

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME 9.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN LONDON.

In this city took place the customary observance of St. Patrick's Day. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral at 10 o'clock, Rev. Father Dunphy being celebrant, Fathers Walsh and Kennedy, deacon, Fathers Walsh and Kennedy, sub-deacon. His Lordship Bishop Walsh, in cope and mitre, occupied the throne, being assisted by Monsignor Bryers and Rev. Father Tierman. The spacious and beautiful edifice was filled in every part by an attentive and devout assemblage, all anxious to take part in the celebration of Ireland's national day in a befitting manner. The choir sang in excellent style, while the accomplished organist, Dr. Carl Verriander, did not forget to render music at the end of mass that touched a tender cord in the heart of every son of Erin present. The sermon of the day was delivered by Rev. Father McKean of Bothwell, a full report of which we subjoin:

"Going forth, teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and abiding in me with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Math. xxviii, 19-20)

MY DEAR BRETHREN:—These words of our Divine Lord were first heard of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Christianity took them up and has been abiding them ever since. From the fall of Adam the Israelites had been promised a great Messiah—a great Liberator—that was to come into the world and save them from the slavery and death of sin. Patriarchs in rapt moments spoke of Him, and the Prophets on the other hand made clearer the path of His coming. Long years before the time of Christ, the gathered children of Israel stood weeping about the Prophet Isaiah—he was foretelling the captivity of Babylon and the nation's heart was sore with the tidings. Suddenly an impulse came upon the Prophet. For aye, his soul saw God gliding on the shadow over the people's heart, one glorious ray of hope in the new promise of a Redeemer. "Be comforted," broke out the seer, "be comforted," said your God, "now your evil is come to an end, and your voice shall be heard." The voice of one crying in the desert, make straight His paths. In all her sorrows Israel kept close against her bosom this new promise in the Saviour, and when in slavery among the nations she would hush her lamentations and the noise of her chains to listen to that voice from the desert. She knew that once the winds of redemption soon would come. But time, alas! had her sorrows in store for Israel. Four thousand years passed away in slow suspension—like so many mile-stones on the road to eternity. Yet her evil came not to an end, for the voice was not yet heard from the desert.

One day John the Baptist appears on the Jordan—up from the desert too, and God is with him evidently. "Who art thou?" demanded the Jewish Priests, "art thou the Christ?" "No," replied John the Baptist, "I am not the Christ, I am not the Light, but I come to give testimony of the Light, and seeing Jesus passing along by the way-side, he said, 'This is He, behold the Lamb of God.' This was He, and John's was the voice crying in the desert. Yes, Israel was right: this was He—Israel's long expected, the good tidings to Zion—Oriens exalto, the sun of Justice, warm from the bosom of God Himself.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-four years ago this Divine Saviour gathered the said to them: "Going forth teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." And amongst those who, in after years, went out to teach the nation sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, there was one great apostle whose life was a life of prayer and sacrifice to day. It is Saint Patrick, Year after year this festival comes around to us on the ceaseless wheels of time; and yet the exile of Erin greet its recurrence with the same undying faith and reverence, the same elastic glow of feeling, the same spirit of national pride. Nor is this expression of patriotic gratitude out of place in the world, his lot matter in what part of the world his lot may be cast, whether among the ice-bound regions of the north or the vine-clad hills of the south, whether among the verdant valleys of the East or out far away on the sunny plains of the West, in Australia or in Rome, in Spain or in Canada, no matter where he is, the exile of Erin always looks forward, with the same hopeful spirit, to the return of St. Patrick's Day, looming up as it does

like a green oasis in the arid desert of Lent. Yes, my friends, to-day seasons of Ireland all the world over sing out with joyful hearts—let the drum beat, and let the green banners fly, and let the trumpets blare, and let the air be filled with music and mirth, because on this day we commemorate the greatest gift that was ever conferred upon a nation. In the festival of St. Patrick we bring back the memory of the one great glory of the Irish race, that they have been the most faithful members of the Church of God into which St. Patrick received our Ancestors.

The faith of St. Patrick, and the success that crowned his efforts in preaching that faith, are themes that have often been spoken on before to day. But they are not for that reason trite or stale. No, for rather as the jewel grows in brilliancy and value by polishing, so, too, the oftener we think over the strangely woven web of St. Patrick's career, the newer and greater spiritual beauties does it disclose.

Saint Patrick was born a short distance from the Irish Sea in the year of our Lord 387. St. Martin, a bishop of Tours in France, was one of Patrick's maternal uncles. The name Patrick or Patrician was a title of honor amongst the ancient Romans; it was a dignity to which high privileges were attached.

History tells us that Patrick was a man of integrity. The mildness of his disposition and the purity of his manners rendered him the admiration of all who knew him. Ah! yes, around Patrick alone that brilliant virtue which announces him for ever the saint of zeal for the salvation of souls. Daughter of the sternest Father, Spouse of Jesus Christ, and temple of the Holy Ghost, Patrick's soul scorned the vile and transient things of this world, it tended ever upwards—like the eagle—panting for no other object than to dwell in the bosom of God himself.

When Christ in all the majesty of a risen God—spoke the words of my text, the Apostles going forth accomplished their mission among the civilized nations of the earth. But the apostles were only twelve in number; the world was wide, and large portions of it were not yet discovered. Hence the work of the apostleship passed from the original twelve to Christ's holy Church, and forthwith she herself became the evangelizer of nations.

Three hundred years had passed away like milestones on the road to eternity; whole nations had already entered the one true fold; Constantine had seen the golden cross in the heavens—the light of Christianity was spreading rapidly on every side. The Church—the spouse of Christ—had come up from the gloomy catacombs appearing more beautiful than ever. And yet many far away nations of the earth, many far away islands in the sea, were still groping in the darkness of Paganism and original sin. And one amongst these was a little green isle out in the Atlantic ocean. Yes, out far away in that azure sea was an ancient island famed even then for its civilization and greatness—famed for its laws and its philosophers, famed for its verdant hills, its fairy dells and ivy-clad round-towers, famed for its silvery lakes, its green groves and warbling birds, famed for its wondrous bards, its poets, its shamrocks and soul-stirring music. It was Ireland.

The sun of the 4th century was sinking down in the western west, when Niall, the king of Ireland, sailed his pirate fleet into the Bay of Biscay in France. To carry off the natives into captivity was the object of his incursion. And among others little Christian boy, who was then living with the Baboon of Tours, fell into the pirate's grasp and was carried across the rough sea to the northern coast of Ireland. Here Patrick was sold as a slave to Milcho.

We read in the book of Genesis that the Patriarch Joseph was carried off in his youthful days from his dearer home and friends. Yet, as Joseph was sold as a slave in Egypt, that in after years he might save the Egyptians in their hour of need. By a similar disposition of the same divine Providence the virtuous and pious youth Patrick was stolen away from his friends, carried off and sold as a slave in the County of Antrim, Ireland. Seven long years Patrick spent in slavery. In the meantime he became thoroughly conversant with the Irish language. After several years of slavery Patrick effected his escape from the design. Soon, however, he formed the design of returning to Ireland for the purpose of converting that nation. To prepare himself for such a noble undertaking he went to foreign countries to seek the light and knowledge requisite for that apostleship.

Several years afterwards, on the death of Palladius, the first missionary to Ireland, Pope Celestine consecrated Patrick at Rome (A. D. 411) and appointed him Bishop of all Ireland. St. Patrick did not intrude himself into the ministry without exercising the sacred functions of the priesthood without being regularly ordained. He did not turn preacher without being sent. No, in accordance with what is said in the 16th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, in accordance with what is said in the 1st Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, Patrick was duly ordained "by the laying on of hands" and sent forth to the station of an orthodox teacher of the word of God.

In company with a few priests Bishop Patrick set sail in a frail barque to convert "the green isle of the west." There were no gilded cabins, there were no Gatling guns, there were no forged bullets in that humble ship, but God and the angels were there.

The Druids and wisemen were assembled on Tara's heights. All the elite were there. The great national bon fires were to be kindled that night. No other fire was allowed by law.

When Patrick's little boat peered above the Eastern horizon, the Druids gathered at the head of his converting Ireland. And, as dawn times the heedless mariner sees a cloudlet silently moving along the sky, he sees it, but not knowing that this little cloud contains in itself the electric

power to rend the rocks and rive the knotty oaks, he awaits the onset unprepared. So, too, when the Druids assembled at Tara saw Patrick's little barque coming in the distance, they only regarded him with feelings of indifference, little dreaming that Patrick was coming as a bishop of that God who commanded the thunders of Siana and shattered the idols of Babylon.

Having landed, Patrick pitched his tent on the hill of Slane near Tara. It was then for the first time that the sunshines on the hills in all its splendor, fell upon Erin, "the emerald gem in the ring of the waves."

It is evening, and Patrick gazes in all directions on the scene before him. The green grass below is decked with daisies and shamrocks. The sky is merry with the notes of black bird and thrush singing sweet melodies. The blue hills of the westward stretch to the North. The sparkling rivers—the Bann, the Liffey, the Foyle and the Shannon—seem lucent and joyous, and what wonder, since their crystal waters would soon be sanctified for the baptism of God's heirs to the kingdom of heaven. The distant lakes—gentle Lough Neagh, glensy Erne and sweet Killarney—reflect the heavens which bend to embrace the future Isle of Saints.

The sun has set and the shades of evening are gathering around the hill tops. The birds have gone to rest and the last notes of the shepherds have died away beyond the distant mountains.

Patrick is silent! Yes, and in his face there is sadness! But why is he not the Ireland of his care misanthropic? Oh, yes, mirthful and yet very, very melancholy in her mirth. Paganism and idolatry lay like a chill-cloud on Erin's soul, and the eyes of her soul saw not. Her children were the slaves of a most degrading superstition. Vices are worse shipped and defiled. The learned few are the country is one vast temple of idols while the great and eternal God—the author of the universe—is an outlaw in his own creation. Would such things longer be? No. No.

LIKE PAUL IN AEROPAGUS, Patrick would attack error on her own ground! He would preach the doctrine of Christ to the assembled multitude! He would shatter the throne of the Demon who had so long held sway! He would tell the kings that their mad-Gods were a delusion and a snare, and would dispel their darkness.

CHALLENGE THE DRUIDS He would break the chains of a people enslaved in the thralldom of hell! He would snatch from the jaws of eternal death and gain to the great God a nation, in which until then his name was unknown.

It was night, and Patrick and his companions knuded the Druid and pointed out to him, on the distant horizon, the bright flame that so "audaciously" violated the "sacred laws." Next day the King ordered that the offender—Patrick—should be brought before him for punishment. The Saint on being arrested, was marched to the head of his captors. Having arrived before the king and his vast assembly at Tara, Patrick proclaimed to them that he had come to Ireland to quench the flames of Pagan sacrifice and to light up the flame of Christian faith.

His sermon and controversy in the king's presence began in a most suspicious manner, and he was treated as a heretic. He had no difficulty in proving the existence of the one true God. Many of the Druids wavered, however, when told that there are three persons in God. But Patrick held up the little green shamrock—3 in 1—and his victory was won. Yes, my friends, Patrick dispelled the DARKNESS OF ERROR

by the brilliant rays of his sanctity, and by the ardor of his zeal he made truth and virtue triumph over error and immorality. Forth from his eloquent lips rang the magnificent tale of God's infinite every heart. His doctrines so captivated the hearts, the poets, the philosophers, Druids and princes—of the land that he speedily turned to St. Patrick, learned from him the divine lesson, and then they themselves became apostles to spread the light of faith.

In other lands the blood of the first missionaries was usually demanded as the price of their success in planting the faith of Christ. But in Ireland the whole-hearted hospitality of the people permitted them to receive St. Patrick with open arms. He came to them as a friend. Why not give him a friendly welcome? He said he had a great message to deliver. Why not give that message at least a patient hearing?

It is a historical fact that the Irish people were the coolest in weighing a reason, when that reason was good, and they were the quickest in carrying out the course of action which that reasoning proved to be right. They listened with calm deliberation to St. Patrick when he announced the glad tidings of salvation. They saw that he had

RIGHT AND JUSTICE on his side, and at once, shoulder to shoulder, and man to man, they arrayed themselves under the standard of the cross.

With a rapidly unknown in the conversion of any other nation—with a zeal of which there is no record elsewhere—Irishland became Catholic. It is recorded of St. Patrick that he founded 6,800 parishes, consecrated a great number of bishops, ordained 3,000 priests and established 700 religious houses, wherein counted thousands devoted themselves entirely to the service of God. The face of the whole island was changed. Churches and chapels, monasteries and convents, schools and colleges covered the land, and from every hill and from every valley a universal song of thanksgiving went up to the throne of God.

And then Erin became the "Island of Saints"—the home and refuge of learning and holiness. She became the nursery whence missionaries went forth to bring the bread of life unto the nations of the earth.

During the 5th, 6th and 7th centuries, whilst the greater part of Europe was overgrown with Goths and Vandals and Huns, Ireland was deemed a nursery of piety, a school of virtue, and a seminary of learning. It was an era of confusion on the continent. Dynasties and thrones fell beneath the blows of rough Northern barbarians who swept along like a cyclone, leaving destruction and dismal darkness in their wake.

It was then the students of other lands found a home in the Emerald Isle. Ireland's halls of learning were thrown open to them, and not only nations but boards and books were furnished them gratuitously. These were the young men destined in after years to carry the word of God not only to the ice-bound regions of the North and vine-clad hills of the South, but to the very capital of France, unto the wild forests of Austria, up the mountain slopes of Switzerland, across the snow-crowned Alps into Italy and beyond, founding schools and churches, colleges and convents, and actually laying the foundations of the world-renowned universities of Paris, Milan and Padua.

Yes, my friends, St. Patrick filled Ireland with erudition and learning. His genius overshadowed the country like a golden cloud. His spirit abode with the people like the Ark of the Covenant. Living he made

ERIN A RESURRECTION from the dead; dying he made glorious his narrow grave in Ulster.

Others nations celebrate their heroes for the prodigies of war and the deeds of material progress. The Mediterranean has its Hercules that carved out colonies from ruder materials. Virgil and Horace have thrown a radiance around the Augustan age. Burns has immortalized every castle and river connected with the historic memories of Scotland. Greece has her Achilles, Troy had her Hector, Switzerland has her William Tell, Columbia has her Washington. Ireland sings the praises of St. Patrick, because in her matin glow, when every other nation lay in Egyptian darkness—Patrick lifted up his chosen Erin from the dark.

Not many centuries ago Ireland and the rest of the world were in the arms of the Devil. The dim and turbid past is still heard the echo of St. Patrick's sweet voice. It teaches us the purity of a better life, and like the diapason of your grand organ to-day, the whole world swells a "Te Deum Laudamus" of joy for such a glorious Apostle, such a fountain of Christian life.

Patrick spoke and the whole nation moved at his word. The most obstinate hearts were mollified by his instructions. The greatest sinners were converted. Countless multitudes cried out for baptism and embraced the one holy Catholic apostolic church.

Nor was their conversion the result of fanatical impulses. No, for it was to no savage tribe that God sent Erin's Apostle. When Patrick went to Ireland history tells us he was obliged to face the most subtle philosophers of the Pagan world. He was obliged to preach doctrines that would charm the hearts of the learned, and long since allured to the sweetest music of golden harps.

To such men he came. They rose at his word. They listened to his teachings. They heard him speak their own beautiful Irish language, learned while a slave on the mountains of Donegal.

But ah! my friends, whilst our ancestors were charmed with Patrick's doctrine there was another lesson which he taught the Irish people. He taught them that holiness of life must accompany and crown Christian faith. He taught them that faith without good works is dead—as the body without the soul is dead. He told them that to be sober and pure and charitable to one another, and they were so. In this Patrick's WORK WAS EASY.

But 'I would catch the noise in their own craftiness, said the Lord (1 Cor. xiii, 9). True enough, the English Government robbed the Irish church of its temples and schools, but through long centuries of persecution, the faith of the Irish church has remained unshaken like a rock amid the waves. Yes, my friends, the faith of St. Patrick shone with celestial brightness on their tears and gave them the beauty of the rainbow, thus reminding them of God's promise of a brighter day. And as the vital sap remains hidden in the tree after it has been shorn of its leaves by the frosts and the chill blasts of winter, but bursts into leaf and blossom and fruit under the genial and balmy air of spring, so the Catholic faith, which has remained deeply fixed in the hearts of Irishmen after our church had been stripped of all her worldly goods, during a winter of three centuries of persecution this Catholic faith, I repeat, now bursts forth with a luxuriance of life well worthy of the palmist days of the Irish church.

No sooner has the grasp of religious persecution been lifted off Ireland, than churches and monasteries, colleges and schools spring up as if by magic throughout the land.

THE IRISH CHURCH has always been a missionary church. She has been missionary in the days of her sorrow. Leaving home and friends beyond the sea, the noble and zealous priests of Ireland have visited every land beneath the sun, and wherever they go they bring the CATHOLIC FAITH WITH THEM AS A BEACON LIGHT UNTO THE WORLD.

Now as the empires of Greece and Rome spread the Greek and Latin languages throughout the countries of the Old World, and thus prepared them for the reception of the Gospel, so the Empire of England has spread the English language throughout the countries of the New World, and thus prepared them for the

reception of the Catholic religion. And as the ROMAN EMPIRE persecuted the early Christians for 300 years, so has the English Empire persecuted the Irish Catholics for 300 years.

As the whole power of Greece and Rome failed to extirpate the Christians, so has the whole power of England failed to extirpate the Irish Catholics.

And as the Christian Church at length became the dominant Church of the Roman Empire, so the Church of the Irish Catholics will one day become the dominant Church of the English speaking world.

And as it was God Himself who kept alive the Christian religion against the frantic efforts of Pagan Rome to destroy it, so it was God who kept alive the Irish Church against the frantic efforts of Pagan England to destroy it. And, in a word, as God is the author of the early Christian religion, so is He the author of the religion of the Irish Catholics.

Who can account for this fact? Let Macaulay answer: "For centuries we have used the sword against Irish Catholics. We have tried famine, we have tried Draconian laws, we have tried extermination; but we have failed to exterminate or even weaken them. They have increased. . . . I know history but I confess my inability to find in it a satisfactory explanation of this fact. . . . But were I to find myself in St. Peter's at Rome, and could I with the faith of a Catholic, read the inscription on its dome, 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,' then I could understand the problem of the history of Ireland."

During the penal days, when the priest and the wolf were placed in the same category, when the same price was attached to the head of each; when the blazing torch of persecution lit up a forest of Catholic faith, what sustained the Irish people through that bitter conflict? What doctrine more beautiful than that

OF SOCRATES sweetened their cup of misery and lightened their burden of sorrow? What solaced them when compelled to leave their dear old homes, wherein life was gliding by as sweetly as a summer stream—those homes consecrated by a mother's prayers, and a father's blessings—those homes endeared to them by everything that can charm the fancy and captivate the heart?

What solaced them when they went forth to seek shelter in some gloomy cave, where the sighing of the wind, the rustling of the leaves or the murmur of the sea, only reminded them more forcibly of their utter loneliness and desolation? What but

THE FAITH, the living faith of St. Patrick—that faith which centuries of bondage have failed to extinguish, that faith which God will ever preserve as an aureole of light around the innocent brow of Erin's wandering exile.

"Erin, O Erin, though long in the shade, 'Tis but a passing shadow when the proud-est shall fade."

"I can never forget Ireland by our side," says Cardinal Manning, "poor, outcast, hunted from field to field, from river to river, from mountain to mountain, lonely, moorland, the Holy Mass was offered; in the poor earth hovel the beads of our Blessed Mother were said; out among the woods and the bog, the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion were given; and dogma and devotion have lived on, fervent and imperishable."

And, my friends, what has been the love of Irish parents for their children? Did they sell them to be slaves in Greece and lands, even in times of distress and famine? Ah, no! when there was but one morsel of bread between themselves and the grave, they gave it to their famishing children, and then went out on the roadside to die rather than renounce their faith.

Not alone in Ireland, but in every land beneath the sun, Irish faith is wedded to Irish nationality; the SHAMROCK OF IRELAND is found forever twining around the cross of Christ. And when on the judgment day we shall all pass in review before the "great white throne," when England, the destroying angel of the world, shall bow her head in shame, Ireland shall stand before her Saviour full of radiance and beauty, and when the question is asked: "Where is thy faith?" She will answer in ecstasy: "I have it still! O God, I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith."

Ah, well has it been said by the great Father Burke: "Ireland's Catholicity, like the cedars of Lebanon, has defied every storm for 1400 years; and we her children who are in her arms to day behold that ancient faith as fresh, its leaves are green, and its flowers as fragrant, as the day on which St. Patrick died and went to rest, calmly and tranquilly as the glory of the setting star."

Are we not then highly indebted to the goodness of God for having called her ancestors from the darkness of Paganism to the wonderful light of faith, through the ministry of St. Patrick? Have we not every reason to glorify God for this special blessing. Let us look up then to our native Erin. Look up to heaven and the happy inheritance which our dear Saviour purchased for us. Let us begin to-day if we have not begun already. Love God above all things. Love your neighbor as yourself. Pray that God may soon wipe away Erin's tears, and confer upon her the blessing of Home Rule. Ah, then will Ireland be

"Great, glorious and free First flower of the earth First gem of the sea."

THE CONCERT. In the evening the Opera House was crowded in every part, the occasion being the annual concert organized by Rev. Father Tierman, the proceeds of which go towards liquidating the debt on the Cathedral. CONDUCTED BY MESSRS. PARR.

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THE CONCERT. In the evening the Opera House was crowded in every part, the occasion being the annual concert organized by Rev. Father Tierman, the proceeds of which go towards liquidating the debt on the Cathedral. CONDUCTED BY MESSRS. PARR.

And as it was God Himself who kept alive the Christian religion against the frantic efforts of Pagan Rome to destroy it, so it was God who kept alive the Irish Church against the frantic efforts of Pagan England to destroy it. And, in a word, as God is the author of the early Christian religion, so is He the author of the religion of the Irish Catholics.

1887. S. ORF. make room for. IES: and the worth of one, these in bags, etc. WEST, FINE AND MEDIUM WOOLLENS A SPECIALTY. INSPECTION INVITED. P. O'DWYER, WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANT, 122 Dundas Street, London. The choicest goods in this line kept constantly in stock at prices to suit the prevailing competition. ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN LONDON. In this city took place the customary observance of St. Patrick's Day. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral at 10 o'clock, Rev. Father Dunphy being celebrant, Fathers Walsh and Kennedy, deacon, Fathers Walsh and Kennedy, sub-deacon. His Lordship Bishop Walsh, in cope and mitre, occupied the throne, being assisted by Monsignor Bryers and Rev. Father Tierman. The spacious and beautiful edifice was filled in every part by an attentive and devout assemblage, all anxious to take part in the celebration of Ireland's national day in a befitting manner. The choir sang in excellent style, while the accomplished organist, Dr. Carl Verriander, did not forget to render music at the end of mass that touched a tender cord in the heart of every son of Erin present. The sermon of the day was delivered by Rev. Father McKean of Bothwell, a full report of which we subjoin: "Going forth, teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and abiding in me with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Math. xxviii, 19-20) MY DEAR BRETHREN:—These words of our Divine Lord were first heard of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Christianity took them up and has been abiding them ever since. From the fall of Adam the Israelites had been promised a great Messiah—a great Liberator—that was to come into the world and save them from the slavery and death of sin. Patriarchs in rapt moments spoke of Him, and the Prophets on the other hand made clearer the path of His coming. Long years before the time of Christ, the gathered children of Israel stood weeping about the Prophet Isaiah—he was foretelling the captivity of Babylon and the nation's heart was sore with the tidings. Suddenly an impulse came upon the Prophet. For aye, his soul saw God gliding on the shadow over the people's heart, one glorious ray of hope in the new promise of a Redeemer. "Be comforted," broke out the seer, "be comforted," said your God, "now your evil is come to an end, and your voice shall be heard." The voice of one crying in the desert, make straight His paths. In all her sorrows Israel kept close against her bosom this new promise in the Saviour, and when in slavery among the nations she would hush her lamentations and the noise of her chains to listen to that voice from the desert. She knew that once the winds of redemption soon would come. But time, alas! had her sorrows in store for Israel. Four thousand years passed away in slow suspension—like so many mile-stones on the road to eternity. Yet her evil came not to an end, for the voice was not yet heard from the desert. One day John the Baptist appears on the Jordan—up from the desert too, and God is with him evidently. "Who art thou?" demanded the Jewish Priests, "art thou the Christ?" "No," replied John the Baptist, "I am not the Christ, I am not the Light, but I come to give testimony of the Light, and seeing Jesus passing along by the way-side, he said, 'This is He, behold the Lamb of God.' This was He, and John's was the voice crying in the desert. Yes, Israel was right: this was He—Israel's long expected, the good tidings to Zion—Oriens exalto, the sun of Justice, warm from the bosom of God Himself. Eighteen hundred and fifty-four years ago this Divine Saviour gathered the said to them: "Going forth teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." And amongst those who, in after years, went out to teach the nation sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, there was one great apostle whose life was a life of prayer and sacrifice to day. It is Saint Patrick, Year after year this festival comes around to us on the ceaseless wheels of time; and yet the exile of Erin greet its recurrence with the same undying faith and reverence, the same elastic glow of feeling, the same spirit of national pride. Nor is this expression of patriotic gratitude out of place in the world, his lot matter in what part of the world his lot may be cast, whether among the ice-bound regions of the north or the vine-clad hills of the south, whether among the verdant valleys of the East or out far away on the sunny plains of the West, in Australia or in Rome, in Spain or in Canada, no matter where he is, the exile of Erin always looks forward, with the same hopeful spirit, to the return of St. Patrick's Day, looming up as it does