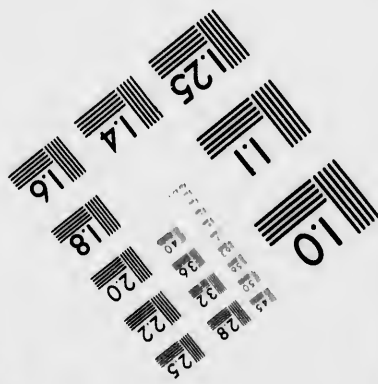
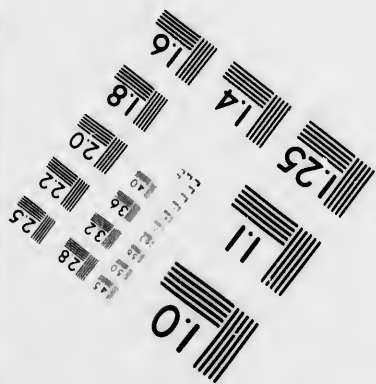
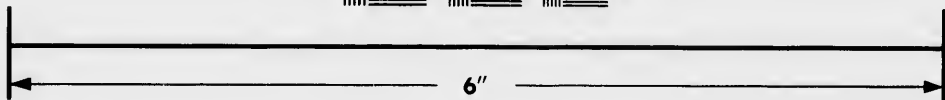
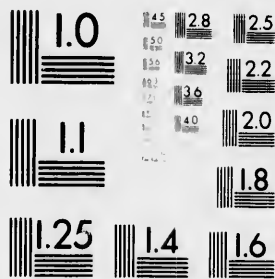


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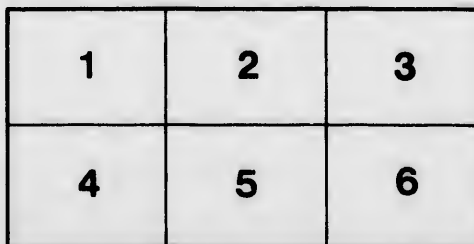
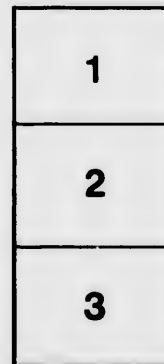
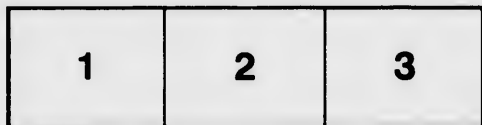
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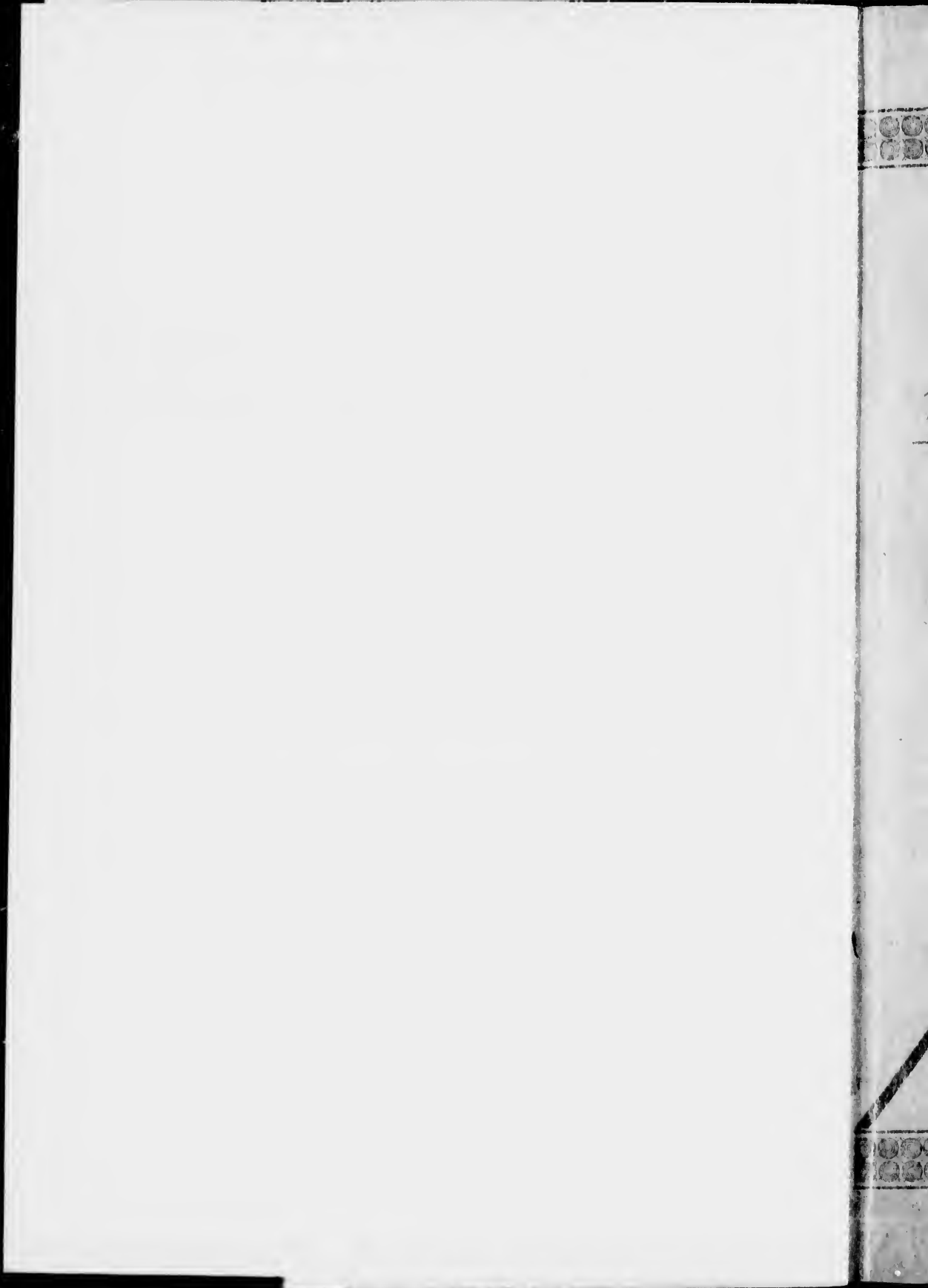
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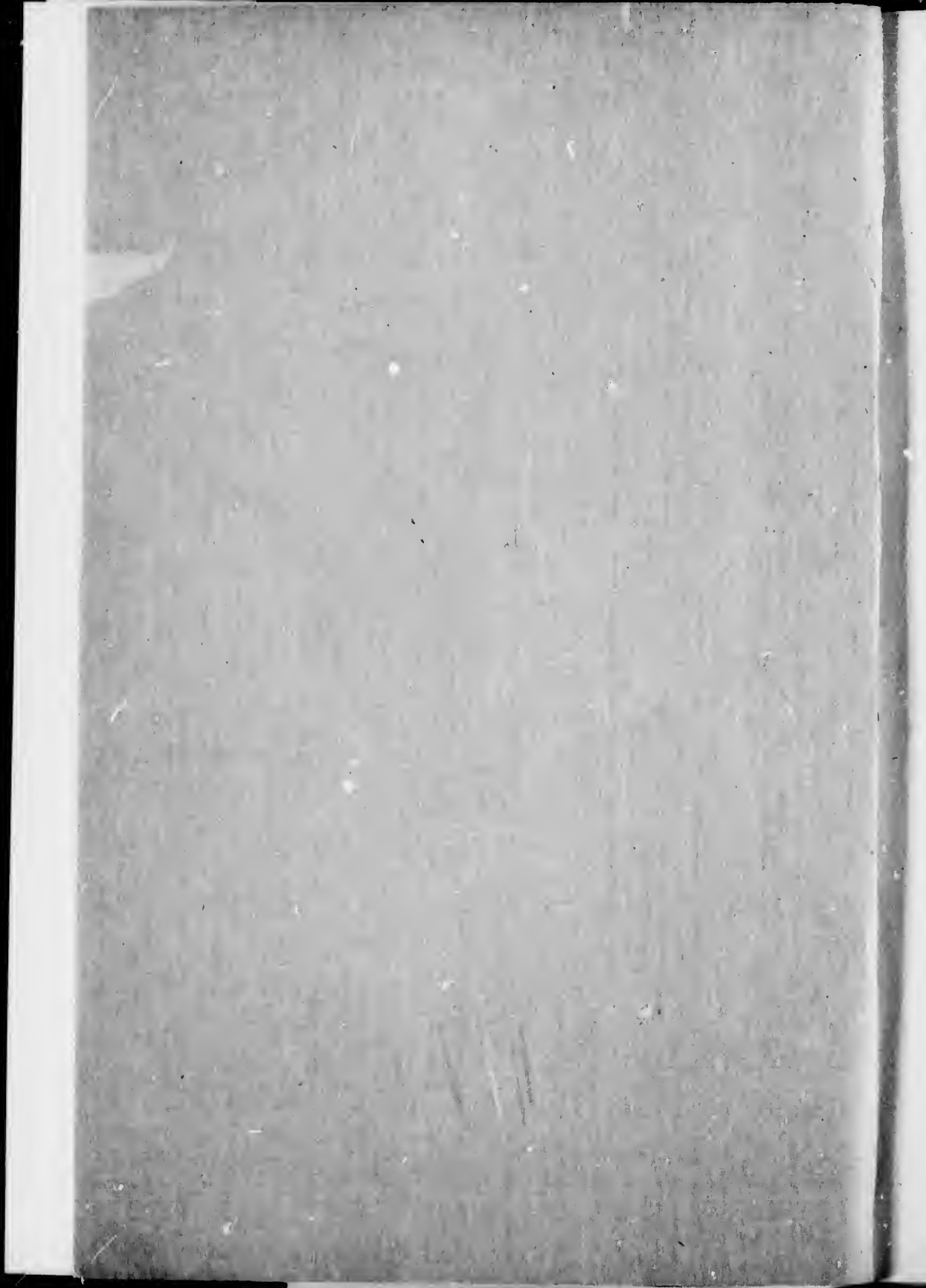
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MONTREAL

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

1890



P R E F A C E.

Montreal has always professed in its past history an unequivocal love for discipline and order. At a great cost and with arduous labor, it has never failed to prove an effectual barrier to any attempt of encroachment upon its privilege and honor. Its noble attitude is its security and guarantee of wonderful vitality. In the prosecution of this worthy end, our fair city meets with the approval and encouragement of every loyal subject and warm-hearted patriot. It abhors and repudiates the false claims of any class whether organized or not, to trample under foot the laws enacted by its competent authority for the preservation of civil harmony and civil peace among the varied elements that make up and constitute its social life. In this regard the Irish of "Ville Marie" are blameless and irreproachable. Their annual processions of the 17th so inoffensive and so harmless in their conception, administration and execution are viewed with favor generally as a lawful and powerful means of blending together the different shades of Irish character, and sinking into one common fund the varied resources of Irish enterprise. It is ably directed to impress upon all minds the elevated idea of national greatness, and to encourage all nationalities to tread the path of honor and uprightness throughout the intercourse of life. It recalls no painful circumstance written in blood-stained letters on the record page of by gone days. No. It strives to blot out such doleful memories by giving way to a playful and joyful pastime, and spending a portion of the festivities in the exercises of holy religion.

Ever since the days of Father Richards, a devoted and self-sacrificing priest of St. Sulpice, it has been traditional among the Irish population to honor thus the cause of patriotism. Irishmen of all ranks and grades join hand in hand and display with enthusiasm the shamrock and the harp of Erin as their national emblems of distinction. The year 1890 is a golden year in the history of Montreal. The universal union existing between the societies of the English-speaking parishes: the large number in attendance; the immense gathering of spectators lining the route; the flying of the flags and the waving of the banners of Ireland; the rich and exquisite strains of music of the bands; the eloquent spiritual discourse at high mass, and the platform speeches and general entertainment programmes in the evening: in a word, according to general appreciation, everything in connection with the demonstration of 1890 entitles it to a foremost rank in the line of public eventualities.





REV. MARTIN CALLAGHAN,
THE DISTINGUISHED PULPIT AND STAGE ORATOR.



GRAND BANNER OF ST. PATRICK'S CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOL.

BLESSED BY REV. JAMES CALLAGHAN.

This beautiful ceremony took place on the eve of St. Patrick's day. Rev. James Callaghan, a true friend of youth, presided. In presence of the pupils and their teachers he delivered a very neat instruction. The rev. gentleman spoke on the virtues of St. Patrick and the blessed John Baptiste de la Salle, the founder of the illustrious and world-renowned Christian Brotherhood, and exhorted his juvenile hearers to imitate these great champions of our Holy Church. Among those present was Rev. Brother Tobias, of St. Patrick's school, whose love for his boys cannot be contested. The honor of carrying the banner on St. Patrick's day had fallen to the following ex-pupils: Timothy Shea, Patrick Scullion, Daniel Mackay, William Smith, James Greene, Daniel McNulty.

ST. PATRICK'S ACADEMY

There is no educational establishment in our metropolis where Ireland's Patron Saint is honored with more genuine feeling than at St. Patrick's Academy, under the able direction of the ladies of the Notre Dame congregation. The love of religion is instilled in the hearts of the pupils, together with a noble pride in the land of the harp and the shamrock. It needs but a festal day like the 17th to arouse within these young natures the heaven-born inspirations of christian patriotism. By a happy coincidence, they have been enabled to feast from year to year in one common joy the Patrick of the green and verdant isle and our beloved Father Dowd, the faithful imitator of his virtues and the worthy bearer of his name. The celebration of the 17th is hereditary in this institution, and takes a decidedly religious turn in being held on the eve when the First Vespers of the Office of the illustrious saint are being chanted in public choir or in private throughout the church. The programme of 1890 has certain peculiarities of merit which class it amongst the most remarkable ever carried out by the academy. A rapid glance at the various items is able to discover secrets of success.

PROGRAMME.

INSTRUMENTAL.....	"St. Patrick's Day,".....	
	(A Welcome—ERISTELLA ELLIOTT.)	
<i>Introductory Remarks</i>		Annie Wall.
SOPRANO.....	"Ring a Joyous Greeting,".....	MAGGIE DRUMM.
		HELENE TURGEON.
		MAY MILLOY.
		KATIE KEARNS.
POLYLOGUE.....		BELLA MACANALLY.
		MAGGIE O'SULLIVAN.
		LILLIE NEVILLE.
		NELLIE BOWMAN.
		MARY DRUMM.
		RACHEL CURRAN.
		MAGGIE MACANALLY.
GRAND PIANO DUETT, (16 hands)....	"A Grand Guide,".....	BELLA MACANALLY.
		LIZZIE MONETTE.
		LOTTIE KEARNS.
		MAUD NEVILLE.
		BLANCHE VERRETT.
RECITATION.....	"The Dead Doll,".....	ALICE MORIARTY.
SONG AND CHORUS.....		JUNIOR CHOIR.
	LIZZIE WALL, BLANCHE VERRETT, CLARA CURRAN, AGNES LORIGAN, CARRIE DRUMM.	
RECITATION.....	"My Queenly Island Home,".....	RACHEL CURRAN.
SONG AND CHORUS.....	"We'll Remember Old Ireland in Prayer,".....	MAGGIE MACANALLY.
FESTAL ECHOES.....		LOTTIE KEARNS, MARY MORIARTY.
ADDRESS.....		MAUD NEVILLE.
DUETT.....	"St. Patrick's Day,".....	
	MAMIE NEVILLE, MAGGIE DRUMM, LIZZIE WALL, MARY MORIARTY.	

The grand solos and choruses were rendered with exquisite taste by the members of St. Cecilia choir of the academy. Special mention might be judiciously made of Miss MacAnally, Lottie Kearns, Maggie Drumm, Mary and Alice Moriarty.

ST. CECILIA'S CHOIR.

Mary Milloy, Helene Turgeon, Maud Neville, Johanna Murphy, Mamie Neville, Maggie McAnally, Katie Kearns, Katie Hanley, Mary Ellen O'Neill, Lizzie Rowan, Rachael Curran, Maggie Drumm, Mary Markum, Lillie Nugent, Lottie Kearns, Maggie O'Sullivan, Annie Wall, Annie McCall, Eugenie Boudet, Hildegunde Nevue, Mary Moriarty, Maggie Moriarty, Emily Scott Fielder, Maria Nugent, Agnes Flynn, Agnes Burke, Annie Hamel, Mamie Coughlin, Katie Lorigan, Bella McAnally, Nellie O'Sullivan, Mary Horan, Lillie Mathews, Susy Barry, Mary Kate Shea, Mary Ellen Walsh, Maggie Rogers, Julia Barry, Adele Turgeon, Maggie Stanley.

The teaching staff of St. Patrick's (1889-90) is as follows: Sister St. Aloysius, Sister St. Magdalène du Calvaire, Sister St. Melanie, Sister St. Mary Magdalen, Sister St. Patrick, Sister St. Mary Clare, Sister St. Petronilla, Sister St. Aloysius du Sacre Cœur, Sister St. Mary Agnes, Sister St. Hubert, Sister St. Cordule, Sister St. Mary.

The young lady assistants are : The Misses Monette, Dowd and Drumm.

The entertainment was greatly enhanced by the invitation of many ex-pupils of the school and the following clerical and lay gentlemen : Revds. P. Dowd, P.P., Bohonreau, O.P., J. A. McCallen, S.S., M. Callaghan, S.S., James Callaghan, S.S., Jos. Casey, Bros. Arnold (St. Ann's), Bernard and Prudent (Mount St. Louis), Hon. Senator Murphy, J. J. O'Grady, J.C., M.P., Dr. W. H. Hingston, Ald. P. Kennedy, M. P. Ryan, Owen McGarvey, the special guests and personal friends of Father Dowd.

The following poem was recited by May Milloy with more than ordinary ability.

THE HIDDEN ANGEL.

A block of marble caught the glance of Bonaparte's eyes,
Which brightened in their solemn deep. Like meteor lightened skies,
And one who stood beside him listened, smiling as he heard
For—"I shall make an angel of it."

Was the Sculptor's word

A mallet now, and chisel sharp, the stubborn block assual
And blow by blow, and bang by bang, the prisoner unveiled
A brow was lifted high and pure, the waking eyes out-shone,
And as the Master sharply wrought, a smile broke from the stone.

Beneath the chisel's edge the hair escaped in flowing rings,
And plume by plume was slowly freed—the plumes of half furled wings
The stately bust and graceful limbs their marble fetters shed,
And where the shapeless block had been

An Angel stood instead.

O ! blows that smite, O ! hurts that pierce this shrinking heart of mine !
What are ye but the Master's tools forming a work divine ?
O ! hope that crumbles at my feet, O ! joy that mocks and flies,
What are ye but the clogs that bind our spirit to the skies ?

Sculptor of Souls ! I lift to Thee unnumbered heart and hands,
Spare not the chisel, let me free ! however dear the bands !
How blest if all those seeming ills, which draw my soul to Thee,
Should only prove that Thou should'st make

An Angel out of me.

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..... Annie Wall.
..... Maggie Drumm.
..... Elene Turgeon.
..... May Milloy.
..... Nettie Kearns.
..... Ella McAnally.
..... Maggie O'Sullivan.
..... Nellie Neville.
..... Lillie Bowman.
..... Harry Drumm.
..... Rachel Curran.
..... Maggie MacAnally.
..... Ella MacAnally.
..... Nettie Monette.
..... Nettie Kearns.
..... Lud Neville.
..... Anthe Verrett.
..... Alice Moriarty.
..... Junior Choir.
..... Carrie Drumm.
..... Rachel Curran.
Prayer.....
..... Maggie MacAnally.
..... Mary Moriarty.
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..... Maggie Drumm,
..... Murphy, Mamie
..... Ellen O'Neill,
..... Lillie Nugent,
..... Eugenio Boulet,
..... Scott Fielder,
..... Mamie Coughlin,
..... Lillie Mathews,
..... Mrs. Julia Barry,
..... Sisters St.
..... Sister St. Mary
..... Conilla, Sister St.
..... Albert, Sister St.

PROCESSION, HIGH MASS, SERMON,

IN ST. PATRICK'S.

The various associations met at 9.30 at the foot of St. Alexander street and proceeded to St. Patrick's. The church was richly decorated with flags, mottoes and bunting of variegated colors.

High Mass began at ten o'clock. Very Rev. L. D. A. Marechal, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Montreal, officiated. Rev. John C. Brophy, acted as deacon; Rev. James Farrell, sub-deacon. The masters of ceremonies were Revs. Cornelius Sullivan, and A. Giroux. Censor-bearer: E. Egan. Acolytes: P. Quinlan, D. Scollard. The following Rev. clergymen occupied seats of honor in the Sanctuary. Revs. P. Dowd, P.P., St. Patrick's; Sentenne, P.P., H. Belard, Notre Dame; P. Deguire, P.P., St. James' Church; J. U. Leclaire, St. Joseph's; J. Salmon, P.P., O'Donnell, Kelly, St. Mary's; James Lonergan, P.P., St. Bridget's; O'Meara, P.P., McGinnis, St. Gabriel's; Prevost, P.P., Côte St. Paul. Bobonneau, O.P.; Father Jean Marie, of the Trappe; Père Joly, O.S.C.; Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; Rioux, C.S.S.R.; Bancart, C.S.S.R.; J. Bray, S.S.; Driscoll, S.S., Grand Seminary; Lelandais, Dir., S.S.; de Foville, S.S.; La-liberte, S.S.; Chevrier, S.S.; Portier, S.S.; Laurier, L. T. Callaghan, Montreal College; Tremolet, S.S., Tragasser, Hotel-Dieu; Donnelly, Morrell, St. Anthony's; Roussin, Le Sage, Kavanagh, Chaplain of Villa Maria Convent; J. Toupin, S.S., J. A. McCallen, S.S., M. Callaghan, S.S., J. Callaghan, S.S., and J. Casey. The singing of the choir with full orchestral accompaniment was rendered with great musical perfection. Luzzani's Mass was sung. The soloists were Messrs, J. J. Rowan, F. J. Greene, tenors; J. J. Hammill and James Crompton, baritones; T. C. Emblem, E. F. Casey, basses. The sermon was preached by Rev. Martin Callaghan. It occupied an entire hour, and never was a discourse listened to with more delight than his magnificent panegyric of St. Patrick.

SERMON

BY THE REV. MARTIN CALLAGHAN.

"Moses was beloved by God and men, whose memory is in benediction."—Eecl. 45, v. 1.
Dearlly Belored Brethren,—

The Irish character is pre-eminently grand, singularly imposing and unobtrusively impressive. It has features of transcendent merit and surpassing brilliancy, which are frequently ignored or unacknowledged, but which emphatically assert themselves at all times and in all places. The Irishman does not cease to reverence the past, whilst he joins the Execl-

sior movement of the present. He holds with undying affection to all the traditions of his ancestry, and still keeps pace with the onward march of progress. In spiritual things he is essentially conservative, but in all other matters he can afford to be liberal. Behold him intently watching all the chances of the hour, carefully measuring all his steps, readily adapting himself to all his circumstances and vigorously pushing forward towards the attainment of the objects which he has in view. Nothing admits of more solid argument than his convictions, which suffice to render him illustrious. Nothing is so tender, earnest and enduring as his sympathies, which command universal respect. His heart is loyal to his reason. Both his reason and heart are always docile to the inspirations of religion. No day of the year is for the Irish Celt like the seventeenth of March. He longs to see this day return annually, hails it with the liveliest joy and celebrates it with unbounded enthusiasm. On no other day could he feel happier or prouder. Noble is the pride which swells his breast, and nothing is more legitimate than the happiness which he enjoys and communicates on all sides. St. Patrick's Day is possessed of charms which he delights in not resisting, and tending with salutary influences to which he yields spontaneously. It appeals to his inmost soul, and brings into prominence the leading glorious characteristics of his race. On this day he solemnly renews his allegiance to Rome and Ireland. On this day he kneels in fervent devotion at the foot of the altar and unfurls to the wind the flag of his country. On this day he decks the cross with sprigs of the shamrock and listens with enraptured emotion to the mingled strains of David's lyre and Erin's harp. Faith and patriotism should go hand in hand. Never should they be separated, and always should they blend in the most perfect harmony. On St. Patrick's Day the Catholic Irishman displays a heroism which redounds immensely to his credit. Though the Church is passing through an ordeal of the fiercest persecution, though she is paralyzed in her action and threatened in her very existence, nevertheless he proclaims before the world his belief in all her teachings, and relies with implicit confidence upon the never-failing promises of her divine Spouse. The tide of adversity may be breaking with unabated, nay, with increasing violence upon the shores of the Emerald Isle, and the political horizon may, far from brightening, deepen in gloom, still he loves the land of his forefathers, still he prays and hopes and works for better days, for times more prosperous. On this day Irishmen should gather around the shrine of St. Patrick and pay him the tribute to which he is entitled. In all justice he may be compared with Moses, the renowned leader and ruler of ancient Israel. He was entrusted by Heaven with the interests of a whole nation. Nobody else could have understood its interests so thoroughly. Nobody else could have promoted

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them with greater energy or with equal success. He was loved by God. He lived in accomplishing His will and in corresponding with His designs. He is loved by all succeeding generations. In whatever he did he was not actuated by any selfishness, but by a principle of the noblest and purest charity. He expended himself in doing all the good in his power and should rank among the most distinguished benefactors of humanity. He is held in benediction and deserving of a twofold blessing. In all centuries he will be blessed for the shining example he left us, and blessed for the dazzling glories of the people whom he evangelized.

The world is the sworn ally of Satan and the open enemy of all good. It disowns the claims of the Most High and rejects the maxims of Christianity. It sets up idols of its own creation and never grows weary of worshipping them. It grasps at shadows, and revels in glittering deceit, in gilded follies and fleeting vanities? Of what a grave injustice is it not guilty towards the Saints? It does not either honor them or hold them in any esteem. It ignores and misrepresents them. All Christians should study them and seek to reproduce them. Of all the Saints, Patrick may urge a preferential title to our imitation. What St. Paul said to the Corinthians, whom he had Christianized, our Saint is justified in repeating to all who belong to the Irish race, "Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ." He was seventy-eight years old when he died. What a magnificent career he led during this long period? How gratifying it was to our divine Lord—how edifying and meritorious! On reading his biography we cannot fail to be deeply impressed with a twofold spirit which animated him—which we should vividly recall especially upon this occasion, always cherish and strive to emulate. He was remarkable for his spirit of prayer and not less so for his spirit of faith. His whole life was a continuous prayer. Who could compute the number of times he prayed? It seems beyond computation and bordering on the incredible. What tongue could fittingly express or pen adequately describe—what brush could paint in proper colors or chisel carve in suitable lines the seraphic piety which pervaded his soul and beamed from his countenance as he addressed his petitions to the Throne of Mercy? He was profoundly humble and fully aware of his personal insufficiency. He felt he could do nothing if left to himself and could do all things if assisted by grace. He prayed in all his needs, dangers and trials. It was by having recourse to this act of religion that he could surmount all kinds of obstacles, comply with all his obligations and meet all his responsibilities. His love of prayer strikingly appeared in his youth. He was captured in Gaul by Niall of the nine hostages and brought by this King to Ireland, where he was sold as a slave to a certain Mileho, residing in the County of Antrim. During the seven years which he spent in tending his master's sheep he

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engaged in prayer wherever the opportunity presented itself, and showed a predilection for the Summit of Sliobh Miss, where he indulged his devotions. "Every day," says he in his confessions, "I fed the flocks and prayed fervently during the day. Whilst I tarried on the mountains and in the woods I was roused to pray both in the snow, frost and rain." It was owing to the efficacy of prayer that he was released from the bonds of slavery. Being informed by a celestial voice where he would find a ship which would restore him to liberty and bring him back to his native country, he started for the vessel at his earliest convenience, but the captain refused to let him go on board. As he was retracing his steps he began to pray, and, "Before," says he, "I had finished my prayer I heard one of the men crying out in a loud voice, 'Come quickly, for they are calling you.'" I returned immediately and they said, "Come, we receive thee on trust. Be our friend. We then set sail, and after three days we reached land." During the term of his episcopate, which lasted over thirty years, the devotional spirit of Patriek assumed the most wondrous proportions and developed a variety of the most beautiful forms. The Roman Breviary draws our attention to the multiplicity of his prayers and would fain imply how greatly they contributed in enabling him to attain the lofty degree of sanctity to which he aspired—to discharge the important functions of his office and reap the spiritual harvest which he had sown. We learn from this sacred book that he was in the habit of reciting every day the entire Psalter with a quantity of hymns and two hundred prayers. Three hundred times a day he adored the Lord on bended knees, and at each canonical hour he shielded himself a hundred times with the sign of the cross. He divided the night into three parts. He spent the first part in reading a hundred psalms and in genuflecting two hundred times: the second in reciting the remaining psalms with his body plunged in freezing water and with his eyes and hands turned towards the sky; the third lying on a cold naked rock where he sought a little rest." Saints do not act upon the promptings of nature or the suggestions of the world. They do not rely upon their own resources for the success of their enterprises. They lean upon the arm of the Almighty and place all their trust in His infinite goodness. They will have only Him inspire, govern and crown all their works. Under the benign and potent influences of prayer the faith of our Saint was not slow in reaching its fullest development and in acquiring a marvelous ascendancy over his whole being. What a virtue supernatural faith is! How divine in its origin, how priceless in value and indispensable in character! Some falsely imagine or dishonestly boast they possess this virtue. Others either do not understand or properly appreciate it. Blessed Patriek knew its meaning and realized its sovereign

importance. It was in his eyes all that it is in reality. He could not see in faith anything less than the root of justification, the principle of merit and the groundwork of salvation. It was in his mind the solution of all the problems that interest us and the triumph of every cause which we should uphold. It was the pledge of individual felicity and domestic peace, the basis of social prosperity and national aggrandizement, the chief fulcrum upon which the civilization of the world should rest. Our sainted Apostle was one of the grandest living masterpieces produced by the skill of Christian faith. He was the quintessence of a Catholic, and would not for a thousand worlds wish to pass for anything else. What upright man should not burn with indignation at the persistent efforts that have been made to classify him amongst the Episcopalians or Presbyterians? His mother was the Church, the legitimate spouse of our Blessed Lord. Towards this best of mothers he was always what the best of sons should be. His heart was in Rome. It throbbed less in his breast than in the Eternal City. In this City dwells the highest Representative of God upon earth, the august Vicar of Christ, the rightful successor of the Apostolic Prince, the Chief Shepherd of Souls and the Janitor of Heaven. Here is the visible Rock upon which the Church of all nations and of all ages has been built, the Rock which has withstood unimpaired the storms of eighteen centuries and calmly bids defiance to all the fury of hell and to all the malice of human passion. Our national Saint was a votary of the Papacy, and in his devotedness to this divine institution he furnished a brilliant manifestation of his faith. He was happy in being a child of the Holy Father, and no worthier child was to be seen throughout the patrimony of St. Peter. He was proud in being a subject of the Sovereign Pontiff and no subject more loyal could be found in all the extent of his vast realms. He was a Roman of the Romans. His mission was from Rome, and all his teachings were from Rome. He was apprized in a vision of his call to the Irish Apostolate. He saw Victorious hand him a letter, which he opened and read. The first words which he met were: "The voice of the Irish," and while he was perusing the remainder he heard a multitude of human voices coming from near the wood of Fochut and crying out: "We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and henceforth walk amongst us." It looks quite evident from this vision that he was called by God to be the Apostle of the Irish, and yet he would not answer His call until he had been authorized by His sacred Vicerent. He would not become an intruder or an usurper. He would not enter upon the work of his calling unless he was officially appointed—unless he had credentials bearing the seal of the Fisherman. He turned his steps towards the city of the Popes and solicited an audience from the reigning Pontiff. Celestine welcomed him into his presence and showed him all manner of

kindness. He approved the undertaking which he had in contemplation and invested him with all the qualifications it might require. He constituted him his plenipotentiary and sent him to Ireland in order to reclaim it from heathenism and usher it into the light of Christianity. St. Aileran, writing in the 7th century, bears the following testimony to the truth of this assertion: "St. Germanus sent the blessed Patrick to Rome that thus he might receive the sanction of the Bishop of the Apostolic See to go forth and preach, for so order requireth, and Patrick having come to Rome was honorably received by the holy Pope Celestine, and he was sent into Ireland by the same Pope." Celestine lavished upon our Apostle all kinds of favors while he sojourned in Rome. He admitted him into the order of the Patricians—an order instituted by Constantine the Great and ranking next to the Imperial. He made him a present of some precious relics and several valuable copies of the Bible. He must indeed have had a great love for the Apostle of our nation, but not greater than that which Leo XIII. has always entertained for the Irish people. Before he ascended the Throne of Peter he took a most intelligent and cordial interest in whatever concerned this people. At times he was noticed in the British House of Commons listening to O'Connell demanding redress for the grievances under which his countrymen were laboring and advocating their claims to a larger, nay, to an equal participation in the advantages resulting from the constitutional government under which they lived. With what earnestness and fervor of enthusiasm did he not applaud the efforts of the Irish Liberator, this unrivalled orator, judicious statesman, honest patriot and uncompromising Catholic? Since his promotion to the exalted dignity which he holds he has been giving the most tangible proofs of his deep and tender love for the children of St. Patrick. "I have," says he, in 1879, "from my earliest years, admired and cherished with special affection the Church of Ireland and the Irish Episcopate." All that our Saint taught in the land of his adoption was identical in every respect with what prevailed in the Pontifical city. Had he taught anything different, the Roman Breviary would take good care not to honor his memory, and the Catholic Church would never think of invoking his intercession. If there were in his teachings anything that did not chime with the Roman code of truth he would have prostituted his mission and egregiously failed in establishing the Gospel in the midst of the people to whom he had been sent. We find in history the strictest parallelism between all that he inculcated and the doctrines held by the Holy See. If such a parallelism did not exist we would be at a loss how to justify or explain the language used by St. Columbanus in a letter which he addressed in 613 to Pope Boniface: "We Irish are disciples of St. Peter and St. Paul, adhering constantly to the evangelical and apos-

tical doctrine. Amongst us neither Jew, heretic nor schismatic can be found, but the Catholic faith, entire and unshaken, precisely as we have received it from you who are the successors of the Holy Apostles."

Religious zeal is a quality which faith should have and which marks the Apostleship of St. Patrick. He did not exaggerate the grandeur of his task, nor did he hesitate to make use of whatever means would enable him to fulfil it. "He hath rejoiced as a giant to run the way." His only ambition was to win souls for Christ, and in pursuing this object he availed himself of all his resources and opportunities. All his moments were occupied. He could not rest satisfied with what he had done and should be always engaged in planting and building. Well might we style him "a winged laborer," as St. John Chrysostom did the Apostle of the Gentiles. He was always travelling. He visited all Ireland seven times—six times on foot and only once in a chariot, when he was too much enfeebled by old age to walk any longer. He was consecrated bishop by St. Maximus, and landed in 432 on the coast of Wicklow. With what a lavish hand he scattered the Gospel seed, and upon what a grateful soil it fell! Deeply did it sink into the ground. Rapidly did it quicken, ripen into maturity, and yield the choicest fruit in the greatest abundance. Before his arrival Christianity had made but little headway. No sooner did he appear than it dispelled the darkness of paganism, shed its refulgent beams in all directions, and enveloped the western Isle in a golden flood of peerless splendor. He was assiduous in preaching, and daily he saw the ranks of the faithful increasing prodigiously. Dicho, a lord of the soil, was the first convert he made and the first who built a Christian Church under his direction. Among his other converts figured the son and two daughters of Milcho, his old master; Feschman, whose son Benignus succeeded him in the Primatial See of Armagh; Dubtach, the chief poet and druid of King Laeghaire; this monarch's brother, Conall Creevan and his two daughters, the Princesses Ethnea and Fethlimia. While he was staying in the Province of Connaught he baptized at the fountain of Enardhae seven princes along with 12,000 of their followers. He was alive to all the wants of the Christian population begotten by his zeal, and prompt in relieving them. He consecrated 360 bishops and ordained 3,000 priests. He constructed temples where the Lord might be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and provided places of retreat for all those who wished to embrace a religious life. He held a synod shortly after he had erected the cathedral of Armagh and died in the monastery of Saul, which he had founded. What an example the blessed Patrick has set us! How we should treasure it in our hearts and embody it in our lives!

Let us contemplate the halo of glory encircling the brow of Catholic Ireland, and hasten to adjudge her worthy of the most unqualified admiration. She stands conspicuous for her learning in ages gone by, and for her missionary spirit in the nineteenth century. The Irish have been charged with being ignorant. Never was any charge more unjust or ill-founded. Ignorance is a glaring crime, and of such a crime they are not guilty. They know all that their circumstances will permit them, and utilize in the best possible manner whatever knowledge they can reach. They value exceedingly the advantages of education, and neglect no opportunity to secure them. The Irish people are second to no other in fertility of imagination, originality of wit, retentiveness of memory, quickness of apprehension and accuracy of judgment. What other people can discover at a more rapid glance and with greater incerrancy whatever is superficial, unsubstantial, illogical and erroneous? What other people could have a keener appreciation of all that is right and good, a more genuine admiration for mental culture, and a more ardent enthusiasm for the productions of genius? For a long time the Catholics of Ireland were subjected to a most uncongenial and humiliating condition of things. They were deprived of schools such as they needed, and debarred from the educational benefits which they coveted. Nothing else could they expect from the tyrannical government of England that had conspired with the bigotry of Protestantism to suppress their religious and patriotic aspirations. History has immortalized the intellectual prestige which the Irish, acquired in days when they were united, happy, free and independent. In those days they earned and enjoyed a European reputation for learning. From all parts of Europe students flocked in large numbers to gather the lessons of wisdom which fell from their lips, and leisurely drink at the crystal fountain of science which they had in their safe-keeping. All who came to study in Ireland received a training which qualified them to become both learned and saintly. They had nothing to pay for their education, and were treated as guests as long as they remained in the country. What I have been asserting is corroborated by a memorable passage in a sermon delivered in 1869 by Dr. Wordsworth, the Protestant Bishop of Lincoln, England: "More than a thousand years ago the Church of Ireland was the burning and shining light of the western world. Her candlestick was seen from afar, diffusing its rays like the luminous beacon of some lofty lighthouse planted on a rock amid the foaming surge of the ocean, and casting its light over the dark sea to guide the mariner in his course. Such was the Church of Ireland then. Such she was especially to us. We of this land must not endeavor to conceal our obligations to her. We must not be ashamed to confess that, with regard to learning, and especially with regard to sacred learning, Ireland was in

advance of England at that time. The sons of our nobles and gentry were sent for education thither. Ireland was the monastery of the west. She was rich in libraries, colleges and schools. She was famous, as now for hospitality. She received those who came to her with affectionate generosity, and provided them with books and instructors." Irish scholars did good abroad as well as at home. When they were summoned by Heaven they left their native shores and disseminated wherever they settled the teachings which held sway in the country of their birth. Ozanam contends that the Irish race has exclusively the honor of having diffused the light of knowledge over the European continent from the sixth to the twelfth century. Montalembert does not go so far, and yet he allows that "the exertions of this race were so undeniable as to leave France, Switzerland and Belgium under an everlasting debt of gratitude. Hallam tells us that Ireland "both drew students from the continent and sent forth men of comparative eminence into its schools and colleges." The biographer of Charlemagne says that the colleges of Paris and Pavia were founded by Irish ecclesiastics; and Scaliger, a German author, states that for two hundred years after the reign of Charlemagne "nearly all the learned men of Europe" hailed from the land of saints and sages. Irish monks established 15 monasteries in Rhetia, Helvetia and Allemania, 16 in Bavaria, 12 in Armorica, 10 in Alsace, seven in Lorraine, seven in France, six in Italy, 12 in England and 13 in Scotland. How beautifully the Irish intellect developed, and how brilliantly it shone beneath the influences of Christianity! Like a star of the first magnitude it loomed in the firmament of Europe. The fame of Ireland for scholarship dimmed during a succession of centuries. Its lustre is reasserting itself, and but fair to eclipse the splendor of the past. With what distinction did not the Irish prelates figure at the last ecumenical assembly held in Rome. "In the great council of the Vatican," says Cardinal Manning, "when the Catholic Church met together by representatives, there was no one saint or apostle, save only those saints or apostles who had laid the Church in the beginning, who had in that august council, that synod of the intellect of the Church, so many mitred sons as the Apostle of Ireland." What significance and suggestiveness in the celebrations which took place a few months ago under the presidency of Cardinal Gibbons! How happy the understanding between the lay and clerical element! What a demonstration of faith, piety, natural talent, cultured intelligence and uncommon ability of every description! The American hierarchy may glory in the centenary of its existence, the laity of the United States in its Congress, and the Catholic world in the Washington University. In this century of ours the Irish peo-

ple have proved most excellent missionaries. Intense is their desire to see religion flourish, to see the rights of God practically acknowledged, the claims of truth, justice and charity respected. They identify themselves with the Church. They consider sacred the objects which she proposes to herself, and endorse whatever methods she deems proper to employ. They stand at her side in her days of trial and will not abandon her in the hour of danger. They follow her step by step in all the battles which she wages, and warmly congratulate her on all the laurels of victory which she wins. They delight in beholding the number of her children multiplying, and nothing do they hold in greater abomination than the crime of heresy or the scandal of apostacy. What attachment they have for her ministers, what veneration for her sacraments and worship, what submission to her dogmatic and moral precepts: Their missionary zeal is superior to every test and deserving of all praise. It is unparalleled and supremely efficacious. If you analyze it you will learn what its predominating ingredients are, and if you notice how they manifest themselves you will arrive at the conclusion that of all the nations upon earth there is none so Catholic as the nation to which we belong; none laboring with such discreet activity for the glory of the Christian name; none so heroically devoted in all contingencies and in all circumstances to the interests of the Universal Church. The sun never sets upon the Irish race. The Irish are to be met on all the points of our globe, and wherever they appear they neither betray nor disguise their faith but rather they profess it fearlessly and unblushingly. This faith is no blind fatality or pure speculation. It is an intellectual act freely elicited and influencing the whole tenor of their external conduct. They are enamored of their creed and diligent in conforming to its prescriptions. They preach Catholicity by their unswerving allegiance to the See of Peter, by the filial love they have for the Blessed Virgin, by the honor they pay the Saints and the prayers they offer for the dead, by assisting at the Sacrifice of the Mass, by frequenting the tribunal of Penance and partaking of the Eucharistic banquet, by sanctioning the practices of religion and complying with the ecclesiastical laws. The generosity of the Irish is proverbial. We read in the Acts: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." They understand these divinely inspired words and illustrate them in themselves. They share the peculiar blessedness of which the Holy Ghost speaks in this Scriptural text. They are always giving to God, and most cheerfully do they give. Faith tells them how to invest their silver and gold. Hence they run no risk in their investments, and may flatter themselves with the prospect of the most lucrative return. To what an extent do they not by their donations glorify the Most High, promote Christianity and forward the cause of

Catholicism? How liberally do they not support their bishops, priests and all those who minister to their spiritual wants? What schools, colleges and convents, what churches and cathedrals have they not built and do they not maintain wherever they have fixed their abode? The Irish nation is a nation of Apostles. What a world of good it has accomplished! What a torrent of vice it has checked, and what a barrier it has opposed to all kinds of error! The ranks of the Irish clergy are far from thinning. Numerous are the vocations and the candidates are admirably qualified. The Irish priests are universally noted for their solid learning, sterling virtues, disinterested zeal and rare skill in advancing the welfare of all committed to their charge. In manifold ways the laity cooperate to the efficiency of their apostleship. What is unquestionably most serviceable to religion is the angelical virtue which the children of St. Patrick prize so highly and cultivate to an extraordinary degree. "Among all the virtues," says Cambrensis, "which distinguish Ireland, that of chastity holds the first rank." This British writer might repeat in the nineteenth century what he said of the Irish in the twelfth. Listen to the words of Montalembert: "This Green Erin still maintains, under the formidable power of Anglo-Saxon supremacy, an inextinguishable centre of faith, where survives, together with the completest orthodoxy, that admirable purity of morals which no adversary has been able to dispute, to equal or to diminish." "Even to the present day," adds Mgr. Dupanloup, "one breathes an indescribable perfume of virtue among this people which is not to be found elsewhere."

Upon this day, Dearest Brethren, thank God for having given you such an Apostle in the blessed Patrick, and resolve not to contradict upon any occasion, or in any manner, the sentiments which his memory should inspire. There is nothing in your annals of which you need be ashamed. Do not suffer the spirit of the past to perish, but endeavor to perpetuate it. Proudly may you point to your long line of Christian ancestors. They cling to the legacy of your loving and venerable Apostle and transmitted it from generation to generation. You have inherited the blood of St. Peter which coursed in their veins, and pledged yourselves never to dishonor the noblest of titles with which you are decorated. For centuries your forefathers have undergone a martyrdom, but though cruelly oppressed, socially degraded, starving and agonizing, nothing could rob them of the loveliest and rarest—the most precious and enviable form of independence and aristocracy—the independence and aristocracy of virtue. Every Irishman is governed by the dictates of his conscience and unaffected by the alarming evils of the day. He lends a deaf ear to the wild ravings of infidelity, socialism and anarchy, and always will you find him arrayed on the side of truth, law and order. Let Irishmen re-

spect whatever flag floats above their heads, live in the sweetest harmony with other nationalities, and loyally stand by each other in whatever circumstances they may be placed. Let the sons and daughters of St. Patrick, whether they breathe the air of dear Inisfail or tread a foreign shore, not forget that Erin has placed her destiny in their hands and that they should not desist from their duty till she has encompassed it. Let them bear in mind that their highest title to praise and their principal claim to distinction will always consist in cherishing for the hill-crowned city of the Popes the love which was enkindled in the Irish heart by the hand of Patrick, and which the vicissitudes of 1400 years could not impair. May our glorious Apostle continue to protect the Irish race. May he lead us through all our trials in this valley of tears, and may he, by the efficacy of his intercession, prepare crowns of ineffable happiness and thrones of unfading splendor for all the members of this congregation, for all the individuals and families composing this parish, for all the descendants of those whom he brought into the Fold of Christ. Amen.

The procession proper formed at 12.30 a.m. The societies were marshalled according to seniority, with flags and banners. The Hackmen's Union, St. Anthony's C.Y.M.S., St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society, St. Mary's Society, St. Ann's C.Y.M.S., St. Ann's T. A. & B., Catholic Benefit Society, C.Y.M.S., St. Patrick's T. A. & B., St. Patrick's Society. The different boys' schools occupied their respective places in the ranks. The following bands were in attendance: St. Henri, Victoria Rifles, Royal Scots, Holland's, McKee's, St. Jean Baptiste.

ST. PATRICK'S CHOIR.

St. Patrick's choir, which discoursed on this occasion the soul-inspiring strains of church music, deserves a passing notice. Its history from the origin down to its actual perfect system of organization is replete with interest. In the days of Father Connolly, S.S., an ardent admirer of the muses, its organist and leader was Miss Brock. In the year's absence of this worthy gentleman, the young lady, upon the invitation of Rev. P. Dowd, abdicated spontaneously her authority in favor of Gustave Smith on Christmas Day, 1857. At this epoch the choir numbered four voices: E. Woods, Jos. Nicholson, F. Healy, R. Warren. This small band of musical virtuosos claims the honor and distinction of being among the foremost to introduce into our city the world-renowned productions of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Of the gallant four, one only remains to voice the past record: R. Warren, a thirty-three year member, whose long and useful services in sacred song were partly compensated in latter days by a magnificent gift from his choral associates. Mr. A. G. Grant is next in seniority, and has there a career of thirty-one years. Messrs. T. C.

O'Brien, tenor soloist, and James Crompton, have just completed their silver jubilee of membership. At a later date Messrs. P. F. McCaffrey, J. J. Rowan, tenor soloist; J. J. Hammill, baritone soloist; E. F. Casey, basso soloist, added a new lustre to the brightness of preceding days.

Within the last five years, Messrs. F. J. Green, C. A. McDonald, E. Hewitt, M. Neher, T. Casey, P. McCaffrey, Charlebois, J. J. McCann, T. C. Emblem, have contributed largely to the actual standing of the choral union. They pride also in the valuable assistance given them by the rich sopranos of the Christian Brothers' School.

With a deep feeling of gratitude we recall many names of sweet memory: Messrs. James Shea, John O'Brien, T. Fallon, J. J. O'Brien, W. J. O'Hara, W. J. McCaffrey, D. Tansey, H. Fenlon.

At a time when lady talent found access to the choir, the Misses McNulty, Couch, Fallon, Heany, Martin, McLaughlin, Ada Wall, Alice Crompton, gladly volunteered their musical talent, and gave intense satisfaction. The accomplished Mrs. Anna Bishop, Laura Honey, Louisa Morrison and other prima donnas were flattered to raise their voices from the musical gallery of St. Patrick's. At special evening services in the month of May in each succeeding year the lady pupils of St. Patrick's have acquired a large degree of popularity. The royal organ which supplies the music, is a masterpiece of invention from the celebrated Warren firm. It is one of the largest in the Dominion and cost nearly ten thousand dollars. Its keys have been played upon successively by four remarkable organists: Gustave Smith, Calixte Lavalee, J. Meilleur and J. A. Fowler. Prof. J. A. Fowler has lately dedicated to Rev. P. Dowd a rich musical adaptation entitled, "O Salutaris," and a second creation, "Ave Maria," to Rev. J. Toupin, S.S. The professor's general character and high-breeding; his hospitable spirit and exquisite taste; his perfect command of the choir, and his religious disposition have earned for him, on the part of his followers, a high mark of their approbation and appreciation. Under his guidance, St. Patrick's choir has assumed large and influential proportions, and ranks to-day as the first orderly choir of Montreal.

Its officers are as follows: Messrs. C. Brady, W. J. Crowe, G. A. Carpenter, J. Green, J. J. Carmody, J. J. Kelly, W. Hammil, J. B. McDermott, N. J. Brittan, J. A. Cloran, M. J. Tansey, Henry Ryan, Geo. Murphy, L. Ratto and J. McAndrew.

Honorary President—A. G. Grant.

President—Robert Warren.

Honorary Secretary—G. A. Carpenter.

Conductor—P. McCaffrey.

Organist—Prof. J. A. Fowler.

THE DYING SON TO HIS AMERICAN SON.

My son, a darkness falleth,
 Not of night, upon my eyes,
 And in my ears there calleth
 A voice as from the skies :
 I feel that I am dying ;
 I feel my day is done ;
 Bid the women hush their crying
 And hear to me, my son !

When time my garland gathers,
 Oh ! my son, I charge you hold
 By the standard of your fathers
 In the battle-fields of old !
 In blood they wrote their story
 Across its fold, my boy :
 On earth it was their glory,
 In Heaven it is their joy.

By St. Patrick's band, 'twas planted
 On Erin's sea-beat shore,
 And it spread its folds, undaunted,
 Through the drift and the uproar :—
 Of all its vain assaulters,—
 Who could ever say he saw
 The last of Ireland's altars ?
 Or the last of Patrick's law ?

Through the western ocean driven,
 By the tyrant's scorpion whips,
 Behold ! the Land of Heaven
 Bore our standard o'er the ships !
 In the forest's far recesses,
 When the moon shines in at night,
 The Celtic cross now blesses
 The weary wanderer's sight !

My son, my son ! there falleth
 Deeper darkness on my eyes ;
 And the Guardian Angel calleth
 Me by name from out the skies.
 Dear, my son, I charge thee cherish
 Christ's holy cross o'er all :
 Let whatever else may perish,
 Let whatever else may fall.

THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE

LEO CLUB.

This society, for Catholic boys, was established in 1884, and is calculated to do great good among them. Its Director is Rev. James Callaghan, S.S. It is also called the junior branch of the Catholic Young Men's Society. It is the nursery of the senior association. When once the members put on the look of youth, they are introduced into the C. Y. M. S. On St. Patrick's Day the Leo Club formed into a cavalcade of bright, cheerful lads who, mounted on their chargers, seemed to rule the world. In the ranks were noticed: The Tamsey Bros., Dwyer, Oscar Willie, P. Wright, Kennedy, T. P. Stockwell, E. Whelan, E. Keating, Geo. Clark, E. Tracey, Whittaker, A. Phelan, J. Foley, Fred. Nebbs, &c., &c. The flag bearers on foot were: Fred McKenna, Michael Reilly.

MONTREAL COLLEGE.

CLASSICAL.

The Montreal College is justly entitled to an honorary mention. It was opened over a century ago. It is located on the western slope of "Mount Royal," and faces upon Sherbrooke street, quite close to Cote des Neiges Hill. It is now more appropriately called "The Little Seminary," owing to the fact that within late years more attention has been given now than heretofore to the ecclesiastical training of the collegians under the direction of the priests of St. Sulpice. It is a stepping stone to the "Grand Seminary," the nursery of priests and bishops. The following is a complete list of its presidents since its origin:—Rev. Abbés Curateau, Rozque, Quiblier, Bayle, Denis, Neream, Lenoir, Lefebvre, DelaVigne, Deguire.

Its present staff is:—Rev. Abbés Lelandais, president; A. Schlickling, P. de Foville, D. Chevrier, O. Hebert, F. Laliberte, F. H. Dupret, R. Portier, S. Charrier, L. Denis, R. Labelle, H. J. Gauthier, P.S.S.; Z. Cardin, C. Laforce, H. C. Laurier, J. Reid, J. U. Geoffrion, L. Frs. Labrie, L. Callaghan.

The programme of the 17th reads as follows:—

OVERTURE.....	Band.
TRIO....."The Distant Chimes".....	{ GERALD McSHANE. JAMES McGUIRE. P. McKENNA.
CLARINET SOLO	H. WILSON.
CHOIR OF FIFTY VOICES, "Le Grenouille."	
PIANO SELECTIONS AND ACCOMPANIMENTS.....	REV. ABBE LABELLE.

DRAMA.

"KING RADOLPH'S WILL, OR THE TRIUMPH OF CHARITY"

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

RADOLPH.....	King of Sicily.....	A. LANE.
PRINCE HENRICO....	King's Son.....	G. Mc SHANE.
COUNT ROBERTO....	King's Nephew.....	JOHN PATTERSON.
LORD CHANCELLOR.....		J. RYAN.
NEGRETTO.....	A Dismissed Secretary..	E. BONNETTERRE.
LORD ADVOCATE.....		HUGH LENNON.
LORD ABBOT OF SAN MARCO.....		J. TWOHEY.
PRIOR.....		M. REDDY.
COURTIERS.....		{ M. COLE. A. CULLINAN. J. STAPLETON.
KING'S BODY GUARDS.....		{ W. FRESHILL. C. BROWN. C. COEKELEY.

The programme was carried out to perfection. Messrs. J. Patterson, A. Lane, G. McShane, E. Bonnetterre, won universal applause almost at every sentence. Their elocutionary and dramatic powers were brought out to great advantage by their beloved professor of literature and elocution, Rev. Luke Ignatius Callaghan. The Glee Club, under the baton of Rev. Abbe A. Schliekling; rendered their musical selections with the ability of professionals.

GOD SAVE IRELAND!!

ST. MARY'S

This beautiful parish, situated in the east end of the city, claims as its founder Rev. Simon Lonergan, whose premature demise left so doleful a blank in the affections of his loving congregation.

Rev. J. J. Salmon succeeded him in the office of pastor. The Rev. Gentleman, with his worthy assistants, Revs. O'Donnell and Kelly, have espoused with noble determination the cause of religious patriotism among their flock. Last evening's programme was a credit to their generous zeal:

PART FIRST.

CHORUS.....	St. Mary's School Boys
DANCE.....	St. Mary's School Girls
SONG.....	"Nil Desperandum."..... Mr. DUNN
DOUBLE QUARTETTE.....	{ MESSRS. DESJARDINS, DUNN, GIBOUX, SATCHER, MURRAY, DANSEUREAU, DESJARDINS, DANSEUREAU.

LECTURE--REV. C. W. MORRELL.

PART SECOND.

DUETT.....	MESSES. GIROUX AND DUNN
BASS SOLO.....	J. MURRAY
RECITATION	J. J. McILHONNE

The Rev. Lecturer, a distinguished convert to our faith, spoke with considerable ease, and with great success. He pointed out the work of St. Patrick in Ireland, and the influence of the Catholic Church in a material and intellectual point of view.

ST. ANN'S T. & B. SOCIETY.

This association occupies a foremost rank in the order of total abstinence and beneficiary influence. It has a history of great usefulness. Its funds are considerable. It claims a succession of practical presidents who unite to honor the faithful discharge of their important duties. Its actual officers hold firmly to the reputation of their society. They are as follow:—

Officers of the St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society:

President—Rev. Father Struble, C.S.S.R.

First Vice-President—P. Kennedy.

Second Vice-President—W. P. Kennedy.

Secretary—Jas. McGuire.

Assistant-Secretary—P. Bentley.

Treasurer—M. J. Ryan.

Collecting-Treasurer—Thos. Ward.

Assistant Collecting-Treasurer—John Regan.

Marshal—M. Shea.

Assistant-Marshal—Thos. Quinn.

Executive Committee:—A. Cullinan (Chairman), John Kilfeather, P. A. Cutler, John McDermott, John Leonard, Wm. Welsh, Wm. Barnes, M. King, M. Crowe, D. Gahan, M. Jones.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY ENTERTAINMENT,

BY THE IRISH NATIONAL MINSTRELSY.

T. C. Emblem, Morgan J. Quinn, W. Murphy, J. W. Beresford.

W. E. Finn, D. P. Flannery, Thos. White,

R. Holland, M. Banville, E. Quinn.

End men. J. W. J. McCaffrey, John Morgan, P. Burns,
John Quinn, Geo. P. Holland, John Penfold.

P. J. COONEY—Interlocutor,

P. SHEA—Musical Director.

P R O G R A M M E.

PART FIRST.

OVERTURE.....	Irish Airs.....	ORCHESTRA.
<i>Introductory Address by the President.....</i>	<i>Mr. J. J. Gethings.</i>	
OPENING CHORUS.....	"Old Ireland's cause looks Cheery,".....	MINSTRELS.
SONG AND CHORUS.....	"Norah of Cahirciveen,".....	Mr. W. MURPHY.
SONG.....	"Hurrah for the men of renowned Tipperary,".....	Mr. JOHN MORGAN.
SONG AND CHORUS.....	"Keep the old flag floating boys,".....	Mr. T. C. EMBLEM.
CHORUS.....	"Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,".....	MINSTRELS.
SONG (Comic).....	Mr. GEO. P. HOLLAND.
SONG.....	"All hail, Parnell!".....	Mr. J. W. BEREFORD.
SONG AND CHORUS.....	"A toast for each Irish County,".....	Mr. W. J. McCAFFREY.
SONG.....	"My dear old Irish home,".....	Mr. JOHN QUINN.
CHORUS.....	"Ireland, boys, hurrah!".....	MINSTRELS.
SONG (Topical).....	Mr. JOHN PENFORD.
SONG AND CHORUS.....	"Hurrah for Parnell!".....	Mr. W. E. FINN.
SONG AND CHORUS.....	"The Party of Freedom,".....	Mr. MORGAN J. QUINN.
CHORUS.....	"Our Own Green Isle,".....	MINSTRELS.
IRISH NATIONAL ANTHEM.....	"God Save Ireland,".....	Mr. W. E. FINN.

PART SECOND.

SPECIALTIES!

Messrs. Geo. P. Holland and J. Penfold, in their characteristic and mirth-provoking Hibernian sketches.

Messrs. John Morgan and T. Lyons, in Irish songs and dances.

The Minstrels' Quartette, Messrs. T. C. Emblem (soloist), W. Murphy, W. E. Finn and W. J. McCaffrey, in "Dreaning of Erin."

PART THIRD.

DRAMA.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

PIERCE O'HARA, An Irish Attorney, "The Man for Galway,".....	Mr. W. J. McCAFFREY.
JACOB WYLIE, A young English Attorney who has entered into partnership with O'Hara.....	Mr. W. E. FINN.
DARBY HOULAHAN, Formerly man-servant to O'Hara's father, now employed in O'Hara's office.....	Mr. JOHN MORGAN.
SANDERS, A young Englishman brought to Galway by Wylie.....	Mr. JOHN QUINN.
MALDON, A wealthy, unscrupulous Englishman who has lately purchased an estate in Galway.....	Mr. D. FLANNERY.
CHARLCOTE, A friend of Maldon.....	Mr. R. BURKE.
FIELDING, In love with Charlcote's sister.....	Mr. J. PENFORD.
PAT MURPHY, A Galway farmer.....	Mr. P. BURNS.

Farmers, Peasants, Etc.

ST. GABRIEL'S T. & B. SOCIETY.

Like the preceding society it enjoys an excellent name. Its origin dates from the year 1873. In its seventeen years' existence, it has left no blot upon its character. The past will no doubt cast its light into the future, and illumine the path of the generous members. Its former presidents were:—John Skelly, John Lynch, John O'Neill, Tobias Butler, John Cogan, Bernard Taylor.

Present officers:

President—Rev. Wm. O'Meara, P.P.

First Vice-President—Joseph Phelan.

Second Vice-President—John S. Reilly.

Secretary—Jas. Taylor.

Assistant-Secretary—Thos. Phelan.

Treasurer—John Colfer.

Grand Marshal—Chas. McGuire.

Assistant Marshals—M. McCarthy, F. Larkin.

SHAMROCK LACROSSE CLUB.

A special place in the procession was reserved for the Shamrock Lacrosse Club. The S. L. C. held for a long succession of seasons with untarnished and spotless fame the honors of the field in Canada's golden native game. For years the folds of the champion flag were wrapped around their hardy and stalwart forms. They conquered their own masters and teachers, the wild men of the forest, and traveled through the continent of America amidst the universal applause of the spectators. The smile of fortune no longer beams upon their Irish countenances. Courage and up! Sunshine's rainbow arches the sky and victory follows defeat; 1890's deeds of glory may yet be chronicled. The young, fresh and gushing crimson-tide of life in the veins of the juniors, will stir into prodigious activity the somewhat languid march of their predecessors in the field. With the staff of players and officers the grand result is certain.

Shamrock officers, (1890):

Honorary President—W. Stafford

President—C. J. Doherty

First Vice-President—T. Macé.

Second Vice-President—E. Donovan.

Secretary—H. McLaughlin.

Assistant Secretary—R. Lunny.

Treasurer—A. Demers.

Committee—M. Iolan, C. J. Maguire, M. Cregan, E. Mansfield, W. McKenna. Captain—P. McKeown.

THE Y. I. L. & B. ASSOCIATION.

The Y. I. L. & B. Association did its ample share to the enjoyments of the 17th. "Kathleen Mavournean," an Irish drama, was put on the stage and rendered with great taste. The Young Irishmen never go half ways in their enterprises. Their society dates from the year 1874. Upon the occasion of its 16th anniversary, it will, no doubt, do honor to the event in a worthy and laudable manner. In its beginning the Shamrock Lacrosse Club found within the walls of the institution a home for the winter months with all kinds of innocent recreation, such as games, library, reading room, &c., &c. In 1875 the Shamrocks withdrew. The same year witnessed the incorporation of the Y. I. L. & B. Ever since then the annual expenses amount to \$1,100. It may safely be argued that the Young Irishmen have contributed in no small degree to chasten the literary taste and elevate the standard of public opinion of the Irish classes of Montreal by expunging from their soirees all forms of vulgarisms and caricaturisms of Irish character, and securing superior talent in song and in music. In 1880 the funds of the association had increased to such large proportions as to enable it to purchase the Dupre Lane Hall, at a cost of several thousand dollars. The question of building a more commodious one was brought up for discussion within the current year. It is to be hoped that the new idea will not fail in its accomplishment and execution. They will, no doubt, succeed if we may judge from antecedents, "Fortune favors the brave." Notwithstanding their heavy expenditure, the Young Irishmen have never forgotten the claims of suffering Ireland upon their charities, and have ever been foremost in vindicating the rights of the Irish widow and orphan. They enjoy great advantages in point of social happiness. Their benefit branch is calculated to confer great help upon the needy. Their debating club has sent out a brilliant galaxy of intellectual champions. Their complete gymnasium tends to develop the physical man. Their library and reading room are open to the knowledge seekers. In a word, they possess what any reasonable young man can desire in this regard. The Y. I. L. & B. presents a record of presidents second to none in our city:—

Morgan O'Connell, T. Muleair, James McGarry, Wm. Dohony, P. H. Shea, P. J. Brennan, W. P. McNally, J. Davey, J. B. Lane, Edward Tobin, C. McDonnell, Edward Halley, T. J. O'Neil, J. Gallery, M. J. Shea, Michael Foran, W. J. Hinphy.

The present staff of officers is as follows:—

President—R. Lennen.

First Vice-President—R. Burke.

Second Vice-President—J. J. Brosnan.

Treasurer—E. F. Redmond.
 Recording Secretary—Geo. A. Grace.
 Corresponding Secretary—W. C. Toomey.
 Collecting Treasurer—C. J. Corbett.
 Assistant Collecting Treasurer—J. McMahon.
 Librarian—W. Cunningham.
 Assistant Librarian—C. J. Grace.
 Marshal—M. J. Shea.

Following is the programme with cast of characters :

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

OR ST. PATRICK'S EVE.

Opening remarks by the president, Mr. R. Lemmen.

BERNARD KAVANAGH (with songs).....	M. P. ROWAN.
DAVID O'CONNOR.....	A. J. HIGGINS.
FATHER O'ASSIDY.....	JAS. McMAHON.
TERENCE O'MOORE (
BILL BUTTON CAP (with songs).....	JAS. E. ROWAN.
CAPTAIN O'EARFIELD.....	J. T. CARLIND.
BLACK ROBY.....	D. McCALLUM.
RED BARNEY.....	J. A. FLOOD.
DARBY DOYLE.....	JAS. O'CONNOR.
MR. McCUBBAN.....	A. FRASER.
DENNIS.....	JOS. McMAHON.
KATHLEEN O'CONNOR.....	MISS E. LYNAM.
MEG MARSHOGH.....	MISS E. PALMER.
KITTY O'LAVERY.....	MISS A. LYNAM.
DOROTHA KAVANAGH.....	MISS R. JOHNSTON.

Peasants and Soldiers.

A GRAND OLD IRISH JIG—By Members of the Company.

Director—M. P. Rowan.
 Stage Manager—W. E. Hunt.
 Master of Properties—W. J. Murphy.
 Leader of Orchestra—Prof. Silverstone.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The Irish Catholic Benefit Society was founded in 1870. It is a corporate body. It is an exceedingly useful institution and merits encouragement. Its former presidents were: Jos. J. Kennedy, Myles Murphy, Thos. Buchanan, Patrick Doran, Michael Harrington, John Power.

The present officers (1889-90) are :—

Director—Rev. P. Dowd, P.P.

President—A. Jones.

First Vice-President—Thos. McNulty.

Second Vice-President—Daniel O'Neil.

Secretary—Jos. McCann.

Treasurer—Patrick Corbett.

Assistant Collecting-Treasurer—Michael O'Brien.

Collecting-Treasurer—John Davis.

Grand Marshal—John Dwyer.

The object of the said society is to pay \$3.00 per week to its sick members, with free doctor and medicine ; also to members' children, under 14 years, 20c per week, and in case said children lose both parents they get 40c. per week. Its officers are bound to look after said children so as they will be properly taken care of at death of member. The widow receives \$200, also \$30 burial expenses.

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

Next in order came the popular St. Patrick's T. & B. Society. It claims as its original founder, Rev. P. Phelan, P.S.S., afterwards Bishop of Kingston, Ont. It was established and organized in the old Recollect Church on Sunday, 23rd Feb. 1840, and assumed the title of "The Irish Catholic Temperance Society." It retained its primitive form and name till the opening of St. Patrick's in 1841. Owing to a wider field of action, which it wisely undertook, it grew suddenly into a Total Abstinence Association the same year, and lately into a conjoint temperance and benefit institute, under the appellation of St. Patrick's T. & B. Society." It has preserved even to the present day the noble reputation which it won from the very beginning in point of sobriety and honor and influence.

Its spirit and tendency have been couched in the following resolutions :

1. To remedy the evils of intemperance, and to extend and preserve the blessing of temperance amongst the Irish Catholics of Montreal.
2. To promote amongst the members of the society a spirit of piety by regular religious meetings.
3. To encourage a spirit of fraternal union and charity among the member by engaging them to take an interest in each others welfare, more particulary on the occasion of death.
4. To assist with religious and patriotic zeal in honoring the feast of Ireland's Apostle.

NOTE.—St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society is composed not only of those who on the payment of fixed monthly dues are entitled to certain pecuniary benefits, but to all the members of St. Patrick's congregation who have pledged themselves to total abstinence, and who have had their names enrolled on the books of the society.

The former Presidents were : Rev. P. Phelan, S.S. ; Rev. Richards, S.S. ; Rev. J. J. Connolly, S.S. ; Rev. Dowd, S.S. ; Rev. James Hogan, S.S. ; Rev. F. Bakewell, S.S. ; Rev. L. W. Leclair, S.S. ; Rev. McDonald, Rev. J. P. Kiernan, Rev. Martin Callaghan, S.S.

The present officers are (1889-90):

President.—Rev. James McCallen, S.S.

1st Lay Officer, 1st Vice-President—Hon. Edward Murphy.

2nd Vice-President—Patrick Doyle.

Secretary—Jas. J. Costigan.

Asst. Secretary—John H. Feeley.

Treasurer—James Tierney.

Assistant Treasurer—Thos. Latimore.

Marshal—James Milloy.

Assistant Marshal—John Lappin.

Committee of Management.—Jas. Meek, Jas. Connaughton, Thos. Finn, John Walsh, A. Brogan, B. Emerson, P. Callary, A. T. Martin, M. Sharkey, J. H. Kelly, John Kerby, John Howard.

The golden jubilee of the St. Patrick's T. & B. Society, Feb. 16th and 17th, has added a new laurel to the bright crown which decorates the brow of temperance.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

This grand and imposing association dates from the year 1832, and thus claims an antiquity of fifty eight years. Among the distinguished gentlemen who graced the presidential chair, we notice particularly Sir Francis Hincks, Judge Doherty, the late Bernard Devlin, Hon. Thos. Ryan, Wm. Workman, the late Michael Donovan, James Howley and a host of others whose position in civil society entitles them to a vast amount of admiration. In 1856 the constitutions were revised and adopted by Rev. P. Dowd, S.S., Chaplain.

The following is a list of the officers, (1889-90):

Director—Rev. P. Dowd, S.S.

President—H. J. Cloran.

First Vice-President—F. Langan.

Second Vice-President—F. Stafford.

Treasurer—George Murphy.

Corresponding Secretary—M. Kelly.

Assistant Secretary—T. F. McGrail.

Committee of Management—J. Bryne, P. Kehoe, W. Davis, J. McLane, P. McCaffrey, F. Callaghan, J. Foley, J. Craven, M. Delahanty, George Craven, J. O'Shaughnessy, B. Campbell, F. S. O'Reilly, James Cuddy, P. Connolly, Thos. Cunningham, J. Power, W. Rawley. St. Patrick's Society's programme was a magnificent piece of ingenuity, as will be seen from the following items:

PART I.

- 1.—OVERTURE....."Donnybrook Fair,".....ORCHESTRA
Introductory Remarks by the President.....H. J. Cloran, Esq.
- 2.—HUNTING CHORUS.....LILY OF KILLARNEY.
- 3.—SOLO....."The Stormfield,".....ROECKEL
MR. H. D. SMITH.
- 4.—VIOLEN SOLO....."St. Patrick's Day".....VIEUXTEMPS.
MR. WM. SULLIVAN.
- 5.—QUARTETTE....."Kerry Dance".....MILLOY.
HARMONY MALE QUARTETTE.
- 6.—SOLO....."Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," (with Flute obligato, by
MR. FARRARY.
- MISS ROSE BRANIFF.
- 7.—DUETT....."Flow Gentle Deva,".....PARRY.
MESSRS. J. VENABLES AND E. DUQUETTE.
- 8.—SOLO....."Eily Mavourneen,".....LILY OF KILLARNEY.
MR. T. DE G. STEWART.
- 9.—CHORUS....."Erin, the Tear and the Smile".....MOORE.
ADDRESS:—J. J. CURRAN, B.SQ., Q.C., M.P.

PART II.

- 1.—OVERTURE....."Whisperings from Erin,".....ORCHESTRA.
- 2.—SOLO....."Emmet's Last Words," (with chorus).....NOURSE.
MR. H. UPTON.
- 3.—SOLO....."Killarney".....BALFE.
MISS ROSE BRANIFF.
- 4.—FLUTE SOLO....."Homage à Berbiquier,".....FARRARY.
MS. THEODORE FARRARY.
- 5.—QUARTETTE....."Sunset,".....VAN DE WATER.
HARMONY MALE QUARTETTE.
- 6.—SOLO....."Old Ireland," (with chorus).....SMALLWOOD.
MR. T. W. FOLEY.
- 7.—VIOLIN DUETT....."Grandmother,".....LANGER.
MESSRS. WM. SULLIVAN AND R. J. M'GUIRK.
- 8.—CHORUS....."Last Rose of Summer,".....FROM OPERA OF MARTHA.
Solo by MISS ROSE BRANIFF.
- 9.—GRAND FINALE....."God Save our Native Land,".....SULLIVAN.
MR. WM. SULLIVAN.....LEADER OF ORCHESTRA.
MR. A. P. M'GUIRK.....MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

Mr. J. J. Curran opened his remarks by a humorous anecdote from O'Connell, and proceeded to say in answer to those who claim that they should forget Ireland and think of Canada alone, that Irishmen had been second to none in their devotion to Canada's prosperity. He spoke of Dr. Tracy and Lewis T. Drummond, and excited the greatest enthusiasm in speaking of D'Arcy McGee and Archbishop Connolly of their advocacy of Canadian confederation. He spoke in high terms of Hon. Edward Blake, and said another of Ireland's children, Sir John Thompson, was amongst the gifts of Ireland to Canada, a man whose clear intellect grappled with every question and made it as clear as a problem in Euclid. He said as a dutiful son loved his mother with increasing tenderness as she advanced in years, and encircled her with his manly arms and gazed upon her with fond devotion, so the Irish exiles and their children gazed upon the old land on St. Patrick's day and sent heavenward their warmest prayers for the day of her constitutional freedom. He gave a vivid description of ancient Ireland, of the exodus of the early scholars and the subsequent exodus of the military chieftains who had shed their blood on every battle field for France, Spain and Austria, and pictured the people left with none but the *Seggarth Aroon* to comfort them in the midnight of their despair. He spoke of the achievements of Irishmen in English literature and quoted a beautiful stanza from John Boyle O'Rielly on a "Nation's Test." He said they knew the past: they lived in the present: what would be the future? He quoted from Canning's great speech in the English House of Commons to show the condition of Catholics in 1760. In 1771 the first move was made for Catholic emancipation. It took just fifty-nine years to carry that measure with all the power of English Catholics and the superhuman efforts of Daniel O'Connell in the latest years of the movement. It was just twenty years since Isaac Butt, in 1870, first set the home rule movement on foot, and to-day England's greatest statesman, Gladstone, was working hand in hand with Parnell for the Irish cause. He stated that some people claimed that home rule meant separation. Did home rule in Canada mean separation? Were not the English, Scotch and French in Canada loyal? And he would ask was there a more loyal body of men in this Dominion than the Irish Catholics? He wished to ask that question of the eminently Irish Catholic audience he was addressing.

Loud cheers greeted the orator's impassioned question. His peroration was really magnificent and elicited deafening applause.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Curran was moved by Senator Murphy, seconded by Hon. James McShane.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

The Catholic Young Men's Society gave evident and tangible proofs of their good taste in selecting the Windsor new hall for their grand performance of the 17th, and in putting upon the stage a very interesting programme. In this regard, they have been faithful to the traditions of the past, and claim justly a certain pre-eminence and preponderance in all their undertakings. The C. Y. M. S. has just completed its silver jubilee or its twenty-fifth year. It comes out at the close of a quarter of a century with renewed vigor to carry on its twofold, high and important mission, the propagation of sound literature and the honor of religion. Its badge and ensign are stamped with the motto of an Ignatius of Loyola, "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam," "For the greater glory of God. Its records bring to light many names dear to the present generation of Montreal. They contain the list of former presidents, among whom may be mentioned: Messrs. P. J. Coyle, Burke, Mullin, P. McLaughlin, W. E. Doran, D. Phelan, T. Fox, A. Shannon, P. F. McCaffrey, J. McLaughlin, J. S. Fosbre, M. Coggins, J. J. Gethings, J. P. Smith.

Officers (1889-90):

Director and Treasurer—Rev. James Callaghan, S.S.

President—John Patterson.

First Vice-President—J. A. Rowan.

Second Vice-President—W. R. Rawley.

Financial Secretary—Thos. Britt.

Recording Secretary—C. J. MacAnally.

Assistant Recording Secretary—J. J. O'Brien.

Librarian—A. F. Nicholson.

Assistant Librarian—J. Clinch.

Marshall—J. A. Pare.

Assistant Marshall—W. Howard.

Councillors—J. B. McDermott, D. McDonald, J. D. McKay, T. F. Drew, J. Whelan, J. Nebbs.

PROGRAMME:

PART FIRST.

OVERTURE.....	Fantasia.....	MILITARY BAND
	(ROSE D'AMOUR).	
OVERTURE.....	Amazon.....	ORCHESTRA
	(KEISLER).	
ADDRESS.....		J. PATTERSON
SONG.....	"My Dear Old Irish Home.".....	E. O'SHEA
	(WALSH).	

RECITATION.....	"The Polish Boy.".....	F. J. McKENNA (ANNA T. STEPHENS).
CORNET SOLO.....	"The Minstrel Boy.".....	F. W. HOLLAND (MOORE).
BALLAD.....	"Kathleen Aroon.".....	F. W. H.
SONG (Comic).....	"The Jew?".....	ALF. DOHERTY
MARCH.....	Alladin.....	ORCHESTRA (BARNES).

LECTURE— "THE MUSICAL GENIUS OF IRELAND,"

Rev. Martin Callaghan, S.S., St. Patrick's.

PART SECOND.

GRAND SELECTION.....	"Irish Airs.".....	SILVER CORNET BAND
EUPHONIUM SOLO }.....		MESSRS. HOLLAND AND EARLE
CORNET SOLO }.....		
ORATORIO.....	Balfe.....	ORCHESTRA
SONG (Basso).....	"Silent, Oh! Moyle.".....	J. D. ALTJIMUS
ORIGINAL POEM (Occasion).....	"The Dying Exile's Prayer.".....	M. J. FERON, ESQ.
SONG.....	"I'll Take You Home, Kathleen.".....	J. O'SHEA (Williams)
PIANO SOLO.....		A. LETONDAL
SONG.....	"Noreen, Maureen.".....	O'SHEA BROS (Fox).
SONG (Comic).....	"The Mother-in-Law.".....	ALF. DOHERTY
FINALE.....	"Gems of Ireland," (Medley).....	MILITARY BAND F. W. HOLLAND.

PROF. A. LETONDAL.....MUSICAL DIRECTOR

SILVER CORNET BAND AND ORCHESTRA.

BAND.

ORCHESTRA.

G.H. Holland, E Flat Cornet and Viola.....	
Thos. Newton, Solo B Flat Cornet.....	
Thos. Earle, 1st B Flat Cornet.....	1st Cornet.
Geo. Heasley, 1st B Flat Cornet.....	
— Ransom, 2nd B Flat Cornet.....	2nd Cornet.
W. J. Wakes, Solo Alto.....	Horn.
Ed. Johns, 1st Alto.....	Double Bass.
Ben Ingley, 2nd Alto.....	Horn.
Geo. Baneroft, B Flat Tenor.....	2nd Violin
F. Hume, Baritone.....	2nd Violin.
Geo. Stewart, Solo Euphonium and Trombone.	
H. Jarret, B Flat Bass.....	
H. Hatch, E Flat Contre Bass.....	
P. Krasel, E Flat Contre Bass.....	Double Bass.
Jno. Henderson, Bass Drum.....	B Drum.
G. Rosser, Side Drum.....	Small drum.
Rodgers, Cymbals.....	
.. D. Porcheron.....	Clarionet.

FREDERICK W. HOLLAND—MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

The entertainment proved to be, what the Montreal public had anticipated, a thorough and gratifying triumph; 1500 spectators graced the new Windsor Hall. The rev. gentlemen present were: Father Bobonneau, O. P. Many, S.S., Grand Seminary, J. A. McCallen, S.S., M. Callaghan, S.S., J. Callaghan, S.S., Casey, St. Patrick's, Lesage.

J. A. Rowan, 1st Vice-President, occupied the chair. Each item called for a repetition of encores. Oratory, poetry and music were harmoniously blended together. Rev. Martin Callaghan's masterly effort was immensely applauded.

F. J. McKenna's "Polish Boy" was rendered with great elocutionary merit. Messrs. O'Shea Bros., J. D. Altimas and F. W. Holland sang admirably well. A. Doherty, in his comic characters, kept up a constant glow of good humor and mirth. The Holland band and orchestra are masters of the musical art.

Mr. M. J. Feron ranks among our Irish-Canadian poets. His debut, as a poet of no small merit, was on the occasion of the centenary of the Montreal College, and won universal applause from the laity and the priests and bishops present. Last evening the gentleman selected as the theme of his poetical composition, "The Dying Exile's Prayer." The piece is above criticism. His pencilling of the Irish exile, his delineation of the Irish character; his moulding of thought; his word-painting; his soft breathing of prayer; his grace in delivery are qualities which enhance, not only the poem, but the poet also.

THE DYING EXILE'S PRAYER.

The eve of Ireland's festive day
 Was waning. 'Neath a western sky
 An exile son of Erin lay.
 Afar from home, about to die.
 Within a chamber sad and plain,
 Where naught but poverty was known,
 Where naught but want was seen to reign,
 Where luxury had long since flown;
 Where misery usurp'd the pow'r
 Of happiness, bereft of all,
 Save grace, thrice bless'd dower,
 Awaited he death's fatal call.
 And at his side, with grief nigh wild,
 The angel of his exile years,
 His faith, his hope, his love, his child—
 His heart's own idol—knelt in tears.

Her sunny hair, those ringlets gold
 So often strok'd, so often press'd
 By loving hands now growing cold,
 By dying lips is now caress'd.
 Her eyes, like stars exceeding bright,
 From out the heaven of her face
 Shine forth and waft their purest light
 In prayer to the realms of grace.
 But, while she sobs, the mystic hour
 When day of dying hour is born
 Rings out to earth with magic pow'r
 The birth of Erin's festal morn.
 As oftentimes a flower nigh dead
 Awakes again at break of day,
 And lifts with joy its drooping head
 To greet the sun's life-giving ray ;
 So, even by the self-same pow'r,
 When life meets death in fatal strife,
 The tolling of that midnight hour
 Recalls the dying man to life.
 He clasps his dear one to his breast,
 And she within his failing sight
 Upholds that emblem ever blest :
 The sacred wood of Calv'ry's height.
 His eyes, uplifted, pierce the sky
 As if he long'd to enter there,
 And from his lids ascends on high
 An Irish exile's dying pray'r.
 " O! Thou whose praises angels sing ;
 O! Thou whom I adore ;
 My God, my Savior, and my King,
 My hope for evermore !
 O! God of Ireland, God of Rome.
 Whose footstool is the earth ;
 Who welcomes us to Heaven's home,
 Who blessed us at our birth ;
 Who leads us through the darksome day
 Unto the realms of light,
 Unto the dawn of Heaven's day,
 Receive my pray'r to-night.
 By her, thy masterpiece, O! God,
 By her who gave me birth,

Whose dust is mingled with the sod
 Of Ireland's sacred earth :
 Who taught me in my childish years
 To lisp thy holy name ;
 By her sweet mem'ry, by my tears,
 Pray grant the boon I claim.
 By him who father'd me through life,
 Directed by thy hand,
 Who fought and died for child and wife,
 For God and fatherland.
 By her who won my hand and love,
 Who shar'd my ev'ry pain,
 Who, dying, said : ' In Heav'n above
 We all shall meet again.'
 By this fair angel at my side,
 Thy precious gift to me :
 By Erin's martyrs who abide
 In bliss, my God, with Thee :
 By him, thy saint, who brought the light
 Of faith to Erin's shore,
 May right ascend the throne of might
 To reign for evermore.
 And ere my soul, my lone bequest,
 Ascends, my God, to Thee,
 Oh ! hear my pray'r, my life's request :
 May Ireland soon be free !
 May freedom's sun with loving rays
 And may a reign of happy days,
 Succeed the bitter past !
 Through this new home of liberty
 May loud hosannahs ring !
 Thy cross its standard ever be
 And Thou, my God, its King !
 * * * * *
 And all was o'er ; the knell of rest
 Had toll'd ; the child prostrated lay.
 And he, of noble hearts the best,
 From earth to Heav'n had pass'd away.
 His soul to God he gave in care,
 To Ireland gave his dying breath ;
 And there, erect, hands clasp'd in pray'r,
 The saintly exile knelt in death.

17th March, 1899.

M. J. FERON.

The *pièce de resistance* was the Lecture. It read as follows :—

REV. FATHERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Allow me to congratulate you upon the spirit which gathers you in this hall and greets me on appearing to address you. This spirit is deserving of universal admiration. It reveals on your part the highest order of appreciation, and the most exalted susceptibilities. It eloquently bespeaks the leading characteristics of the race to which you and I belong. This race—shall I say it?—yes, and to its greatest glory let me say it, knows nothing of the chameleon power of variation. Never was it swayed by this power in the past, and never shall it in the future. Civilization emanates from and tends to foster the twofold principle which lies at the foundation of all individual, social and national happiness. This twofold principle you will recognize without any difficulty in loyalty to Christ's earthly spouse and in loyalty to fatherland. The Irish race has proved loyal to the Church that Christianized it and faithful to the dear little isle tranquilly reposing on the blue Atlantic wave which this Church blessed with all the sacred tenderness of the purest maternal love. You have vowed, and everlastingly, allegiance to Rome and Ireland. They are ever in your thoughts, ever in your affections, ever on your lips and in every pulse of life that throbs within your breasts. You have met—and I rejoice to be in your midst—to recall and celebrate a memory which is consecrated by the apostleship and embalmed in the hearts of a people as constant as the northern star. You would fain lay at the feet of St. Patrick the homage of gratitude and veneration which he justly claims at your hands, and which is the very keynote of the loftiest natures. Annually you solemnize the 17th of March. This day always awakens a thousand associations. It chiefly reminds you of the Christian inheritance which you enjoy and owe to generations now resting in their modest graves, but once heroically devoted to truth, virtue and honor. It presents to your imagination a land which in physical beauty finds no rival on either hemisphere of our globe, and which implicitly relies for the realization of its hopes upon the sympathy of whatever is most noble-minded and generous-hearted in all the nations of the earth.

There are many subjects which might be treated upon this occasion both advantageously and appropriately. I thought that perhaps I could not do anything better than to speak on Irish music, especially on a day singularly dear to a people who know how to harmonize so beautifully their lives with their principles, who may be reputed second to none other on this continent for musical taste, ability and proficiency, and who reflect lustre upon a Church that has always been the most enlightened friend and powerful patron of musicians. I shall not dwell

upon the ancient glories of Irish music, with which you are presumably acquainted. I shall develop its decline and rise in modern times.

Music is a universal language. This language is spoken and understood in every clime and under every sky. It claims a divine mission, and should, like everything else, minister to our eternal welfare. It holds an indisputable empire over the human heart. Its influence brooks no resistance, and its charms afford an endless variety. Irish music has its distinguishing features. They conspire to render it nothing less than a paragon of loveliness and a type of peerless beauty. Once it had its noon-day of splendor. It then glowed with all one flush of prosperity and seemed unapprehensive of any check whatever. But the heavens grew dark and menacing. The clouds of adversity burst with merciless havoc over the length and breadth of the Emerald Isle. Nothing was left uninjured, and everything shared in the general desolation. The musical art was not spared. It ceased to flourish and its fortunes began to vary. It is painful though not wholly uninteresting to describe its condition during the seventeenth century. This century witnessed its decline, and history assigns the various causes to which this decline may be attributed. They were three in number. Civil strife, injustice and Puritanism were leagued for a common interest. The ancient Irish nobles appreciated the music of their country as it deserved. It was their idol. At its shrine they bent in the most earnest worship. They admired, cherished and venerated it. The minstrel was no stranger under their roof. He was a most welcome and honored guest. He was privileged to partake of all the luxuries which the kindest hospitality could devise or bestow. His harp never wearied. Its accents were always fresh, engaging and enrapturing. Alas! the tocsin of civil war rang loud and shrill on all sides and hushed almost into the silence of the tomb the thrilling notes of the Celtic bard. Fate pursued the nobles with unrelenting fury. They fell victims to their foes or fled for safety to the continent. Ireland nurtured upon her soil sons whose ambition sought to preserve the fame of their ancestors and bequeath it unsullied to the remotest posterity. They inherited the patronage of music and proved not unworthy of this gift. They encouraged the musical art at an expenditure which tallied with their immense resources. Sinister times supervened. Only a few remained of the hereditary patrons of music, and little could they accomplish to its advantage. Once they had known what wealth was, and what a dangerous thing it is unless it is made subservient to a proper purpose. They employed it to further one of the grandest objects, and this object was music. Now they were comparatively poor. It was owing to the confiscations which took place under Cromwell, Charles the Second and William.

Irish music suffered considerably at the hands of Puritanism. Cromwell's soldiers adhered to this sect and succeeded only in contaminating the annals of humanity with their inveterate prejudices, unbridled passions and infamous malefactions. They dispossessed the rightful owners of their estates and secured them for themselves by a legal recognition which they had no difficulty in obtaining. They are reputed to have "despised every art but those of killing, canting and hypocrisy." They could not relish anything that savored of the soil which they usurped. They hated the Irish and they hated their music. This twofold hatred was inspired by the religion which they professed and perpetuated unfortunately as an heirloom. Is it surprising that Irish music should decline? No. Could we wonder if its doom was sealed, and irrevocably? By no means. But what happened? Did it perish? No, no. It was impossible to extinguish in the Irish breast the spirit of generosity and devotion by which it was inflated. There were still noble hearts beating on the green isle of the West, and so long as such hearts do beat, what great cause, I ask, can die? Must it not survive? Will it not bid open defiance to every obstacle, conquer every enemy and wreath its brow with unfading laurels of victory?

Irish music gave birth to a new race. It was the race of itinerant minstrels. They were entrusted with the traditions of by-gone days, and carried them whithersoever they directed their steps, embodied in strains which admirably interpreted them. Foreign musicians lavished encomiums upon the genius of Erin. They discovered its treasures of melody and hastened to enrich themselves. Its inspirations filled them with enthusiasm, penetrated the inmost recesses of their soul, and asserted a magic sway over the sanctuary of their thoughts. Their compositions assumed a fresh character of merit. They were happily interwoven with shreds of Irish music. They were adorned with numerous ideas and passages which it supplied. However no acknowledgment was made. Ingratitude unblushingly allied itself to injustice. The Irish melodies were for a long while submitted to a critical ordeal. They were doomed to a state of neglect which inflicted an irreparable injury. Seldom were they played or sung. Only at distant intervals was it possible for most people to hear them. They were fading from memory and growing unfamiliar. Several countries in Europe failed not to profit by this golden opportunity. Their musical standard had not reached its perfection. It lacked a lustre which the Western Isle alone was competent to impart. The most celebrated European artists revelled in the study of Erin's productions. They imitated and appropriated them. Thus was it that they enhanced the brilliancy of their personal reputations and intensified the glory with which their native lands were endowed.

Suffice to mention such names as Haydn, Rossini, Flotow, and a number of other masters. They were fascinated by the creations of Ireland's genius, and felt nothing humbled in borrowing from the treasury of her matchless symphonies. The Irish always entertained a deep and abiding sympathy for the Stuart cause. They were persuaded that it held entwined their dearest interests, and it seemed as if its triumph should entail all the blessings which they coveted. They centred their hopes in King James, and trusted that he would realize their brightest dreams. They were attached to this monarch in a degree which bordered on the incredible. This attachment aroused the Irish muse from its prolonged lethargy and ushered into the light of day a quantity of songs worthy of better times. These songs are not lost. They are preserved under the general designation of "Jacobite Relics." They breathe the quintessence of music. They strikingly bear the impress of melancholy which is twin with all true sentiment. Consult experience and it will tell you that no sound goes to the heart whose arrow is not feathered with sorrow. Among the "Jacobite Relics" stand conspicuously "Dark Rosaline," "Kathleen-na-Houlahan," "The Silk of the Kine," and "The Blackbird." Once it was treason to sing or play upon any instrument the last piece of music which I have just mentioned. Many in this audience have perhaps heard it and still remember it. In its pathos it is simply irresistible. You would fancy it was composed by the very Angel of Sorrow. He seems to kneel at the throne of the Most High. He weeps over Erin's wrongs and pleads for redress. Must he weep or plead in vain? Ah! no. Does not the God of Love and Justice listen to his prayer, and in His own best time will He not grant it? The horizon is brightening over sweet Innisfail and soon will she be reinstated in all her rights and privileges. All Irishmen have a duty to fulfil. It does not matter in what country they may live or in what circumstances they may be placed. They should merge all differences in their efforts to rescue Ireland from the evils of misrule, provide her a congenial atmosphere, and vest her in robes befitting her dignity. She holds a foremost rank in promoting the glory of the human race. She has always corresponded with the noblest impulses of nature, and thus won an imperishable fame of the most dazzling splendor. Each page of her history illustrates the lineaments which form her character. Circumstances did not always permit her to unfold them in all their beauty and strength, but never could they annihilate them. Her musical genius challenges universal admiration. During ages she saw nations seated at her feet. They were most eager to study the lessons which she inculcated, and catch the tone of her inspirations. Then came centuries during which the Celtic harp

was partially shorn of its majesty and wrapped in comparative silence and gloom. Rarely did it resound. But then its strings vibrated under the touch of master fingers and voiced a soul which, though languishing, possessed all the secrets of life, youth, vigor and immortality. Who is not conversant with the name of O'Carolan? What Irishman does not treasure it in the memory of his heart and encircle it with a sort of sacred halo? This name was borne by a patriot who beheld with mingled feelings of affliction and indignation his native soil, the land of his forefathers and the home of all whom he cherished most upon earth, undergoing an ordeal of unparalleled injustice and barbarity. Before his gaze stood the unballowed altar of political oppression. On this altar lay bleeding as a victim the innocent queen of his thoughts and affections. He clung to the victim with all the energy and tenderness of his soul and breathed all the chivalry of his devotion into the ineffable strains of his minstrelsy. The great O'Carolan departed this life in 1738. He was almost the last of the Irish bards. Much, indeed, do we owe this illustrious race. Fond, nay, singularly fond, were they of two emblems. Doubtless you have already guessed my meaning. These emblems were the cross and the shamrock. They taught us by word and deed to prize and reverence them. On no condition whatever would they separate them, and we will follow their example cost what it may. Right well did they know and most intimately were they persuaded that patriotism should serve as the basis of all national grandeur, but that nothing could deserve this appellation unless it emanated from and was accompanied by the principle of Christian faith. The music of Ireland had become seriously impaired under the sway of a stern and uncompromising fatality. The bards grieved at witnessing its condition and strenuously endeavored to ameliorate it. They transmitted their spirit to posterity, and by its mysterious influence contributed in no insignificant measure to pave the way for the revival of Irish music. This was inaugurated about half a century after the death of O'Carolan. A startling item appeared in the public journals. It was advertised that a musical contest would take place in Granard on the 1st of August, 1784, and that premiums would be awarded to the four best Irish harpers. What an ingenious and practical idea! Does it not reflect honor on the name of James Dungan? It originated in his mind and he defrayed all the expenses which it entailed. Granard was his birthplace, but he was residing at Copenhagen when this idea flashed through his brain. The contest was to be a novelty. Hearts beat high and quick with feelings of anticipated enjoyment. Crowds flocked to the musical tournament, and such was the delight which it afforded that it was deemed necessary to repeat it for three

years in succession. At each return of this Pythian festival the interest grew more intense, and the participants multiplied. Much good was derived from the musical competitions which then took place. Artists strove to emulate and outrival one another. They saw their musical repertory enlarged and embellished, and felt confident that they had secured the patronage of the public at large. To the exhibitions of which I am speaking should be ascribed something which calls for a special, though passing, notice. I allude to a collection of original Irish melodies. For the first time they now appeared under this form. Efforts have been made at different times to collect them and proved unavailing. Burke Thumoth, Neil of Dublin, and O'Carolan's son undertook the task, but without any success. Ireland is indebted for the principal collections of her ancient melodies to a contest of harpers held at Belfast in 1792, and to the enthusiasm of Edward Bunting. This worthy personage compiled three volumes of music. In the first volume there are sixty-six airs, in the second seventy-five, and in the third one hundred and fifty. Thomas Moore was endowed by nature with superior attainments, and delighted in dedicating them to the dear old land. Erin owes him no small debt of gratitude. He chronicled her deeds of the past by writing her history, and vindicated the religion which she glories in professing in "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman." He enshrined in a casket of poetical gems her tears and smiles, her sweetest recollections and fondest hopes. Her ancient music arrested his attention and received lustre at his hands. Perhaps you might not dislike to learn in what manner Ireland's favorite bard improved her melodies. I shall briefly tell you. These melodies were first sung in the Irish language, but this language had ceased to prevail as it did of yore, and had rapidly fallen into disuse. In these songs two things should be carefully distinguished: the airs and the words. Now these airs were really magnificent, but many were modified to their disadvantage. Tradition had vitiated them. The words to which they were wedded were put into worthless English and constrained to express sentiments of an inferior order. Hardiman gave to the public a copy of many of the original songs. Moore was reserved the signal honor of immortalizing their music. In earning it he could not dispense with the talents of Sir John Stevenson. The latter disengaged many of the original melodies from the blemishes which they had contracted in the course of time and restored them to their primitive purity. It is, however, to be regretted that he committed an error in harmonizing them as he did. His style is not in keeping with their simplicity. It is too florid and elaborate. Moore was an adept in music. He availed himself of his proficiency in this department to correct several of the old airs of his country. While

studying them he made use of a piano which was bought after his death by the Rev. Father Mahoney, and may at this hour be seen in All Hallows' College, Dublin. His poetry wears a peculiar charm which may be traced to his musical skill. His language is adapted to his tone of feeling. This adaptation is both delicate and expressive. In what term of praise shall I qualify his "Irish Melodies?" Are they not enough by themselves to endear him to all succeeding generations? Will they not live as long as the land which he adored and styled "The first flower of the earth and the first gem of the sea?" What grander monument could Patriotism pillared on Genius construct under the canopy of the heavens? Nothing can surpass it in sublimity of sentiment or in finish of detail. It serves to embellish in a superlative degree the world of English Literature. These melodies were translated into the several languages of Europe. This translation contributed to make the airs for which they were written universally known. The ancient Irish music is devoid of all monotony, insipidity and fastidiousness. It was fascinating in past centuries, and is equally so in our own day. It boasts of a world-wide celebrity, and of such a celebrity as perhaps no other can aspire to. It is cultivated by professionals and amateurs. It is arranged for all kinds of instruments and by many of the most eminent composers. It may be heard in parlors, concert halls, and conservatories, at the fireside and on the battle field, in times of peace and amid the terrors of war. Its strains are rehearsed on the farthest shores, on the snow-capped mountains and in the most shaded valleys, on the most solitary plains as well as on the most crowded thoroughfares. The musical genius of Ireland asserts its ascendancy over all the points of our globe, and particularly wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken.

There are ties which bind Erin to America. These ties are legitimate and indissoluble. The Irish are not so difficult to please. All that they long for is their share of the general happiness. They cannot help it, and who will blame them? In order to be happy they require only a little, and this little should not be refused them. They want to be free, on an equal footing with their neighbors and in brotherhood with their fellow-beings. They sought these advantages at home but could not reach them. They looked abroad and across the ocean. It was not in vain. America flung open her arms and invited them to come and repose on her breast. Upon this soil liberty, equality and fraternity are not empty and high-sounding terms. On this continent all are in reality free, all equal, all brothers. Do I exaggerate? I feel I do not. The sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle have been happy under the firmament shining above our heads, and happy likewise are all their descendants.

Before concluding, let me exhort you to nourish a lifelong recollection of the land which was sanctified by the prayers, tears and labors of our national Apostle. Whatever lot may befall you, may its emerald verdure be always fresh and bright in your memory. Be true to Ireland in all circumstances, and generous in promoting her welfare. She is preparing to enter upon an epoch which will be greatly indebted for its inauguration to Parnell and Gladstone—an epoch which has been ardently desired by generations after generations and predicted in such telling verse by the poet priest of the South.

“ Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
 There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom ;
 For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
 As after the night comes the sunrise of morn ;
 And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown,
 May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne ;
 And each single wreck in the war-path of might,
 Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right.”

I will not ask you to disentomb the spirit of our glorious past, the spirit for which our ancestors were remarkable. It has suffered no decay and never would it commingle with the dust of the grave. It lives and is immortal.

“ The great old Irish houses, the proud old Irish names,
 Like stars upon the midnight, to-day there lustre gleams.
 Gone are the great old houses, the grand old names are low.
 That shed a glory o'er the land a thousand years ago ;
 But whereso'er a scion of the great old houses be,
 In the country of his fathers, or the land beyond the sea,
 In city or in hamlet, by the valley, on the hill,
 The spirit of his brave old sires is watching o'er him still.”

You are not strangers to this spirit. It animates you as it does all the genuine children of St. Patrick. May every Irishman cherish it with his heart's love and develop it to the full extent of his ability. Under the influence of such a spirit the noblest achievements are possible. Under this influence the most brilliant and lasting triumphs are only questions which time will solve.

PROPHETIC PRAYER OF ST. PATRICK,
IN FAVOR OF HIS IRISH CHILDREN.

"May my Lord grant that I may never lose His people which he has acquired in the ends of the earth?"

From hill and dale, exclaims an eminent Irish historian, from camp and cottage, from plebeian and noble, there rang out a grand "Amen." The strain was caught up by Scemdinus and Benignus, by Columba and Columbanus, by Brigid and Brendan. It floated away from Lindisfarne and Tona, to Iceland and Tarentum. It was heard on the sunny banks of the Rhine, at Antwerp and Cologne, in Oxford, in Pavia and in Paris. And still the old echo is breathing its holy prayer, by the priest who toils in cold and storm to the "station" on the mountain side, far from his humble home; by the confessor who spends hour after hour in the heat of summer and the cold of winter, absolving the penitent children of Patrick; by the monk in his cloister; by noble and true-hearted men faithful through centuries of persecution. And loudly and nobly, though it be but faint to human ears, is that echo uttered also by the aged woman who lies down by the wayside to die in the famine years, because she prefers the bread of heaven to the bread of earth, and the faith taught by Patrick to the tempter's gold; by the emigrant, who, with broken heart, bids a long farewell to the dear island home, to the gray-haired mother, because his adherence to his faith tends not to further his temporal interest, and he must starve or go beyond the sea for bread. Thus ever and ever that echo is gushing up into the ear of God, and never will it cease until it shall have merged into the eternal alleluia, which the often-martyred and ever-faithful children of the saint shall shout with him in rapturous voice before the Eternal Throne.

FINIS.

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