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{ Terms in Advance:
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

OUR NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

ONCE again Irishmen all over the world (for there is no country that is not blessed with Irish genius and Irish manhood) will celebrate the National Anniversary, and prove that love of their native land is still the uppermost feeling in their minds—that no matter how far or how long they are separated from the fair land of their birth, they look back to her with the fondest love.

Grand indeed it is. Alone, almost, amongst the nations of the earth the Irish people, by no merit of their own, have been by God's grace and the intercession of their Patron Saint, permitted that crowning glory of holding by that faith without which it is impossible to please God.

We said "by no merit of their own," for every one knows that of ourselves we can do nothing, and that God and God alone is the author of all goodness.

What then should be our first feeling on "St. Patrick's Day in the morning?" Should it be one of self-glorification? Should it be a desire for guzzling intoxicating drinks? Should it be one of easy forgetfulness? By no means.

The first waking thought should be one of profound thankfulness to the great God of heaven and earth that has preserved us in His holy faith surrounded as we have been by dangers and trials, a preservation showing an Almighty hand not less than the preservation of the Israelites on their passage through the Red Sea.

Before anything else, our first visit should be paid on St. Patrick's Day to the Church of God. In prayer and recollection and gratitude we should pray to

be enabled to celebrate the day worthily.

In order to be a good Irishman or a good man it is necessary to be a good Catholic first. Not that kind of Catholic that Archbishop HUGHES used to describe "who would die for his religion but would not live for it."

A real Catholic is one who feels an insult for an aspersion on his religion as personal to himself. A thorough Irishman makes the best kind of Catholic, because his faith and his national aspirations have the same enemies, have always been inseparably connected, and have the same hope of a glorious future.

Catholic first, Irishman afterwards—to Mass in the morning—and how for the rest of the day?

Well, here is a subject on which divers opinions exists, and every man has a right to hold his own. We shall endeavor to give each opinion a voice. There are those who think that the St. Patrick's Day Parade is not in good taste, that it is vulgar; there are those who think a better way to celebrate the day would be by evening lectures; there are those who think a better way would be to celebrate it by banquets. These are objections made by good Irishmen, who really desire to have the day celebrated in some way. Let us study them. Those who think parade in bad taste ought to be able to suggest something better adapted to their purposes. What are these purposes! Firstly, a demonstration visible to the eyes of all men of the unswerving claim of Ireland to her national rights, and as she is utterly unable, though morally entitled, to make good her claim by force, the demonstration may also be regarded as an act of