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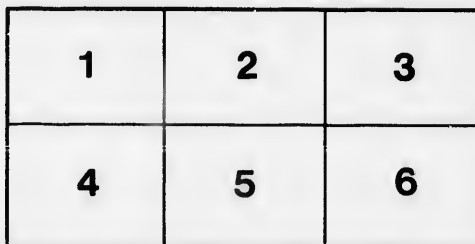
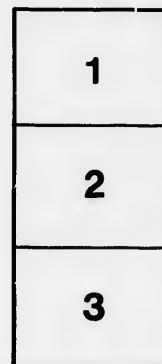
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REPORT

OF THE

SERMON

PREACHED BY THE

REV. M. O'BRIEN,

IN ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH,

MARCH 17, 1857.

Séminaire de Québec
1861.

MONTREAL :

PRINTED FOR JAMES FLYNN, AT THE TRUE WITNESS OFFICE.

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‘ THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.’

Another year has rolled away into the abyss of eternity, and the Irish people, scattered over the surface of this habitable globe, are again called to celebrate the festival of Ireland's greatest saint—her Apostle—her patron—the founder of her Church. There is not a land on which the sun shines this day where the faithful children of Ireland are not to be found: they are “sunn'd in the tropics, and chill'd at the poles;” and in many of earth's kingdoms their name is a word of power. They obtain wealth, and fame, and position in many a foreign clime, but, thanks to their early training in a Christian land, their chief distinction is still and always, that of Catholic. Whether seated in the council chamber, or steering his bark through the wastes of ocean; whether working far down in the bowels of the earth, drawing forth its mineral wealth, or building up the giant fabrics of this new world; whether forming its canals and railroads, or hewing his solitary way “far in the forests of the west,” where the light of the Gospel has hardly reached, you will seldom or never find the Irishman sunk in that pitiable heathen ignorance of heavenly things which is one of the distinctive marks of this generation, so “*wise in its own conceit.*” You may find him ignorant of many things, knowing little of sun, moon, or stars, and lamentably deficient in the “*ographies,*” and “*isms,*” and “*ologies*” of the time; but you will seldom or never find him ignorant of the existence of a God, or of the principal mysteries of religion. The name of *Mary* is familiar to his lips, and that of *Patrick* is dear to his heart. Neither infidelity, nor cold scepticism finds a place within his

genial Celtic heart ; the germ of faith was implanted there long years ago in the dear old land of his birth ; and neither the biting frost, nor the scorching sun can destroy it ; he may “ fall amongst robbers ” who would steal that precious treasure ; he may even forget for a while the practice of the duties which religion teaches ; he may be negligent in practice, but in theory he is still the same—or rather he has no theory : he has *faith*—faith is in him, and forms a part of his very nature. It only requires some casualty—perhaps even a trifling one—to call it forth in all its freshness and fervor from the depths of his heart where it had lain dormant perhaps for many a year. In their ceaseless love for religion, their respect and veneration for their clergy, and their generosity in uprearing temples to the Living God, they everywhere prove themselves the children of St. Patrick. Would to God that they were more united amongst themselves and more sensible of the important part they have to play in evangelising the world. Would Irishmen only think of this—of what they have done and have yet to do, in spreading the faith of Christ—the faith which Patrick gave them—over all the earth, they might well exult, as Christians, over the *past*, but they would also brace themselves with renewed energy for the *future*, and edify where they may have given scandal ; they would endeavor to practice the virtues, which made their holy patron so illustrious ; his temperance, his meekness, his justice. Many of them are, we know, his imitators to a certain extent ; but we would wish to see them become worthy of the name they bear, and of the faithful generations that have gone before them. We would wish to see the word *Irishman* synonymous with *good Christian* and *good citizen*, as it now is, and has for ages been almost synonymous with *Catholic*.

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THE SERMON.

"If I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee; if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."—*136th Psalm, 5th and 6th verses.*

The love of country, the love of fatherland is impressed on the heart of man, and impressed on it by the hand of the Deity itself; it is as ancient as time and widely diffused as is the race of Adam. The records of the most ancient as well as those of the most recent times attest this truth, the most barbarous as well as the most civilized nations bear testimony to the innate love that burns in the heart of man for his native land. The rude imitators of nature as well as the most polished masters of art have thrown the genius of painting over that innate love. To the historian it has furnished the most interesting matter, to the orator the most feeling and exciting topics, to the poet it has furnished the most fertile theme for his highest and holiest aspirations, whilst he in return has thrown over it the embellishments, the immortal genius of song. Even the sacred records throw the hallowed shield of their approbation over it; list to the inspired psalmist whilst, recording the language of the captive Jews, he lends the charms of sacred poetry to that innate love as he burts forth in the beautiful words of my text: "If I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee; if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy." There is something in the nature of things—in the nature of society, calculated to endear it to the human heart. In the days of childhood and of early youth impressions are made on the young mind which after years are not able to efface; the scenes of boyhood—a father's admonitions—a mother's counsel—the current

events of early years, like impressions on flowing wax, give shape and form—I had almost said indelible shape and form—to the opening mind of youth. As he advances a little in years he looks back to the past, the smiles of his playmates, the memories of his childish amusements, all his struggles and triumphs, a thousand little indescribable circumstances combine to throw a charm over the home of his childhood that endears to his memory and to his heart that home and all around it, even every spot where he used to play. As his mind advances in maturity his ideas become enlarged; the neighborhood, the scenes adjacent to his home, become almost identified with it, until by force of natural association, his home gradually taking in new dimensions, is at length bounded and circumscribed only by the limits of his native land. And thus at length does his home become his country and his country his home. Follow him still further in his onward career—he reads the history of his country, he feels that country is his own—his native land—a strong sympathetic feeling for her springs up within him—he becomes, as it were, identified with her, her institutions become his institutions, her joys his joys, her sorrows become his sorrows, until he at length thinks, and speaks, and acts as if she were part of his very self. Thus is the love of Fatherland generated, fomented and cherished within the soul; he who has not that love, *if there be any such*, is unworthy the name of man, and he who has that love properly developed will never forget his country, will, on the contrary, even when in a foreign land, be ready to exclaim with the captive Jews, in the spirit of my text, “If I forget thee (my country) let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee; If I make not thee the beginning of my joy.”

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In turning over the institutions of his country, should he find one which is his country's pride—his country's boast—his country's glory—how naturally does not his young heart join itself to the heart of his country, cling to that institution and glory in it. In turning over the institutions of his country, should he find one which, surpassing all human institutions, came down from Heaven, remains for a time upon earth, and then returns again to Heaven, oh! how would he not glory in it, how ardently would he not love it, and how fervently would he not bless him by whose ministry that institution was first established in "his loved—his native land." Should his fathers have suffered in defence of that glorious institution, whilst he ponders over their sufferings, tears will stream from his eyes, but they will not be tears of bitterness, they will be tears of holy joy, that his fathers, like the Apostles, were found worthy to suffer for the cause of God, whilst at the same time every pang they endured, every tear he sheds over their sufferings, will sink his love for that holy institution still deeper and deeper into his heart, and as by so many ties, will bind it closer and closer still *to his inmost soul*. Land of my fathers—blessed land of my fathers—*thou art such a land*—of such a Heaven-born institution dost thou boast; our fathers have suffered for their attachment to that institution, we are their children, we have read the history of their persecutions, their sufferings, and their wrongs, every pang they endured, and every tear that trickled down our cheeks at the recital of their sufferings and their wrongs, has strengthened our faith, and warmed our hearts, and drawn us closer and closer still to the Catholic Church—that institution for which they were persecuted, for which they suffered, for which they shed their blood. And why are

we here to-day? why this vast congregation? why these banners unfurled? why the grand procession we have witnessed, and the songs of joy that have touched our Irish sympathies and gladdened our Irish hearts? Is it not to attest an attachment to that loved, to that holy institution, by commemorating the anniversary of *him* by *whom* it was first established in our native land? Yes! blessed St. Patrick, it was by thy ministry we first tasted the blessings of Christianity, that our fathers first knelt at the altar of the living God, that our fathers were gathered into the one fold of the one shepherd; and how are we, their children, to-day the inheritors of the faith which thou hast taught them, and members of that fold into which thou hast conducted them, to thank thee, to honor thee, to celebrate thy triumphs, and to invoke the continuance of thy prayers in the cause of Catholicity, especially in the cause of our own dear native land? Yes! here in this cold, this frozen land, though mountains of snow are above us, and rivers of ice are around us, there is no ice, no chill on the feelings of the Irish heart.—our blood to-day flows as warmly, and our pulse beats as strongly in the glorious cause as when we were still surrounded by the green hills, the verdant plains, and the murmuring brooks of our own loved land. Could it be otherwise? Glance for a moment at what St. Patrick accomplished whilst living; see how the seeds sown by his hands sprung up, flowered, and produced fruit; see the efforts made to destroy it; see the *national spirit* gather round the holy deposit; see how the one is, as it were, interwoven with the other, and you will begin to realize how Irish nationality, like ivy round an old ruin, clings round the old Catholic faith, and can no more be separated from it than can the ivy from the ruin without being itself torn into a thousand pieces. Yes! see him during life: Ireland

sat in darkness—in the shadow of death—he passes over her—her night is turned into day—her shadows, her gloom depart—a light rises in her midst—from north to south, from east to west, as if by magic, does that light spread itself out into one vast flame—and, blessed be Heaven! that flame has never since been extinguished in the land; it burns as freshly and as brightly at the present moment as it did in the fifth century (when it was first enkindled), and many are the living torches that have since gone forth from that burning pile, carrying with them light, and heat, and happiness to other and distant lands. At length, a little before his dissolution, he rests to look back on what had been done—he sees churches erected, monasteries built up, institutions endowed, councils held, and provision made for the support and perpetuation of that institution which, under God, he had been the means of planting on the soil. On looking at these things, must he not have felt, as felt St. Paul, when he exclaimed, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith?” or looking on the face of that infant church, like Simeon looking on the face of the infant Saviour, he may have called on his Divine Master to dismiss him in peace from the scenes of his earthly labors, because he had seen realized the great work to which he had been called, the darling object for which he had struggled through life, the darling object for which he had so often wept and prayed, and his prayer having been heard, he was taken up to receive his recompense—to dwell forever in the bosom of God.

Pass over a few years and see the land again. What are the fruits of St. Patrick’s preaching on the children of the soil? Have they fallen from the faith? Have works of charity, the legitimate fruits of a living faith,

disappeared? Ah! far otherwise is it with holy Ireland. Fountains have sprung up in her midst, to which flock noble youths from every land that they may drink of the pure waters of faith, morality, science and literature. Her faithful nobles, actuated by that true charity which true faith usually generates, have set apart many of their broad and fertile acres for the support of the Church, for the maintenance of the poor, for the decency and perpetuation of religious worship, for the honor and glory of the living God. So eminent has become her sanctity that even the Calendar of the Saints is swelled by the almost countless numbers of Ireland's holy children that have been enrolled in its sacred pages—thus is she rich in faith, rich in charity, rich in virtue, rich in literature, rich in the means of diffusing the blessings of religion around her, even of communicating it to other and to distant lands.

Pass over a few years as before, and look upon her again. Merciful God, how changed is her aspect now! A godless power has arisen in her might to crush her faith, to trample on the souls of her children, to banish from the soil the heaven-born institution which the blessed St. Patrick had established in the land. To effect these unholy purposes, the broad acres of her pious *patriot nobles* were forfeited to the crown or handed over to the most bitter enemies of her holy faith; her churches destroyed, her monasteries torn from her, in many instances perverted into proselytizing institutions; the ample provisions which her Catholic charity had made for the support of the poor, for the maintenance of religion, are not only diverted from the hallowed purposes for which they were destined, but are even handed over

by that godless power to a set of men who came not by the power of God, but by the power of the Protestant King or Queen of England, to unteach what St. Patrick had taught, to pull down what he had built up, to trample under their feet the Catholic Church, her pride, her glory, her highest, her holiest institution. To aid in their impious work a code of the most barbarous penal laws is enacted, and, as far as practicable, put in execution. That impious code affected the persons of Catholics; it affected their properties, it affected their education, it affected their religion, they could hold no respectable office, they were excluded from the army, from the navy, from the bench, from the *bar*, from every office of trust or emolument in the land—their own land. They can acquire no real property, or if they acquire and pay down cash for an estate, the law provides that any Protestant can take that estate from them, without paying back *even one shilling* of the purchase money. If any one of them dares to teach a school, or even to teach in private any portion of science or of literature, he is liable, *for that alone*, to be banished from his native land, and should he return from banishment, he is to be treated as a felon, *and hanged by the neck until dead*. To teach the Catholic religion, even to a Catholic, is punishable by transportation; to convert a Protestant is a capital offence, for which he is to die, a crime which he must expiate on the scaffold with his blood; the fact of being a bishop, even of being a monk, or exercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction whatsoever, is punishable by transportation, and should they return from such transportation the law commands that they should be hanged by the neck until half dead—mark the savage barbarity of the law—that they

be hanged by the neck until half dead, then cut down, embowelled alive, and quartered! Yes, this godless power essays to effect her impious designs now by penal laws, again by savage violence, now with the sword in one hand, and the Protestant Bible in the other, now holding pitchers of soup before the eyes of those whom her unrelenting cruelty have reduced to starvation, and then—Tantalus-like—drawing them away from their parching lips unless they give up their little ones, their innocent children, to be inoculated with the deadly infection of their schools. In the execution of these barbarous enactments and unhallowed systems of proselytism, what details of wrong, of suffering, of spoliation, of blood, does not the sad history of our poor, prostrate, stricken country pourtray. Even the English Protestant historian, Dr. Smiley, speaking of those days, says:—"The religious persecutions in all countries have nothing more hideous to offer to our notice than the Protestant persecutions of the Irish Catholics—on them all the devices of cruelty were exhausted, ingenuity was taxed to devise new plans of persecution till the machinery of penal iniquity might almost be pronounced perfect." Yes, comparing Ireland, viewed in this light with what we have seen her a few moments ago, how truly have I not exclaimed, merciful God—how changed is her aspect now? But even in the midst of those sufferings and afflictions let us view Ireland in another light. Here shall we be comforted and consoled. The Catholic faith, the Catholic religion, the Catholic Church was the great object for which she struggled. Her enemies, her powerful and unrelenting enemies, would tear it from her bosom. Have they succeeded?

No. Blessed be Heaven! they have *not* succeeded; they have succeeded in making her streets flow with the blood of her children, but they have not succeeded in making them renounce their faith; they have succeeded in murdering thousands, even in the very temples and around the altar of the living God, but they have not succeeded in making them renounce their religion; they have succeeded in butchering hundreds of females, clinging round the cross; they have succeeded in laying waste their villages and sacking their towns, in burning their churches and slaughtering their children, but they have not succeeded in making them renounce the faith of their forefathers; they succeeded in banishing and starving to death, and murdering countless thousands of her children, but they did not succeed in crushing the young swarm which, as in the days of the earlier persecutions, arose from the graves of the martyred dead, and who, by their numbers, by their purity, by their devotedness to the cause of religion and of God, have more than compensated for the losses she had sustained. They offered five pounds for the head of a priest—the same as for the head of a wolf—chased them like wild beasts, through the land, and succeeded in glutting their fury on their blood, but they did not succeed in making them deny their religion, in preventing them from offering up, in the hut, on the garret, on the hills and in the glens of their native mountains, the Victim of Calvary, the Lamb that was slain from the beginning of the world. In the midst of all her sufferings the succession of her bishops was not broken, her sees were not lost, her altars were not forsaken, her practices of devotion were not abandoned; on the contrary, even her very sufferings and persecu-

tions made her religion thrice dear to the hearts of her loving and devoted children. In the words of the gifted Bishop Spalding, "The great body of the Irish people still clung to the faith of their fathers, which had consoled and strengthened them in the midst of sufferings that had rarely, if ever, fallen to the lot of any other nation; they might be despoiled of their prosperity, they might be branded as aliens and outlaws in the heart of their own dear country, they might suffer the death of traitors, or they might be massacred in cold blood, but no indignity or suffering could tear from their heart the bright jewel of faith which they so highly prized and so dearly cherished; they might lose *all else*, but they would still warmly press this treasure to their bosom." Such is the language of Bishop Spalding—no Irishman himself, but universally acknowledged as one whose great mind is able to grasp the most complicated subjects, and whose noble nature rises far above the petty prejudices and jealousies that surround him. Let me now ask what has Irish Catholic nationality to do with this history of the sufferings and the wrongs of our own loved land, Erin? and how are they so mingled together that I am justified in bringing them under your consideration to-day? I need scarcely tell you the why and wherefore; you are already acquainted with both, you know them well. Let us, however, glance for a moment at the manner in which our nationality is formed; you will see how it is connected with Catholicity, and then, glancing at what is passing before us and around us at the present time, you will not be at a loss to discover the reason why I bring it under your notice to-day. How is our Catholic Nationality formed? It is formed principally by pondering over the history, the

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legends, the traditions of our native land. It commences with our childhood, it gets strong with our strength, until at length it becomes a fixed principle of our Irish nature.—Yes! in childhood we imbibe from the lips of a pious mother, or of a devoted nurse, the legends of our country—say the legends of the *Holy Wells*, which St. Patrick blessed, the miracles that were there performed, the votive offerings that attest the facts, and the thousands of persons that had formerly knelt around them in holy prayer; we are told of the churches that he built, of the crosses he erected, of the snakes that he banished, of the hills where he prayed, of the countless wonders he performed, until the young mind is filled with a love of the Saint, a love of the religion which he taught, a love of the spirit and of the faith which inspired him, a love of visiting the scenes where these events took place, and of treading the footsteps where the Saint had trodden. *Herein* is laid the foundation of our Irish Catholic nationality; here commences the connection between our nationality and our Catholicity. We love the Saint who wrought these wonders, we love the religion which he professed; in the young mind *all, all are formed*—united and blended, as it were, into one idea—and the most pleasing associations hang around it. Yes! these memories have scenes, even the very sight in the distance, of some loved mountains over which history and tradition have thrown a peculiar charm, preaches to the Irish heart, instils conjointly, the spirit of religion and the spirit of nationality into the bosoms of the Irish youth. This is not an imaginary picture. I state what I have known—what I have felt—what has happened to myself. From an elevation in my father's land I could see in the distance the far-famed Sleamish, the mountain where St. Patrick, when a

captive youth, tended his master's flocks—the mountain on which he had so often prayed and wept, and wept and prayed. Often did I, of a summer's evening, stand on that elevation, and gaze upon that mountain, until the shades of night stole in between us and hid it from my sight. Whilst gazing upon it I cannot describe how I felt; but I remember that the life of the Saint would pass in review before me, and that a love for the Saint himself and for the religion which he taught would steal over me. And though I then little thought that I should be one day called to minister at the same altar at which he had ministered, and to preach the same Gospel which he had preached—though I then little thought that I should be seven years chaplain to his successor on his own Primatial See, Armagh—though I then little thought that, like him, I should be one day called to *go out from my native land*, and to preach the Gospel in another clime;—yet I firmly believe that on those occasions, when gazing on that mountain, that the first seeds of a divine vocation to the ministry were infused into my young heart; and, even now, at this distance of time, when I look back through the mists of time, the memories associated with that mountain unite, as it were, into one point within me; the love of religion and the love of fatherland make the one and the other still nearer and dearer to my soul. I am but one of the many—what has happened to me, has, in substance, happened to thousands; and hence may we account for the fact that Ireland is so fertile in vocations to the holy ministry. I will not follow up in detail the close connection in the national mind between her nationality and her Catholicity—between the sufferings of the faithful—the faith for which they suffered, and the scenes of their sufferings. Their faith is attested

by their blood, and their blood consecrates the soil,—so that whilst religion creates, as it were, her nationality, her nationality throws back a powerful shield over religion, which will not cease to protect, to guard, to defend it, no matter how assailed, until shattered into a thousand pieces. Yes, Ireland, happy Ireland—happy in the midst of your sorrows—your faith and your nationality in the minds of your children are as one—they are blended together; woe be to him who will dare to sever them, or to tear the one or the other from the Irish heart. Look around you and you will now see why I have dwelt so long upon this point—on the union between our faith and our nationality. A spirit of nativism has sprung up around us—it originated in the United States, and was marked by a peculiar hatred of every thing Irish and of every thing Catholic. Some native Catholic spirits in the States, hoping, perhaps, to save Catholicity at the expense of Irishism, as if Irishism and Catholicity could be separated in the hearts of the Irish-born, would go half-ways in the movement to join the enemies of religion and of God in the cry, “down with Irish feeling—down with Irish nationality.” A few distinguished spirits, too, originally from the old land, but the edge of whose nationality, by long years of absence from that land, and by continual contact with her enemies, must have been worn away, would also put a sort of ban on Irish feeling, would forbid distinguished Irishmen to be held up as models for imitation, even to their own countrymen. This spirit of nativism, originating as it did in the neighboring republic, has not confined itself within its limits—it has crossed the lines—it has entered Canada—it is to be found in the ranks of Catholicity, and, under the pretext of Catholicity, would crush the spirit of Irish

nationality in this land. That the countless infidel, protesting and immoral sects that overrun the States should desire and should make every effort to crush Irish feeling in the land, I am not at a loss to conceive; because they know that Irishism, in the Irish mind, is so closely connected with religion, that if they could succeed in crushing it out of the Irish, they would succeed in crushing religion out of them also,—therefore do they malign, abuse, and misrepresent Irish nationality—therefore do they endeavor to raise a cry, a howl, a sort of impious yell against it, as if it were something terrible in the extreme. And no wonder that they should act thus; for to infidelity, to Protestantism, to immorality; to the empire of Satan, which they are intent on propagating, it is terrible, and terrible in the extreme. The Irish have their faults, (who have not?) but their eminent virtues, their faith, their charity, their love of their religion, of their God, stand out so prominently that their faults are almost forgotten in the lustre of their virtues on the one hand, whilst, on the other, the enemies of the Cross, feeling their power for good, tremble before them as before the face of the most deadly enemy, and, though divided in everything else, unite as one man in their efforts to crush them. That there should, therefore, be a spirit, a protesting, infidel spirit, of nativism, against the Irish and everything Irish, no man can be at a loss to conceive. But that Catholics should join in the movement—should join in the cry against Irish feeling—I for one am at a loss to conceive; I cannot understand it, I cannot, at least, assign for it a reasonable, a satisfactory cause. Prelates, priests, people know and acknowledge that, wherever they go, they rally round the altar, support religion and build up churches by the savings of their hard earnings; they know

that their Irishism and their faith are, as it were, interwoven with each other, and that the one equally as the other prompts to those generous and noble acts of practical religion. Why then join in the cry of nativism? Are those *nativist* Catholics jealous of Irish nationality? Perhaps they are—perhaps they feel that they have no great native saints to cast the prestige of their names over their own land, no martyr's blood to consecrate the soil, no heroic actions performed by their own children to be held up as a beacon light to those that are in darkness. Perhaps, not having these things, they are jealous of those who have them, or perhaps, having them not, they feel not the fire, the love, the attachment to religion and to country, which the memories of such deeds beget in those who have them; and therefore not realizing the holy bond that binds them together, foolishly imagine that that bond may be snapt asunder without injury to the faith, to the religion, and the morality of the people.

Pope Benedict the XIVth, writing to the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, encouraging them on in the paths of virtue and good works thinks it right to hold up—what models, think you, for imitation? Ah! the illustrious Pontiff knew the force of nationality—of Irish nationality—and therefore does he hold up, even to the Irish Bishops and Archbishops, as models for imitation, not the saints of other lands, but the saints of Ireland—the saints of their own dear fatherland—and not alone the saints of their own land, who flourished in their own country—such as St. Patrick, St. Malachy, St. Laurence O'Toole, &c., but also many others whom he names, and who, as he says, "Coming out of Ireland carried the light of faith over the provinces of the continent, or estab-

lished it with the blood of their martyrdom." Yes! it was the saints of their *own* land that the venerable, the learned, and the celebrated Benedict the XIVth held up to the Irish prelates and to the Irish people as models for imitation, and shall we not be permitted in this land to hold up anything Irish, but even be called upon to lay aside everything Irish and to adopt in their stead, the practices, the customs and the habits of *Yankee land*!! *Were the habits and the customs of that land preferable to our own*, even then time would be required to effect the change—time only could effect it; and he who would attempt to effect it before the time would only stir up feelings and prejudices, which, instead of hastening, would but retard the accomplishment thereof. But *the reverse being the case*—may God in his goodness remove far from us the time when the Irish or their descendants shall lay aside the pious practices of the *old land* and adopt the maxims and habits of the new world!

Shall we be told again that even in Canada the Catholic cause requires the united energies of all her children, and that, therefore, we Irish should lay aside our nationality, unite with our Canadian brethren, and thus oppose a powerful front to the non-Catholic element around us! We believe indeed that the Irish and Canadian Catholics should unite, and unite as one man, in support of our common faith; but to unite, it is not necessary for either the one or the other to lay aside their feelings of nationality; on the contrary, union requires that those nationalities should be preserved distinct; if you put the two people into one body, you do not *unite*, you only fuse, and amalgamate them, and their very nationalities are jarring elements that will not amalgamate, that will not bear the fusion, and

hence would result confusion, weakness and defeat. But keep their nationality distinct; let each people feel its own weight, its own strength, its own power, and then united under wise leaders, bring them forth together side by side against the common enemy—then will they be animated with a noble rivalry in the common cause, and thus strong, strong in their united, well-directed power, they will soon crush the head of the common foe. Witness the late war in the Crimea: the armies of England and of France were united in a common cause against the common enemy, and strong as was that common enemy, he was forced to yield. But remember each army preserved its identity, its feelings, its nationality; they were not fused, they were not amalgamated into one army; had they been so fused, so amalgamated, had English and French soldiers been placed side by side in the same company, or had English officers been placed over French soldiers, and French officers over English soldiers, indiscriminately, would they have strengthened their cause? would the proud foe have been forced to yield? Assuredly not. The day they attempted so to fuse, so to amalgamate, that day would they break down their strength, that day would they sow seeds of division among their own ranks—and every man must feel that defeat, that shameful and inglorious defeat, would have been the result thereof. It is the same thing precisely between the Irish and the Canadian Catholics. The Irish are willing, most willing, to unite with them in the common cause against the common enemy—we are not willing to fuse—we are not willing to amalgamate—so to fuse, so to amalgamate is impracticable—so to fuse, so to amalgamate would be to weaken, not strengthen the common cause, and they who would ask us to do so either know not what they say

or say not what they think—love of Catholicity may be put forward as the motive, whilst the real motive may be kept in the background. Ah! how little they know the spirit of Irish nationality who imagine that the Irish must lay aside their nationality before they can unite in the cause of Catholicity. Let us then, *all of us*, rally round the united standards of our faith and of our nationality; they are *in us* united, they are blended together, and no power on earth or in hell shall be able either to sever them or to tear the one or the other from our Irish hearts. By such celebrations as the present is Irish nationality fanned and kept alive in the country. But you must do more than this. You fathers and mothers must teach it to your children. Tell them *of the old land*; tell them the legends, the traditions, the memories that hang around her; tell them the history of her sufferings, of her wrongs; tell them how their fathers suffered and died sooner than renounce one particle of their holy faith, of that faith which our glorious apostle St. Patrick first established in the land. Yes; tell them these things, it is the best inheritance you can leave them, it is the best means by which you can instil into their young minds the joint love of their religion, of their God, and of their country. Yes; let us all rally round the old land, let her never be forgotten, let each of us and all of us, in the sincerity of our hearts, pray for her often, here on the banks of the St. Lawrence, like the children of Israel on the river of the Babylon, and exclaim often, in the spirit of my text, “If I forget thee, Erin, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee; if I make not Erin the beginning of my joy.”

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ST. PATRICK'S PRAYER

"There is one desire of his recorded in a prayer which he often repeated in the course of his enormous labors, which shows that his ardent desire for the glory of God has been richly heard, and royally rewarded. It was this: 'May my Lord grant that I may never lose His people, which He has gained in the ends of the earth.'"—
Sundays at Lovell-Audley.

St. Patrick pray'd, and the gift of faith
Came down like a dew from Heaven;
And the idols fell, and the Druids paled,
And the people's bonds were riven.

Our Celtic fathers, caught the flame,
That fill'd th' Apostle's soul,
And their faith grew firm as the iron rock,
Round which the billows roll.

And that faith became their guiding star,
Through all the storms of life;
And to it they clung with tenacious grasp,
'Mid toil, and pain, and strife.

It sank into their inmost heart,
And was stamp'd upon their soul,
And they yielded up their stubborn will
To its divine control.

St. Patrick built the Irish Church,
On Christ, the living rock,
And it mocks the ocean's wildest roar,
And braves the earthquake's shock.

He fenced it round with a triple wall,
Of faith, and hope, and prayer,
And his high, prophetic soul rejoiced,
When he saw it strong as fair.

And he pray'd that the old Milesian race,
Thus gather'd to the fold,
Might never stray into error's paths,
Nor their ardent faith grow cold.

Has that prayer been heard?—let history tell :—
 For fourteen hundred years,
 That Church has breasted wind and wave,
 Through blood, and death, and tears.

It has borne fruit—ay ! an hundred fold,
 And spread throughout the earth,
 Showing forth in every passing age
 The splendor of its birth.

And its faith has been ever purified
 By persecution's flame ;
 Till the proud oppressor wrought his worst,
 Then stopped for very shame.

There is scarce a spot where man may tread,
 But St. Patrick's sons are seen,
 And wherever they go they plant the faith,
 And keep it fresh and green.

In the trackless wilds of this western world,
 They raise the cross on high,
 And where nations meet in the crowded mart.
 Their church-spires pierce the sky.

They stand at the altar in every clime,
 And they preach in every tongue,
 And they work the vineyard of the Lord
 Earth's countless tribes among.

A Catholic heart is the Celtic heart,
 Ay ! to its inmost core,
 And our pride is the good old simple faith,
 That our fathers had of yore.

And now that the persecutor's lash
 Is again before our eyes,
 The world shall see the Irish faith
 In its majesty arise.

And "the Celtic race" shall gird their loins
 And await the coming fight,
 —Shielded by St. Patrick's prayers,
 "For God, and for the right."

THE END

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