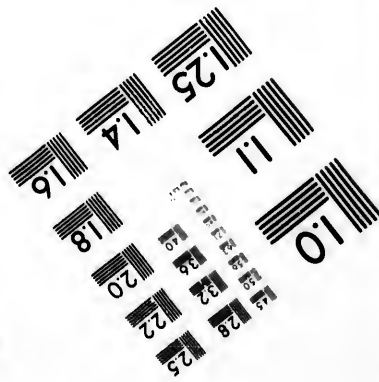
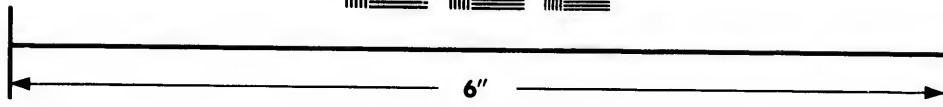
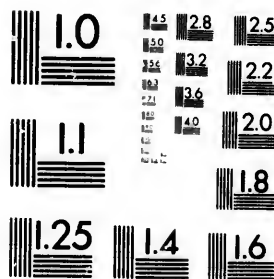


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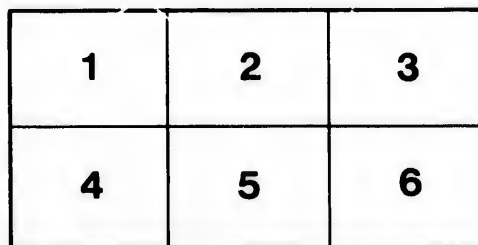
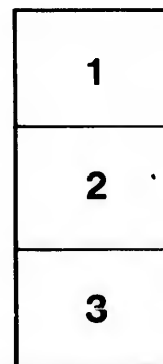
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TO

His Grace the Right Reverend Edward Charles Fabre,
ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL.

May it Please Your Grace to grant to an ancient Missionary of Canada and the United States, the favour of deposing at your feet, a little discourse in pamphlet form, on the heroic FAITH OF THE IRISH PEOPLE, to whose forefathers God deigned to send the great apostle Saint Patrick to announce the good tidings, as He has pleased likewise to make use of Saint Remi to convert to the Franks, the glorious forefathers of the French Canadians, in the person of Clovis and his noble Franks. Your grace has zealously followed the foot, steps of your venerable predecessors, Lartigue and Bourget, in granting the the Irish people all the facilities and protection for the full development of their Holy Faith ; deign then to become the kind patron of this little work, written solely for the increase and triumph of our common Faith. How little so ever this humble homage may be, knowing your ardent zeal and great love for the propagation of our holy Faith, I come with confidence to present it to your grace ; you will not despise the glory of the Irish people, their faith, and if the execution remains beneath the magnificence of the grand theme ; your grace will condescend to imitate the goodness of the Queen of Heaven, who receives with an equal indulgence the diamonds which a royal and princely hand deposes in her sanctuaries and the simple flowers of the mountains, with which the hand of the herdsman decorates her rustic altars.

I have the honor of remaining, with the most profound respect,

Your Grace's most humble and obedient servant,

JOSEPH QUINN,

Clergyman.



IMPRIMATUR :
6 die Juli, 1892.

L. D. A. MARECHAL, CAN., V. G.



PREFACE.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY ORATION.

DELIVERED BY REV. JOSEPH QUINN,

[*Ancient Missionary of Canada and the United States, on the 17th March, 1892.*]

Before an Immense and very refined Audience of Seven Different Nationalities.

The eloquent Orator electrified his audience, from the commencement of his superb and magnificent discourse. The multitude grew patriotically enthusiastic, as the Orator waxed passionate in the profound discriminating historical thought of his theme, and wild applause greeted him throughout, as his splendid voice sonorously concluded a passionate appeal to the glory of Ireland or the weird lamentation of her multiplied injustices and national wrongs. It was a unique discourse, and one long to be remembered, as well for its historical quaintness, as for the learning of the rev. author. It was a peerless speech, and one to be long recorded ; unique and original in its composition ; such a discourse should not be left pass by into oblivion ; hence at the urgent request of many friends, the rev. author has reluctantly consented to have this marvellous production of genius, impressed in pamphlet form, and thus perpetuated to future generations as an enduring tribute to the genius and eloquence of its renowned author. We hope the public will regard this production in its true light, and give to it the serious contemplation, that such a profound production necessarily calls for. The author is not a volatile writer, he swings a trenchant pen ; he is not a trivial thinker, but a profound one. Therefore the perusal of this little pamphlet, will require more than ordinary intelligence and historical discrimination. That this work may be a source of intellectual pleasure, usefulness to others, and contribute to the glory of God, which the rev. author would feign have it be, is the sincere hope of him who has the distinguished honor of introducing to the public gaze this paragon of historical learning and varied profound erudition, the Rev. Joseph Quinn, Ancient Missionary of Canada and the United States.



REV. JOSEPH QUINN.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY ORATION.

—DELIVERED BY—

REVEREND JOSEPH QUINN,
Ancient Missionary of Canada and the United States,

Before an immense and very refined audience of seven
different Nationalities.

MARCH 17th, 1892.

Μνημονεύετε τῶν ἡγουμένων ὑμῶν, οἵτινες ἐλάλησαν ὑμῖν
τὸν λόγον τοῦ Θεοῦ, μὴ μείσατε τὴν πίστιν.
Διδαχαῖς ποικίλαις καὶ ξέναις μὴ περιφύρεσθε,
τὸ κεφάλαιον τρισκαὶ δέκατεν ἐν τοῖς ἑβραίοις,
ἑβδομος καὶ ἑννατος στίχοι.
ἐμοὶ φίλτατοι ἀδελφοί

Mementote præpositorum vestrorum, qui vobis locuti sunt verbum Deis, imitami-
mini fidem—doctrinis variis et peregrinis non abduci.—Heb. c. XIII, v. 7, 9.

Remember your Prelates, who have spoken the Word of God to you,—whose
faith follow,—and be not led away with various and strange doctrines.—Heb. c. XIII.,
v. 7, 9.

DEAR BRETHREN,—Accustomed as I have always been, in my various
Missions, to announce the Word of God, to the poor, simple and good people
of the country, ever eager to listen to the Christian doctrine, and finding
myself, on this ever memorable occasion, before an audience of the highest
learning, science and eloquence, I begin to feel almost intimidated; but I
believe that you, yourselves, have never been called to address a similar and
so extraordinary assembly; so I feel more consoled and encouraged to acquit
myself of this mighty difficult task, by the intimate conviction that you
have of the position, and that you will deign overlook any little blemish
you may perceive in this interesting subject, and favour me with your kind
attention and indulgence. Now please, permit me, to remark to you, that
the three learned and eloquent orators, who have just preceded me, have
been so diligent, that they have gleaned almost everything in this field that I
have to pass over, and that they have scarcely left me anything to reap! but
I must only do my utmost, and content myself with little, although I should

wish to give you more, better and the very best. But who knows but perhaps I might have good fortune, by my perseverance and energy, like the nice, poor little Moabitess Ruth, who obtained as a favour to be allowed to follow the steps of the Reapers in the field of Booz; and she did so from morning till evening, and beating with a rod, and threshing what she had gleaned, she found about the measure of an ephi of barley, that is three bushels, and so it was the Divine will that she so charmed this rich Israelite Booz, that he married her; and by these two the seed of King David was preserved, through whom was to be born the Saviour of the world, because Booz was David's great grand-father, and you know the Scripture says: Ruth gave birth to Obed, King David's father.

When the Almighty God selects Men, to be the extraordinary Messengers of His Councils, Oracles of His Wisdom, Instruments of His Grace, and Channels of His boundless Mercies, He confers on them, those wonderful gifts, talents and virtues that are requisite to qualify them, for the execution of His orders, and for that accomplishment of the grand designs of His all-ruling Providence! thus He qualified Moses, Aaron and the Prophets in the Old Law, and the twelve Apostles in the New, for the solemn embassy, and the heavenly commission, on which He was pleased to send them; He invested them with every power they stood in need of, in order to discharge the duties of their Ministry with success; He communicated to them all the eminent gifts and talents that were necessary to enable them to encounter the difficulties, and surmount all the obstacles, which stood in their way, and which attended the due execution of the high commission they were charged with. Among the many other renowned characters and remarkable instances of this truth, we may justly rank St. Patrick, the glorious Apostle and Patron of Ireland, whose feast the Church solemnises this Day. When the Lord, in His great goodness, singled him out for the grand work of the conversion of the Irish Nation, to the Christian and Catholic Religion, when He sent him as an instrument of His divine mercy, to announce the mystery of the Cross, to our Ancestors, and to enlighten a People, who, as the Scripture expresses it, were sitting in darkness and the gloomy shades of death, He qualified him also in every respect, for the arduous enterprise, and made him at once a most zealous Apostle, and an illustrious Saint, that he might diffuse the light of the Gospel all over Ireland, by his indefatigable zeal, and establish the spirit of the Gospel, by his eminent sanctity; it will be under these two considerations that I intend to represent Saint Patrick to you, at present, as a precious vessel of election and model of Christian perfection; he rooted-up infidelity and planted Catholicity in Ireland; he banished vice and immorality, and promoted the practice of true piety and solid virtue, both by his word and example: such is the plan of the following discourse.

The Scripture informs us that the Saviour of the World retired into a desert, and prepared Himself by prayer, and by a rigorous fast of forty days and forty nights, before He entered upon His mission of preaching the Gospel and reclaiming sinners from their evil ways; in like manner the most authentic historians of St. Patrick's life, informs us that this faithful disciple and follower of Jesus Christ our Lord, spent several years in preparing himself, by fasting and praying, before he entered upon the sacred functions of the Apostolic Ministry. That he might preach the Gospel with fruit to others, and draw their souls more effectually to the love and service of God, he first began to preach to himself, to regulate his interior, to cultivate the vineyard of his own soul, and to treasure-up lessons of solid piety and true virtue in his mind. Such was the delicacy and tenderness of his conscience, that he accuses himself in his own writings, which are called his confessions, that he was rather tardy and remiss in not having begun at an earlier period, to love the Lord his God above all things and with his whole heart from the very first instant that the use of reason rendered him capable of paying his Creator this tribute which is so justly due to his sovereign Majesty on a thousand titles; hence he tells us that he could not refrain from weeping for his past neglect, whenever he recollected that his heart had been, even for a single moment, insensible and void of divine love. Herein he imitated the piety of the penitent Augustin, who thought that he could never sufficiently bewail and regret every day, every hour, every minute of his past life, which had not been filled-up with acts of divine love, and who, in order to clear off the long arrears of love, which on account of his former neglect, appeared to be still due by him, made it his constant study, ever after, to redouble his love for God all the days of his life, and labored with indefatigable zeal, to kindle flames of divine love in the hearts of every Christian, crying-out for this reason, in the fervour of his soul: O Beauty ever ancient and ever new! O sovereign Good O! inexhaustible Source of all sweetness and perfection! too late, too late, alas! have I begun to love Thee, O that I could begin my course over again. that every moment of my life might be filled with tokens and proofs of my love for thee my God and my all. Saint Patrick was born the year of Our Lord three hundred and seventy-one; his family name is Succat; the name of Patrick was given to him after his consecration in Rome, as an honorary title, such as that of the Roman Patricians; his grandfather's name is Potit; his father's name is Calphurnius; his mother's name is Conchessa; she was related to Saint Martin, the renowned Bishop of Tours in France: different Nations claim him for their countryman. Some historians affirm that he was born at Bonaven, believed to be a burg of Kill-Patrick in Scotland, near the mouth of the river Clyde, between Dunbirton and Glasgow; others pretend he was a Frenchman: his relations lived in France; he studied nine

years in the Monastery of Lerins in France; he visited the Bishop of Auxerre in France, and was under the tuition of St. Martin, Bishop of Tours in France; the legend of the Roman Breviary reads that he was born in Great Britain; but you will all admit with me, that the Irish Nation has the best of all rights to claim St. Patrick, and we will not suffer any other nation to claim him as he spent sixty-one years in Ireland, labouring constantly for the conversion of Ireland, and died, and was buried in Down, Ireland. Whilst he was on a certain day, in the sixteenth year of his age, putting-up his fervent prayers to Heaven, in a retired place, situated near the borders of the sea, he was surprised by a set of barbarian pirates, who then infested the British coasts, and was suddenly carried off from his family and native country, and brought captive into Ireland, the very land which he was afterwards to deliver from the darkness of infidelity and from the dismal captivity of Satan. Admire here, my brethren, the wonderful ways of Divine Providence! we read in the book of Genesis, that the Patriarch Joseph, by a disposition of Providence, was carried off in his youthful days from his native country, and sold as a slave in Egypt, that he might be the means of relieving the Egyptians afterwards, in the hour of distress, and supplying both them and his own father's household, with the necessaries of life, during the continuance of a dreadful famine that raged over that land for the space of seven years; by a similar disposition of the same Divine Providence, about the decline of the fourth century, the virtuous and pious youth Patrick was stolen from his parents, and carried off and sold as a common slave to Melcho, a petty Prince, in the County of Antrim, that by being inured to hardships and by being well acquainted with the language and manners of the natives of Ireland, he might be better qualified to undertake the great work of their conversion at a future period and become the happy means of supplying both them and the churches of his own native country with a sufficient number of zealous clergymen and competent missionaries who would break the heavenly bread of the Word of God to the little ones, and nourish their souls with the food of eternal life, in the days of their spiritual famine and distress. Thus it happened that Patrick whom Heaven had destined to become one day a great pastor of souls in Ireland, was previously employed in the low and painful servitude of feeding cattle on the mountains and in forests where he was for considerable time, constantly exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and the rigors of poverty, hunger and nakedness; far however, from repining at his despicable situation, far from murmuring or complaining of the dispensations of Providence, far from flying in the face of God, as numbers of the distressed and suffering poor of our times unhappily do whereby they not only loose the merit and remard of their afflictions and crosses, but likewise exposed themselves to the manifest

danger of becoming slaves to satan hereafter after having been drudges and slaves to sin in this world. Patrick, I say, far from pursuing so criminal a line of conduct, made a virtue of necessity, and carried his cross and bore his severe trials with patience and resignation for the love of his blessed Redeemer Jesus Christ. His sufferings were, of course, to him a source of heavenly benedictions, and served only to furnish him with daily opportunities of practicing the virtues of humility, meekness, obedience and submission to the holy will of God. Now, as we read in the second book of Machabees, chapter the XVth, verse the 40th, for as it is hurtful to drink always wine or always water, but pleasant to use sometimes the one and sometime the other, so if the speech be always nicely framed it will not be grateful to the readers, I thought I would relate a little anecdote to you. Some thirty years ago a missionary father was giving a retreat to the men of St. Patrick's Church, in Montreal, and amongst the other important remarks he made to them was one concerning the manner they should bear with one another's faults, in their families, with their wives, in fine. bear their crosses, and to elucidate his subject he said: I had recently married a young couple, Michael and Bridget, but they were not long married when Michael came to me to complain of Bridget and relate all his crosses, and said that his heart was fairly broken. I advised him in the best manner I could, and told him, my good man just carry your crosses, So when Michael had returned home it was not long when Bridget began as usual, to scold Michael, and call him all the bad names she could think of, and the worst was not bad enough. At this Michael recalled to his mind the good advice he had received from his pastor that he should carry his cross; so he caught Bridget by the two arms and swung her upon his back, walking hither and thither with Bridget upon her back, crying out: "I must carry my cross; the priest told me; I must carry my cross; oh! for God's sake." Michael, cried out Bridget, "let me down; I will never do it again." "Oh! I cannot; the priest told me; I must carry my cross." So when Michael had carried his cross to his heart's content and Bridget had been all exhausted Michael laid down his cross, and Bridget behaved ever after a good and kind wife. But, as you are aware, this is not the way Christ wishes us to carry our cross, nor the way the saints have shown us; but we are to pray to God for grace to endure patiently one another's faults and unite our crosses with Christ's sufferings, and acquire thereby a crown of glory with Christ and his saints. "If you wish to be my disciples," says Christ, "take up your cross and follow me." If we suffer with Christ, say Saint Paul, we will be glorified with Christ. But to return to St. Patrick, whilst he thus discharged every exterior duty belonging to his state with cheerfulness and attended to the cattle of his earthly master with the vigilance, assiduity and activity of a faithful servant, his conversation was

mostly in heaven, for he united contemplation with action, and in the midst of his daily employments he took care to elevate his heart frequently to God by pious aspirations and short, but devout and fervent prayers. It is related in his life that he was accustomed to adore God on his bended knees no less than a hundred times in the day and in the night, by which means the love of God continually inflamed his tender heart more and more, and acquired every day new strength in his affectionate soul. No sooner was he released from his bondage than the designs of Providence began to be manifested. for he felt the strongest impressions from heaven to undertake the glorious work of converting the Irish Nation without any further delay. Any other motive than the greater honor and glory of God could never have induced him to undertake so arduous an enterprise and so difficult a work as the general conversion of an entire nation, where vice was authorized by practice, and impiety strengthened by custom. The saints Albee, Declau, Tbar, and Kiaran had preached the Gospel in Ireland before Palladius. Palladius being a bishop, was the first who formed the plan of converting the Irish Nation to Christianity ; but having met with violent opposition he converted but few, and departed in a short time. The general conversion of Ireland was reserved for St. Patrick, who having traveled into Gaul and Italy for the purpose of acquiring a competent stock of sacred learning, chiefly under the tuition of his uncle, St. Martin, the renowned Bishop of Tours, in France, was promoted to Holy Orders, and received his episcopal consecration and lawful mission from the successor of St. Peter the Apostle, Pope Celestine, in the year of Our Lord four hundred and thirty-two. He did not intrude himself into the ministry without a true vocation. He did not presume to exercise the sacred functions of the priesthood without being regularly ordained. He did not attempt of his own accord to dogmatize or turn preacher and teacher without a proper mission, like unto the False Prophets of Old Law, who, as the Scripture complains, came without being sent, and preaching, thus speaketh the Lord, whereas the Lord said : I did not speak, or like unto the New Gospels and fanatics of these latter ages, who are called by Our Lord wolves in the clothing of sheep, and who force themselves into the sheep-fold without any mission, either extraordinary from God, like that of the Apostles mentioned in the Scriptures, or ordinary, from the pastors of the Church by the imposition of hands, like that spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles, St. Paul to Timothy, chapter the fifth, verse the twenty-second. And again, St. Paul speaks thus in his second epistle, verse the sixth, to his beloved Timothy, whom he consecrated Bishop of the Church of God : " For which cause I admonish thee that thou stir up the grace of God, which is thee by the imposition of my hands. No, my brethren, St. Patrick came to Ireland duly called, sent and authorized to preach the Ancient

Faith, originally taught by the Apostles, to plant the Catholic religion and open the fountains of salvation, grace and mercy to sinners. No sooner did he land at Wicklow with about twenty fellow-laborers and zealous assistants, than he began to weed, to plant, to water and cultivate the new vineyard of Christ. But how did he complete his designs? Ah! he knew well the divine secret of St. Paul: "I planted, Apollo watered, but God gives the increase; except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city he watcheth in vain that keepeth it, psalm 26th, v. 1, 2." Without me you can do nothing, says Christ. St. Patrick placed his confidence in God, and as he was a man of piety, recollection and prayer, he possessed the art of converting sinners, of softening their hearts, of subduing all the powers of their souls, and infusing more virtue into them than a more learned man, with all his empty science would be able to do, for though a man of extensive knowledge may argue, convince and charm others with his eloquence, yet, if the spirit of piety be extinguished in his heart, he is no better than a sounding trumpet, or a tinkling cymbal—*ossonaus, cymbalum tinnieus*—(St. Paul, first Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter thirteenth, verse the first) though he should speak the language of Men and Angles. These maxims were the plan of St. Patrick's conduct, and this I call the magnetism of St. Patrick, and by these means he had the happiness to gain over innumerable Proselytes. He appeared with undaunted courage at the general Assembly of the Kings and States of Ireland, which was held every year at Tara (East Meath) the residence of the Chief King, who was styled the Monarch of the whole Nation. Brethren, let us pause here a little and admire this Royal, Majestic and imposing assembly of the Kings, Heathen Druid priests and people of Ireland preparing to meet St. Patrick and harken with the greatest reverence to the divine oracles of grace, mercy and consolation that flowed from his blessed lips. This is the battle-field of our Irish Catholicity, as well as of our Irish Nationality. They must conquer or fail; but fail they cannot in the hands of St. Patrick. He could say: *veni, vidi, vici*, as Cæsar of old: I came; I saw; I conquered. What did he do and say? He took the three-leaved Shamrock in his hand and showed it to the Kings. Heathen Druid priests and the people of Ireland and that Shamrock, in the hands of St. Patrick, was the emblem of the baptism of our Irish Nationality. Then with the same three-leaved Shamrock he proved to them the Trinity and Unity; the Unity and Trinity of God; and he said: This first leaf is a Shamrock, this second leaf is a Shamrock, and this third leaf is a Shamrock, and still these three leaves make but one and the same Shamrock; so in God, there are three divine persons, the Father is God, the first person; the Son is God, the second person, and the Holy Ghost is God the third person, but still the three divine persons make but one and the same God, and this

Shamrock was then and ever after the emblem of the baptism of our Irish Catholicity, and ever since the Irish people glory in that dear little Shamrock, as the emblem of their Religion and Nationality, both of which they received on that ever memorable day through Saint Patrick. Now that dear little Shamrock is very significative; it is a sign, an emblem of something spiritual, a mysterious little emblem; speak little Shamrock. What dost thou represent? I represent Irish Catholicity and Irish Nationality; I represent the Church of God, Militant on Earth, Suffering in Purgatory, and Triumphant in Heaven. I represent the doctrine of Catholicity; one Faith, one Lord, one Baptism; I represent the Divine Virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity; I represent Irish Patriotism, Love of Creed, Love of Country, and Love of Race; and our own Immortal Tom Moore, in his gem-like Irish Melodies, presents us the Shamrock as the token of Love. Oh! the loving and warm hearts of Ireland's Sons and Daughters for Ireland; and the token of Valor, was there ever a more valiant General, Officer, or Soldier, than an Irishman on the field of battle? I never heard of an Irishman running away from the enemy, or the roaring canon, did you? And the Shamrock is a token of genuine Irish wit, the Irishman is proverbial for his keen genuine wit. Oh! the Shamrock! the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock! the chosen leaf of Bard and Chief, old Erin's native Shamrock! The shining virtues of St. Patrick's life were more powerful and persuasive arguments, than the most elegant discourses. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the labours and fatigues, he underwent in the course of sixty-one years, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls; he travelled through all the Provinces of Ireland, rooting-up vice, and planting virtue, wherever he went. Like another Elias, he burned with zeal for the Lord God of Hosts, (3 Kings, c. xix. v. 10), so that he might truly say with the Royal Prophet, psalm the sixty-eight, the zeal of thy House has eaten me up, and has made me pine away. Nothing gave him more pain, than to see the Great God offended, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to see him loved, praised and adored. He bewailed the gross errors of Idolatry and Superstition, in which he found thousands of the inhabitants of Ireland enveloped at the time of his arrival, but glory be to God, his sorrow was soon changed into inexpressible joy. For the most obdurate hearts were mollified by his instructions, the greatest sinners cast themselves at his feet, and began to deplore their past crimes, with tears of bitterness, and numberless multitudes cried out for Baptism, and embraced the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Faith, which Saint Patrick announced to them. In short, he dispersed the darkness of Infidelity, by the brilliant rays of his sanctity, and by the ardour of zeal and piety, he made truth and virtue triumph over error and immorality. It is recorded of him that he founded over three hundred Churches, ordained near three thousand Priests, consecrated a great

number of Bishops, and established seven hundred religious houses, wherein thousands of the faithful devoted themselves entirely to the divine service, and aspired to the very summit of Christian perfection, by a regular observance of the three Evangelical Counsels, in so much that this land was deservedly styled, the Island of Saints, when Saint Patrick finished his glorious career, in the hundred and twentieth year of his age, and in the four hundred and ninety-third year of Our Lord. During the three succeeding centuries, whilst the greater part of Europe was overspread with inundations of Pagan Goths and Vandals, the youth of all parts of Europe flocked into Ireland to acquire learning, piety and virtue, because Ireland was then a nursery of piety, a school of virtue, and a seminary of learning, and abounded with a long train of illustrious Saints, who derived the streams of their sanctity from the great Apostle Saint Patrick, and who, like so many shining stars in the firmament of Heaven, illumined several parts of the Continent, with the light of the Gospel, and the splendor of their virtues. It is true indeed, that in the ninth century, Ireland was, in her turn, infested by successive swarms of heathen Danish Barbarians, who made her feel the grievances, that followed the invasion of the sanctuary and the demolition of the Roman Empire in other countries, yet it is glorious for her, that she conquered these Danish enemies, and banished them from her shores. But notwithstanding all the various resolutions of nature, all the diabolical persecutions of Henry the Eighth, Queen Elizabeth, and Cromwell, all the unjust laws enacted directly, in order to extinguish the Catholic Faith of the Irish people, a price being awarded for the head of a Catholic Priest, that of a Catholic School master, and the Catholic child authorized to inherit his father's property, if he would renounce his faith; in spite of all these persecutions, unjust laws, the self same Holy Roman Catholic Religion, which was planted in Ireland by Saint Patrick, thirteen hundred and thirty-eight years ago, and which was uniformly professed by our pious Ancestors, ever since, has been carefully transmitted down to the people of Ireland, and their descendants, whole and entire, unchanged and uncorrupted, and is still professed by them, in all its pristine beauty, and primitive purity. You remember how Divine Providence made use of the very enemies of the Christian Religion, the Romans, as instruments, for its rapid diffusion all over the then vast Roman Empire, notwithstanding that millions of Christians suffered martyrdom, under the most cruel and inhuman forms that malice could invent, amidst the savage vociferations and cries in the Amphitheater, the Christians to the Lions, which made Tertullian the defender of the faith reproach the Roman tyrants, and tell them: it is vain and useless for you, to dilate in massacreing and putting the Christians to death; notwithstanding all these persecutions, the Apostles and their successors followed the Romans by land and by sea, to diffuse every where, the light of the Gospel, so

that the Christians were everywhere ; why said Testulian, to the Roma Emperors, do you not perceive that the Christians are everywhere ? why, they are in your armies ; they are your Generals, your Officers, and your soldiers ; they are in the Forum, and in your very palaces ; so this is the reason why the Christian Religion spread so sapidly all over the world, as the text of the Acts of the Apostles affirms ; their sound went into the whole Earth and their words reached the remotest corners of the known World, the Lord espousing the doctrine they preached, as his own cause, and confirming with it numberless miracles, so did the Irish Missionary, the Irish Catholic Emigrant, the Exile of Erin follow the English, the enemies of their creed, their race and their language, by sea and by land, from the rising to the setting of the sun, for you know it is said, the sun never sets on the vast English possessions, and everywhere the Irish Catholic glories in the faith of Saint Patrick and the immortal shamrock that he blessed. Are we not then, my Brethren, highly indebted to the goodness of God, for having in his great mercy called our Ancestors from the darkness of Infidelity to the wonderful light of faith, by the Ministry of Saint Patrick, and for having extended the same heavenly gift to us, by the Ministry of his successors and descendants, in preference to so many thousands and hundreds of thousands, in other countries, from whom the true faith of Christ has been withdrawn by a just judgement, and transplanted elsewhere ? What has become of the faith, in Palestine, that Holy Land, which once heard the Angels sing : Glory to God, in the highest, and on Earth, peace to Men of Good Will ? Where Christianity first began to dawn ? Where the Saviour of the World was born ? lived thirty-three years ; during three of which He laboured, with His Apostles, preaching the kingdom of God, died on the Cross, and was buried ? All the powers of the earth were unable to recover the Holy Land ; all the great efforts of Kings, Popes, Bishops, Priests, and millions of courageous Christian Crusaders, after nine different Crusades, some composed of two hundred thousand brave soldiers, as that under Conrad of Germany and Louis the younger of France, were all inadequate to recuperate the Holy Sepulchre ; even the Holy King, Saint Louis of France, failed in his great expedition, and died in that foreign land ? What has become of the faith in Africa, that Church, once of such great renown, in the by-gone days of her Augustins, her Cyprians, and her numerous other celebrated holy Doctors ? Why, Africa almost lives only in song ; and the Church gives in our days the title of these once celebrated Sees, to Bishops who have no title, under the title : In partibus Infidelium—in the countries of the Infidels—to revive these ancient Sees ; and, as I said, which live only in song. What has become of the faith in those vast regions whose numerous inhabitants Saint Francis Xavier converted by his preaching and great miracles,

such as the Indies? I read several years ago in the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, that an old woman, about ninety years of age, happened to see a strange Missionary saying Mass, one day, in the place she lived; she became quite astonished, and watched every ceremony the Priest performed during Mass; so she said to herself, these are the same ceremonies our old Missionaries were wont to go through; she saw the Priest after Mass, and told him that there were others, in the next settlement, that belonged to his religion. What has become of Christianity in Denmark, Sweden and Norway, where the very Kings suffered martyrdom for the Faith? What dreadful ravages did not the heresy of Luther cause in Germany? That of Calvin in Switzerland? What a pitiful spectacle did not England give to the world of her Catholicity, when Cardinal Pole, in the reign of King Philippe, was empowered and sent by the Pope to raise from the sentence of excommunication the English Parliament and People, on account of their rebellion against the Church? May God preserve us from such Catholicity as this—Catholic one day and Protestant the next! The Irish people have their own faults, and where is the nation that has not its own? He is lifeless that is faultless; and so it is with nations. But be it said: the faith of the Irish people is their everlasting glory. Faith is a gift of God. (Saint Paul to the Ephesians, chapter the second, verse the eighth.) It is something divine, something strong, something active, something that can move mountains; their faith is the rich gift, *non fecit taliter omni Nationi*. Oh! God did not confer the same favour on every nation; He gives it to whom He wishes, and in the measure He wishes; it contains numbers abundance, yes, talents, and this is the reason why the faith of the Irish is so strong, so pure, so respectful, so generous, active, and full of good works, and like the good seed in the gospel that fell on the good ground and yielded a hundredfold. The Irish people never denied their faith; no heresiarchs, infidels, Atheists, Deists or Materialists ever sprang from the Irish Catholic people; you might as well look for a serpent in Ireland as for one of these there; and you know Saint Patrick banished all these reptiles from Ireland, as you see him represented with the serpents under his feet in his portraits: and as for Protestants in Ireland, they have all been imported merchandises, by Cromwell and others, by invasion and force. Now, do you wish to soar up high into any rank or dignity in the social order? You will be certain to see an Irishman there to elicit your admiration. Do you wish to enter into the battlefield? You will perceive that the French are not the only people that have their chevalier Bayard, without fear or reproach. Who was Brian Born? Remember the glories of Brian the Brave, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five different

engagements: the star of the field, which so often has pour'd its beams on the battle, is now set, but not forgotten. And who was Malachi? Let Erin remember the days of old, when Malachi wore the collar of gold, which he won from the proud invader; when her Kings, with standard of green unfurled, led the Red-Branch-Knights to danger, and thus sighing, look through the waves of time for the long faded glories they cover. Where will you find at the Bar or in Parliament the peers of Curran, Grattan, Daniel O'Connell, Henry or O'Connor, and numberless others? In the Pulpit, the number of celebrated Irish orators is legion; let us only cast a glance at a few of the most modern in our own days: who, I ask you, was McCarty? that celebrated Irish orator, who preached before the Court of Louis the Eighteenth in France; and who was our own immortal Tom Burke, whom Pope Pius the Ninth styled the Prince of Orators? and who had merited by his extraordinary talent and most profound science a title so great and which very few in the whole world have been able to acquire, I mean, not the title of Doctor of Divinity, but the greatest and highest: Master in divinity; it would be an endless task to number all the various celebrities that Ireland has shown on the theater of the world. Have we not then reason to thank, praise and glorify the holy name of the Lord, for this particular blessing, this singular favor, this special protection, and visible interfluence of His Divine Providence in our regard? Should we not as the Apostle recommends in the words of my text, gratefully remember our Prelates, who have spoken the word of God to us? Should we not be steadfast in following their faith? And taking care not to be led away with various and strange doctrines? Should we not be armed against all novelty in religion, and guard against the baneful influence of those dangerous principles, which the old philosophers by their writings, and the modern by their poisonous discourses, and other unbelievers, infidels and atheists have been and are actually spreading over these and other countries of Europe, such as Valtarie, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Rainan, Straus, Tom Paine and Ingersol, denying by their blasphemies, God, Heaven, hell, and all revealed truth: Now I ask you, what confidence can you place in Men, or rather, what horror and aversion should you not have for men who glory in following such a leader as Valtaire, whose great maxim was: lie, lie, and thee will always remain something; what holy, moral teaching. Could you not think that those pretended great philosophers, who thought that they enuntiated such great moral truths, should not be ashamed to shake hands with Darwin, who pretended to make us all believe that they were all descended from monkies; and that their grand-fathers and grand-mothers were really monkies; what blessed doctrines! Pass not beyond the ancient bonds, which thy fathers have set, says the Holy-Ghost, Proverbs, chapter the twenty-second, verse the twenty-

eight. Stand ye on the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk ye in it, and you shall find refreshment for your souls : Jeremiah, chapter the sixth, verse the sixteenth. Ask thy Father, and he will declare to thee, thy Elders, and they will tell thee : Deuteronomy, chapter the thirty-second, verse the seventh ; For there is a way that seemeth just to a man, but the ends thereof lead to death : Proverbs, chapter the fourteenth, verse the twelfth : and again Christ mentions us in the Gospel, to beware of false Prophets, who make their appearance in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly are ravenous wolves, who come not to feed, but only to fleece and destroy the flock ; nay, Saint Paul does not hesitate to say : Galatians, chapter the first, verse the eighth : that although an angel should descend from Heaven, to preach up any new doctrine, contrary to the ancient faith, once delivered to the saints, we ought to look upon him as an anathema ; Away then with these irreligious discourses, pernicious maxims, unchristian ideas, unsanctified notions, and noxious taxes, which the enemy is endeavouring to sow over the good seed. Let us live up to the dictates and duties of our holy religion, and show the purity of our faith, by the purity of our morals, and by a strict observance of the commandments of God and of his Holy Church. Let us not forget the example of the glorious Saint Patrick, but endeavour to render ourselves worthy of his powerful patronage and intercession, by a faithful imitation of his humility, resignation to the holy will of Divine Providence, his charity, zeal and piety. God is merciful and his mercies are above all his works ; he pardons the sinner time and again, but there is a time when mercy and justice meet, and God punishes the sinner who has abused his patience and longanimity ; and so it is with nations. God is merciful and bears their wickedness most patiently, but there comes a day of reckoning even for nations as well as individuals. How many celebrated empires, kingdoms and nations do we not read of in history, which have been swept off the face of the earth on account of their tyrannies, persecutions and abominations crying to Heaven for vengeance ? what has become of the once vast flourishing Roman empire, which comprised the third part of the known world ? Where are now so many other ancient Dymasties, of which there is not even a trace to be found, others which live only in song ; and others which were once vast and powerful kingdoms, but now occupy but the third rank amongst the nations, such as Spain, once so vast and powerful nation ? Oh ! the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge, of God, how incomprehensible are his judgements, and how unsearchable are his ways ! Saint Paul to the Corinthians, chapter the eleventh, he choses the Wreck of the World, to compound the strong ; *deposuit potentes de se de, et exaltavit humiles* ; he deposeth the powerful from their seats, and he exalteth the humble, so sings the Blessed Virgin, in her canticle,

Saint Luke, chapter the first, verse the fifty-second. Now allow me to make a little digression, but still in connection with my subject; you recollect what sacred history tells us about the great power of the patriarch Joseph, in Egypt, the King gave him all power, and when the people came to the King asking provisions he sent them to Joseph, saying, go to Joseph, and do whatsoever he orders; he brought his father Jacob and his family, his brothers and all their families from Chana and down to Egypt, they amounted to about seventy persons; they prospered and multiplied exceedingly, and formed after some time six hundred thousand inhabitants. But Joseph died, and a new King succeeded the former; in this King's reign, the Hebrews were treated as slaves, just like those of the Southern States, before the war; and being so numerous, the Egyptians became afraid of them; and the King enacted a law, by which, all the male children of the Hebrews, were to be put to death, by drowning them in the river; he even had the mid-wives come to receive his orders; to kill all the male children, but to save the females; as his orders were not executed punctually, he sent again for the mid-wives; and said to them, what does this mean, that you do not execute my orders? these mid-wives names were Saphora and Phua, and they were good and feared God. So they told the King that the Hebrew women, were not like the Egyptian women, because as soon as we arrive there, they are already delivered; so it happened that there was a Hebrew man of the House of Leves, who took a wife of his own kindred, and she bore him a son, and seeing him a goodly child, the mother hid him three months, and when she could hide him no longer, she took a basket made of bulrushes, and daubed with slime and pitch, and put the little babe therein, and laid it by the sedges, by the river's brink, his sister standing a far off, and taking notice what would be done; and behold the daughter of King Pharoah came down to wash herself in the river, and her maids walked by the river's brink; and when she saw the basket in the sedges, she sent one of her maids for it, and when it was brought, she opened it, and seeing within it, an infant crying, having compassion on the poor, dear lovely little creature, she said: this is one of the babes of the Hebrews, and the child's sister said to her! shall I go and call thee a Hebrew woman to nurse the babe? she answered, go; the maid went, and called her mother, and Pharoah's daughter said to her, take this child and nurse him for me; I will give thee thy wages; the woman took and nursed the child, and when he was grown up, she delivered him to Pharoah's daughter, and she adopted him for a son, and she called him Moses, saying: because I took him out of water. Some days after when Moses was grown up, he went out to his brethren, and saw their affliction, and an Egyptian striking one of his brethren, and when he had looked about this way and that way, and saw no one there, by a particular inspiration of God, he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the

sand, and going out the next day, he saw two Hebrews quarrelling, and he said to him that did the wrong, why strikest thou thy neighbour? But he answered: who had appointed thee Prince and Judge over us? Wilt thou kill me, as thou didst yesterday kill the Egyptian? Moses feared, and said, how has this come to be known, and Pharoah heard of this word, and sought to kill Moses, but he fled from his sight, and abode in the land of Madian, and he sat down by a well; and the Priest of Madian had seven daughters, who came to draw water, and when the troughs were filled desired to water their father's flocks, and the Shepherds came, drove them away, and Moses arose, and defended the maids, watered their sheep; and when they returned to Ragud, their father, he said to them, why are you come sooner than usual? They answered a man of Egypt delivered us from the Shepherds, and he drew water also with us, and he gave the sheep to drink. But he said, where is he? Why have you let the man go? Call him that he may eat bread. And Moses swore that he would dwell with him. And he took Sephona, his daughter, to wife; and she bore him a son, whom he called Gersam, saying: I have been a stranger in a foreign country, and she bore him another, whom he called Eliezer, saying: for the God of my father my helper hath delivered me out of the hand of Pharoah. Moses fed the sheep of Jethro, his father-in-law, the Priest of Madian, and drove the flock to the inner part of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, Horeb; and the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the bush and he saw that the bush was on fire and was not burnt, and Moses said: I will go and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. And when the Lord saw that he went forward to see, he called to him out of the midst of the bush, and said: Moses, Moses, and he answered here I am; and he said to him, come not nigh, hither; put off the shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest, is holy ground, and he said to him: I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. Moses hid his face, for he durst not look at God; and the Lord said to him: I have seen the affliction of my people in Egypt; I have heard their cry, because of the rigor them that are over the works, and knowing their sorrow, I am come down to deliver them out of that land into a good and spacious land that flows with milk and honey. But come, I will send thee to Pharas, that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt. Admire here, dear brethren, with me, the wonderful ways of God, in the person of this little babe, exposed in the sedges on the river's brink to perish and be drowned, watched by his sister, adopted by King Phorao's daughter, rescued from the cruelty of Pharao, who sought to kill him, selected by God to be the instrument to deliver his chosen people, the Israelites, to punish Pharao and all his people, to accomplish the grand designs of his all ruling providence, and perform through

him, the greatest miracles ever known in the Old or New World, or ever performed either by prophet, saint or apostle. After the last of the ten plagues of Egypt, Pharaoh consented to let the Israelites go and sacrifice to God in the desert, but he repented soon after for having allowed them to depart, so he pursued them with all his people, six hundred chosen chariots and all the chariots that were in Egypt, and the captains and his whole army, and the Lord said to Moses: Lift thou up thy rod, and stretch forth thy hand over the sea and divide it, that the children of Israel may go through the midst of the sea on dry ground, and the water was as a wall on their right hand and on their left, and the Egyptians pursuing, went in after them, and all Pharaoh's horse, his chariots and horsemen and army through the midst of the sea; and now the morning watch was come, and behold the Lord looking upon the Egyptian army through the pillar which was of fire for the Israelites and a black and dark cloud for the Egyptians, slew their host and overthrew the wheels of the chariot, and they were carried into the deep, and the Egyptians said: Let us flee from Israel, for the Lord is fighting for them against us. And the Lord said to Moses: Stretch forth thy hand over the sea; it returned at the first break of day to its former place, and as the Egyptians were fleeing away the waters came upon them, and the Lord shut them up in the midst of the waves, and the waters returned and covered the chariots and the horsemen and the army of Pharaoh, who had come into the sea after them; neither did their so much as one remain. But the children of Israel marched through the midst of the sea upon dry land, and the waters were to them as a wall on the right hand and on the left, and the Lord delivered Israel on that day out of the hands of Pharaoh and the Egyptians by Moses, and he saw they dead carcasses of the Egyptians lying on the sea shore, and all the rest of his army was buried in the sea. Thus does God punish the tyrannies, persecutions and abominations of wicked Kings and corrupt nations. God also in his great mercy warns and threatens kings and nations, as we read in Psalm the second of King David. Why have the Gentiles raged and the people devised vain things? The kings of the earth stood up and the princes met together against the Lord and against His Christ. Let us break their bonds asunder, and let us cast away their yoke from us. He that dwelleth in Heaven shall laugh at them, and the Lord shall divide them. Then shall He speak to them in His anger, and trouble him in His rage. Thou shalt rule them with a rod of iron, and shalt break them in pieces, like a potter's vessel. And now, O, ye kings! understand, receive instructions, you that judge the earth; serve ye the Lord with fear, and rejoice unto Him with trembling, embrace discipline, lest at any time the Lord be angry and you perish from the just way. When His wrath shall be kindled in a short time, blessed are all they that shall trust in Him. But, hark! what do I

hear? A strong rushing sound echoing fervent prayers, arising from the loving hearts of millions and millions of Irish people, ascending like a sweet incense before the throne of God, imploring in their suffering and distress justice and happier days for Ireland? and lo! what do I hear in Heaven? the lamentations and cries of thousands and thousands of Holy Irish Martyrs, who shed their blood on earth, for the faith of Christ, demanding vengeance; and what do I see under the Altar, as in the Apocalypse, chapter the sixth, verse the ninth? the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony, which they held, and they cried out, with a loud voice, saying: how long, O Lord (holy and true) dost thou not judge, and revenge our blood, on them that dwell on Earth? And white robes were given to every one of them, and it was said to them, that they should rest for a little time, till their fellow servants and their brethern, who are to be slain even, as they, should be filled. Can we doubt, Dear Brethern, that the glorious St. Patrick hears on this memorable day the vows, the holy and ardent aspirations of millions and millions of loving Irish hearts, whom he begot in Christ Jesus during his Apostleship of sixty-one years in Ireland, whom he loves so tenderly, and whose love for him, is also reciprocal? O! glorious Saint Patrick, whom we behold this day, with the eyes of faith, surrounded with a halo of glory in Heaven, inebriated with a torrent of delights, which the eye of man has not seen, nor the ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived, deign, obtain through thy powerful intercession with God, that thy people whom thou hast begotten in Christ, may always preserve that Divine faith, which thou didst announce to them, that all obstacles to the free exercise thereof may be removed, that they may be free to adore, love and serve God, with the freedom of the Gospel, and enjoy all just and lawful rights, and in the days of Old, when under thy Pastoral care and solicitude and as in the days of their own Kings whom God gave them.

O! God, who didst appear to Moses, thy servant, in a flame of fire out of the burning burning bush, on Mount Horeb, and didst say to him: I have seen the affliction of my people in Egypt. I have heard their cry, because of the rigour of them that are over the works, and knowing their sorrow, I am come down to deliver them, out of the hand of the Egyptians, and bring them out of that land, into a good and spacious land that floweth with milk and honey, but come, I will send thee to Pharoah, that thou mayest bring forth, my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt, and who didst perform all these wonders, by opening the Sea, making its bed, dry land, and its waters, as walls, on their hand and on their left, for a free passage for thy people, and open the same Sea for graves, and burial ground for their enemies, and cover them with its waters; deign, O! great and powerful Lord, show still to Kings and Nations, that thy hand is not shortened, that it is by thee, that they reign and govern, and that thou canst yet save thy

people, to whom thou didst send thy servant Saint Patrick, as an instrument of thy Divine Mercy, to announce to them, the good doings of faith ; grant O Lord, that they may always preserve, follow thy Divine Faith ; be free to adore, love and serve thee, the only true God, and enjoy all their just and lawful rights of a people, based on thy eternal laws of justice, that being thereby, thy loving and faithful children of thy Church Militant on Earth, they may be, one day, thy children and citizens with thy Saints of the Church glorious and triumphant in Heaven.

Methinks, Brethern, that, to crown the celebration of this great feast, wherein we gratefully acknowledge that special goodness and Mercy of God, in calling our Ancestors to the admirable light of the true faith, through Saint Patrick, and in deigning extend the same divine gift to us and all their descendants all over the world, by his successors, and whilst filled with the most heartfelt gratitude to God, we exclaim : when all thy mercies, O most bountiful God, our rising souls survey, transported with the new, we are lost in wonder, love, praise, and thanksgiving ; we cannot at the same time forget all the trials, persecutions and glorious combats sustained for the preservation of our Faith, our Nationality, and our language, this day therefore, furnishes us the occasion of giving expression to tell the noblest emotions of our hearts, and we can conjure the sweet swift zephyrs to bear the echoes of our salutations, love and praise, in every tongue, and to every clime, whither Divine Providence has directed the children of Erin to spread the light of the Gospel, and first of all, to old Ireland, and in the language in which Saint Patrick preached and converted the Irish Nation, let us exclaim : Erin Go Bragh ! in the English language, and to every country, where the English flag waves, whither the Irish Catholic carried the faith of Saint Patrick. Ireland forever ! in the French language, to France and all her colonies, whence Saint Patrick came to convert the Irish Nation, and to which he sent his Missionaries, and not forgetting the heroic Canadians of the Dominion of Canada, the descendants of the illustrious, warlike French Nation, Vive l'Irlanda ! in the Italian language, to Rome, capital of Italy, the head, the center, and the heart of Catholicity, whence Saint Patrick was sent by Pope Celestine, to convert the Irish nation ; and whose lawful successors, the Irish Episcopate, clergy and people, most lovingly venerate, as the successors of Saint Peter, and the visible representatives of Jesus Christ : Ev. viva l'Irlanda ! in the Flemish language : Leve Ierland ! in the German language, to Germany, perhaps some student of history, or some traveller, might read of some ancient Irish Missionary who carried the light of the Gospel to some of the German people, or he might learn of some ancient Monastery, whose records tell of some Irish Saint who was its founder ! Eslebe Hibernia ! in the Greek language, to Athens, the old city of Greece, of which Denis, the Arapagite was made the first Bishop by Saint

Paul, who sat in the chair of the socrates and platos, and surpassed all these wise men, and philosophers, by the sublimity of his Christian philosophy ; it was he, who having seen the Blessed Virgin, said : that he would have taken her for a Goddess, had he not known that she was a human being ; and who exclaimed also when Christ was dying on the Cross, that the Creator of the World, must be suffering, or the Universe is devolving from its axis !

οἱ πάντα ποιεῖτα τὴν δόξαν τῆς ἡσέπνας φέρε.

No one living under the penal laws in Ireland, ever touched the chord of the Nation's heart, by bewailing her wrongs, injustices and sufferings, and singing in his gem-like melodies, her just aspirations for freemom, liberty and right, as our immortal Tom Moore, when he endeavours to tune his Irish Harp !

The Harp that once, through Tara's Halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er ;
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more :
No more to Chiefs and ladies bright,
The Harp of Tara swells ;
The chord alone that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells,
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breakes
To show that still she lives.

And again :

Though dark are our sorrows,
To-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers ;
There never were hearts, if our Rulers would let them,
More formed to be grateful and blessed, than ours,
And just whon the chain has cease'd to pain,
And hope has enreath'd it round with flowers,
There comes a new link, our spirits to sink,—
Oh ! the joy that we taste, like the light of the Poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay,
But though 't were the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on Saint Patrick's Day.

Contempt on the minion, you calls you disloyal,
 Though fierce to your foe, to you friend you are true,
 And the tribute most high, to a head that is Royal,
 Is love from a heart, that loves liberty too,
 While cowards who blight your fame, your right,
 Would shrink from the blaze of the battle-array,

The standard of green

In front will be seen,

Oh! my life on your faith I were you summon'd this minute,
 You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
 And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
 When rous'd by the foe, on Saint Patrick's Day,
 He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded,
 In hearts that have suffered too much to forget;
 And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine-out yet,

The gem may be broke,

By many a stroke,

But nothing can cloud its native ray;

Each fragment will cast

A light to the last,

And thus Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
 There's a lustra within thee, that ne'er will decay
 A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
 And now smiles at their pain on Saint Patrick's Day.

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