

been the same—ultimate fusion and a united nation. Unhappily, owing to the distraction of the English power and to local obstacles, the conquest remained incomplete, and the result was the permanent and disastrous division of Ireland between what remained of Celtic tribalism and the Pale.

War between the tribes and the feudal Pale went on incessantly. It was pretty much a battle between a dog and a fish, the man-at-arms failing to penetrate the woods and bogs which were the stronghold of the tribesman, the tribesman being unable to stand against the man-at-arms in the field. The scene was varied for a time by the Scotch invasion under Edward Bruce, who during his run of success made general havoc, and apparently led some of the feudal lords of the Pale in the chaos to change their character and become lords of tribal combinations. At the close of the Middle Ages the Pale was reduced to a small circle round Dublin, and evidently was in a state of great internal disorder. Its condition being wretched, it was no doubt largely filled with riff-raff. Civilization and law of course made no way. The Lancastrian Government of England was at enmity with the Pale, which was Yorkist, and caused to be passed Poyning's Act, by which it was enacted that all existing English laws should be in force in Ireland, and that no Parliament should be held in Ireland without the sanction of the King in Council, who should also be empowered to disallow statutes passed by the Irish Houses. This, of which Irishmen speak as a felonious extinction of the independence of the Irish nation, was apparently in fact a suppression of the lawlessness of the Pale. The policy of the early Tudors appears to have been the delegation of the government of Ireland to an Anglo-Irish chief; but it was soon found that the chief governed for himself.

The conquest was weak and protracted, consequently cruel. England had always France or Scotland on her hands. Then came the Civil War between York and Lancaster, when Ireland fell for a time into the hands of York and was thus brought into conflict with Lancaster, victorious under Henry the Seventh. To charge England at the present day with the consequences of these remote events, or with any part of Ireland's historical inheritance of misfortune, is no more rational than it would be to charge her with the mischief wrought by a catastrophe of Nature. Had Edward the First been free to complete the annexation of Ireland and her union with England, as it seems he designed, all these dark pages might have been torn from the book of Fate.

Professor Richey, a recognized authority, says:

"From the date of the attempt to reduce the Irish, in the reign of Richard the Second, to 1535, the condition of the tribes had not improved, but rather retrograded. The evils of the Celtic system were aggravated, its counterbalancing advantages were obsolete and forgotten. The several tribes were devoid of any central authority or bond of union. The idea of nationality had disappeared; although the English were styled strangers and invaders, the national union of the native tribes had not been attempted for two centuries."

But, can it be said that the tribal union had ever been in the full sense national? There had been a king to lead in war and there was a code of tribal customs, but otherwise probably the tie was loose. Can there be truly said now to be an Irish any more than an Anglo-Saxon nation?

It is needless to say what was the effect of religious war of the most deadly kind added to that of race by the Reformation. It appears from the narrative of Cuellar, a Spaniard cast ashore from the Armada on the Irish coast, that the common Irish were in a very low estate of civilization. Cuellar treats them as savages. It seems that they

robbed and stripped Spaniards, their fellow Catholics and allies cast ashore from the Armada.

Burghley and his colleagues had shown their statesmanship nobly by their foundation of Trinity College. But their plans of political organization were at once wrecked in the deadly war of race and of religion which raged to the end of the reign of Elizabeth; the last of the Celts being led by chiefs who were a cross between the tribal and the feudal. At the opening of the reign of James, the last of these had submitted and fled. His vast domain in the north of Ireland was confiscated and sold to English and Scotch settlers, Protestants, the Scotch vehemently so, who in effect formed a new Pale in the north of the islands, with laws, ideas, and customs not less alien than had been those of the Norman Pale to the laws and customs of the Celts; added to which was now the more deadly antagonism of religion. Infuriated by the loss of their lands under what to them was an alien law treating as private and forfeit able that which belonged to the whole tribe, as well as moved by religious antagonism, the Irish Catholics of Ulster rose upon the intruders, chased them out of the territory, and savagely massacred a number of them unquestionably large, though it may have been overstated. There ensued a long and deadly war of races and sects, carried on contemporaneously with the Civil War in England, and ended at last by Cromwell, whose treatment of the garrison of Drogheda, cruel as it was, and a deep stain upon a character generally humane, was in accordance with the custom of war in those days, and fell far below the atrocity of Papal generals such as Alva and Tilly. The transplantation of the Papal land-owners from the north of Ireland to the south was again a cruel measure, but after the Ulster massacre it would surely have been perilous to leave the dispossessed and the dispossessor, the Catholic and the Protestant, together. The government of Ireland under the Protector was unquestionably good, as the royalist Clarendon testifies, and a remarkable advance in material prosperity, in Ulster at least, was its fruit.

The policy of the worthy Ormonde, Viceroy under Charles the Second, was peace and moderation. Under him the poor island had a glimpse of happiness. But with James the reaction, political and religious, came into power. At the Revolution Ireland once more became a hapless battle-ground of civil war, political and religious, and Irish Protestantism made what was near being its last stand behind the walls of heroic Derry. There was a general persecution and maltreatment of Protestants by the Catholics ominous of something worse.

There was a sweeping proscription by a Catholic Parliament of the Protestant proprietary of the island. Then followed in turn an outpouring of the vengeance of the victor in the thrice-hateful Penal Code, which was, however, the offering not so much of English as of Protestant Irish fear and hatred. Of fear and most natural fear be it remembered, on the part of its authors, it was an offering, as well as of hatred. It was in fact largely a measure of self-defence keeping power out of most dangerous hands. What would have been the fate of the Irish Protestants if James, instead of William, had triumphed? They had been warned by the great Act of Attainder at home. But, looking across the sea, what did they behold? The Edict of Nantes perfidiously revoked; a worthy and loyal peasantry guilty of no crime but being Protestants maltreated, plundered, outraged, given up to the license of a brutal soldiery, driven from their homes and their country. With such memories, and with such peril still impending, the tyranny of

Louis the Fourteenth threatening to add itself to that of James the Second, some excuse may be made for the authors of the Penal Code. It was at all events not merely religious intolerance, but religious intolerance combined with real and most natural fear that gave it birth. As soon as that fear had passed away, practical if not legislative mitigation seems to have begun. The social breach unhappily could not be healed, nor could Irish gentlemen, natural leaders of the Catholic peasantry whom the Penal law had driven into exile, be recalled to Ireland. To continental armies, some of them hostile to England, great was the gain. There was a military Ireland, not unrelieved, in Catholic Europe. In Ireland another sharp division, another Pale, as it were, of race, religion, and class had been formed.

(to be continued.)

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. Robert Laird recently addressed the congregation of St. Andrew's and Knox Churches, Perth, on the needs of Queen's University.

In Knox Church, Fingal, last week, memorial services were conducted for the late Rev. William Mowat, the speaker being the Rev. George Gilmore.

Rev. Donald Stewart, of Morewood, Ont., who during the first week of December will be inducted in the pastorate of the Alexandria church, was in that town on Tuesday of last week. He was accompanied by Rev. Mr. Yule, of Winchester.

The following were elected officers of the Queen's Alumni Association at the recent meeting: President, Rev. James Wallace, Lindsay; vice-president, Rev. W. W. Peck, Arnprior; secretary, E. T. Wallace, Kingston; treasurer, Rev. T. E. Burke, Kingston. These gentlemen will form the committee to arrange for next years Conference.

The congregation of Knox Church, Vankleek Hill, have extended an unanimous call to Rev. C. A. Ferguson, B.A., of South Mountain, to the pastorate of the church. Mr. Ferguson is highly spoken of by all who know him, and Knox church will be quite fortunate if they can secure his services.

The Dunvegan church, which has been closed for some weeks, having been in the hands of the painters and decorators, was re-opened last Sabbath. Professor E. A. MacKenzie, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, preached morning and evening, and Rev. Allan Morrison, of Kirk Hill, delivered a Gaelic sermon in the afternoon.

The "Service of Praise" given by Calvin Church choir, Pembroke, last Friday week, in aid of the organ fund, was very pleasing to the large audience present. Few of the selections were new, but they were very well rendered, "The Lord's Prayer," chanted by the choir, and a solo by Rev. W. J. Knox being particularly enjoyable.

Ralph Connor has almost completed his biography of Dr. Robertson and expects the volume to be ready for the Christmas trade. It is, I believe, the best work Ralph Connor has done for some years. When Robertson begins to write letters, he allows them as far as possible to tell the story, himself keeping up a running comment after the method of Carlyle in his great work on Cromwell. Another feature of the work, sure to attract both reader and critic is that as soon as she comes into Robertson's life, Mrs. Robertson moves always in the background. And this is done with skill and delicacy; and is only justice to the memory of the woman, else unknown, who belongs in that long and noble catalogue immortalized by George Eliot in the closing sentences of her great novel "Middlemarch."