March 16, 1901

## Directory.

OCTEPTY. — Estab-, 1856, incorporat-ull, 92 St. Alexan-t Monday of the-ee meets last Wed-s: Rev. Director, un, P.P. President, : 1st Vice, P. C. 'ice, T. J. O'Neill; O'Leary; Corres-y, F. J. Curran, ing-Scoretary, S. y, F. J. Curran, ing-Secretary, S. 55 Cathcart street.

EN'S L. & B. AS. EN'S L. & B. AS. ranized April, 1874. c. 1875.—Regular, theld in its hall, farst Wednessday or, fourth Wednesday fourth Wednesday President, M. A. y-Treasurer, M. J. munications to be Hall. Delegates to ague, W. J. Hin-Jas. McMahon Hin-

IARY to the Anibernians, Division in St. Patrick's xander Street, on xander Street, on, at 4 p.m., and at 8 p.m., of each. , Sarah Allen; Vice-a Mack; Financial McMahan; treasur-McManan; treasur-a; Recording Secre-vlatt, 383 Welling-lication forms can tembers, or at the ngs.

N NO: 2.— Meets of St. Gabriel New ntre and Laprairie-nd and 4th Friday nd and 4th Friday t 8 p.m. President, 885 St. Catherine-Adviser, Dr. Hugh-mitre street, tele-2239, Recording-rus Donohue, 312; et, — to whom ons should be ad-ovle, Financial Se-Colfer, Treasurer, Patrick's League; h, D. S. McCarthy-t,

NO. 3 .- Meets third Wednesday of hird Wednesday of No. 1863 Notre-rr McGill. Officers: president; T. Mc-ident; F. J. Devlin, ry, 1635 Ontario ughes, financial-se-hy, treasurer; M. of Standing Com-M. Stafford.

MEN'S SOCIETY -Meets in its hall, reet, on the first nonth, at 2.30 p.m. , Rev. E. Strubbe-nt, D. J. O'Neill; League: J. Whitty, M. Casey.

A. & B. SOCHETY cond Sunday of t. Patrick's Hall, treet, immediate-committee of Man-same hall thefirst month, at 8 p.m. Path, Rev. Presi-ostigan, 1st Vice-C. Gunning, Secre-ntoine street.

DA, BRANCH 26 Bth November; 26 meets at St. 92 St. Alexander Monday of each alar meetings for business are held 4th Mondays of 8 p.m. Applicants r any one desirous carding the Branch 9 with the follow-nk J. Curran, B. P. J. McDonagh, ary; Robt. War-ceretary; Jno. H. urer.



Vol. L, No. 37

Monday, the 18th March, the Irish people of Montreal celebrated in a manuer befitting the grand occasion, the first anniversary of Ireland's Pa-tron Saint in the twentieth century. An American daily commenting upon the various national emblems, made use of the following timely and striking remarks concerning the Irish race, and the fidelity with

which the shamrock is preserved and honored : "The loyalty with which the na-tives of Erin and their descendants cling to the badge of their race, in whatever part of the world their fortunes or misfortunes may have placed them, is one of the most re-markable national characteristics recorded in history. Tattooing and totems rapidly disappear before the wave of civilization, the Chinaman gives up his pig-tail when he ac-epts the deress and manners of the West, the Parsee exchanges his spot-less white turban for the silk hat of Paris, and the Turk discards his "The loyalty with which the na-

west, the rarse exchanges his pote-less white turban for the silk hat of Paris, and the Turk discards his fez; but the true Irishman never misses 'wearing the green' on St. Patrick's Day and bestowing affec-tion on the shamrock all the year through. The rose is the national flower of England, but how many Englishmen care for the fact, either in their own land or when they be-come wanderers and colonists throughout the world? The Scots are a little more true to their this-ule, and so are the Welshmen to their leek, but their loyalty to the badge is of a very cool kind and is casily put out."

Since the late Queen Victoria or dered that the Irish soldiers should wear the shamrock on the 17th March, and since the present Queen, Alexandra, sent the shamrocks to last, would have naturally thought that every leading commercial establishment in our city was under the direction of an Irishman. English, Scotch and French stores displayed such an amount of green that there

Then, O! to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise, take gushing memories of home, be neath far foreign skies.
Deneath the spreading calabash, be neath the trellised vine, and the trellised vine, or dark Canadian pine,—
Of don't these old familiar tones— now sad, and now so gay— now sad, and now so gay— speak to your very, very hearts— poor exiles far away!"
WEARING OF THE GREEN.— On Monday, the 18th March, the Irish
Nonday, the 18th March, the Irish
Other the set of the stream of

he Orne

altar seemed transformed into a gorgeously decorated shrine. The ponderous candle-sticks, the wealth of massive ornaments, the rich and rare laces, the natural flowers — lilies, shamrocks and others — all lent a festive aspect to the solemay sunctuary wherein congregated a vast concourse of priests and guard-ians of souls. a The

Amongst other additional embelshments, which the Church has of late received, may be mentioned a new sanctuary carpet. This splen-

model of selection. The emblems model of selection. The emblems wrought into the fabric, are the Shamrock, the Maple Leaf, the Rose and the Thistle. Thus at the foot of God's altar, and in presence of the Blessed Sacrament-like the palms of old that strewed the pathway over which the Saviour had to pass --the united emblems of all pations the united emblems of all nationalities peep perpetually in harmony rom under the feet of Christ's an

from under the feet of Christ's an-ointed representatives. Equally appropriate and attract-ive were the side altars. The pale green lamps that flickered, and the hatural flowers that shed their per-fume around the altars of the Bless-ed Virgin and of St. Joseph, gave a subdued and holy aspect to either side of the grand sanctuary, and without drawing the attention from the great central altar; they corres-ponded with its attractiveness in a manner calculated to create one per-Alexandra, sent the shamrocks to adorn the caps of the Irishmen in the army, we can truly look upon the complaint made in the good old song, "The Wearing of the Green," as something belonging to the his-tory of departed times. Decidedly, a stranger passing along the princj-pal streets of Montreal, on Monday hast, would have naturally thought ly. that masterpiece of artistic trimanner calculated to create one per have been in position. But, unha ly, that masterpiece of artistic tri unph was not completed for the oc casion. However, had we not known of its existence, so grand and per-fect were all the appointments, that we would never have missed its pre-WITHIN THE SANCTUARY the attendance of the clerical body was very large and very representative. Every Irish parish in the city, and meny of the French parishes, were represented by either their pastors or curates. The Grand Seminary sent its usual contingent of surplicsent its usual contingent of surplic-ed ecclesiastics—principally young men of Irish parentage, who are pre-paring for the glorious mission of the priesthood. Ranged in serried lines under the eye of the highest ec-clesiastical dignitary in our arch-diccese, this numerous band of youthful Levites told a story of wonderful triumphs for the Church Militant in the future. THE LAITY.—As to the attend ance of the faithful at the THE LAITY.—As to the attend-nice of the faithful at the Mass we can say that it was equal in every respect to that of any similar occasion in the part. To say that it was larger would be difficult, since, as long as we can recall, on every St. Patrick's Day the Church was filled to its utmost degree of capacity; and, it being so again this year, it would not be easy to say that the attendance was greater than ever—a church, after all, can only hold a certain number of people, and when it is so throng-ed that it can hold no more, it is time to cease making statistical comparisons. have learned, in the rude school of experience, that works more than words are the telling factors in their national progress, and they are aware that much of their future. even in Canada, depends upon the Sentiment of respect which it is their duty to create in the bosoms of all by whom they are surrounded and with whom they have to live and labor. the

that of individuals, must infallibly ests. In our repart we give a pretty complete summary of that able ef-ort.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1901.

STIS IN COLO FIDEL

THE MUSIC .- No land is richer than Ireland in minstrelsy and song. Music seems to have been an instinct as well as an inspiration for the children of the Gael. Christian-ity superseded Druidism; and though the bards of old were still in favor. the character of their music and song was changed. The hymn of

peace took the place of the battle strain; and the truth and beauty of the Faith taught by St. Patrick imparted to the muse a higher and a holier inspiration." The church took it in her warfare against the world. ----

have prepared of all that transposed on Monday last, and, in doing so, we cannot help recalling a prophetic verse, written in 1798, and realized to-day all over the world :--.

"My own, my native Island, where-e'er I chance to roam, Thy lonely hills shall ever be hay own beloved home; And brighter days must surely come than those that we have seen. When Erin's sons may boldly sing, 'The Wearing of the Green.'

THE VARIOUS SOCIETIES mus tered in large numbers at their halls early in the morning, owing to the hour of the solemn High Mass at St. Patrick's having been fixed for 9 o clock-one hour earlier than that song under her protection, and used of former years-in order that the service at the Church and parade So is it that Ireland's religious and national festival would be incom-plete were it not that the sweet and nuemory-haunting melodies of the much appreciated by the members of



REV. JOHN F. SPELLMAN, PREACHER OF THE DAY, 1901.

nation's past blended their soul-stir-ring strains with the more precise and solemn volumes of the Church's holy ritual of praise. It is always a fact known to the people of Mont-real that Professor Fowler presides at the organ when the vaulted roof of the temple is filled with the martial is and Rev. Father Labrosse the temple is filled with the martial notes of "Let Erin Remember," or the more lively and familiar bars of "St. Patrick's Day," or the soft, southing richness of the quaint and ancient melodies such as the "Coolin," or "Savoureen Deelish." Insued of secularizing the religious moments, these olden airs seem to cast a deeper and more fervent devotional sentiment into the blending harmonies of the "Glorias," the "Credos," and the "Sanctus." In another column we tell of the splendid success of the admirable choir of St. Patrick's-not the least important feature in the day's celebration.
THE PROCESSION.—As will be seen by our full report, the procession was worthy of the day, and it laft on the mind of the spectator an ineffaceable impression of the prosperity and advancement that are uter solution. le is filled with the martial laghan and Rev. Father Labrosse notes of "Let Erin Remember." or were the deacons of honor, and Rev

We are to describe a light-hearted, gladsome people, living in a land that is wasted and racked by years of oppression. We are to tell of a peo-ple beaten down and levelled to the dust, yet looking up to the sun of their hopes with a light of determi-nation darting from their eyes. Then again, it has been been so often and so eloquently treated before that, it seems like presumption for me to speak on it at all. But while I entertain no vain hope to do it jus-tice, while I realize that this great task should be left to one of riper years and maturer judgment, still I must confess that mingled with this ratural misgiving there runs a feel-ing of genuine pleasure that I am privileged to give utcomes I. ratural misgiving there runs a feel-ing of genuine pleasure that I am privileged to give utterance to a few reflections, however simple and imperfect they may be. I am buoyed up too with the knowledge that my words are spoken to a people ever faithful to their loving traditions, one of which, for me to-day, is most encouraging for I am to speak as a priest to my people, which is the best of all assurances that I will re-ceive a patient hearing. ceive a patient hearing.

One of the great duties of the Church and to which she has been most faithful is the commemoration of her saints. She would tell her children on earth, though all the world is against them, though friends have become foes, there still remain those better friends who speak for them in the Court of God that they can hind themselves to each other by the lasting golden chains of love and prayer. She tells them to cherish those friends who are with God, to imitate those and follow them, to be consoled in their adfiction, to be encouraged whon future threatens, for these are the affliction, to be encouraged when failure, threatens, for these are the ones to look to, the friends that never fails. These saints are heroes of the Church, and for this reason she honors them; just as the world honors its heroes, records their no-ble deeds, builds up monuments to receptuate their name and glory. We live in an age of hero wor-ship All of us have shared in the spirit of the day. We have rushed with eager haste to welcome back tohome and kindred those who have fought for country's weal, we have let our hearts throb in sympa-

fought for country's weal, we have let our hearts throb in sympa-thetic cadence to the rhythmic lines of poet's or singer's song telling of our country's glory, we have dofied the hat or' bowed the head while standing in the shade of some grand pile reared to speak of noble deeds and grand sacrifices for the public good. All this we have done. But we felt within us the desire to draw aside the veil and see for ourselves side the veil and see for ourselves that are the secrets of those, hero souls. We have turned from them of times with blush of shame mantling our cheek, We stood aghast when we saw through that shallow vencer. saw through that shallow veneer. Public deeds and private life are not the same, and though we love their great and chivalrous deeds, we mourn for some stain that we hate to acknowledge. But it is not so with Christ's heroes. Heroism 'for them means sacrifice, of self, it means grand deeds, without the in-spiring stains of martial music

or a saint we honor not so much the man but Christ who is in him.

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## PRICE FIVE CENTS

Elitness

The erstwhile slave was now the teacher and liberator, he who once-carried galling chains now came to strike off shackles not from feet and hands, but from mind and heart. He evane to redeem the slaves of false gods, and make them children of Christ. No need to tell you of the effects of his, preaching. He plantod the seeds of faith in fertile soil, his prayers and fastings made for it a rapid growth and speedy maturity, and then he reaped a plentiful harv-est. St. Patrick's success is unparal-lelled in the history of nations' con-versions. No dogged opposition im-peded his progress, no threat of persecution held him in check, his was more of kingly triumph than missionary's labor, and though he preached a doctrine hard for human nature and contrary to their prac-tices still they listened, and finally yielded. He found them a pagan matices still they listened, and finally yie'ded. He found them a pagan na-tion he left them Catholics to a man. Rapid though his success was, still it was not for the moment on-ly. He builded not for the day, but looked to the morrow, his was not a mere cursory teaching of a few doctrines, but he rather delved down deep, and brought them through the whole cycle of Catholics truth. He wished them to be as he was, meek, humble, religious. He taught them to be good Catholics, faithful, obedient and loyal subjects of the Church, beloved followers of Churst as he was, lovers of Mary.

Christ as he was, lovers of Mary tender and trusting children of their great mothers. And this is the les-son 1 would have you learn.

Though the Irish people have loved their country well, still thanks to blessed Patrick they loved their God and faith more, Read her history, and you can verify my words. When brother was turned against brother, when the battle s force was thrown upon themselves, when like the shift-ing sands they glided from their leader's grasp, when all was dark, and there was no hope left, the bat-tle cry was for God and religion, fraternal strife ceased. Then was the radly great, the attack irresistible, and vietory assured. We can see her when her Faith was young and yet untried repelling the hordes of Danes who assalled her shores time after time for hundreds of years, they who would tear down the bright structure of Christian faith and place, in its stead their pagan gods, but all their attempts were in vain. A higher hand than man's was holding them in check, was driving them back till at last they were ferced to desist. Peace and tranquil-ity cane for a short time after those storms, and she used this respite to good advantage. Once more she be-came the isle of saints and the home of scholars, the abode of sanctity and rifuge of science. But England in her power strove her utmost to subdu her sister isle. Successful, though she was in the end it took might unto four hundred years to con-quer a divided people. Erin's sons lacked that united devotion so ne-cessary in a fight for nation's free-dom, they fought with divided. Though the Irish people have loved without the mad rush of impulsive conrades, it means a long, steally e. Life-long strife and not a mere leap: the madening throhig throng ard there, not to urge them onwards, but to pull them back. It means perhaps a forbidding exterior, but, oh, a week and wholesome inner life, a pure unsullide soul, grand and noble in the eyes of God. We picture those hereos then as the living and most faithful representatives of Christ Our catholic worship, to forget Pat-ityed in them and worked in and through them; so that when we hon-or a saint we honor not so word he man but Christ cessary in a fight for nation's free-dom, they fought with divided hearts and divided counsels. With a

B. SOCIETY, es-— Rev. Lirector, n, President, Johnstary, James Bra-strey, James Bra-street. Meets on y of every month. all, corner Young ets, at 3.30 p.m. Patrick's League: eather, T. Rogers n.



NK RAILWAY DVAL LIMITED and labor

at 9 a m , reaching To-liven 5.40 p m , Londen m (Central time), and morping. attached to this train, te at any hour during assengers.

TAWA.

real daily, except Sun-p m, arriving at Ostawa A. R: points to Ottawa n daily, except Sunday,

T OFFICES,

Scotch and French stores displayed such an amount of green that there was no mistaking the occasion. When we consider the cold-eyed glances that, in former years, greet-ed the Irish emblem wherever it was displayed, we cannot but look upon this marvellous change of sentiment as a harbinger of good for the Irish race the world over. The demonstration of last Mon-day was equal to any held for years in Montreal, and we might safely say that the enthusiasm displayed was of a deeper, if less reverberat-

was of a deeper, if less reverberat ing, kind than has always been the ing, kind than has always been the case. There was an air of calm, em-pnatic national pride over all the ceremonies—religious and patriotic— that marked the occasion. Possibly as the end of Ireland's long and of-ten fruitless struggle for liberty draws near, the sons of the "An-cient Race" feel a growing sense of the importance that attaches to their position in this new land. They have learned, in the rude school of experience, that works more than

AT THE CHURCH .--- This year the religious celebration of St. Patrick's Day assumed a most imposing character. The presence of His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, who

pontificated at the High Mass in St. THE SERMON .- As usual, one of Patrick's, imparted an "eclat" the leading features of the morn-ing's celebration was the sermon. It the ceremonials that was most highly appreciated by both the clergy was preached by Rev. Father Spelland the faithful. And, after all, this and the faithful. And, after all, this sympathetic action on the part of the first pastor of our Church in this city of Mary, is only in keep-ing with the generous and kindly sentiments demonstrated by Mgr. Bruchesi towards the Irish Catholic element, ever since his advent to the archiepiscopal See: Without a doubt St. Patrick's Church, in its removated form, is man, of St. Patrick's, and was an man, of St. Patrick's, and was an eloquent and masterly blending of the religious significance, and the national importance of the occasion. Mureovar, it was a practical ser-mon: one that goes to the heart and touches it into sentiments of piety and patriotism, yet one that appeal-ed to the intellect and set before the mind those eternal principles upon which the happiness of a race, as

perity and advancement that are share of the various societies

others and organizations which mustered in such numbers to swell the ranks of such numbers to swell the ranks of the JUBILEE MASS composed the out-door demonstration. The speeches were characteristic of the cccasion. Possibly no other celebra-tion could present the spectacle of the city's Mayor, and his recent opthe city's Mayor, and his recent op ponent, standing side by side on the anie platform, praising each other's fine qualities, and emulating each organ, organ, and Mr. wielded the baton.

fine qualities, and emulating each other's example in doing honor and justice to the day. And the even-ing's entertainments were of such a ligh character that they, each and all, spoke volumes for the improve-ment that has been so noticeable of late years in all Irish representa-tions and concerts. Nothing but what might tend to elevate, to chain and to satisfy the patriotic fervor of the hour, was to be heard. The report which we give will be read with a two-fold pleasure when considered in the light of this mark-ed progress along the way of ma-tional amelioration.

With these few introductory marks, we turn to the account

It is of one of these saints, It is of one of these saints, one of these heroes, that I would speak of to you to-day. I would tell you the story of his life and of his life's work, knowing well that the oft repeated tale will not seem dull to loving cars. It is the story of him which is always old but ever true. We know that the light of faith had been burning for 300 years ere its been burning for 300 years ere its first rays penetrated to Ireland. In first rays penetrated to Ireland. In many long years persecution had forced the followers of Christ to worship their God in dark and si-len', places, but soon restraint had been shaken off and they were free to walk openly in the sight of men and to tell the glad tidings of their hap-piness. It was while the Church was thus enjoying peace, a youthful Christian was taken from his tender heme and sent a slave to Ireland. He was of noble birth, of Christian parents, and reared amidst refined surroundings. But his savage capnier, P.P., St. James, and many THE JUBILEE MASS composed tory, Mr. Frank Feron rendered in an artistic manner "Deus Meus." by Jubois. Prof. Fowler presided at the organ, and Mr. G. A. Carpenter surroundings. But his savage cap ors had snatched him from all thi and sent him in chains to Ireland' shores, where he was to pass long weary days tending his master'

shores, where he was to pass long weary days tending his master's focks on the dreary mountains of northern Ireland. Borne up by the lively Christian faith within him, his only solace in his weariness, he soon contrived to escape and returned to his native land. One would think that after so many years of suffer-ing and privation he would gladly content himself at his native hearth and end his days in peaceful quiet But no, those long weary watchings on the mountain side had been filled with silent musings, the needs of the Master's people had been seen by the pious servant, the germs of a voca-tion had been sown, had thrived, had resulted in a course of studies, and he was ordained a priest. As one of God's pioneers he returned.

ished from the land, no vestige of religion was to remain, no Sacra-ments, no Mass, no shriving from sin, no image of Christ Jesus, nor was she to call on the Virgin's name or whisper Mother Mary when in sorrow or in trouble, she must cast off the old faith and take on the new. This was the message, these were the instructions from the con-queror to her failen foe. But oh! what a transformation took place, what a change was there when these words were heard. Divided Ireland words were heard. Divided Ireland rose to a man, old dissensions were forgotten, and they who would not strike a blow for their nation's freeaom fought tooth and nail, poverty, suffering, aye even for their nation's faith. Div dared death ven dea. Divided in ited in for their nation's faith. Divided in many things, they were united in this one alone, for in this union rested their salvation, and from this time came their victory. It is a vic-tory of principle not of arms, of truth over tyranny, of right over might, it is the grand moral vic-tory and successful triumph of God evalust the nower of derkness It is egainst the power of darkness. It is the faith of Erin triumphant and the faith of Erin triumphant and glorious, and she has learned her lesson well, she loves and clings to that faith, she watches over it with icalous eye. She bides her time, and that time must surely come for these two are inseparably linked. One is dependent on the other, Erin's faith and Erin's nationhood go hand in hand, and the day when the world will see Erin numbered again amongst the earth's nations, it will see her, one solidified, God fearing and God loving Catholic people.

The world's history makes immor-The world's history makes immor-tal men and the races who have sacrificed themselves for this idea of nationhood. To brave death for country is death for the sacredness of hearth and altar, and death for hearth and altar is the grandest death that man can die.

Continued on Pages Four and Five)

THE SERMON. Rev. John F. Spellman, of St. He Patrick's, was the preacher. aid in part ? Friends, it is with the eclings of the greatest diffidence that I come to speak before you to-

re-we

that I come to speak before you to-day. The subject it is my lot to treat is so broad and comprehensive, it speaks of so many grand and no-ble deeds, it evokes so many differ-ent emotions of a nation's joys, lopes and gladness. Mingled, there in also are gloom, fears and misgiv-in, s. It tells of a country laughing, yet with sorrow tears in her eyes.