

The Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association.

It is with pleasure we note that the Shamrock A.A.A. is now starting on a solid and proper basis, and is moving forward to that position of permanency and stability which it is entitled to, and should hold. Though in legal existence for some years, through some lack of energy, or rather want of concentration of energies, the Association lay practically dormant until a little over twelve months ago, when the enterprise and perseverance of the more ambitious and patriotic members of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club led to the purchase of a tract of land in the Municipality of St. Louis de Mile End, in the name of the incorporated Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association. Thanks to the generosity of Montreal's citizens, and to the energetic work of the men who inaugurated and, assisted by their lady friends and sympathisers, carried out a bar and tombola successfully, the land purchased by the S.A.A.A. stands free from all indebtedness to-day—except what is due to the Association on the portion (over and above that required for playing ground, club house, &c.) which was subdivided into lots.

The Board of Directors of the Association consists of eleven members in all; five of whom are elected by the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, five by the Association proper, and the president of the former body is *ex-officio* also a director. They have recently taken control under the new constitution, and we look forward to a year marked by unprecedented advancement in the right direction.

In our opinion, for an organization so long in existence as the Shamrock Lacrosse Club (which is virtually identical with the S. A. A. A.) there is little or nothing to show. True, their record on the field, their fame as lacrossists, and their almost continuous run of victories, are so many bright marks which would illumine the history of any society or association—even if defunct. But what we would impress upon the members and friends of the S. A. A. A., is the necessity of co-operating with the directors in their effort to build up something permanent, to erect something lasting that we will see and utilize in our day and leave behind to our children as a proof that the long career of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club was not only prolific in glory, but productive of social advancement to the club as a body.

The members of the Montreal A. A. A. did not awake after years of slumbers and find themselves the happy possessors of a magnificent ground in Cote St. Antoine and a well equipped gymnasium and club house on Mansfield Street. These things were built by sheer, persistent hard work—nothing more or less. They started on a small scale and have reached a position of pre-eminence amongst athletic associations. Procrastination accomplished nothing; action did it all.

We have not the slightest doubt but that the rise of the S. A. A. A. will be more swift and equally as sure as that of its sister association, for the S. A. A. A. is starting out on a stronger financial basis than did the M. A. A. A.; all that is required is executive ability and determination.

That the young Irishmen of Montreal cannot be excelled in ability we positively assert, that they cannot concentrate their abilities in advancing a laudable object we have yet to learn.

The Shamrock barque has raised anchor and is bound for Port Stability. Let every assistance be given to the men at the helm; they have been chosen to guide the barque on its voyage, we are

confident they will prove good pilots. Let us all be a willing and enthusiastic crew.

A SPLENDID CELEBRATION. PRIESTS OF THE CLASS OF 1877 MEET.

Presentation of a Bronze Bust of Mr. Olier, Founder of the Sulpicians to the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

On Wednesday last, the 26th April, took place at the Grand Seminary, Sherbrooke St., a ceremony which we believe to be so far unique in the history of that venerable institution. The members of the class who were ordained to the holy priesthood in 1877, assembled on that day from various and remote parts of the great Republic and of Canada to offer to their *Alma Mater*, and to the Sulpician Fathers, their former professors, an expression of their esteem and gratitude, and to leave their younger brethren who are being formed to the great work of seeking souls, a token that will daily remind them, and by more ways than one, of the sublime calling that awaits them, and of the means necessary to fit themselves for it. This testimonial took the shape of a magnificent bronze bust of the saintly Olier, founder of the Sulpician Order, and the originator of seminaries for the education of the clergy in France. This bust is mounted upon an artistic pedestal of precious marble, and bears upon three of its faces Latin inscriptions setting forth the date, purpose, and other circumstances of the gift, the names of the donors, and members of the class, as well as those of the faculty who then filled the various chairs. It is placed beneath the arch, at the grand chapel extremity of the great corridor, so that the students defile past it every time they visit the chapel and are thus reminded both of the saintly founder it represents, of the noble example and whole-souled sentiments of older brothers who return after fifteen years of faithful labour and of contact with the world to proudly proclaim their inviolable attachment to the principles of Father Olier, and their deep conviction that only fidelity to them makes the true priest. It was certainly a most touching as well as edifying spectacle to see these devoted men gather from the four points of the compass, leave busy parishes where their presence is daily necessary, and undertake, some of them at least, long journeys to give this spontaneous mark of grateful affection to the home where they received their priestly education. The Reverend Fathers must have been encouraged in their arduous work by seeing their efforts so nobly appreciated, their lessons so faithfully practised, and assuredly the large number of theologians and philosophers who now fill the house, will not soon forget the touching scene where they beheld former students and professors united in affection and mutual esteem as members of the same family.

The day's programme began, as was most thoughtful and proper, by a solemn mass of Requiem for the departed members of the class, already nine in number. His Grace, the Archbishop of Montreal, Mgr. Edward Charles Fabre, assisted at the throne in cope and mitre. The following were the officers of the Mass: Celebrant, Rev. James Coyle; deacon, Rev. Bernard Marron; sub-deacon, Rev. D. J. Wholey; master of ceremonies, Rev. J. B. Brasseur; assistant master of ceremonies, Rev. J. P. Yuite; assistant priest at throne, Rev. J. Lee; chaplain, Rev. Michael McKeon and Rev. Wm. Pyne.

His Lordship, Bishop Gravel of Nicolet, graced the ceremony with his presence. Quite a number of the city clergy were also present, amongst whom were noticed Fathers Deguire and Troie of St. James's, Father Quinlivan of St. Patrick's and others.

Shortly after Mass took place, in the grand corridor, and in presence of the assembled professors and students, the presentation of the monument. His Grace, Archbishop Fabre and Bishop Gravel were both present. The address of presentation was delivered by Rev. J. H. Mitchell, and profoundly impressed everyone who heard it. One could see that the speaker's heart was on his lips, and that the fullest conviction dictated each of the well chosen words which he uttered. The following is his address:

Very Rev. and Beloved Members of the Faculty:
Fifteen years ago you sent us forth from this our Alma Mater with the sacred injunction, "Sit doctrina vestra spiritualis medicina

populo dei; sit ordo vite vestrae delectamentum Ecclesiae Christi; sit predicatio atque exemplum adflicti domini, in est, familiarum Dei." (Manuale ordinandorum, p. 43.)

Going forth we have lived for hence, and at times in difficult priestly trials have wept for the sweet peace of seminary life; meanwhile, however, casting in the Master's vineyard the seeds with which you had stored us. "Fantes habit et debant militantes semina sua."

In the midst of those difficulties and disappointments we often recalled that those who "sow in tears may reap in joy." ("Qui seminavit in lacrymis in exultatione metent," ps. 125.) and have been cheered to look upward and onward even to this happy day of our reunion. And now through God's goodness it has arrived, and we come with rejoicing to give some account of our stewardship, presenting for your inspection our sheaves, each as they are. "Venturales cum exultatione, portantes manipulos," ps. 125.

With filial regard of grateful sons, we would fain have those sheaves worthy of our illustrious parent. But whether they will earn for us the "Euge, serve bone," or only the compassionate recognition of an indulgent mother, we nevertheless present them, confident of receiving words of at least encouragement and cheer, if results deserve not commendation.

Of the forty-one whom you sent forth, nine have already fallen in the furrows of God's field, and now rest, we hope, in his bosom. The remaining thirty-two are all actually engaged in the work of their sacred ministry. Of that number, rest assured, Rev. Fathers, every heart is to-day in Alma Mater. And may we not also believe that the souls of those classmates who have finished their priestly toil are to-day communing with us on this spot, which of all on earth is to them, as it is to us, the most hallowed and most beloved.

Such is the response of the class of '77 to the roll call of its reverend preceptors. Considering the weakness that rendered us so vulnerable, and the dangers that so often beset and so frequently destroy, we are gratified to be able to so respond.

To your prayers, which were the complement of your sustained interest in our perseverance, we attribute much of this; for such would not be the case, "Nisi quia Dominus erat in nobis," p. 123.

Had you no stronger claim on our gratitude than that to which your paternal and pious solicitude since our departure hence entitles you, we would consider our journey here from many distant dioceses to testify to our gratitude but a very inadequate expression. So that when we reflect, as to-day we so profoundly do, on all that we owe to you as priests, we are overwhelmed with a sense of obligation, and would beg leave to have you accept our silence as its best expression.

"For hearts when full like hearts when broken,
Vell their thoughts and stut their words."

But knowing that even the imperfect utterances of the child are pleasing to the parent, who sees in them only an effort to express devotion, so may we venture to assure you of our sincerest gratitude and admiration in words that annoy because of their inadequacy.

Nor would we ask you to accept this expression of gratitude and admiration as the inconsiderate utterance of youthful and enthusiastic sons. Fifteen years of priestly labors fifteen years of intercourse with priests and people, are well calculated to correct misapprehensions and strengthen convictions. So that when we say, as we do deliberately, that the diocese and country is especially blessed, whose priests are trained by the Sulpician Fathers, we give utterance to convictions that are the result of long and invaluable experience.

God grant that we may ever appreciate the blessing and privilege of being trained by such men. Like your venerated founder, who in his own life illustrated the powerful influence for good which the pious priest can exert, you move to excellence by your example even more than by your words. Therein is the secret of that salutary influence exercised by the saintly Olier, and by you, his devoted sons.

It is for this striking characteristic of your lives that we desire to give a fitting testimony of our homage. And as we recognize in your venerable founder the type of that truly priestly life which you exemplify, and which has so profoundly influenced the members of the class of '77, who have assembled here to honor you and your venerated model, we have resolved to put in lasting bronze this tangible proof of our veneration, our esteem and gratitude.

Accept then, for our Alma Mater, this monument which we present as an evidence of our filial gratitude and priestly esteem. May it be an inspiration to all aspirants to the sacred ministry who may abide within these walls, and remind them ever of the typical priest under whose auspices their work of preparation is being conducted. Thus may we hope for a succession of brothers, in whose priestly lives we may all find encouragement. For priests who will meet the requirements of an exacting world, and be able to reflect on Holy Church, and on our own Alma Mater, the glory of years well spent in the service of God and of humanity. And here, if presuming on the immaturity of elder brothers, we may venture to address those who now enjoy relationships similar to those we once enjoyed—we would say—in the name of all the sacred endowments that hung around seminary days, we exhort you to be loyal to the inspirations which are experienced only while here. If ever there were a time when the typical priest was in demand, such is the present. As the prophets of Israel sighed for the clouds to rain down the Just One, so in a somewhat like sense is the world to-day longing for those men of prayer, men of virtue, men of learning, men of action,—in a word, ideal priests who are needed to lead on the nations against vicious and unbelieving hordes.

If your purpose be not thus high and holy we who are already engaged in the battle protest against your advancement, because your presence will only weaken our ranks. But if your conception of the sacerdotal life be such as the life of Father Olier would breathe, then will we look with eagerness to your coming into our midst where your zeal and learning will help and cheer.

As brothers we now invite you to join with us in pledging renewed fidelity to our sacred calling and to our benign mother; and in doing so we know of no better time and place to select than here and now while we stand around this tribute of filial regard erected to the undying honour of that venerable priest whose great Bossuet eulogized as "Virum prestantissimum et odore sanctissimum florentem."

As the Superior of the Seminary, Rev. Father Colin, was confined to his room through a severe attack of rheumatism, the reply was given in his name by Rev.

Father Lecocq, Director of the Grand Seminary. He expressed his regret at the Superior's inability to be present, and said he was delegated by the latter to say how much pleasure it would have afforded him to be amongst them to-day. But he was with them in spirit, if not in body, and fully appreciated and thanked them for the beautiful gift they were offering to-day. Father Lecocq, continuing, observed that this action on the part of the class of 1877 was entirely spontaneous on their part, that it was not the outcome of any suggestion on the part of the Sulpicians. Some months ago a humble request was addressed to the Superior, soliciting permission to offer a monument of Father Olier to the Grand Seminary. In general, people solicit favors for themselves; it is seldom that generosity rises to the height of asking leave to confer a benefit on others. For a moment there was some hesitation on the part of the Seminary authorities. The only ground of this hesitation was the remembrance of the Scriptural injunction: "Nec enim debent filii parentibus thesaurizare, suo parentes illis." This hesitation, however, could not long subsist in presence of the nobleness of sentiment, which conceived such a project and the delicacy of feeling which asked leave to execute it. The authorities of the Seminary felt that they were sharing, if only in a small degree, the honor and credit which these men were reflecting on themselves by their noble act. Shakespeare had said that men's good actions were generally written in water and the bad ones cast in bronze. But here at least the adage was reversed; they had expressed in beautiful and lasting bronze an act which would be, and deserved long to be, remembered. All this they had done very quietly and unpretentiously, just as good men ever perform their actions, for good is never noisy, just as noise never does good. It was not a bust even of the Angelic Doctor they had selected as a fit expression of what they desired this day to proclaim; no, but a figure of the venerated Olier, whom some present might live to see proclaimed venerable by the Holy See, since his cause was soon to be examined by Rome. Even in the full blaze of this nineteenth century, after having passed fifteen long years face to face with the world and its maxims, they were proud to come here to-day and boldly affirm that if they had accomplished any good, if they had escaped the contagion of a corrupting world, they owed it to fidelity to the principles and teaching of this wonderful man whom God had raised up for the sanctification of the secular clergy. Yes, in spite of all to the contrary, it was the spirit of Father Olier that made the true priest, the one who was really a Saviour of souls and a model for the people. It was consulting to the faculty to hear these principles so emphatically affirmed by men who knew from experience the truth of what they said. In conclusion, he thanked them once more in the name of the Superior, and of his conferes, for their beautiful gift, for the noble sentiments they had so well expressed, and for the bright example they had set for the seminarians.

A grand banquet was prepared by the untiring Father Bray; needless to say that due honor was done to it, and old friends, many of whom had not met for fifteen years, conversed agreeably for the better part of an hour.

Towards the close of the dinner the windows of the refectory were thrown open and the band of the College played some beautiful airs. The music was continued during the recreation which followed dinner, amongst other pieces "Hail Columbia, Happy Land" was rendered in compliment to the American visitors.

But the programme was not yet exhausted. At half past one the Seminary bell called all together to assist at the ceremony of presenting a magnificent gold pectoral cross and chain to the beloved prelate, Monseigneur Fabre, who has ordained the class of 1877.

A special choir of picked voices, under the able direction of Father Driscoll, professor of Dogma and Hebrew, sang, in a manner that all admired, "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," as the Archbishop and Bishop Gravel took their places on the platform that had been prepared for them.

The presentation was made by Rev. James Coyle, pastor of St. Joseph's, Newport, R.I., in the following happy address:

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP.—In coming back to the old home, even for a brief space, we of the class of '77 have not forgotten, could not