

ST. PATRICK'S DAY SERMON

FATHER JAMES O'CALLAGHAN.

(Continued from First Page.)

from successor to successor until the end of time. Accordingly, the Sovereign Pontiff of all ages has as rulers over the universal Church exercised towards their subjects the right of appointing them to the government and administration of a larger or smaller portion of their kingdom. From St. Peter down to Pope Leo XIII, 260 Popes have occupied the Pontifical throne, and from St. Peter down to Pope Celestine I., forty-three, Ireland, dear brethren, will ever cherish the memory of Celestine for his generosity towards her, for he has given to her her great apostle, St. Patrick, and has presided and watched with maternal solicitude over the birth and cradle of the Irish Church. St. German of Auxerre, to whom St. Patrick, then a priest, had made known the supernatural vision which heaven had favored him with in his youth, and to whom he also communicated his actual desire to consecrate his whole life to the service of the Irish Church, sends the future apostle to Celestine to obtain of him the necessary power and jurisdiction. When St. Patrick arrived in the Eternal City, where the heart of the immortal O'Connell now reposes in state, he hastened to the Papal Palace and solicited an interview with Celestine. His request was immediately granted. As soon as Patrick came into the presence of the venerable aged Pontiff, the successor of the blessed Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, he fell down upon his knees in token of his profound respect and submission, pressed to his lips the Papal cross, the emblem of our salvation, and the Fisherman's ring, the emblem of the Pope's supreme ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and communicated to Celestine the object and nature of his visit. Celestine listened with affection, and said: "Patrick, for this shall be henceforth and for all future generations thy apostolic name; arise, go teach the word of God to those who have asked this favor of thee. Radiate from the soil of Ireland, and from the heart of her generous people, every trace and vestige of barbarism; destroy the temples, the gods and the sacrifices of paganism and upon its ruins erect the edifice of the Catholic Church. May the nation whom thou shalt convert to the true faith ever love and reverence the authority of Christ's vicar! May it become an apostolic nation and carry the good tidings through the length, breadth and width of our universe! May my blessing be with thee and with thy children." Patrick bade adieu to the Pope and to Rome, crossed the mountains and the seas and soon landed in the historical city of Tara. There side by side stood the majestic palace of the Aedh, the supreme King of the Irish nation, the stately edifice of the Arch Druid or High Priest of the Irish religion, and the romantic seat and residence of the Arch Poet or Chief Representative of the Irish nationality. The Apostle raised aloft the standard of war against paganism by lighting the Paschal fire upon the summit of the hill of Tara during a certain night of the year when from time immemorial according to the ceremony of the Arch, every fire throughout every province of Hibernia had to be extinguished and could not be re-lighted until it was first beheld in the royal palace. In spite of the opposition of the Aedh, Leoghaire, the Magicians, the Druids and the Bards, St. Patrick's cause triumphed. Conal, Leoghaire's son, Conal's two sisters, the seven sons of Neil, King of Connaught, Eoghan, the son of the King of Munster, Alpin, King of Dublin, were the flowers of the Irish nobility that graced the garden of the Irish Church in the beginning. Every town and every hamlet received with enthusiasm the servant of God. His preaching was accompanied with such marvellous cures that the inhabitants of the whole island demolished the temples and broke into pieces the statues of the idols which their own hands had erected. No astonishing was the facility with which his hearers embraced the faith that St. Patrick exclaims: "How come these wonders? How have the sons of Hibernia, who did not know the true God and who adored impure idols, how have they become a bold people, a generation of the children of God? Who shall tear me away from this land of blessing?" Ireland, moreover, dear brethren, did not in the beginning, like other nations converted to the light of Christianity, pay the tribute of her blood in the cause of faith and religion; nor does history recount one martyr in the annals of the Irish primitive church. This unparalleled conversion was the result of three principal causes, viz., St. Patrick's spirit of prayer and mortification; his gift of working miracles, an indisputable mark of a vocation from above and an unfailing key to conviction; finally, the grace of God, the sole powerful lever that raises man from the depths of vice to the heights of virtue and from the darkness of error to the light of truth. Towards the year 444 the spiritual harvest of souls became so rich and so abundant that our servant of God could not find in Ireland laborers enough to reap it. Accordingly, he went to Rome in view of obtaining of Pope Leo I., the then reigning Pontiff, a new and fresh reinforcement. Upon his return with his colleagues to the land of his apostolic labors, erected the city of Armagh into a Metropolitan See and elevated it to the Primacy of Ireland. During St. Patrick's tour of evangelization throughout Ireland he had, by virtue of an apostolic delegation, given titles and granted privileges to the many churches which he had built, and had, according to his discretion, distributed the many dioceses which he had formed. In consequence, he again visited Rome to consult the Holy See upon these questions of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. After receiving with admirable docility the supreme and irrevocable judgment of the Roman Pontiff, he returned to Armagh, where he held the First Irish National Synod. Finally, worn out with age, with the toils of an episcopacy of about 30 years' duration, during which he consecrated about 500 bishops and ordained about 3,000 priests, the immortal Patriarch of the West, the Sun and Glory of the Irish nation, sank to rest within the hallowed cloister of the Monastery of Sabbal, which his seal had raised to the glory of God and of His Church. Yes, for the Church built upon the immovable rock of Peter, he lived; and had he received ten thousand lives from God, he would have consumed them all in her service and for her cause. Upon the successor of Peter his eyes were constantly fixed. The Roman Pontiff's order was his watchword and his guiding light. In every emergency to him he had recourse, for he knew no other mortal but him upon the earth who could, or did claim to be the successor of him to whom Our Lord had addressed these words: "Confirm thy brethren. Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." This love of Rome, dear brethren, is also the estimable inheritance which his dying breath has bequeathed to his children, an inheritance that has preserved the spark of faith bright and pure within the hearts of

the Irish from the time of St. Patrick down to the present hour, an inheritance which you may well boast of possessing. In a word, an inheritance which shall ever constitute the true and genuine glory of the Irish race, though it be entirely stripped and divested of every human and temporal advantage. Scarcely had his magnanimous soul been waited by the angels upon the eternal shores when his followers, burning with a love to serve in the noble cause of truth, set out upon the continent to win back entire nations sealed in the shade of death, and to enlighten those proud and haughty races in all the learning of that time. Like the renowned Brigade of Irish heroes in modern times who made Irish valor and Irish faith household words in all the courts and camps of Europe, there was between the years 600 and 1173 another Irish Brigade of Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors and Doctors whose images are still over the Catholic altars of Germany, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland and France. The pages of history are emblazoned with the names and deeds of St. Columbanus, the Dove of the Irish Churches, and the founder of the celebrated monasteries of Luxeuil and Bobbio; St. Columbanus, St. Kilian the Apostle of Bavaria; the 24 Apostles of Ireland; St. Gall, St. Cathaldan of Tarentum; Erigena, the first professor of the University of Oxford; Clement, the founder of the University of Paris; John and Albinus, the first Professors of the University of Paris, and Petrus Hibernicus, the first professor of philosophy of the University of Naples and Preceptor of the immortal St. Thomas Aquinas, the angel of the school. In Ireland, her hospitable monasteries, the seat of virtue and science were hung open not only to her own children but also to foreign students whom the fame of her learning and sanctity had attracted from far and near to her green and fertile shores. Yet in the midst of the halo of glory that surrounded Ireland's illustrious confessors at home or abroad, never did they forget Rome, the head of cities, the mother Church; on the contrary, they clung to her most affectionately and ever regarded her as the supreme ecclesiastical judge upon earth and the principal or source of the faith of Ireland. St. Columbanus affirms that Rome was the place the Lord hath chosen for the ultimate solution of important and dubious questions. In a letter to Pope Boniface St. Columbanus pays a high compliment to Ireland and to Rome. "We have no doctrine here," he writes, "but the evangelical and apostolic doctrine; there has been no heretic, no Jew, no Schismatic, but the Catholic faith is still held inviolate, such as it was first given us by you, the successors of the apostles. Yes, from the introduction of Christianity into Ireland down to her conquest by Henry the Second, in 1172, the faith of Ireland has been the faith of Rome and the triumph of Rome, the triumph of Ireland. During the two subsequent periods of Irish ecclesiastical history, a political and a religious, the history of Ireland against the Roman faith of our forefathers. How have they succeeded? The long and protracted anarchy that reigned paramount in Irish circles from the reign of Henry II. to the reign of Henry the Eighth has left intact the precious inheritance of our ancestors, whereas in other countries the same cause has been seen to overthrow both principles of Religion and Government. From Henry the Eighth to the first Catholic Relief Bill in 1792 the English monarchy declared war against the conscience of Catholic Ireland. This religious campaign of 300 years' duration where might was victorious over right, where the sacrilegious hands of the tyrants demolished or usurped all the monuments of Catholic worship, where also the best blood of Ireland ran down the hill-side in torrents or coursed along the valleys or purpled the waters of her rivers, I can compare to no other in the history of the world than to the 300 years' campaign of the Pagan Empire of Rome against the primitive Christians during which the Roman Coliseum resounded with the shrieks of the murdered victims and the Tiber overflowed with the blood of the martyrs. The charms of seduction were not more powerful than the terrors of persecution. Both failed. The pretended faith of the so-called Reformation put into the balance of the faith of St. Patrick was found wanting. Strange to say, dear brethren, Ireland did not perish under the lash of the executioner, though stripped of all beauty, though bruised and broken in every limb and bleeding from countless wounds, says an English writer, she had a palpitating life in every nerve and in every vein. The Irish martyr, like the martyrs of the Catacombs, were the seed of new generations of Christian heroes. From two to five and from five to seven millions the Irish have increased. This marvellous fecundity of the Irish Church in spite of the sword of extermination which hung over her head, Lord Macaulay, the Protestant historian and orator of the English Parliament hesitates not to attribute to the divine and supernatural element of preservation centred in the Church of Rome. The system of seduction and the system of persecution having proved abortive and fruitless, England then and there alone saved the first, though weak and feeble ray of religious liberty, over the green isle of these. The first Irish Catholic Relief Bill in 1792, like a delightful sunshine after the storm, cheered up the almost broken and depressed hearts of the Irishmen of that period and inaugurated, for the future of Ireland, a new era of comparatively greater liberty than the dismal past had afforded. In the year 1829, the epoch of the Catholic Emancipation, a conquest was won over the heart of England such as the history of no other country than Ireland can boast of chronicling. O'Connell, the Great Peacemaker and the Immortal Liberator of his native land, the mighty moral conqueror whose constitutional attacks England dreaded a thousand times more than the sword and whose unparalleled victory over her has proved to all future generations that Ireland's prosperity and aggrandisement must be based upon the immutable principle of subordination and order. No, dear brethren, neither interest nor revenge can be the basis of true patriotism for then this noble virtue would be as changing as our interests are as quivering as our revenge. Order alone is the immovable ground of work and foundation of genuine love of country. Listen to the language of the most affectionate of fathers, Leo XIII, in the letter which I have quoted above. "If, however, any happy excess in the exercise of their power, Catholic doctrine does not allow the subject to rise up of their own authority for fear that the tranquillity of order should be more and more molested and that society should sustain a greater injury thereby, and when the excess has arrived at such a point as to render even safety hopeless, Christian patience then teaches man to seek a remedy in merit and in fervent prayer to God." To-day no mortal follows the course and progress of Irish affairs more closely; no one who sympathizes with Ireland's woes more cordially; or sighs after Ireland's liberty more fervently than he whose words

I have just quoted. In a recent interview between His Holiness and Bishop Nulty, His Lordship having asked Leo the XIII, what he thought about the Irish affairs of to-day, His Holiness answered: "I love Ireland and the Irish people; I hope that they will be successful in their just demand and obtain what they are asking for. Yes, dear brethren, may Ireland triumph in her cause of noble justice and may you to-day lift up your hands to God in pious prayer that Ireland's miseries may cease and that God, through the intercession of St. Patrick, may bestow upon your dear home beyond the sea the sweet fruits of long cherished and long looked for liberty."

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29

CATHOLIC CALENDAR.

MARCH.

THURSDAY, 30.—Feria.

FRIDAY, 31.—Seven Dolours of the B. V. M.

APRIL.

SATURDAY, 1.—Feria.

SUNDAY, 2.—Palm Sunday. Epist. Phil. II.

6:11; Passion, Matt. xxvi. and xxvii.

MONDAY, 3.—Feria.

TUESDAY, 4.—Feria.

WEDNESDAY, 5.—Feria.

Special Notice to Subscribers.

All subscriptions outside of

Montreal will be acknowledged by

change of date on address-label

attached to paper.

A canister of powder was thrown into an

assemblage of detectives in Dublin on Mon-

day night, but it did not explode. Powder

or dynamite never does explode on those oc-

casions, and detectives never get hurt. But,

nevertheless, they deserve to have their pay

increased.

We learn by mail that the London papers

jumped at once to the conclusion that the

man who attempted to shoot the Queen was

an Irishman. There was, however, no doubt

of the man's nationality who struck the

Queen across the face with his riding whip.

Beating women is rather a British diversion.

The Imperial House of Commons passed

the grant to Prince Leopold by a vote of 387

to 42. Many of the Radical members ab-

stained from voting against their convictions

to please Mr. Gladstone, their dictator. At

the same time it must be admitted in justice

that Prince Leopold is as much entitled to a

pension as any of his brothers or sisters.

The latter caused by the series of warlike

speeches delivered by General Scobell has

ceased and the kings and emperors are ex-

hibiting painful anxiety to show the world

that their love for each other surpasseth the

love of David for Jonathan. If their protes-

tations were sincere, or if they were entire

masters of the situation, Europe might rest

easy, but it is known that national hatreds are

stronger than loyal affections and consequen-

tly the powers stand armed and ready for the

inevitable conflict.

WINNIPEG, if not a great capital already, is

hopeful of being one very soon; and is pre-

paring for the event with commendable

energy. It is attracting the best and cleverest

of our young men to its shops, mechanics,

doctors, lawyers, and not a day passes we do

not hear of some arrival in Winnipeg of

national—by which we mean Canadian—cele-

brity. Journalists are also afflicted with the

graze. James Fahey, one of the most bril-

liant newspaper men in the Dominion, has

been engaged on the Winnipeg Sun, and now

we learn that Edward Farrar, formerly editor

of the Mail, and later on the N. Y. World staff,

is to take editorial charge of the Winnipeg Times. Are we then nursing a rival of Chi-

cago?

We are happy to learn that the Irish res-

olutions of Mr. Costigan are well under weigh.

They are to be submitted to Sir John Mac-

donald and the Hon. Mr. Blake before being

put to the House, which is only right and

proper. We learn also that the resolutions

have been considerably modified at a meet-

ing of the Irish members, Catholic and Pro-

testant, but we trust the modification does

not involve any sacrifice of principle. In so

far as the "suspects" are concerned they have

all along protested their innocence, and it is

known that if they knooked under to Mr.

Gladstone they would be released at once.

As regards home rule, it is of course a subject

which a Canadian Parliament can attempt to

define, but home rule in the abstract will be

quite enough for the petition if the resolu-

tions of Mr. O'Donoghue carry.

Mr. Lowell, the American Minister in

London, does not seem to be as much of a

success as a diplomatist as he is as an author.

Several American citizens are at present in

English prisons as suspects, which is, not

right, and Mr. Lowell knows it. But the

head of the author is so turned by the witch-

eries of high society in London that he

ignores the prisoners. He did, indeed, write

a few mild diplomatic notes to "My dear

Granville" and my dear Granville replied to

"My dear Lowell," stating that no distinction

could be made between American citizens

and British subjects. And there the matter

would have rested were it not for American

newspapers and members of Congress, who

felt ashamed that Americans should be al-

lowed to rot in British prisons without trial.

Secretary Frelinghuysen has written a sharp

note to "My dear Lowell," who will now have

to see that the American citizens obtain

either release or trial.

IRELAND is in a troubled state this time

and no mistake, and murders of a political

nature are of common occurrence. The

Government, when they asked Parliament to

pass a coercion act, multiplied the crimes

committed in Ireland by a hundred at least.

They included threatening letters in the

criminal statistics knowing full well that land-

lords and their agents and Govern-

ment officials, including the police,

wrote most of the letters, and even if they

did not write them they seldom hurt any-

body. When the Coercion Bill was passed

the country was profoundly quiet, the feel-

ings of the people found vent through Land

League channels, their leaders were pre-

sent to advise constitutional action. But

the Coercion Bill changed all this. The

leaders were arrested, newspapers suppressed,

public meetings prohibited, and the deplora-

ble results are now seen in real crime. Surely

this Gladstone-Bright Government must be

a stupid one. And now those gentle folk

not what to do, they arrest their wit and, even

the soldiers they sent over to keep the peace

are fighting among themselves. Coercion

is seen to be a lamentable failure, and yet

they have not the courage to repeal the act.

Perhaps, it is all the better for Ireland that

this state of things should have arisen, as it

shows the Irish people, the English people

and the whole world that England is incap-

able of governing Ireland.

It was Mr. Lanigan, editor of a breezy

paper called the *Lance*, once published in

Montreal, and we believe, putative father

of a sheet at present in existence—it was Mr.

Lanigan, we say, who requested the Montreal

Herald not to usurp the role of a comic paper,

and thus take the bread and butter from his

mouth. It seems to us Mr. Lanigan's re-

quest was an impertinence, for how can the

Montreal *Herald* prevent itself being comic? And it is comic, and will remain comic to the end of the chapter, despite its efforts to be grave and severe. It was never so comic in all its born days as last Wednesday in its editorial on "Ireland's future." Listen to the mocking bird:—

"The student of the annals of England, of

France, of Rome and Greece knows well

enough how correct we are when we say that

the hardest task of the statesman is the re-

adjustment, as necessity calls for it, of the

relations we refer to. We could even go into

more remote history to illustrate this, but it

is needless. We say, then, that if Mr. Glad-

stone can carry to its consummation, as it

now seems likely that he will be able to do,

his Irish land policy, he will be entitled to a

place in the first rank of the lawmakers of

the world."

Thank Heaven, our contemporary did not

consider it necessary to go into more remote

history. He had his eye upon Naboth's vine-

yard no doubt. And again:—

"A consideration of the difficulties in his

way will justify our remark. Among the

minor ones is the soreness left on the memory

of some who suffered by the necessary con-

demnation which the Encumbered Estates Court