fruit of this increased filial love will be gratitude. An ungrateful boy is therefore also an unreasonable boy.

If you place food before an animal, the animal will begin to eat of it without thinking how the food got there, whether it cost you much

trouble and expense to procure the food or whether it is really deserving of such food or not. All it knows is that the food is at its disposal. The animal cannot reason any further. It has no reasoning power. We cannot blame it. It only acts from instinct. Man, however, is endowed with the power of reason, and he ought to use it. He ought not to be the recipient of innumerable good things without keeping his eye on the giver and letting him see and feel his sincerest gratitude. And by the way, also animals show a certain love for their benefactors. Give an animal its food daily and you will see how it becomes attached to you. It will follow you everywhere, it will desire to be with you constantly, and you will be able to do more with it than others. Though the animal does this only from instinct, still, it is a trait which we cannot overlook. How much more ought we to entertain sentiments of the deepest gratitude for our benefactors. Reason, therefore, dear boys, a little reflection, that's what you have your brain-box for!

And let me add here. This spirit of gratitude must not be only temporary. It must be lasting; it must endure forever; not being confined to the years your parents live; it must go beyond the grave.

A duly thankful boy will show his gratitude towards his parents, not only during the years that they are actually supporting them, but also after he has outgrown his boyhood and become self-supporting. Do you think that this obligation ceases or diminishes in extent when you begin to earn a few dollars and contribute a little something to your own sustenance? Do you imagine that you need no longer look upon your parents as your greatest benefactors, because you hand them a little envelope every week containing a few dollars, your week's wages? Or do you even expect that they have the choicest expressions of gratitude in store for you as their young, kind, generous, darling benefactor when you hand them your little earnings? Say, who are you anyway? Don't you know that your parents gave you to eat and drink before you ever knew what money looked like? Hold on there, lad, don't fly so high; come down a little and let me tell you that if you are bringing home a few earnings every week, you're only doing your duty; and if you are supporting yourself and your parents in need, you're only doing your duty. It is no heroic act yet, my dear lad, not yet!

But even after your parents have left this life must you foster a spirit of gratitude in their behalf. Regarding this you will hear later on.—Father Klasen, Chicago, Ill.

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY

Every mother is responsible to some extent for the health of her little ones, and the prudent mother will always keep at hand the means for protecting the health of her children. For this purpose there is absolutely no medicine can compare with Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets speedily relieve and promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, check simple fevers, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are good for children of all ages from birth upwards, and are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. All mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets praise them and keep them in the house. Mrs. John Weaver, Blissfield, N.B., says: "I have a family of six children and have used Baby's Own Tablets and know that they are the best medicine I have ever used for my little ones."

You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or they will be sent by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A NUN 114 YEARS OLD.

Baltimore, March 15.—Sister Mary Ellen Joseph West of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, died March 15 in the colored convent, the Asylum and Academy of St. Francis. From reminiscences of her early life related by her she is believed to have been 114 years old.

She was born in Marlborough, Prince George County, as a slave, and moved to Washington with her parents and their master before the war of 1812. She used to say she had lived for a time in a house in the capital while Washington was a visitor there. She never tired of telling how she left the city by night to escape the British and of the burning of the unfinished Capitol, the President's house, the Treasury building, the arsenal and the barracks by the invaders.

About five years ago she began to lose her eyesight and at the time of her death could barely distinguish familiar articles. Her hearing was good until three days before she died.

St. Patrick's
Day
Throughout
Canada.

ECHOES.—In all the great Canadian centres, and in not a few of the smaller towns the Irish national festival was, this year, celebrated with particular devotion and enthusiasm. Space at our disposal in our last issue was limited, and we were obliged to hold over report, until this week. There is every reason why it should be so, for never before in the history of the past few centuries, were there more cause for hope and contentment amongst the people of the old land. And as the exiled sons and daughters of Erin, have ever participated in the sorrows of the mother country, so do they now rejoice with her in the anticipation of a bright future. It would not be possible to furnish details of all the celebrations throughout the country, but a few certainly must be mentioned.

IN QUEBEC.—There is no day in all the year, if we may except the 24th June, on which the people of Quebec turn out in greater numbers and with more enthusiasm than on the 17th March. This year the celebration of St. Patrick's Day was exceptional imposing. The city was decorated in a manner rarely if ever surpassed, and not less than fifteen hundred persons marched in the grand procession. Amongst those who were conspicuous in the ranks was the city's Mayor, Premier Parent, and all the members of the City Council; while the Legislature, being in session, furnished quite a number of its members to swell the ranks of the enthusiastic people. In St. Patrick's Church there were grand preparations made, and the High Altar, as well as the sanctuary and nave, were decorated in a manner suggestive of the occasion and of the joy that was coming to the land of St. Patrick. His Grace Archbishop Begin pontificated at the High Mass, during the course of which a sermon, both eloquent and original, filled with lofty sentiment and breathing intense religious fervor and patriotic spirit, was preached by Rev. Father Gannon. After the Mass addresses were presented to the Archbishop, to Mayor Parent, and to the rector and clergy of St. Patrick's. After the Mass and procession were over the Archbishop dined with the clergy of St. Patrick's. In the evening the entertainments were worthy of old Quebec and of old Ireland. In a word, the day was commemorated in a manner and with a spirit that indicate the rise in hopes and in happiness that marks the Irish race the world over. Quebec has ever been intensely patriotic, and the love of fatherland that characterized the Irishmen of the Ancient Capital in the past, has been handed down, from generation to generation, without the least decrease in its intensity. So may it ever be in the olden city of the frowning fortress and of the hospitable homes.

IN OTTAWA.—Not only did the Capital put on a special holiday attire for the 17th of March, and make extra efforts to render the celebration of the day memorable, but the entire valley of the Ottawa seems to have arisen to the occasion—for in every town, village and hamlet there was a celebration. In the city proper every one was seemingly Irish.

Early in the morning the palatial home of the Irish societies, St. Patrick's hall, on Maria street, was a centre of activity. From all directions the proud wearers of the green made their appearance. Even at that early hour hundreds lined the streets, and many were the favorable comments passed on the manly bearing and prosperous look of the sons of St. Patrick. It was significant, as indicative of the national pride and unity, that all walks of life were represented and fully represented at that. The strong showing of the younger element was also very noticeable, giving as it did proof of virility and increasing interest in Irish affairs. The recent boom in the membership of the Hibernians was responsible for the appearance of many strange faces in line.

The procession was the largest, the grandest, the most orderly, that ever walked the streets of Ottawa, and the vast sales of St. Patrick's Church were not sufficiently long or broad to hold the throng that entered the temple.

If being the patronal feast of the

parish, Archbishop Duhamel, as is his wont on such occasions, attended with full establishment. His Grace was attended by Mgr. Routhier, V. G., and Rev. Father Seguin. High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Patrick, with Father Seguin as deacon and Father Fitzgerald as sub-deacon. Archbishop Duhamel assisted at the throne, attended by Mgr. Routhier, V. G., Rev. Father Whelan, parish priest, was also present. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. Frank Buels, rendered Leonard's third Mass in B, and the hymn of St. Patrick. The soloists were Mrs. McGarr and Miss Baldwin. The organist, Mr. Bonner, gave a beautiful rendition of Irish airs.

From a pulpit draped in the folds of the Irish flag, with its harp and shamrock, Rev. Father Kennedy preached an earnest and eloquent sermon.

The evening's entertainment, at the Russell Theatre, was the forty-eighth annual concert of St. Patrick's Association.

The association had put forth an extra effort in securing outside talent this year, and a very excellent entertainment introducing the classical as well as the national in music was provided. The audience was large and fashionable, the big auditorium being filled upstairs and down, and the programme was much appreciated. The stage was attractively decorated, the green of Erin predominating while the Irish flag and the Union Jack were daintily entwined round the banner of St. Patrick. It was a great day for the Irish in Ottawa and the concert at night was a crowning climax to a very successful celebration.

The concert was under the patronage of Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Minto who, with a party from Government House, occupied the vice-regal box.

Mr. D'Arcy Scott, president of the Society, gave a brief introductory address in which the audience was thanked for its attendance and reference was made to the encouraging outlook in the national affairs of Ireland.

Greetings as follows were exchanged with the Irishmen of Montreal and Cornwall:—

D'Arcy Scott, President St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society, Montreal, March 17.—Montreal Irishmen rejoice with Ottawa brethren.

Island of Destiny for the Faith is payment near.

The Mine of the Future is opened and the Golden Veins appear.

C. J. DOHERTY.

Cornwall, March 17.—Irishmen of Cornwall send warmest greetings to brother Irishmen of Ottawa. Erin go Bragh.

JOHN F. O'NEIL.

Toronto, March 17.—Owing to duties here we regret we can't be with you to-day. Wishing the society all success.

DENIS MURPHY, M.L.A.

Mr. Scott sent out the following messages:—
Hon. Judge Doherty, president St. Patrick's Society, Montreal.
Ottawa Irishmen send hearty greetings to Erin's sons in Montreal. The clouds are breaking and Ireland's brighter day appears.

John F. O'Neill, president St. Patrick's Society, Cornwall, Ont.
Erin's sons in Ottawa join hands in warm greeting with Irishmen of Cornwall. God bless Ireland.

Thanks were tendered Father Whelan for his kindly consideration in granting the privileges of St. Patrick's Church to the Irish societies, and to Father Kennedy, the preacher of the day.

The Irish students of the University of Ottawa honored the day, as is their custom, the feast of St. Patrick with a grand banquet. One of the large dining halls was elaborately decorated with bunting and flowers, the green of the Emerald Isle being everywhere conspicuous. The tables were artistically arranged and at them sat several distinguished guests of honor including His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, the Papal Delegate, Archbishop Duhamel, Hon. Lawrence Power, speaker of the Senate, Rev. Father Emery, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, Mr. E. P. Stanton and others. The Irish boys of the student community were in attendance in full force, Valentine's orchestra furnished delightful music introducing Irish airs and melodies.

The young ladies of the Hibernian

secret convent gave a delightful literary concert Thursday night in honor of St. Patrick. The spacious music hall was appropriately decorated with green and presented a very festive appearance. The first and best item on the programme was Ireland represented as past, present and future. Lillian Costello, as the exile, had the different visions while she slept. Her reciting was worthy of praise. Miss Pauline Marrian was charming as the Maid of Erin, and her song, "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," assuredly touched all hearts. The following young ladies posed gracefully and sang sweetly: Misses Florence Desjardins, Mary Walsh, Maude Maloney, Maude Curran, Elizabeth McPhee, Goldie Smith, Beatrice Brennan, Mamie Hallinan, Queenie Waterman, Florence Goodwin, May Regan, Kathleen Robertson, Emma Tye and Nellie Mulrooney.

BILLINGS' BRIDGE.—At the religious celebration of St. Patrick's Day at Billings' Bridge, Rev. F. Chatrand officiated, with deacon and sub-deacon. Musical Mass was executed by the choir and the "Garde Champêtre" orchestra accompanied. Sermon by Rev. F. Fulham, O.M.I., of the University.

In the evening Mr. E. B. Devlin, advocate, and brother of Mr. C. R. Devlin, M.P. for Galway, delivered a very instructive and appropriate lecture on "Ireland, Past, Present and Future." It was really a fine speech, and the music and song contributed to the entertainment were of a high order.

IN AYLMEY.—On Monday evening, Rev. Father Coleman, O.P., gave a lecture on "Ancient Irish Music" in the St. Jean Baptiste Hall of Aylmer. His lecture was interspersed with songs of the past ages and with Irish lamentation, march, and dance music of the days before Ossian. It was one of the most purely Irish and thoroughly enjoyable entertainments that could be imagined. The Aylmer Dramatic Club and Choral Union were booked to give a concert at Cantley, away up the Gatineau, on the 17th, so they had their home celebration on Monday.

In Hull, Buckingham, and almost all the surrounding towns there were High Masses in the morning, sermons on St. Patrick, and concerts in the evening.

IN KINGSTON.—The day was quietly celebrated at Kingston. A service was conducted in St. Mary's Cathedral. In the evening a concert was held in the Grand Opera House, when an address on the "Life of Daniel O'Connell" was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Fallon, of Buffalo, N.Y.

IN ST. JOHN, N.B.—Besides the observance of the day, by church service, Ireland's national festival was commemorated by dramatic and musical performances in the principal theatres and several large halls in various quarters of the city. No processions or other outdoor demonstrations were held.

IN NEW YORK.—More than usual interest was shown in the celebration of St. Patrick's Day this year than for years past. The parade was the largest and most impressive that has been seen in New York within the memory of the young people. The 69th Regiment, Irish Volunteers, the Clan-na-Gael, and about twenty large organizations took part in the procession. Mayor Low, of New York city, reviewed the parade, and pronounced it to be one of the most creditable demonstrations of the kind that the city has had in years.

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CHAPTER X

None of the company was to be informed, and was of the conversation passed between Miss young escort, on the served, however, who drew up, that Kylie and hurried, and this was absent; while the companion was marked usual degree of seriousness mingled with confusion. "What!" exclaimed look as ruffled as if sparring. Get your I then, for you must be fore you come to the have a quarter of a the fields to travel y

"Why, uncle, does sweep by it?"
"No nearer than I the curdle can go no Creagh, give my niece ter and walk with me fields. Mr. Daly, I re to you once more. A pling thing this is of to see her tried with stone weight at a ster
"Do not," said Kyrie and earnest tone, addi Chute, "do not, I ent give me of this last would give the whole minute's conversation.
"I believe I shall v said the young lady, v sitation, "and Mr. Da enough to say he will on foot."

"With all my heart," cock-fighter. "I remen Daly, when I would no up a walk through the fine girl, on a sunshin all the races in Munster Connolly be on the gro insolent groom tells me make him keep the sta starting-post until you

So saying, he rode of devant sweater, to over ter and captain, whom had grown as thick as pockets since morning.
"I am afraid," said I mixture of dignity an ment in his manner, " Miss Chute, that you v importunate, after wh already told me. But t was so sudden—I will expected—that I cannot ing more at length into Besides, it may, it mus time before we shall m

"I am sorry you shou necessary, Mr. Daly," s always liked you as a there is not a person I society, in that light, I more highly; but if you cessary to your own pe to remain away from m be very unreasonable in mur. Yet, I think and added, affecting a smile looked round upon him will not be long before you again with altered and a mind at ease as
"You do me wrong, A Kyrie, with sudden pas not so ignorant of m ter as to suppose that Miss Chute. This is not boyish fancy, a predilec formed, and capable of suddenly laid aside. If y this last summer, a few I first saw you, the rem might have been made I knew little of you your beauty, your talent accomplishments; and I justice to myself, that fities in any woman nev deeply fix or interest m duce any lasting disq mind. But our acquaint been too much prolon seen you too often; I h you too well; I have lov deeply and too sincerely this disappointment as a than a dreadful stroke.
treat you," he continued cressing warmth and the efforts which Miss O to interrupt him, "let you to recall that had you said you were unpri you did not expect such from me. I do not press aver at this moment; th suspense itself is prefera lute despair. Say you w it; say anything rather t decide on my destruction but call it."