

together." Is it not fitting then that we should honor him who has been the cause of so much good? To pay this fitting honor to our National Apostle is the reason we are assembled here to-day, this is the reason that every true Irishman displays his bit of green so proudly; this is the reason that this hall is to-day resounding with the praises of St. Patrick; this is the reason that we have heard these good old soul stirring airs, the same which enraptured our forefathers and led them on to glorious deeds. "We love Ireland's music, sweet and sad, and low and lonely; it comes with a pathos, a melancholy, a melody, on the pulses of the heart, that no other music breathes, and while it grieves, it soothes." It is a music that will ever appeal to the sympathies of every truly patriotic man. The heart of every Irishman, on this day, throbs with joy and sorrow as he recalls to memory "the fields that are ever green; the hills that bloom to the summit; the streamlets that in sweetness seem to sing her legends; the valleys where the fairies play; the voices among her glens, that sound from her winds as with the spirits of her bards; the shadows of her ruins at moonlight, that in pale and melancholy splendor appear like the ghosts of her ancient heroes." These are the thoughts that once more unite Irishmen in spirit and draw them together to-day. Indeed this day is a second Christmas for the Celt, for as Christ redeemed the world, so St. Patrick redeemed Ireland.

As we are here assembled, so the world over Irishmen or their descendants are congregated to celebrate this day. All of Ireland's wrongs will be rehearsed, all her battles fought over and over again, all her glories will be sung. For centuries this has annually occurred, and it has served to enkindle in the bosoms of the sons of Irishmen a feeling of pride in their descent, that makes them ever revere and love that little green isle, "the gem of the sea." In this manner is Ireland's history handed down from father to son and insured a faithful keeping. Let us hope that the future history of Erin will be not less glorious than her past, that the time is not far distant when her hills will re-echo with the glad song of freedom, and that ere many more St. Patrick's Days

have passed we shall see Ireland take her merited position—first among nations,—that her sons may be more closely united in their own their native land, so that instead of saying

"One in name and in fame  
Are the sea-divided Gael,"

we may be able to exclaim—

"One in name and in fame  
Are the sea-surrounded Gael."

### IRELAND'S SAINTS AND SOLDIERS.

*Response by John Ryan, '97.*

*Mr Chairman, Rev. Fathers and Fellow-Students:—*

From her earliest history, with the exception of the three centuries that followed St. Patrick's death, we find Ireland's sky darkened by a succession of threatening clouds. And while an old proverb says: "'Tis the darkest hour before the dawn," it would seem, in the case of suffering Ireland, that each dawn ushered in a darker and still more clouded firmament. Yet ages ago one cloud was lifted from Ireland's sky and never again returned to mar the beauty of an Irish day dawn; it was the dark cloud of paganism, swept away by the rays of Christian sunshine and leaving the Irish nation illumined with the light of Catholic Faith.

Arriving in Ireland as its apostle, Patrick immediately engaged in a crusade against the idols of paganism, and so well did he conduct his holy campaign that we soon find pagan temples changed into Catholic sanctuaries and the ceremonies of Druidism giving way to the Sacrifice of the Mass. Patrick's career, as he travelled from end to end of the island, resembled more the triumphant progress of a beloved monarch than the tedious journey of a poor missionary. He found Ireland universally pagan; he left it universally Christian, the future birthplace of Europe's most glorious martyrs, the second home of Christianity, the island of saints.

At the time of Patrick's death churches and convents filled the land; 700 religious houses were founded, where the brave sons and pure daughters of Erin con-