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**T**HE 18TH MARCH, Monday, the day on which the Feast of St. Patrick was celebrated, was cold, somewhat windy, but still fine for the season. The enthusiasm was great and the success of the celebration was unqualified. Owing to the date of our issue and the small space at our disposal we are obliged to curtail all remarks and to present a report of the proceedings in as exact a manner as possible. The principal feature of the day's proceedings was, of course, the procession. It was certainly a remarkable display.

First in the procession came Daniel Gallery, the Marshal-in-Chief, mounted on a fine charger and dressed as became a leader of a St. Patrick's Day parade. The congregation of old St. Gabriel followed, but not nearly so numerous as in former years. St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society came next about sixty strong and headed by their band and banner.

The congregation of St. Mary was followed by St. Mary's School, numbering thirty-five, as against one hundred and sixty last year. They were in charge of Rev. Father Shea and marched to the music of the Victoria Independent Fife and Drum Band.

St. Mary's Young Men's Society, numbered forty. They had their own band and carried a beautiful banner. Their head marshal was Mr. J. Murray, and President Codd and Vice-President Maguire marched at the head. Then with a band playing "St. Patrick's Day" came the Congregation of St. Ann, not members of any society. Their young men followed to the number of about seventy-five and were headed by St. Jean Baptiste Society's band. President O'Brien and Vice-President Quinn had charge of the turn out. The Total Abstinence and Benefit Society of this congregation turned out well; they had a fine banner and a band.

The members of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association assembled at their hall on Dupre street. This Society, which was organized in 1874 and incorporated in 1875, is one of the most useful and progressive institutions in the city. It numbers upon its roll the most prominent Irishmen in Montreal, and the turn-out was in every respect highly creditable. Over 200 young men clad in the regalia of black frock coats and silk hats and wearing the badge of the Society were in line. They were headed by a band of thirty pieces under the direction of Bandmaster Hardy, and their marching and general appearance showed a high standard of drill. The officers of the Association who marched in the parade were the following: President, J. A. Flood; vice-president, W. J. Hinchey; second vice-president, J. P. O'Connor; treasurer, J. J. Foley; recording secretary, M. A. Phalen; corresponding secretary, F. J. Gallagher; collecting, treasurer, J. J. McLean; assistant-treasurer, C. Blickstead; librarian, W. P. Stanton, assistant librarian, P. J. O'Neil. The marshal of the body was H. O'Connor.

The congregation of St. Patrick, not members of any Society, was not very largely represented. The boys of St. Patrick's Christian Brothers' School, who came next, presented a very creditable appearance. With their new black Fedoras hats, and gold lace collars, they evoked favorable comment from the spectators. They carried a splendid flag, had good band music, and marched with a precision of step that gave evidence of the careful training they receive. It was remarked, in the hearing of the writer, that "St. Patrick's School boys were doing nobly"—and they did, right

## A MAGNIFICENT CELEBRATION.

### St. Patrick's Day, 1895, will be long Remembered in Montreal.

The Procession, High Mass, Sermon and Incidents of the Day—The Different Concerts, Entertainments and Addresses in the Evening—The Irish Societies Turn Out in Splendid Style—The Greatest Enthusiasm Manifested.

up to the end of the route. The boys were under the direction of the Rev. Bro. James, who is untiring in his efforts for their welfare, and than whom there is no more zealous teacher and trainer of our Catholic youth.

Next came a large sleigh decorated with ribbons and shamrocks galore, containing about twenty little girls "types of Erin's daughters," plentifully bedecked with green. Following them were the boys, "types of Irish Home Rulers." The youngsters enjoyed being held up as samples of their race, and were favorably commented on by the crowds along the route of procession.

The Shamrock Lacrosse Club's representatives followed and then came the Ancient Order of Hibernians. This Order has only been established here since 1893, but it already numbers some 800 members. The four divisions in the city met on Haymarket square at 9 o'clock, and joined the other societies on Victoria square.

Division No. 1 marched from 622½ Craig street, 200 strong, headed by the band of the 65th Battalion. Patrick Logue acted as marshal, and Bernard McDonald, county marshal, who had charge of the whole section, also accompanied them. The division had a handsome banner with them. The officers present were George Clarke, president; Dennis Barry, vice-president; Thomas Tisdale, recording secretary; James McIver, financial secretary; Patrick Sullion, treasurer.

Division No. 2 marched over from their hall in St. Gabriel, headed by the fife and drum band and bearing their banner. The 125 members were marshalled by J. Heaney, and there were four outsiders in jockey costume, James White, P. Mullin, D. Duffy, and J. Flood. The following officers were present: Charles McAleer, vice-president; John Walsh, financial secretary; Michael McCarthy, treasurer.

No. 3 Division met in Hibernian Hall, 2042 Notre Dame street, about one hundred members turning out. The officers present were: Alderman M. F. Nolan, president; Martin J. Brogan, vice-president; W. Murphy, recording secretary; John McShane, financial secretary; P. Carroll, chairman of Standing Committee. The division was marshalled by James Callahan, and joined the others on the Haymarket Square.

The fourth division, which is the youngest of the four, came from Hochelaga, fifty members in all, with M. McKeown as marshal. Its officers were: John McCabby, president; W. J. Kelly, vice-president; Nicholas Hayes, recording secretary; James Geehan, financial secretary; W. Gleason, treasurer; John Kelly, chairman of Standing Committee.

This portion of the procession was formed in military order by Col. J.

McGinn, and moved off, headed by the two bands. The presidents of the divisions brought up the rear, with Redmond Keys, Provincial Secretary; Thomas N. Smith, Provincial Treasurer; Andrew Dunn, County President and President of No. 2 Division; W. J. Burke, County Secretary.

The Irish Catholic Benefit Society was preceded by the Victoria Rifles Band, thirty strong, and by a brand new flag of resplendent green silk. This new banner bears the name of the Association woven in gold bullion, with a white cross in the centre, and wreaths of shamrock thrown over the field. The officers of the society are: President, Thos. Kinsella; 1st vice-president, Daniel O'Neill; 2nd vice-president, William Grace; secretary-treasurer, J. McVey; collecting treasurer, John Davis; assistant collecting-treasurer, William Inskip; grand marshal, J. Dwyer; assistants, J. O'Meara and Wm. Bourke.

The Catholic Young Men's Society only numbered sixty, as against one hundred last year. They had a grand band and were dressed in regalia which was most creditable. Marshal P. T. O'Donnell got the boys in marching order and when they started the following officers accompanied them. President, D. Mallette; vice-president, J. T. Lee; treasurer, Rev. Father Callaghan; secretary, G. F. McGrail.

Headed by the Father Mathew banner, the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Association assembled at the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum at 9 o'clock. They numbered about fifty strong. The Hon. Edward Murphy, president of the society, was absent on account of illness. The officers wore their regalia and the members their badges. The officers of the society are: President, Hon. Edward Murphy; vice-president, M. Sharkey; secretary, J. J. Costigan; assistant-secretaries, T. J. Kavanagh and P. M. Cullen; financial secretary, L. C. O'Brien. Committee—J. Walsh, A. Brogan, N.P., J. H. Kelly, T. Smallshire, M. Darcan, D. Brown, J. McCaffrey, W. P. Doyle, A. T. Martin, M. F. Dolan, J. Howard, Thomas Latimer. The marshals of the society were: J. Milloy and T. Martin, these rode on horses.

St. Patrick's National Society, as usual, was near the rear of the procession, with all its banners flying. Hon. James McShane's figure was prominent with the insignia of the presidency, and Mr. Wm. Davis acted as marshal. The other officers of the society are: 1st vice-president, P. J. Kelly; 2nd vice-president, Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy; recording secretary, S. Cross; corresponding secretary, T. F. McGrail; treasurer, George Murphy. Committee of management—J. Kelly, F. Callaghan, J. Foley, J. Craven, M. Delahanty, B. Campbell, J. Meek, P. Connolly, J. Hoolahan, P. C. Shannon, P. J. McCoy, J. O'Leary, A. C. Coleman.

J. T. White, J. W. Donohoe, W. J. Kerr, J. Phoenix, J. J. Ryan. The St. Louis College band preceded this society.

#### THE MASS AT ST. PATRICK'S.

Commensurate as is St. Patrick's church, it was on Monday almost too small to accommodate the vast crowd of worshippers at High Mass. Every seat was filled, and late comers had to be contented with standing room. The officiating priest was Rev. W. O'Meara, Rev. Mr. McKeown and Rev. Mr. Small acting as deacon and sub-deacon, respectively. Mr. Lane discharged the duties of master of ceremonies, Mr. Riordan was censor-bearer, and the acolytes were Messrs. Doyle and Hart. The feast celebrated yesterday was that of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, but it was incumbent that the votive mass of St. Patrick should be said, and this necessitated the singing of the *Gloria in Excelsis* and the *Credo*. Prof. J. A. Fowler presided at the organ, and the musical portion of the service was, as usual, exceedingly fine.

#### THE SERMON.

The Rev. Father McDermott opened his magnificent sermon on St. Patrick with a number of texts from Holy Writ—principal amongst them "Go ye forth and teach all nations." He referred to the pleasure it afforded him to meet so many true Irish Catholics under the new roof and amidst the signs of renovation in the grand temple of St. Patrick's of Montreal. This anniversary recalls a scene by the broad-flowing Mississippi, when in his boyhood he joined in a festive gathering in honor of Ireland's patron saint, and the national song that most touched his heart was,

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met,  
From one bright island flown."

On this occasion the spirit of that song comes home to him as he contemplates the sea-divided Gael uniting to honor this day the world over, and as he beheld the whole heart of the Celtic race offering up one glorious bouquet of prayer to the Almighty. By the mystic spell of imagination their souls are wafted across the ocean to the land of their hope, their love and their ancient heritage of Faith. The magnet that draws all Celtic hearts to that one centre is the magic name of St. Patrick. The purpose of this sermon is to tell what manner of man is he whose character is indelibly stamped not only upon the face but upon the heart of the whole Irish race.

Looking at the pre-Christian era the preacher showed that, despite the false representation of the chroniclers and inimical historians, Ireland was not sunken in savagery; she was a nation of great ideas, of lofty principles, of a creed that looked up to the sun as the brightest of all created objects. Her laws taught two grand precepts: love of mankind and love of children. Her people were navigators, and as an evidence of their civilization and culture, we find the magnificent remains of their vessels in the peat bogs of the land. The Brehon laws were declared to be, "in all the pre-Christian codes, the one that for morality and justice stood out pre-eminent."

One evening two children, a brother and sister, were playing in the golden sunset outside the paternal door. The boy was seized upon by pirates and carried off over the sea. He was landed on the ocean-lashed shores of Antim, and was there sold into a most degrading slavery. Patrick was his name; Melcho was his master. The boy, who had become proverbial in the land when speaking of some miserable being to say he is as mean as Melcho. Patrick turned a wine by day and prayed by night. He was a man filled with a noble spirit. (Continued on page 5)

A CRUEL WORD.

A cruel word, though uttered but in jest,  
By far exceeds a poison-pointed dart.  
In wounding the kind and gentle heart,  
And overthrowing peacefulness and rest.

The mind once filled with happiness, and blest  
With joyful thoughts which friendship did impart,  
Is fraught with sorrow from that painful smart,  
And weeps at sight of an unwelcome guest.

O ye, who, by your harsh and cruel speech,  
Have turned to gall the treasures of a friend,  
Think twice before you will be beyond your reach  
To turn away the arrow from its end,  
And practicing the love that Christ did teach,  
His Blessings on you ever will descend.

RUGH F. BLUNT.

THE FAITH OF THE IRISH.

Religion Revealed in Literature.

Language and literature reflect the character of the race to which they belong. There is something in the blood of the Celtic race that is opposed to mere materialism, and that leads to the higher, supernatural world. Even under pagan influence the Irish Celts had marked religious instincts, and nothing shows more clearly the purified and spiritual character of even Celtic paganism than the total absence from it of all indications of cruelty. Kindness, even towards animals, was always a Celtic virtue. Providence had so arranged that towards the fourth century the pagan worship of the Irish people had lost its definiteness, and the Gaelic people longed for something that would satisfy their desire for a true God and a faith that would appeal to their naturally devout hearts. St. Patrick's mission was, therefore, an immediate and a general success. We can gather from the Saint's own "Confession" that he was himself filled with astonishment at the rapidity with which the new faith had seized hold of the whole people. "The sons of the princes and the daughters of the rulers are now become consecrated to God."

From that day to the present moment the Irish people have never lost the faith. It has become part of their character as a race, it is entwined with their patriotism, it is knit up with their language, literature and traditions. The Irish faith has a vivid tenderness peculiar to itself. Hence the success of the Irish missionaries.

Almost from the day St. Patrick set foot in Ireland, churches, hermitages and monasteries began to spring up on every side. They are seen to the present day, preserved intact by the reverence of the people. On the fertile inland places, by the beautiful lakes of Erin, in the glens and on the mountain tops, on the most remote islands and rocks, these holy places of Ireland are seen; small in size, but perfect in shape, and lasting as the faith of their builders. Beside many of them stands the round tower, whose perfect lines and great height long proved the stumbling block of foreign writers, although any Irish speaker could have told them that it was simply a "bell house" in name. The Irish Cross bearing in the hard stone the story of revelation, decorated with Gaelic ingenuity, still speaks eloquently after a thousand years. Treasurer of art like the Book of Kells, and the Book of Durrow, bear witness to the labor and patience lavished on the Sacred Books.

Sedulius, the first native Irish saint, was also a poet. Born in Ireland, he was destined to live in Roman territory and to become one of the great masters of the Latin tongue. The words in which the Catholic Church throughout the world salutes the Mother of God came first from the heart, and were first written by the hand of this Irish exile. It is more than a coincidence. Irish devotion to the Blessed Virgin does not require to be proved from theory; but has any other nation in the world a separate name for the Blessed Virgin Mary distinct from other Marys? Any ordinary Mary is "Maxie" (pronounced "maur-ya") but "Muir" (pronounced "m-wirra") is reserved for her. Often she is called "Muir mhr" (m. wore), the Mary; or "Muir mhathair" (m. wauher), Mary-Mother. Looking for a term of praise for our own St. Bridgid, the Gaelic writers could do her no greater honor when they gave her the name of "the Mary of the Gael." Irishmen were glad to assume Mary as their patroness, and the Christian name now lives translated Miles, but really "Muir mhuire" (mweel'ra)

means the "client of Mary." Its Latin form is Marianus, and more than one Irishman bore that title. So Malone means client of St. John; Mulvihill, client of St. Michael; Mulreedy, client of St. Brigid. Another title was "servant of Mary," "gilla Mhuire" (gilla wirra,) and the families then placed under her patronage are now named Gilvarry, Gilmor and some are Gilmurry. In Highland Scotland there are many non-Catholics of that Gaelic name and the name alone will prove forever that they have fallen away from the faith of their fathers. In pain or grief, the Irish poor soon learned to call for succor on the name of Mary, and the familiar "wirra, wirra" is but the vocative use, "a Mhuire," O Mary, Mary! So also "wirra strue" is "a Mhuire, is truagh," O Mary, how sad!

Foreigners have been struck by the beauty and poetry of our every-day salutations. Instead of the cold "good day," or "how do you do," or "Hello" of modern civilization, the Irish-speaking man, woman and child all say to friend or stranger, "God bless you." Sometimes St. Patrick and St. Columkille are brought in. To welcome a friend, we say "God be thy life." When parting one says: "A blessing with you;" the other, "God prosper you." When you see a man working: "God bless the work!" Answer, "The same to yourself;" or, "And you, too." In time of trouble—"God save us." "The Cross of Christ upon us," "God is strong," with the rejoinder, "And Mary." In thanks—"Glory to God," "Exultation to God," "A thousand thanks and glories to God." When they meet a priest who, in the wild districts, where Irish is now spoken, is usually on a sick call, bearing the Blessed Sacrament, they say: "A thousand thanks and exultations to the Son of God!" Of the dead, "The blessing of God on their souls!"

Even animals, in the Gaelic mind, are under spiritual influences. The red breast is called "Mary's little one," and a graceful legend explains the name. The crow of the common rooster, instead of being a pagan cock-a-doodle, is a song of triumph, "mac na h Oighe Slan" ("mok na ho ya slaun"), the Son of the Virgin is free. The Rosary is called "paidirin," the little prayer.

The whole of the Gaelic literature is religious in tone. The part of it that is purely devotional is very large and very beautiful. Litanies, hymns, poems in which the whole Celtic soul is poured in prayer, spiritual works, lives of saints with all that legendary wealth and definiteness of detail in which the Irish mind revels. For twelve centuries the Irish-speaking peasantry have handed down, generation to generation, beautiful religious hymns, which are repeated to-day by the hearths as they were in the times of the saints. There is a hymn for almost every possible circumstance. Thus the hymn said when raking the fire open:

I spare this fire as Christ spares all;  
May Mary and Bridgid guard each wall!  
And I pray to the host of angels bright  
To watch ourselves and our home to-night.

And all this wealth of religious thought, coming from the most religious race of the world, is uncollected, untranslated, unknown.

The great bulk of the Irish literature comes to us from the Irish religious houses, and a great proportion is the work of Irish religious. From St. Patrick, St. Columkille and St. Bridgid, down to Geoffrey Keating and MacHale, the Irish religious has also been a thinker and a writer. The name of Donough Mor O'Day, abbot of Boyle, is practically unknown to the world. His hymns and sacred poems are not rivaled in the religious poetry of Christendom.

Around the good feast of Christmas clusters a great wealth of Irish literature and legend. Christmas is, of course, Christ's Mass, and still we call the Christmas Mass "Aifionna na Giene," the Mass of the Babe. "Little Xmas," or "Old Xmas," has its own legends and practices, and these, too, want some hands which will gather them up.

If you wish to appreciate the Celtic thought as found in the Irish literature, you must look at it from the religious standpoint. If you want to find an antidote for the cold, morbid, materialistic thought of the present day, go back to the pure-spirited literature of the Gael. Help make it known, and you will benefit the world at large and bring honor to the Celtic race.—E. O'Growney, in San Francisco Monitor.

IRISH IN AMERICAN ART.

The strongly imaginative qualities which are a characteristic of the Irish race, have left an impress upon American art that is widely felt. In painting and sculpture the Irish have taken a foremost place since the first beginnings of an art life in the United States, and at the present time Irish names are commonly to be met with in all the finest galleries.

An Irishman is found among the first fifteen founders of the Academy of Design. Mr. Charles C. Ingham received his early training in the art schools of Dublin. An accomplished gentleman of the old school, Ingham was the foremost portrait painter of the days of Knickerbocker supremacy.

From the foundation of the academy in 1825, there is a dearth of Irish names until 1856, when W. J. Hennessy became an associate. Hennessy came to New York from Kilkenny at the age of ten years. A successful illustrator, he is equally clever in oils and water color. Few American painters are better known than Thomas Hovenden. He is one of the very best artists in the United States. His art study began in the Cork School of Design, to mature at the Beaux Arts under Cabanel.

William Magrath's Irish landscapes are familiar to visitors of the Corcoran Gallery and the Metropolitan Museum. In the academy are also D. W. Tyron, former professor of art at Smith College and the Hartford School of Art; Edward Gay, elected N.A. 1870; W. R. O'Donovan, P.P. Ryder, national associate since 1868, and founder of the Brooklyn Academy of Design; Charles Curran, Benoni Irwin, not to forget J. Francois Murphy and that dynasty of painters, the Morans.

America has few landscape painters of Murphy's merit. Self-taught, his interpretations of nature is poetic, yet distinctive. Since 1876 Mr. Murphy has been a resident of New York, and was born in New Jersey. "Tints of a Vanished Past" and "Under Gray Skies" are probably his best known pictures.

How much of the development of American art may be attributed to the Morans it would be difficult to define. The founder of this remarkably versatile family was Mr. Patrick Moran. From Leicester, England, he brought over his four sons in the early forties. These sons have married and multiplied until to-day no less than sixteen Morans hold distinctive places in American art. Edward, the marine painter, was the leader and teacher of the family. His sons, Percy and Leon, are among the foremost of the younger school. Peter, the second of the original quartet, is an animal painter, while Thomas is a landscape artist of national repute. Thomas's only son, Paul, is a promising genre painter. John, the fourth brother, is the first and for many years was the only artistic landscape photographer in this country.

In Dublin an Irish mother gave birth forty seven years ago to America's greatest sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens, a name inseparable to-day from the best expression of high ideals in plastic art. St. Gaudens was the first person in America to learn the art of jewel-cutting. In this manner he defrayed the expenses of his subsequent art education in Paris.

Queen's county, Ireland, sent to New York at the age of fourteen years one of our best portrait sculptors, the late Launt Thompson. Since 1859 he had been an associate of the National Academy. In 1874 he was its vice-president.

His work holds posts of honor in various cities throughout the Union. Yale College has Thomson's statue of Abraham Lincoln. His Napoleon I. is at Milford, Pa.; his General John Sedgwick at West Point; his Winfield Scott at the Soldier's Home, Washington, and his bust of William Cullen Bryant at the Metropolitan Museum. His statues of James Gordon Bennett, Sr., Edwin Booth as Hamlet, Samuel F. B. Morse in Central Park, bespeak the productiveness of this gifted sculptor, upon whom Yale College conferred in 1874, the honorable degree of M. A. Other capable sculptors whose work adorns the metropolis are W. R. Donovan and W. Sheehan. Among the Irish sculptors of a younger generation who have already done telling work and give promise of enduring achievement, is

James E. Kelly, a native of New York. Mr. Kelly studied at the Arts Students' League and began his career as an engraver. He made all the engravings for Scribner's Magazine during 1876-79. He is the originator of the line process so generally used in magazine illustrations. From engraving he took up the brush, finding at length his happiest medium in clay.

The late Patrick Sarfield Gilmore was wont to reiterate with pardonable pride that Erin was the only country in the world whose coat of arms bears a musical instrument. In his youth Gilmore was the finest E flat cornet player in America, and subsequently became the leader of our greatest band. Since his death his baton has fallen into the hand of a grandson of Samuel Lover, Victor Herbert. He was born in Ireland, while his musical education was received in Germany.

Mr. Edward Harrigan has given America its most original dramas, and Mr. Augustin Daly its most distinctive school of acting. Self-taught, Augustin Daly began life a journalist. From dramatic critic and adapter of plays he finds today the ambition of his life realized in the theatre that bears his name. To him French, German and Spanish comedy writers are largely indebted for the introduction of their plays on the American stage. Inseparable from his later triumphs is the genius of Ada Rehan, an Irish woman.

To speak of the American drama of the last half century is to recall the names of these Irishmen, or the sons of Irishmen: Broucailant, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, William Florence Scanlan, Edward Harrigan, Mrs. Yeaman's, Oliver Doud Byron, James O'Neill, Tom Karl, William Ludwig, Fritz William, and W. T. Powers.—Catholic Citizen.

O'CONNELL'S DUEL WITH D'ESTERRE.

It has been believed by many contemporaries of the great Liberator of Ireland that the duel with D'Esterre, in 1815, into which he was drawn much against his will, was forced upon him as much by a deliberate wish of high personages in the government to have his career of agitation ended as it was by any sense of personal grievance felt by D'Esterre, who was not at all in O'Connell's mind at the moment he made use of the famous expression which was used as the pretext for provoking the duel. O'Connell was at the time about 40 years of age, in the prime of his vigorous manhood, and as a leader of the agitation for Catholic emancipation he was bitterly hated by the castle peace-seekers, as well as by the British Government. He was never very choice in the selection of his compliments when aiming the shafts of his eloquence against his enemies, and when he made his sarcastic reference to the corporation of Dublin no one thought of a deadly duel resulting from his remarks. But so it proved. At a meeting held in January, 1815, O'Connell spoke of the "beggary" corporation of Dublin, and D'Esterre, who was one of the guild of merchants, challenged him for the insult. O'Connell was of all men hated by D'Esterre's party. The challenge became a matter of public notoriety, and as D'Esterre was a man of determination and courage, it was thought the duel would result in the death of one of them. They met on the afternoon of the 31st of January, in Lord Ponsonby's demesne, thirteen miles from Dublin, a considerable number of spectators being present. Both combatants were perfectly cool and determined. D'Esterre fired first. O'Connell's shot took effect, and the crowd actually shouted with satisfaction. Some 700 gentlemen left their cards with him next day. D'Esterre died three days afterwards, and though no proceedings were taken against O'Connell, the affair left a painful and lasting impression on his mind. He contributed to the support of D'Esterre's family, who were but slenderly provided for. Archbishop Murray's exclamation on learning the result of the duel—"God be praised; Ireland is safe"—may be taken as an index of the estimation in which O'Connell was held.

An important decision regarding patents was given by the United States Supreme Court, Monday. By its ruling if a foreign patent on any device expires before the American patent, the latter patent is declared to be null and void with the expiration of the foreign one. The decision is far-reaching in its results.



RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

In Massachusetts it only costs \$80 to shoot at a priest.

The total number of priests in the United States is now 10,866, and three-fourths of them were born in this country.

Right Rev. Bishop Phelan, of Pittsburg, has issued an order forbidding his clergy to attend baseball and football games and theatres.

The venerable Jesuit, Father Joseph Stevenson, S.J., well known for his historical researches, has just passed away. He was born in 1808.

Sister Frances Liguori died at St. Joseph's Academy, Emmittsburg, Md., on February 22, 1895, in the 72nd year of her age. She was Miss Ann Vincent Everett, daughter of Oliver Everett, Dorchester, Mass.

A Jesuit of great ability and learning died some days ago at Cairo in the person of Father Bambine, S.J. He was a convert and belonged to a distinguished Russian family. Before his conversion he passed several years at the Court of the Czar.

The Bulletin, of the Diocese of Rheims, states that the cause of the Blessed La Salle, founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, has been advanced a stage, the Sacred Congregation of Rites having officially recognized other miracles effected through his intercession.

The Sisters of the Good Samaritan recently assembled in Sydney, New South Wales, elected Mother Mary Gertrude Byrne, of the Magdalen Home, Tempe, Mother-General in succession to Rev. Mother Mary Magdalene Adamson, who has retired after holding the office for some twenty years.

The Court of Appeal of Strasburg has confirmed the judgment passed by the correctional tribunal on the Protestant Pastor Muller, for that he had publicly attacked the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope. M. Muller claimed that he only attacked the Principles of the Catholic Faith: but the Tribunal held that he was guilty of a direct insult to a faith recognized by the State. This decision will afford a needed check to the encroachments of German Protestantism in Catholic Alsace-Lorraine, and Pastor Muller will now have to undergo the imprisonment to which he was sent once.

A notable decision, illustrating the manner in which the courts of this country recognize the rights and prerogatives of Catholic bishops, was rendered the other day by a district judge out in Omaha, who declared that a Catholic congregation had no authority to install in the pulpit of its church a priest who lacked the recognition and approval of the ordinary of the diocese. This decision, which was what was to be expected in the case, makes it plain that American law recognizes that the bishops of the Catholic church have the right to nominate as pastors of churches the priests whom they wish to intrust with those duties, and that Catholic congregations cannot legally contest such appointments.

NOVENA AT ST. PATRICK'S.

The magnificent Novena of St. Patrick, or nine days' exercises in his honor, was brought to a close last Sunday evening in St. Patrick's church by Rev. James Callaghan, who illustrated the three theological virtues, faith, hope and charity, by the shamrock of Ireland. He showed at some length the importance of a knowledge of these three luminaries of the Christian life, faith as its foundation, hope as its aspirations and charity as its crowning point in life and glory in eternity. Faith, he said, could not be purchased by gold nor by any other natural wealth. It was a purely merciful gift on the part of God, and the receiver of that heavenly boon grew humbler in his own estimation as he thought the more of the Giver. Of the three none equalled charity in grandeur and sublimity. Charity, or the love of God above everything, and the love of neighbor for God, was the noblest and highest standpoint of the Christian life, and it could not exist without faith and hope, the first of which was the root, the second the stem and the third the branches, leaves, flower and fruit. He made a practical application of the three to the Irish nation at large, and demonstrated from historical

evidence how the Irish maintained their faith at any cost, because they had learned to appreciate its value. People appreciated anything that cost them much. Their hope for 700 years was purely Christian, for it was not their lot to share in the fortunes of His work, and their greatest consolation in the midst of their sufferings was to know if a man abandoned them, God did not, but stood by them with all the love of which He was capable. The rev. gentleman concluded by remarking that the great source and condition of Ireland's spiritual and temporal happiness depended upon a cordial mutual understanding, an absence of jealous-mindedness, a kind word, a helping hand, praise without blame and an overlooking of many imperfections which found their place in the heart of every nation.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS INSTITUTE.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY ENTHUSIASTICALLY CELEBRATED.

On Thursday afternoon last the large hall of the Mount St. Louis Institute was crowded to the doors by an audience of most enthusiastic citizens to attend the students' celebration, in advance, of Ireland's national festival. As usual, the pupils did credit to themselves, to their parents and to the institution. The entertainment consisted of a dramatic representation, interspersed with most classic music from the college band and orchestra, recitations, songs and fancy marching.

The drama, in five acts, is an historical production of great interest and was presented with splendid evidence of histrionic talent on the part of the pupils. The Rev. Father Quinlivan presided, and was surrounded by several of the clergy and members of the Christian Brothers, conspicuous amongst the latter being good Brother Arnold, the true-hearted, warm-souled Irishman.

The cast of characters for the drama was as follows:—

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

CHARACTERS.

Edward.....H. Fitzgibbon  
Alfred, brother of Edward.....E. Cummings  
Godwin, Count of Kent.....W. Gulliver  
Leofric, Count of Leicestershire.....F. Tansley  
Stward, Count of Northumberland.....C. Wilson  
Oswin, son of Stward.....F. Hart  
Sweyn, confidential friend of Godwin.....W. Peacock

Redwald, servant of Godwin.....P. Downes  
Oswald, general of the army.....J. Broderick  
Cearwulf, } Assassins.....H. Hayes  
Synewulf, } Soldiers, etc.....R. Valade

The plot is laid at Winchester in the royal castle.

The following programme was most admirably carried out:

Overture.....Marche militaire.....J. Vanpoucke  
M.S.L. Band.

ACT I—The Infernal Plot.

Overture.....Martha.....D. Muller  
M.S.L. Orchestra

ACT II—The Mysterious Arrival

Violin Solo.....The Cruskeen Lawn.....J. Hone  
J. Shea.  
Declamation.....Le Petit Mendiant.....F. —  
A. Robitaille  
Song.....Sancta Maria.....J. Faure  
A. Lanctot.

ACT III—The Assassination

Medley..Irish Reminiscences arranged  
by.....J. Vanpoucke  
M.S.L. Band

ACT IV—The Death of the Princes.

The Light Brigade.....3rd Division  
Declamation.....La Souris.....L'abbé Gingras  
F. Dubreuil.

ACT V—Divine Justice

Fancy Marching.....2nd Division  
Finale.....M.S.L. Band.

A presentation to the pupils of M.S.L., by the English-speaking ladies of Montreal.

The presentation consisted in a magnificent set of bugles and drums, given by the ladies, to the pupils. Rev. Bro. Arnold received, from one lady, a splendid harp of flowers, a most unique and choice gift, which the recipient most highly appreciated. The presentation was acknowledged by one of the pupils in a brilliant address. Never before was a more enjoyable and successful entertainment given in Mount St. Louis, and the institution, which is one of the foremost of our city, deserves every encouragement for the manner in which its pupils are trained, and for the vast amount of blessings it procures for the rising generation. Space forbids any special mention of excellence, but we must say that the physical drill exercises were surpassingly good, and the musical portions of the programme were exceedingly well rendered. The whole ended with "God Save Ireland" and "St. Patrick's Day."

THE PUPILS OF BOURGET COLLEGE (RIGAUD)

CELEBRATE THE FEAST OF IRELAND'S PATRON SAINT.

The members of St. Patrick's Academy of Bourget College gave as usual a splendid dramatic, literary and musical entertainment in honor of Ireland's Patron Saint.

The college band, which is a most excellently trained body of musicians, discoursed Irish airs. Mr. Henry Durocher's address on "The Irish People" was a grand and eloquent tribute to the race. Mr. Lawrence Roach read an able essay on St. Patrick, and Mr. Octave Perron's declamation was most heartily appreciated. Then came a stirring drama in two acts, entitled "Emeralda." The following is the list of characters:—

Lawyer Thompson.....Royal Winters  
Doctor Thompson.....Allen Fortin  
James Thompson, his son.....William Reilly  
Frederick Thompson, his son.....Charles Durocher  
Brown, his steward.....James Lynch  
Professor Hill.....William McEwan  
John, a servant.....James Hamilton  
William, a servant.....Charles McIntyre

This first part of the programme was followed by an essay on St. Joseph, by Mr. Louis Lauson, and a clever recitation by Mr. Joseph Burns. The college choir did itself great credit, while the orchestra rivalled the band in the excellence of its rendition.

A comedy, in one act, entitled "The Thief of Time," was a most side-splitting production. All the characters were admirably taken. The cast was as follows:

Mike McGinnis, an employer.....John Ramsay  
John Ciod, a farmer.....Philip Robillard  
Peter Snider, a deaf man.....Barney Hebert  
Ralph } schoolboys.....Frank Benard  
Charles } .....Harvey Mason  
Joseph } .....Arthur Boyer

Mr. James Reilly's declamation was loudly applauded, and the playing of "God Save Ireland" brought a most splendid entertainment to a close.

MGR. SATOLLI ON THE POPE.

HE REVIEWS THE SEVENTEEN YEARS OF LEO'S REIGN.

Last Sunday's New York World contains the following statement professedly made for it:

The Pontificate of Pope Leo must now be numbered among the longest in the history of the Church and has been marked each year by some luminous act of profound wisdom and untiring solicitude for the good, not only of Catholicity, but of mankind at large.

No one in modern times has understood better than Pope Leo the needs of society in all branches of knowledge and fields of action.

It would seem as if, from the time when he succeeded Pope Pius, he had formed a grand plan, in which he took cognizance of all the needs of humanity and determined on the provisions he would make for those needs during the whole course of his Pontificate.

We can best distinguish this design of the Pope in three particular directions.

Firstly, in the Holy Father's ardent zeal for the development of studies.

Secondly, in the continued interest which it has shown in social science.

And thirdly, in its untiring efforts to bring peace into the Christian countries by the spread of civilization, the teaching of religion and the promotion of concord between Church and State.

With regard to studies, Pope Leo has already reared a monument of imperishable fame by the successive acts of his Pontificate.

Early in his reign he turned his attention to the encouragement of the study of classical literature; of philosophy and the natural sciences; of theology and the various branches of sacred sciences, such as Biblical knowledge and ecclesiastical sciences, especially of Roman law and comparative civil law.

To accomplish this aim he founded new chairs and new institutions in Rome for these various departments of literary and encyclopaedic language, and called to his assistance some of the most eminent and learned professors.

With regard to sociology, it is another of the Holy Father's glories that at this latter end of the nineteenth century his Encyclicals are regarded as so many admirable parts of a grand doctrinal system, comprehensive and universal, embracing all the social sciences, beginning with the fundamental theorems of natural law and going on to the consideration of the political constitution of the States and of every economic question.

The whole world knows how well the Pope's Encyclicals have carried out his

plan, and how, for this reason, they have their own peculiar character by which they are distinguished from the Pontifical utterances of other Popes, even those of his immediate predecessor, Pius the Ninth.

Turning again to his policy of pacification, the ecclesiastical history of his Pontificate, the civil history of Europe, the universal history of the human race, will in the future have to give up pages of the highest praise to Leo XIII.

Germany, Belgium, France and Spain profess their boundless gratitude for the peace-giving interventions of Leo XII. in many grave and critical emergencies, and for acts which have been of the greatest moment to those nations.

Asia, too, and Africa, will be found joining in the chorus, and lauding Leo, who has so often and so resolutely labored to reawaken those old and fossilized portions of the earth to a new life of Christian civilization.

Nor will America, throughout its length and breadth, withhold its tribute of loyal and generous veneration, esteem and gratitude to Pope Leo for those acts of his Pontificate which have at various times been promulgated, and by which he has shown his confidence and hope in the grand future of this mighty nation.

During the seventeen years of his Pontifical rule nothing has been more remarkable or plain than the incessant growth of his benignant moral influence.

To-day the Holy Father's words are listened to with deference by every court, by every government, by every people.

On every question touching universal human interests his counsel is sought eagerly, and welcomed gratefully.

Despite, then, all the adverse trend of mundane circumstances, despite loss of the external symbols of its authority, the Papacy has gained in power and splendor since the accession of the present glorious Pontiff. As Macaulay says in one of his most noble essays:

"The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor."  
Fr. Archp. SATOLLI, Deleg. Apost.  
Washington, March 2, 1895.

TO THOSE WHO MOURN THEIR LOVED AND LOST.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

There exists at la Chapelle Montligeon (France) an archconfraternity, the Oeuvre Expiatoire, established with the approbation of Mgr. Tregaro, Bishop of the diocese, in which over 2,000 Masses are offered up every week for the forsaken souls in purgatory; 112,000 Masses were celebrated in 1894. The associates enrolled on the registers of the archconfraternity share in the suffrages of all these Masses, and provide for themselves the efficacious and powerful protection of the holy souls by subscribing one cent yearly, or one dollar in perpetuity. The Oeuvre Expiatoire has received the approbation of His Holiness Leo XIII. and over 500 Cardinals and Bishops.

Address inquiries to  
REV. PAUL BUGUET,  
Chapelle Montligeon P.O., France.

MGR. FABRE'S PASTORAL VISITS.

Following is the schedule of Mgr. Fabre's proposed pastoral visits:—Dorval, June 3; Lachine, June 4; Caughnawaga, June 5; St. Laurent, June 9; Ile Bizard, June 10; Ste. Genevieve, June 11; St. Anne de Bout de l'Île, June 12; Pointe Claire, June 13; St. Martin, June 17; St. Dorothee, June 18; Ste-Rose, June 19; St. Vincent de Paul, June 20; Ste. Monique, June 24; St. Janvier, June 25; St. Jerome, June 26; St. Sauveur, June 27; Ste. Adele, June 28; Ste. Lucie, June 29; Ste. Marguerite, June 30; St. Hypolite, July 1; Ste. Sophie, July 2; Ste. Anne des Plaines, July 3; Terrebonne, July 4; St. Francois de Sales, July 5; St. Scholastique, July 8; St. Canute and St. Colomban, July 9; St. Hermas, July 10; Lachine, July 11; St. Andre, July 12; St. Augustin, July 19; St. Benoit, July 20; St. Placide, July 21; St. Joseph, July 22; St. Eustache, July 23; Oka, August 1.

Japan has accepted the credentials of China's peace envoy, Viceroy Li Hung Chang, and he started from Peking last Tuesday on his mission after an interview with the Dowager-Empress, in which she warmly approved his course. The Japanese have abandoned Wei-Hai-Wei after destroying the Chinese fortifications.

Both houses of the Oklahoma legislature have passed a divorce bill which is unequalled for its liberality.

# ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

## A Magnificent Celebration.

(Continued from first page.)

strength, a boldness that can only be compared to St. Paul. In all his trials, sorrows, sufferings, he looked forward to the day when the race he was serving would receive the faith of Jesus. He cried out in his fervor: "Would that some one would bring the o'den story to Erin." An angel descended to him in his sleep, calling "Patrick! Patrick." He arose and asked what was required of him. "Fly," said the angel. The spirit breathed on Melcho and his men, and as they slept the slave Patrick escaped. Ireland, by the hand of God, lost a slave; but the world and the Celtic race gained a saint.

Of all the scenes in Irish history, none is greater or more inspiring than that when Patrick stood amidst the Druids on Tara, and told the bards the secret of a story that for four hundred years they had repeated.

One day the sun became darkened, the heavens were swept with blackness, the earth rocked, the spectres of the dead walked abroad, the trees bent before a tempest that was invisible, and no bird dare fly across space; the Irish king assembled his bards and Druids and they proclaimed that the Son of Justice must be dead. He said that were he there he would not allow them to kill the Son of Justice. It was of that event and that God that Patrick came to teach. Patrick called Him Jesus, and told the story of the scenes at Bethlehem, the thirty years of labor, the three years of teaching, and how those teachings were the fulfillment of the law—even the Breton laws—for Jesus taught the love of mankind, and He asked that little children be allowed to come unto Him. Thus was Ireland converted, under the broad branches of the oak trees; the Druid priests became the priests of Christianity. Patrick had conquered; his missionary spirit was infused into the race; that spirit has abided ever since with the Celts. Those were the golden days of Irish history, when the hymns to the rising sun were replaced by the matins of the monks, and the skylark's anthem in the heavens was the prelude to a million canticles of praise from the faithful children of the land. Abroad the Irish monks and preachers and teachers looked back with anxiety to the land of their love. As examples, the preacher quoted some translated lines of an Irish address to a sea gull from the shores of Erin, and that memorable story of the religious who wished to see Ireland on the way to God.

The dark days of Ireland came, the cruel days were upon the land. The fierce Danes, the sea-rovers and freebooters descended upon the coast of Ireland and destroyed the temples of faith in the country. But the sons of Erin, faithful to their missionary spirit, arose against the invaders and drove them back into the sea. Hundreds of names in Ireland to-day, like Simpson, Ferguson, etc., attest the presence of those Danish pirates and equally attest the fact that they were conquered by the Celts. When the poets of Greece and Rome reached their highest flights of classic verse, they drew their inspiration from the past glories and the misfortunes of the Trojans. Some day a bard may arise who will tell, in epic language, the greatness and the miseries of the Irish race. England came, with a covered intention; she came, as she did in all lands where she set foot, for the purpose of putting her grip upon the nation and holding it forever in her power. The Penal laws were enacted. By this abominable code a Catholic could not own any land. If an Irishman lived within a mile of an Englishman, the former was obliged to change his name, and to take that of a color, or of some trade, or inanimate object. No Catholic could leave for a foreign country without forfeiting his property, nor could he return without being in danger of decapitation. It was said that if the Protestants had not been better than the laws of England the Irish would have been exterminated. The object of this law was to crush out the Irish clergy; to prevent them from being educated at home; and to kill them if they returned educated from abroad.

Then there came Cromwell. And Cromwell, remarked the preacher, was

the hero of Carlyle. 'Cromwell thought it a godly work to exterminate the Irish.'

'We hear a great deal about St. Bartholomew's Day and the Inquisition,' exclaimed the reverend preacher; 'why don't these people tell us a little more about Cromwell and the penal laws, under which Catholics suffered such agonies?' The birds of the air had their nests and the foxes their holes, but the Irish priest had not whereon to lay his head. But still the spirit of liberty went on from dungeon to dungeon, from prison to prison and from cave to cave, and would not be destroyed. False leaders arose, who would fain have advised the people to wave the lanterns which led on the insurgents of the French Revolution; men who sought a false liberty which would have attempted to destroy the characteristics of the people and their national religion. While we admire their patriotism, we cannot but acknowledge that their methods were not in accord with the spirit of St. Patrick's teachings. But a man arose whose figure stands as conspicuously out upon the field of history as his white monument towers above the tombs of Glasnevin. He was a second St. Patrick, his name had come down to them as typical of all that is best and most brilliant of the Irish race—Daniel O'Connell. He taught the people the lesson which even yet they had not thoroughly mastered, the lesson of unity, the lesson of putting aside envy and suicidal party feuds. O'Connell brought the people together, he taught them to stand together, and showed them how to fight legally for their just and proper rights. His strong faith was evidenced in his last will when he bequeathed his body to Ireland and his heart to Rome, the mother and centre of Christendom. He called upon his people to destroy the incubus that had grown from the Penal days, to cast aside all internal dissensions, and unite in a grand and conquering phalanx. Then came a glorious band of dreamers; men of brilliancy and great favor. How we love to read the sweet songs of Davis and his companions. But they, too, did not look upon the cause of Ireland in the missionary spirit of St. Patrick. The famine years came; the "hearse plumes darkened the air," the misery and desolation became unbearable. Down to Cork, Limerick and other seaports were the people driven, and crushed into unhealthy ships, packed like herrings in a barrel, and the captains ordered to cast them upon any shore. Then might be seen the mothers dying in the ditches with hunger, the infants trying to drink at lifeless paps, the old men descending from the mountains to bid adieu to their daughters and to beg of them to keep the Faith of their fathers in the lands beyond.

Arriving upon these shores these children of the old race kept up the traditions of the past. "Oh! ye Irish dead," cried out the preacher, "could ye but revisit the earth and behold how your descendants have established the strong holds of their religion upon every hill top and every valley, and by every stream, how your souls would rejoice and your hearts be gladdened." Sometimes we are treated as if we were foreigners, but we have come to stay. Our race has been more than a pioneer one in the new world. We have to contend with the bigotry of old English literature, and for that matter, with new English literature as well. But it is not the enemies from without that are the most dangerous; rather is it traitors within.

"The Celtic race is the backbone of the Church to-day," said the preacher, "and the reason for that is that St. Patrick taught our ancestors the lesson of purity, and while other nations, like the people of New England, are becoming enervated, the Irish race is still in its youthful vigor, and it shall be so as long as they follow the precepts of the great apostle, and so when Ireland is free we shall have the opportunity of going over and seeing that country for which our ancestors did and suffered so much, and God in Heaven shall hand their charter of liberty to St. Patrick and say to him 'They are free, because they loved their God and their country.'"

### THE EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

The St. Patrick's society may, with good reason, congratulate itself on the success of Monday night's concert in the Monument National, as viewed both from the point of attendance and the quality of the entertainment it left but little to be desired. In the lower portion of the

house there was scarcely a vacant chair, and in the balcony there was a good sprinkling of occupants. Among those who contributed to the pleasure of the evening were most of the Montreal old favorites. The president of the society, Mr. James McShane, occupied the chair, and, besides the officers of the society, among those who accompanied him on the platform as guests were: Mr. Justice Loranger, president of the St. Jean Baptiste society; Dr. Anderson, United States Consul-General; Capt. Clift, representing St. George's society; Mr. Gordon, St. Anthony's Young Men's society; Mr. George Horne, Irish Protestant Benevolent society; Mr. Burns, St. Gabriel's Temperance society; Mr. J. D. Quinn, St. Ann's T. A. & B. society; Aid. Nolan, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The president and guests marched on to the platform to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day," rendered on the piano by Prof. J. A. Fowler. In opening the gathering Mr. McShane, who was well received, spoke as follows: For the second time, as president of the St. Patrick's society, I have the pleasure and honor of bidding you welcome to the annual celebration of our national day. The numbers here this evening, the enthusiasm that is visible on all sides and the patriotic fervor with which the Irish people of the great city of Montreal have assembled at the shrine of faith, have taken part in the procession and have met to spend the closing hours of the day in spirit amongst the scenes and with the men of the past, all combine to prove that while the Irish people of Canada are loyal and devoted children of our Dominion, they are not forgetful of the old land and its traditions. (Cheers) I would feel that I was not doing my duty were I to refrain from expressing the thanks of St. Patrick's society to all who have joined in this day's celebration, and particularly to this vast audience for the encouragement of its presence. (Cheers.) Glancing over the programme you will see that some of the best talent that our city can produce is arrayed for your entertainment. I know that you are anxious to hear those strains of Irish melody arise, and to be wafted back across the ocean on the wings of song. I know also that with burning anticipation you await the grand treat of the evening—the address of my friend, and the friend of my countrymen, as well as the friend of all other nationalities—the Canadian patriot and statesman, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier. (Cheers.) It would be, therefore, unjust to you and to him were I to detain you with any lengthy remarks; still, as president of this, the oldest Irish society in Canada, a society that is rich in the traditions of its past, and great in the work it has done—it is my duty to enroach for a moment on your time to state the progress made during the past year. (Applause.) The charitable committee of our society, is composed of men whose character and respectability, with their quiet, good work, does honor to their race. They have buried the dead, sent 80 persons to Ireland and England, and provided fuel and provisions for 34 families during the fall and winter, and have done everything in their power possible to alleviate deserving poverty and distress. Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the work of the past year. (Applause.) We are proud of our record. We are hopeful and confident of the future. What another year will bring of good or ill for the sacred cause is more than I can tell. All I know is that Ireland, in its great struggle for legislative autonomy, has the universal sympathy of the world, and that her heroic and unwavering efforts have challenged the admiration of her greatest opponents. (Cheers.) And I hope that the Irish people and their leaders will sink their personal differences and be united, then the day of her national prosperity will be attained. In conclusion, let me say, may we all be faithful to the memories of our forefathers, while proving the greatness of the Irish race in being loyal and devoted children to this glorious country, and our hope is in the ultimate triumph of the Irish race and in the union of hearts between Ireland and the great Empire to which we all belong. (Cheers.) I trust you will all enjoy yourselves, and wish you a merry St. Patrick's night. (Cheers.)

Subsequently the president read the following telegram from the Governor-General:—

"Please accept and convey assurance of the cordial good wishes of Lady Aberdeen and myself for the success and pleasure of your patriotic festival. We are attending a similar gathering at Ottawa this evening."

It was expected that Hon. Wilfrid Laurier would have been present to deliver an address, but during the course of the entertainment a telegram was received from him expressing his sorrow at having to disappoint the society, but he was confined to his room with a severe cold and lumbago, the consequence of a cold he took last Friday when driving to the mass meeting at Quebec. He assured them that no words of his could convey the sense of sorrow at having to disappoint the gathering, but there was no help for it.

In place of the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Dr. Anderson, Judge Loranger and Capt. Clift spoke a few words of congratulation and good wishes.

The concert was opened by the St. Patrick's choir, who rendered as a chorus "The Kerry Dance," which they gave with good attack. Miss Marie Hollinshead was in fine voice, and like the other singers, not only received an encore for each of her songs, but, like the other ladies, was the recipient of a bouquet over the footlights. Miss Mabel Kitta did some very graceful dancing, and the St. Cecile orchestra, composed of some sixteen ladies, gave a good account of themselves. Miss Le Boutillier gave a waltz song, which took well, and Mr. Charles Kelly was as popular as ever. Mr. T. Lyons gave a good exhibition of Lancashire clog dancing, and Mrs. E. W. Villeneuve gave a couple of songs in very acceptable style, whilst Mr. A. I. Rice proved that he had lost none of his popularity.

### "THE IRISH OUTLAW" AT THE QUEEN'S

It is a long time since the Queen's Theatre contained an audience as numerous or as enthusiastic as that which crowded it on St. Patrick's night. The play which proved so extraordinarily attractive was "Captain Jack, or The Irish Outlaw," and was produced under the auspices of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association. The drama dealt with the accepted factors of a play considered to be suitable for a St. Patrick's Day audience. There were loving couples galore, who after sundry tribulations reach the goal of their terrestrial ambition, wedlock; there was the anti-national squire, with an only daughter who loved a "rebel," there was the English officer who gets disgusted at his ungrateful task of shooting down people who, he believes, are engaged in a righteous struggle for freedom, and who falls in love with a pretty colleen; there was the rebel leader and his faithful henchman; and there was the low-sixed, crouching, knock-kneed, sallow-skinned informer. The performance of the Irish Outlaw was in every particular a success, the singing and dancing especially being wonderfully good. The play was admirably staged and the acting of every one of the characters was far better than was expected by the most sanguine of their admirers.

The cast was a very creditable one, and was superior to several of the professional companies which have come to Montreal recently, heralded with newspaper puffs of doubtful authenticity. Miss M. Kitta, as Kate Kelly, "a true-hearted colleen;" Miss M. McLean, as Aline Driscoll? Miss M. Talbot, as Nellie Shannon, the squire's daughter, richly merited the applause which was so liberally accorded to them and the numerous nose-gays which were presented to them; and J. J. MacLean, as Barney Donovan; M. A. Paelan, as Squire Shannon; J. J. Foley, as Capt. Edw. Gordon; J. McMahon, as John Driscoll, the rebel leader; and F. J. Gallagher, the informer, played their parts with more than the ordinary run of amateur histrionic ability. The other members of the cast deserving special mention were D. O'Leary, who impersonated Lieut. Rogers, and P. J. Flood, who filled his role admirably as Murty, the squire's servant.

Master Essel Slaterry sang "I Am a Little too Small," in capital style.

Before the play began, Mr. J. A. Flood, President of the Y. I. L. and B. A., delivered an able address in which he set forth the advantages attaching to the membership of the Association; for which he claimed the foremost position in the front rank of Irish national organizations.

### ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The concert in honor of St. Patrick, held at the Armory hall under the auspices of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. society, was most successful. A large and select audience was present to do



honor to the occasion. Mr. M. Sharkey, vice-president of the society, occupied the chair, and amongst those present on the platform were: Rev. Father McDermott (Walter Lecky), Rev. Father J. McCallen, S. B., Hon. J. J. Curran, A. McCallen, S. B., Mr. A. D. McGillis, Dr. W. H. Hingston, Mr. A. D. McGillis, of branch 26, C. M. B. A.; Mr. Frank J. Curran, B. O. L.; Mr. M. J. Ryan, St. Ann's T. A. & B. society; Mr. J. Lappin, branch No. 1 C. M. B. A.; Mr. A. Brogan, N.P.; Mr. James A. McGee, St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. society; Mr. A. T. Martin, branch 226, Cote St. Paul; Mr. John Walsh and others. The opening address was delivered by Rev. J. A. McCallen, S. B., who said he regretted the absence of the hon. lay president of the society, Hon. Senator Murphy, who was confined to his house by a slight indisposition. St. Patrick's Day celebration by the society without Mr. Murphy's presence did not seem complete, as for fifty five years he had closely identified himself with the society in all its undertakings and interests. The rev. father then made a few happy remarks of welcome. The excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music which had been prepared was heartily enjoyed. Amongst those taking part were Mrs. A. Darling, Mrs. F. C. McCarthy, Miss Lucy Briram, Miss F. Jackson, Miss N. McDonald; Miss May Milloy, whose artistic delineations received the applause they always deserve; Miss Lalonde, Miss Smallshire, Miss L. Archer, Misses Quinlan, Messrs. J. A. Payette, H. O'Brien, F. J. Sharpe, John S. McCaffrey, Prof. Lachance, A. Dionne, John Young, G. Bernstein and Mr. John Greenwood. Mr. F. X. Payette, of Cote St. Paul, presided at the piano and had charge of the musical arrangements. During the interval between the first and second parts of the programme, the Rev. Father McDermott was introduced, and delivered a most entertaining address, at the close of which Hon. Mr. Curran, who was warmly received, moved a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Mr. J. J. Costigan, and, needless to say, carried amidst great applause.

ST. MARY'S PARISH HALL.

It is doubtful if ever a more successful concert was held on a St. Patrick's night than that given in the St. Mary's hall last evening for the benefit of the orphans of St. Mary's parish. A very lengthy and most attractive programme had been prepared and it was carried out faithfully and with the greatest enthusiasm. After a selection of national airs by McKee's band Miss Hebert gave "Come Back to Erin" and "Dear Little Shamrock" with really fine effect, evoking great applause. A tot called "Little Tootsie" was perhaps the favorite of the evening, her songs and dances were inimitable and evoked wild applause. Messrs. Joe Emblem, B. Riggs, F. Harkins, Geo. Parks and G. McLeod were all in good voice and sang most acceptably, while Miss Nellie Kennedy sang in a manner that received well merited applause. Madame Durand and "Little Tootsie" were very good in a charming duet. At this point Mr. Jos. Devlin, B.A., delivered a most interesting lecture on the "Reasonableness of Home Rule." The lecturer was listened to with great attention and marked interest throughout, and handled his subject in a really very able manner. On the conclusion of the address he was accorded round after round of applause. In the second part of the programme St. Mary's choir gave the chorus "Let Erin Remember" in good style, while Mr. B. Riggs was loudly applauded. Messrs. Hayes and Pierson quite surpassed themselves in their songs and dances, while Little Tootsie again delighted the audience with a song. Prof. Jas. Wilson made a most sympathetic and acceptable pianist, and the evening came to a conclusion with "God Save Ireland." There was a large attendance present, and a considerable sum will be netted for the worthy object in which the concert was in aid of.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE BOYS.

One of the pleasantest celebrations of the day was the musical literary, and dramatic entertainment given by the St. Patrick's society of St. Mary's college in the church hall. It was an invitation affair. As an entertainment it was a success in every way, for it not only showed that there is plenty of talent among the boys of the college, but it also introduced as a musical organization what it is a pity has not been heard before on concert platforms in this city. This was an orchestra composed of thirty

teen young artists from the Institution of the Blind, on St. Catherine street, and their playing, especially of Donizetti's "Fantasia Sur Don Pasqual," arranged by T. Grillet, was very enjoyable. The programme was a long one. Amongst the students who took solo parts were B. Bonin, W. Dunn, R. Masson, A. Payette, F. Coll and E. Tremblay. The chorus of fifty voices sang old Irish melodies well. The farce, "Box and Cox" was given, the parts being ably taken care of by students B. Colder, Thomas McMahon and Frank Kemper. At the opening of the entertainment the president, Thomas McMahon, gave an address of welcome, and at the opening of the second part the honorary vice-president, Raoul Massey, ably seconded his efforts in this regard by an address in French.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN.

The St. Ann's Young Men celebrated St. Patrick's night in their hall on Ottawa street in a very fitting manner and as usual they met with great success. The hall was crowded to the doors to witness the production of "Fitzgerald, the Irish Outlaw," a drama in a prologue and four acts. A critic prejudiced against the Young Men, and it would be difficult to find one, would have to admit that the performance, given by amateurs, could not be excelled. All the actors deserve credit for their efficient work, and the Society as a body shares the honor won last by some of its members. There were Irish songs and Irish dances, which were very entertaining. Many of the passages of the play abounded in wit and pathos. Every one in the large audience seemed delighted with the evening's entertainment. Some strangers present expressed their pleasure and surprise to find so much histrionic talent in the St. Ann's Young Men's Society. This was the first production of an original drama specially written for the society by Mr. James Martin, a member of the society, who was welcomed Monday night, and received much praise from those present. Amongst those who distinguished themselves were: Mr. J. J. Gethings, in the title role of Owen Fitzgerald; Mr. T. F. Sullivan as Colonel Whitecraft; Mr. R. Byrn, Mr. J. O'Brien, Mr. John Morgan, Mr. T. McCarthy and Mr. J. Quinn. The other gentlemen who portrayed some of the principal characters and who deserve praise were Messrs. H. P. Sullivan, Ed. Quinn, T. M. Jones, J. Maguire, J. J. Gummarsell, J. R. Orton, W. J. Bogue, J. E. Maguire, M. J. O'Donnell, P. Burns, T. W. Manning and Master M. J. O'Donnell. Fathers Strubbe and Gods and Brother Arnold occupied seats of honor. Following is the cast of characters:—

- Owen Fitzgerald, an Irish outlaw..... Mr. J. J. Gethings
- Edward Fitzgerald (as a boy), Owen's son..... Master M. J. O'Donnell
- Lieut. Dalton, the lost son, Edward Fitzgerald..... Mr. R. Byrn
- Col. Whitecraft, a foe to Fitzgerald and the Irish..... Mr. T. F. Sullivan
- Brian O'Hara, Fitzgerald's friend..... Mr. H. P. Sullivan
- Olinthus Murray, a young American visiting Ireland..... Mr. M. J. O'Brien
- Captain Merlin, of the 11th Lancers..... Mr. Ed. Quinn
- Simon Lazarus, a grasping Jew..... Mr. T. M. Jones
- Anthony Plummer, and old young man..... Mr. J. Maguire
- Tim Flaherty, a rollicking Irish boy..... Mr. John Morgan
- Con. McGinnis, an Irish peasant..... Mr. T. McCarthy
- Larry Hagan, an Irish tenant farmer..... Mr. J. Quinn
- Sir Edmund O'Halloran, an Irish baronet..... Mr. J. J. Gummarsell
- Mr. Pembroke, an American millionaire..... Mr. J. R. Orton
- Hung Lee, a "Celestial"..... Mr. W. J. Bogue
- Hezekiah D. Wilburforce, a Yankee book agent..... Mr. J. E. Maguire
- Capt. Ford, of the 88th Regiment..... Mr. M. J. O'Donnell
- Sergeant Guardwell, a man of discipline..... Mr. P. Burns
- Officer of the court..... Mr. T. W. Manning
- Stage manager, Mr. P. T. O'Brien; musical director, Mr. P. Shea; properties, Mr. M. J. O'Donnell.

I.P.B.S. DINNER.

Wit and flavor and brightness and laughter dominated at the first annual dinner of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, held Monday night, at the Windsor Hotel.

"The children of the Western Gael are gathered here this Patrick's night To pledge the dear old Innisfall To drink the health in bumpers bright; 'Tis true we may not see her more, Still we're not likely to forget; And though we've sought another shore, We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!"

Were the words of Dr. W. H. Drummond on the menu that greeted the distinguished gathering at the toast "The land we live in and the land we left." Fronting the function was Sir Donald A. Smith, who marched linked arms with His Worship Mayor Villeneuve to the spacious tables' ordinary. Sir Donald,

smiling and rosy, took his place at the head of the table, with Moses Parker, President, in the chair, and after Very Rev. Dean Carmichael asked the blessing the following prominent citizens took their places: Rev. Dr. Hunter, Lieut.-Col. Gardner, R. M. Esdaile, Jame Harper, (President Caledonian Society), Wm. Rodden (ex Ald., of Plantaganet Springs), E. Schultze (President of German society) James Wilson (Chairman Dinner Committee), W. H. Davidson (President I. P. B. S., Quebec), Hon. James McShane (President of St. Patrick's Society), Hon. J. J. Curran, Richard White, Gen. E. Drummond, R. L. Gault, Percy R. Gault, G. H. Carter, Quebec, John A. Tees, W. Howard Nolan, W. H. Birks, Joseph Luttrell, Wm. Seale, Rev. W. H. Emsley, G. W. Heney, John Hyde, George Severs, Wm. Armstrong, Ald. R. Costigan, Capt. E. W. Wilson, H. Brophy, J. Marshall Williams, Jas. H. McKown, J. J. Taylor, D. J. M. Darling, H. Hamilton, Charles Byrd, Andrew Bule, J. Beamish Saul, McDuff Lamb, James Armstrong, James McBride, W. M. Lemessurier, F. E. McNally, George Bury, P. F. Coyne, Q. C., Ald. Wm. Farrell, B. J. Coghlin, Wm Galbraith, B. Connaughton, F. B. McNamee, Wm. Clendinning, jr., Geo. Garson, Alex. S. Nicoll, Chas Ledoux, H. Y. H. J. Laughton, J. Gaulthorpe, A. Elder, R. J. Soden, W. P. McGoldrick, C. Halley, Geo. Horne, B. Tansey, Wm. J. O'Hara, M. S. Foiey, H. J. Kavanagh, E. O'Brien, John McNally, Daniel McEntyre, S. C. Kyte, John Doyle, D. H. Henderson, George Washington Stephens, jr., Thos. J. Hammond, W. H. Raphael, O. Sinton, Alex. Anderson, John Stewart, 2nd Vice-President of I. P. B. S.; J. Wilson, J. G. McKergow, John Stephens, 1st Vice President I. P. B. S.; J. H. Mooney, John A. Bafter, Richd. K. Thomas H. McLaren, John McD. Hains, P. J. Carroll, Ald. M. F. Nolan, P. F. McCaffrey, P. Wright, T. J. Drummond.

The menu was rich and varied, the toasts were most appropriate, and the whole evening's entertainment went off in a charming manner.

During the evening Reichling's orchestra rendered such charming selections as "Come Back to Erin," "Gra-Ma-Chree-Ma-Cruiskeen," "St. Patrick's Day," "Imitation Irish Pipes," "Bonnie Dundee," "Scots Wha Hae," and many others. G. M. Williams sang to the delight of all.

A. O. H.—DIVISION NO. 2.

The concert of the A. O. H., Division No. 2, which took place Monday night, was, as usual with the entertainments of this Order, a great success. Though the Rev. Father Salmon, who was to have addressed the audience, was not present, the entertainment went off in excellent style.

The very interesting opening remarks by the President, Mr. A. Dunn, were heartily received, as they deserved to be. Amongst those who contributed to the evening's entertainment were Misses Shelley and Orton, Miss Leahy, Bro. T. Sullivan, Bro. Thos. Flood, Prospect Minstrel's string band, Mr. J. Millington, Miss G. Haddley, Mr. John Shea, Mr. T. O. Emblem, Mr. W. Firth, Miss McVey, Mr. Geo. P. Holland, Messrs. Sullivan and Rapple, Misses Watt and Armstrong, Mr. J. Bray, Miss Leahy, Bro. E. Watt, Mr. T. O. Emblem, Miss Nellie Shea, Master J. Shea and Mr. John Shea.

Special mention should be made of the concert committee, whose arrangements conducted not a little to the success of the concert.

The Catechism Class.

The Vics Armory was crowded to its fullest capacity on the 18th, to enjoy the entertainment prepared by Rev. M. Callaghan. Father Martin appeared enchanted with the size and respectability of his audience, not less than with the crowned success of his select performers. Everything showed his well-merited popularity. He opened the programme with a few remarks happily chosen. He thought that St. Patrick might be glorified on the stage as well as by the pulpit orator or the pen of the literateur. He was delighted to see the Shamrock decorating the Irish, their descendants and sympathizers. It told them never to be shams or rogues, but always the pink of sincerity and honor. This plant has three leaves which are like so many tongues. They tell us to believe, hope and love—to stand by the doctrines of heaven, inculcated by St. Patrick, to wish for a brighter morrow, and wear the golden chain of charity. A piano solo

was played by Maud Collins, a flute solo by Eugene Finn, a pupil of Prof. Baker; a violin solo by Prof. W. Sullivan, our distinguished artist; a flute cane solo by Freddie O'Connor; a piano duet, "Luspl Overture," by Alice Brown and Nellie Brennan, two picturesque little ladies; a mandolin duet, "Vienna Forever," by Nellie Cunningham and Minnie McRory; a recitation was given by Myrtle M. Sinn, a bewitching elocutionist; a song by James Slattery, a cultured soprano; a vocal duet by Edith and Linda Conway, five and nine years old respectively; a farce, "Remember Benson," by John Stevens, John Chambers and Thomas Whelan, of St. Patrick's school; a dance by Thos. Kent, and a few wrinkles in the light fantastic by Owey McDonald, a lad two years old, who held in his arms his fascinating pup Nellie; a humorous sketch by Thos. Gleeson, G. Gummarsell and John Murray; an Irish vocal selection by Nellie Kennedy, who was loudly applauded and frequently encored. At the piano figured, as accompanists, Maggie McAnally, Mary Christy and Alice O'Connor. The concluding item was a drama of which the following youths acquitted themselves in the most creditable style: Thos. Gleeson, Robert Fitzgerald, Fred Hogan, Jullian Liston, Jas. Fitzgerald, Rob. Hart, Chas. Lennon, Jos. O'Dowd, George Gummarsell, John Murray, Arthur O'Leary, Peter Maguire, Peter Flood. The entertainment was a capital object lesson in many ways. It will be long remembered and if repeated it would not fail to secure a bumper house.

THE SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

The catechism class of St. Patrick's parish held a festival on the 17th. A talented group of girls attending St. Patrick's school paid a delightful tribute of song to the memory of Ireland's patron and apostle. Mr. Larue performed "Killarney" on the French horn in a most artistic way. Rev. M. Callaghan fascinated his hundreds of juvenile hearers with a rendition of a musical medley arranged by himself. He interwove "St. Patrick's Day" with the "Fairy Boy" and the "Dear Irish Boy." He is liberal in dispensing the charms of his favorite instrument when the opportunity presents itself for the interests of patriotism and religion. He delivered a short address in which he expatiated upon the leading traits of the Irish people.

St. Patrick's Day at St. Laurent.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, Mar. 17, 1895.—At an early hour this morning the members of St. Patrick's Literary Association, arrayed in their best attire and wearing their badges, entered the College chapel, marched in a body to the altar rail, and received holy Communion from the hands of Rev. Father Meahan, C.S.C., who read the low Mass. At 8.30 o'clock A.M., high Mass was celebrated by the Rev. M. A. McGarry, Superior of the house, Rev. Fathers Vanier and Hudson, C.S.C., serving as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. After the first Gospel Rev. W. H. Condon, U.S.C., delivered a panegyric on Ireland's Apostle, whose virtues, in every age and stage of the Saint's existence, he most vividly pictured to the minds of his hearers. He showed, too, how that little spark of Christian fervor kindled fourteen hundred years ago on Terra's heights has since burst forth into a mighty conflagration, destroying by its devouring elements paganism and infidelity, and carrying peace and consolation into every land. So satisfactorily, in fine, did he acquit himself of the task that no one hesitates to rank his eulogy among the best they have heard for many years. At 1.30 P.M. the members of the St. P. L. A., together with twenty invited guests, repaired to the College refectory, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared for all. Dinner being over several members of St. Patrick's Society and delegates from all the sister Societies were called upon for speeches. All responded to the toasts assigned them and at three o'clock the members proceeded to their assembly rooms, where they enjoyed themselves in various ways until the bells told the hour for retiring.

The annual entertainment of the above named Society has been postponed until the evening of the 17th of April. Friends and relatives of the members and students are respectfully invited to attend.

BIRTH.

MURPHY—On March 16, at 63 Richmond street, the wife of Jas. Murphy, Engineman G.T.R., of a daughter.

## WHEN ERIN FIRST ROSE.

[This noble song might almost be termed a national hymn. It was composed by Dr. Drennan, in the stirring period of '98, and is evidence of the patriotism Belfast and Belfast Protestants felt for Ireland at that time. Before his day the principal poems of the land were in Irish, thenceforth the poetic patriotism of the land organized the English language to its purpose. Moore referred to this poem as "that beautiful but rebellious song." Lover says of it: "The feelings of an undiminished patriot of the period are eloquently poured forth, and no one, I think, can deny much poetic power and artistic accomplishment to these lines.]

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,  
God blessed the Green Island and saw it was good;  
The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled and shone  
In the ring of the world, the most precious stone:  
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,  
With her back towards Britain, her face to the west,  
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,  
And strikes her high harp, 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,  
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;  
At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes  
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.  
O sons of Green Erin! lament o'er the time  
When religion was war, and our country a crime—  
When man in God's image inverted his plan,  
And moulded his God in the image of man.

By the groans that ascend from your fore-father's grave,  
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,  
Drive the demon of bigotry home to his den,  
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men:  
Let my sons, like the leaves of the shamrock,  
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right,  
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,  
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas! for poor Erin! that some are still seen  
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to green;  
Yet, O, when we're up and they're down, let them live,  
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.

Arm of Erin! be strong! but be gentle as brave!  
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save!  
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile,  
The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle!  
The cause it is good, and the men they are true,  
And the Green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue,  
And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share  
With the full swelling chest, and the fair flowing hair.  
Their bosoms heave high for the worthy and brave,  
But no coward shall rest in that full swelling wave,  
Men of Erin, awake! and make haste to be blest,  
Rise—Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West!

## MAX O'RELL

On the Church in Australia.

In the recently published work, "The Colonial Branches of the Firm of John Bull & Co.," Max O'Rell refers to the Catholic Church and clergy in Australia in the following terms:

According to the latest statistics, published with the authority of the government, this is how Australia stands with regard to the religion professed by the inhabitants: Anglicans, 39.10 per cent; Catholics, 21.10; Presbyterians, 13 and Wesleyans, 9.50. One cannot but be struck on reading this list, by the progress made and the importance acquired by the Catholic religion in the English colonies. This importance had also struck me in Canada and the United States, and Pacific Islands. And yet there is nothing astonishing about it when one thinks how easy it must have been for those charitable and devoted priests, who consecrate soul and body to the poor and unhappy, and to the education and placing out of their children, to win converts among the struggling colonists, hungry for sympathy and always ready to open their hearts, to those who lead, like themselves, a life of privations and sacrifices. The life of these priests is so exemplary, that Australians of all creeds speak of them with the greatest respect; and when they indulge in criticisms or jokes on the clergy it is never at the expense of a Catholic priest.

## MR. ROBINSON'S ARTICLE.

Charles Robinson's article on "The Catholic Church and the Coming Social Struggle," which appeared in the February number of the American Maga-

sine of Civics," and which attracted so much attention, has been brought into renewed prominence by Mr. Satolli's reference to it in his speech at the Carrol Institute at Washington. The Apostolic Delegate declared that he was entirely in accord with the opinion of Goldwin Smith and Professor Von Holst, that we are nearing a most critical point in history, and that in the United States particularly, grave social questions will come up for final solution before the end of the century. The true solution of these momentous problems, he said, could only be brought about as Mr. Robinson has shown.

## IRELAND'S POPULATION.

ITS CONSTANT DECREASE SHOWS THAT THE COUNTRY HAS BEEN MISRULED.

The commission on the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland, which has lately been holding sittings in Dublin, has just obtained some precise information as to the decrease in the population of Ireland during the last fifty years. We cannot, the Daily News declares, for the moment recollect any other example in modern Europe of so great and for the most part so steady a falling off. In 1845 the population of Ireland was more than 8,250,000. That was the time when O'Connell in his repeal speeches used to declare that a nation with a population of more than 8,000,000 was too great to be merely dragged at the tail of another nation. Many years before that, O'Connell, speaking in the House of Commons of Lord Russell's reform bill, insisted that Ireland was unfairly treated because she was not allowed her proper number of representatives in proportion to her population, and in comparison with that of Great Britain. O'Connell, then, certainly seemed to have the book of arithmetic on his side, and to be fighting by its rules.

In 1847 came the famine, and during the seven years following that terrible time there was a loss of more than 2,000,000. Since then the decrease has been going pretty steadily on, with a little fluctuation at one time or another, until in the middle of this year it was estimated at 4,500,000—or nearly 4,000,000 less than it was fifty years ago. Of course, a large proportion of this change in the numbers of the population of Ireland must be set down to the new attractions presented by the American republic. There was in the days not long after the potato famine a parody in the Dublin Nation on a then very popular "nigger" melody, which had a refrain of "Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me." The parody was a song supposed to be addressed by the Irish tenant-farmer setting out on his voyage across the Atlantic to the Irish landlord, and it had for its refrain, "Oh, your honor, don't you cry for me, I'm going to a country where from landlords I'll be free." Still the hard fact remains that the Irish peasant found a better home for himself across the Atlantic than he could possibly find on his own soil, and that if famine was not able, in Macbeth's phrase, to "cling" him, he made use of his reviving strength to get across the ocean.

Now, the perverted ingenuity of man itself can hardly venture to start the proposition that a country can have been well governed which has become bared of nearly half of its population within fifty years. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that there had been no unjust eviction of a tenant—still, would not the fact that the population had been reduced to one-half during fifty years be enough to settle all questions as to the government of that particular country? Men do not seek new settlements because they are perfectly happy and comfortable at home. Count Cavour had a favorite maxim that the happiness or unhappiness of a nation was all a question of good or bad government. Of course, the great statesman did not mean to suggest that everything should or could be done by the central power for the people at large. What he meant was that without good government no people can be enabled to do the best for themselves. This was exactly the case of Ireland for all those long years. Until Mr. Gladstone came into office in 1868 no act of Parliament was ever introduced and passed spontaneously by an English government which had for its object the benefit of the Irish people according to Irish ideas. We certainly hope to see a time when the population of Ireland may begin once again to increase with

the development of her soil under happier auspices than those of many years that followed the famine. Over-population is an evil indeed; yet it is not an evil to be much dreaded in any part of the Europe of our days which has a sea coast. But a population steadily dwindling as that of Ireland has been for so many years is simply a reproach to the system by which Ireland has so long been governed.—*The Republic.*

## OBITUARY.

FITZGERALD.

We regret to announce the death of Richard Leo (Dickie) Fitzgerald, the dearly beloved son of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Ed. R. Fitzgerald. The immediate cause of the promising boy's death was inflammation of the brain. With the parents, in their loss, we most heartily and deeply sympathize. A young life is extinguished; the sorrow is great; but the ray of consolation is in the fact that another angel is in heaven to await the parents.

THE LATE MR. W. G. O'NEILL.

The travelling public and the younger generation of men about town will learn with regret of the death of Mr. William G. O'Neill, which occurred at Chicago. Deceased, who was but thirty-two years of age, gained many friends in Montreal and Quebec, having been chief clerk at the St. Lawrence Hall here, and manager of the St. Louis Hotel in the Ancient Capital. Mr. O'Neill went to Chicago some six weeks ago to enter into business as a wholesale cigar merchant, and was succeeding well in his new enterprise when he was struck down by pneumonia, to an attack of which he succumbed.

DEATH OF A SISTER.

Sarah Menard, one of the oldest sisters of the Hotel Dieu, passed away on Thursday afternoon, at the age of eighty-five years. She spent sixty-four years in the cloister and had not been out on the street for thirty-two years. When Lord and Lady Aberdeen visited the Hotel Dieu, during their stay in this city, they saw Miss Menard, and had a little chat with her. The funeral took place from the Hotel Dieu to Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

DEATH OF VERY REV. DEAN CASSIDY,  
OF BROCTON, ONT.

Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, parish priest of St. Helen's Church, Brocton, expired at five o'clock Sunday morning, March 3rd, at the parochial residence. His health has been always excellent until November, 1888, when he contracted typhoid pneumonia, at the parochial residence, Adgala, of which parish he was in charge. He never fully recovered his health, but was able to attend to his duties. His health had been failing notably for the past fifteen months, although he continued to exercise the duties of his office until last December. His Grace the Archbishop and the clergy of the archdiocese were assiduous in their attentions to Dean Cassidy during his last illness. He was also visited by the Archbishop of Kingston, the Bishops of London and Peterboro, and received all that care and attention could do from any warm friends in the city. He was attended professionally by his brother, Dr. Cassidy, and Dr. Spence.

Very Rev. Dean Cassidy was born in Toronto, October 4, 1845. He was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Cassidy, Toronto, who survive him. He received his early education at the Christian Brothers' and made his classical studies at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and his theological course at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, Que. He was ordained priest at St. Michael's Cathedral by the late Archbishop Lynch, October 4, 1868. The late Dean had charge of the parishes of Thornhill, Pickering, Dixie, Tottenham, Barrie, and finally St. Helen's, Brocton, Toronto. He was made Archdeacon by the late Archbishop, and on the accession of Archbishop Walsh was made Dean. On October 4, 1898, he celebrated his silver jubilee at St. Helen's, Toronto, and was made the recipient of many valuable gifts from both clergy and laity. On Sunday evening the remains of the late Dean were placed in the sanctuary of St. Helen's Church, and lay in state there until Tuesday, robed in the vestments of the priesthood. Rev. Father Carberry, on Monday evening, assisted by several of the local clergy, celebrated solemn vespers for the dead.

Tuesday morning a solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Conway, of Norwood, as deacon, and Rev. Father Jaffcott, of Oakawa, as subdeacon. Rev. Father Hand acted as master of ceremonies, and the Very Rev. Dean Harris, of St. Catherine's—a life long friend of the late Dean—preached an eloquent and sympathetic sermon. On account of the storm of the previous day, many of the clergy were unable to attend. The following priests were present:—Very Rev. Fr. Marjion, C.S.B., Provincial of the Community of St. Basil; Revs. J. R. Teefy, C.S.B., President St. Michael's College; Frachon, C.S.B., Cherrier, C.S.B., Grogan, C.S.S.R., Ryan, Rholleder, J. Walsh, Cruise, McCann, Hand, Tracy, Wilson, McEntee, J. C. Carberry, all of the city, and Dean Harris, St. Catherine's; McKahon, Thornhill; Dean Egan, Barrie; Lynett, Uxbridge; Duffy, Orillia; Sullivan, Thornhill; Dean Conway, Norwood; Lamarcho, Sacred Heart Church, city; Laboreau, Penetang, besides a very large number of prominent gentlemen of the city. Committees of the O.M.B.A., of which order the late Dean was a past chancellor, had charge of arrangements in the church.—R. I. P.

## THE WORLD AROUND.

The personal estate of the late Lord Randolph Churchill has been proved at \$75,971.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, suffered a loss of \$4,000,000 by fire in the business section of the town.

Mgr. Kheimirian estimates the number of Armenians murdered in the late massacres at 11,000.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt was awarded a divorce in New York, Tuesday. She receives alimony of \$300,000.

The National Council of Women at Washington are considering the divorce laws of the several States.

Drouth-stricken Nebraskans in 43 counties will need 15,000,000 bushels of seed to enable them to plant crops.

The death sentences of the Hawaiian rebels have been commuted to thirty-five years imprisonment and fines of \$10,000 each.

Prof. John Stuart Blackie, the well-known author and Greek and Latin scholar, is dead, in England, at the age of eighty-six years.

The Reichstag has denied the request of the German Government for a credit of 2,400,000 marks with which to build torpedo boats.

Miss Anna Gould and Count Paul Ernest Boniface De Castellane were married Tuesday in New York by Archbishop Corrigan.

On account of a refusal of the mine owners to advance wages, 25,000 miners in the Pittsburgh district threaten to go out on a strike.

The Czar has forbidden the actress Modjeska appearing in Warsaw because of a speech she made at the World's Fair on the Polish women.

The Swazis are actively preparing to resist the occupation of their country, Swaziland, by the Boers under the treaty recently concluded by the Transvaal and Great Britain.

Harlem ship canal, New York City, has been completed. Hereafter vessels from the upper Hudson and bound for the east river or sound will not have to sail around battery point.

Herr Liebnicht's motion to convert the German army into a militia system was debated in the Reichstag this week and defeated. The result was received with roars of laughter.

According to the advices sent out by the captain-general of Cuba, the insurgents in the province of Matanzas have been dispersed and quiet is being restored in other parts of the island.

James Fitzpatrick, the famous Derby, Ct., hermit, was found dead in his hut Saturday morning. Half a century ago he was a very prominent person, but he was disappointed in love, and for forty years he had not spoken to a woman.

The February total of cotton brought into sight was smaller than expected. The total was 583,208, against 362,428 last year, 413,529 in 1892. The excess in the amount of the crop brought into sight for the six months from September to February, inclusive, was 1,851,047 over last year, 2,698,812 over the year before last and 610,701 over 1892.

The Austrian Government has accepted a proposal made by Italy for a telephone line to be constructed between Vienna and Milan. The line will be ready in the course of this year. Telephone communication between Milan and Rome is already existing, and the line connecting the Austrian and Italian capitals will be the longest in Europe.

The declaration of war by France against Madagascar has led to the temporary withdrawal of the French missionaries—priests, nuns and Christian Brothers—the churches and schools being left in charge of native catechists. The personnel of the mission consisted last summer of 54 priests, 12 lay brothers, 4 teachers, 16 Christian Brothers and 27 nuns. The Catholic natives numbered no less than 138,178, and there were mission stations with 83 churches and 27 chapels. The mission schools were attended by 26,729 scholars, and the mission also supported two leper hospitals. There had been 1,197 baptisms of adult converts during the previous twelve months. It is lamentable to think that all this good work should be crippled and interrupted on account of the vigorous colonial policy which just now finds favor in France.



THE SEA-DIVIDED GAELS.

Hail to our Celtic brethren wherever they may be.  
 In the far woods of Oregon, or o'er the Atlantic sea—  
 Whether they guard the banner of St. George in Indian vailes,  
 Or spread beneath the nightless north experimental sails—  
 One in name and in fame  
 Are the sea-divided Gaels.

Though fallen the state of Erin, and changed the Scottish land—  
 Though small the power of Mona, though un-  
 waked Lewellyn's band—  
 Though Ambrose Merlin's prophecies degenerate in tales,  
 And the cloisters of Iona are bemoaned by northern gales—  
 One in name and in fame  
 Are the sea-divided Gaels.

In Northern Spain and Brittany our brethren also dwell,  
 Oh! brave are the traditions of their fathers that they tell—  
 The eagle and the crescent in the dawn of history pale  
 Before their fire, that seldom flags, and never wholly falls;  
 One in name and in fame  
 Are the sea-divided Gaels.

A greeting and a promise unto them all we send;  
 Their character our charter is, their glory is our end;  
 Their friend shall be our friend, our foe who'er assail;  
 The past or future honors of the far-dispersed Gaels;  
 One in name and in fame  
 Are the sea-divided Gaels.

—Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

A GLANCE BACKWARD.

It is twenty-eight years since the laying of the corner stone of what we may now term the ill-fated St. Patrick's Hall. Twenty-eight short years! Yet how many changes have taken place since then? How many have reached the heights of fame and fortune, and alas! how many have seen "Life's golden hopes laid low?" The chief promoters of the plan to erect a monument worthy to bear the glorious name of St. Patrick have passed over to the silent majority, and as we breathe a prayer for their eternal rest let us glance backward and see what they have done, that their memory should live. For years representative Irishmen of Montreal had been endeavoring to collect funds towards the erection of a building, which, besides being an ornament to the city, would be a home for all Catholic societies. This purpose required a large amount of money, and it was not until the year 1866 that the promoters of the plan could see their way to present the question to the public.

On Monday, January 8th, a public meeting was held, in order to obtain the co-operation of the Irish Catholics of Montreal with the St. Patrick's Society in the erection of the proposed building.

The chairman, the late Mr. Devlin, announced that matters had progressed so favorably that he, as president of St. Patrick's Society, had purchased a site on the corner of Victoria Square, extending from Craig street to Fortification lane, having a frontage of 140 feet and a depth of 100 feet.

A board of directors was appointed by the meeting and a stock-book opened, and \$49,290 stock taken by 149 subscribers. The stock was rapidly taken up, and on March 18th, 1867, the foundation stone was laid. An eloquent address was delivered on the occasion by the late lamented Father Dowd. In the cavity of the corner stone were placed two sealed jars containing copies of city papers, and a number of British and Canadian coins. The brass plate which covered the jars bore the following inscription:

"This plate commemorates the laying of the corner stone of St. Patrick's Hall, Montreal, by the Rev. P. Dowd, chief pastor of St. Patrick's Church, on March 18th, 1867, in the 80th year of the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria; the Right Honorable Charles Stanley Viscount Monk, Baron Monk of Ballytramm, in Ireland, Governor General of British America; Lieutenant-General Sir John Mitchell, Bart., K.C.B., Commander of the Forces, Administrator of the Government of Canada; Henry Starnes, Esq., Mayor of Montreal." The names of the directors, architect, builder, &c., were also inscribed on the plate.

The building had a frontage of 140 feet on Victoria Square and 100 feet on Craig street and Fortification lane. The height from the street level to the cornice was 72 feet and to the apex of the roof 92 feet. The style of architecture was an

adaptation of the Norman, suitable to the requirements of the day as regard to shops, library, reading rooms and Concert Hall.

The building was heated throughout by steam; on the ground floor there were eight first-class stores; the second story contained four large show-rooms and a spacious hall, with committee rooms, &c. The grand hall occupied the whole of the third story. When the hall was first completed it measured 184 feet long by 94 feet wide, and 46 feet high to the centre of the ceiling.

The platform was 52 feet by 25 feet deep, and was at the end next to Fortification lane, while facing it on the Craig street end was an orchestra gallery of similar dimensions. The building was completed, and had been used but a short time when a most distressing accident occurred, which, by the goodness of God, was unattended by any loss of life. The evening of February 3rd, 1869, the hall was leased for a public ball and concert; about midnight an alarm was raised that the roof was giving away, and a rush was made for the doors. Fortunately, in the erection of the building spacious means of egress had been provided, and, although nearly two thousand people were present, the hall was cleared in a few minutes, and the last of the company had scarcely passed out when the roof crashed in. So great was the weight of the falling debris that some of the iron girders passed completely through the lower floors. At first the accident was attributed to the weight of snow on the roof, but it was afterwards discovered that it was caused by the action of the frost on the iron girders which supported the roof.

The directors at once proceeded to make necessary repairs, substituting wooden girders for the iron ones previously used. At the same time, several alterations were made improving the acoustic qualities. For this purpose a false ceiling of cotton was stretched on thin boards, taking the place of the former plaster one, and the stage was removed to the opposite end.

The building was erected of Montreal limestone and was three stories high, the upper story being equal in height to the two lower ones. Scarcely three years had passed when again the hall was visited by misfortune, this time by fire. On October 12th, 1872, fire was seen issuing from the windows of the building next to the hall. The following account is taken from a city paper of the time:

"On Wednesday, the 2nd inst., at about half-past two in the morning, a fire broke out in the roof of Bonayne's shoe factory, situated on the upper flats of Shaw's auction rooms, on Craig street, and separated from St. Patrick's Hall building by an alley twelve feet wide. The origin of the fire is unknown. The alarm was at once given, and as the fire did not look serious it was thought that a stream would soon put it out. Unfortunately, however, owing to the hydrants being out of order, there was not the usual promptitude in getting water to play on the fire, which, gathering headway, soon extended to the front part of the building. A brisk breeze from the eastward at the time fanned the destructive element to redoubled fury, carrying embers far and wide. The fire, which had now got beyond human control, quickly caught on the roof of St. Patrick's Hall, and in a few minutes it also was a mass of lowering flames. The fire, which kindled in the roof and upper windows, burned its way down through the floors. When morning dawned the once fine hall was a mass of ruins. The chief sufferers by the fire are Messrs. Bonayne, in whose premises it originated, and Mr. P. Shaw, the well known Montreal auctioneer. Other sufferers are Messrs. Whiteside & Co., spring mattress-makers; T. Stewart, tea dealer; Higgins Bros., wine merchants; Devany & Co., auctioneers; Jones & Tooley, sign painters. The total loss will be about \$160,000. The Hall was insured for \$55,000 and the stock and furniture of the sufferers are tolerably well covered by insurance."

This last disaster completely discouraged St. Patrick's Society and its helpers, and no attempts were made since to rebuild the hall. Yet there is no reason why Montreal should not have its Hall which Irish Catholics could call their own; and now that there is recognized the great need of a central location and league for Catholic young men, similar to the Y.M.C.A., why should it not take the shape of a new and grander St. Patrick's Hall?—why not, indeed? The

days of Irish chivalry are not passed. Irish generosity is not dead. Irish capital and labor have accomplished wonders in the past, and, in this case, why should not history repeat itself, and show to the world that the Irish residents of this great Catholic city love their faith and nationality

"With a love that will not die,  
 Till the sun grows cold,  
 The stars grow old,  
 And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."  
 SARAH SUTHERLAND.  
 (I am indebted to Mr. John Horne of the Numismatic Society for dates and account of the fire.—S. S.)

A CENTRAL HALL.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—In reading, from time to time, in your paper, of the references made to the building of a Hall, the wonder is that it was not lively agitated before now, since the societies existing have all along needed some place for their meetings; besides, Irish Catholics have given a fair share of concerts and entertainments and do give. Now, for instance, some of the societies are over thirty years in existence, and the majority of them pay rent for their rooms here and there in the city, say, on an average, \$20 per month, which in ten years would amount to \$2,400 in rent. We have C.M.B.A., A.O.H., young men's societies, temperance societies and Foresters, say, on an easy guess, about ten different societies, and if their combined outlay for the time mentioned was put together, it would give \$24,000, a sufficient amount to start a building well and truly. Whether this would resolve itself into a Central Hall is worthy of attention. St. Patrick's Society had a splendid hall before, and why not renew the salt of the earth?

M. B. HUGHES.

Montreal, March, 1895.

AN OLD PLEA.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—There is scarcely a spot on this habitable globe that is unknown to the Irish race. They are, as has often been said, a missionary people. Even in old pagan times they raided France under the last of their pagan monarchs, Dathy, and introduced the arts as well as the sciences of Erin. They taught the Franks how to fight against the tyranny of Rome, and succeeded; but unfortunately the Irish monarch was killed by lightning on his way to Rome. But to return to facts. The Irish flourish everywhere but at home, where nothing in human form flourishes except Scotch land agents, policemen and limbs of the law.

It seems to be the business of these agents of an unfair government to torture and extort, and in the end make him fly from his native land to some foreign and friendly country. Placed by circumstances either by lot and chance in any part of the United States or Canada he compares favorably with men of other nationalities. While men from other countries seek easy jobs such as insurance agents, stablemen or rootmen, which positions require a certain amount of laziness, the Irishman, even when well educated, as a rule avoids nothing, but takes his chances of the first thing that offers. He will not go around with numberless testimonials from young men's Christian associations, nor will he spend months seeking for a chance to work at some easy job. It is the same with our Irish girls, (God bless them) they do not come with characters from some reformatory or Magdalen's home to take service with some of the upstart madames of society on this side of the water. What would a good many of our genuine ladies do without some of these so-called Biddies or Peggies? Many of our select Protestant ladies will tell you that an Irish Catholic girl is a treasure, whereas the servant ladies who come from England are in the end a disappointment, and those from the States and from some parts of Canada want so many concessions and presume so much on the good nature of employers that they are half the time idling their time in boarding houses for servants. The reason why is evident. In America now-a-days girls are not brought up nor trained as servants. When once they touch an old disabled piano at home they imagine their future to be devoted to ease and affluence, and the others from the other side come laden with so

many recommendations from suspicious persons that they very soon destroy the effect of their characters in writing.

The penitent homes, or houses for the reformation of young girls, in England and elsewhere, have much to answer for. In England or Scotland, a young girl ruined by some scoundrel may reform and become good, but the Irish girl, even if she emigrates, loses caste, because unfortunately she is the party to be blamed in Ireland, and not the scoundrel. Her fate follows her, God help her, and she has not a line nor a friend even within the family circle to defend or restore her good name. No wonder we Irish are accounted a chaste nation, especially the women of Ireland.

I intended at first not to intrude on your columns so much, as I intended to refer to the people of St. Mary's parish, among whom we have men who started in life here without the superfluities of purse or education and who are to-day the pride of the parish. They look forward to the coming festival as gladly as do our Irish school boys who have never had the good fortune of touching Irish ground. Nevertheless they are well trained in the love of dear old Erin.

The teachers in the school (St. Mary's Boy's) always teach Irish history and I hope it will aid the national feeling for the dear land.

I may ask the question, would the teaching of Irish History be tolerated in any other school in the city? No, decidedly not. They could be taught the history of Morocco, Spain, or any other country but Ireland. The French Canadians I must say are a very liberal race, but it never occurred to them that there was a nationality here as jealous of the ancient fame and history of its country as French Canadians are just now of La Belle France.

FRANCIS D. DALY.

HONORED THEIR TEACHER.

A PRESENTATION AND ADDRESS TO MR. ANDERSON, OF Sarsfield School.

Parents of the pupils attending Sarsfield school and a number of others interested in the work of the institution, assembled in the schoolroom last Friday evening to show their appreciation of the labors of Mr. Anderson, the principal, who completed his silver jubilee in connection with the school. A complimentary concert was given, and at the close of the first part of this Mr. Anderson was presented with an address in English and one in French by Messrs. Daly and Boisvert respectively, whilst Mr. Wall, Ald. Turner and Dr. Delorme handed to him a more substantial mark of the appreciation of the well-wishers of the school in the shape of a well-filled purse, and Mrs. Anderson was the recipient of a splendid basket of flowers. The testimonials congratulated Mr. Anderson on the completion of so long a period of service, spoke of the great success which had been scored by many of his pupils, both in the United States and the Dominion, and referred to his unceasing endeavors to elevate and promote the educational interests of the locality in which the school was situated.

In replying to the address, Mr. Anderson briefly reviewed his quarter century's work in connection with Sarsfield School, and said that during that period he had learned to appreciate the kindness which in manifold forms had been shown him. Whatever glory was attached to the Sarsfield School was to be attributed, not to him, but to the indefatigable and conscientious efforts of each individual teacher in furthering the interests of the school. The moral interests of the school had always been secured by the co-operation of the rev. gentleman in whose parish the school was located. Rev. Father O'Meara had been unceasing in his efforts to advance the educational interests of the schools in his parish. In conclusion, he expressed thanks to all who had worked to assure the success of his jubilee. Those who contributed to the concert, which formed a most pleasant part of the evening's proceedings, were Mr. H. Quintal, McKee's orchestra, Misses T. Doherty, L. Dore, Lotta Fetherstone and Josephine Doherty.

It is estimated that nearly 40,000 persons in Berlin are wrestling with influenza.

The proprietors of Florida winter resorts are compelled to order oranges from California for their guests. The first carload left Pomona, Cal., Monday for St. Augustine. One hotel keeper at St. Augustine has ordered the shipment of a carload every week.



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WEDNESDAY,.....MARCH 20, 1895

## OUR SOUVENIR.

We are most highly gratified with the manner in which our St. Patrick's Day Souvenir number has been received on all sides. It has sold in a most satisfactory manner, and we feel it now our pleasant duty to strike off a second edition for all persons outside Montreal who have sent in or may soon forward us their orders. To mention all the praise that has been showered upon us and the marks of appreciation bestowed would savor, perhaps, of self-laudation. The only thing we can say is that the management of THE TRUE WITNESS promised a first-class Souvenir Number, that we went so far as to state that one of the most complete, elevating and original artistic and literary issues ever published in the country would greet the public on this anniversary of our Patron Saint, and we can add that we have fulfilled that promise according to the judgment of all who have read our Souvenir.

While this is most gratifying to the directors and management of the paper, it can be none the less so to the Irish Catholics of this city, of the Province and of the whole Dominion. All our friends outside Montreal who are anxious to have one of those splendid numbers will do well to send their orders as soon as possible. The sum of twenty-five cents is so small compared to the value of the publication that we might actually say it is "sold for a song."

The second edition will be ready for delivery on Monday next.

## OUR NATIONAL FEAST.

Once more have the children of the "Ancient Race" celebrated the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint. Each year, on the seventeenth of March, a wave of deep enthusiasm sweeps over every land where dwells a Celt. It is felt in far off Australia, the land where Irishmen have risen to the foremost positions in Church and State; it sweeps over the Pacific and dashes against the Rockies, amidst whose stupendous grandeur the exiles of Erin have climbed with the advance-guard of civilization; it touches the fair Dominion from end to end, and passes across the face of the great American Republic; in the countries of Europe it produces a magical effect; and, at last, returns, like the tide, to the centre whence it started—to "the Emerald Isle" of the West.

Here, in the city of the Royal Mount, where many Irishmen have found happy and prosperous homes, the patriotic fervor of the race is kept alive, and the children of a younger generation are taught, by word and example, to love the land of their forefathers, to weep over Ireland's sorrows, to exult in her glories, to perpetuate her traditions and to pray for her future. As Ireland has had a marked mission amongst the nations of the world, so have the Irishmen of Canada a special one amidst the different races that go to make up our young country's population. Let us, then, on this anniversary of St. Patrick's Feast, recall, in a few words, the work that Providence cut out for Ireland in the great movements and mutations of the different peoples of the civilized earth; and then point out, in as brief a manner as possible, the all-important position that the same All-Wise Ruler has assigned to the descendants of the Irish race upon the free soil of our great Dominion. It is difficult to write an editorial on St. Patrick's Day and to say something absolutely new; but we can at least tell the old story in a form that may be novel in its construction.

The mission of the Irish Race seems to have been the teaching of the world, both by precept and example. When the night of barbarism hung over Europe, Ireland was, in the language of Dr. Johnson, "the quiet home of sanctity and learning." Her monasteries and schools were the refuge of scholars from all sections of the continent. Her teachers went forth, and in the universities of Europe taught the sciences, philosophy, rhetoric and letters. Coming down through the centuries we find, in every sphere, in the military, the literary and the religious, many of the leaders of thought and action—the men whom history recognizes as great—springing from Ireland. As Israel of old preserved the knowledge and faith of the true God amidst the almost universal paganism of the world, so Ireland, that small country, at the extreme West of Europe, played the important part of preserver and propagator of the true Faith during the Christian era. Israel suffered, was defeated, crushed, exiled, stricken with plagues; yet, in His own good time, the Almighty awakened a leader, in the person of Moses, and commissioned him to free His people from the land of bondage, to guide them through the great desert, to give them His decalogue, and to conduct them to the land of promise. The Irish race underwent centuries of persecution, famine, exile, bondage and misery; through the desert of suffering it has been led by the fiery pillar of Faith; from St. Patrick it received the all-saving laws of Christianity; and as surely as Israel crossed the Jordan, so certainly must the Irish race enter the domain of reward and liberty—when it shall please

Providence to so appoint. It has been a mission most effective in its results. The world has been saved more than once through the contemplation of Ireland's fidelity. There is not an existing country in Europe, or America, that does not owe part of its triumphs, its glories, its successes, its honors to some child of the Celtic race. It would be a long story to recount all that Irishmen have done for France, Austria, Spain, Italy and other European countries. These services in Australia, the United States and Canada would require many volumes to enumerate. Their efforts and successes in every land indicate most clearly what they could do at home under even the ordinary circumstances that surround other peoples. And British triumphs, on sea and land, in the domains of literature, legislation and diplomacy, are in a great measure due to the Irishmen who took the lead and who arose, despite all obstacles and by force of native ability, to the foremost places amongst the great ones of the Empire. If there were thousands of Lyndhursts to style them and treat them as aliens, there were hundreds of Shiels to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the oppressor and to assert the equality, and often superiority, of the race.

Turning from this hurried contemplation of the real greatness of the race in the past, we feel that it is right to indicate, even though briefly, the stand that our people are called upon to take in this new land. Amongst the descendants of the different peoples of Europe the Irishmen in Canada have the same mission to fulfil that the Irish race performed in the great movements of the nations whence these descendants spring. To preserve the faith and to teach; a two-fold apostleship.

All the world over, and here as well as elsewhere, there are rivals of our people, men who are jealous of their success and who are anxious to crush all ambition in them. It is then our duty, while proving in our individual lives, as well as in our national existence, that the Faith which has been transmitted to us throughout the long centuries, is as dear to us in the hour of prosperity as it was to our forefathers in the era of misfortune. Apart from this fidelity to the teachings of St. Patrick, we must remember that socially, politically, nationally, the higher we aim the greater success we can attain. There are enough of people, of organizations and of influences in the world that strive to keep us back, to check our rise, to hold us down, without that we should lend them a hand by under-estimating our national importance, or allowing a single opportunity of improvement to escape.

There was a time, as Phillips says, when, amongst those opponents of our people, "there existed a prejudice, predominant above every other feeling—inveterate as ignorance could generate, and monstrous as credulity could feed." That prejudice may still exist, but the upward tendency of our people renders it less apparent. "Was there an absurdity uttered—it was Irish! Was there a crime committed—it was Irish! Was there a freak at which folly would blush—a frolic which levity would disown—a cruelty at which barbarism would shudder—none could hatch or harbor it but an Irishman! Ireland was the Ribald's jest and the Miser's profit—the Painter sold her in caricature, the Ballad-singer chanted her in burlesque, and the pliant Senator eked out his stupid hour with the plagiarism of her slander."

To those who could, in our day, be guilty of such treatment of our people, we adduce no argument—their ignorance is too prejudiced to be taught and their

prejudice too contemptible to be combated. In the past the virtues of our people were sicklied with the hue of suspicion—their liberality was called rebellion—their candor, craft—their piety, polemics. To-day we have to struggle against the remnants of those long existing prejudices. To do so, let us use the arms best suited for the contest. Let us stamp out from stage and literary arena every caricature of our race; let us strive for the highest attainments in the domain of education; let us not allow party to brand the name of patriotism; let us draw closer our ranks and defy the influences of passing events to divide us into sections; let us secure the very best, ablest and most gifted to represent us; let us merge the partisan in the Irishman; let us consider Ireland as a parent and Canada as the mother of our adoption; let the monster of *disunion* be crushed. If we but take this stand we shall see who will dare refuse us a just right or offer an unexpiated insult.

Our mission here is a great and glorious one—for Faith and for the good of this country; Irishmen of Canada, let our motto be *Excelsior!*

## AN EPOCH MARKED.

St. Patrick's Day, 1895, has come and gone. It has been a grand and successful celebration in every acceptance of the term. For the Irish people of Montreal it has brought a great degree of credit; for the Irish societies that took part in the procession and the different concerts it was a glorious seventeenth of March. For the TRUE WITNESS this year's feast of Ireland's Patron Saint marks a period in the history of the good old organ. Never before, in the forty-five years of its existence, did this Irish-Catholic paper make such a giant stride forward. Our Souvenir number has met with a reception and an appreciation far exceeding our most sanguine expectations. It is true that it cost a great outlay of money and a corresponding amount of work; but we feel that the reception it has met with fully compensates for all. By the press of the country and by the public at large our Souvenir Number has been pronounced the most unique and important publication of its kind that ever appeared in Canada. We can only say that we are gratified, for we have attained one of our many objects, and that is to show to the world abroad that in the journalistic sphere, as well as in others, our people are in the vanguard, and that we keep pace with the times and are able to outstrip, in many fields of emulation, our fellow-countrymen of other races and creeds. We believe that the future of THE TRUE WITNESS is henceforth secured, and from the Seventeenth March, 1895, it can date its upward and onward course.

GOOD FRIDAY, this year, falls upon the 12th April. On that day the stars will be in the same position in the firmament which they occupied on the day of Our Lord's death on the Cross. It will be the first time, since the commencement of the Christian era, that this has happened. Many centuries must roll past before the same circumstance again takes place. When next the heavenly bodies occupy that special position, where will the nations of to-day be? A question that none can answer. How will the Church be? If time still exists, she will be exactly as she is to-day and as she has been since the dawn of redemption.

A decision handed down Monday by the United States Supreme Court sustains the Arkansas law of 1877, limiting passenger fare on railroads to three cents a mile.

**VERY SMALL--VERY NARROW**

In 1898, when our St. Patrick's Day number was on the press, we found it necessary to delay the issue a few hours, in order to reply to a very untimely and ungenerous article which appeared, the evening previous, in our contemporary the Daily Witness. Last year no such contribution to St. Patrick's Day literature came from that source. We had expected that, while the Witness could not be reasonably supposed to sympathize with the celebration, at least it would let us off with its usual half-witty (we were going to half-witted) and quasi-cynical report of the proceedings. We were mistaken. In Saturday's issue of our very religious and Christian contemporary we find the following leading editorial:

"Our Irish friends do well to honor Patrick the evangelist of their country, who, like all other successful evangelists from Paul to Moody, was a distinguished saint. Although the son of a deacon and the grandson of a priest, and doubtless duly baptized, he felt the need of conversion when in captivity in Ireland, and there experienced a change of heart; soon after he became an evangelist and devoted himself to foreign missions. He knew nothing of any of the distinctively Roman Catholic doctrines. He preached from the bible and appealed to the bible, and founded not a Church, but what would now be called Congregational churches, each with its own bishop or pastor. Among these churches sprung up a culture which for centuries kept Ireland before almost all other countries, during which she stalwartly resisted the innovations of Rome."

This is about the richest piece of humbug that we have ever read. Probably the Daily Witness felt it advisable to become witty. If so it has given irrefutable evidence of the absence of a humorist's vocation. When it tries to be serious, it is wonderfully funny; when it wants to be funny, it is most stupidly serious. We cannot for a moment imagine that an educated Christian ever intended the above as a sample of his historical erudition. Rather would we, for that paper's sake, prefer to accept it as an attempt at anti-Irish and anti-Catholic sarcasm. We could, we think, improve upon the above and make it read as a really serious article. Had the effusion been thus constructed it might pass muster:

"Our Irish friends do well to honor St. Patrick, the apostle of their country, who, like all great apostles from St. Paul to Father Mathew, was a model of sanctity. Although some so-called Christians, in order to cast a slur upon the Catholic priesthood, have pretended that St. Patrick was the son of a deacon and grandson of a priest, still these falsifications of history in no way alter the fact that his own baptism created in him a burning desire to baptize the people amongst whom he was a captive. He became a great evangelist and devoted himself to foreign missions—that is to say, to the conversion of nations beyond the home influence of Rome. He was not a controversialist, since Protestantism did not exist and there were no other doctrines preached by Christian ministers than those of Rome. He preached from Bible texts, as do all the Catholic missionaries the world over; he established parishes, dioceses and monasteries, each with its pastor, bishop or abbot. Among these establishments sprung up a culture which for centuries kept Ireland before almost all other countries, during which she stalwartly resisted the invasions of the Roman legions, of the Danes, and of the Saxons."

Thus constructed, the article might have some common-sense in it and a share of historical truth. But if the Witness were really bent on giving us a

witty piece of semi-rational literature, it might have taken the following strain:

"Our Irish friends do well to honor a certain Patrician, who started the revival system in their country, and, who, like all notorious sensationalists, from John Knox to Moody, from Habbakuk Mucklewraith to Mrs. Shepherd, from Baron Munchausen to the Daily Witness, was dignified by the title religious. Although the son of his father and grandson of his grandfather, and baptized before being freed from original sin, he 'found the Lord' and set the example followed up by Mrs. Jelliby in regard to foreign missions—and by Henry Grattan Guinness in his 'Regions Beyond.' As St. Peter knew nothing about the distinctive doctrines of Rome, until he became Head of the Church, so this preacher was not acquainted with Roman dogma or morals until he studied the theology of the Church. He indicated the Shamrock as the explanation of all the Bible, and he founded High, Low, Broad, Crooked, Straight, Wooden, Stone and Mud churches, or chapels—as may be seen in the remains of those edifices throughout the land. He had faith in Talmage and followed the style of Beecher. Among these churches sprung up hedge schools which for centuries kept Ireland educated despite barbaric efforts of England to colonize ignorance in the land."

We have just given the foregoing samples in order that the Witness may be able to prepare an article—be it serious or funny—for next St. Patrick's Day. We certainly don't envy our contemporary's learning and tact, but we must admire its cheek and temerity.

**INFALLIBILITY.**

We have seen the source, or origin of Infallibility; we will now turn our attention to the object of that doctrine. "The purpose of infallibility is to guarantee for all time the safe keeping and preaching, in its unity, purity and integrity, of 'the faith which was once delivered unto the saints' (Jude, ch. 1, 3); to enable the Church in all ages to fulfil effectively the great mission entrusted to her by her Divine Founder of 'teaching (all nations) all things whatsoever I have commanded you,' (Matt. xxviii., 20); to 'guide' her 'into all truth,' (John xvi., 13); that we may 'all come into the unity of faith,' (Ephes. iv., 13); and 'be no more children tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine,' (Ibid, 14; Hebra. xiii., 8, 9); 'ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth,' (I. Tim. iii., 7). In one word the purpose of infallibility was to make the Church 'the pillar and ground of truth' (I. Tim. iii., 15), and thereby assure all men that they can, with utmost confidence, intrust to her direction the great interests of their souls."

Thus, through infallibility, the Pope does not receive the power to make good or evil, nor right or wrong, nor truth or falsehood, nor morality or immorality; no more is he thereby raised above the Divine Law. He is not enabled to make new revelations, nor to add to nor take from any doctrine, or dogma of faith, given to the Church through the Apostles. The Vatican Council says: "The Holy Spirit was not promised to the successors of Peter that by His revelation they might make new doctrine, but that by His assistance, they might inviolably keep and faithfully expound the revelation or deposit of faith delivered by the Apostles." "The office of the Church, therefore," says Cardinal Manning, "is to declare what was contained in the original revelation, and infallibility is the result of a divine assistance, whereby what was divinely revealed in the beginning is divinely preserved to the end."

To say that the Pope can modify or change any decree of the Church, even as the Queen can repeal a statute, is rank nonsense. Cardinal Newman thus expressed it: "The Pope cannot by virtue of his infallibility reverse what has always been held." "Never," wrote Bossuet to Leibnitz, "will an example be found of a definition once made being deprived of its power by posterity." "A definition once made," says Cardinal Hergenrother, "remains unchanged and unchangeable for all time."

No more does infallibility empower the Pope to depose sovereigns or absolve peoples from their obligations to the State. In a word infallibility is not a personal, but an official prerogative; it belongs not to the person but to the office. It is sometimes called personal because the office of the Primacy, to which the infallibility is attached, is held by the Pope alone and he is unable to communicate or delegate his infallibility to another. But the individuality of the Pope has nothing to do with the prerogative. No matter who or what he is the office continues to exist, and to that office, according to Christ's promise, does the infallibility cling. Simon may die, but Peter never dies; Leo XIII. must pass away, but the Papacy must remain.

Before examining into the capacity in which the Pope is infallible, let us hear the clear statement of Father Fidelis on this question of the logical necessity of infallibility. "It has been proved, with a redundancy of argument, that a Church which is divinely commissioned to teach must be divinely protected against error in its teaching. The Church is infallible. Therefore the Head of the Church is infallible; for, as St. Thomas demonstrates, the faith of Christ must be fixed by the decisions of its Head. An infallible Church with a fallible Head would be, not a mere monstrosity, like the famous heteroclitite at which the Pisces were expected to smile, but an inconceivable absurdity."

The infallibility of the Head of the Church is, then, a logical inference from the infallibility of the Church. This, of course, is not equivalent to saying that the former term—or, more strictly, that which it represents—is, metaphysically, a consequence of the latter. The reverse is the truth. The argument is one from effect to condition (to use Whatley's phrase). From the infallibility of the Church we infer the infallibility of its Head, inasmuch as the latter is an essential condition of the former. In other words, the logical therefore in the enthymeme, *The Church is infallible, THEREFORE it must have an infallible Head* gives us the metaphysical because in the proposition, *The Church is infallible BECAUSE it has an infallible Head*.

Finally, when we refer to the Head of the Church as infallible, we mean that he is infallible as the Head of the Church; when he speaks by virtue of his office. The prerogative has nothing to do with the man's character, abilities, or attainments. In speaking of the Church as infallible and its Head as infallible, it is the imperfection of language that obliges us to refer to what seems a double infallibility. The infallibility of the Church is the infallibility of its Head, and vice versa. It is all the one "standing-by," or presence of Holy Spirit. It would be as absurd to say that the Holy Ghost was with the Church and not with its Head, as to say the sun shone upon the universe but not upon the earth, or that the case enclosed the works of the watch but not the spring. If we could conceive a divinely protected Church without any Head, a divinely established kingdom without any sovereign, a divinely

mouth-piece, we might be able to imagine an infallible Church with a fallible Head. And, then, we would have to impute to Christ that which would be blasphemy to state.

In fine, the great misunderstanding regarding this dogma of the infallibility is the result of an entire misapprehension of the meaning of that dogma. Men who only look at the surface, who pick up every straw of absurd argument that dances upon the waters, but who have not sounded the depths of reasoning, are most liable to have all sorts of foolish ideas regarding this truth; but the moment they grasp the meaning of the doctrine they cannot but understand its reasonableness.

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## HOW TO KEEP LENT.

Excellent Advice to Catholics for the Holy Season.

The following extracts from a pamphlet issued by the Paulist Fathers are well worthy of perusal by every Catholic at this holy season of Lent :

You are well aware, my dear reader, that the Holy Church has set apart each year a certain time called Lent, in which she enjoins on her children to practice fasting and abstinence from certain kinds of food. Now, one may ask : Why does the Church do this ? I will tell you.

She prescribes fasting from food in order to sarction and recommend the grand principle of self denial in regard to worldly things and pleasures, so that we may raise up our minds to a greater earnestness in heavenly desires. In this she shows clearly the Divine wisdom which directs her, and that she is truly Holy Mother Church, that is, a true mother of our souls.

Is it not plain that most people need such a time as Lent to renew themselves in spirit, and to correct what had become amiss ? It is so with the merchant. No matter how carefully he manages his affairs, he must have his set times for posting up his books and taking account of his stock, or his business will fall to disorder. When he has done this and brought everything into good order, he feels great satisfaction, and is prepared to go on with new life and energy.

In the first place begin it with a good will and say :

"I will now endeavor to give my best attention to the affairs of my soul, and in order to do this I will withdraw it as much as possible from all vain and useless things, which would take up my mind and drive God and holy things out of it. My fast shall not be merely from the meat of the body, but from vain thoughts and idle words ; and I will go into Lent with a cheerful and hopeful spirit, trusting in the goodness of God, Who never refuses to help those who sincerely seek Him, and ask His grace with humility."

Make up your mind to attend all the services which are held in the church during this time ; assist at mass with all possible devotion ; and when ever the work of God is preached, be there to hear it. If there is to be preaching or the Way of the Cross in the evening, do not mind the cold of the weather, but get your supper and be off to the church.

Let your faith warm your heart, and go to the church. There God is present in the blessed sacrament, and speaks through the mouth of his minister the priest.

How much better to be there than at a place of dissipation, where sin abounds and all sorts of evil conversation are carried on ? How much better to be there than to be idling away your time at home in jokes and laughter, if not in slandering your neighbor or in mere sinful talk !

Pray as much as you can during Lent. Fasting would be of no great advantage without prayer. If you do not offer up the fast with the right intention to God, it will not be acceptable to Him ; and this right intention cannot be kept up without much prayer. One ought to say to himself :

"I have a good deal of business to transact with my God at this time, and I must be about it. I must send up to heaven a great number of prayers to beg for mercy and pardon, and for a thousand graces I need so much. I will do it in the house and in the street, at my work and at my meals, at home and in the church, by night and by day, at all times and in all places."

Short prayers or ejaculations, as they are called, repeated frequently, have a most powerful effect to draw down the grace of God in abundance upon the soul. Some who have practiced them faithfully for even a few days have been so changed that they have abandoned a wicked life, and turned to God with their whole hearts, and continue to lead holy lives ever after until the hour of their death.

And try to get a good time each day when you can be alone with God, and spend it in sending up sincere and earnest prayers and good wishes to draw down the grace which He has promised to give to all who persist in begging until their prayers are granted.

But what would be the use of going to the church and praying, if you should allow yourself to go on in sin or in sinful

habits ? It is of the very first and prime importance to shut the door on such things at the very beginning of Lent. Bid good-by, then, to any old habits of sin you may have, and you need not be very polite about it either. Say to them all : "Get you gone ! you have deceived and cheated me long enough."

Avoid the habits of dissipation, the drinking-shops or bar-rooms, or any other bad resorts. Say to yourself : "As to such and such a place, I will never set my foot within it from this moment. If I would avoid the kingdom of Satan for all eternity, I must keep out of his dominions now."

Make this firm and good resolution. Stop all sin at the outset of Lent. Cut off all the occasions of sin which led you into sin before, and will do so again if you go into them. Do this, and it will be the surest of way drawing down God's blessing upon you. It will most surely drive the evil one from you, and break up his power, so that it cannot get it again.

This will sometimes cost a great deal, and requires a strong resolution ; but think of the reward beyond all price, and it will give you courage to make the sacrifice, and to make it gladly and cheerfully.

With these dispositions, I can safely promise that the Easter-time will not go by without your having made a good and satisfactory confession, and obtained the pardon of your sins. You may have been a long time away or your conscience may be weighed down by heavy sins, and you may feel a dread of confession, but your good-will will remove all difficulties.

The confession and the communion put the seal on the good work begun by prayer and self-denial ; and this is the reason why the Easter communion is made an obligation on all Catholics. Would that Holy Church, and the holy angels and saints, and our Lord Jesus Christ could look with satisfaction on the spectacle of all the faithful clothed in white garments of innocence and renewed in the spirit of their minds, assisting each year at the celebration of the festival of Easter, when our Lord arose from death to immortal life.

Those who are able to read would find it a great help to spend their Lent well, if they had some good books to occupy themselves with when they find leisure time. I would recommend particularly the Holy Scriptures and the lives of the saints. Nothing is more powerful than than example to encourage us to the practice of virtue. The word and life of our Lord, the lives of the saints and their happy deaths, influence their souls with an ardent desire to imitate them, and to be associated with them in their reward. Instead of trashy novels and irreligious newspapers, how much better to read moral and religious books. For the rest, remember that Lent is the time for all sorts of good works. The examples of Jesus Christ and of His Blessed Mother ought to be before your eyes constantly.

Draw near to God in this way during Lent, and He will draw near to you. Spend even one Lent in this way, and you will be quite sure to spend the next in the same way, and all that come after it. By and by there will be no need of Lent, for you will enjoy a perpetual never ending Easter in heaven.

### A GREAT IRISH WIT.

His surroundings as an ecclesiastic doubtless prevented the late Rev. Father James Healy, parish priest of Little Bray, Ireland, from becoming as celebrated a wit as John Philpot Curran or Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Innumerable anecdotes are told concerning him, and all illustrate the rich gifts bestowed upon him by nature as well as by education. The late Father Tom Burke was a humorist of the O'Connell type, pungent and raucy of the soil, but even he did not equal the epigrammatic genius of Father Healy.

One who knew Father Healy speaks of him as follows :

"All Dubliners know Dalkey church—the Protestant one—built on an eminence. The rock immediately joining the church is quarried away. Some people were chatting over the neighborhood and its beauties one day, and the site of the church was praised. A Protestant gentleman turned, smiling, to Father James and said : 'It is a church founded on a rock.' 'Yes, a blasted rock.' The owner of the great oyster establishment in Dublin was one day telling him of the musical

accomplishments of his daughter, when the Padre, with hearty sympathy, said : 'She would be a regular oyster Patti.' He never talked politics, but he answered all questions with genial rapidity. When being asked what would Mr. Healy be when home rule came, he said at once : 'An old man.' I said to him, when living during the summer in his parish, 'I think I met your curate just now—rather stout.' He replied, 'That's he ; I send him out as a sample and keep the thin one at home.'

"Once a busybody asked him whether a friend of his was a good Catholic, and he got the answer, 'No better man but a child could beat him at fasting.' He was once at Monte Carlo on a visit, and a friend tried to get him to enter the great room for play. 'Is it not like a cathedral ?' 'Ah,' said he, 'there is all the difference. In a cathedral they pray for a man ; here they prey on him. His friends comprised all classes, rich and poor, old and young, Protestant and Catholic. He was a priest devoted to his church and his flock ; but his heart was big enough to include kind and loving feelings for all. His funeral was one of the largest and most representative held for many a day in Dublin, and it will be long before Father James passes from the memory of those who had the delight of knowing him.'—*Colorado Catholic*.

### GOUGAUNE BARRA.

(BY JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLAHAN.)

There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,  
Where Ailua of songs rushes forth as an arrow ;  
In deep vallied Desmond—a thousand wild fountains,  
Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains,  
There grows the wild ash, and a time stricken willow ;  
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow ;  
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,  
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its sons of dark hills—oh ! to see them all bright'ning,  
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,  
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,  
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle ;  
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,  
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming,  
Oh ! where is the dwelling in valley or high-land,  
So meet for a bard as this lone little island ?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Orla,  
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,  
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,  
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,  
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,  
In the cleft of thy rocks, on the depth of thy heather ;  
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,  
And woke their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre, oh ! how proud was the feeling,  
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,  
Though louder minstrels green Erin can number,  
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,  
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains,  
The songs even echo forgot on the mountains ;  
And gleam'd each gray legend, that darkly was sleeping  
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping.

Least bard of the hills ! were it mine to inherit  
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,  
With the wrongs which like thee to our country have bound me,  
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me,  
Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally,  
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,  
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,  
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

I, too, shall be gone ;—but my name shall be spoken,  
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken ;  
Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,  
When freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,  
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion  
Where calm Avon-Buce seeks the kisses of the ocean,  
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,  
O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping forever !

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Our post office box heretofore has been No. 1758 ; in future all communications should be addressed to our new box—post office box 1188. We trust that special note of this change will be taken by all who have communications to address to THE TRUE WITNESS.

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### REV. ABBE TROIE

APPOINTED PARISH PRIEST OF NOTRE DAME.

Reverend Abbe Troie, P.S.S., who has been appointed parish priest of Notre Dame, was born at St. Remi, Napierville County, early displayed an aptitude for classical studies. He pursued his studies at the Montreal College and the Grand Seminary, and was ordained in the Mother Church of the Sulpician Order in Paris. Abbe Troie has at all times identified himself with the numerous agencies for good in connection with St. James' parish and is very popular with the young people. He is a convincing preacher, and especially powerful in controversy. As an administrator and man of business he will be of great service to the enormous parish of Notre Dame. The Abbe is about forty-five years of age.

### THE RIGHT SORT OF PLUCK.

Thirty years ago two Irish immigrants employed as porters in New York warehouses undertook to study law. After working from morning until night, packing goods, loading drays and making deliveries, they sat up until twelve o'clock in their rooms in a boarding house reading law books and discussing principles and cases.

The ambitious young men were so deeply interested in their night work that they frequently argued points of law during leisure moments at the store, and naturally exposed themselves to chaffing and ridicule. With Irish wit they parried every thrust and never lost their tempers.

Their companions nicknamed them the "Judge" and "Lawyer John," and asked them mockingly whether they thought that merchants would consult them as lawyers after employing them as porters.

"They may do it," answered the "Judge," "after we have worked up a fine criminal practice in keeping out of the penitentiary night brawlers like yourselves, who ought to be in their beds and asleep."

"Instead of loading your drays," said an intemperate clerk, "you stand there arguing whether an injunction could be brought against the firm for obstructing the sidewalk. You are your own lawyers, and you have fools for clients."

"Judgment may be affirmed," said "Lawyer John," "but not with costs. We have borrowed our law books, and we save money by keeping out of the saloons. It costs less to fuddle our brains with law than with drink. A debauch over Blackstone leaves a better taste in the mouth than a night spent in carousing."

So the laugh in the end turned against the intemperate clerk. The young porters knew how to take and return a joke. By their good humor they amused everybody in the store, and it was not long before members of the firm helped them to get clerkships in law offices.

One of them is to-day on the bench, and the other is a lawyer with a lucrative practice. They made their way rapidly, and neither criticism nor ridicule kept them back.

Landlord to departing guest : I trust I may rely upon your recommending my establishment ? Guest : I don't happen to have at this moment a mortal enemy in the world.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

**THE BATTLE OF OULART HILL.**

A Ballad of the Irish Rebellion in Wexford, 1798.

By JAMES B. DOLLARD, ["SLIEVE-NA-MON."]

The "North Cork" and the Yeomanry are at their bellish work,  
You'd find less mercy at their hands than from the savage Turk;  
At red Dunlavin and Carnew, they've slaked their thirst for gore—  
'Tis Wexford's fierce Gethsemane, her people suffer sore.

Old Ennisecorthy's crimsoned streets re-echo many a shriek,  
The ruffian "Yeos" with ribald glee their deeds of horror wreak;  
Nor guileless youth, nor feeble age, escapes their bellish hate;  
Just God! shall Wexford rise at last, or shall she rise too late.

Boovaga's burning chapel flings a lurid glare around—  
A trumpet blast—to Wexford was its crackling timor's sound;  
The pastor preaches peace no more, but sterner words has he;  
"Far better die like fighting men than tamely slaughtered be."

The Yeomen led by Hawtrey White have marched from Wexford town,  
With many a vaunting laugh they swear to tramp the rebels down,  
Their bold array and colors gay make goodly sight to see,  
While tall plumes flutter in the breeze and bugles bray with glee.

What fires are those that flash on high? what shrieks that pierce the air?  
'Tis not the flame of cannon's mouth, or battle trumpets blare;  
Oh Wexford! 'tis thy roofs that blaze, and 'tis thy women's cry,  
Now, up, and grasp thy gory pike, the vengeance hour is nigh.

The morning's light was gleaming bright on many a gliding rill,  
The rising sun was burnishing the slopes of Oulart Hill,  
Then up to strike the foe despised the gleeful Yeomen passed—  
They little dreamt the march that day was fated for their last.

But White and Colonel Foote we know are soldiers of renown,  
They'll surely sweep the rebel horde from Oulart's level crown;  
Like bloodhounds round a wolf at bay, their crimson lines draw nigh;  
"Hurray! Hurray!" the Yeomen shout, "the dastard rebels fly!"

They fly,—but hal! they form again behind their levelled guns,  
And swift along their eager ranks the stern order runs;  
"Now fire, and charge!"—a gleam of flame, the deadly pikes flash free,  
And with a cheer the rebels spring upon the Yeomanry.

Hast seen the storm-cloud gather on Slieve Collin's summit drear,  
And sweep upon the corn-fields in Forth and Shelmaller?  
So swept the maddened peasant bands upon the hated foe,  
And left those vaunting butchers on the red slope, stark and low.

Now ring the joyful tidings far, thro' Bargy and Idrone,  
And rouse the men of Ballincor to battle for their own;  
The thousand hearths made desolate shall well be avenged,  
When Wexford musters on the field her peasant chivalry.

Full many a year has passed away since rang that battle peal,  
Though conquered then, not all in vain flashed forth the Patriot steel,  
And when old Erin needs it, there are hearts that love her still,  
And willing hands in Wexford for another Oulart Hill.  
Montreal, March, 1895.

**THE GRAVE OF GERALD GRIFFIN.**

Upon a breezy hill in the north suburb of Cork stands the fine college of the Christian Brothers. We strolled up the winding avenue, shaded by lofty trees. From the open space before the entrance to the building a beautiful lawn extends to the foot of the gentle slope; and below lies the city, with its rivers and quays, its monastery towers and many church spires.

It was not for the charming view, however, nor yet solely to visit the celebrated school that we had come. Passing the spacious edifice, we followed a secluded path leading down the other side of the lawn to the garden where the Brothers were wont to take their recreation. A stone's throw beyond it is the little cemetery of the Community; a few graves enclosed by iron palings, and marked each with a white wooden Cross, on which is recorded the name in religion of him who there "sleeps in his narrow cell."

The young people went from mound to mound, reading the inscriptions above them. Suddenly they stopped short before a grave differing from the others only in that perchance one might fancy the ivy grew greener and thicker here

and in addition to the white cross there was a small marble tablet bearing a name dear to every lover of Irish romance—the charmed name of Gerald Griffin.

"The brilliant essayist, poet, and novelist of world-wide fame sought only to rest here, in humility and obscurity, among his brothers in Christ," said a visitor. "But the affection of the people, whose joys and sorrows he so well depicted, insisted upon erecting at least this simple memorial. After all, where could be found a fairer tomb than in this monastic garden on the sunny hillside, sheltered from the fierce winds, but swept by the balmy breezes from the south; the trees above filled with the songs of birds; the butterflies flitting by; the Community coming hither for their light-hearted relaxation; their daily prayer for the departed ones, still linked with them by the bonds of charity; the never forgotten *Requiescat* of some Brother, who, when the cares of the day are over, paces the quiet walk saying his rosary?" —*Ave Maria.*

**THE IRISH CROPS IN 1894.**

Official tables have just been issued by the Registrar General showing the extent in statute acres and the produce of Irish crops in the year 1894, these tables being accompanied with the observations of the District-Inspectors of the Royal Irish Constabulary and of the Sergeants of the Metropolitan Police, who acted as Superintendents of the Agricultural Statistics. There are also tables showing the average yearly extent under the principal crops and their average produce in the ten years, 1884-93, as well as bee-keeping statistics for the season of 1893.

Comparing the extents under the several cereal crops in 1894 with those for 1893, there has been a decrease of 10.3 per cent. in the number of acres under wheat, a decrease of 2.5 per cent. in barley, a decrease of 11.4 per cent. in rye, with an increase of 0.5 per cent. in oats. Potatoes have decreased by 61,182 acres, or 7.9 per cent.

The average yield per acre of cereal crops, in 1894, compared with 1893, exhibits an increase in wheat of 0.4 cwt. and in barley of 0.7 cwt. while there is a decrease in oats of 0.1 cwt. in bare of 0.8 cwt. and in rye of 0.5 cwt. In other crops, potatoes show a decrease of 1.6 tons, turnips of 2.8 tons, mangel wurzel and beet of 1.7 tons, and flax of 2.5 stones.

The total produce of wheat in 1894 was 820,490 cwts., being 8.0 per cent under the produce for the preceding year, and 30.5 per cent. under the average for ten years 1884-93. The total quantity of oats was 19,290,995 cwts. being 0.5 per cent. under the produce in 1893. The total quantity of barley was 2,812,679 cwts., being an increase of 1.3 per cent. as compared with the return for 1893. The total produce of potatoes was 1,878,164 tons, being 38.9 per cent. below the yield in 1894, and a decrease equivalent to 38.9 per cent. as compared with the average produce for the ten years 1884-93. The turnip crop was 4,279,494 tons, being 11.7 per cent. under the produce in 1893, and 11.1 per cent. above the average for the ten preceding years: and the total quantity of mangel wurzel and beet-root was 753,182 tons, being 1.4 per cent. less than in 1893.

Flax yielded 21,588 tons, being 30.8 per cent. over the produce in 1893 and 23.8 per cent. above the average quantity for the ten years 1884-93. The produce of hay from clover, sainfoin and grasses under rotation was 1,494,025 tons, showing an increase equal to 18.6 per cent. as compared with the quantity in 1893, while the hay from permanent pasture and grass not broken up in rotation amounted to 3,845,339 tons, or 18.0 per cent. in excess of such produce in 1893.

Tables are also given showing the extent under crops by counties and provinces.

**MAGAZINES.**

**THE CATHOLIC WORLD FOR MARCH.**—The encyclical letter of the Pope to the American Bishops forms the subject of a valuable article by the Very Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, D.D., in the Catholic World Magazine for March. Father Hewit also furnishes a striking commentary on the recent pastoral letter of the American Protestant Bishops. Among the other papers the following will be found to be very interesting: "India Rubber Orthodoxy," by H. A. Adams; "A Modern Iconoclast," by Mary A. Spellian; "The Scope of Public

School Education," by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D.; "A Prince of Scribes," by Vincent D. Rossman; "Is Infanticide Practiced in China?" by A. M. Clarke, and "Sir John Thompson," by J. A. J. McKenna. The poetic contributions of Miss M. T. Waggaman, Walter Lecky, Barnet Suldrige, and Ralph Adams are especially good.

THE ROSARY for the current month contains about the usual amount of interesting reading matter. It is one of our best monthlies, and deserves liberal support.

"The Supremacy of the Spiritual," by Edward Randall Knowles, LL.D.—This is a small volume, made up of a number of poems and an essay on the "Supremacy of the Spiritual."

North American Review, March, 1895.—The leading feature of the March number of the Review is the opening symposium in answer to the question, "Is an Extra Session Needed?" Senator Cushman Kellogg Davis writes on "Two Years of Democratic Diplomacy." Mark Twain's comments of Paul Bourget's criticisms of the United States, which appeared in the January number of the Review, have called forth a spirited rejoinder from Max O'Rell, who takes up the cudgels on behalf of his countryman against the strictures of the American humorist. An interesting and instructive account of the "New Departure in English Taxation" is contributed by Lord Playfair; Elbridge T. Gerry sets forth the reasons why corporal punishment should be revived; the Hon. E. P. Bland contributes a characteristic paper on "The Future of Silver"; and Frank Podmore "What Psychological Research Has Accomplished." Under the caption of "The Old Pulpit and the New," the Rev. Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, LL.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, furnishes a valuable paper in the nature of a commentary on the article on "The New Pulpit," by the Rev. H. B. Haweis, which appeared in the February number of the Review. Three short articles on "Nagging Women" are called forth by Dr. Edson's paper on that subject in the January number. The article entitled "The Truth About Fort Arthur," by Frederic Villiers, the well known war correspondent, is certain to attract wide attention. The third instalment of the "Personal History of the Second Empire," by Albert D. Vandam, author of *An Englishman in Paris*, also appears in the March number.

AFFECTIONATELY IN MEMORY OF MY DEPARTED DAUGHTER, MAGGIE, WIFE OF MICHAEL DELANEY, ESQ. BY JOHN KEENAN.

[The author of this touching poem is a brother of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Michael Keenan.]

kindest of daughters, you have gone to your rest;  
In the mansions of God you are now with the blest.  
You were good, you were true, and so angelic fair,  
All heaven rejoices because you are there.

Mother of God, great ocean of grace,  
Near your throne in the highest give my Maggie a place:  
She will ask for those blessings of Jesus and thee,  
For her mother and brother and sisters and me.

Maggie, my daughter, from heaven look down,  
As we embrace the cold earth of thy green-tinted mound,  
Our hearts they are broken as we weep on the sod,  
But we know you are now with the mother of God.

Oh, Maggie, my daughter, as we draw our last breath,  
Oh, visit us, darling, when leaving this earth,  
And conduct us to heaven to our Mother of Grace,  
Where all is joy, all is love, all is peace.

And your two little orphans, you left here on earth,  
Watch o'er them from heaven till they draw their last breath,  
And your loving lone husband, how oft has he said:  
"Great God, is it true that my Maggie is dead!"

Sleep, Maggie, sleep, with your babe near your breast,  
On the bosom of Mary, forever at rest.  
Be kind to her, Mother, and ask of your Son,  
To be with her in heaven when our days here are done.

715 Crosby Street, CHESTER, PA.

**FATAL RESULT OF DELAY.**

Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless! but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposure to cold. It will save you many painful days and sleepless nights.

**SEVEN YEARS OF SUFFERING**

**THE PECULIAR EXPERIENCE OF A HAMILTON MAN.**

NEURALGIA MADE HIS LIFE MISERABLE—MANY REMEDIES WERE TRIED IN VAIN—AT LAST RELIEF CAME—HOW HE OBTAINED IT.

From the Canadian Evangelist, Hamilton.

A member of the staff of The Canadian Evangelist in conversation recently with Mr. Robert Hetherington, who lives at No. 32 Railway Avenue, found him very outspoken in his admissions as to the benefit he had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and anxious that their good qualities should be made widely known. He is so thankful for the good he received from them that he says he considers it his duty to let others know what Pink Pills have done for him. Mr. Hetherington was a severe sufferer from neuralgia for about seven years. It bothered him very much in the head, arms and legs, and the pain was often so excessive, and the soreness so great that he could scarcely walk. He tried, as a matter of course, to find relief, and in doing so tried many so-called remedies, but none of them were of any benefit to him. In August last his attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he determined to give them a trial, and procuring a supply began their use. In about two weeks he found himself much relieved and found the pains disappearing, and after using Pink Pills for a few weeks longer every vestige of the pain had disappeared, and he was as well as ever. Mr. Hetherington has refrained from making any public statement before, for the reason that he wished to be convinced that his cure was complete, and he is now satisfied upon this point. In reply to a question Mr. Hetherington said he was satisfied that his present condition is due entirely to the use of Pink Pills. Before beginning them he had discontinued other medicines, and when he found them helping him had continued their use until he felt that he was fully cured. He further remarked that he now felt like a new man. "Formerly," said he, "when I got up in the morning I was so stiff and tired that I could hardly walk, while now I get up feeling fresh and ready to go to work. I have not felt any of the pains since last September, and I wouldn't again suffer for one day the pains I formerly endured for the price of twenty boxes of the pills."

Mr. Hetherington is not the only member of the family who has experienced the beneficial results of Pink Pills. One of his daughters, a grown-up young woman, was quite ill for a month or six weeks, and after a course of Pink Pills is again fully restored to health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting the irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink.) They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at fifty cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Garcia, the Cuban bandit, was executed by the government in Havana.

Little Rock, Ark., is to have a \$150,000 match factory.



**MGR. LANGEVIN.**

**THE NEW ARCHBISHOP CONSECRATED TO DAY.**

A despatch from Winnipeg, dated yesterday, tells of the grand ceremony of the consecration of Archbishop Langevin in the following terms:

This day will long be remembered by the Roman Catholics of Manitoba as a day of note in the annals of the Church. With the impressive pomp and ceremony usual on such occasions the Rev. Father Langevin was formally consecrated Archbishop of St. Boniface, and became the head and mouthpiece of the Catholics of Manitoba.

The position is one of great authority and has been one of great influence in the past. It is generally conceded that no more fitting appointment could have been made than that which gives to the universally respected ex-priest of St. Mary's Parish the See of St. Boniface. The Rev. Father Langevin is young to assume the responsibility which the position has thrust upon him and which are its concomitants, but that he is a man of good sense, combining clear conceptions with a broad judgment, much administrative ability and great tact, is admitted, and he should prove a worthy successor to the regretted Archbishop Tache.

The impressive consecration ceremony began at 9.30 this morning, by which time St. Boniface Cathedral was packed to the doors and hundreds of people, even ticket holders, were unable to obtain admission. The Cathedral was elaborately decorated and the service was one of so much beauty and solemnity that it will long be remembered. Archbishop Fabre took the part of the Consecrator and was assisted in this office by Archbishop Duhamel and Bishop Grandin.

The sermon, an eloquent one, was preached by Archbishop Begin. The consecration ritual was closely followed; more than a hundred prelates and clergymen from all parts of America took part, and never before in the history of this country has there been such a distinguished gathering of clergymen.

The ceremony was over shortly after 12 o'clock, when His Grace and party dined at Provencher Academy. At 4 o'clock the newly consecrated Bishop paid his first visit after consecration to his old church, where the parishioners formally received the party. Addresses were read and His Grace made a suitable reply. The sermon was preached by Bishop Gabrielle, and the choir contributed appropriate musical efforts.

The service of Benediction completed the ceremony, which was one of the grandest church spectacles ever witnessed in Winnipeg. Supper was served at the Academy, on Notre Dame street, and in the evening students of St. Boniface College entertained His Grace and party with a musical and dramatic performance.

**PERSONAL.**

Mr. R. J. Cooke, the popular Vice-President of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association, has gone to spend a few days in New York. Usually each year Mr. Cooke pays New York a visit on St. Patrick's Day, and this year he has taken the accustomed holiday. We sincerely wish him a most pleasant trip and an enjoyable sojourn in the great Irish centre of the Empire State.

Mr. William L. Foley, dry-goods, carpets and shoe merchant, of Houston, Texas, who has branch offices in New York city, has been in Montreal on a visit. Mr. Foley is a representative Irish Catholic business man and one whose energy and honesty have won for him the esteem of all his wide circle of acquaintance. The presence of such men in our city brings forcibly to mind that want of Irish Catholic headquarters to which we have often referred in these columns. The necessity of such an establishment is felt by the frequent visits to our hotels, where prominent Irish-Catholics—men high in the different spheres of life—feel themselves strangers in a strange land. It is a credit to our institutions of education to be able to state that many leading business men of the neighboring Republic—men like Mr. Foley—send their children to our religious establishments for the reception of that training and instruction for which our convents and colleges are so famed.

**AN ENJOYABLE ENTERTAINMENT.**

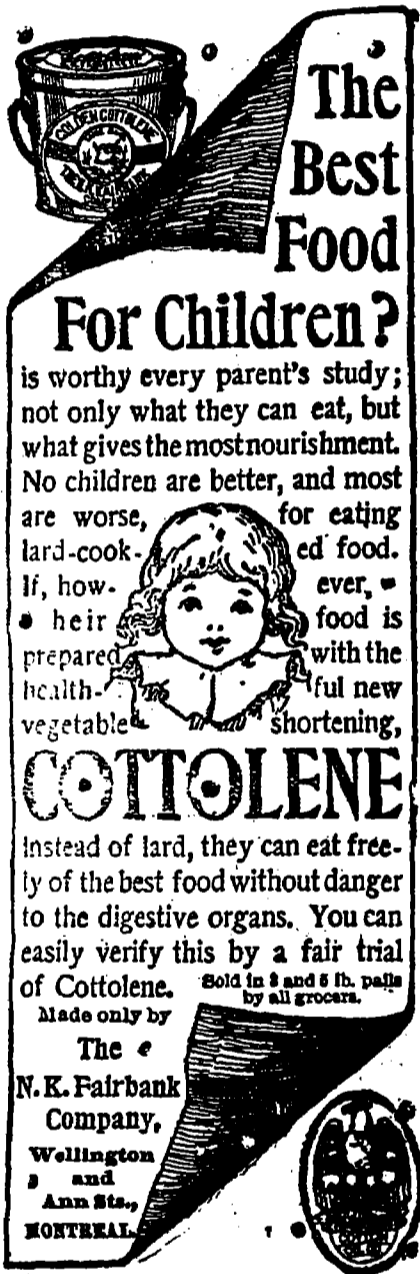
The first concert held by the English-speaking parishioners of St. Jean Baptiste on Rachel street, took place last night, in the hall underneath the church. The hall was crowded to the door. The artists of the evening were among the best of the city. The concert was opened by a short and eloquent address by Mr. J. Patterson.

Among those who took part were Prof. M. Gairk, Master Lyons, Mrs. Villeneuve, Miss Adam, Mr. M. Bride, and others.

During the intermission the Rev. Father McCallen gave an exceedingly humorous and entertaining address.

Perhaps the chief attraction of the evening was the singing of some thirty-five pretty little damsels, pupils of the Sacred Heart Convent, and ranging from 6 to 10 years of age. The splendid singing of the children gave evidence of very careful training on the part of their instructors and considerable ability on the part of the pupils themselves.

The concert was brought to a close by a farce entitled a "Sea of Trouble."



**The Best Food For Children?**

is worthy every parent's study; not only what they can eat, but what gives the most nourishment. No children are better, and most are worse, for eating lard-cooked food. If, however, their food is prepared with the healthful new vegetable shortening, **COTTOLENE** instead of lard, they can eat freely of the best food without danger to the digestive organs. You can easily verify this by a fair trial of Cottolene. Sold in 3 and 5 lb. pails by all grocers. Made only by **The N. K. Fairbank Company, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.**



**CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE**

THE NEW REMEDY For Affections of the Throat, Larynx, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, such as Obsolete Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Chronic Cough, Congestion of the Lungs and Incipient Consumption. There are imitations! The original is made only by **KENNETH CAMPBELL & Co., Montreal**

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**FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC**

**ALWAYS THE DESIRED EFFECT.**

Minerton, O., June 15, '92  
Two boys and a young lady of my congregation were cured by that glorious remedy, Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The young lady had suffered for eight years from epilepsy, having the fits almost daily and oftentimes even several in a single day. Now she is entirely cured and all by the use of this remedy. I herewith refer all sufferers from epilepsy or other nervous troubles to Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, for I know from experience and also hear continually from all sides that it always has the desired effect. **LOUIS GRIMMER, Rector.**

From the Author of the "Short Line to the Roman Catholic Church,"

Cannelton, Ind., September 18, '91  
Some of my people, my teachers as well as myself, are using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the very best results. I recommend it most heartily. **REV. J. W. BOOK.**

**FREE** A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

**KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.**  
49 S. Franklin Street  
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In Montreal by E. LEONARD, 113 St. Lawrence street, and by LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, 1605 1/2 Notre Dame street.

**Kensington Millinery!**

**New Spring Goods NOW READY.**

Our great display will take place in a few days.

**Kensington - Millinery - Rooms,**  
**2350 ST. CATHERINE ST.**  
(Corner of Metcalfe.)  
**GEO. MORRIS, Propr.**

**YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.**

DEAR SIR:—I have something very sad to tell you. It is the death of Mr. Peter Thomas Lennon, of Point St. Charles, a most highly respected young man. He took ill on Saturday the 23rd February, and died on the following Monday. His funeral, which was largely attended, took place on Thursday morning. The service was held in St. Gabriel's Church. Rev. Father O'Meara officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Pelche, a deacon, and Rev. Father Kelly, as sub-deacon. The church was appropriately draped for the occasion, and the singing very impressive and beautiful.

It is a hard trial for his bereaved parents; still their cup of sorrow is mingled with consoling drops, for Peter was a most loving, pious, and dutiful son; he had lived a perfect stranger to dangerous places or pleasures, and never contracted any of those habits that enslave so many of his years. His death was the echo of his life. When told his recovery was despaired of, he said, "I am resigned to the will of God; I will

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**Spring and Summer Mantles, Jackets and Canes**

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die happy," and so he did. At five o'clock on Tuesday morning death settled on him like a tranquil slumber, so peaceful was his end. May our death be like his. But such a death is assured only by such a life, and to encourage ourselves to live thus, let us remember that the pleasure of dying without pain is well worth the pain of living without pleasure.

**THOMAS P. GLEESON.**  
Montreal, March 4, 1895.  
[Many thanks to our contributor for this kind and sympathetic notice.]

Mr. EDITOR.—A rather humorous incident occurred at our last meeting of the J. Y. M. Mr. A. O'L., in answer to the roll-call, said "rats," (quoting again from Shakespeare, the author indicated at previous meeting.) The secretary objected and said, "it is too short," when A. O'L. immediately added; "And thereby hangs a tail." Although all knew he did not mean it as a tail to his first quotation; nor as an allusion to the rat's tail, nor the tale of Polonius' death, nor the tail of Fogarty's dog's tail, which you know is the longest tail you ever heard, yet the company smiled, but the proceedings went on.

**HAMLET.**  
Montreal, March 4th, 1895.  
[We advise "Hamlet" to keep on studying Shakespeare, and to cultivate his humor; some day the critics may find that his productions are truly "rough on rats."]

DEAR WILL,—Do you remember some time ago I gave you an account of our "football accident and Pigskin college?" Well, the "clouds of misfortune have rolled away," and the prospects are as bright as ever. At a recent meeting of the "Ways and Means Committee" it was decided that the ill-fated balloon should be repaired for the coming season, and that no expense should be spared to thoroughly renovate it and put it in its normal condition.

**JOE.**  
[We hope that Joe will have an enjoyable season of football, but we advise him to try and introduce some less rough and brutal play than that which characterized recent matches in America.]

**House and Household.**

**USEFUL RECIPES.**

**THE BEST LEMONADE.**

The new method of making lemonade is to pour water that has been allowed to come to the boiling point over the lemons and sugar, then put it on ice to cool. To make each quart use the juice of three lemons, an eighth of a pound of powdered sugar and a scant quart of water.

**FROZEN TEA AND COFFEE.**

Frozen tea as well as cafe trappe will be found on table at many afternoon teas. The latter is particularly delicious if made with gelatine, to form a coffee jelly, then mixed with whipped cream and frozen. It will be found to be very smooth and rich. Of course it should be well sweetened.

**ALMOND HORSE RADISH SAUCE.**

Blanch and chop very fine twenty-four Jordan almonds. Press from the vinegar four tablespoonfuls of horse radish; add to it the yolk of one egg, half a teaspoonful of salt, and the almonds; mix well, and then stir in one cup of whipped cream, that is, one cup after it is whipped.

**SOUP CRECY.**

Take three good-sized carrots, scrape and cut into small dice. Cook in boiling salted water two hours. Press through a strainer, put in a double boiler three cupfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one-half saltspoonful of pepper; boil five minutes, then pour over the grated carrot. Put all through a fine puree sieve and return to the double boiler. Blend smoothly a table-spoonful of flour with a little cold water; add to the soup, and stir until it thickens. Serve with croutons.

**OYSTER CATSUP.**

For oyster catsup take one quart of oysters, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and same of mace, one teacupful of cider vinegar and one teacupful of sherry. Chop the oysters and boil in their own liquor with a teacupful of vinegar, skimming the scum as it rises. Boil three minutes, strain through a hair cloth, return the liquor to the fire, add the wine, pepper, salt and mace. Boil fifteen minutes, and when cold bottle for use, sealing the corks.

**FASHION AND FANCY.**

The new veils for spring and summer have arrived. They show greater variety of colors and dots than ever before.

The first novelty is an almost invisible camel's hair mesh, dotted with chenille. The sizes of the dots and their frequency vary a great deal. There is the tiny dot, scarcely more than a pin's head, set very closely together. Then there are the larger dots, which recur at very infrequent intervals, and between these two extremes there are several different designs.

Besides the black veils there are light brown ones, to match the popular shades that will be in the spring costumes, and there are also brown dots on black meshes.

It is quite the thing in Paris to match the veil to the costume, and to introduce the fashion here there is a large importation of veilings in the beautiful Dahlia and heliotrope shades, dotted with white chenille. The bluet blue veilings were a novelty last season, but they are in vogue again this year, since this color has taken such a hold on popular favor that it will be almost as much in evidence as it was in the autumn.

Young women especially will follow this fashion of matching veils to costumes, for they can never have too many of these becoming trifles, nor find them too varied.

A fashion that has been very popular abroad is being taken up here to a certain extent, although it has, as yet, found few enthusiastic followers. That is the bordered veils, Brussels or Malines

net, with an embroidered border of black or butter color. These veils are growing in favor, and there has been a call for them already.

These novelties are supplemented by what may be known as the standard veilings, which sell by the quantity all the year round.

**ARE YOU  
CLEANSED?**

**WITHOUT CLEAN-  
ING THERE IS NO  
TRUE LIFE.**

**PURE BLOOD MEANS HEALTH  
AND STRENGTH.**

Paine's Celery Compound,  
the World's Best Spring  
Medicine. "Makes  
People Well."

In Spring time nature commences to don a fresh attire. She puts on new garments and decks herself with fresh beauties. She throws aside the dull and dead condition of winter with its accumulated impurities, and is infused with a new and vigorous life.

In like manner, at this season, should all men and women banish the weights and burdens of impurities with which the system is filled. The blood is filled and clogged with poison and disease; the nerves are weak; the muscles are flabby and relaxed. The whole system is like a disordered house; it requires cleansing and setting in order, that all the machinery may work safely and harmoniously.

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**SCENERY OF IRELAND.**

Mr. Alfred Austin, a well-known English literary man, has recently returned from a visit to Ireland and written a singularly able and graphic account of his journeyings. He was especially taken with the scenery of the country, and this is a bit from his description of Killarney:

"But the first, the final, the deepest and most enduring impression of Killarney is that of beauty, unspeakably tender, which puts on at times a garb of grandeur for a look of awe, only in order to heighten, by passing contrast, the sense of soft insinuating loveliness. How the missel thrushes sing, as well they may! How the streams and runnels gurgle and leap and laugh. For the sound of journeying water is never out of your ears, the feeling of the moist, the fresh, the vernal, never out of your heart. My companion agreed with me that there is nothing in England or Scotland as beautiful as Killarney, meaning by Killarney its lakes, its streams, its hills, its vegetation; and if mountain, wood and water, harmoniously blent, constitute the most perfect of adequate loveliness that nature presents, it surely must be owned that it has all the world over no superior.

"To portray scenery by language is not possible, often as the feat has been attempted in our time. The utmost that one can do is to convey an impression of beauty or grandeur or picturesqueness; and one could but use familiar epithets and adjectives to but little purpose were one to attempt to depict in words what one saw on Long Island, Muckross Abbey, at Torc Waterfall, in the Lower Lake, the Upper Lake, the Long range, or what one gazed out on at Glengarriffe, where we found tea and Irish slim cakes provided for us in a sitting room, silently eloquent of the taste and refinement of its absent mistress. Equally futile would it be to try to describe the eight hours' drive from Killarney to Glengarriffe by Kenmare bay. I can only say to everybody, 'Do not die without taking it. As for Glengarriffe, I scarcely know how any one who goes there ever leaves it. For my part, I have been there ever since. It is a heaven of absolute beauty and perfect rest.'

"I was again struck by the superiority of Irish scenery to its reputation, when, passing round from West to South, I found myself on the Blackwater. What Englishman has not seen Warwick Castle, and to whom are its romantic position and imposing aspect not household talk? How many Englishmen have seen or even heard of Lismore? To my surprise and shame, I suddenly discovered that Lismore—concerning which I shall be bound to say most persons, if interrogated, would reply, 'Lismore! Lismore! it belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, does it not?—is much more beautiful than Warwick, and almost as picturesque.

"No country is beautiful throughout, but I cannot agree with the opinion I have heard expressed so frequently that the center of Ireland is ugly. For my part, I have yet to see an ugly country where it still remains country; and I cannot understand how any rural tract can be otherwise than enchanting to the eye, that has ample color in the foreground and the middle distance, and boasts a mountain horizon alike in Queen's county, in King's county and in Westmeath; the Slieve Bloom mountains are really out of sight, and I observed more than once, in the light and shade of their ample folds, effects of color such as I had hitherto seen only in Italy."

"My parting exhortation, therefore, naturally is—'Go to Ireland, and go often.' It is a delightful country to travel in. Doubtless the Irish have their faults; I suppose we all have. Ireland never had, like England, like most of Scotland, like France, like Germany, like Spain, the advantages of Roman discipline by which their inhabitants are still influenced far more than they dream of. Ireland, no doubt, is a little undisciplined; for it has remained tribal and provincial, with the defects as with the virtues of a tribal race. But the only way to enjoy either countries or people is to take them as they are, and not when you travel to carry your own *imorimatur* about with you. There is no true understanding without sympathy and love, and Ireland has not been loved enough by Englishmen, or by Irishmen either."—*Indianapolis Catholic Record.*

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D. MARSOLAIS, M. D.

Lavaltrie, December 17th, 1885.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Felix de Valois.

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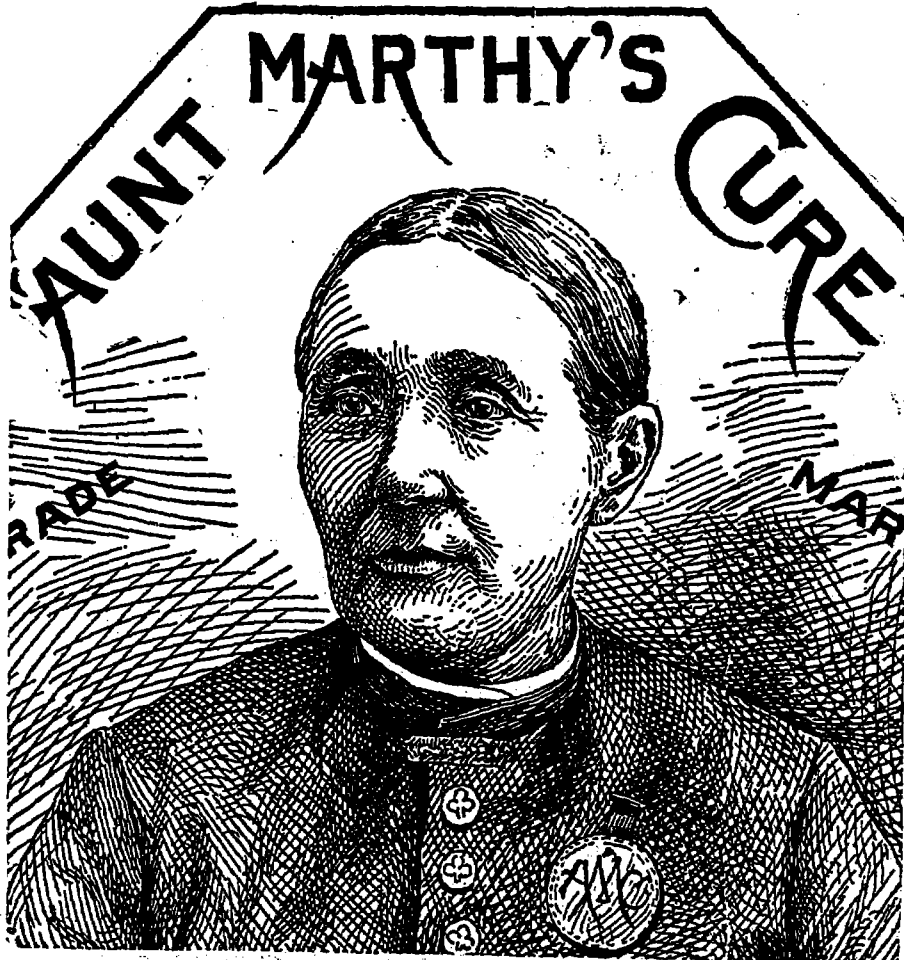


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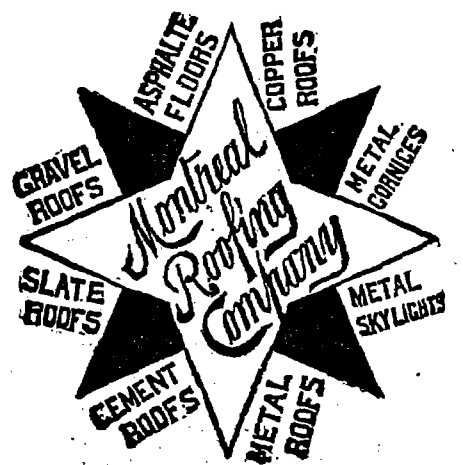
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**NOTICE.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next Session, for an act to incorporate a Company to construct and operate a railway or tramway from some point on the north-eastern limit of the County of Vercheres, Province of Quebec, through the County of Chambly to a point on the western limit of the County of Laprairie, parallel with the St. Lawrence River; and from some point on the above described line at or near St. Lambert, in the County of Chambly, to a point in or near the Town of St. John, County of St. John, Province of Quebec; said railway or tramway system running through the several villages and parishes on its route or connecting the same by branches; with power to connect said system with railway or tramway line on the north bank of said St. Lawrence River by a general traffic bridge on said river at Montreal; also with power to develop and utilize one or more water powers in the Chambly River, and to generate, rent, sell, distribute and dispose of electricity, electrical power and hydraulic power, for any purpose whatsoever, and for other purposes.

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