

fession heard by stealth, blessings given under the shadow of danger that might at any moment transform worshippers into martyrs. Holy week in the penal days partook more of the terrors of Friday's Calvary than the tranquil joys of Thursday's supper. How like the story of Ireland's present state—in the political domain—is the story of Holy week—in the domain of religion! The penances, fastings, alms-giving and sacrifices of Lent have been the portion of Ireland during centuries. She suffered for the sins of others; she beheld her children dying of starvation on the wayside, while the fruits of the soil were shipped to other lands by the armed soldiery of the Pale; she gave, in her poverty, the alms of science to the sons of Europe, the alms of hospitality to every stranger, the alms of Faith to the unbelieving of other lands; she fulfilled all the duties required during that long and apparently unending Lent. As yet the Easter of her freedom has not dawned; but she seems to have come to that Saturday—the day of repose, of transition, between the weary way up the mountain of national suffering, and the day-break of national regeneration. May it be a holy time for her children all over the face of God's earth; a true and worthy preparation for the great events that are circling along the sky of the future. May the crosses and thorns of yesterday be transformed into crowns and roses for to-morrow. Above all, may the sufferings of the past be the standard of measurement for the recompenses to come.

It is Holy Week; and at the thought of it a calm comes over the spirit, a breath of consolation ripples the surface of the soul, and beams of hope, interlaced with quivering rays of Faith, shoot splendors, that words cannot describe, upon the pathway before us. In the temple of the Catholic breast there is the lovely tabernacle of the heart; around it on Holy Thursday angels hover and a white veil of pure devotion covers it, when it becomes the receptacle of the Eucharistic One; over it on Good Friday is the pall of mourning cast—but within the angels still flit to and fro, for if the Saviour be dead, in that precious tomb He is deposited. That temple is peopled with a congregation of holy thoughts, with pure and noble features; the great preacher, conscience, occupies the pulpit; and through the stained windows that let in a heavenly light, come the floods of grace that illumine its sanctuary. Prepare that tabernacle for its guest: let this be for all, and in every sense, a Holy Week!

### IRELAND'S FUTURE.

Let us take a hurried glance down the vista of the future! To judge of a people's mission the only safe standard whereby to go is the story of the nation's past. The history of Ireland has been so well and so fully written that we need not recall those long years of struggle and suffering. But when we contemplate the providential way in which the light of Faith was brought to the children of Erin, and the miraculous manner in which it was conserved throughout the centuries, we must acknowledge that the Almighty had special designs upon the Irish race and had a way marked out for that people to follow. Admitting the presence of God's hand in all the vicissitudes and misfortunes of the land, and recognizing that He has ever made the crown of triumph correspond with the crosses of affliction, even the most pessimistic must believe that a great future is in store for the sons of that ancient land.

What that future may be we are not able to forecast, but decidedly it cannot be other than brilliant.

Looking upon the world to-day we perceive mighty changes taking place in every sphere. The clouds of oppression are drifting away from the brow of nearly every civilized nation; a consolidation of interests is taking place between the many branches of the human race. The new inventions that mark every succeeding year are drawing the nation closer together, and bringing people—long estranged—more in touch with each other. The world itself seems to be growing smaller owing to the increased facilities of communication, while the spirit of "government by the people for the people" is abroad and gaining greater strength as time rolls on.

Besides, the old method of deciding national differences by an appeal to the sword is giving place to the more rational and more humane system of arbitration. No one power can long keep its hold upon the world unless it is prepared to submit to the mutations that the new state of things is bringing gradually about. Tyranny is becoming more or less a phantom of barbaric times—the very memory of its existence will soon pass into legend. In the same ratio is liberty of action and freedom of expression gaining ground. In presence of these all-important facts, and in consideration of the mighty change that has come over the governing powers in the British Empire, as well as in the other nations, we foresee an early solution of the Irish difficulty and the establishment of the Irish race in a position heretofore seemingly beyond the reach of that people. It is not so much a matter of sentiment as one of fact; it is more a giving away before an irresistible tide that is rising than a spasmodic and aimless effort on the one side or the other. The desert of Ireland's troubles is almost past; but what the form or appearance of the land of promise is to be we cannot well tell. But one thing is certain, that as long as the race is faithful to the traditions of the past, and as long as the Faith that Saint Patrick planted on the soil is nurtured and preserved, so long will the cause of national autonomy be safe. To use the graphic words of Phillips: "Deluge after deluge have desolated the provinces, and alone amidst that solitude the temple of Faith stood up, like a majestic monument in the desert of antiquity; just in its proportions, sublime in its associations, rich in the relics of its saints, cemented by the blood of its martyrs, pouring forth for ages the unbroken series of its venerable hierarchy, and only the more magnificent from the ruins by which it was surrounded." A nation upon whose soil such a temple has stood and in the breasts of whose people such a Faith has been conserved, must inevitably be reserved by the Almighty for a glorious future!

### "THE SHAMROCKS."

In that golden time when "Amernin's" pen was dipped in magic ink to trace the misty legends of the ancient days for the children of another age, when the spirit of Irish song, starting from the ruined shrines of a nation's desolate grandeur, swept over the soul of McGee, an inspiration came to the bard, and looking back through the centuries he thus recalled the glories of "The Celts":

"Long, long ago, beyond the misty space  
Of twice a thousand years,  
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race,  
Taller than Roman spears;  
Like oaks and towers they had a great grace,  
Were fleet as deers,  
With winds and waves they made their hiding place,  
These western shepherd seers."

Recalling the prowess of these Celtic ancestors of ours, the poet sings:

"Great were their deeds, their passions, and  
THEIR SPORTS;  
With clay and stone  
They piled on strath and shore those mystic  
forts,  
Not yet o'erthrown;  
On cairn-crown'd hills they held their coun-  
cil courts;  
While youths alone,  
With giant dogs explored the elk resorts,  
And brought them down."

Such were the forefathers of the Celtic race, and their spirit, strength, activity and great ambitions survive the lapse of centuries and are characteristic of their descendants even in our modern age. As the Irish soleier, on the fields of Europe and America, has ever given evidence of that heroic disposition that marked, with a special seal, the warrior-clans in the days of Ireland's glory, so the athletic superiority of the sons of the olden land has ever been the infallible index of the sterling source from which they have sprung. The Spartan won laurels on the athletic field that were as cherished as those that decked the warrior's brow; the Roman wrestled in the arena, and the same patriotic spirit animated him as when he measured swords with the Carthaginian conqueror. The bone and sinew, the promise and flower of a nation, are ever found in the youths of high purpose and great endeavor. Proud was Ireland on that day, three quarters of a century ago, when Malta, of Carrick-on-Suir, defeated the best handball players of Europe; equally encouraging was it, a few years ago, when Davin, of the Deer Park, carried off all the athletic prizes from the sturdy sons of the neighboring isles. Readily can we understand the feeling of exultation that thrilled each true Irish heart when our own "Shamrocks" returned with their splendid trophy from Chicago. While the genius of our race survives, and the brilliant talents of Erin's orators, poets, historians and litterateurs seem to live on in the men of succeeding generations, the physical strength, the manly vigor, the phenomenal skill and activity that go to constitute a powerful race, are as remarkable in the Irish youth of our day as they were conspicuous in the lives of those ancient Celts.

In this St. Patrick's Day Souvenir Number we present our readers with a plan of the magnificent new grounds and buildings secured by the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association. We add hereto an explanatory letter from the architect. It is with a degree of legitimate pride and satisfaction that we call a special attention to this novel feature in our special issue. These grounds—purchased at a great cost—these buildings, the finest of their class that Canada will possess, are the result of the untiring labors and ceaseless endeavors of a gallant band of young Irish-Canadians, who have struggled, during a quarter of a century, against almost countless obstacles to uphold the fair name of their nationality before the eyes of the world and in the grand arena of athletic sports. They felt the truth of those words of Thomas Davis: "The nation whose young men are weak and enervated, may, perhaps, make a fitful show of intellectual power, but the signs of premature decay are stamped upon its brow, the day of its doom is not far distant." Knowing and feeling how important it is to keep alive the youthful activity that bespeaks present strength and predicts generations of real and solid men to come, the young Irishmen of this city resolved to foster their powers and develop their strength by means of active participation in the national game of Canada. And looking back to-day a rapid glance at the record of their

championships will suffice to prove the prowess and success of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club.

During long years we find these worthy children of the Ancient Celts giving proof of their devotedness in their perseverance, self-sacrifice, and enthusiasm. At last The Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association was the result of thought and endeavor. Its organization was the signal for renewed exertions. No pains were spared, no stone was left unturned, until now we behold the commencement of the realization of fond and hopeful dreams. The equipment of those grounds might be truly called a triumph over countless obstacles, a victory won by perseverance and courage. The day is not distant when the Shamrock grounds will be the centre of a vast section of this rapidly expanding city; and ten years hence the Association will be in possession of one of the most valuable properties in Montreal.

Since the days when the young Irish-Canadians first banded together in the cause of athletic success great mutations have taken place, many names spring up, men who have by phenomenal efforts contributed to the success of the Association, but space will not allow us to individualize. Many a well remembered and popular player has left the field; many have sought homes in other parts of the world; not a few have been summoned away by the Angel of Death; but all of them had done their work well and gratefully, and fondly are their names recalled and their deeds related. They upheld the name of their nationality; they did their share for the glory of their young companions; they aided in building up a strong and healthy, a fearless and typical Irish race in Canada, and Irish-Canadians bless them and bless their memories. But as rapidly as one brave lad stepped out of the ranks, there was another found to take his place, and so the work went on; so does it go on to-day; so will it be in the future, until the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association will be known the world over as the living illustration of Irish vigor and Irish patriotism combined.

Therefore do we deem it just that we should pay a tribute to those young men who have given such evidence of their Celtic blood, their Celtic courage and their Celtic faith. Next to giving one's life for the country, the noblest deed of patriotism is to impart strength and courage to the nation's rising generation. By example as well as by precept to teach the children of to-morrow the noble lessons of self-reliance and perpetual activity is the mission of a true apostle of patriotism. And such has been the work of these upholders of the century-consecrated reputation of Irishmen in the field of manly sports. May success be theirs; may victory ever perch upon their banner; may prosperity attend their footsteps, is the wish that we register for them. Above all do we trust that the new grounds will realize the most sanguine expectations of the owners, and that some bard—in future years—will sing the praises of these heroic young men, even as did McGee recall the glories of the Celts.

Before our next number is issued the grand festival of Easter will be celebrated. This year it is a twofold day of importance for the children of our Faith. The feast of the Annunciation comes with Easter Sunday. The Alpha and Omega of Our Lord's earthly career, the beginning, when his coming was announced by the Angel Gabriel to His Blessed Mother, and the consummation of His work of Redemption in the glorious Resurrection from the tomb. Great, indeed, will be the Easter Sunday of 1894.