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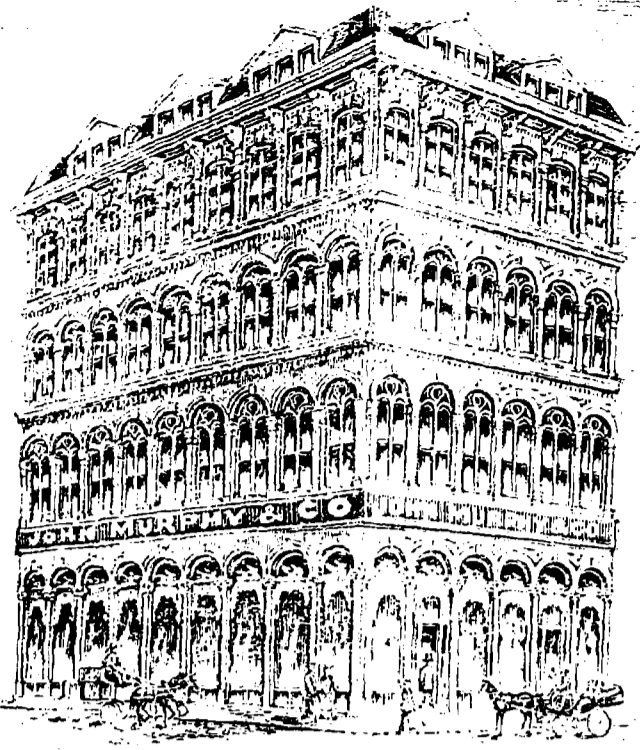
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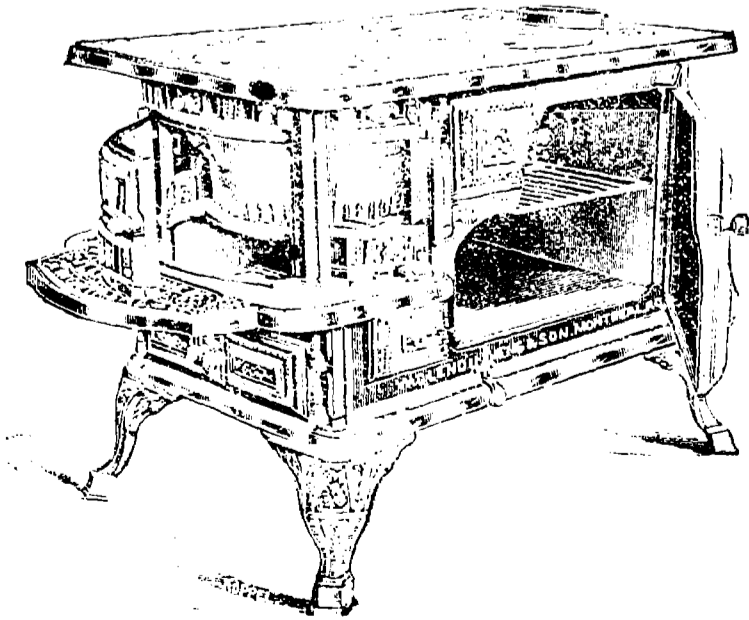
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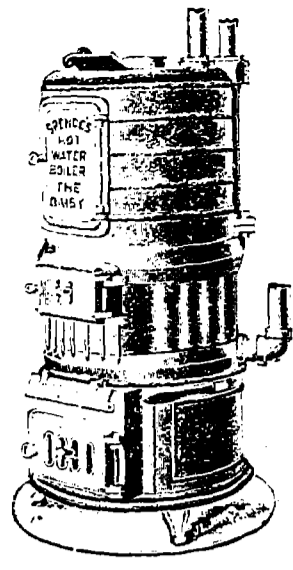
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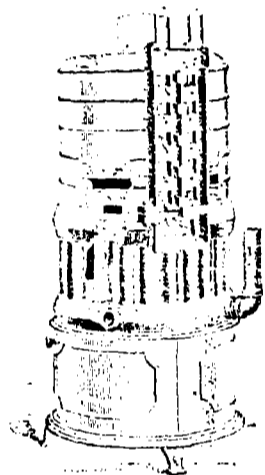
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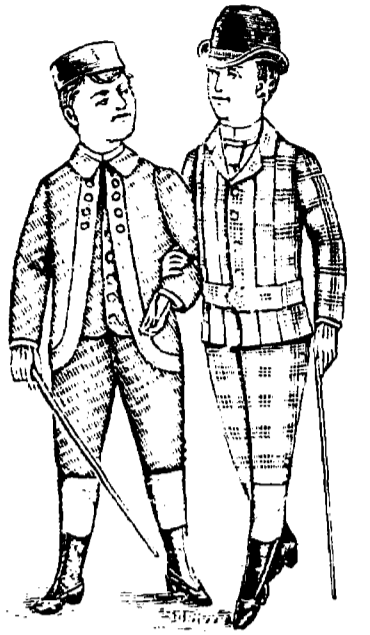
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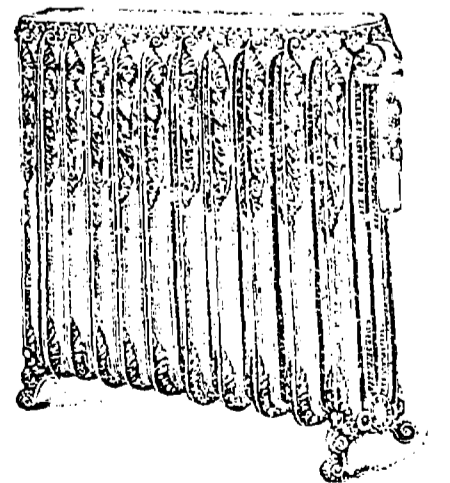
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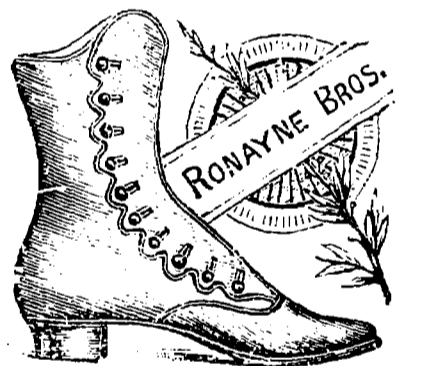
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## THE IRISH RACE IN AMERICA.

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## IMMIGRATION TO CANADA.

### Character and Effects of Waves of Immigration.

## THE IRISH IN MONTREAL

As each year, nearing its vernal season, brings round the ever welcome anniversary of the birth of Ireland's great Apostle, it is but natural for us, as the descendants of forefathers of the Irish race, to turn, with feelings of true filial devotion, and cast a glance backward from these times of peace and comparative prosperity, over the dark and troubled years which, like the great ocean that rolls between us and the motherland, dashed the tide of emigration on the coasts of this new and untried world.

Previous to the beginning of the present century, emigration from Ireland to Canada was very limited, being principally composed of Irishmen connected with the Imperial service—the army, navy, and government. But when shortly after, Upper Canada was opened up to settlement, there was a movement from Ireland, mostly of the better class of farmers and mechanics, from the south and west of Ireland, who, between the years 1810 and 1820, settled on Government lands in the new Province. At the same time many took up residence in cities, and entered upon commercial and mechanical pursuits. Among these latter were the forefathers of some of our

**LEADING IRISH FAMILIES**  
in Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto. These emigrants were of a superior class. Most of them brought money with them and contributed largely by their industry and enterprise to the subsequent rapid development of the country. At an early period they founded

**ST. PATRICK SOCIETIES**  
in all these cities, in which societies, Irishmen of all religious persuasions were enrolled as members. Their prime object was benevolence—to take care of and assist Irish families on their arrival in this country, and to keep up the memories of the Old Land. Thus for a long time, in the

**CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY,**  
Catholics and Protestants alike bore a part. This was as it should be, and the sight of brotherly unity was then, as always, a pleasant thing to look upon. The green banner was dear to the hearts of all, as recalling memories of their own native land far away, and the "green immortal shamrock" opened its tender leaves on the breast of all these truly united exiles of Erin. Alas that less happier times should come, and that Canada, which had promised so fair as being the place in which the transmitted hatreds and feuds of the past might never find a foothold, should be fated at last to feel stirring within her soil, the baneful weeds destined for many a long year, to choke out the fairer growths which would have made the new land so much safer and happier than the old had ever been.

**THE INTRODUCTION OF ORANGEISM**  
into Canada by Ogle R. Gowan, when emigration set in from the North of Ireland, not only at once and effectually put an end to the former and happier state of affairs, but blasted the hopes of even the most hopeful for the future. It was the most active agent in causing those dissensions which have done so much to divide and embitter the relations between the two great sections of our people.

As one of the consequences of this loss of unanimity, and not one of the least significance, St. Patrick's Day was, from

that time, celebrated almost wholly by Irish Catholics. Irish Protestant benevolent societies sprang up, but have not been attended with marked success.

**TERRIBLE YEARS OF THE FAMINE**  
poured upon our shores, thousands of Irish refugees, great numbers of whom only landed to find graves on the shores where they had hoped to create homes. The benevolent resources of both Catholic and Protestant societies were taxed to the utmost. These were, however, nobly assisted by other national societies, and notably so by the French Canadian people generally. That generous-hearted race, with all their proverbial solicitude for helpless infancy, took the children of the fever-stricken Irish emigrants to the warm shelter of their homes, and for many a long year, in many a Canadian homestead,

**THE IRISH ORPHAN SAT AT THE HEARTH OF HIS FRENCH FOSTER-PARENTS,**  
and learnt new ways, and a new language, and formed new ties, to replace those earlier ones that famine and fever and exile had so ruthlessly broken.

Many of the orphans thus adopted into French Canadian families, afterward rose to honor and distinction, and some of the foremost names in the political, mercantile and professional life of the period, were the Irish ones of those who, when children, had been thus rescued.

Not lightly can the memory of deeds like that just recorded die. They do more towards consolidating nations and fusing races than generations of statesmen and all the arts of statescraft can effect.

The next event touching on the political position of the Irish in Canada was the

**EXODUS TO THE UNITED STATES**  
of large numbers of the younger generation of Irishmen. This step was consequent upon and largely due to the Fenian excitement, and those who went away, seldom returned.

These movements among our people account for the comparatively small

**INCREASE OF THE IRISH POPULATION IN CANADA.**

Although it must be admitted that to day the Irish people in Canada constitute a very considerable portion of the whole population. They are, however, so widely scattered throughout the country that they do not exercise that influence in public affairs to which their numbers should entitle them. In Montreal, however, they have held their ground, and may be said to be the strongest Irish colony outside New York, and one or two others of the larger American cities.

**RECENT CELEBRATIONS**

of St. Patrick's Day have not been so large nor so enthusiastic as they were previous to 1866. It is not necessary to enter into the causes of this decline, but it is gratifying to observe that there is an obvious return of that spirit which animated our people in the old days, and it is to be hoped that each recurring year will see the festival of the patron saint of Ireland celebrated with increasing enthusiasm. Although the Irish population in Canada has not been augmented to any perceptible extent, by emigration from Ireland of late years, the natural increase has been large. Had our people found that scope for their energies in Canada which they found in the United States, there can be no doubt but that to-day they would occupy a vastly more important position as a factor in the population.

This brief review of the Irish movement in Canada will indicate how deeply interesting could a book be made which would give a history of it. All the elements of romance, of adventure, endur-

ance, triumphs over the most adverse conditions, illustrating the virtues of the Irish race would be found in such a history. Even the development of

**THE IRISH COLONY IN MONTREAL**

alone would furnish a theme not unworthy of the pen of the highest genius. Names, illustrious in the annals of the country, are to be found in the reports of each recurring St. Patrick's Day celebration in this city. Montreal Irishmen can look back with pride on these records, when, in the year 1891, just about a century since the first Irish settlers came to Canada, they take a survey of the growth of their countrymen in all things which go to make up a powerful community.

**THE POSITION OF THE IRISH IN OTHER COUNTRIES**

is to-day a proud one. In Europe some of the foremost statesmen of the day are Irishmen, or descendants of Irishmen. There is no need to recapitulate names here so universally known. The development of the Irish race in North America alone forms a curious chapter in itself, inasmuch in the United States it holds indisputably a dominant position, and assumes the practical control of politics. In South America it has for the last quarter of a century poured such a tide of emigration as to make the Irish in several of the states the governing class. Our own Dominion has been largely built up, by means of this element, in its population. In Australia, New Zealand, even in far away Japan and China, the influence of the genius of the Irish race is far-reaching and potent.

The places won by Irishmen and their descendants all over the world, offer a singular comment on the unwillingness of England to grant them control of their native land. Well, indeed, has the truth of the saying been demonstrated, that Irishmen can govern every land where they may go, except Ireland. The charge made by their British critics that they are a turbulent race, has been falsified by the docility with which they submit to the laws of every country that gives them freedom and scope for their energies.

When it is remembered that they were deprived of education for centuries in their native land, persecuted, kept in servitude, and finally driven into exile at the point of the bayonet, or by the still more pitiless decrees of their oppressors, it is but fair to acknowledge that they have nobly vindicated the genius which history and all impartial observers have conceded to them, also when it is remembered how poor in worldly wealth, and how lacking in intellectual requirements the masses of Irish peasants were when flung upon the shores of America over forty years ago, and when we look at the position their children have obtained in the learned professions—in literature, in politics, science, arts, and commerce—again it must be conceded that that genius which animates the Irish race is alike unconquerable and indistinguishable.

No matter how poor an Irishman may be, his first thought is to give his children the best education possible, and the children are no discredit to the parents in this ambition.

The spirit here indicated fills every Irish heart with a hope, which has all the strength of a prophecy, that the day must come when Ireland will take her place among the nations of the world—

"Great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

The streets of Montreal were, on Tuesday morning, from an early hour, filled with men and women wearing the green emblems of Ireland and hastening to the various rendezvous where the organizations were to assemble. Men and youths on horses, decked with ribbons and gleaming with gold ornaments, galloped about, and bandsmen with bright instruments were seen hastening through the streets. One "mounted officer" attracted especial attention. He was a little fellow mounted on a diminutive pony not much bigger than a good sized Newfoundland dog, which the child rode well and handled with much skill. Green ribbons were on the majority of coats and mantles, and the air was redolent with the sentiments of St. Patrick's day. Nature smiled on the occasion and the air was bright and crisp, and though cold, was admirably suited for the auspicious celebration, and the exhilarating atmosphere made the scene appear even more than usually animated. The various societies proceeded to St. Patrick's Church, the vast area of which was soon densely crowded. The sacred edifice was dimpled with festoons of green and white, and the high altar was brilliant with illumination, the cross shining out in a thousand gas jets and the Irish harp being similarly prominent. The scene was imposing and grand, and when the procession of the clergy and assistants had entered the Sanctuary and taken their places the spectacle was one long to be remembered.

His Grace the Archbishop celebrated, assisted by the following as deacons of honor: Rev. Jos. Reid, and John Bray; deacon of the Mass, Rev. Michael O'Keefe; sub-deacon of the Mass, Rev. Wm. Adrian; master of ceremonies, Rev. Jos. Bastien, assistant do, Rev. L. Perrin; acolytes, Messrs. J. Harshfield and M. McCormack; thurifer, Mr. Jos. Howard; crucifix bearer, Mr. John Clarke; mitre bearer, Mr. D. Bailey; gremial bearer, Mr. R. Pearce; crozier bearer, Mr. Albert Hayes; candle bearer, Mr. Martin Hogan, and train bearer, Master Thos. Murphy. Among the clergy who occupied seats in the Sanctuary were noticed Vicar General Marechal, Rev. P. Dowd, S.S.; Rev. Father Henriet, O.P.; Sentenne, S.S.; Fallet, S.S.; Pelletier, S.S.; Deguire, P. O'Donnell, Rioux, C. S. S. R.; P. Casey, James Lonergan, Leclaire, Lelandais, S.S.;

Laliberte, S.S.; Schlicking, S.S.; Cheri-rier, S.S.; Portier, S.S.; P. O'Meara, Brissette, De Foville, H. Carrieros, A. Carrieros, Chevrefils, P. McGinnis, Borduas, Saue, K. Dumbarton, Kavanagh, Shea, etc. The musical portion of the service was of a high order, and reflected credit on both the choir and its director, Prof. Fowler. The Mass chosen was Haydn's First Mass, and this was given with full orchestral accompaniment, and a chorus of 75 voices. The soloists were: sopranos, Messrs. McCaffrey, Grooves and Gain; tenors, Messrs. T. C. O'Brien and J. J. Rowan; baritone, Mr. J. P. Ham-nill; basses, Messrs. E. F. Casey and F. Feron. At the offertory a "Salve Regina," specially composed for the occasion by Prof. Fowler, was sung by Mr. F. Feron. Prof. Gruenwald acted as leader of the orchestra, Mr. P. F. McCaffrey as leader of the choir and Prof. J. A. Fowler as director and organist.

**THE SERMON.**

Rev. Father Donnelly, of St. Anthony's, preached the sermon, taking for his text:

"The memory of Him shall not pass away, and His name shall be in request from generation to generation." Eccl., xxxix. 18.

**MY LORD AND DEAREST BRETHREN:—**

Thus sang the prophet in the far-off days of the old dispensation, foreboding in inspired accents the destiny of the Church to come and the glory of those chosen sons to whom public gratitude and veneration would award a lasting monument upon her altars. Thus sing we to-day, taking up the burden of that prophetic song. Does not my friends, this grand and joyful festival confer upon us the right, and I may add, the privilege of applying to their full extent these words of Ecclesiasticus, to the life and to the name of him we are pleased to honor. How, also, explain this unwonted feast at a season when Mother-Church invites her children to gather, mourning around

sentinel on guard he cried: "Open, open your gates, for I am the fortune of France!" Well might the Apostle of our fatherland have uttered the same sentiment when, in fulfillment of his mission of peace, he first set foot on Irish soil. Well might he have exclaimed to those who were first to greet him: Open, open your hearts, open your homes, for I am the fortune of Ireland. How true would have been the application. Take up the history of our race. Line after line, page after page, chapter after chapter, are written in suffering and disaster. Yes, truly, the hand of affliction has been heavy upon us, yet, mark ye, when darkest clouds covered the firmament of our national glory, when the earth was strewn with the

**SMOKING RUINS**

of some newly crushed dream of national success, what upheld the bowed-down hearts, the drooping courage? The "fortune of Ireland," her faith—which gave new impetus to her defenders, a new stimulus to her warring national life! In the annals of our country is consigned a beautiful tradition that after the dark days of misfortune had settled like a funeral pall over the green hills and vales of our fatherland, aged minstrels did roam from hamlet to hamlet, from cabin to cabin, from palace to palace, seeking, and never in vain, that welcome hospitality for which our countrymen are famed the world over. Towards the evening, when the toil of the day was past, all would gather around the hearth in the genial warmth of the glowing peat fire, the minstrel, assuming once more the character of his past glory, would tune the chords of his faithful harp—his trusted and fond companion of many years. Then, in the flood of harmony that came forth from the responsive strings, the soul of the aged harper would live again

sentiment, when rightly understood and acted upon, must prove itself the most powerful agent for elevating men, imparting a higher moral tone and drawing him nearer to that high conception of

**THE TRUE CITIZEN**

which will be found allied only with the character of the true Christian. What then is the standard of true patriotism? With Constant I would answer: "Unquestionably the private virtues are worthy of all our veneration, but the services which are rendered to an entire nation are entitled to a still higher estimate. Happy is he who is enabled to confer some benefits upon his contemporaries, but still happier is he whose services extend also from them to posterity \* \* \* \* \* The friend of liberty and justice thus bequeaths to future ages the most valuable portion of himself; he places it beyond the reach of their injustice, which overlooks him, and of the oppression, which menaces him. He commits it to a sanctuary which no debasing or turbulent passion can approach. His whose meditation discovers a single principle, whose hand traces a single truth, whose victorious eloquence founds one salutary institution, may, without inquietude, risk his life in contest with tyrants, or a not less unpopulace. His existence will not have been vain; his thoughts will remain impressed upon that eternal whole, upon which no circumstances can annihilate his influence."

Every nation worthy of the name has her roll of honor upon which are inscribed the names of those to whom she owes some portion of her national fame, names that become household words and which proud mothers teach their children to venerate and love as part of their national life, hold up as examples to fire their legitimate ambition, and to urge them on to better things. Many names rush to the pen of him who would write of Ireland's past, names that commend themselves for their pure devotion to the cause of their fatherland, for, be it said, without any undue presumption, Ireland has been singularly fertile in examples of disinterested love and generous sacrifice on the part of her sons. Some, there were, who willingly threw themselves into the all-despairing cause of her liberty, and laid down their lives cheerfully, happy to be judged worthy of dying for a cause which they were all powerless to sustain. Others who placed at the service of their country

**THE TRANSCENDENT TALENT**

with which God endowed them, conscious that in doing so they voluntarily ostracized themselves and abdicated all hope of that preferment and honor for which otherwise their genius naturally marked them. With the political history of our people it is not my task to deal, nor would I tread the quicksands of that treacherous soil. History, the impartial, dispassionate judge of men and facts, will one day give to each his due. All honor will then be the share of those who, by their pure patriotism, shall have generously done their duty towards their race. There be to them whose shall have trifled with the nation's sacred destiny and abused the confidence of an all-trusting people. Judged, however, by the standard of that sentiment, defined but a few moments ago, what name or what service may rank in our national history with those of Ireland's apostle? what work has equalled his work? Unparalleled in its object, unsurpassed in its lasting effects, that work has been, truly, the "fortune of Ireland." No foe to meet in hand to hand encounter where personal strength and valor may reap the coveted reward, but the hearts of man to conquer, and that in the most intimate regions, in what man holds most sacred, his convictions upon things spiritual. A people to conquer, but a people firmly anchored to their primitive form of worship, as attested, even to the present day, by the numerous round towers of the Druid, some of which still stand as monuments to that gigantic task accomplished by our national apostle. Alone he set foot upon the soil of Ireland, alone in a strange land. But remember he was not a man, he was an Apostle, an envoy extraordinary from the Almighty, in whose name he would claim possession of that new kingdom. A new David, he set himself single-handed against the Goliath of Druidism and soon the course of his giant foe lay helpless at his feet.

**IRELAND WAS CONQUERED,**

but by a pacific host, whose yoke—the "light and sweet yoke of faith"—she would henceforth bear lovingly and faithfully. That the task was thoroughly done, no one can doubt, for when, in compliment to her famous seats of learning, she was styled the "Island of Scholars," history assures us that she bore, with no less justice the favored appellation of "Island of Saints." It is her legitimate boast that from the first days of the fifth century down to our present age she has an unswerving record of up-answering fidelity to the See of Peter. Untainted by any breath of error or schism she has weathered storm after storm, while all around her saw sad defections in the fold of Christ. Ah! my friends, the faith that lived through the horrors of the penal ages—not only lived, but actually flourished,—needs no further recommendation in the eyes of a thinking world. Like the ancient Romans who carried with them their household gods, the sons of Erin carried into their exile the God of their fathers, the faith, which, with a pair of strong arms, was offered their only possession, all they might call their own. That they proved faithful to this sacred trust, need we question? For an answer, I would refer you to the flourishing churches of the great Republic, and far-off Australia, both governed by priests of the Catholic Church, whose names and certainly approves; because this



REV. FATHER DONNELLY.

her altars and weep with her o'er the cruel sufferings of her beloved spouse? How explain your presence in this gaily attired temple, the glittering pageantry of your demonstration, the swelling harmonies of your triumphant chants, the august presence of our first pastor? All this portends some fond devotion which finds its natural expansion in this religious solemnity. My friends, 'tis a Catholic nation's tribute to the saint of her love. 'Tis the generous and practical realization of that prophecy touching the saints and their abiding memory amongst men. To-day, the world throughout, the dispersed children of Erin have met to celebrate, according to the memorable traditions of centuries, the feast of the Apostle, destined by God to bear to their nation the glad tidings of faith. The memory of him shall not pass away and his name shall be in request from generation to generation."

These words, it seems to me, are written upon the walls of this grand old edifice dedicated to St. Patrick. Its every stone proclaims them, yet what is the

**MUTE TRIBUTE OF PRAISE**

coming from the monuments of man's handiwork to that immense song of rational worship that wells up from countless hearts of God's true faithful, and which is heralded to-day towards the throne of the Almighty from the grand cathedral nave or modest village chapel, wherever the disciples of St. Patrick have turned their footsteps? No, that memory has not passed away, nor can it pass away, treasured as it is in the living traditions of the impulsive people of his love, handed down by succeeding generations as a most precious legacy to be zealously guarded as a talisman of hope, a gage of success. Intertwined with the national life of Ireland from century to century that name has been a true beacon-light shining far up in the heavens to guide those who struggled below in the valley, reminding them at each new disaster that all, all was not lost, one thing remained, and the first most precious of all, the undying faith of their fathers, St. Patrick's gift to the Irish people. After the fatal day of Crecy, when Philip of Valois beheld his faithful but unfortunate army exterminated by the superior strength of his English foe, history tells us that, alone, he sought the shelter of a neighboring stronghold, where, knocking at the port-cullis, to the

through the ages long gone past. The story of deeds of valor, tale of war, of victory, and of defeat, of joy and of suffering, would press in turn upon his lips; now rising to the highest pitch of enthusiasm his enrapt hearers, and again melting to tears, according to the strain of his song. Many years have rolled by since then; the aged minstrel of Ireland has long since hushed his voice, and his harp, like the storied harp of Tara, no longer thrills the ear and heart of his compatriots. Yet the story he told in his poetic-strain still finds loving hearts to drink it in, for the patriotic fibre in the bosom of Ireland's children, beats as proudly to-day as it did centuries ago. The minstrel has left his legacy and, it seems to me, has dropped his mantle, upon those whose task it is, on our national feast to address

**THE SONS OF ERIN,**

and like the harper of old, they have merely to let their fingers wander at hazard over the chords of our national history to strike a note that will always find a listening ear and a responsive heart. We might speak of ages in a far off past, when Erin, a free land, with her own laws and institutions, successfully defied the repeated onslaught of her many foes, when her doughty knights and chieftains outrivalled, on well fought fields, the imaginative prowess of the heroes of romance. We might show you that epoch of national splendor when by her famed monasteries and schools, in the midst of a general decadence, she held aloft the torch of science and attracted to her shores the youth of all Europe, eager to drink in, to assimilate the treasures of wisdom and lore of which she had become the grand and only guardian. Nor would these details be unworthy this pulpit of truth, from which go forth the sublime tenets of our God—given faith to make men better and wiser. No, these details would not prove unworthy this pulpit nor the occasion which would call them forth; and many eloquent voices, the echo of which comes to us out of the past, have recalled on similar occasions, these different phases of our national history, and ever with beneficial effect. These reminiscences of the past have their source and origin in that purest and most lofty of feelings, a true and sincere patriotism, a sentiment which nature commands and which God himself certainly approves; because this

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.)

ROSARY OF MY TEARS.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Some reckon their age by years, Some measure their life by art; But some tell the days by the flow of their tears...

IRISH NOTES.

An alarming outbreak of smallpox has occurred in Belfast. Donegal street police barracks has been vacated. The Public Health Committee has resolved to recommend the Corporation to adopt the Infectious Disease Prevention Act of 1890...

Lately, at Comman, there were borne to the grave the mortal remains of Con Deherly, who it is stated, lived to the extraordinary age of 115 years. He was born at Tandragee in that parish...

The Rev. Nicholas Barry, C.C., Oron, passed away recently to enjoy the fruits of a holy and abstruse life in the service of God. Father Barry was 70 years of age, and was born at Newcastle near Kilmallon, Co. Wick...

The Bishop of Salford writes to the Manchester Examiner enclosing a letter he has received from Dr. Lyster, Bishop of Achery, says: "One fact will suggest to you the state of my poor people here. This village of 1,000 inhabitants is the largest in Achery, and is my cathedral city."

The opening year, says the Drogheda Argus, finds the textile trades of Drogheda in as healthy and flourishing a condition as they have been for many years past. Indeed, this is about the only branch of trade in Drogheda outside the ever growing traffic in linen...

enterprising proprietors being quite satisfied with their business in their own hands. Mr. Dickson's factory is now turning out immense piles of linen and union goods principally for the foreign market. The manager, Mr. Smith, after an honorable connection of many years with the textile trade of the town, is leaving for Bombay, where he has secured a lucrative position...

You hardly realize that it is medicine when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

Scully to Run Again—The Bishops on Parnell—His Manifesto. DUBLIN, March 13.—It is stated that Vincent Scully, the Parnellite who unsuccessfully contested for the seat in Parliament representing North Kilkenny against Sir John Pope Hennessy, the McCarthyite, will contest for the seat representing North Sligo, made vacant by the death today of Peter McDonald. It is understood that The Macleod mott, a supporter of McCarthy, will enter the lists against Scully.

The worse feature of Mr. Parnell's feud with the Nationalists develops as the light becomes fiercer. The attitude of partial respect toward the clergy disappears and thinly veiled insolence, sometimes open railing, characterizes the speeches of the Leaguers. Whatever be the issue of the struggle the shock to the moral and religious sense of the people is inseparable. In a letter published today Archbishop Croke ridicules, while denouncing the latest Parnell attempt to blacken the bishops in Mr. Harrington's pseudo revelations through the publication of Archbishop Logue's letter, Archbishop Croke writes: "The disclosure of Archbishop Logue's letter, which was meant to cover the Irish episcopate with a stain, is a cause venerable checks to be satisfied with guilty shame."

Archbishop Croke says when Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien declared against Mr. Parnell in conjunction with others, called them to return to guide the movement against Mr. Parnell. When released from prison it will be seen how they regard the Parnellite publication of private letters and telegrams. Archbishop Croke deals more gently with the "ambitious blackguardism" of the Parnell set than does Michael Davitt. In an article in the Labour World, appealing to Irish Americans, Mr. Davitt declares that the effrontery of Mr. Parnell is measureless in asking Americans to ignore his betrayal of household virtues. He does not say but "That the Irish in America, to mark their sense of Mr. Parnell's contemptuous regard for the principles of honor and honesty, will spurn his emissaries as servants of a factionist traitor who considered his interests above Home Rule, and his tarnished gate above the honor of their race."

London, March 11.—Mr. Parnell made public his long expected manifesto yesterday. The full text of the document follows:—

WANTS OF COMMONS, Friday, March 11.—To the Irish people of America—Following countrymen in 1881 and subsequent years you assisted in powerful manner your influence upon American opinion, and your generous financial support to the great movement of the Land League. Without your aid so freely given and so warmly sustained, Ireland could not have emerged from her long and weary way against her oppressors. Still less could she have attained the singular position of a free and self-governing nation, which she has occupied during the last five years. At the instant when victory seemed near and certain, the basely and malicious machinations of English politicians in the empire, and the treachery of a few Irishmen, have temporarily destroyed the unity of our outposts, and sapped the independence of many Irish people. As a few nations, others, and our own persons who remain our ranks, have bravely defended and repulse at hand, taking of our own, in our army of any weak, treacherous, self-seeking elements. Fortune has indeed been kind and generous to the reconstruction before the general election, and the disclosure has brought about a realization of the independence of Mr. Gladstone's proposed constitution, and the restoration of liberty, happiness, and prosperity of our brothers and sisters in Ireland. This disclosure was timely and all-important. This disclosure, who, at the present moment, are the only men in your shores, are well qualified with experience, ability and patriotism, to fully explain and defend my position, which all that is sound, courageous, and reliable at home have assumed with me at this crisis. I commend them to your hospitality, and I am confident that, with the aid of the most honorable reception and hearing, they are each and all well-versed soldiers who have courageously distinguished themselves in our war against the oppressor, and who, in the most desperate and unflinching manner, have defended the most unshakable and unassailable character, have bravely defended me during the darkest and trying moments.

With confidence even greater than in 1881, I appeal to you once more to assist me in concluding this inquiry and despatch in Ireland, to become in securing a really independent parliamentary party, so that we may make more use, even though it be our last, effort to win freedom and prosperity for our nation by constitutional means. Your faithful servant, CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

A MISTAKEN POLICY. An Alleged Desperate Effort on the Part of the Grit Party.

A special despatch from Halifax to the Empire says:—What the Grits failed to honestly do at the ballot boxes on Thursday last, they now propose to do by fraud. There is a conspiracy brewing for stealing the Government—the Grits call it "capturing the Government by strategy." Their plan of campaign is said to be to obtain by purchase or bribery the support of a number of Maritime Conservative members. It is a desperate game being played by a gang of desperate men, but it is doomed to ignominy and failure. Francis Langlois, Mr. Laurier's "Friday," accompanied by an unknown companion and C. W. Weldon, the defeated candidate of St. John, have

been in Halifax, in secret conference with Hon. Mr. Jones, leader of the Nova Scotia Wiminists, Premier Fielding, Attorney-General Longley and others. The greatest secrecy has been maintained regarding their mission, but we are in a position to know that the Wiminist plan of campaign is as follows: The two great provinces of Quebec and Ontario are claimed to be pretty evenly divided, and the members from the various provinces and the Pacific coast, it is thought, will support the Government, whether the Premier be Sir John Macdonald or Mr. Laurier. The Grits will try to hold out sufficient inducements to these men to get them to range themselves under Mr. Laurier's banner. All that is needed to ensure the success of this scheme of capturing the Government is to obtain the support of half a dozen Maritime Conservatives. To this end Mr. Gillies, the member elect for Richmond, Dr. Legor, member for Kent and Mr. MacAllister, of Restigouche, will be approached. Gillies and Legor were both elected by the French-Canadian vote, and MacAllister is an Independent Conservative. One of the questions Sir John will have to handle when Parliament meet they point out is that of the Manitoba school and

DUAL LANGUAGE LAWS.

A few days before the elections the Catholic bishops of Quebec are said to have memorialized Sir John Macdonald, asking him to veto the Manitoba laws abolishing state aid to the Catholic schools and the dual French language, but the Premier could do nothing pending the elections. The Grits will bring the question up in the shape of an amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne. This amendment will demand the veto, and the Grits hope to secure enough Tory French Catholic votes with the votes of the Maritime men indicated to upset the Government. The Grits have taken in the most familiar manner of their ability to buy enough Quebec members who were elected to support the Government, but whatever they may accomplish in this line in other provinces, when they presume to insult such staunch Maritime Conservatives as Gillies, Legor and MacAllister, they will find that they have made a woeful mistake. The support of these men is not for sale. Another feature of the Grit plan of campaign is to enter protests against all the Conservatives elected in the Maritime Provinces. The Dominion election laws are so strict that probably every man on both sides could be inserted upon some technicality. The Grits think if they can capture the Government, that should they insert Conservatives, they could elect their men in all the close constituencies. An effort is to be made to secure a seat for Mr. Jones, the rejected of Halifax, whose presence in Parliament is necessary to the success of the desperate schemes of his party and who would be Minister of Customs in the new administration. Overtures are to be made to Mr. Flint, member elect for Yarmouth to make way for Mr. Jones. Mr. Flint being guaranteed a seat in the Senate. Gillies is also to be promised a substantial reward, either as Senator or a Supreme Court Judgeship. All the members of the Provincial Government are in town, and a meeting of the Provincial Liberal Association is to be held to consider and carry out the plans herein outlined.

To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

A Reform Organ Speaks Out.

The Huntington Reviewer of the 12th inst. of Mr. Hanks letter to "The alternative of annexation is to be fought with disdain. The very founding of Canada was due to strong patriotic feeling towards the Empire. That national spirit has grown with our country's growth, and today we have developed an extraordinary aptitude to see that spirit can be quenched, that Canadians can forget the history of our country, and surrendering their rights of citizenship for the Province of Quebec on any terms, even having other business to attend to. For terms address Patentee."

BOOK and JOB PRINTING of every description, at "THE TRUE WITNESS" Office, 761 Craig Street.

Gladstone's Platform.

London, March 12.—Mr. Gladstone has been in consultation with Mr. Morley, Sir William Harcourt and Sir G. O. Poyndon on the scope of the Labour election platform and is preparing to announce it. It will be a definite exposition of the question of Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament, land and police relations to the Irish Government, Mr. Selwyn Selwyn-Clifford's (Earl) and other headed or obscure reform proposals, estimates of the Grits' following in the next Parliament will be added to Mr. Gladstone's calculation. Mr. Parnell's supporters, Mr. Gladstone, thus assure of the support of an Irish phalanx of 75 steady adherents, determined to resist to the end and complete the legislation for Ireland. The remaining planks of the Labour platform are "one man one vote" including general reform legislation, free elementary education, an amendment of the labour laws, with the question of the law of conspiracy; equalization of taxation, with reform of the land law; amendment of the factory acts; affecting children, and measures to assist rural laborers to acquire holdings.

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SILK AND FELT HATS

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SMOKY CHIMNEYS! IMPURE AIR! The One Rotary Ventilator and SMOKE CONDUCTOR for smoky chimneys, etc. Architects have been examined and now specify its use. Patent rights reserved for the Province of Quebec on any terms, even having other business to attend to. For terms address Patentee. JAMES T. LIPSETT, 766 Craig St., Montreal.

NOTMAN DYE WORKS, 706 Craig Street.

ROYAL DYE WORKS, 706 Craig Street.

Is the place to have your SUITS, DRESSES, TABLE and PIANO COVERS cleaned or dyed. LACE CURTAINS cleaned or colored in all the newest shades and finished perfect. TELEPHONES—Bell 732; FEDERAL 62. N.B.—We have no branches or agencies in the city.

They Have All Gones. Referring to the departure of the Hon. Messrs. Mercer and Sheehy for Europe and the Hon. Messrs. Robidoux and Langlois for the United States, La Miotte says: "Mr. Mercer, defender of the throne and of the altar, absent! Mr. Sheehy, protector of the public treasury absent! Mr. Beauregard absent! Is it possible? They are then all going! While the Hon. Messrs. Mercer and Sheehy will roam through every part of Old Europe in search of a loan and the other in search of a new papal blessing, their colleagues, the Hon. Messrs. Robidoux and Langlois are going to explore the asylums of the new continent. They are all going because they can no longer drink from the cup of humiliation. But Mr. Parnell remains and we will watch him."

IRISH SOX, hand-knit by Donegal peasantry (pure wool, very warm, durable and comfortable, 12 pairs sent post free for 50c. Men's long knickerbocker hose, 6 pairs sent post free for 50c. or 7 dollars, according to quality. Post Office Orders payable to E. & J. McElroy, Ltd., Belfast, Ireland. 20c.

PERSONAL—LEGITIMATE DEFECTIVE WORK. I am a sufferer with hemorrhoids, piles, and all defective work in criminal and civil business promptly attended to by the Canadian Patent Office, 221, Bellin, Montreal. Office telephone: 221. Private telephones: 683 and 608. JOHN A. GRIFFIN, Supr. Commercial Work; SILAS H. CARPENTIER, Supr. Criminal Work.

IT LEADS THEM ALL! For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis.

For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis.

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For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis. For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis.

Yet Another Irish Delegation. A cable despatch last week announced the sailing of a delegation of "Irishites," to solicit funds for political purposes in the United States and Canada. The members of the delegation are reported to be Mr. Fox, M. P., and Rev. Canon Keller, the latter a patriotic priest who has done good service for the Nationalists cause, and even suffered imprisonment under Balfour's reign of terror.

The delegation some much unfavorable analyses. The name of Mr. Healy is not one to compare with on this side of the ocean. Whether the justly or not, it is associated with the bitterest expression of a dispassionate in the present deplorable controversy. While Mr. Parnell is considered for his own administration, his name is extended by the gross provocation given him in the personal attacks of Mr. Healy above all others. These attacks have been couched in language of such apparent malice, they have been so mercilessly sensitive and brutal that even those who had no apology to offer for Mr. Parnell's faults or mistakes have been moved to sympathy with him with a massed by his own people. There is such a thing as denouncing immorality in terms which make the denunciation as vile as the thing denounced, and that, in the opinion of many persons, has been the fault of Mr. Healy.

But the people of America do not want delegations from any of the factions, whether they be Irishites, Parnellites, or McCarthyites. It is a mistake to send any of them. Their mission will prove fruitless, financially and politically. It would be a grievous disaster were it otherwise, for success by any one of them would mean the "Irish" disunion in the ranks of Ireland's friends in America, and of that they see quite enough in the old country.

When Mr. Irishmen learn that the word is with them, and against their individualism about them, they will have been lessons enough of that not in the past to be remembered in the present.—P.M.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN. RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Frost Bites, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Etc.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md. Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.

BELLS! BELLS! PEALS & CHIMES FOR CHURCHES. School Bells, Clock Tower Bells, Fire Bells, House Bells, Hand Bells.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. Bells for Churches, Chimes, Schools, Fire Alarms of every description, and all kinds of bells. JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Loughborough, Leicestershire, England.

CLINTON H. MENELY BELL COMPANY. Troy, N.Y., U.S.A. Manufacturers of Church Bells. The Company is now making a set of 15 bells for St. Patrick's Church, New York City.

Canada Glass Silvers and Braving Company. Importers of first standard Porcelain Plate Glass. Manufacturers of Mirrors and Reflecting Lenses. Glass cut and polished. Old and new engraved. Mounted out Plate Glass for View-books (more especially 625 CASSELBERG STREET, N. West end, Bell Telephone 1-90.

Registry Office for Servants. MRS. DALTON'S, 73 Juniper Street. Employment furnished for first-class help. Rooms for rent.

P. N.Y. PIANO Co. This Company still leads in fine American Pianos and Organs.

Weber, Decker, Vose and Hale Pianos. They are now receiving their full supply of the beautiful

No. 228 ST. JAMES STREET. It is a fact not generally known to our readers that this Company sells beautiful new upright Pianos at \$225. They have also a large number of

Second-hand Pianos at from \$50 upwards. Our readers should call and examine the stock and prices at N. Y. PIANO CO'S stores.

Scottish Union and National Insurance Company of Edinburgh. ESTABLISHED 1834

TOTAL ASSETS, \$37,277,143 51. INVESTED FUNDS, 10,932,923 52. INVESTED IN CANADA, 1,252,674 51.

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CHERRY P. MONARY SYRUP. Best specific for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Coughs, Constantly on hand. Parnell's compound. Open on Sundays. MONTAGUE, Chemist and Druggist, 107 St. Catherine Street (between Amherst and St. James streets.)

Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER. STRIKES THE ROOT OF THE DISEASE. Is used both internally and externally. It acts quickly, affording almost instant relief from the severest pains.

IRISH HEARTS AND IRISH HANDS.

Who casts a slur on Irish worth, a stain on Irish fame. Who reads to own his Irish blood or wear his Irish name. Who scorns the warmth of Irish hearts, the clay of Irish hands. Let us but raise the veil to-night and shame him as he stands.

The C. Y. M. S.

The Catholic Young Men's Society of Montreal originated A. D. 1865. It claims an uninterrupted existence of twenty-five years.



J. J. RYAN, PRESIDENT.

practice of Christian morality. It has a circulating library whose shelves are filled with ancient and modern classical volumes.



J. NEIBS, SECRETARY.

ought to regulate even the minutest details of the proceedings. As a wise precaution against any temptation to misappropriation of funds, they are invested in the responsible hands of a Rev. Director.

members into one common family, and to join the candidates to the governing council, presided over by the man of their confidence, and directed by a reverend clergyman chosen each year by the very Rev. Superior of the Seminary.

Wm. O'Brien Branch, Irish National League.

The crusade which that staunch Irish patriot, Mr. William O'Brien made against Lord Lansdowne, better known as the evictor of Lugganurran, in Canada in 1887 will be easily remembered by all.

The Day at Rigaud.

There was a grand entertainment, musical and dramatic given last night at Bourget College, Rigaud, P.Q.

WANTED: A MALE COOK.

Mr. Heart well (Ann old bachelor. Joshua Slocum (From Greenville, Me.)

Teddy Ryan (A native of Ireland. Martin Golden Francis (A French cook). Patrick Anson

Doctor Singer (A physician). Thomas Conway Doctor Spenser (A student). Donald Kennedy

Sylphus March. Gillespie Band. Buchmann La Fete de Jean Croquet les Pineettes (comic song accompanied with piano).

Henry Gradua's "Coronation of Irish Rights" (Speech). Patrick Mason. Comie Choir (accompanied with piano).

The Sleepers' Valse. T. Dubois Miss Brady's Piano For-Dog (Gente) Song accompanied with piano. Patrick McCaffrey.

A CLOSE SHAVE, (COMEDY.) Samuel Ross. Patrick McAdams. Michael Skelly. Leo Previllo. Donald Kennedy. Eugene Menard. Simpson. Colin A. Hurd. Lo Canale.

Tableau Vivant of St. Patrick. Pride of Ireland (Quiltep). Ripley College Band.

GOD SAVE IRELAND. Give me the eye which can see God in all, and the hand which can serve God with all, and the heart which can bless Him for all.—Geeker.

It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at the ill.

Blame no man before having made inquiry, and when that has done that, reprove him according to justice.

The true peace of God, penetrating the inmost soul, brings with it all the aids and gifts of grace necessary for working out one's salvation and reaching eternal life.

Educational Establishments of St. Sulpice in Montreal.

Visitors to Montreal consider their trip incomplete till they have gone out to the Seminary Ecclesiastical buildings, situated on Sherbrooke street west.

The Grand Seminary faces the St. Lawrence, and to the right are seen at a distance the heaving and foamy waters of the Lachine Rapids.

REV. P. DOWD, PASTOR OF ST. PATRICK'S.



REV. P. DOWD, PASTOR OF ST. PATRICK'S.

cant green canopy reflecting in the waters beneath. Dogma, Theology, Canon law, the Sacred Scriptures, Liturgy, constitute the chief departments of study.

The staff of professors is as follows:—M.M. J. Delavigne, Director; E. M. A. Roussin, P. H. Crique, L. N. Lepouton, P.S.S.

Montreal College, or the Little Seminary

A step lower and a new department of studies is revealed to the observation of the inquirer. A thorough knowledge of the ancient Greek and Latin classics is communicated there to those young minds, which when once perfected in the branch will devote their energies to a higher order of proficiency.

Happiness reigns throughout the juvenile community and is fostered and encouraged in every way by the devoted professors of 1890-91.—M.M. F. Leblond, Director; P. DeFoville, A. Schlicking, F. Laliberte, F. H. Dapret, R. Porter, S. Charrier, L. Denis, J. Mouly, H. J. Labelle, J. St. Jean, L. Dimberton, H. J. Gauthier, P.S.S., Z. Carlin, C. Laforce, H. Desrosiers, L. Callaghan, J. Forbes, E. Brien, A. Larue.

It is by living in our plain path of duty, but with an habitual remembrance of the coming of Our Lord; by using the world as we use our daily food, not so much from choice as from necessity, and yet with no unthankful silliness, but with gladness, and singleness of heart; by being ever ready, both for the duties of the day and for the coming hour of Judgment;—by this twofold discipline of self a true Christian is so prepared that the day of Christ can neither come too late nor too soon for him.

I. C. B. S.

The Irish Catholic Benefit Society was established in the year 1869, for the purpose of aiding its members in sickness or incapacity through accident and, in case of death, the interment and fraternal attendance at the funeral.



JOHN POWER, PRESIDENT.

The members together with the doctors attendance and medicine, the great annoyance and expense attendant at such time, is greatly reduced.

PROGRAMME.

Overture..... On violins..... Pupils Song and chorus—"Cruiskeen Lawn"..... Pupils SOLO. AMUSEMENTS IN GEOGRAPHY AND ARITHMETIC, BY LITTLE BOYS.

NICOLET COLLEGE.

A Celebration in Honor of Ireland's Patron Saint.

On Wednesday evening, March 11th, the Irish students of the College of Nicolet, gave a grand dramatic and musical entertainment in the College hall, in honor of the feast of St. Patrick, under the direction of the Rev. Frank C. Kelly, Professor of English.



JOSEPH MCCANN SECRETARY.

Its present officers are:—President, Mr. John Power; first vice-president, Mr. Daniel O'Neill; second vice-president, Mr. William Grace; secretary, Mr. Joseph McCann; treasurer, Mr. Patrick Corbett; chief marshal, Mr. John Dwyer; assistant marshals, Messrs. John Carry, and P. McGavran.

Deaf and Dumb Institute.

An entertainment will be given on the evening of March 31st, at 8 o'clock, in aid of the Deaf and Dumb Institute. There will be a short drama in French, but the music, which promises to be of a high order, with the additional features of harps, mandolins, and violins, will be of interest to all.

wants. By educating the deaf-mutes and gaining access to their souls, the good Sisters perform one of the highest spiritual works of mercy.

The Christian Brothers.

An entertainment of a very successful character was given on Saturday afternoon by the boys of the Christian Brothers' school in St. Ann's Hall.

PROGRAMME.

Overture..... On violins..... Pupils Song and chorus—"Cruiskeen Lawn"..... Pupils SOLO. AMUSEMENTS IN GEOGRAPHY AND ARITHMETIC, BY LITTLE BOYS.

NICOLET COLLEGE.

A Celebration in Honor of Ireland's Patron Saint.

On Wednesday evening, March 11th, the Irish students of the College of Nicolet, gave a grand dramatic and musical entertainment in the College hall, in honor of the feast of St. Patrick, under the direction of the Rev. Frank C. Kelly, Professor of English.

Deaf and Dumb Institute.

An entertainment will be given on the evening of March 31st, at 8 o'clock, in aid of the Deaf and Dumb Institute.

The Y. I. L. & B. Association.

The above is one of the oldest, no the oldest, of our Irish Catholic Young Men's societies now extant.

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

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JOSEPH O'BRIEN, PRESIDENT.

the winter months, with all kinds of innocent recreation, such as games, library, reading room, etc. In 1875 the Shamrocks withdrew, and the same year witnessed the incorporation of the Y. I. L. & B. association.

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St. Patrick's Day, 1891.



Souvenir Number of The True Witness.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

Our native land, our native land, With pride we think of thee. And so we think of thee through the future's veil, A Nation grand and free, We gaze across the heaving deep, As did a saint of yore, And blessings send to thee, green isle Whose plains we'll see no more.

St. Patrick's Society.

Of all the Irish societies in Montreal there are none which can lay better claim to the palm of seniority of organization than can the St. Patrick's National Society. Long before many of our readers were in their "teens" this great



H. J. MORAN, PRESIDENT.

Irish National Association was formed and its earliest days are pronounced to have been some of its brightest. Prosperity seemed to follow all its undertakings; public sympathy accorded its friendly and national aid to all its appeals and in short, not a dark cloud seemed to overshadow its chances of future progress, utility, and importance. Irish Protestants and Catholics alike worked hand in hand to ensure the material advancement and to offer financial encouragement to those of their fellow-countrymen who chose to emigrate from the little Green Isle across the sea to young and promising Canada. The society was established as far back as 1854, and therefore bears the reputation of being the first society of a national character organized in the metropolis of Canada. The first meeting held for the purpose of organization was on St. Patrick's Day in the year above mentioned, and the event was celebrated by a grand banquet in Savoy's hotel, St. Vincent street, on the evening of the same day. When eloquent speeches were made and sympathies enlisted in the good work which the society was destined to carry out. At that time the society was open to all men of Irish faith or descent residing in the district of Montreal, and it is not surprising then that the membership rapidly increased at each succeeding business meeting of the organization. The principal objects for which the society was at that time



SAMUEL CROSS, SECRETARY.

established were: (1) To assist its members in case of sickness or distress. (2) To aid Irish emigrants landing in Montreal by advice and to investigate any complaints of fraud or improprieties immigrants might make against passenger ships, etc., and to take proceedings at law if necessary. (3) To celebrate with due honor the festival of St. Patrick's Day. The first president was Mr. John Donnellan, an old and respected Irishman of that day. He was in turn succeeded by such well-known and highly respected citizens as Benjamin Hickels, Hon. Judge Drummond, etc. In 1856 the society was dissolved, as was also the Young Irishmen's St. Patrick's Association (an organization of young Irishmen by birth or descent), and a new society was formed under the same name (St. Patrick's Society), composed

of members of both. It subsequently became a thoroughly Irish Catholic organization, and shortly afterwards their Protestant fellow-countrymen formed an association of their own for similar benevolent objects in favor of Irish Protestant emigrants to Canada. The first president of the new St. Patrick's society was Dr. Henry Howard, who was in turn succeeded by Mr. M. Doherty (now Hon. Judge Doherty), Mr. Edward Murphy (now Senator), the late Bernard Devlin, Q.C., and others. The society continued to prosper and the good work inaugurated by it is still carried on unceasingly and with all vigor by the members of St. Patrick's society to-day.

The following is a list of the officers: H. J. Moran, President; John Power, First Vice-President; Jas. O'Shaughnessy, Second Vice-President; Geo. Murphy, Treasurer; T. F. McGrail, Corresponding Secretary; S. Cross, Recording Secretary; Chaplains, Irish clergy of St. Patrick's Church; Physicians, Drs. Guerin, Devlin, and Gaherty. Committee of Management, J. Foley, P. Kehoe, J. McLane, F. Callahan, J. Byrne, M. Kelly, P. McCaffrey, J. Roach, B. Campbell, P. Connolly, T. Cunningham, J. Craven, J. Cuddy, W. Davis, M. Dolan, F. S. O'Reilly, J. Meek, P. O'Donoghue; Thos. Bowes, Grand Marshal.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

One of the youngest and most flourishing of our Catholic Young Men's Societies is that known under the above name. It was formed in the month of January, 1885, through the instrumentality of its present spiritual director, Rev. Father Struble, C.S.S.R., having for its objects the promotion of a Catholic spirit among young men, and the moral, mental and physical improvement of the members. Another of its aims is the maintenance of fraternal relations with similar societies; also the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, *Fete Die* and the anniversary of the society. At the first meeting of the newly formed society the following were elected officers:—President, Mr. M. Loughnan; 1st Vice-President, Mr. Thos. Davis; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. M. J. O'Donnell; Treasurer, Mr. T. J. Quinn; Financial Secretary, Mr. W. P. Chaney; Recording Secretary, Mr. D. Killy; Assistant Secretary, Mr. J. Rielly; Librarian, Mr. Jas. Brennan; Assistant Librarian, Mr. J. Thornton; Marshal, Mr. Wm. Davis; Council, Messrs. M. Shea, L. Power, F. Clarke, P. McDermott, P. J. Cooney and J. Ahern. The society being now fairly launched, the officers set to work at once to make suitable arrangements in St. Ann's Hall and to provide the members with the means of enjoying themselves with various ways. It was soon discovered, however, that the accommodation was inadequate, and a movement was inaugurated in favor of the construction of a new hall. The sympathy and financial support of the parishioners generally of St. Ann's Church were enlisted and with such tangible success that sufficient money was raised to allow of the construction of the present fine new hall being commenced in the following June, the undertaking being placed under the patronage of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The work proceeded steadily, and although some obstacles were encountered, they were all in due time mastered and the building was completed to the great delight of the



J. J. GETHINGS, PRESIDENT.

Society and the intense satisfaction of the zealous Redeemerist Fathers. The structure, which is situated in Ottawa street, is a handsome brick building, 35 by 66 feet, three stories high with mansard roof. On the ground floor the whole space is used as a gymnasium, which is fully equipped and first class in every respect. The reading-room and library is on the first floor, and adjoining this apartment is a fine airy and well lighted amusement room. The meetings of the society are held in a large room on the next floor, and the council meetings in a smaller room adjoining; the janitor's rooms are also on this flat. The building is heated with the most improved hot water apparatus; it is lighted by gas, and the sanitary arrangements are perfect. Communications were made on the third flat with the adjoining Concert Hall, familiarly known for a quarter of a century as the St. Ann's Hall, the size of which is 35 by 100 feet, in which the society's entertainments are held. The association, at considerable expense, have since improved and beautified this hall, and erected a fine stage which has been fitted up with several sets of scenery and all the paraphernalia necessary for dramatic productions. The cost of the whole work was \$11,000. The new hall was inaugurated on Sunday, Nov. 8th, 1885, with a general communion of the members, solemn high mass in St. Ann's church, a grand banquet, pontifical vestments, and blessing of the society's handsome new flag by Archbishop Fabre, and act of consecration and solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The day was a red letter one in the history of the parish and was a pleasing augury of the good work that was yet to be done by the society. Through the unceasing efforts of Rev. Father Struble, who since his organization has displayed untiring zeal in the welfare of the society, the interest and enthusiasm of the young men of the parish became aroused in the advancement of the society and applications for membership poured in in large numbers. He was ably assisted in his

efforts in this respect by the officers, particularly by Mr. M. Loughnan, who ably filled the position of president for three years, and by Mr. T. J. Quinn, who is still an indefatigable officer-bearer, and to whom much credit is due for the elevating and Irish national character of the different entertainments which have yearly been given by the choral and dramatic sections of the society, and which have been in great part selections made by himself. The name of the society for the nature of its entertainments has not been confined to the Canadian press, but has also found place on different occasions in the Irish-American press, notably in the Irish World of New York and the Boston Pilot. Great credit attended the presentation of its first Irish play some years ago, entitled "The Irish Eviction" or "The Land Agent's Fate." Other Irish plays presented included "Robert Emmet," (a new version specially written for the society), "The Irish Rebel," "Wicklow in '98," "Shandy Maguire," "The Man for Galway," "Innishore" and others. The choral section, under the name of the Irish National Minstrels, have given a number of the most thoroughly national and enjoyable musical entertainments.



J. S. PATRICK, SECRETARY.

creating a revolution in the style and manner of Irish national concerts, and causing unbounded enthusiasm among the large and delighted audiences which always flocked to hear them. The society is also the only one in Montreal which celebrates the Manchester Martyrs' anniversary, and on this occasion yearly a choice musical and dramatic entertainment is given, together with a patriotic address by some prominent Irish-Canadian speaker. Since its formation the society has always been in the front in connection with the Irish cause, and the warm welcome which it extended to Devitt, O'Brien and other Irish leaders elicited encomiums on all sides. Another feature of the society is its annual celebration of St. Patrick's Day. They are all active, energetic and patriotic young men, and their neat appearance and uniformity of attire not only make them one of the principal features of the procession, but also provoke the most favorable comment on all sides. Since its formation the society has continued increasing in popularity and prosperity. It is now a credit to the people of the parish, to the Catholic religion, to the Irish race generally, to the zealous clergy of St. Ann's church, and to the members themselves particularly. Some idea of its flourishing condition can be formed when it is stated that since its establishment the annual receipts have averaged \$2,000. After having faithfully served the society for three years, Mr. M. Loughnan resigned as president and was succeeded in office by Mr. Morgan J. Quinn, who in turn gave place to the present incumbent, Mr. J. J. Gethings. The following is the complete list of the present officers:

Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Struble, C.S.S.R.; President, Mr. J. J. Gethings; 1st Vice-President, Mr. M. Callinan; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. P. McDermott; Treasurer, Mr. Joseph Johnson; Financial Secretary, Mr. M. J. O'Brien; Assistant Financial Secretary, Mr. Andrew Thompson; Recording Secretary, Mr. James S. Patrick; Assistant Recording Secretary, Mr. D. J. O'Neill; Librarian, Mr. John Mahony; Assistant Librarian, Mr. P. Berrigan; Marshal, Mr. Wm. Minguet; Assistant Marshal, Mr. P. J. O'Brien; Council, Messrs. P. J. Cooney, P. Shea, P. T. O'Brien, M. Casey, J. Whitty and P. Ahern. Chairman of Dramatic section, P. J. Cooney; Chairman of Choral section, Mr. P. Shea.

St. Anthony's Young Men's Society.

This society was established in March, 1884, and has grown rapidly into one of the most flourishing and active of the Catholic Associations of the city. It now numbers 100 members, has an excellent hall, library and arrangements for recreation at 237 St. Antoine street, where its fortnightly meetings are held.



P. J. RAFTER, PRESIDENT.

The officers of the society are as follows: Reverend director, Rev. Father Donnelly; President, P. J. Rafter; First Vice-President, F. J. Kelly; Second Vice-President, W. Hamill; Financial Secretary, C. Brady; Recording Secretary, P. A. Denis; Librarian, J. H. P. Brown; Asst. Librarian, J. Hastings; Marshal, P. Logue; Committee, J. J. Whyte, C. J. McCullum, F. J. Ferrigo, H. Donnelly, T. Furlong.

THE SHAMROCK LACROSSE CLUB.

Its Glorious Record and its Brilliant Prospects.

Wherever the name and beauties of Canada's National Game are known; in every land where this most scientific and enervating of exercises has been introduced; in England, Ireland and Australia, in the United States and in Canada



CHAS. J. DOHERTY, Q.C., PRESIDENT.

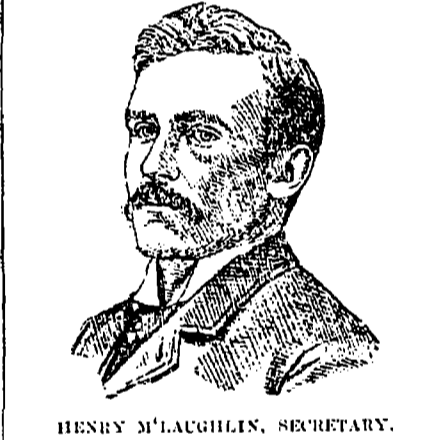
the name, and fame, of the Shamrocks of Montreal is intimately, inseparably and proudly associated with the history of lacrosse.

Although questions of a national or partisan nature are foreign to debates, at meetings of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, and though matters of a sectarian character and never discussed or brought up at its gatherings, the club is actually and truly and wholly Irish as is the name it bears, and may justly be given a foremost place amongst the large number of Irish associations and societies which have been founded, and which have prospered within the growing pale of Canada's metropolises.

The unparalleled success of the Shamrocks for years on the field, and the honors and laurels which were showered upon these peerless exponents of our great game occasioned many a feeling of pride to thrill the veins of their fellow Irish-Canadians, and were made the theme of many a glorious narrative by the lacrosse enthusiast who graphically related the deeds of valor, daring and skill which won the day for the invincible boys to green.

Surely the Shamrock Club has reached a place of prominence among clubs. Surely the Irish people have a right to be proud of the abilities of the men who carried Irish names under a common Irish title to victory after victory!

It is true that during the last few years the efforts of the Shamrocks on the field have not been crowned with the old time success; but they have met with repulse and defeat, and that they do not



HENRY MCLAUGHLIN, SECRETARY.

to-day boast of the name of "champions"—yet, it must be remembered that these years of depression mark a period of transition in the personnel of the team. We may safely predict, and our opinion is shared by the best judges of lacrosse in Canada, that during the coming season, or at latest, in 1892 the new blood infused into the team in 1889 will reach that stage of experienced skill which marked the men of '73, '79 and '81 and which will make the boys of eighty-nine the heroes of the nineties.

The Shamrock Club was formed in 1861 and reorganized in 1866. Though labouring under almost every conceivable difficulty they soon demonstrated the fact that they were entitled and qualified to rank among the senior and best exponents of our game. On the 14th of September 1870 they first won the coveted championship trophy and earned for themselves the proud title of champions which for years was synonymous with "Shamrocks."

Despite the efforts and struggles of the Montreal, Toronto, Ontario, Dominion, St. Regis and Cagrawaga teams they held the flag continuously until the 21st of October 1875, when the Toronto's after five previous unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in carrying off the championship for the first time to the Queen's City.

In June 1877 the Shamrock boys paid a visit to Toronto, and returned possessors of the trophy, which was lost again to Toronto a year later but recovered within a few months, in the fall of 1878.

In Oct. 1880 the Toronto team again became champions, but in the memorable match on July 9th, 1871, Montreal's reliable wearers of the green displayed their great superiority over all opponents and usurped once more the affix champions.

At the time of the introduction of the series system, in 1885, the Shamrocks were still holders of the flag—the Toronto and Montrealers having had them for a few months in the interval, however.

Of the fourteen years elapsing between 1870 and 1884 the Shamrocks were champion for about eleven. This is a record which stands peerless in the annals of lacrosse. Under the series system the "boys" have not been so successful. This is owing doubtless to the great changes which have taken place in the team. In 1889 a twelve composed almost wholly of young players drawn from the ranks of the junior, was put on the field and has since won some very brilliant victories, amongst which we may mention the sweeping success obtained last

season over the Montreal team before H. R. H., Prince George in which the score was five to nothing in favor of the Shamrocks.

Last year's team which was composed of: J. Reedy, J. Barry, T. J. Brophy, T. Dwyer, T. Murray, J. Devine, T. Moore, M. P. Rowan, J. B. McVey, Chas. Neville, W. J. McKenna, M. J. Tansey and Thos. Cafferty, nearly all young players, gives promise of winning the championship for '91.

The following are the officers of the club for the ensuing year:—Honorary President, Wm. Stafford; President, C. J. Doherty, Q.C.; 1st. Vice-President, C. P. Clarke; 2nd. Vice-President, Geo. Carpenter; Treasurer, A. Demers; Honorary Secretary, Henry McLaughlin; Assistant R. Lunny; Committee—O. Mansfield, T. Dwyer, F. O'Reilly, D. Tansey and W. J. McKenna.

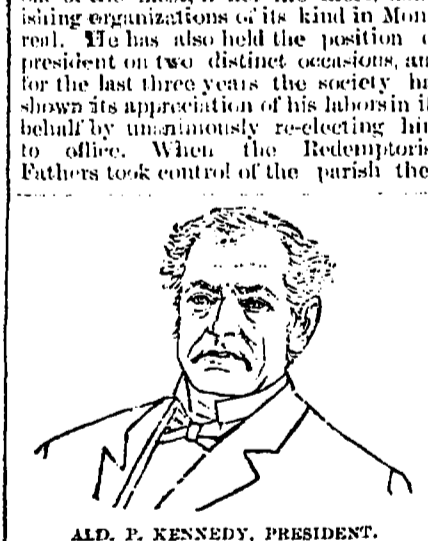
Mr. C. J. Doherty, Q. C., President of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, a cut of whom appears in this issue, needs no introduction to the readers of THE TRUE WITNESS. Mr. Doherty has always identified himself with Irish Associations and National Movements, and is admired and respected by the people of all classes. Mr. Doherty has recently been unanimously elected to a second term as president of the Shamrock Club.

Henry McLaughlin, Secretary of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, whose picture appears in the issue is a painstaking, energetic and popular officer who gives general satisfaction to his fellow members by the business like manner in which he discharges the duties appertaining to his office. Like the President Mr. C. J. Doherty, Mr. McLaughlin has been unanimously elected for a second term.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.

The sacred cause of total abstinence has ever found numerous and staunch champions among the Irish race. It is not surprising, therefore, that when members of that dear old land and their direct descendants settled in Montreal that one of their first thoughts was to perpetuate the memory of that great apostle of temperance, Rev. Father Mathew, by organizing themselves here into societies for the propagation of that sentiment of total abstinence which in those latter days has found so many supporters and admirers among all classes and creeds. As the Irish people multiplied in Montreal so did the number of adherents to the principle of total abstinence, and as a natural consequence the sacred of Irish Catholic temperance societies became as spontaneous as it did popular. As far back as the year 1863 the late lamented Rev. Father Hogan, of the then newly formed parish of St. Ann, organized a society among his parishioners, which was thereafter known as the St. Ann's T. A. & B. Association, and which from the very date of its organization gave every promise of budding forth into the powerful society which it is to-day. Among its past presidents will be remembered the names of such well-known citizens as Mr. Wm. Brennan, Mr. Farmer, Mr. Flannery, Mr. J. D. Quinn, and Mr. P. Kennedy, all of whom held office at different times during the society's existence, and who were frequently induced by re-occupy the presidential chair after having repeatedly resigned. One striking example of this is found in the admiration which the society has for the noble work which Aid. P. Kennedy, the present president, has done for the society and the cause of temperance. A strict observer of the pledge he has taken, he has ever been indefatigable in forwarding the interests of the society, with the result that is now one of the most, if not the most, flourishing organizations of its kind in Montreal. He has also held the position of president on two distinct occasions, and for the last three years the society has shown its appreciation of his labors in its behalf by unanimously re-electing him to office. When the Redeemerist Fathers took control of the parish they

infused new life into the organization, as they did also with every society and every Catholic club connected with the same. The celebration of the Father Mathew Centenary has always been made one of the features of the society's programme, and a choice entertainment can always be counted upon outside of the usual religious demonstration. Last year, on the occasion of the Father Mathew Centenary anniversary, St. Patrick's and St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. societies joined hand in hand with the St. Ann's society, with the result that one of the most imposing temperance demonstrations ever given in Montreal was witnessed in St. Ann's parish. The objects of the society are similar to those of organizations of a like nature. On the death of a member \$100 is paid to his wife or family, or on the death of a member's wife \$50 is handed over, and all this for the small monthly contribution of 25 cents. The membership of the society is at present about 250 and its financial status is recognized as being one of the strongest in the city. It pays out annually in the way of benefits an average of \$500 and has still a fund close on to \$5,000, of which \$1,850 is to be found in the burial fund and about \$100 in the contingent. Like all other societies of its kind it has a spiritual adviser, who is one of the Redeemerist Fathers attached to the parish. Among its other officers this year are: President, Aid. P. Kennedy; Vice-President, Mr. W. P. Kennedy; Secretary, Mr. J. Maguire; Treasurer, Mr. M. J. Ryan; Committee, Andrew Cullinan, Thomas Moore, J. Ryan, etc.



AID. P. KENNEDY, PRESIDENT.

The new Montreal Gazette says: "The new ironclad Captain Prat, which has just been added to the Chilean navy, bears an Irish name, and so, too, do two of the vessels taking part in the insurrection—the O'Higgins and the Amirante Lynch. Of the latter two the O'Higgins is named after Bernardo O'Higgins, whose father, born in a halcyon's cottage in the County of Westmeath, emigrated to South America in the early part of the last century and rose to distinction in different parts of that continent. The father, Ambrose, was one of the last Spanish viceroys of Peru, and the son, Bernardo, was the first director of the Republic of Chili. Bernardo O'Higgins is the Washington of his country. He it was who was mainly instrumental in winning the independence of Chili at the beginning of this century, and his grateful country has given his name to a province and a township and has erected a statue in his honor in its capital. Admiral Patrio Lynch and Captain Prat are two of the naval heroes of the Republic, whose fame belongs to our own times, having been mainly acquired during the war with Peru. Captain Prat fell in arms for his Republic in 1879, and his memory is honored by a statue in the city of Valparaiso. Lynch died some four or five years ago on a journey homeward from Spain, when he had been Chili's representative. It may be added that President Balmaceda has—or had—in his Government as foreign minister, a Sanor Mackenna, the bearer of a well-known name in the Republic of the Condor."

Jesus Christ, the Master of humility, reveals only to the humble the truth He hides from the proud.

To renounce, for the love of God, such trifles as castles, lands, gold and silver, is nothing; what we must do, is to renounce ourselves, exteriorly and interiorly, spiritually and corporally.

The martyrs were not differently constituted from us; their bodies were kneaded from the same slime, they were sustained by the same God, they expected the same glory; but they knew how to will.

He who truly loves himself, abhors sin; he will not suffer it: an instant in his heart. If he have the opportunity to do some good, if he have any particular duty to perform, he will not neglect it, he will not defer to take the remedy established by God, he will not neglect anything to give it with fruit. Many Christians are in hell for confessions badly made.

ST. PATRICK'S COMMENDATION.

I bind myself to-day, To a strong power, an invocation, of the Trinity; I believe in a Threesness with confession of a Oneness, in the Creator of Judgment. I bind myself to-day To the power of the birth of Christ, with His baptism; To the power of the crucifixion, with His burial; To the power of His resurrection, with His ascension; To the power of His coming to the judgment of doom.

I bind myself to-day To the power of God to guide me, To the might of God to uphold me, To the wisdom of God to teach me, The eye of God to watch over me, The ear of God to hear me, The voice of God to speak for me, The hand of God to protect me, The way of God to lead me, The shield of God to shelter me, The host of God to defend me. Christ protect me to-day.....

Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me, Christ within me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ at my right, Christ at my left; Christ in breadth, Christ in length, Christ in height.

From the "Breastplate" or Hymn of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. This is one of the saint's writings generally acknowledged to be genuine, and was composed when he was all-powerful in Ireland. It is written in a very ancient Irish dialect. The "Breastplate" is supposed to have been used by St. Patrick when he went to Tara to confront Hurlach in the stronghold of King Leogaire and his sorcerers. Several versions of this hymn have been made by James Macgahan and Rev. Alexander, but the translation here quoted is by the Rev. Charles H. Wright, D. D. It is probably the most accurate, and is itself an improvement on the version by Dr. Whitley Stokes.

A DAUGHTER OF ERIN.

Land of my fathers, I love thee, though never my feet Have pressed the paths of thy mountains or trodden thy valleys fair, Or drained a draught of thy sunshine or breathed a breath of thy air, Erin, Erin, I love thee, though never mine eyes Have seen the blue of thy heavens, the green of thy soil; Nor watched the gleam of thy waters, like rivers of Paradise, Clear as the eyes of angels, pure as the smile of God; For only in dreams of midnight thy shores my steps have trod.

Land of my fathers, I love thee! Through dark and sad years I have sung the songs of thy exiles, the plaint of their woe; My heart has echoed their wailings, my eyes have wept their tears, With the bitter, lonely anguish thy exiled children know; And my soul has yearned to see thee lifted from thy despair, Mother of saints and heroes, mother of patient prayer!

Land of my fathers, I love thee; for quick in these veins The blood of a hundred martyrs flows warm and red and bold; And I burn with the hate of thy wrongs, and I mourn for thy scourging and pains. Ah! soon may the theme of thy sorrows be a tale no longer told; For the bright hopes times drifting are nearing the pleasant shore, And the scorn and pity of nations shall be a queen once more.

Irish in the South.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "The new ironclad Captain Prat, which has just been added to the Chilean navy, bears an Irish name, and so, too, do two of the vessels taking part in the insurrection—the O'Higgins and the Amirante Lynch. Of the latter two the O'Higgins is named after Bernardo O'Higgins, whose father, born in a halcyon's cottage in the County of Westmeath, emigrated to South America in the early part of the last century and rose to distinction in different parts of that continent. The father, Ambrose, was one of the last Spanish viceroys of Peru, and the son, Bernardo, was the first director of the Republic of Chili. Bernardo O'Higgins is the Washington of his country. He it was who was mainly instrumental in winning the independence of Chili at the beginning of this century, and his grateful country has given his name to a province and a township and has erected a statue in his honor in its capital. Admiral Patrio Lynch and Captain Prat are two of the naval heroes of the Republic, whose fame belongs to our own times, having been mainly acquired during the war with Peru. Captain Prat fell in arms for his Republic in 1879, and his memory is honored by a statue in the city of Valparaiso. Lynch died some four or five years ago on a journey homeward from Spain, when he had been Chili's representative. It may be added that President Balmaceda has—or had—in his Government as foreign minister, a Sanor Mackenna, the bearer of a well-known name in the Republic of the Condor."

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NON SIBI SED PATRIÆ

Methought through the balmy air ringing These words on the breeze ever came, And I fancied the wild birds were singing From summer to summer the same; WI e'er I strayed there were voices That echoed the sweet melody, Through valleys here Nature rejoices, "Non sibi sed patriæ."

In June, when the grasses were waving On uplands embrowned with light, And the cornfield billows were heaving, Alternately shaded and bright; Oh! then would I list the soft measure, As gladly I went on my way, 'Twas a strain to my heart bringing pleasure— "Non sibi sed patriæ."

The streamlets that held since Time's dawning Their sinuous course to the sea, Rippled on 'neath their foliage awning, And murmured this song unto me: Oh! then it was rapture to ponder On the mystical words they would say, And repeating them, homeward I wander, "Non sibi sed patriæ."

The bees round the blossoms were humming Their tune that seemed never to die, The winds sighed it back to the gloaming When stars were hung out in the sky— The clovers that blushed in the meadow Replied to the questioning day, We bloom in the sunshine, not shadow— "Non sibi sed patriæ."

Oh! let us who dearly love Ireland, Whether far from her shores or at home, Remember our beautiful Ireland, And live for its glories alone, Why spend we a moment in yearning For aught that with times fade away, But the flame patriotic keep burning— "Non sibi sed patriæ."

—By Sister Mary Columba.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

How it is Celebrated in the Cities by the Descendants of Exiles—The Irish Legion—A Great Day of Reunion.

It may be regarded as an acknowledged fact that the 17th of March is more enthusiastically commemorated by the Irish abroad than it is by the Irish at home. Exile invests that day of days with a peculiar glamour, and recalls to the Irish mind many memories, some joyful, some sorrowful, some tender, and some pathetic of the old land cradled far away amid the seas. Distance, of course, lends enchantment to the view; and the green hills where we spent childhood's happy hours, loom up before our imagination, brighter and pleasanter than ever, crowned with a mystic aureole, as they lift their heads over the ocean waves some thousands of miles away.

The Irish or the descendants of the Irish on the continent of Europe, celebrate the national anniversary with as much ardor and sincerity as their brethren on the continents of America and Australia. They are not numerous enough to indulge in the luxury of a parade, they are too scattered to get up anything like a great public demonstration; but they have, nevertheless, their banquet and other social gatherings, wherever they find themselves—few but true and faithful still—on the 17th of March. In Paris, Boulogne-sur-mer, Havre, Marseilles, Geneva, Rome, Milan, and Venice, the shamrock is seen on St. Patrick's Day, displaying itself from the hat rim or coat-button-hole of Irishmen who are usually provided with the trefail through the mail by thoughtful friends at home. It is the distinctive characteristic of our race on that day. The tiny plant is the Irishman's glorious badge on such occasions as these.

THE DAY IN PARIS.

There was no Patrick's Day celebration in the French capital at the time when Wolfe Tone was one of its denizens. That illustrious Irishman tells us in his memoirs how he chewed the cud of bitter disappointment on the 17th of March, 1796, when he dined alone in a restaurant on the Champs Elysees. A public commemoration of the day in that city took place in honor of Thomas Moore in the Cadran Bleu in 1820. The Irish poet, who was at that time rusticating near the forest of St. Cloud, was invited to a supper by several of his fellow-countrymen in Paris. The festivities were attended by Irishmen of conflicting opinions—by '98 refugees as well as by so-called loyalists. Several Irish officers in the French army declined to be present on the grounds that, as old soldiers of Napoleon, they could not sit at a table presided over by Wellesley Pole Long, a nephew of the Duke of Wellington, who had been appointed chairman of the fête. "I did not accept the invitation," wrote Miles Byrne, "because I thought that a French officer on half-pay, who had fought against the English in 1798 in Ireland, and subsequently in Spain and Portugal, would not feel it very agreeable to listen to speeches laudatory of the heroes of Waterloo, although I should have been delighted to have shaken the hand of the author of 'The Vale of Avoca.'"

By some inexplicable oversight on the part of the managing committee, Reynolds, the notorious informer of '98, was then a resident of Paris, was allowed to be present at the banquet. After a moderately loyal speech from Wellesley Long, the toast of the national land was proposed, and was honored with a whole-souled enthusiasm. Moore responded with his usual felicity of style in a speech redolent of wit and poetry; and he subsequently entertained the company with a selection

FROM HIS MELODIES.

The supper passed off harmoniously till the few small hours, when Long and Moore retired.

Thereupon Long's successor in the chair proposed several toasts, which from an Irish point of view were considered objectionable by several parties present, and particularly so by a Franco-Irish officer, Mr. Thomas Warren, a native of Dublin, who, turning down his glass to beloken his contempt, said he hoped they were not going to add to those already drunk the toast of Reynolds, the infamous informer. Reynolds face turned white as a sheet, and the miser-

able wretch fled in dismay from the room. A cry was immediately raised by one of the loyalists: "Put the speaker out!" Warren jumped up and defied the person who gave the order, whereupon a patrol of French soldiers was called in, and Warren was hurried off to the guard house.

Not having been in uniform, the Irishman handed to the officer in command a card on which were written the words: "Lieutenant Thomas Warren of the King's Bodyguard." The officer in command immediately proceeded to the Cadran Bleu to discover, if possible, the identity of the foreigner who had the audacity to insult one of his French Majesty's soldiers; but the banquetting hall was empty, and the birds had flown. Next day Warren, after his release, attempted to have the following paragraph inserted in *Galvani*: "The gentleman [sic] who made use of the expression, 'put the speaker out!' at the St. Patrick's supper, is invited to send his name and address to Lieutenant Warren, Hotel des Gardes du Corps, Quai d'Orsay, Paris." The editor was a Batscher, refused to insert the paragraph, and so the matter dropped. It may be added that Reynolds was not heard of in public afterwards for some years, till he was denounced by John Banim, the Irish novelist, on the steps of the Church of St. Roch, in the Rue Saint Honore.

WITH THE IRISH LEGION.

Several officers of the Irish legion used to celebrate the day in Paris, with an annual dinner, in a quiet and unostentatious manner. As French friends were invited to these repasts, two menu cards would be laid on the table, one, which was French, contained a "soufflé," a "pâté de foie gras," a "vol au vent," and such other delicacies; while the Irish menu had bacon and cabbage a la Irlandaise, and Irish stew. These dinners were washed down with Burgundy and Usquebaugh—the walls of the banquetting room being draped for the occasion—with the green flag and the tricolor. St. Patrick's Day was always honored by the men of the Irish Legion, as they followed the fortunes of Napoleon throughout the length and breadth of Europe.

The following account of one of these commemorations in Burgos, in Spain, is from the pen of Col. Byrne, who has been already quoted in this paper: "We had a dinner party at Burgos, on the 17th of March, 1866, to which we invited the commander of the town, Col. David O'Meara and Col. O'Neil, a Prussian regiment, newly formed in the service of France, had some days previously arrived in Burgos, one of the officers of which, Mr. Plunket, told us that his father was the son of an Irishman who had settled down in the Austrian States. We had, besides these, as our guests, the sons of Irishmen who had served in the Irish regiments in the Spanish army. Thus the exiles of '98 had the honor of entertaining at the festival of their Patron Saint, the descendants of those who figured in the different epochs of Ireland's sad history." There, so to speak, the Irish Legion and the sons of the old Irish brigadiers met in unison to commemorate the traditions of those brave men who shed such a halo over the name of Ireland in their trial of glory from Dunkirk to Belgrade.

THE OLD IRISH AND THE NEW.

For the last thirty years the descendants of the Irish, or the "ancient Irish," as they were called, celebrated the national festival in one of the chief hotels of Paris. They are all either nobles or soldiers, chivalrous, noble-hearted gentlemen, whose charming manners and splendid physiques attest the truth of Lord Clonenny's statement that the best specimen of humanity are the sons of Irish fathers and French mothers. A pot of green shamrocks, fresh from the old sod, holds the place of honor on the table in front of the chairman, and the Emerald Isle is toasted in Gaelic song and Gaelic oratory. On such an occasion there is a gaily muster of counts and marquesses, chevaliers and barons, bearing unquestionably Milesian names. One of these is the Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone, a lineal descendant of the great Hugh of Dunragin, recites some of his metrical renderings of Moore's melodies; and stories are told and repeated by these gentlemen of the doleful deeds done by their ancestors before the piping days of peace dawned on the earth.

Within the past twelve years the Irish-born colony of Paris holds its Patrick's Banquet in the Palais Royal, where the democracy of Ireland, on the banks of the Seine, is largely represented. One of these, which was a highly successful gathering, was attended by Irishmen, some of whom have since then come forward prominently before the public. A gentleman, who is now one of the ministers of the United States to a foreign power, sat at the table, while another of the guests holds the position of member of the French Parliament.

While these Palais Royal demonstrations are patronized mostly by Irishmen of the middle class, a Patrick's ball for those of the humble strata is held in the vicinity of the Arc du Triomphe. This annual ball was inaugurated by an eccentric genius named James Cullen, a native of the County Wicklow, who was the owner of an establishment known as the "Shamrock Bar," situated quite close to the residence of the President of the Republic. "Jimmy," as he was called, was a highly intellectual, though semi-educated oddity. His post-prandial speeches, which were witty and humorous, were a strange hodge-podge of Irish, English and French. He spoke the three languages, though he could not be judged an adept in either. The result was that his harangues were so unconsciously ludicrous that Irishmen were known sometimes to come from Havre and Marseilles to listen to them. His chief glory lay in the title by which he was known among his fellow countrymen—that of the "Irish Ambassador in Paris," while the chap-house of which he was the presiding deity was called the "Irish Embassy."

By a sadly curious coincidence, Cullen died on Patrick's Day, a few years ago, just as he was preparing for the evening festivities. The annual balls are, however, continued under the auspices of his widow, who is a French lady.

IN SALAMANCA AND ROME.

St. Patrick's Day is celebrated in Salamanca in the Irish college of that town,

where some forty or fifty Irishmen study for the Irish priesthood, being alumni of the celebrated Spanish university. After High Mass and Vespers, the students and professors, accompanied by several Spanish grandees, hold a banquet in the refectory, when the shamrock of Ireland, and the olive of Spain are toasted in beakers of rich Oporto. In Rome the Irish college is in high repute on the same day. The venerable President, Archbishop Kirby, surrounded by eminent monsignors, as well as by prominent members of the Irish colony, proposes the toast of Ireland, which is drunk with much enthusiasm. The Irish students in the North American college, Prior Glynn and his colleague of the Augustinian order, and the Franciscans of St. Isidoro do befitting honor also to the national anniversary. Throughout other parts of the continent of Europe, where even only three Irishmen meet, the memory of the great apostle is celebrated. On that day the hearts of the Irish race all the world over beat in happy unison. One link binds them all to the cradle-land of themselves or of their ancestors; to the pleasant fields and valleys of one little island away mid the ocean waves; to the raths and round towers, the holy wells and crumbling *crambocks*, the modest chapels and thatched shailings, the quaint old stiles and cross-roads of the emerald of the waves. Well and truly has it been said "One in name and in fame are the sea-divided Gaels." —EUGENE DAVIS, in *Pilot*.

Irish National Land League.

Among all the Catholic societies at present existing in the city, whether formed for political, national, or benevolent purposes, one of the most important, and one which has been very instrumental in offering financial assistance to the advancement of the Irish cause is undoubtedly the Irish National League. It is an outcome of the Irish Land League, which, it will be remembered, was started at the time of Parnell's visit to Montreal in 1880. In his speech to the large audience which then assembled to hear him he forecasted the formation of such a society. Its first president was Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, who presided at the meeting in question, and who at once took an active part in perfecting the organization of the new society and in enlisting new members. The latter portion of the work was by no means difficult, as at that time the enthusiasm which was aroused by the speech of the then Irish leader proved of itself a potent factor in demonstrating the advisability of the formation of such a league. The society has since been in a very flourishing condition, and under the direction of its present president, Mr. P. Wright, will no doubt continue to go on prospering.

The greatest calamity that can happen to a man is to have power to follow the promptings of his own mind about everything.



REV. MARTIN CALLAGHAN, DIRECTOR ST. PATRICK'S CATECHISM.

A Great Benediction.

St. Patrick's Catechism ranks among the principal parochial institutions of which Catholic Montreal may boast. It begins with September and ends with June. It is held every Sunday at 2 p.m. in St. Patrick's church, and is conducted by the Rev. M. Callaghan, whose ambition is to make the little ones entrusted to his care enlightened Catholics and virtuous Christians. Nothing is left undone to render the Catechism hour both attractive and profitable. Once a month each child is given gratis a copy of an illustrated monthly, entitled "The Young Catholic," and edited by the Paulist Fathers of New York. Thus three thousand persons are furnished with the choicest reading material. The boys and girls sing in turn hymns which are prepared either by the Brothers or Sisters. Twice a year public entertainments of a highly interesting character are given, under the auspices of the Catechism. They are invariably crowned with the most dazzling success. The children are divided into classes. Each class has its teacher, either male or female. Among the teachers are conspicuous W. Hodson, Robt. Warren, John Green, J. St. John and Walter Elliott, Bella McMurragh, Rose Altj. Josephine Wilson, Louisa Shephard, Monica Conolly, Nellie Downey, Annie Monteith, May Curran, Mary Parollan, Minnie Cheney, Ann Gorman, Julia Hawkins, Kate Chaney, Maggie McAnally, Mrs. Monk. As lay superintendent John Dwyane can find no equal. He is devoted to his task, and identified with all that may qualify it with the maximum of efficiency. Every year a new course of instructions is delivered. This year the Rev. Director is treating the question of the Church. His audience is composed of a thousand children and eighty adults, who act as teachers.

St. Patrick's Church.

St. Patrick's church, Montreal, dates as far back as 1847. It is built of blue and red stone and is of gothic architecture. It rests on a high elevation, and from its lofty towers commands a broad expansive view of the city and neighboring suburbs. The pinnacle reaches a height of 228 feet. A lawn in front, measuring 95 by 62, and intersected with gravel walks, stretches from its base. The interior, like the exterior, shares in the execution of the sublime. It is 102 feet in height, and its transept is 51. The seating capacity is 3,500. Its pulpit is accommodated even to a weak voice. Its sounding-board brings a whisper to the farthest distance. Three altars decorate the sanctuary. The high altar is a privileged one and has been erected in honor of St. Patrick. The lateral altar to the right is dedicated to the Virgin of the Annunciation, and possesses a life-size picture of the Virgin kneeling, and the Archangel Gabriel standing with a lily of immaculate whiteness in the left hand, and his right hand pointing to heaven, intimating his mission to her in his quality of heavenly ambassador and communicating to her the ineffable and unspeakable mystery of the Incarnation of the Divine Word. Quite near are the statue of Mary Immaculate, in a perpetual niche, and the shrines of St. Ann, in the month of July, and of St. Patrick in the Novena dedicated to the honor of the glorious Apostle of Ireland, and the crib of Bethlehem at Christmas tide.

The lateral altar to the left is under the special patronage of St. Joseph the Apostle of clarity and of a happy death. St. Joseph is the central figure. His venerable head is lifted up upon a snow-white pillow, while his dying frame reclines upon a downy couch. His adopted son, the carpenter's son, stands before him with his left hand resting upon his chaste father's right shoulder and with his right hand pointing to heaven also. Quite close behind the pure husband is

Mary, the faithful spouse of Joseph. Above in the clouds are seen angelic forms ready to carry aloft the spotless soul of the venerable servant of God. A few steps hence is the soaring pillar, with all the other instruments of Christ's passion and death, and an authentic and reliable copy of the Holy Face. In a niche stands out prominently the statue of the most Sacred Heart of Jesus. Lights continually burn before these objects of Catholic devotion. Within the sanctuary proper, are the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. The stained-glass window there, as well as throughout the sacred edifice, lend a religious dimness to the house of God and thus contribute their large share to the piety of the faithful.

But above all, what draws thousands upon thousands to the peacefulness of this heavenly abode, is the presence in the tabernacle of the Holy of Holies. He is a prisoner loaded with chains for our sake. The Irish heart finds special comfort and help there. On St. Patrick's Day the tabernacle is beautified more and more by additional lighted blossoms, candles, natural and artificial flowers, and by the rich and gorgeous drapings—drug points—from pillar to pillar, from extremity to extremity, till the entire church presents the appearance of a new world of incomparable beauty and taste. On that day, when the organ peals forth through the vast vaults, the Irish heart fills with a special delight and enthusiasm as "St. Patrick's Day." "The Exile of Erin," and other national and religious anthems and hymns are rendered in honor of Church and Motherland. An Irish church, ministered to by Irish priests is a priceless gift to Erin's sons and daughters on a foreign shore.

The Formation of Character.

"The danger from our own will," says Cardinal Manning, is this: It is our will that determines our whole destiny. You know, brethren, the difference between the features of your face and your

countenance. God made your features, but you made your countenance. Your features were His work, and he gives to every man his own natural face—all different from each other and yet all of one type. But the countenances of men are far more diverse even than their features. Some men have a lofty countenance, some have a lowering countenance, or a worldly, or ostentatious, vain glorious countenance, or a scornful countenance, or a cunning and dissembling countenance. We know men by their look. We read men by looking at their faces—not at their features, their eyes or lips, because God made these; but a certain cast and motion, and shape and expression, which their features have acquired. It is this that we call our countenance. And what makes this countenance? The inward and mental habits; the constant pressure of the mind; the perpetual repetition of its acts. You can detect at once a vainglorious or conceited, or foolish person. It is stamped on their countenance. You can see at once on the faces of the cunning, the deep, the dissembling, certain corresponding lines traced on the face as legibly as if they were written. Well, now, as it is with the countenance, so it is with the character. God gave us our intellect, our heart, and our will; but our character is something different from the will, the heart and the intellect. The character is that intellectual and moral texture into which all our life long we have been weaving up the inward life that is in us. It is the result of the habitual or prevailing use we have been making of our intellect, heart and will. We are always at work like the weaver at a loom; the shuttle is always going, and the wool is always growing. So we are always forming a character for ourselves.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON LIBERTY.

He Preaches Upon the Civil and Religious Aspects of the Question.

BALTIMORE, March 8.—Cardinal Gibbons preached to-day on the text: "Jerusalem which is above, is free. It is our mother. His topic was civil and religious liberty. He said:—

"A man enjoys liberty when he possesses the free right of worshipping God according to the dictates of a right conscience, and of practicing a form of religion most in accordance with his duties to God. Every act infringing on his freedom of conscience is justly styled religious intolerance. This religious liberty is the true right of every man, because it corresponds with a most certain duty which God has put upon him. "A man enjoys civil liberty when he is exempt from the arbitrary will of others and when he is governed by equitable laws established for the general welfare of society. So long as, in common with his fellow-citizens, he observes the laws of the State, any exceptional restraint imposed upon him in the exercise of his rights as a citizen is so far an infringement on his civil liberty.

"The Catholic Church has always been the zealous promoter of civil and religious liberty, and whenever any encroachments on these sacred rights of man were perpetrated by professing members of the Catholic faith, these wrongs, far from being sanctioned by the Church, were committed in palpable violation of her authority. Her doctrine is that, as a man by his own free will fell from grace, so by his own free will must he return to grace. Conversion and coercion are two terms that can never be reconciled. It has ever been a cardinal maxim inculcated by sovereign Pontiffs and other prelates, that no violence or undue influence should be exercised by Christian princes or by missionaries in their efforts to convert souls to the faith of Jesus Christ. "It cannot be denied, and the fact is to be deplored, that the Jewish people have been periodically exposed to trials and persecutions by professing Christians. It is a fact equally incontrovertible that their most valiant defenders have been the sovereign Pontiffs or Bishops of Rome. The Church has not only respected the conscience of the people in embracing the religion of their choice, but she has also defended their civil rights and liberties against the encroachments of temporal sovereigns. And as an American reviewer well said, about fifty years ago, it was a blessing of Providence that there was a spiritual power on earth that could stand like a wall of brass against the tyranny of earthly sovereigns and say to them, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no further, and here you shall break your swelling waves of passion.' "Some years ago, in company with Archbishop Spalding on my return from Rome, I paid a visit to the Bishop of Amoy, in Savoy. I was struck by the splendor of his palace, and saw a sentinel at the door, placed there by the French Government as a guard of honor. But the venerable Bishop soon disabused me of my favorable impressions. He told me that he was in a state of gilded slavery. 'I cannot,' said he, 'build as much as a sacristy without obtaining permission of the Government.' "I do not wish to see the day when the Church will invoke or receive any Government aid to build our churches or to pay the salary of our clergy, for the Government may then begin to dictate to us what doctrines we ought to preach, or rather what we ought not to preach. It is a great wrong to muzzle the press, it is a greater wrong to muzzle the pulpit. No amount of money could compensate for the evils resulting from Government censorship of the gospel.

"What would it avail us to possess civil and religious liberty if we did not possess the liberty of children of God—that moral freedom by which we rise superior to our passions, and keep them in subjection to the spirit? What will it avail a man to be honored abroad as a public citizen if in the interior of his home and in the sanctuary of his heart he is the slave of his passions?"

"People don't grow famous in a hurry, and it takes a deal of hard work even to earn your bread and butter. "A single man who has health and brains, and can't find a livelihood in the world, doesn't deserve to stay there. "If you want to win a woman's good opinion, be a patient listener.

THE HYMN OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

The dawn arose more radiantly grand Than at God's first command, Where Juda smiles with Jordan to the sea; And every saintly power Acclaimed the destined hour When Jesus came on earth to make men free. They brought no glittering gift of gold or gems, Or burnished diadems; But all men's goodly deeds since Adam's wrong God's angels held on high And, tender as the sky, His mercy shone resplendent from the throne.

The host came trooping from the flaming East To greet the bridal feast; And Gabriel his wondrous message bare Where sate in simple state, Unwist of sacred fate, The temple's royal handmaid, Mary fair. Her queenly will unto the Will Divine she hastens to incline; For comes He not to love, when she has heard In all her dreams of night, At eve and morning's light, The music of the promise of the Word?

Incarnate God! ye angels fold your wings, While awful Mystery flings Her glowing veil o'er Hope's estate face; Supernal incense bring, And let each living thing Adore the Christ upon His throne of grace. —By Adrian W. Smith.

The Mounted Cavalry: or The Leo Club.

"Have you a fiery charger?" asked George as he came across Henry, a Leo boy, some few evenings ago. "Yes," answered Henry, "I have gone from one livery stable to another, till at last I got one of my own fancy, a regular kicker, as my father calls him, and to keep clear of any serious mistakes, I have been receiving lessons in horsemanship for weeks past."

"Good, Henry; what did you pay for your noble steed?" "Well, George, of course you know that I did not buy him. He would cost a nice penny, and the times are pretty hard. I simply rented him at a bargain. At first the hostler wanted to make no charge, but I was too proud to stoop to such an insult. I am an Irish boy, the bargain was struck off at three dollars."

"Good, Henry; but how will your Leo boys look when mounted?" "Well, George, as they always looked since 1884, handsome and brave, like the knights of old."

"Ah! but what did they become horsemen for?" said Henry. "I do not care," replied George, "what their object was. We mind our own little business. We go out to honor public our Church and our Country. We are the Knights of Religion and Nationality."

"But, Henry," retorted George, "you are too far from Ireland to trouble your brains about it."

A thrill of indignation ran through Henry's nervous system, and a crimson flush rose to his cheeks. "Take care, George," he replied, "you wound my feelings sorely when you aim a hit at the land of my fore-fathers. Only that I have renounced for good all pugilistic glory, I might add a new laurel to my crown."

As Henry made a step homeward, George cried out: "Hallo! Henry, one question more: What are your colours for the day?"

Henry exclaimed, "The green above the red," and began to whistle the air of the song.

By this time George was partly won over to the Leos, for he said that if all the Leo boys are loyal to their flag as Henry they must be a bully club.

He then inquired where they met, and being informed that their meetings were held every Sunday morning at nine o'clock, in their hall, No. 92 St. Alexander street, he resolved to give in his name at once. A new triumph scored for the Leos!

An Eminent Irishman.

The Osservatore Romano has discovered that Count Taaffe, of the Austrian Empire, belongs to the Peerage of Ireland, and is an Irish Peer, though not a Peer of Parliament. The latter are chosen for life by their brethren as representative Peers. The present nobleman is a Chamberlain to Franz Josef, and resides at Ellisehau Castle, in Bohemia. He is descended from Luke Taaffe, an Irishman who entered the service of Philip IV. of Spain, and whose heir was elevated to the Viscounty of Corran and Barony of Ballymote in 1628. Count Taaffe's father was Governor of Styria and Galicia, and his brother Minister for the Interior and Governor of the Tyrol. Viscount Taaffe's claims are fully admitted and his name appears on the Imperial Peerage roll.

A Patriot's Tomb.

A despatch says: "Lord Ardilaun has signified his intention of erecting a chapter house for St. Patrick's Cathedral at a cost of ten thousand pounds. It was Lord Ardilaun's father, the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, who with princely munificence restored this cathedral. Another ecclesiastical landmark of Dublin, the Church of St. Michael's, is sorely in need of a helping hand to prevent it falling into decay. The tower of this fine old edifice is fast falling into ruin. This church dates back to early in the eleventh century, and has many historic memories. In the church-yard of St. Michael's lies the body of Robert Emmett, a fact that is almost unknown in Dublin, strange as this may seem. Moore's lines: "Oh! breathe not his name, let it rest in the shades," etc. have a great deal of truth in them. It may be added that this will not be forgotten when the Catholics get their own again.

If we only have a disposition to help we shall be surprised at the opportunities we shall have for doing so.

The more we help one another the more we want to. The more brotherly we act the more brotherly we feel.

Our wants are numbered by the thousand, while our needs can be counted by the fingers.

AN IRISH SHAMROCK.

I thank you dearest sister For the letter sent to me. It brings me joyful tidings From friends across the sea. And oh I feel delighted. My heart is so gay. To find enclosed a shamrock. To wear St. Patrick's Day.

It just arrived this morning. One day before the time. I'll cherish it with fervency. In this Irish heart of mine. Tomorrow I will wear it. And to God I'll ever pray. That you may live to send them For many a Patrick's Day.

You mentioned where you pulled it. The spot quite well I know. It's often I have sought them. In the happy long ago. How I traced its little branches. And plucked its tiny spray. To pin it on my bosom Upon St. Patrick's Day.

With this Shamrock placed before me. How many memories bring Old friends and dear companions To my mind they ever cling. For I cannot forget them. Although they're far away. May freedom shine upon them For next St. Patrick's Day.

But I cannot tell you. What joy it brings to me. This little bunch of Shamrocks From my sister over the sea. But I must be contented. For the time I'll ever pray. That I may pluck them with you Some future Patrick's Day.

B. TAYLOR. Saint Charles, March 17, 1891.

The Eve of St. Patrick's Day.

The entertainment given on the 16th to Rev. P. Dowd, by St. Patrick's school, on St. Alexander street, was not inferior in any respect to those of the past. The pupils had been longing for the occasion to pay him the combined homage of their respect, gratitude and affection. Everybody is aware of the peculiar interest which he manifests for all that concerns their education. They are trained only in matters that may prove of utility or importance. They are imbued with a most intelligent love of study and endowed with a premature skill in the art of appreciation. They excel in all the branches of learning which claim their attention. They reflect great credit upon themselves at their bi-annual examinations and when they appear as candidates for the diploma of distinction awarded by the Government School Board.

Father Dowd was, on taking his seat, greeted with the enlivening strains of "St. Patrick's Day," which was played on four pianos. The opening address was then read by Maggie Sullivan. A "Welcome Chorus" was given by zephyr voices, which blended harmoniously, and followed by "Les Clochettes d'Or," which was creditably rendered on the pianos by Blanche Verret, Lizzie Wall, Eva Elliott, May Cunningham, Mary Ward, Agnes Galvan, Maggie Reynolds, and Millie O'Brien. The Cantata by "André" was delightful. The soloists were Maggie McAnally and Mary Moriarty, two young ladies who have already earned much public praise. A bunch of lilies, entwined with Shamrocks, was presented to Rev. J. Toupin by Bessie Milloy, who addressed him in his native tongue with a truly Parisian accent. Forty midgets were now seen advancing. They had a charming duty to sing and flowers of all kinds to offer. The solos were by Aggie Heelan and Stella Elliott. Katie Egan presented in the name of her companions, a magnificent floral bouquet. A piano duet entitled "A Fond Du Train" elicited universal applause for all those who took part either in the trouble or bass: Johanna Murphy, Lizzie Monette, Maggie McAnally, Bella McAnally, Maggie Drum, Lottie Kearns, Susie Barry, and Millie Cunningham. The glories of "Erin" were recited in uncommonly fine poetry by Mary Markum, Maria Nugent, Johanna Murphy, Katie Hanley, Mary Pottner, Mary Ellen O'Neil, Bella McAnally, Katie Drum, Mary Christie, and Millie Cunningham. The recitations were interwoven with two ravishing melodies, one of which was "Erin, Home of My Childhood," and Lottie Kearns figured as a soloist, and so did Maggie Moriarty, whom nature has enriched with a voice possessed of the rarest qualities. The closing address was beautifully read by Miss Maggie Drum, one of the graduating pupils. The flowers which were presented were of the choicest description, and the violin which was heard in all the musical numbers added immensely to the effect. Rev. Father Dowd, in replying to the address which he received, spoke to the point, and was most felicitous in his remarks. He impressed upon the children a lifelong love of their school and their devoted teachers, equally eminent for the solidity of their piety and knowledge. He inculcated loyalty to the cause of the Church and to the interests of their ancestral land, the Emerald Isle of the West. The girls of St. Patrick's school have everything desirable to recommend them. They are developing under the most favorable influences, and bid fair to shine in whatever walks of life may await them.

The love of God is a source of delight, but the avenues leading to it are steep and rocky; to arrive at and remain in this love we must be continually at war with self. The humble are always at peace, because they take in good part whatever is said or done. My beloved brethren, let us labor all we can for the Church of Christ; she is our mother in the Faith. The man who lives only for himself is engaged in very small business.

St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.

The St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society is the oldest Catholic Temperance society on this side of the Atlantic. The society was founded in 1840 by the Rev. Patrick Phelan, S.S., then the pastor of the Irish Catholic congregation of Montreal. The first meeting of the society was held in the old Recollet Church, which was situated on Notre Dame street, between St. Peter and St. Helen streets, after Vespers, Sunday, 22nd February, 1840. On that occasion the Rev. Father Phelan



REV. J. A. MCCALLEN, PRESIDENT.

addressed the members of his congregation in an eloquent sermon on the evils of intemperance, then, as now, the crying evil of the day. The rev. father's eloquent appeal was not in vain, for at once over three hundred of the oldest and best members of the congregation advanced to the altar rails to repeat the pledge which was administered. The male members then adjourned to the sacristy and, with the Rev. Father Phelan in the chair, adopted a constitution and elected the office bearers of the Irish Roman Catholic Temperance Association. The good work inaugurated on Sunday, 23rd



HON. SENATOR MURPHY, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT.

February, 1840, was followed up every Sunday after Vespers and on the society's first anniversary in 1841 there were nearly 3,000 names on the roll of membership. On February 21, 1841, the name of the Society was changed to the Irish Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Society. During the previous year a large number had taken the pledge of total abstinence but no distinction had been made between them and those who had simply pledged themselves to temperance. Early in 1843 Rev. Patrick Phelan was consecrated coadjutor Bishop of Kingston, Ont., and removed to his diocese and he was replaced as President by the Venerable Rev. Father Richards, S.S. In September, 1843, the Society assisted in a body at the laying of the corner stone of St. Patrick's Church and through its Vice President, Mr. J. P. Sexton, Recorder, had the honor of laying one of the seven corner stones of that Sacred edifice; the stone laid in its name was that near St. Joseph's Altar. The present name of the Society was assumed shortly before the opening of St. Patrick's in March, 1847. The chief objects of the Society is the promotion of temperance, religion, charity and fraternal union.

The Society consists of two kinds of members, ordinary and regular. All persons without distinction are admissible as ordinary members by taking the pledge to abstain totally from all intoxicating drink and getting their name registered on the books by the Secretary. On the lamented death of the venerable Father Richard, who in 1847, was a martyr to his zeal at the emigrant sheds, the Rev. J. J. Connolly, S.S., was appointed president, which office he held until 1860, when our present venerable pastor, Rev. Father Dowd, assumed the presidency, which position after years of active service and increased parochial duties he felt compelled to relinquish. He was succeeded in the following order, Rev. Father Hogan, S.S., Rev. Father Bkewell, S.S., Rev. Father Leclaire, S.S., Rev. Father Macdonald, Rev. Father P. Kieran, Rev. Martin Callaghan, S.S., and in 1887 by the present incumbent, the Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S. The office bearers in the years 1840 and 1841 were—

1840.—Rev. P. Phelan, S.S., President; R. G. Begley, Vice-President; John Cassidy, Secretary; Peter Devins, Treasurer; Thos. Hewitt, Asst. Secretary. 1841.—Rev. P. Phelan, S.S., President; Thos. Neagle, Vice-President; Peter

Devin, Secretary; Thos McGrath, Treasurer; Edward Murphy, Asst. Secretary. Committee.—Charles Curran, Christopher McCormac, Patrick McShane, Denis Cotterell, Andrew Conlan, John Johnson, Henry Harkin, Michael Morley. The present board of officers are— Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., President; Hon. E. Murphy, Vice-President; M. Sharkey, 2nd Vice-President; Jas. J. Costigan, Secretary; John H. Feeley, Asst. Secretary; F. Collins, Asst. Fin. Secretary; James Tierney, Treasurer; Thos. Latimore, Fin. Secretary; James Milloy, Marshal; Thos. Markey, Asst. Marshal. Committee on management.—Jas. Meek, Jas. Connaughton, John Walsh, John D. Jensen, A. Brogan, P. Callary, A. T. Martin, Thos. J. McGrath, W. J. Kerr, J. H. Kelly, John Howard, M. Brennan.

The society celebrated its Golden Jubilee by a grand religious celebration in St. Patrick's church on Sunday, Feb. 16, 1890. His Grace Archbishop Fabre officiated on the occasion assisted by numerous reverend fathers from the various parishes of the city. All the Catholic national and benevolent societies attended the celebration in a body in full regalia. The religious celebration was followed by a grand social demonstration on Monday, Feb. 17, 1890, in the Queen's hall. Hon. Senator Murphy presided and delivered the historical address.

The reverend president, Rev. J. A. McCallen, also delivered a most eloquent address on the "Lights and Shades in Human Character." The musical portion of the celebration was under the direction of the talented director of St. Patrick's choir, Prof. J. A. Fowler.

The president, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., was born in Philadelphia in 1847. He spent two years in the study of the classics in St. Mary's college, Wilmington, Delaware, and four years in St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md. In 1866 he entered St. Mary's Theological Seminary and University, then, as now, under the direction of the Society of St. Sulpice. In 1868 he was sent to complete his theological studies at St. Sulpice, Paris. During the five months of the siege of Paris by the Prussians in 1870-

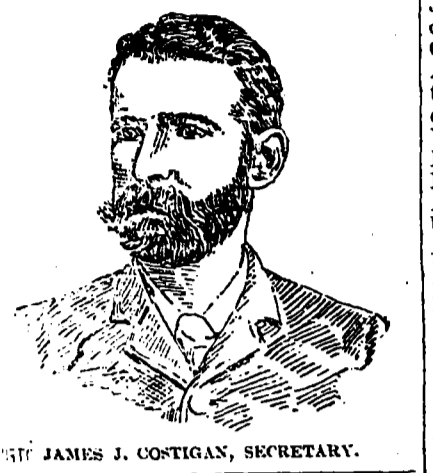


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of its most generous benefactors. Chevalier of the Sacred and Military Order of the Holy Sepulchre, Harbor Commissioner, and since June, 1880, Senator. But it is especially for his unceasing efforts in behalf of all works of charity, education and religion that Mr. Murphy deserves the greatest praise. His generosity knows no bounds, and the orphan and the poor will long continue to bless his name. Among other marks of his interest in the education of the young are the medals and prizes, amounting to \$100, founded by him in perpetuity for the most successful pupil in the Commercial Course—a prize open to all competitors. Mr. Murphy's services to the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society cannot be overrated. In 1841 he was elected secretary and so continued until 1862, when he was presented with a massive silver jug and flattering address in appreciation of his invaluable services to the total abstinence cause. In 1872 he was again the recipient of a handsome token of his fellow members' esteem, which was followed by another in 1884, in the shape of a handsome life-size portrait in oil of himself (by Carey). On the occasion of his being called to the Senate in June, 1880, the Society presented him with a beautifully worked and handsomely illuminated and mounted address. The presentation was made at the following monthly meeting of the Society in the presence of the Rev. Father Dowd, the pastor of St. Patrick's church, and all his reverend associates. The venerable father on that occasion, in speaking of Mr. Murphy, said: "What an honor to your society to have such a true Catholic gentleman, patriot and scholar for its chief lay officer. If this new office and dignity of senator do him honor, he does no less honor to the office and dignity." Mr. Murphy was twice married, early in life, first to Miss McBride, of this city, and secondly to Miss Towner, daughter of the late Hon. Judge Power, of the Superior Court of Quebec. Mrs. Murphy inherits her father's talent and generosity, and like her honored husband, she is active in works of benevolence, taking a deep interest in the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum and other charitable institutions of St. Patrick's congregation. In her the poor have a warm and generous friend. Mr. J. J. Costigan, the well known and popular Secretary of the Society, was born in this city in January, 1855. Mr. Costigan has always been active in society work. He was one of the founders of the Wolfe Tone Association and was the president of that organization when it ceased to exist by amalgamation with the Catholic Young Men's Society in 1879. He was also an active and popular officer of the latter society for some years. He has also been an active member of the St. Patrick's Society and the Young Irishmen's L. & C. B. A. circles, being a prominent in C. M. B. A. circles, being a member of Branch 26. Mr. Costigan for a number of years held a responsible position in the Dominion Telegraph Co. and also in the G. N. W. Telegraph Co. He was in 1885 appointed an officer of Inland Revenue, and in 1888 appointed Inspector of Food for the Province of Quebec. Mr. Costigan was married in October, 1879, to Miss M. A. McCaffrey of this city. He was first elected Secretary of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society in 1881 and has held that office ever since. He is held in great esteem by his fellow members, who have on several occasions given him proofs of their appreciation, notably in 1885 by the presentation of an illuminated address, and on Christmas, 1889, by the presentation of a costly silver dinner and tea service. In 1884 the Irish Catholic Temperance Convention was organized and he was elected its first secretary and still holds that office. He was the recipient of a flattering address and handsome walnut bookcase and desk from this organization in October last in appreciation of his zeal in the great cause.

Jesuit Colleges in Quebec and Montreal.

The Jesuits were in Canada as early as 1611, but it was not till 1635 that they began to lay the foundation of their college in the City of Quebec. This institution was given a "local habitation and a name" two years before the College of Harvard. It was consequently the oldest centre of learning in North America. It withstood the storms of time during one hundred and thirty-three years, that is, down to the year 1768, and became the bulwark of science and religion in the New World. A college that harbored within its walls Paul Lejeune, Masse, the Lallemands, de Noue, Jogue, Brebeuf, Vimont, Buteux, Dequen, Ragueneau, Daniel, de Carheil, Chaumonot, Dablon, Drulillettes, Garreau, Allouer, Marquette, Raffet, Bressau in the seventeenth century, and in the eighteenth Cholenec, Andre, Crepeul, Vaillant de Guelis, the Lamberville, Enjalran, Chuquetiere, Gravier, the Bigots, Sebastian Rale, the Maresais, Aubery, de Couvert, de la Chasse, Charvoix, Saint-Pe, Germain, Lafitau, Le Bretonniere, Aulneau, Lebrun, Tournois, Meurin, Coquart, de la Richardie, La Brosse, de Glapion, Potier, deserves more than a passing mention from the historian or chronicler. But this is not the place. Suffice it to say that the fortunes of history and the misfortunes of war and conquest decided the fate of this oldest educational institution in America. The British confiscated the building and turned it into a barracks. The last Jesuit, Cazot, dying in 1800, Britain was left in undisturbed, though unlawful, possession; and during three quarters of a century it remained a solitary monument to tell strangers of its past glory. In 1877 the walls that had stood two hundred and forty years, that had seen the rise and fall of the French regime in Canada, were ruthlessly thrown to the ground.

Chazelle, a Frenchman, was the first Jesuit who appeared in Canada after the re-establishment of the Society of Jesus. His first visit, too, was to Ville Marie, where his brother Jesuits had been the first to say Mass in 1642, and where they had labored for one hundred and fifty years afterwards. In 1839 Father Chazelle, at the request of the Sulpicians, appeared in the pulpit of Notre Dame.

He was followed a few years later by Father Felix Martin, a man of superior talent, who, as historian, architect and archeologist, has left traces of his passage amongst us. On his arrival from France he set to work on the documentary history of Canada, and distinguished himself by his researches. Beginning first with the history of the Jesuits in the country, he gradually extended his field of research until his knowledge equalled, if it did not surpass, that of any other student of Canadian history. He was sent to Europe in 1857 by the Canadian Government, edited the Jesuit Relations in 1858, and besides the lives of Brebeuf, Jogue and Chaumonot, which he published after he returned to France, he gave to the world several volumes on Canada and her military leaders during

the years of the Conquest. But perhaps the greatest monument Father Martin has left behind him, besides St. Patrick's Church, is St. Mary's College, on Bleury street. With keen insight he foresaw Montreal's greatness, and laid the foundation of the latter building in 1847. Pupils meanwhile were received and taught in the old yellow building that is still standing on the corner of Dorchester and St. Alexander streets. Classes were opened in the new building in April, 1851. Since that time the progress of St. Mary's College has been onward and upward, until to-day it stands unrivalled in America for the solidity of its mental and moral training, and for the polish it imparts to its students. The classical courses are given in English and French. A double staff of professors are employed, and eight years are required of a student to undergo the training peculiar to the Jesuit order.

Among those who sat on the benches of St. Mary's many have attained distinguished positions in professional and political ranks. The convention held in 1882 brought together a host of lawyers, physicians, notaries and statesmen of every shade of politics—all claiming St. Mary's as their Alma Mater. Four of St. Mary's alumni hold portfolios in the provincial cabinet of Quebec; and several were sent to parliament in the recent general election. The late rector, Father Turgeon, and the present one, Father Drummond, are both old students of the college. Father Drummond was born in 1842. After a brilliant course he entered the Jesuit order and continued higher studies in France and England during a number of years. He has made a reputation as a lecturer and pleasant speaker. But he possesses other qualities, too, not the least of which is that of being able to rule strongly and sweetly the four hundred and sixty students who follow the lessons and lectures in St. Mary's.

Attached to this college is the Church of the Gesu, a fine specimen of Florentine Renaissance. The architect was the well known Kieley, of Brooklyn, who drew his inspiration from the Jesuit Church of the Gesu in Rome, one of the celebrated basilicas of the Eternal City. The building is 102 feet long, 144 feet wide in the transept, and 75 feet high at the centre. The magnificent proportion of the interior, the sculptures and frescoes are the chief merits of the Gesu.

The year 1891 will be eye-witness to celebration as solemn and as imposing as was seen twenty-five years ago when first it was organized. A silver jubilee deserves a passing notice. To commemorate appropriately so great an event, the coming month of May has been selected as being most in accordance with the reminiscences of its past history and its pious sentiments towards Mary, the Queen of May.

Rev. P. Dowd, P.P., opened the deliberations of its first Assembly held A. D. 1865. The Rev. gentleman directed and ruled it for the term of twenty-two years and from the beginning to the end of his Apostolate among the associates, instead of meeting with any ill-feeling, he accomplished his noble task with the warmest approval and most active cooperation. He drew up a few brief and concise regulations embodying the true genuine spirit of a Catholic maiden. He laid at the feet of His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., a petition signed by him and respectfully soliciting the Successor of Peter and the visible representative of Christ among men to grant a list of indulgences in favor of the association. A small pamphlet contains these spiritual concessions. He assigned to the members as a perpetual legacy to use and the enjoyment of the royal hall of St. Patrick's Academy, No. 97 St. Alexander street, where they hold their religious meetings the 2nd Sunday of each month immediately after the provincial Vespers of St. Patrick's. A tasteful, oratory ornament of the western extremity. An exquisite statue of the Immaculate Mother occupies the central niche of the altar. Flowers, diaperies, candelabras and variously shaded lights are many objects of grateful tribute to the lovely Queen of Heaven. In Her honour, the rich banner of the Sodality is seen floating in the breeze on the Corpus Christi Procession, each successive year. It cost \$500 dollars, and is much admired. The officers are five in number: the president, 1st. vice-president, 2nd. vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, and are appointed at will by the Rev. Director.

Two years ago, Rev. Father Dowd abdicated the Directorship in favour of Rev. James Callaghan, who, spontaneously accepted an office so exalted in itself and so beneficial in its results. The good kindly dispositions of the young ladies are proverbial and are also a manifestation of their traditional principles. With their generous concurrence, the Rev. Director sees no difficulty in "the way," but he is on the contrary "buoyant and buoyant" with successful hope. A movement has been set on foot to purchase a magnificent shrine in honour of the Immaculate Conception. Ten young ladies will be appointed to carry it on next Procession, Sunday, 11th. It will be solemnly blessed on the night of the Silver Jubilee. Religious donations from the two chief officers at the disposal of the Rev. Director are \$100 dollars, by Miss Isabel McCarragh, President, and Miss Katharine Burns, 1st. Vice-President.

Health is the second blessing, and the money cannot buy it. Let us be thankful for what we have, and let us be happy.

were taken from a scene in the life of the Jesuits. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Society, was born in the town of Manresa in Catalonia, Spain, in 1491. He was a nobleman, and his father was a member of the Spanish nobility. He was educated in the University of Navarre, and he was a member of the Order of the Golden Fleece. He was a soldier, and he fought in the battle of Lepanto in 1571. He was wounded in the battle, and he was taken prisoner by the Turks. He was held in captivity for seven months, and he was tortured. He was rescued by the Venetians, and he was taken to Rome. He was a member of the Society of Jesus, and he was the first Superior General of the Society. He died in 1556.

There are fifteen altars dedicated most of them to saints of the order placed in various parts of the church. Seven are continually used. In the Lady chapel the "miraculous" statue of Our Lady of Liesse stands on a richly adorned pedestal, upheld by two angels. This statue, a relic of pre-revolutionary times in France, was brought from that country and placed in its present position in 1877. It was in goodly numbers, in the form of marble

THE SOUL OF ST. PATRICK.

SKETCHES OF HIS INNER THOUGHTS

His Sorrows, Humility, Special Call—His Sense of Union With Christ.

Nothing so builds up the interior man as coming in contact with the soul of a Saint. Men change through the different ages. The manners of the time of St. Patrick would seem to us as grotesque as his language would be difficult. But souls are always much the same, with capacity for love and sorrow, for desires lofty as the heavens and low as the narrowest earth.

Fortunately something has remained to us of St. Patrick which lays bare the working and aspiration of his soul. Concerning the dates and events of his life there has been much dispute among the learned. But all have agreed that the two curious documents called the Confession and the Epistle to Coroticus are his genuine productions. They resemble each other too much not to be from the same hand. Full of sympathy and as poetical as they are mystical, the one in its still more earnest remonstrance against wrong done to Christian souls, they lay open to us the innermost heart of the Saint. We say "heart," because it is not merely the workings of his mind that are set down before us, but the sincere affections of the soul. All this is done with constant reference to the religious ideas which impelled him along his

DIFFICULT WAY OF LIFE.

The thought which seems to have impressed most deeply the soul of the Saint is that he has been guided by his present life by the Spirit of God. He comes back again and again on this thought as did St. Paul. "It is not I, but the Spirit of God that worketh in me."

Thus he says of himself to Coroticus, who was doing a great wrong to Christian converts:

Not for mine own delight: 'twas God that stirred That strong resolve within my heart, That of the heathen and the heathen men Whom He would have for these latter days Had pre-appointed, I too should be one.

And he gives as the reason of writing his Confession that it is only a fit return for the favors bestowed on him by God.

And therefore now I will not hide, nor could I, were it fit To hide such things, such graces as my Lord Has deigned to bestow in my eyes and heart. And this my poor return: that having attained The touch and apprehension of my God, I should with high exultation, in face of all that live, confess all my sins, confess That other God nor was, nor is nor shall be:

On God in Trinity of Holy name.

This thought overrules him. Telling of God's Providence which has led him step by step to his high calling, he lets drop precious details of his own history. In this leading of Providence he sees the clear reason and justification of his desertion of his own race. This he boldly brings up to Coroticus, who seems to have been an only half-Christianized kinsman inclined for his own selfish purposes to leave his Christian brethren a prey to the pagan Priests and Scots.

What! Was it then without God's promises Or in the body only that I came To Ireland? Who compelled me? Who me bound?

In spite that I should no more behold Kindred or early friend? Whence came the seed?

Inspiring me with pity for the race That once were mine own captives? I was born Noble; my father a Deacon;

That privilege of birth I have exchanged (I blush not for it, and I struggle it not) For benefit of others, baptized so In Christ and given over to the race Even to mine own, for the glorious hopes In the flesh of that perennial life Which is in Jesus Christ, our Lord.

He speaks of the sorrows of his early captivity, after he was carried away to Ireland as a slave, with patience and thanksgiving; for by this way of sorrows he has been led to his present calling wherein he has been able to do something for his Lord.

Before my happy humbling came, I was as a stone that, in deep name, Lies on the highway; and I became, Who can, And in His pity, and His love, lift me up And set me on the way to home.

Not, indeed, that I was worthy that my Lord His servant poor Should so care for me, and so awake— The hard lips heavy, and the captive years Born 'neath this people;—should bestow such grace.

As it came to Ireland I nor knew Nor ever hoped.

He looks back over the commonplace unending toil of those youthful days, no longer with a sense of their wretchedness, but thankful heart because of what God then wrought in him.

Heading daily here, And often in the day saying my prayers, Daily there more and more did grow in me The fear of God, and holy love and faith: Here: In me, that in a single day I've seen, as many as a hundred prayers, And in the night receive fewer; so that oft I've wept and wept, and wept, and wept, And risen to prayer before daylight, through snow.

Through frost, through rain, yet I look no ill, For was there in me then and now, For then the Spirit of God within me burned.

It is touching to note the humility of the Saint who, at the very end of his glorious career, counts himself as slow in comparison with the devotion of the days when he was a boy, a wretched slave—

For then the Spirit of God within me burned. The special call which came to him from the Divine Voice, after he had escaped from slavery and returned once more to his family and the comforts of a Roman military post, resembles not a little the voice which came by day and night to Saint Paul—Come over to Macedonia and help us.

THE CALLING OF SAINT PATRICK. has been told a thousand times, but never more impressively than in his own simple words:

I found myself home Amongst the heathen with my family, Who all received me as they might a son, And earnestly brought me that at length, For these many perils I had borne, I never more would leave them. It was there In a night-vision I beheld a man Coming as there from Ireland, Victor he, Innumerable letters bore he; one He gave to me to read, I read one line, The voice of the Irish I heard him say, And while I read, methought I heard the cry Of them that by the Wood of Foyn had died, Basilide the Western Ocean, saying thus, "Come, holy youth, and walk amongst us, come!"

All in one voice, It touched me to the heart, And I could read no more, and so I awoke— Thank God at last Who, after many years, Has given to them according to their cry!

Whenever he speaks with authority, it is always as one who has his authority from the vocation God has given to him. Thus he begins to Coroticus:

I, Patrick—I, a sinner and unlearned, Here in His name I have constituted Bishop, Edifying and curing that I am from God I hold commission to be that I am. A proselyte and pilgrim, for His love, Here amongst savage people, I who know A thing, know also that I do not so.

This special call seems to have been borne in upon his soul by something of that high divine action which was used in the case of St. Paul: "I will show unto him what great things he must suffer for My name's sake." The story of the voices of the Irish calling to him in his sleep is parallel in later times, in the life of the great Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier. In his life we read that, whilst at the University of Paris, dreaming of the literary distinction to which his family and his undoubted talent entitled him, in sleep he bore, with toil and suffering, an Indian upon his shoulders over rock and torrent. As is probably the case with all the supernatural vocations which somehow transcend the ordinary call to help in the saving of souls, a special grace of God seems to have wrought a peculiar union between the destined Apostle and his Master Christ. St. Patrick is everywhere conscious of this grace, and he gives us details from his own life as wonderful as those we read in the writings of the most mystical saints. It will be noticed, too, that his uncertainty concerning the definite manner of such wonderful action of the Divinity on his soul is quite like that of St. Paul, who, when carried to the third heaven, knew not "whether he were in the body or

OUT OF THE BODY."

And, on another night, I know not, I God knows, if it was within me or without, One prayed with words exceeding exquisite I could not understand, till at the close He spoke in this wise: He Who save His soul For those in His who speaks, I spoke with joy. And once I saw Him—praying, as it were Within me, and I saw myself as though I were another man, I heard Him pray Strongly with great groans, myself the while, Amazed, and wondering who should pray in His name.

Till, at the very ending of His prayer, He showed, a Bishop, I awoke and called To memory what His Apostle says:

"The Lord our Advocate doth plead for us."

This constant indwelling of his Master Christ in the depths of his soul sustained him through many trials. Doubtless the personal love of Jesus Christ is necessary to the most ordinary practice of the Christian faith. The martyrs, as has often been said, did not die for any ideal truth, but for a Person in Whom they believed and hoped and Whom they loved more than life itself.

In the career of St. Patrick a peculiarly bitter trial seems to have come upon him, concerning which he says:

Some certain of my seniors came Against my toll-sword, hard Episcopate, And made impeachment of me to my sin, In that day truly I was troubled sore To fall both now and everlastingly.

They found me after thirty years, To charge me with one word I had confessed Before I was a deacon. In my chief And pain of mind to my dearest friend Told what I in my boyhood, in one day, Yet, in one hour had done—because as yet I had not strength, I knew not, I know know, It, at that time, I yet had fifteen years.

With the strange contrition which great saints by reason of their complete light conceive concerning the slight or few sins of their youth, St. Patrick goes on bravely to attribute the sufferings of his slavery to this sin, whatever it may have been. Then, with a surprising burst of faith, he beholds the road from sin through chastisement to his present glorious calling:

I had not yet believed the living God Even from my childhood; but remained in death. And unbelieve till sore chastised I was By hunger, nakedness, and enforced toil Daily in Ireland, in my chief and here— I thought—indeed, I almost sunk. Yet these were rather boons to me, because, So chastened by the Lord, I now am made To stand strongly, I know not, I know know, It, at that time, I yet had fifteen years.

It is probable that those he calls his "seniors," did not take quite the same view of the case. Even estimable men may be lacking in the discretion of spirits, which is after all a free gift of the Holy Ghost; and they may unconsciously be swayed by natural feelings of jealousy which prompt them to exaggerate the least fault in men who are most nearly faultless. St. Patrick quaintly remarks that if the members of your community once get the idea that you are a saint, they will expect such great things from you that in the end they will make you a martyr. But in the midst of his trouble St. Patrick felt again, and in a new manner, the abiding presence of his Master with him.

On that same day when these my elder ones Beheld me, in a vision of the night, I saw a script against me, and no name of honor written; and the while I heard That voice within me make answer, "We are here Ill-styled by men, stripped bare of dignity." It was not "Thou art here ill-styled," it said, "It was I who, as the speaker beheld him, thus spake with me, and the voice, Were His Who once said, 'Whom I touched thee, Touches as 'twere the apple of Mine eye.'"

This sense of his union with Christ in working for the Irish people crops out constantly.

With fear and reverence I serve the people, to whom the clarity of Christ shines me, for my rest of life, If I be worthy; that, with humble heart, And truthful lips, I teach it, in the faith of the Holy Trinity.

With the faith of the Holy Trinity St. Patrick's mission began and ended; and the same may be said of the faithful people he left behind him.

A last thought, to show how his spirit was remained among the Christians he formed, may be taken from the Confession. In the midst of their wretchedness and poverty and forced ignorance, the Irish people have become known throughout the world for the love and practice of purity. How beautiful is the chast generation in glory. This, too, is the great work of St. Patrick for his people.

—Now the Irish, who in former days Had not their faith and their holiness undon, Nor might know of the Lord, have now become The Lord's own people. And the sons of Sen— And daughters of the great kings, now sons of God— Are come, and so, and so, and so, and so, And one blessed Scotch boy nobly born. A most fair person whom myself baptized, Came soon after, after making her report Of what she saw, by a messenger, Sent her from God, with His admonition, That virgin she should live and never Him.

The violation of the high ideal by Coroticus, who had exposed the Christian flock to the lawless violence of the pagans, is the burden of St. Patrick's complaint.

Lord, have thy wolves have eaten up thy flock, Which here in Ireland had such fair increase, And so, and so, and so, and so, and so, Now holy monks and handmaidens of Christ, So many, and so many.

And he reproaches the faithless chief:—

Thou slayest and sellest in to extern lands Which know not God, my Christians, and dost cast Christ's baptized virgin members into shame. What hope canst thou, so acting, have in God? This was the last message of holy love for God and man of him who described himself, humbly—

A proselyte and pilgrim for His love Here amongst savage peoples. —*Are Maria.*

BROTHER ARNOLD.

St. Ann's School, Griffintown.

Among the eminent men whose portraits grace our pages to-day none stand deservedly higher in public estimation than the Rev. Brother Arnold, Director of St. Ann's school, Griffintown. Gifted with a noble presence and a highly cultured intellect, zealous in the cause of religion and education and fervently patriotic, he is, indeed, pre-eminently the type of that old Celtic race from whence he springs. As the subject of this sketch is of a retiring disposition and adverse to newspaper notoriety, we were obliged to have recourse to a friend, who has kindly furnished us with the following particulars regarding our distinguished countryman:

The Rev. Brother Arnold was born in the picturesque "Vale of Aherlow," County Tipperary, a spot renowned in song and story. He is the descendant of a pious and well-to-do family, which has given many soldiers to the Church and not a few heroes to the Cloister. In the "Premier" county of Ireland was laid the nucleus of that education which has since placed him in the front rank of Canadian educators. While yet a youth he crossed the Atlantic and settled for a time in New York. Here his pious training and excellent education soon brought him into ecclesiastical notice. He joined one of the Catholic Young men's societies of that city, the primary object of which was to instruct the young in the principles of their

Arnold from Toronto in 1877. The young men, for whom he has ever been solicitous, and the societies which he founded and fostered with paternal care in that city, were deeply moved by his removal, and many were the souvenirs of loving gratitude presented to him on the mournful occasion. In 1877 we find him installed director of St. Ann's school, a position which he still holds with as much credit to himself as honor and profit to the people of Griffintown. St. Ann's school was founded about a quarter of a century since for the religious and secular education of the boys of that district. From an humble beginning this school has, under fostering care and an excellent selection of directors, forced itself to the foremost rank and with one solitary exception, "Mount St. Louis Academy," also under the control of the Christian Brothers, St. Ann's is far ahead in point of education of any school to be found in this city. As a partial proof of this statement we have only to glance around us and see the large number of pupils who graduated there filling some of the highest positions of trust and emolument in the first commercial, industrial and financial houses in Montreal and elsewhere. At the present moment there are 565 pupils in actual attendance at St. Ann's school, divided into 10 classes. The curriculum of studies, which does not include the classics, is in other respects of a higher order than that frequently found in some chartered universities. It includes the "Science of Accounts" in their most modern and improved forms; the theory and practice of arithmetic in all its branches; mental arithmetic in its most modern form (this latter branch is a specialty confined to the Brothers' schools); algebra, geometry, mensuration and trigonometry in all their departments and practical applications; the different subjects taught; astronomy and the use of the gnomon; history, composition and elocution; not to speak of typewriting, shorthand and

adopted home he was tendered a magnificent banquet by the Land League of his native parish. The president of the evening was the Rev. Canon Ryan, P.P. of Gallabry, and Canon of the Archbishopric of Cashel. Many of the first men of the county and a large number of priests were present to do honor to one of the truest and most patriotic hearts that ever beat beneath the holy habit. At this banquet he was the recipient of an exquisite address, executed in the finest style of native art. His return to Griffintown was quite an ovation. Brother Arnold, whom God may spare, is still hale and hearty and good for twenty years to come.

St. Patrick's Choir. Our special number would be incomplete without giving an outline of the history of such an admirable organization as St. Patrick's Choir, which has ever wielded a widespread and beneficial influence, not only as a powerful auxiliary in the performance of its functions in connection with religious services, but also as a noble association of young Irish Catholics who, proud of the land of their forefathers, have labored unceasingly to

nificent Warren organ, the most perfect of its kind in the Dominion, the sunshine of prosperity seemed to shine upon his labors. Professor Fowler soon displayed wonderful ability as a director, as was evidenced in the grand musical service which he arranged for the religious ceremonies attending the celebration of the O'Connell centenary. He was not satisfied in restricting his sphere of action to the religious services but set himself to the task of forming a choral society, specially devoted to the study of Irish ballads and melodies. How well he has succeeded in within the memory of the Irish people of this city who have listened to the efforts of the society each year at national festivals and other social gatherings.

In this praiseworthy movement Prof. Fowler received willing co-operation from Messrs. James Shea, T. C. O'Brien, James Crompton, W. J. Crowe, J. Charlebois, E. Hewitt, J. J. Rowan, John Hamilton, F. J. Green, E. F. Casey, T. O'Shea, P. F. McCaffrey, and the indefatigable and able honorary secretary, Mr. G. A. Carpenter, as well as a host of laymen whose names we cannot obtain, but who, nevertheless, have assisted in a very material manner in making the various entertainments a success. Mr. A. F. McGuirk is deserving of words of praise for assistance at different times. A very important feature of the administration of the choir is the judicious manner in which the leading parts are distributed among the many, thus virtually rendering a great number specially interested in the work. The crowning act of the professor's gift which he has introduced among the members by having inaugurated a series of entertainments, principally held at his home, where he has dispensed that warm hospitality which has served in a large degree to create a fraternal and brotherly feeling among the members. Amid the multitudinous duties of his profession, Prof. Fowler has, in the fulness of his enthusiasm, devoted his energy and talents to the work of composition. In this regard two productions, the first of which an O Salutaris Hostia, dedicated to the Rev. P. Dowd, and the second, An Ave Maria, dedicated to the Rev. J. J. Toupin, have now an honored place in the catalogue of sacred music. A third creation, Salve Regina, will be sung for the first time at the Offertory on St. Patrick's Day, by a former student of the Grand Seminary, Mr. F. Fagan, who a deep and sonorous bass voice was heard at a recent evening service.



PROF. J. A. FOWLER, ORGANIST ST. PATRICK'S.

promote and foster a love and taste for the beautiful productions and creations of Irish genius which has cast such a halo of glory over the Old Land and rendered its name famous in history for centuries.

St. Patrick's choir may be justly termed the parent organization from which all the present existing choirs and musical societies have sprung.

It was formed in 1857 under the immediate supervision of the esteemed and revered pastor, Rev. P. Dowd, Mr. Gustave Smith was appointed organist, and with the aid of Messrs. E. Woods, Joseph Nicholson, F. Healy and Robert Warren, the first sound of the voices of that small but to be known as St. Patrick's choir was heard on Christmas day in the year of its formation. Within the space of a few years the enthusiastic founders were further reinforced by the enrollment of several others, notably amongst the number Messrs. A. G. Grant, H. Fenton, John O'Brien, T. Fallon and James Shea.

Of the founders or their early associates only two members remain to connect the past with the present circle, first of whom is Robert Warren, now known as the father of the choir. He is esteemed and respected for his unwavering devotion to its welfare for a period of thirty-four years. At a recent social reunion of the members, Mr. Warren was made the recipient of a beautiful testimonial, consisting of an illuminated address, as a slight tribute of the appreciation in which his past conduct is regarded. He now occupies the office of president of the choir, having received the unanimous voice of the members at the last annual meeting.

The other survivor who has stood on the deck of the good ship, is Mr. A. G. Grant, the veteran character from Scotia's heather-shed hills.

Mr. Grant is universally esteemed. Young and old love him for his genial disposition as well as through the knowledge of the fact that he has a record of more than three decades of unflinching attachment to the cause. Mr. Grant is a musician of no ordinary capacity, as many of the members who now assume leading parts may bear testimony.

Proceeding another stage in our review, we reach the period when the tenable portion of the parish evinced an unusual interest in the undertaking, many of whom graciously volunteered their services. Among those who deserve special mention for painstaking work in this regard are the Messrs. Healy, Couch, Martin, McNulty and McLaughlin, who formed the circle of early workers when the movement was accorded the enthusiastic support of their sex.

At a later time Miss Alice Crompton and Miss Ada Wall entered the choir gallery and distinguished themselves as clever amateurs. During that decade of the history of the choir, many accomplished and prominent singers were pleased to temporarily associate themselves with the good work, and raise their voice in sacred song. Prominent among the number were Mrs. Anne Bishop, Miss Laura Honey, Mrs. Louisa Morrison Fisot and Rosa D'Erin.

Mr. Gustave Smith, who had occupied the position of organist during the long space of time, was succeeded by Mr. Lavallee, whose death was recently announced in the United States. During Mr. Lavallee's tenure of office the sublime productions of Mozart and Haydn were interpreted by the choir for the first time in Montreal. Mr. Lavallee was followed by J. McNeill, who directed the services for a brief interval.

Father Dowd at this epoch, had been making inquiries for an organist. One of his confidants of the Order of St. Sulpice recommended Prof. Fowler, who had completed his musical studies and was discharging the duties of a similar character at the Hotel Dieu chapel.

The suggestion was accepted and in a brief space of time the good pastor of St. Patrick's completed an arrangement which opened the portals of the choir to the present distinguished and efficient director and organist, Professor Fowler whose portrait we present with this sketch.

From the moment that the new occupant sat before the manuals of the magnificent Warren organ, the most perfect of its kind in the Dominion, the sunshine of prosperity seemed to shine upon his labors.

Professor Fowler soon displayed wonderful ability as a director, as was evidenced in the grand musical service which he arranged for the religious ceremonies attending the celebration of the O'Connell centenary.

He was not satisfied in restricting his sphere of action to the religious services but set himself to the task of forming a choral society, specially devoted to the study of Irish ballads and melodies.

How well he has succeeded in within the memory of the Irish people of this city who have listened to the efforts of the society each year at national festivals and other social gatherings.

In this praiseworthy movement Prof. Fowler received willing co-operation from Messrs. James Shea, T. C. O'Brien, James Crompton, W. J. Crowe, J. Charlebois, E. Hewitt, J. J. Rowan, John Hamilton, F. J. Green, E. F. Casey, T. O'Shea, P. F. McCaffrey, and the indefatigable and able honorary secretary, Mr. G. A. Carpenter, as well as a host of laymen whose names we cannot obtain, but who, nevertheless, have assisted in a very material manner in making the various entertainments a success.

Mr. A. F. McGuirk is deserving of words of praise for assistance at different times. A very important feature of the administration of the choir is the judicious manner in which the leading parts are distributed among the many, thus virtually rendering a great number specially interested in the work.

The crowning act of the professor's gift which he has introduced among the members by having inaugurated a series of entertainments, principally held at his home, where he has dispensed that warm hospitality which has served in a large degree to create a fraternal and brotherly feeling among the members.

Amid the multitudinous duties of his profession, Prof. Fowler has, in the fulness of his enthusiasm, devoted his energy and talents to the work of composition. In this regard two productions, the first of which an O Salutaris Hostia, dedicated to the Rev. P. Dowd, and the second, An Ave Maria, dedicated to the Rev. J. J. Toupin, have now an honored place in the catalogue of sacred music.

A third creation, Salve Regina, will be sung for the first time at the Offertory on St. Patrick's Day, by a former student of the Grand Seminary, Mr. F. Fagan, who a deep and sonorous bass voice was heard at a recent evening service.

This last addition to the musical repertoire of the choir forms a threefold achievement which reflects the greatest honor upon the organization in having, as their leader and conductor, one of such a high order of talent as is displayed in the composition to which we have referred.

An essential accessory of the choir, and one to which the parishioners of St. Patrick's owe a debt of gratitude, is the St. Laurence school, under the direction of the Christian Brothers.

This time honored institution, the circle from which emerged a large number of boys who now occupy leading positions in trade and commerce, may be called the veritable training school where the ranks of the choir are recruited.

Weekly instruction in the rudiments of music is now imparted to the pupils who are under the supervision of Brother Tobias brought into active duty in choral singing at all the services. The same spirit which characterizes the pupils of St. Laurence school is manifested in a marked manner by the pupils of St. Patrick's academy which is under the care of the nuns of the Congregation. At frequent intervals during the year, the month of May specially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, as well as at the happy festive period of the First Communion, the pupils of this estimable institution take possession of the choir gallery and perform highly creditable work that reflects lustre upon their teachers and principals.

While the venerated pastor of St. Patrick's is the kind spiritual guardian of the choir, whose large heart beats in harmonious response to every movement calculated to further and broaden the sphere of its usefulness as well as promote the social prosperity, the members are not, however, unmindful of the great enthusiasm which the Rev. J. McCallen infused into the management during the preparations for the grand concert which the choir gave a few months ago with the express purpose of buying their share in the burden of duty which the parishioners have assumed in reducing the indebtedness upon the church. That the concert was an unequalled success from an artistic, as well as a financial point of view is without doubt, and in this regard it is due, in no small degree, to the zeal manifested by the Rev. J. McCallen, who has ever evinced an abiding interest in the success of all its undertakings.

In this connection we must not forget our good friend, Rev. Martin Callaghan, himself a devoted admirer of the music, who has, during many years, by voice and violin, testified his warm admiration of the good work.

The choir membership comprises fifty adults and forty pupils from St. Laurence school, all of whom are voluntary. It ranks second to none in the Province of Quebec in point of efficiency, and, judging from the enthusiasm and good spirit which prevails, it is destined to ever occupy the place of distinction in the midst of kindred societies, and be worthy of the honored title of the parent organization in the same true sense that the grand and stately edifice of St. Patrick's is the parent church and corner stone upon which is created the numerous congregations of Irish Catholics, the spires of whose churches speak in eloquent and soul-stirring language of the unquenchable love and immeasurable devotion of the Irish people to the Roman Catholic faith.

The following gentlemen comprise the present board of management of the choir:—Mr. A. G. Grant, honorary president; Mr. Robert Warren, president; Mr. G. A. Carpenter, honorary secretary; Mr. P. F. McCaffrey, leader; Professor J. A. Fowler, conductor and organist.

It was a penitent to whom the cross was not an old trophy, hung on the wall, but a sacred object of holy imitation.



REV. BROTHER ARNOLD, DIRECTOR OF ST. ANN'S SCHOOL.

longing and a due observance of the Lord's day. How well he succeeded in that mission is still green in the memory of many then poor, now opulent, New Yorkers. To that society may be traced in great measure the course which marked his future life. Leaving New York, with the blessings of old and young accompanying him, we find him entering, just 30 years ago, the novitiate of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, 150e street, Montreal. Having completed his novitiate in a most edifying manner, he was named by his superiors in 1837 principal in charge of St. Bridget's school. Here he endeavored himself to do with whom he came in contact, firmly established his name and character by six years unremitting toil and labor in the cause of religion and education. Many Irishmen in that section still remember his name with feelings of profound gratitude. In 1838, he was transferred to the Diocese of Kingston, with the honorable title of Director of Schools, where he remained till 1857. During his directorate of these schools, into which he imparted new life and vigor, he won golden opinions from all—from the learned Bishop Healy and his clergy, down to the humblest man in the "Limestone" City. In 1857, we find him director of De La Salle Institute, Toronto, a field in which his fine talents had ample grounds for display and increased development. His administration of that noble institution made its name and reputation as familiar in the United States, as it was throughout the length and breadth of Canada, and from none did he receive higher respect than from our separated brother of the "Queen City of the West." Here he inaugurated that system of public examinations so fruitful of beneficial results to both the examinees and auditorium—a system which he still maintains with unabated ardor in his present sphere of usefulness. But it was not in the De La Salle Institute alone, where his talents shone most resplendently. Gifted with persuasive powers of no mean pretensions, and a winning, graceful manner; how often through those auxiliaries has he raised the noblest of men, and his family from the very slough of despair, how often has his gentle soothing words penetrated homes made desolate by the demon drink, and by their softening influence lifted to light and grace souls on the veritable rocks of destruction. Possessing to the utmost extent the confidence of the late venerated Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, he was founded with his authority and benediction, National and Temperance Societies in that city, and raised many of our countrymen and co-religionists from a downward course, to a name and place in society. But the good work so well begun and faithfully carried out, lost its best friend by the removal of Brother

drawing and vocal music. These subjects are all thoroughly taught—superficially, or only in name as we find in many schools. In the shorthand class, at least a dozen or pupils can be found capable of writing from 100 to 120 words a minute. In scientific and literary attainments the two senior classes of St. Ann's school can challenge any two similar classes in any school of this Continent. In two junior classes numbering about 70 pupils, and whose average age does not exceed 8 years, are to be found geniuses of the first order. A visit to this school, and through any particular class will amply repay the visitor his loss of time and trouble. How regrettable to write that the Corporation Commissioners of the City of Montreal, take no interest in this splendid school. But like all corporations, the R. C. S. C. have no soul. Devoid of the religious instincts, this corporation would rise but little in the scale of equity above the level of our city fathers. They tax the people of Griffintown, for the public schools, and what do the brothers receive in return for their unremitting labors? Nothing but a miserable pittance out of these taxes in the shape of a gratuity. It is to be hoped that this is an exorable aggression, as we are so deeply interested in St. Ann's school and scholars, and possess so, in the young, well-trained brothers, who form the backbone of all that we could not avoid throwing some light on an institution imposing in outward appearance, but most imposing and impressive in the living intelligence found within its walls. To return to the subject of this sketch, it is well known to many readers of the "True Witness," that a few years since, just 25 years after we arrived this side the Atlantic, Brother Arnold started for Paris, where he passed three weeks in the Institute of Mother House of his Community. Next we find him across the channel in dear old Ireland, the land he loves so well and faithfully. Picture if you can the great old patriot, after an absence of thirty-four years, return to the bosom of his friends and relations in the picturesque "Vale of Sweet Aherlow." Gallant Tipperary is up in her might to welcome her long exiled son. And nobly did she extend to him the same hospitality he himself had on all occasions extended to the Irish Home Rulers visiting Montreal. He was feasted and adored by both priests and people wherever he went. He was the guest of the great Archbishop of Cashel for some time. In Limerick he was received with as much enthusiasm as in his own dear native Tipperary. In the town of Kiltully he had a most flattering address presented him by the Land League, presided over by the parish priest, the Rev. Father Powers. Prior to his departure for his





ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

[FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

Oh! dear to Erin's exiled sons, Is the green flag far away, Is the land where their fathers sleep In holy churchyard clay.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

IS BEAUTY A BLESSING?

Of the beautiful women I have known, but few have attained superiority of any kind, says Anna Katharine Green in 'The Ladies Home Journal.'

Then the incentive to education, and to the cultivation of one's special powers is lacking. Forgetting that the trials which which mark a holiday of youth must be seen with the eyes, many a young one neglects that training of the mind which gives to her who is poor in all else, an endless storehouse of wealth.

SALTY BEANS. A cheap and very good recipe for this is as follows: One tablespoonful of sugar, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of Hecker's baking powder, and flour sufficient to make a batter as stiff as for griddle cakes.

BEAN PUREE. Dried lima-beans make a most appetizing "puree of beans." Put them in water the day before you wish to use them; at night soak all night; early in the morning put them on the stove and let them simmer gently; when soft rub them through a colander; season them to taste; there is a richness and flavor in the dried-bean that the canned vegetable cannot show.

DELICATE CAKE. Take half a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, half a pint of sweet milk and four eggs. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the beaten eggs, then the milk, then, lastly, the sifted flour; beat all together thoroughly in a pan; the batter into a pan lined with buttered paper; sift fine sugar over the top and bake immediately in a moderate oven.

PAN POWDER. Cook a quantity of apples with a little sugar, as for apple sauce, until halldone. Take of the range and season with a large proportion of butter, a little cinnamon, nutmegs and lemon, and then put into a large or deep earthen dish. Have ready some raised dough which has just been mixed with plenty of butter. Put a covering of this couple of inches thick over the dish; cook in a slow oven. When cold break the crust into the apple in pieces the size of eggs. Cook again in a very slow oven. Put away for a day or more, when the flavor will be improved.

WOLY POLY. The usual way of making a woly-poly pudling can be greatly improved upon; instead of making crust with baking powder, take a piece of bread dough, roll it out to the thickness of half an inch, then spread on the fruit; roll it carefully and punch the ends together so that none of the fruit will be lost. When steamed it will be found to be "light as a puff." Black currants and cherries are of course first choice for the pudding. But another and little known filling is made by stewing prunes until very soft; cook them in as little water as possible; remove the stones, and mash them with a spoon. When prunes are used, the sauce should be made by rubbing butter and sugar and flour together, then pour boiling water over it, stirring briskly to prevent lumps from forming; add a little vinegar or lemon-juice.

And the report of the Auditor-General for the last fiscal year has been issued to the press. It is as bulky as usual, consisting of 1 1/4 pages, and contains some interesting reading matter. In his introduction Mr. McDougall makes an important suggestion, viz., that the three months limit allowed at the beginning of each fiscal year for paying the claims which have accrued in the previous fiscal year be shortened to two months or less. It seems quite clear, he says, that with the present easy and constantly increasing means of communication between all parts of the Dominion, no serious inconvenience would result to any department by decreasing the three months to one month, and thus stepping all payments for the previous year on the 31st of July. Indeed, the departments would, no doubt, be in a similar position to that of this office, and would find it an advantage to be relieved of that part of the old year's work when preparing a report to Parliament of the previous year's transactions, and at the same time carrying on the work of the current year.

Somewhat sarcastic. The Holy Synod of Russia has addressed a memorial to Queen Victoria in behalf of her Majesty's persecuted Catholic subjects. In an exact imitation of an address from the Mayor of London to the Czar in behalf of the Jews, the clever Russians make a strong ironical appeal on behalf of Catholic subjects of England, pointing out their great services to Britain, their natural right to be treated as Englishmen, not as pariahs, and the degradations to which they have been subjected. Coming from dull Russia this retort is a pleasant surprise. The most hideous of the absolute monarchies now cumbering the soil of Europe can show a little humor on occasions. There should be no pity, however, for the caste which rules in the Czar's dominions. When the history of Catholicity in Russia comes to be written, terrible will be the indictment against royalty for the crimes committed against Catholics by Czar and Holy Synod. The story will shame even England's black record.—Catholic Review.

Wouldn't Be Without It. Mr. Alfred Roberts, Manager of the Dominion Railway Advertising Agency, on King St., W., Toronto, Ont., June 1, 1878, writes as follows: "I desire to testify to the efficacy of St. Jacob's Oil as a sore remedy for sciatica, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., having had occasion to use it in my family for some time past. In fact I would not be without a bottle of the Oil in my house for double the amount charged."

Vital Statistics. The statistics of births, marriages and deaths for the district of Montreal, during the year 1890, have just been completed in the (Catholic) and give the following figures:—City of Montreal, Roman Catholics, 7,068 births; 6,269 deaths; 1,500 marriages. City of Montreal, Protestants, 1,318 births; 231 marriages; 757 deaths. County of Hochelaga, 2,110 births; 350 marriages; 341 deaths. County of Jacques Cartier, 640 births; 75 marriages; 381 deaths. County of Laval, 105 births; 56 marriages; 274 deaths. County of Verdun, 419 births; 76 marriages; 244 deaths. County of Soulanges, 422 births; 56 marriages; 226 deaths. County of LaPlaque, 439 births; 179 marriages; 290 deaths. County of Chambly, 440 births; 65 marriages; 318 deaths. County of Veveyres, 526 births; 80 marriages; 365 deaths. This gives a grand total of 13,758 births; 22,700 marriages; and 9,438 deaths.

And old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility, and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this receipt in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The easiest thing to believe is a pleasing lie about ourselves. Not one in twenty are free from some little ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

Forgetfulness was made for people who cannot forgive. No douche or instrument is required to apply Nasal Balm. It is easy to use, pleasant and agreeable in its effects. Use nothing else for catarrh and cold in head.

To get very well acquainted with some men makes dogs appear more lovable. Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Vicissitudes of climate, exposure and hardships, tell heavily on soldiers and sailors sowing the seeds of disease which may ultimately break up the constitution. Naturally careless of their health a word in season may avert many evils, and may cause them to resort to timely measures without any difficulty or publicity. Holloway's effective remedies are so suitable, and are so easily adapted for the varied complaints to which our soldiers and sailors are liable, that a supply should always be obtained before proceeding abroad. It may with confidence be stated that many a valuable life might have been saved, or confirmed cripple prevented from begging in the streets, if Holloway's remedies had been used in time.

Wives! Sons! DAUGHTERS! We will send you for three months FREE OF CHARGE the best quality of Poultry for Profit. We will send you for three months FREE OF CHARGE the best quality of Poultry for Profit. We will send you for three months FREE OF CHARGE the best quality of Poultry for Profit.

POULTRY FOR PROFIT. We will send you for three months FREE OF CHARGE the best quality of Poultry for Profit. We will send you for three months FREE OF CHARGE the best quality of Poultry for Profit. We will send you for three months FREE OF CHARGE the best quality of Poultry for Profit.

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. Highly concentrated. Dose small. In quantity costs less than most. It is a day per hen. Prevents all diseases. It is a day per hen. Prevents all diseases. It is a day per hen. Prevents all diseases.

TEACHER WANTED. For the R. G. Separate School, Farrelton, a Female Teacher, holding a first-class Elementary Diploma, to teach English and French. Salary ten dollars per month and board. Address WM. FARRELL, Sec. Tr., Farrelton, P. Q.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Bileuxness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

CURE SICK HEADACHE. Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally good in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ACHE. is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. Sleeplessness Cured. I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity, or sent by mail.

A Can. Minister's Experience. St. Paulin, P. Q. Can. Feb. 10, 1890. I am happy to give this testimonial as to the efficacy of "Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic." Suffering for some period of nervous debility due to dyspepsia, I ascertained that since I made use of this remedy a radical change was operated on me; not only on the nerves, but even dyspepsia disappears completely. Similar experiences have been made by many of my confreres with this remedy. I consider it entirely efficacious and proper in cure all nervous diseases and other cases depending thereon.

DR. FULTON Cures, by letter or interview, Piles, Hemorrhoids, Catarrh, Skin Diseases, Nervous Complaints, Tumors and Enlarged Glands without operation. Hours, 1 to 10 p.m. Residence, 244 St. Catherine street, near St. Nicholas street. Bell Telephone 351.

Remington TYPE-WRITER. "Le Monde" having purchased TWO more recently invented machines, each superior to the Remington (?) has discarded both and the Remington superior to either. STICKMAN & CO., Ottawa Buildings, 248 St. James Street.

SCOTT'S EMULSION DOES CURE CONSUMPTION In its First Stages. Palatable as Milk. Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper, sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

HAIR PROMOTER. Good Hair, Good Health and Good Looks. The AUDETTE'S HAIR PROMOTER cleanses the scalp and removes DANDRUFF; it also prevents the hair from falling out and promotes its healthy growth. The AUDETTE'S HAIR PROMOTER is a cool and refreshing lotion; it is unsurpassed as dressing and especially adapted for children. This preparation is not a dye, but simply a cleansing stimulant and a tonic. The AUDETTE'S HAIR PROMOTER is guaranteed to be the best medicinal authorities to be absolutely free from injurious chemicals. Sold by Druggists, 50 cts. per bottle.

Wives! Sons! DAUGHTERS! We will send you for three months FREE OF CHARGE the best quality of Poultry for Profit. We will send you for three months FREE OF CHARGE the best quality of Poultry for Profit. We will send you for three months FREE OF CHARGE the best quality of Poultry for Profit.

GRAND RAFFLE.

The Drawing of two magnificent GOLD WATCHES will take place at Bourque's College, Rigaud, P. Q., on March 19th, 1891. Persons having lists are requested to return them before that date. C. E. DUROCHER, C.S.V.

HAZELTON FISHER DOM NION PIANOS!

—AND THE— Solian and Dominion Organs.

The largest and most varied assortment of fine instruments in Canada. Grand, Square and Upright Pianos in natural wood, Saphire and Automatic Organs. Piano, Chapel, Pedal and Automatic Organs. I do not claim, as mostly every one else does, that I have the best Pianos in the world, but I have the honor of being patronized by nearly all our most eminent artists. I only keep and sell instruments which I know to be reliable, and which, therefore, I can vouch for and fully guarantee. Every Instrument sold as represented, or no sale.

L. ENPRATTE 1676 NOTRE DAME MONTREAL. Let's buy early.

DR. FULTON Cures, by letter or interview, Piles, Hemorrhoids, Catarrh, Skin Diseases, Nervous Complaints, Tumors and Enlarged Glands without operation. Hours, 1 to 10 p.m. Residence, 244 St. Catherine street, near St. Nicholas street. Bell Telephone 351.

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NEW AND ASSORTED STOCK OF DECKER BROTHERS' GRAND AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

Also the various styles of the famous HEINTZMAN PIANOS. Now on sale at C. W. LINDSAY'S PIANO ROOMS. 2268 St. Catherine Street. OLD PIANOS AND ORGANS received at easy monthly payments and lowest prices for cash. Orders for tuning and repairing receive prompt attention. Only experienced and reliable workmen employed. The company's Bell 4188, Federal 1200. Mention this Journal.

COOK'S FRIEND Baking Powder

IS PURE, HONEST GOODS. Will do MORE WORK FOR SAME COST than any other composed of equally safe Ingredients. McLAREN'S COOK'S FRIEND THE ONLY GENUINE. GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural law which governs the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our Breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal ailment by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and properly nourished frames."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets, by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, LONDON & LANC.

Mantels : Grates.

TILLS OF ALL KINDS For Bathrooms, Hearths and Vestibules MONUMENTS, STATUARY AND ALTARS EDWARD EARL & CO., 40 Bury Street, Montreal.

Marriages in High Life.

St. Patrick's cathedral, New York, was on Thursday the scene of the marriage of the Marquis de Choiseul and Miss Claire Couderc, the eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Couderc. The marriage ceremony was performed by Archbishop Corrigan, who gave the Papal benediction. The mass for the feast of St. Gregory was celebrated after the marriage ceremony by the Rev. George S. Kenny of the Society of Jesus, attached to St. Mary's college, Montreal, and who several months ago officiated at the wedding of Miss Alice Couderc, when she was made the wife of Assistant District Attorney McKenzie Semple in St. Francis Xavier's Church.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION OVER A MILLION DISTRIBUTED

L.S.L. Louisiana State Lottery Company

incorporated by the Legislature of Louisiana, for the purpose of raising a fund for the benefit of the State. The Lottery is authorized by the Constitution of Louisiana, in 1878, by a vote of 100 yeas to 10 nays.

It is drawn every week and the prizes are distributed every week. The prizes are as follows: 1st Prize, \$100,000; 2nd Prize, \$50,000; 3rd Prize, \$25,000; 4th Prize, \$10,000; 5th Prize, \$5,000; 6th Prize, \$2,500; 7th Prize, \$1,250; 8th Prize, \$625; 9th Prize, \$312.50; 10th Prize, \$156.25.

Drawings for TWENTY YEARS FOR INTEREST OF ITS DRAWINGS AND PROMPT PAYMENT OF PRIZES. Attention is called to the fact that the Lottery is drawn every week and the prizes are distributed every week. The prizes are as follows: 1st Prize, \$100,000; 2nd Prize, \$50,000; 3rd Prize, \$25,000; 4th Prize, \$10,000; 5th Prize, \$5,000; 6th Prize, \$2,500; 7th Prize, \$1,250; 8th Prize, \$625; 9th Prize, \$312.50; 10th Prize, \$156.25.

Grand Monthly Drawing WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, April 8, 1891. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$300,000. 100,000 Numbers in the Wheel.

Table of prizes and ticket prices for the Grand Monthly Drawing. Includes columns for prize amounts and ticket costs.

Price of Tickets: Whole Tickets Twenty Dollars; Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1. Ticket rates, 50 cents on tickets at \$1, for \$50.

Send Money by Express at our Expense in sums not less than Five Dollars, on which we will pay all charges, and we return Express Receipts for all money sent. Address PAUL COVARR, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Give full address and make signature plain. Congress has just passed laws prohibiting the sale of the mails to A. L. LOTTERIES, we use Express companies in case of any correspondence and drop letters to the office of the Lottery. The Postal authorities are a strict enforcer of the laws. The Postal authorities are a strict enforcer of the laws. The Postal authorities are a strict enforcer of the laws.

THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY, which is authorized by the Constitution of the State, and by decision of the SUPREME COURT of the UNITED STATES, is an inflexible law. It is the only Lottery in the world which is authorized by the Constitution of the State, and by decision of the SUPREME COURT of the UNITED STATES.

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LECTURE BY THOS. RILEY, OF BOSTON

A Large Attendance and a Brilliant Programme—An Interesting Lecture—Ireland's Deeds.

The Victoria Armory was filled with an enthusiastic audience on St. Patrick's night and a most enjoyable programme was presented.

PROGRAMME.

- Entry of President and Guests. Irish Airs by Prof. H. Paton. Opening Remarks. Mr. J. O'Brien. 1. Chorus—(Solo by J. O'Connor) Messrs. W. J. Stafford, J. McLean, E. F. Redmond, J. O'Connor, Ed. Clarke, A. G. Cunningham, M. P. Rowan. 2. Song—(In character) "Mind Up to Date." Mr. A. Nicholson. 3. Song—"Parvelli My Dear Old Irish Home." Mr. A. G. Cunningham. 4. Song—"Am I Remembered in Erin." Mr. E. Clarke. 5. Song—"Dear Little Shamrock." Miss A. Cleary. 6. Song—"Irish Ballad." Mr. W. Stafford. 7. Song—"Come Back Dear Old Heart." Miss A. Wilkinson. 8. Song—"O'Donnell a Boy." Mr. M. P. Rowan. 9. Song—(Comic) "Mr. A. W. W. Stolyer."

LECTURE.

Subject—"Ireland." Mr. THOS. RILEY, L.L.B., of Boston.

PART II.

- 10. Song—"Anglo's Serenade." Miss A. Wilkinson, with Violin Obligato by J. Fallon. 11. Song—(Comic) "Mr. A. W. W. Stolyer." 12. "The Bells." Mr. M. P. Rowan. 13. Song—"Kathleen Mavourneen." Miss Cleary. 14. Irish Specialties. Messrs. Hayes and Pearson. 15. Song—"Colleen Bawn." Mr. A. G. Cunningham. 16. Chorus—(Solo by M. P. Rowan. Messrs. W. J. Stafford, J. McLean, E. F. Redmond, J. O'Connor, Ed. Clarke, A. G. Cunningham. 17. Grand Finale.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.

Mr. J. O'Brien, the President, occupied the chair. Nearly all the songs were national in their character and consequently could be expected to have received a warm reception, but it was not this fact that obtained the honours for Mr. A. G. Cunningham, Mr. E. Clarke, Mr. W. J. Stafford and Mr. M. P. Rowan. Messrs. Hayes and Pearson did very well in their Irish specialties, and the choruses in which Messrs. W. J. Stafford, J. McLean, E. F. Redmond, J. O'Connor, E. Clarke, A. G. Cunningham and Mr. P. Rowan took part were very well rendered.

The feature of the evening was the lecture on "Irish Thoughts," by Mr. Thomas Riley, which we present to our readers in extenso.

THE LECTURE.

Mr. chairman, ladies and gentlemen,—Long ago when the first Irish emigrant reached a New England village his reception was cold and rude. The villagers disliked his nation and his faith. Between Puritan bigotry and Indian tomahawks he had a heavy road to carry. But he had a light heart and a strong arm. He worked and won. For wherever the Irishman goes he carries with him that legend of the daring heart, "oil desperandum," and under that sign he conquers. He toiled, lived, died, where he settled. A century and a half later the sight of some fine old trees planted by his hands inspired the poet Whittier to pay him this tribute:—

"Pioneer of Erin's outcasts, With his little and his pack; Little dreamed the village Saxons Of the myriads at his back; How he wrought with spade and battle, Dressed by day and sang by night, With a hand that never weari'd, And a heart forever light."

That light heart and that unweari'd hand wrought a marvellous change. At their touch the desert disappeared and the garden smiled. The myriads at his back peopled the prairies and the forest glades. And now under the silken folds of the Stars and Stripes they are ten millions strong, ranking among the best citizens of a free and daring Republic. Old Ireland is over the sea, but younger and stronger Ireland is here, for not even on her soil—may, not in Rome herself—is the faith of Saint Patrick more firmly planted than it is on this continent. And it is here to stay. It needs but little foresight

TO PREDICT

what the near future will show—that New England and Canada are destined to be the stronghold of Catholicity in America. Ah! how those early village Saxons would turn in their graves if they could but know the change. This leading, vital, trait of our race is noted by Thomas Moore in one of his saddest, sweetest songs:—

"Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane, And burned thro' long ages of darkness and storm, Is the heart that sorrows have trown'd on in vain, Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm."

That spirit, unfading and warm, has survived sorrow and shock-flood and flame. It has conquered adversity and made the race invincible. It has preserved their identity as a nation just as surely as if their green flag dotted every sea and floated in every port. They are in every land and under every flag. But they love old Ireland just the same. Time and distance only intensify it. And they love her all the more for the sorrows, seiges, sufferings, through which she has passed. Love of country is sublime sentiment, and the nation is poor indeed that has it not. It inspires high thoughts—heroic deeds. It is strong in every breast. The African negro pines for his native sands—the busy son of the north for his icy home. In old age, after a life of almost regal power and crime, it was to England Warren Hastings returned to die, and the last request of the great Napoleon was that his ashes might rest on the banks of the Seine, among the people he loved so well. It made Rome the road, imperial mistress of the world, and gave her the heroes who held the bridge "in the brave days of old." It

made Greece the land of art, arms, and song, and placed her first in field and forum. It made the heathered hills of Scotland

RING WITH THE GLORY

of Bannockburn—with the heroism of the sturdy Bruce, the great Dundee, the gentle Lochiel. It gave to France a glory that startled the world and placed in her pantheon the greatest name in modern annals. And when at length her glory drew dim and her hero was dust, piously, reverently, she brought his ashes from a lonely ocean rock and, amid the tolling of cathedral bells and the roaring of cannon she deposited her precious freight, as a sacred relic, in the dark stone coffin that rests beneath the golden dome of the Invalides. It crowned the cloud-capped mountains of Switzerland with the liberty she enjoys to-day. It led the half-finished armies of Washington through the long and weary marches of the revolution until, inspired by God's own hand, they struck down the power of England and created the great Republic of the West—"the hope of all who suffer, the foe of all who wrong." With the Irish this sentiment is a passion. And, wherever scattered over the globe, whether in civilized haunts or savage wilds, they assemble to-night to pay fitting tribute to the memory of Saint Patrick, for still

"One in name and one in fame, Are the sea-divided Galles."

AND WHO WAS HE?

Neither king, nor chief, nor hero of the crimson field;—no, not even one of Irish birth or blood, but a plain and simple man who lived and died in the long, long ago, and for whom the world is better because he once lived and breathed in it;—a slave boy whose footprints are indelibly marked on the sands of time, and who gave to a people that grand old faith which "time cannot wither, nor custom fade,"—a faith to which they have clung through the shock of ages, and which has taught them to live in charity with all mankind and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. He brought Christianity to pagan king and people, to shrine and altar, and redeemed a land that in turn has redeemed many lands.

We see him through the mists and clouds of time as he stood on the hill of Tara, in presence of a pagan monarch and priesthood, and planted there the seeds of that wondrous Church of Rome whose strong arm has ever been stretched forth to curb the great and raise the low, and whose fair proportions the wide shocks of time have failed to dwarf. His last prayer was that Ireland might never lose the faith he brought her, and she never has. Age after age, like a faithful sentinel, she guards the Church; for well she knows that the blow which would strike it down would destroy the liberty of the world. In her darkest hours it is this faith that has again and consoled her and warmed her into life.

How faithfully that prayer has been answered! Each church spire and cross pointing this night to the stars of heaven from every civilized settlement in this western world bear witness. In hut and palace, on mountain and in valley, every Irish mother has taught it to her child. From the Shannon and the Liffey to the Tiber and the Rhine, from the wilds of Australia to where the

FATHER OF WATERS

rolls his mighty flood, it travels down the centuries, growing strong with the ages and gathering as it grows. Fourteen hundred years have rolled by since the saint and sage went to his rest, but his name lives and his work remains.

"In busiest street and loneliest glen Are felt the dashes of his pen; He lives 'mid winter-snows, and when Dews fill the ditches, Deep in the general heart of men His fame survives."

The poet Virgil described ancient Italy as a land of just and old renown—strong in arms and in the richness of her soil. "This is an almost accurate description of Ireland. She is a land of old and just renown. Her fame is fragrant with the best acts, and thoughts of human kind. There, siller, saint and sage have lived and died, and on her soil she still nurses men as true and brave, women as chaste and fair as earth has ever known. She has great natural advantages. Geographically, her position is unrivalled. Surrounded by the Atlantic her climate is soft and mild. The parching heats of summer, the piercing colds of winter, the torrent and the hurricane are unknown. Her soil is fertile to the mountain tops and in almost perpetual vegetation. "Earth is here so kind," said Douglas Jerrold, "that just tuckle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest." Rich mines abound in every quarter; gold is found in the beds of streams and in the sands of rivulets. Even her bogs and mosses, unlike the fens and marshes of England, emit no damp or noxious odors, but furnish a plentiful and cheering fuel to the surrounding peasantry. Nature has blessed her; man has cursed her. "If well governed," said an English statesman, "Ireland would be the

BRIGHTEST JEWEL IN THE ENGLISH CROWN."

It was the wish of Henry the Fourth, of France, that he might live to see a fowl in the pot of every peasant in his kingdom. "This sentiment of homely benevolence," said Edmund Burke, "is worth all the splendid sayings that are recorded of beings." No English ruler ever expressed, or had, such a wish for Ireland. England has stripped palace and hut, prince and peasant, and stolen, or tried to steal, every fowl in Ireland. Such has always been her policy. "I ain't me as I am," said Cromwell while sitting to young Lely, "if you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling." What words could paint the scars and wrinkles of Ireland?

She has been governed by a code of laws which would bring a blush to the gory pen of Draco. Nay, by contrast, they place a halo of glory around the vilest acts of Henry the Eighth—that most intolerable ruffian whose rule, in the language of Charles Dickens, was a foul blot of blood and grease in the history of England. A code which Montesquieu said could have been made only by devils and registered in hell. "It was as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the de-

basement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the ingenuity of man," said Edmund Burke.

And the great Doctor Johnson adds this testimony:

"The Irish are in a most unnatural state; for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no instance, even in the ten persecutions of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics."

"This was the penal code. Add to it the freebooters of Elizabeth and the butchers of Cromwell and you have the result: Four millions of Catholics robbed of every acre of their native land—of all their rights; church and school destroyed; the island soaked in blood; a blight on all. For centuries this code, which has covered England with crime and shame, kept Ireland on the Procrustean bed. It was meant for her destruction, but it has failed—signally failed. Of course, under such laws, the flower of Irish manhood went abroad,—to France, Spain, Austria,—where they rose to rank and fame. It was the men of Limerick and the Boyne who routed William and his red-coats, and saved to France the fields of Stienkirk and Lauden. And on a later day an English king bitterly cursed the laws that deprived him of the subjects who turned the tide of battle on the field of Fontenoy. And well he might. For between the siege of Limerick and the crowning of the first George—a little over half a century—more than 450,000 Irish soldiers died in the service of France. Not long ago I stood in the Church of the Invalides, in Paris. Along its sides and around its roof are ranged the battle trophies of the nation. They are highly prized, for they were won on fields of fame in many lands. Among them is a single English standard—only one. It was captured by the Irish brigade at Fontenoy. Time passed on. For ages these red laws brought blight and death. But Ireland held her flag and faith until the great O'Connell came to set her free.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL COMPLAINTS

of the American colonies were that the king had cut off their trade, waged war against them, excited domestic insurrection among them, quartered large armies in their towns and cities and houses in times of peace, deprived them of the right of trial by jury, and transported them beyond the seas for trial of pretended offences—these and other things it was that caused the revolt, drew forth the immortal declaration of independence and gave victory to the American arms.

And those same things and more than those it was that drew O'Connell to public life. His country was not alone enslaved, it was crushed with gaping wounds. Great as were the grievances of the Colonies, the wrongs of Ireland were tenfold greater. Not only had her commerce with the world been swept away, her right of trial by jury destroyed, her fairest places filled with foreign troops in times of peace, her clans and chiefs incited to war with each other, and her most honored sons sent to London for trial and execution, but the very source and fountain of her national life was stopped. The schools were closed and education destroyed. By far the greater portion of the people were Catholics, inheriting the faith of Rome, but no Catholic could be educated in Ireland, and no priest could perform the holy offices of the Mass without becoming a legal felon worthy of death at the nearest gallows. All offices of emolument and trust, all the learned professions were closed to the Catholics.

This was the state of Ireland in the memorable year 1775, when Daniel O'Connell first saw the light of day, and I regret to say, that many of those bad laws were enacted in Ireland by men who laid claim to the Irish name. People complain to-day of the

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE

of Germany—of the oppression of the Jews in Russia. Either one is a paradise of religious freedom compared with the Ireland of 100 years ago. In 1793 the statute excluding Catholics from the bar was abolished, and O'Connell adopted the profession of the law, and was called to the bar in 1798, that most bloody of all the bloody years in Irish annals. The people, still enslaved and still consoled with the hope, and I think the promise, of aid from France, made the desperate struggle under the lead of the good Lord Edward Fitzgerald, O'Connell witnessed its course, its failure, and its terrible termination—Lord Edward's cruel death, Wolfe Tone's untimely end, and soon after the sad and mournful fate of Emmet, and he made up his mind that the way of Ireland's salvation was not in the way of war, but rather in the way of peace, not by the mailed hand of the soldier, but by the force of the agitator, the fiery tongue of the tribune.

The debt Ireland owes him is best told in the glorious words of the gifted Wendell Phillips:—

"O'Connell found her a mass of quarrelling races and sects, divided, dispirited, broken-hearted, and servile. He made her a nation, whose first word broke in pieces the iron obstinacy of Wellington, tossed Peel from the Cabinet and gave the Government to the Whigs; whose colossal figure, like the helmet in Walpole's romance, has filled the political sky ever since; whose generous aid thrown into the scale of the three great British reforms—the ballot, the corn laws, and slavery—secured their success; a nation whose continual discontent has dragged Great Britain down to be a second-rate power on the chess-board of Europe."

As Lord Bacon, marches down the centuries he may lay one hand on the telegraph, and the other on the steam engine, and say, "These are mine, for I taught you how to study nature." In a similar sense, as shackle after shackle falls from Irish limbs, O'Connell may say, "This victory is mine; for I taught you the method, and I gave you the arms."

And after more than thirty years of untiring labor he had the satisfaction of wringing from Great Britain by his matchless energy and eloquence one of the greatest victories ever won by mortal, the emancipation of the Catholics, or, in other words, of the Irish people. Surely if eloquence consists in the power of speech to produce its effect, then O'Connell was the greatest orator the world has ever known, for no man ever spoke to such large masses of men, and no man by the charm and force and play of the

human voice ever produced such results as he produced. And if, to wisely teach a race and safely guide it to liberty, be statesmanship, then he was the first of all.

When an Irish laborer was asked how coal was, he replied: "It is as black as ever." The present government of Ireland is as black as ever. True, it is not so bloody, but it is quite as brutal. "Power resting on armed force," said Charles James Fox, "is invidious, detestable, weak and tottering." It still rests on armed force. There are 15,000 quartered in the island.

"Better to hang or drown people at once," said Doctor Johnson, "than by an unrelenting persecution to beggar them." This is what Cromwell did. He put them to the sword and out of misery. Now their cabins are battered down and they are left to die by the wayside. Nearly two millions emigrated in fifteen years, and those years long after the famine of '48. That tells the story. "When the people of a country leave it en masse, the government is judged and condemned," said John Stuart Mill. English misrule in Ireland has been judged and condemned. And now Ireland asks for aid. And why not? She asks for less than she has given. Every civilized land has her footprints. She has given them soldiers and scholars, orators and poets. She has upheld liberty everywhere, and now she wants a little for herself. And she means to have it, for she has never lost the

SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

An Englishman once accused the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, when an Irishman wittily and truthfully replied that—"It ought to be otherwise, for the Irish meet with hard rubs enough to polish any nation on earth." And so she has, and those same rubs came to her because of her fidelity and devotion to the spirit of liberty. And this spirit has ever preserved Ireland's identity as a nation. In the bygone centuries Plantagenet and Tudor, and Stuart, and Cromwell, have rained blows upon her, and with fire and sword have waded through seas of blood, and pillaged church, shrine and tomb, and still she lives, while Plantagenet and Tudor, and Cromwell have perished from the earth. It is this spirit that preserved her when, war having failed to crush her, she was attacked in a more vital part, and England, enlightened and mighty England, sought to shut the source of education from her.

The pen of the historian has told us that it is the Roman Emperor, Julian, whom the early Christians feared, hated, and dreaded the most, and it is he that has left the blackest record behind. What was his crime?—he was a mild and amiable emperor, he gave no man to the cross, no man to the wild beasts—why, he simply shut up the schools of his day and stopped education, and in that way put the people farther back into barbarism than all the wars of the empire had ever done before. It is this spirit that has made her treasure the light of learning. It is this spirit that told her more than a hundred years ago that there was freedom in the west, when she listened by the waves of the sea to the patriotic shouts and battle-cries of American independence as they crossed the storm billows of the Atlantic—when her Malone, and Flood, and Grattan and the volunteers heard the cry and echoed it through College Green, and never let it die away until in 1782, she was raised to nationhood and crowned with the star of freedom. It was this spirit that gave to her and to the world the unmatched Daniel O'Connell—that gave to song and story the young soldier whose life was given without fear and without reproach, whose grave is unknown and whose epitaph is unwritten—Robert Emmet, a name that was not born to die—that gave to a later age that antique Roman of a modern world, John Mitchell, whose love of Ireland never knew a change. And this spirit led her to resist the slave traffic at a time when it was at its fulness, when America had soiled its virgin flag and when London merchants were filling their coffers by the sale of their black fellows. When Cook, the actor, was once hissed by a Liverpool audience he advanced to the footlights and exclaimed: "Miserables! there isn't a brick in your town that is not cemented with negro gore." The strength of the assertion was in its truth. An attempt was made to introduce the traffic among the merchants of Belfast, but no sooner was the meeting opened than a venerable man arose and said, in slow and solemn tones: "May the lightning of God Almighty's anger blast the arm of the man who first attempts to sign that document!" It was not signed, and Ireland took no part in the traffic.

And O'Connell, when tempted by this same slave interest in the British parliament, said: "Gentlemen, God knows I speak for the saddest people the sun sees; but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if, even to save Ireland, I bind the shackles on any human being, no matter what his race, creed or color. And later he refused the American planter's gold and said that the temple of Irish liberty must not be cemented by the sweat of the slave.

"They say Ireland is too small, too factious, and too near England, for self-government: "A nation's greatness lies in men, not acres—"One master mind is worth a million hands."

Her people are not more factious than others. She has four provinces, and in the olden time each province had a king, and sometimes the kings went to war with each other. But those wars did not last long, and the people never asked for outside interference. This, too, was long ago, when the ages were warlike and when even the pettiest disputes were settled by an appeal to arms. She never sought to invade her neighbors. While they sat in darkness she was guarding those shrines of religion and learning which have so long made her famous. Now,

HOW WAS IT WITH OTHERS?

From the day of Magna Charta to the field of Marston Moor every English acre was sprinkled with blood. The wars of the roses made England a land of butchery. She embellished her highways with scaffolds, her gateways with human heads, and murdered a dozen of her kings. Germany was a hevy of small states each at the throat of the other. Italy was a cluster of petty duke-

doms and warlike camps. France hurled king and throne to the ground and killed a million of her children. Even in America our own generation has looked on a half million tragic graves. Decidedly the balance is not against Ireland. I know the Irish man is impetuous and rash. "Bravery," said Napoleon, "is an instinct with the Irish—a sixth sense." I know he loves a fight, but not so much as formerly.

Now and then he may tap the head of a gauger with his stick, or hasten the wake of an informer,—but that is in his favor. The only mistake Saint Patrick ever made was in not driving such vermin into the sea with the other vipers. His habits are rapidly changing. He reads more, thinks more, works more. At last he realizes the truth taught by Thomas Davis:—

"Mind will rule and muscle yield, In senate, ship and field."

And this change is noted by Mr. Lecky, a very thoughtful writer, who says in his "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland":—"The old love of boisterous out-of-door sports has almost disappeared, and those who would have once sought their pleasures in the market or the fair now gather in groups in the public house, where one of their number reads a fenian newspaper. Whatever else the change may portend, it is certainly no good omen for the future loyalty of the people." And he adds, significantly: "Ah! no, Mr. Lecky, education does not help disloyalty, but it resists misgovernment and crushes tyranny. It insists that men shall be governed as men and not as beasts of the field. And that, too, is what you mean, Mr. Lecky, but you have not dared to say so. Education places a man's destiny in his own hands—it makes him master of his fate. When the American negro was taught to read and write the slave power was struck to the heart."

IRELAND'S INDEPENDENCE

is beyond doubt or peril. She has the weapons to make her free, a press and a public; with these tools her destiny is in her own hands. Constitutional agitation means revolution without blood. It means, in the words of Sir Robert Peel, "the marshalling of the conscience of a nation to mould its laws." It works by the force of reason. It puts the school by the side of the ballot-box. It never goes back. Every step gained is gained forever. It is as resistless as the ocean currents. It makes muskets useless, prevents rebellion, keeps the peace and secures progress. In the hands of Wendell Phillips it was more powerful than a hundred years of government, for it created a public sentiment that finally struck the shackles from the American slave. Let Ireland persist and she will win. "Carthage must be destroyed," was always the concluding assertion of Cato, no matter what the subject under debate, and destroyed she finally was. Misrule in Ireland must be destroyed. It began when Strongbow first set foot on Irish soil. It has been a source of war and misery ever since. It has seen dragon's teeth, and they are springing up armed men. There can be no peace until the whole accursed system is swept away. The remedy may be found in home rule. Give her back her parliament. People say it is impossible, England will not consent. She had to consent a hundred years ago when Grattan and the volunteers asked her. She may have to do so again. "Impossible," said Lord Chatham; "I triumph on impossibilities." "Impossible," said the hero Mirabeau; "talk not to me of that blackhead word." When Napoleon was told that the Alps stood in the way of his armies, he replied: "There shall be no Alps." And when told by an officer that it was impossible to cross the narrow bridge of Lodi, he exclaimed: "That word is not French," and crossed over. Nor is it Irish. England may bully, bluster and bribe; she may persecute the Irish leaders and fill the jails; she may watch with the eyes of Argus, strike with the arms of Briareus, tempt with the gold of Midas—but she can never crush out the firm determination of the Irish to be free. And it will come to her some day. It may be near, it may be far, but come it surely will. Meanwhile let her take to heart the lessons of her Grattan and O'Connell. Let her follow the path way they have marked out, the milestones they have planted,—and when her deliverer shall call,—casting the tear from her eye and the cypress from her brow, and grasping the laurel,—she will resume the place that was hers in the olden days. And when that time comes her children will be able to say in the language of Grattan:—

"We found Ireland on her knees; we watched over her with a paternal solicitude; we have traced her progress from poverty to prosperity, from slavery to liberty. Spirit of liberty! Your genius has prevailed. Ireland is now a nation."

In that new character we hail her, and, bowing to her august presence, we say,—

"Edna Perpetua!"

A vote of thanks was moved by Mr. J. P. Nugent and carried amid applause.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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RETURN TICKETS, first class, will be issued between all stations, Port Arthur, Ont., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and East, including International and New Brunswick Railway points; also to Detroit, Mich., at

One and One-Third Fare. Good Going March 26th, 27th and 28th. Good Returning Until March 31st, 1891.

PUPILS AND TEACHERS of Schools and Colleges will be ticketed at specially low rates on presentation of certificate signed by Principal.

For further information apply to any Ticket Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

MONTRÉAL TICKET OFFICES: 266 St. James Street and at Stations

Carsley's Column

G.OTH DEPARTMENT Fifth Shipment.

Six Cases of New Mantle Cloth. Fifty-two and fifty-four inches assorted as follows: Three pieces Fancy Cloth for Ulsters, Jackets, Costumes, in special new shades, sold at moderate prices.

Ladies' New Waterproofs. Six Pieces, 20 yards each, of NEW FANCY ULSTERINGS.

In Fawn, New Blue, Light Gray, Dr. Slate, Light Fawn. This line is also stylish for Ladies' Spring Costumes.

Ten new shades to select from. TEN PIECES OF NEW CLOAKING.

In ten new shades to be sold at special low prices.

Seven pieces of new FANCY CHECK ULSTERINGS.

Most choice goods for Short Jackets and Costumes, to be sold at \$1.45 per yard. This line of Goods is reversible and 54 inches wide.

Three Pieces—Fifteen pieces each of NEW HABIT CLOTH.

In all the most recherche shades for Short Jackets, and also very stylish for Ladies' Costumes.

Six Pieces of NEW VIENNA CLOTH.

Light ground with dark stripes, assorted shades, forming a check of two inches for Ladies' Short Jackets, and also very stylish for Ladies' Spring Costumes.

Twenty Pieces of NEW CHEVIOT CLOTH.

In three qualities, for Ladies' Spring Ulsters and Jackets.

Ladies' New Waterproofs. Ten Pieces of NEW FANCY TWEED.

Light ground, with dark spot two inches diameter, for Ulsters, to be sold at moderate prices.

Four Pieces of NEW FANCY TWEED.

New Grays and Blue, plain ground, with raised and check pattern two and a-half inches square, sold for Ulsters, Jackets and Ladies' Spring Costumes.

Three Pieces of NEW ALL-WOOL SERGE.

Navy, Light Navy and Black. This new Serge is very fine make, and used for Short Jackets, Dolmans and Ladies' Spring Costumes, and warranted to wear well.

Seven Pieces of new ALL-WOOL DIAGONAL CLOTH.

For Ulsters and Dolmans, in Special New Shades.

Six Pieces of new BLACK WORSTED SERGES.

For Short Jackets, Dolmans and Spring Costumes, to be sold at moderate prices.

Ten Pieces of new ALL-WOOL CHEVIOT CLOTH.

For Ulsters, Jackets, Dolmans, also very stylish for Ladies' Spring Costumes.

Four Pieces of new FANCY BLACK MATERIAL.

For Dolmans and Short Jackets and Spring Costumes, to be sold at special low figures.

Fourteen Pieces of PLAIN and FANCY MATERIAL.

For Ulsters, Dolmans, Jackets and Costumes, in the very best Black, and warranted to wear well. Special quotation.

S. CARSLY, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Carsley's Column

# PREVIOUS TO MOVING

To Our New Store,  
Cor. St. James Street and Victoria Square,  
(MORGAN'S)

We are selling goods at greatly reduced prices.

- Lace Curtains, from 35c. per pair.
- Good Fast Color prints, from 5c. per yard.
- Beautiful Printed Satteens at 12c. per yard.
- Dress Goods for Spring Wear, from 5c. per yard.

About 50 Short Jackets, suitable for Spring, will be sold at half price next week, \$7.00 for \$3.50; \$9.00 for \$4.50, and so on.

**HENRY HAMILTON,**

1883 and 1885 NOTRE DAME STREET.

**Dupuis, Lanoix & Cie.,**

MERCHANT TAILORS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,  
GENTS' FURNISHINGS, Etc.

2048 NOTRE DAME ST.,

I. A. Beauvais Old Stand,  
(Near Chaboillez Square.)

The Best Place in Town for

CHILDRENS' SUITS.

## The March of Improvement!

Art in the household and beauty in the ordinary surroundings of life was the gospel proclaimed by the late Professor Ruskin and other elevators of the human mind, and to realize what progress has been made in this direction it is well worth while paying a visit to the magnificent show rooms of the old established furniture house of Messrs. Owen McGarvey & Son, 189 to 1885 Notre Dame street, corner of McGill street.

A walk through these spacious show rooms is a revelation; in fact they really amount to the reflections of any one who pays a visit to this firm's prominent establishment and make a tour of inspection through their attractive warehouses.

Everything in the furniture line is to be found there, from a twenty-five-cent chair to a fifteen hundred dollar bed-room set, and prices to suit every one.

No one need despair; the millionaire can furnish his home from top to bottom with the finest and most costly, and his junior clerk can fill his little tenement with pretty and useful articles at prices to suit his more limited means.

On entering the well-known and extensive warehouses on Notre Dame street, the visitor is struck by the excellent display of sideboards, dining tables, hall stands, book-cases, ward-ropes, library tables, writing desks and easy and combination chairs of all descriptions.

On reaching the second floor a beautiful assortment of parlor furniture meets the eye, such as 2, 3, 4, 5 and 7-piece parlor suits, day piece suits, gilt chairs, corner chairs, ottomans, divans, tea-tables, piano and foot stools in plushes, brocatelles and silk damasks of all the newest and latest shades; also a full line of fancy centre, end and work-tables, statuettes.

On the third floor a fine selection of rocking, easy and reclining chairs claims particular attention. The celebrated bent wood furniture imported from Vienna, Austria, and of which the Messrs. McGarvey make a specialty, also occupies a prominent position on this floor.

On the fourth floor bedroom sets in profusion are to be found from the cheap ash wood to the elegantly carved set valued at fifteen hundred dollars. Brass and iron furniture, of which they have just received a very large consignment from Birmingham, England, is an especially noticeable feature; handsome solid brass bedsteads and pretty sets for children from \$30 up to \$125; there they are of the newest designs; next from bedsteads as low as five dollars, and rising to much higher figures, can also be found here. A great advantage in this house is that the price of every piece of furniture and article is marked in plain figures, but owing to the willingness of Notre Dame street west, which will necessarily be their removal next spring, they are now offering special inducements in the way of discounts off the marked prices. The entire establishment is a model one, neatness and order prevailing everywhere; all available space is taken up to accommodate the enormous stock which they carry, and from which purchasers can select at their liberty. Their new passenger elevator will be found not only a great convenience, but also a luxury in its way to carry their customers to any of their six flats of show rooms.

The firmly established reputation of this well-known house is a sufficient guarantee that outside show is only the last thing aimed at, and that stability and good value for money are to be found in the old established firm of Messrs. Owen McGarvey & Son, 189, 1881 and 1885 Notre Dame street, corner of McGill street.

## KELLY'S IRISH SONGSTER

The Finest Collection of Songs of the Emerald Isle thus far Published

—It Contains—

200 Irish Songs and Ballads.

And many of them are not to be found in any Other Publication.

MAILED ON RECEIPT OF 25 CENTS.

P. KELLY, Song Publisher, Montreal, Can.

P. O. BOX 926. TO SEE IT IS TO BUY IT.

## HEADACHES

**MCGALE'S BUTTERNUT PILLS**  
FOR SICK HEADACHE, COSTIVENESS

AS A SPRING MEDICINE,

For Skin Eruptions, Foul and Disordered Stomach  
and Habitual Constipation, Use

**McGale's Pills.**

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE - - - 25c. PER BOX.

SOLE PROPRIETOR:

**B. E. MCGALE,**

No. 2123 Notre Dame Street,  
MONTREAL.



**W. B. Davidson & Sons,**  
No. 86 VICTORIA SQUARE.

Conservatory Attached to Store.

CONSERVATORY AND NURSERIES,  
COTE ST. PAUL.

MARRIAGE BOUQUETS,  
Cut Flowers and Funeral Designs  
Made to Order at Shortest  
Notice.

## OUR PLAN

Of selling goods on the Weekly or Monthly Payment system is being appreciated more and more every day. Last year our sales were about double those of any former year, and to-day we are doing vastly more business than ever at this season of the year. We have the most complete stock of Furniture, Carpets, Oilcloths, Stoves and general House Furnishings to be seen in Montreal.

**Metropolitan Mfg. Co.,**

1678 & 1680 Notre Dame St.

The Public Respectfully Invited to Visit  
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Irish Penny Readings in 42 vols., boards, per vol.....	35c
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CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS,

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**GEO. BLACHE,**

MERCHANT TAILOR,

St. Lawrence Hall Building,

141 ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.

## SECURE THE GOLDIE & McCULLOCH SAFE,

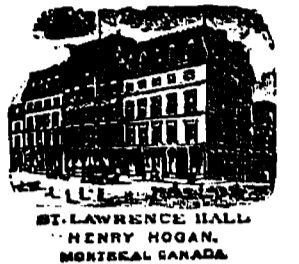
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Wood, Wool, Flouring Mill Machinery, Engines, etc

298 St. James Street,

ALFRED BENN, -:- Manager.

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The St. Lawrence Hall,  
Situating on St. James street, the principal thoroughfare of the city, is the most centrally located for all travellers. All trains and steamboats are met by busses with porters in attendance, to look after baggage, etc.

**Geo. W. REED,**

ROOFING - AND - ROOFING - MATERIALS  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Asphalt and Vulcanite Flooring,  
Refrigerators, Etc.

783 & 785 CRAIG ST

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Special Agent,

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1759 Notre Dame Street,

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**Missa Wine!**

AUGUSTO DE MULLER.

Bought directly from the Wine  
Growers, Tarragona.

\$1.50 per gallon, 40c. bottle.

Imported and sold by

**DEGARY FRERES,**

Family Grocers and Wine  
Merchants, St. Lawrence Warehouse,  
Former Prince Arthur and St. Lawrence sts.

**GO TO Geo. R. Heasley,**  
2087 St. Catherine St.  
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PICTURE FRAMING.  
LUSH GOODS.  
LATE SILVER WARE.  
PHOTO ALBUMS.  
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LADIES GLOVES  
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PERFUME  
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FRENCH AMERICAN  
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Walking Gloves  
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From the Best Makers  
We Show All Styles in Both  
High Class Goods at Low Prices  
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WE HAVE ADDED TO OUR SPECIALTIES  
**Ladies' Cotton Underwear**  
OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURE.

Avoid

None Genuine without this LABEL on every BOTTLE and every JAR.



Counterfeits.

Please destroy the Label after using our ST. LEON WATER to avoid fraudulent bottles.



Telephone 1432. ST. LEON MINERAL WATER CO. (Lt.), Victoria Square.

-:- NATIONAL -:-

**Baking Powder and Spice Mills.**

ALSO IMPORTER AND JOBBER OF

**GROGERS' SPECIALTIES.**

I recommend the NATIONAL BAKING POWDER to the public as the surest and best Baking Powder in use.

Doing the best and quickest work in the shortest time; use no other.

I also take great pleasure in recommending to you POTTER'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS, which is the strongest and best in the market. All goods bearing my name are guaranteed to be the best. None but superior bear it.

Try once and be convinced.

SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING GROCERS.

**H. B. POTTER, Montreal.**

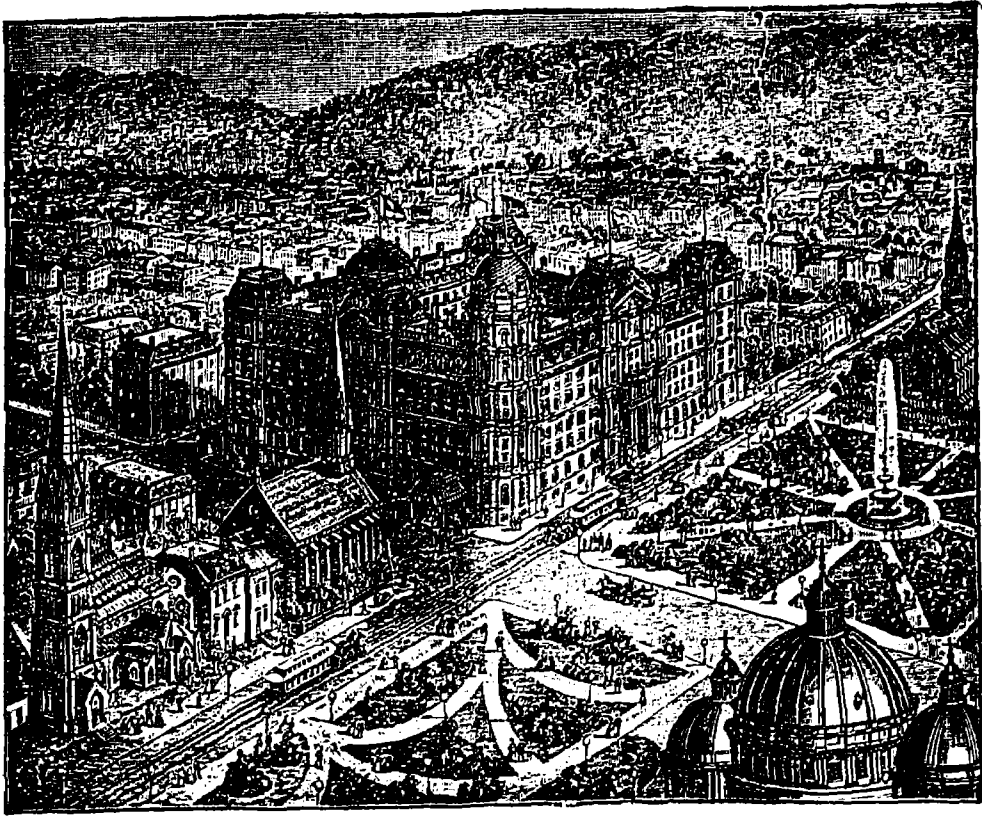
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THE TRUE WITNESS,

Which stands in the front rank of leading Catholic weekly newspapers.





Uptown Union Ticket and Telegraph Office, in Rotunda of the Windsor Hotel.

**THINK OF THIS!**

Through Tickets and Sleeping Berths, via all Lines, can be Secured at the Windsor Hotel Ticket and Telegraph Office. Depot Prices.

TELEGRAMS AND CABLES SENT EVERYWHERE.

BELL TELEPHONE 4187. FEDERAL 1620. P.O. BOX 1234.

OPEN UNTIL 10 p.m. DAILY.

J. McCONNIFE, Agent.

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578 to 580 CRAIG STREET,

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WINDSOR AND SPRINGVALE MILLS.

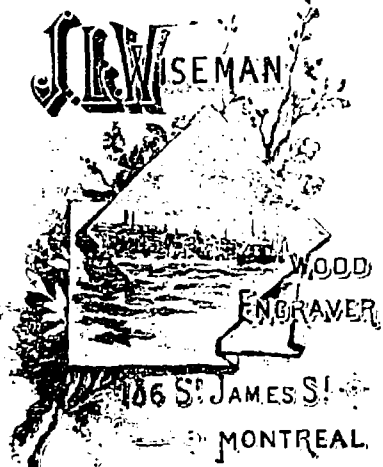


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**THE Montreal Brewing Co.**

BREWERS AND MALTSTERS.

**SPARKLING PALE ALES**

-AND-

**CREAMING IRISH PORTER.**

1334 & 1336 Notre Dame Street.

ASK FOR IT.

# NEW DRY GOODS STORE. THE PALMER HOUSE, 1924 Notre Dame Street.

At the end of this month Notre Dame street Centre will be favored with another First Class Dry Goods store under the title of

## The Palmer House.

I take this means to inform the Irish population of Montreal and vicinity that I will open at the end of this month The Palmer House, at number 1924 Notre Dame street, four doors east of Dupre Lane, in that new block now being built, with a first class stock of Dry Goods to the amount of over

**\$75,000.**

My reason for choosing this paper for my first advertisement, is that I wish very particularly to draw the attention of the Irish Nationality to my Store, as it is my intention to cater for their kind patronage by leaving nothing undone to merit their encouragement.

## A French Canadian.

Although I am a French-Canadian, I was brought up in Griffintown, and will be recognized by a great number of the Irish people of that locality.

## The Opening.

The opening of the Palmer House will be made under very favorable auspices, as I will offer the Palmer House Stock of Ottawa, bought at 50c. in the \$, and which amounts to over \$75,000, one of the finest Stocks in the Dominion, and apart from this Stock I will offer the latest novelties of the day in every department at very bottom prices.

## About the Store.

The Palmer House is being built according to my own specifications, and will be finished first-class in every way. It is seventy-five feet deep by twenty-three feet in width, and the whole four flats will be occupied for my business.

## The Basement.

In the basement will be found Blankets, Comforters, Cottons, Sheetings and all kinds of House Furnishing Goods.

# THE PALMER HOUSE,

1924 Notre Dame Street,

**H. F. POIRIER, Proprietor.**

## The First Floor.

On the first floor will be found Silks, Dress Goods, Black Goods, Flannels, Prints, Crotons, Muslins, Hosiery, Kid Gloves, Silk Gloves, Tweeds, Cloths, and Gents' Furnishings.

## Second Floor.

On the second floor will be found the Millinery Department, Mantle department, Ladies' Underwear, Childrens' Underwear, Corsets, Embroideries, Baby Linens, Misses' Dresses, Boys' Suits, Parasols, Umbrellas, Rubber Circulars, Curtains and fancy goods.

## Third Floor.

The third floor will be for Millinery, Dress and Mantle Making.

## My Mottos.

My motto will be fair dealing, low prices and one price only.

## Happy Medium.

I will endeavor to conduct my trade in a way that the rich will not be put to inconvenience and the less fortunate ones will feel at home.

## Bankrupt Stock.

I have this year bought for over TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF BANKRUPT STOCKS, and should any first class stock come in my way in the future, I will buy them again, but in every instance I will look for the comfort of my customers.

## Invitation.

You are humbly requested to patronize

**CONVINCING WORDS!**

o o o o o

For some time past I was troubled greatly with Indigestion and Dyspepsia, as well as a feeling of lassitude and loss of appetite. I was recommended to try Paine's Celery Compound. I bought a bottle of the Compound, and after a few doses found myself improving in health. I still continue its use and gain strength every day. It is a pleasure to testify in favor of such a valuable remedy.

JOHN ALLAN,  
208 Delisle Street,  
MONTREAL.

I have used Paine's Celery Compound for sleeplessness and unrest at nights, and have derived great benefit from its use, and heartily recommend it to others.

JOHN SLOAN,  
MONTREAL.

My wife had a very serious illness in April last, having been prematurely confined, which left her weak and wholly prostrated. Somebody very kindly sent her a bottle of your Paine's Celery Compound, and this did her so much good, she used two more bottles. Result, in thirty days, she was, and is now, as strong as ever. With the utmost confidence in your preparation, I am, gentlemen,

Gratefully yours,  
NATHAN LAIRD,  
MONTREAL.

I have great pleasure in recommending your Paine's Celery Compound. My system was run down, and I was not fit for business, could not sleep well at night, and was nervous. I commenced taking your Celery Compound and improved immediately, I am now able to transact my business and endure any amount of excitement without bad effect.

JOHN L. BRODIE,  
MONTREAL.

# A FRIEND IN TIME OF NEED

THE - GREAT - NERVE - AND - BRAIN - FOOD  
PURE, POWERFUL, PALATABLE,  
NATURE'S RESTORER.

**NEW STRENGTH**  
LONG AND HAPPY LIFE.  
OF COURTEANAGE,  
FRESHNESS  
ROBUSTNESS VIGOR  
ACTIVITY,  
VIM, FRESH  
GIVES  
IT

**NEW LIFE**  
IT  
BANISHES  
NERVOUSNESS  
HEADACHES,  
SLEEPLESSNESS,  
NEURALGIA,  
RHEUMATISM,  
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION.

**NEW HOPE**

**NEW VITALITY**

THE GREAT  
SPRING MEDICINE  
FOR OLD AND YOUNG! FOR MEN AND WOMEN!

# PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

In every Province of our broad Dominion, Paine's Celery Compound is now the people's remedy. It has accomplished greater wonders in the cure of Nervous diseases, than any other medicine ever brought before the public. It is recommended by the best and ablest Physicians who regularly prescribe it.

SEE THAT YOU GET ONLY PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

For sale by all Druggists in the Dominion.

**IT - CONQUERS - ALL!**

**READ AND BELIEVE!**

o o o o o

I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the great good that Paine's Celery Compound has accomplished for me. For some time past, I was troubled with Languor, Weakness, Want of Appetite, and Nausea, and was recommended by a Physician to try your valuable Compound. I have no hesitation in recommending it to others who have been afflicted as I was; indeed I still continue its use, and find I am gaining in strength daily.

GEORGE GIBBS,  
211 William Street,  
MONTREAL.

I have used Paine's Celery Compound for Biliousness and severe Headaches, as well as for run-down constitution, and am happy to say that it has been the means of restoring me to perfect health. I use it still and have great faith in its efficacy.

W. ASPINALL,  
139 Chatham Street,  
MONTREAL.

I have been using your Paine's Celery Compound for some time, and have found it just the remedy required for my case. Overwork brought on a feeling of complete prostration and weakness, with want of appetite, and a feeling of nausea. After the use of the Compound I feel as strong as ever before. I most cheerfully recommend it to any afflicted as I was.

D. BRADY,  
2596 Notre Dame Street,  
MONTREAL.

My wife was ill and troubled with loss of appetite, and was considerably reduced in health, she used with good results Paine's Celery Compound, and is now quite well.

W. H. HOPE,  
MONTREAL.