FROM WINNIPEG TO THE SEA.

A Glorious Celebration of Irelands National Anniversary.

Our New Nation Honors Ireland's Apostle,

And Sympathises with the Old Land in Her Sorrows.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record. AT PETERBORO.

St. Patrick's day was observed with all due solemnity in St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterboro. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Conway, rector of the Cathedral, assisted by the Rev. Father Guay as deacon, and Mr. McGuire as sub-deacon. His Lordship the Bishop was present in cope and mitre, assisted by the Rev. Father Keilty, of Ennismore, and Mr. Kennedy. After Ennismore, and Mr. Kennedy. After Mass His Lordship the Eishop briefly addressed the congregation, telling them that he shared the joy which he knew they all felt on St. Patrick's day—that the proper way to celebrate the day was to honor God who sent St. Patrick to their forefathers to preach the religion of Jesus Christ. His Lordship then announced that in the evening there would be solemn Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, preceded by an instruction by the Rev. Father Keilty. The people then left the church, asking God to bless and spare for many years among them revered and beloved Bishop.

St. Patrick would live forever in the minds and in the hearts of Irishmen and their descendants. Of this we had ample sproof in the enthusiasm which surrounds as the shadows of the mountains fell their descendants. Of this we had ample proof in the enthusiasm which surrounds each recurring anniversary of Ireland's apostle. This world's centennials are held to show what progress has been made in the arts and in science, but Ireland's great festival is held to show how loyal the children of Erin are to Ireland's faith and Ireland's nationality. This world's centennials are the another and the state of the first soldiers processing the state of the train of the Iris soldiers processing the state of the the children of Erin love the super-natural and, as far as is possible to mortals,

are not of the earth, earthy.

Ireland's sword has been out of its scabbard from the ninth to the nineteenth century—during a thousand years Irishmen have been fighting for faith and fatherland. During all those years, his pious posture could save him, for in an Ireland has been preaching to the instant his enemies were upon him—the nations a sublime sermon upon loyalty to God and loyalty to one's country. Ireland's Faith! for six hundred years Irishmen have battled for it. Ireland is. consequently, a blessed nation, because our Saviour, in speaking to Thomas, said : Because thou hast seen thou hast be-lieved; blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed." Six hundred years of struggle against the Danes and the British for God, for Christ, for the unseen world. In presence of such a fact well may we exclaim, Oh Erin! great is thy faith.

But the religion preached by St. Patsand battle-fields? When people have no hope they have no courage as a con-sequence. In every struggle their watchord is God and St. Patrick. "Heart those long years of suffering and struggle Ireland may point to the religion preached by St. Patrick, still preserved in all its pristine purity. Also may she point to the glorious fact that her nationhood has been preserved, because if Ireland's nationality were not recognized, the Queen's title would not be Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. So true is it that Irishmen are the children of the saints and that God never forsake those who never change their faith in

Now come we to Ireland's manitestation of charity, and well may we exclaim : "Holy Ireland! thou hast loved much." Holy Ireland! this expression is used advisedly and emphatically, because Ireland is always the island of saints. During the first three hundred years of her also the island of sages. During that portion of her history she was the schoolportion of her history she was the school-house—the university of Europe. The youth of all Europe repaired thither for their moral and intellectual training— they might be counted not only by the hundred but by the thousands. To translate from an Irish breviary:

Before those thousand scholars he, Their humble master, meekly stood; #lis mind a mighty stream that poured For all its fertilizing flood.

And how were they occupied, those thousands and thousands of scholars? History tells us that "some were ening the sacred scriptures, and others, especially Columba of Tir-da-Glass, the son of Crimtham, engaged in prayer with his hands stretched out to heaven, and the birds came and alighted on his head and shoulders." God himself must have been well pleased in the contemplation of such a spectacle. But the Danes and the British came and their battle-cry was: "Down with the Cross! Down with the Altar!" May we not apply the book of Job to the Irish nation the Lord said to Satan: Hast thou considered my servant Job; that there is none like him in the earth, a man simple and upright, and fearing God, and avoiding evil, and still keeping his innocence? But thou hast moved me against him, that I should afflict him without cause.

Behold he is in thy hand, but yet save his life." The Danes were fierce warriors and selliction upon affliction was poured out upon the devoted head of Ireland. But God's command was "save his life," and God raised up Brian Borohme! How Irish Catholics and their descendants should glory in Brian Borohme! When the day of Clontarf had come, 1014, Brian formed his troops in battle array, and though more than four score years had bleached his hair and abated his natural strength, he rode along the rauks and shouted his exhortations in the genuine and passionate eloabated his natural strength, he rode along the rauks and shouted his exhortations in the genuine and passionate eloquence of which, in former times, he had so often witnessed the thrilling and inspiring effect upon the troops who had followed him to victory. Pointing to the Northmen whose tumultuous ranks were swelled by Norwegians, Danes, and Britons from the Orkneys, the Hebrides and the mountains of Wales, he called upon his Irish soldiers to strike no blow but in remembrance of bishops, priests and nuns murdered, churches burned, and the sacred vessels of the altar polluted or plundered—age cast forth to perish in the forest—the young child smitten dead with the mother whose milk still hung upon its lips. Bearing a crucifix in his left hand as he brandished his familiar sword in his right, he called upon them to follow where he should lead, and to strike for the religion of the saints with the firm hearts and vigorous arms of men who knew how to die as Christians, but never to submit to heathens, in heart, name or alliance. Brian thus addressed his army shortly after daybreak on the 23rd of April, 1014. The soldiers responded by commencing the fight with cries of rapturous excitement, which proved that the venerable king and veteran warrior had only done them justice in saying that

erable king and veteran warrior had only done them justice in saying that they knew how to die for their cause. The battle lasted the whole day and wherever the onward charge of the Irish In the evening there was a large attendance and atter devout recitation of the Rosary by Bishop, priests and people, Father Keilty delivered a lecture on Faith and Fatherland. He began by the large attendance and pealed the most murderously and pealed the still sonorous tones of Brian Borohme. Though age had dimmed the old man's eyes he continued the old man's eyes he continued at the large attendance and pealed the most murderously and pealed the still sonorous tones of Brian Borohme. Though age had dimmed the old man's eyes he continued at the large attendance and atter devout recitation of the Rosary by Bishop, priests and pealed the still sonorous tones of Brian Borohme. Though age had dimmed the old man's eyes he continued at the large attendance and atten was the fiercest and farthest upon the This world's centennials are the apothe-osis of materialism—St. Patrick's cele-bration is held to show to the world that loyal soldier. His tent in the general joy was left unguarded—his personal guard joined in the slaughter and pursuit f the enemy now flying in every direction. The king was recognized by a flying party of the enemy and neither his white hair, his venerable aspect, nor

loud shriek and feeble though zealous blow of the young page delayed the sacrifice not amoment. Brian Borohme, the terrible in battle, the wise in council, and the inflexibly just in rule, was slain with many and ghastly wounds, even as which rid Ireland of the Danes. hope that the frontier hosts of heaven gave him a right royal reception into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Then came the battle which lasted

during four hundred years for Father-land. Any other people except the Irish would have been exterminated. Afterrick is identical with the rengion preached by St. Paul, consequently: "And now there remain faith, hope and charity, these three," And if Ireland's cruel and bloodthirsty tyrants, sad indeed cruel and bloodthirsty tyrants. On account of the persecutions of those cruel and bloodthirsty tyrants, sad indeed was the plight of the faithful Irish who were made to drink to the dregs the chalice of suffering. In our own day a fair-minded Protestant gentleman calls Ireland the Gethesmane of nations on account of all the sinless sorrow of a nation, which, during so many years of her history had to take up the cross and walk in the footsteps of Christ crucified. What must have been the depths of sorrow reached by Ireland when so much sinless sorrow exists there even in our own day? Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time—but Ireland bore her trials and afflictions with sublime heroism. All the riches of the world and all its and the honors and pleasures were offered Ireland's answer invariably was: Death before dishonor. Not only that, but, with a smile upon her countenance she retorted on Cromwell when he offered "Hell or Connaught," by saying that she would take Connaught, as in all probabil-ity he would require the other place himelf. Affliction upon affliction was poured out upon the devoted head of Ireland— Ireland was nearly dead. But God's command to Satan in regard to Job, was a "Save his life" and in the opportune time raised up Daniel O'Connell. And how proud Irishmen and their descend-ants ought to be of this wonderful man, who has been styled "the uncrowned king of Ireland." He found Ireland at the last gasp, but lovingly and tenderly did he nurse and watch over her till, by legrees, she was able to rise from her prostrate position and put forth under his guidance the strength of a giant.

The priests and the people rallied round him—by his mighty eloquence he could stir the masses and make them understand their power in a just cause. He was indeed a fortified city, a pillar of iron and a wall of brass. He was not afraid of the presence of his enemies, because the Lord was with him to deliver him. By their obedience to the law the people proved that they were worthy of freedom, and O'Connell understood better than any other man the import of "Breth ren, our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers. Therefore take unto you the armour of God. Having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, in all things taking the shield of Faith.

And take unto you the sword of the

spirit, which is the Word." Thus armed like Brian Borohme on the field of

Clontarf-with the crucifix in his left

hand and the sword of the spirit in his right hand—O'Connell advanced against the British House of Commons, the strongest citadel of modern times. A devil stood at the door with a flaming sword which bigotry and intolerance had put into his hand, but the devil had to flee from O'Connell, armed as he was in the panoply of God's fear and love. O'Connell entered the British House of Commons and with him seven millions of his fellow-countrymen. Emancipation achieved by O'Connell is the grandest tableau in the history of the world. It overshadows the mightiest and most important deeds of ancient or modern times, "Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere,"
But O'Connell's old days were saddened by an Irish famine. Strong men, helpless women, small children, lay down to die in the throes of starvation. The nations tremble? at the tale of Ireland's woe. O'Connell was paralyzed—in the presence of gaunt famine his eloquence, his genius was of no avail. Brokenhearted he determined to make a pilgrimage to Rome, the holiest place on earth, and there from the tombs of the Apostles, put up a prayer to God for mercy to his people. As the Prophet-Apostles, put up a prayer to God for mercy to his people. As the Prophet-king he would fain interpose between his people and the Angel who smote them. But the Cedar of Lebanon fell by the shores of the Mediterranean, where this model Irish Catholic and mighty this model Irish Catholic and mighty man lay down and died. His last words were: "To Ireland I bequeath my body, to Rome my heart, to Heaven my soul." When Dapiel O'Connell was buried in Glasnevin well and truly might they say that there was buried the last of the Kings of Ireland.

Kings of Ireland.
Your forefathers would have never stood by Faith and Fatherland under the most adverse circumstances if the Irish were not manifestly a wonderful people and under the protection of the Most were not manifestly a wonderful people and under the protection of the Most High God. In the designs of Providence they learned the English as St. Patrick learned the Irish language, in the house of bondage. They are in every land under the sun— Quaenam regio in terra nostri non plena laboris—ana they are thus scattered all over the globe for a purpose. The sun, we are told, never sets on the British dominions and, consequently, it never sets upon the men sent out by England to preach false doctrines in every portion of the habitable globe—to teach that the Pope is not Christ's vicar—that Jesus Christ is not present in the most Holy Sacrament of the altar. But, thank God, the sun never sets on Irishmen, and the descendants of the men who died to assert the above mentioned dogmas of the Church are everywhere to confront the emissaries of England and in the English language refute their heresies. Be true to your mission, which is to Catholicize the world. Be true to the glorious country of your forefathers-hold up before the eyes of your children her great men—her Brian Borohmes, her Daniel O'Connells. Be true to the teachings of that religion which St. Patrick preached to your forefathers-which they have always since preserved in its purity and integrity—for which they were purity and integrity—for which they were ever ready, when called upon, to suffer, and if necessary, to die. Be all this and emphasize, as your forefathers did, attendance at mass, frequent reception of the sacraments of Confession and Communion, prayer for the dead and devotion to the Mother of God. This is above acceptable to the sacrament of what sanctified your forefathers, this is what will sanctify yourselves and make

Mayourneen! be thou long Mayourneel: 1 betto 1 peace, the queen of song—
In battle proud and strong
As the sea!
Be sainte thine offspring still,
True heroes guard each hill,
And harps by every rill
Sound free.

The day concluded with solemn Bene diction of the Most Holy Sacrament by his Lordship the Bishop, and with the benediction of their Saviour-God upon their heads all went away feeling that in the St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterboro, had able St. Patrick's day.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record. AT OTTAWA.

On the 17th, the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint was appropriately but quietly observed in this city. The era o showy parades and grand out door de-The era of monstrations seems to have passed away, and in its stead a more holiday and more fitting mode keeps in remembrance a day dear to the hearts and patriotic ina warm glow to every patriotic Irish heart for that grand old land so renowned in song and story, and so fondly loved. In St. Patrick's church the ceremony was grand and impressive. The interior of the church was handsomely ornamented for the occasion. Pontifical high mass was sung by Rev. Father Sloan. His Lordship Bishop Duhamel, Rev. Father Pallier, Rev. Father Bouillon, two Dominican Fathers and other priests were present. There was a very arge congregation present, the church eing literally crowded with fervent wor-

hippers.

The choir of the Ottawa college chapel, ander their leader, Rev. P. Gladu, O. M. ., gave a splendid rendering of Ligomet's hass, with the Credo from Werner's mass in C. The soloists were Mr. Geo. Riley in the Gloria and the Credo; Rev. B. Gervais, O. M. I., and Mr. J. C. Ivers in the Gloria, and Mr. Dunn in the Agnus Dei. Messrs. Dunn and W. A. Herekenrath, sang a duet in the Gloria. and Revs. Emard and Gervais, O. M. I. n the Sanctus. At the Offertory the all choir sang the beautiful canticle Hibernia's Champion Saint, All Hail!" with Mr. Riley, the efficient tenor, as soloist. The following well-known musicians rendered the entire orchestral companiment with their accustomed professional ability: 1st violin, Prof. Duquette; flute, Prof. R. M. Fehr; clarionet, Mr. A. Powell; basso, Mr. Foisy; cornet, Mr. J. E. Valois. Mr. Geo. Boucher, the college organist, presided at the organ and gave "St. Patrick's Day," with the skill of an artist and a spirit worthy of a Celt.

THE SERMON.
After the Gospel the Rev. Father Leyden ascended the pulpit and delivered

the customary panegyric of the day. Taking his text from the book of Proverbs, 15th chap, and 33rd verse: "The fear of the Lord is the lesson of wisdom, and humility goeth before glory," he spoke as follows:—
"My Lord, my dear brethren,—The sight we behold in this sacred temple to day is one that carries us back in spirit to that dear little Emerald Isle whose green fields many of us have never had the happiness to tread, but which we have all been taught from infancy to love as our own, our native land, whose misfortunes are our sorrow, and whose prosperity is our joy. When I contemplate this magnificent outburst of reliations and national feeling; when I see our Bishop, our priests, our altars arrayed in festive splendor; when I hear God's praises resound from strings and organs, from timbrel and choir; when I see a holy joy beam in every countenance, and the immortal shamrock on every breast, I realize what it has cost our forefathers to hand down so much glory untarnished, and I thank God for this glimpse of Ireland's former greatness. I thank Him for having preserved Ireland's faith and nationality by a secret all his own—by blending in the hearts of the Irish people His own divine love with an undying attachment to the land of their birth. How applicable to His of their birth. How applicable to His of their birth. How applicable to His harmond the forest worldly treasure, but she preserves the pearl of great price.

An Irish king and an Irish princess

all his own—by blending in the hearts of the Irish people His own divine love with an undying attachment to the land of their birth. How applicable to His dealings with the Irish people are the words of the apostle: "Oh the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God!" How incomprehen-sible are His judgments and how un-searchable His ways!" When God called Abraham to be the father of His chosen people, our forefathers were worthe riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His ways!" When God called Abraham to be the father of His chosen people, our forefathers were worshipers of false gods. The nation of bards and of saints was steeped in darkness and in the shadow of death. When the fulness of time had come, the star of Jacob rose over Bethlehem in the midst of Abraham's children, it poured its divine light into the catacombs, it and hastening westward in search of the "Isle of Destiny," it looked down in its noonday splender upon Innisfail. The Milesians hailed it, Patrick taught them Milesians hailed it, Patrick taught them the lesson of wisdom and they listened to him with that humility that goeth before glory. That belief they have preserved intact for fifteen hundred years; and, please God, they will continue to cherish it until a new heaven and a new earth appear and Patrick, the Abraham and Christianity of the pagan. Glory have earth appear, and Patrick, the Abraham and Christianity of the pagan. Glory be to of Ireland, shall see his children crowned God, the faith of Ireland is living, strong

with eternal glory for the humility with which they served God and the wisdom with which they feared Him. St. Patwith which they feared Him. St. Patrick's teachings, my dear brethren, were a lesson of wisdom, both human and divine, and Providence had qualified him well to give it. Divine Providence, whose ends are always brought about by foreigness and gentleness had so willed whose ends are always brought about by forgiveness and gentleness, had so willed it that the man destined for the conversion of Ireland should be brought there a captive in his youth. It was in order that he might the more easily recognize their vices, so that he might understand their vices, so that he was that the their cry of distress. It was that the spirit of God might have an opportunity of teaching the captive the lesson of wisof teaching the captive the lesson of wis-dom and to prepare for the glory to fol-He found the pagan chiefs assembled

at Tara. They were celebrating a solemn Druid festival, worshipping the sun. The fires had been extinguished on all the altars in Ireland, and woe to the man who should enkindle a flame before he sees the flame on the Hill of Tara. When lo! a flame is seen, the Easter fire of the Christians. St. Patrick was there! The culprit is summoned to appear in the royal presence. He has the cross of Christ in his hand and the blessing of the Vicar of Christ on his head. what will sanctify yourselves and make you a power for good wherever your lot may be cast.

The altars in freiand, and woe to the man who should enkindle a flame before he sees the flame on the Hill of Tara.

When lot a flame is seen the Flam.

ings that were awaiting them.
THE HISTORY OF IRELAND'S PROSPERITY

she preserves the pearl of great price.

An Irish king and an Irish princess

had forgotten
PATRICK'S LESSON OF PURITY,
and God demanded a victim; it was ity of His chastisement be a measure of

the descendants of those martyrs, but we live in a land where St. Patrick's faith has been transplanted, brought here by his faithful children and transmitted from generation to generation as the richest legacy of dying father and mother, where the faith of Patrick is as free to lourish as the shamrock is to grow.

I would not recall certain injuries, which I trust your Christian hearts for-give, if they may find them hard to forget. I would not allude to those 300 years' persecution, were it not in the hope that seeing God's protecting hand in th struggles of Ireland, may strengthen you in the practice of that faith and encourage you to transmit to your children and your children's children from generation to generation the faith which Patrick preached and which has been handed down to you.

The 16th century saw the unchanged

appear in the royal presence. He has the cross of Christ in his hand and the blessing of the Vicar of Christ on his head. "You worship the sun," said the intrepid apostle, "you adore its light, yet it is but a mere creature. The sun we see rises for our use by the will of the Alarighty. The day will come when its light, and rothing was left undone to carry the idea into execution. The result was that a splendid banquet was prepared, at which about eighty of the larger students attended. The hall was beaution between the royal reformation came. It found the old faith in Ireland and it proposed that the idea into execution. The result was the king,—who, by the way, was to be their "Holy Father." They might to be their "Holy Father." They might come when its dispense with fatting and abstingneed occasion with green burning on which see rises for our use by the will of the Almighty. The day will come when its light will be extinguished and all those who worship it will perish. But we adore the true Son, Christ the Lord and Ruler of all things.

My dear brethern, he presched Levis But permission only sewed to make Ruler of all things.

My dear brethren, he preached Jesus condemned and crucified, and the laugh the louder. Confiscation, transportation and death found that faith arose which shone ever after in Ireland. What did St. Patrick teach Patrick. Had an angel from heaven the Irish? What you and I believe and preached a new religion to them, they practice to day. No divorce, no private would not have listened to him—and interpretation of the Bible, devoted attachment to the see of Peter, profound veneration for the Virgin Mother the crown of immortal glory. They won of God, belief in the real presence of the martyr's crown of justice for them-Jesus Christ in the Most Holy Eucharist, selves and Catholic emancipation for us. and every other dogma then defined by the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. He made them a people from whom heresy never sprung. He taught them how to secure the blessing of God. He taught them, he prepared them, because he knew the trials and sufferings that were awaiting them.

of wisdom; still hopes for the return of the Ardrigh; she still loves the green Isle where the shamrock grows, and still

To the Committee of the Banquet: the HISTORY OF IRELAND'S PROSPERITY fondly treasures the memory of Pat-luring the three hundred years that followed her conversion reveals the wisdom of the lesson she learned from St. Pat-Let us further that rick. Her saints, her scholars, her missionaries attest the success of St. Patimother church, justice in seeking restonaries attest the success of St. Pat-rick's apostleship; the 'Island of Saints' dress, and hopeful prayer. Faith, reaand Doctors," with such names as St. son and experience prove that nations Bridget, St. Columbkill, St. Laurence in whose councils God is a stranger can D'Toole, who shine with a host of others ike the sun, moon and stars in the firecretain amount of material prosperity, mament of Ireland. She had a literature in prose and verse which had nothing to earth, earthy, and is powerless to stem envy in the most enlightened lands of Christendom. Saints and martyrs arose, whose whole solicitude was how to serve a proof of what I say. Standing arraies, God in the world: how to train the nament of Ireland. She had a literature but their virtue at best is but of the whose whole solicitude was how to serve God in the world; how to train the heart, not how to satisfy the appetite. Such, my brethren, were the first fruits of Patrick's lesson of wisdom. A great priest he was, my brethren, as our noly mother the Church says to day in the epistle: 'Behold a great priest, who in his day pleased God and was found just. The Lord made an everlasting covenant with him; and gave him a great priest-hood, and to have praise in his name, and I be seech you, hood and to have praise in his name, and I be seech you, for the honor of Ireland hood, and to have praise in his name, and to other Him worthy incense for an odor of sweetness." But, my dear bethren, perpetual prosperity was act to be the lot of St. Patrick's spiritual children. God loved them too well not to add to their convert the clear of martyrdom. He have come the clear of martyrdom. He have come the clear of martyrdom. He have come "Soggerths Area" to the content of the fatter. God loved them too well not to add to sons shall be honorable in the gates, their crown the glory of martyrdom. He allowed the rude robbers of the sea to Ireland in exile. Teach them fidelity to allowed the rude robbers of the sea to invade her peaceful and happy homes. Long, cruel wars devistated the country; but still, my brethren, Irish faith was perfected in infirmity, even when the voice of holy Church grew faint amid the

dearly loved in Ireland, but frequently exposed, through ignorance or false shame, to lose much of their sweet charm in exile. ' Feach them sobriety by word and example "lest they leave a reproach in Irish strongholds."

There is one virtue which has ever characterized the Irish people, and that is justice—a divine virtue, my brethren, an attribute of God, the only solid foundation of every social superstructure. Our fellow-countrymen at home have God and

JUSTICE ON THEIR SIDE, and they have a right to expect from that our sympathy shall be sanctified by that spirit of justice that shall win for that spirit of pushed that shall win for their labour the approval of God and men. I conclude, my dear brethren, with a word of hope—let us pray. The Saviour prayed for Peter that his faith might not fail, nor has it failed. St. Patrick prayed that his children's faith might not fail, and one thousand years of invasion and persecution have not been able to shake it. Ask history, ask the world. What say the cathedrals, monasteries and schools, erected by the children of Ireland in every land—that masterpiece of Christian architecture on the continent of America—St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. Ask your own St Patrick's Church, of Ottawa, whether Irish faith has failed. The very stones are an eloquent testimony to the immortality of the faith that cemented them into one grand and fitting habitation for the

Eucharistic God of FAITHFUL IRELAND.

When I see how Ireland's faith and nationality have outlived the long and terrible storm, I say the finger of God is there, and my hope becomes almost certainty. I realize the wisdom of Ire-land's fear of God. In the words of holy scripture, I have learned that all the works that God hath made endure forever; that we cannot add anything or take away anything from the things the God hath made; that the things which have been shall continue to be and that God restoreth that which is best. have suffered long, my brethren, and we have suffered much, but we have much to be thankful for, for in much tribulation we have had abundance of joy. Have holy resignation, my brethren,
"the Lord gave and the Lord took away,
blessed be the name of the Lord." But
we should at the same time continue to pray and to hope that God in His mercy may soon fulfil for poor Ireland the promise he once made to Israel: "I shall be as the deer, Israel shall spring as the lily, and his root shall shoot forth as that of Libanos." Yes, my brethren, with God's holy grace and the intercession of St. Patrick, our glorious apostle, we shall walk in the ways of the Lord. The fear of the Lord shall continue to be our lesson of wis dom, and our Christian humility, our long trial, will be followed by glory, perhaps in this world, but surely in the next

Correspondence of the Catholic Record. AT THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

The Irish students of the University College of Ottawa were not by any means unmindful of this occasion. It was their earnest wish to have a grand celebration in which their feelings with the old land should find ample room for expression It was, above all, their fond desire to entertain their friends of other nationalitie in a dignified and appropriate manner. A committee was formed of the following gentlemen, with Rev. D. Guillet, O.M.I., as chairman, Messrs C. Murphy, D. Dunn, as charman, Alessis C. Burphy, D. Dunn, J. Foley, J. Farrell, G. Griffin, and T. V. Tobin. The proposal to have a banquet in the afternoon was eagerly seized on, and nothing was left undone to carry occasion with green bunting, on which were inscribed the mottoes, 'Ireland for Ever," "Success to the Nationalists," and of St. Patrick. On the table was placed a magnificent floral harp embroidered with shamrocks, all emblematic of the nation whose honor and glory they were celebrating. The banquet was formally who was invited to take the chair, an who, in tew but expressive words, alluded to the new and attractive manner adopted by the Irish students to spend part of one of their dearest and most agree able holidays. Letters of regret at being absent were read from Mr. J. I. Curran M. P., Rev. Father Whelan, olSt. Pat rick's, and Rev. A. M. Leyden, O. M. I. Jno. Griffin and D. M. Burns, O. M. I

The touching and patriotic epistle of the latter, which we subjoin, elicted the DEAR SIRS:—I thank you most heartily for your kind invitation to attend your banquet. I deeply regret the occupe tions which cannot be deferred proven me from being present. Theassen tween the ages of 16 and 22, is small significance. It is not the gathering of a few neighbors whose exiled hearts look for sunshine and delight in recalling ford memories of their younger days, but, around your menu spread, you have patriotic hearts from the isle of so diers, scholars and saints, representa-tives from every clime between St. Croix River and the Pacific shores of the golden state; between Acadia\_the land of Evangeline—and the ever frozen peaks of Alaska: all manifesting that heaven-born instinct by which our nativ love becomes at once acquainted and identical, and which enables us to behold in the face of a Celtic stranger the glow ng features of an Irish friend. I say is impressive because it demonstrathat not only Irishmen at home Irishmen abroad, but also hough of Irishmen abroad, are desired though the expression of happy ment to the render mora! encourest, bravet and youngest, firmest, band of legilative most trustwortzzled the muse warriors tharnellites. Let it the for ated pleasure, coupled with though cheering patriotism. Let your hearts, firm in love for dear old Ireland who sublime in her associations; rish in th

irtues of her s blood of her ma ruins and unco ality. Cling to for its light is b of the Eternal. perils of life an liberated Israe the sun of Irela lark clouds of DAN After particip past, whose co small credit on

APRIL 4,

Ferron, under vision the affair were proposed an ardour and could not expe -"the day we ce the students wi cheers, as it mar Patrick's Day ce Ballina, Ireland the course of his the condition of coming of St. Pa to him as the gr factors; for who than Christianit nation. Mr. D request of all wh pressed in a ve happiness which the feast of Irela manner so happi dents this year land, and her greeted with equ he mainspring The first to rise gestive an appearance was Mr. Thos. V singular advant ing seen many of the glorious tast down-trodden co many familiar so tion was sufficien of the most thr cidents in the st Ireland, he tu patriots, and paid the present brill land's long-lost (Parnell) and his cession after con England, and until the sunbur shall brighten evel Ireland. Then M Ottawa, rose ami response to the s had much pleasu to what had alrea marks he referre ated with Ireland toration of her s cription of the graphic and inter speaking of T. I nodel obstruction terror and amaze ters. He also to mentary tactics of rock of prudence lent politics-and to his patriotism After referring to which the Land Le he made a strong to assist, as far strengthening the men who seek to ought to be-a sponded to the to: happy country," v in answering to the are too busily eng taining to their ow

> the shape of spe Irish members of Mr. Gerald Gr attracted attention that his nomen a the memory of his so conspicuously i ness upon Moore's and pathetic mu their author impersubject Mr. Geo. expressed himsel spoke of the depr of the age, which, ums, is utterly un touching and sent music, "America found able and el Messrs. J. J. Farr J. O'Malley, Bost tributes to the liberty, traced it tyrant and usurpe ighest developm world, and then America for afford for so many of the

European speech ought to furnish papers as the Dub or United Ireland, i

countrymen. It Boucher to rise French-Canadian in a very forcible which it afforded his young Irish fr had now so long n tion of the feast France is claime "Irish love for add handled by Messrs estness and the wil sons of Erin have e however dangerou of their adoption proofs cited by the "Fontenoy," by clever and express forcible and happy

Mr. E. Dorgan announcement of College of Ottawa, applause for the la remarks. He r spirit of his Alma ertaining to the ment, and to this ebrating St. Patr. unprecedented in