



Catholic Register

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Hibernians at Massey Hall—Spirited Oration by Matthew Cummings—Beautiful Musical Programme.

Patriotism, oratory and music were the elements that inspired the fine audience of three thousand or more of the men and women of Ireland and their descendants, who gathered in Massey Hall on St. Patrick's night to celebrate the Feast of Erin's Patron Saint and to give greeting to Matthew Cummings of Boston, National President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America. A chorus of four hundred children, the boys and girls of the schools of Toronto, were the animated and solid phalanx that faced the audience from the platform, and above them clustered the green flags and the motto that never fails to awaken a responsive chord in the Irish heart, "God Save Ireland." Meeting this were long lengths of green and white which crossed at the centre of the ceiling above the stage, and wound themselves about the galleries. Immense palms outlined the platform and together with the scroll "Caed Mille Failte," gave just the appropriate finish to the decorations of the night. The chorus "Hibernia's Champion," by the children, opened the entertainment. This and their later selections were sung with fine precision and spirit, winning their unstinted applause and reflecting great credit on the Director, Mr. Stuart. The second number, "Come Back to Erin," excellently rendered by Mrs. Mabel Manly Pickard, won the singer an enthusiastic recall. Ruthven McDonald sang "For Freedom and Ireland" with the well-known great voice and consummate ease that places him amongst the first in his profession, and with the enthusiasm of the true Celt. Miss Charlebois made her first appearance in Massey Hall in the solo "The Lass from the County Mayo," and her beautiful voice was heard to still better advantage in the "Marseillaise," sung in the original, as an encore. An immense sheaf of roses rewarded the young singer. Mr. Geo. Dickson gave "In Sweet Kilarny," and was enthusiastically recalled. "The Wearing of the Green," sung in a sweet and musical voice by Miss Middleton, was recognized by the bestowal of a large bouquet of carnations and a recall. The last soloist was Bert Harvey, who won his usual unstinted praise by his sympathetic rendering of Robert Emmett and other selections. All these singers appeared in the second part of the programme, a distinctive feature of which was the fine exhibition of Irish dancing given by Mr. Thomas Corrigan, who was twice recalled before the enthusiastic spectators were satisfied. Miss Angela Tone Breen made an acceptable accompanist.

The speaker of the evening was introduced by the chairman, Mr. Vincent W. McCarthy, to whose energy much of the success was due, and who in his address, proved himself a brilliant and ready speaker. He referred to Mr. Cummings as the originator of the movement against the caricature of the Irish people and as the one instrumental in introducing Irish history into the schools of Boston. Mr. Cummings, who was welcomed by the applause of the audience and by a song composed in his honor and sung by the children, thanked all for the reception given him. He referred to the fact that on that night gatherings of Gaels would be held everywhere throughout the world. Mr. Cummings then launched into his subject. It was a mistake, he said, to suppose that Pagan Ireland was uncivilized. Ireland had a Legislative Assembly 1,400 years before the Christian era. She was civilized 2,000 years before England, and before the latter had any code of laws she had her courts of justice and her courts of appeal. So far was Ireland advanced that those who made her laws had to make a preparation of twenty years before they might act as judges, and the bard who handed down her history in verse had to serve an apprenticeship of a decade of years. The Druids were the Pagan priests whose learning caused them to be regarded as magicians.

Coming to St. Patrick, Mr. Cummings sketched his history and noted that though the Apostle spoke four languages, it was in the Gaelic tongue that he preached to the Irish people the doctrine of Christ Crucified. The Ancient Order of Hibernians entered into the history of Ireland to protect her priests in time of persecution and it should go hand in hand throughout the world and for all time side by side with the Catholic Church. Referring to the victims of the famine who died at Grosse Isle, Mr. Cummings declared his intention of asking a monument for their grave in the near future. He also paid a tribute to our good Canadian Government and was glad to see that Canadians were proud of it. As parting thought the speaker declared that Ireland in the matters of lunacy, pauperism, taxes and depopulation was worse to-day than at any period of its history and believed that the remedy lay in nothing less than an entirely free Ireland.

Mr. Cummings is a speaker who warms with his subject and who has evidently given the social and political situation in Ireland a considerable amount of thought. His remarks were punctuated with applause, and many points in his discourse were enthusiastically received.

BANQUET TO MR. CUMMINGS.

At the close of the entertainment at Massey Hall Mr. Cummings was banqueted at the St. Charles, where covers were laid for one hundred and twenty-five guests. The table decorations were Shamrocks and the menu was in keeping with the excellent reputation of the house in the matter of catering. Mr. A. T. Heron presided, and at his right was the guest of the evening, Mr. Cummings. The toasts honored

Irish Night With the C. Y. L. I. A.

To commemorate the Feast of St. Patrick, the annual Irish night of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association was held at the home of Mrs. W. K. Murphy of Dunn avenue, Parkdale, the kind hostess taking upon herself as she has done for some years past, the entertainment connected with the occasion. The large number present filled to overflowing the beautiful drawing-room, and after the usual routine of business, a fine programme in keeping with the patriotic character of the evening was presented. Each member responded to the call of her name by her quota to the programme and the result was a varied and choice collection of the gems of Irish versification, music and song. Moore, D'Arcy McGee, Boyle O'Reilly, Drummond and others, were heard from, and the practical work of the Gaelic League was seen in the Gaelic quotations of several of the members who are also attendants at the Gaelic

CROSS AND SHAMROCK

By M. E. JAMES

(Written for The Catholic Register.)

"Not to Palladius, but to Patrick did God grant the conversion of Ireland." It did seem as though St. Patrick were predestined to be the spreader of the Faith in that dear Land of the Shamrock, for though good Palladius had some success in the christianization of that uncivilized race of Irishmen (or Scots, as they were then called), it was not until after his expulsion from Ireland that the real work of propagation of the Faith began, and indeed the fierce, warlike tribe which had so ruthlessly expelled a missionary of the zeal and diligence of Palladius, did not prevent a very inviting field for religious labor to any other missionary. However, the Apostle of Ireland was a man of no ordinary goodness and ability, as we will see in glancing

through any version of the Life of St. Patrick. Schooled as he had been in adversity and hardship, it was not surprising that he made so much progress among such an obdurate race as were these Scots; although it is a strange co-incidence that Ireland, even in its early stages of paganism and idolatry, was known as the "Sacred Isle," and while its inhabitants were extremely crude and warlike, still they were never bloodthirsty, even in their sacrifices. Perhaps it was owing to this in part that St. Patrick was spared martyrdom and was able to continue so long in the field of his labor. Even in its very paganism Ireland was different from most countries with its fairies and spirits and scores of fanciful superstitions, traces of which to this day we see in Ireland and in the Irish people more than in any other nation. Even our present day superstitions such as our Hallowe'en frolics (this being their Feast of Baal) savor of ancient customs of Ireland. They worshipped the elements, though not in as great

degrees as the Romans and where woodlands or anything in the shape of Nature, leaving all the persecuting and bloodshed to those succeeding them in power. Nature was their God and to it in its every form they gave the honor and homage which should have been accorded to its Author. They always seemed to have an idea of the supernatural existence of a God, but worshipped His handiwork rather than the Deity itself. It was probably owing to this, however, that they embraced the Faith of the true God and kept so steadfastly to it.

Our Saint was a Frenchman and Ireland was only the land of his adoption. There can be no denying this, if we read his "Confessions" written a short time before his death, in which he tells us that his father (probably after death of his wife) was a priest of the town of Bonavent Taberniae and his mother is said to be related to St. Martin of Tours. He also tells us that it was at Bononia or, as it is now called, Enon, that he was first taken captive and brought by his captors to the Northern shores of Ireland. Here for some time he acted as herdsman, and in the lonely occupation of shepherd he had ample time to meditate on the holy religion which had been instilled into him in early childhood in his sunny home in France. From the beauty of its surroundings, the lofty mountain, green sward and leafy forest he seemed to gain a deeper appreciation of the wonderfulness of Almighty God and His power to protect him in his lonely captivity. It was no wonder then that by prayer and constant reflection, thereby coming in close contact with holy things, that St. Patrick often had strange visions and in fact the whole course of his life was directed by these divine communications. It was through the instrumentality of one of these he returned to his native land, there to fit himself for his future vocation of

THE POET OF THE GAEL

By WILLIAM J. CULLEN.

(Written for The Catholic Register.)

For centuries preceding the nineteenth the Irish had other and graver cares than even the fostering of their literature. With few exceptions the members of the Catholic Faith were too poor and too oppressed to trouble much with books, and those who did were generally obliged to go to continental schools for an education. As a result of this galling condition the literary field became fallow, the springs choked and the paths leading to them overgrown.

At last, in 1829, the shackles were removed by the Emancipation Act; an Irishman of the proscribed creed was permitted to hold land and office and might attend college at home without being adjudged a felon.

But Irish literature suffered rather than gained by this change. Far

that blew from English coasts. Consciously or unconsciously, leaders of public opinion in Ireland were being molded after the English fashion.

So closely did they resemble the Briton in dress and speech and manner that when they professed their nationality to a stranger he scarcely knew whether to believe them or not. To combat these conditions an enthusiastic band of Irishmen, determining on making their country's present and future a rational continuation of her glorious past, organized the Gaelic League and turned from the rank of luxuriance of English pastures to the healthier herbage of Irish fields.

Through their own language they sought by his and rath the lost paths that led to the enchanted springs whereof when they drank they might preserve the old and establish the new. Led by Douglas Hyde they turned forever from the materialism of the Saxon to the spiritualism of the Gael. The poet and standard-bearer of this little host that has worked so well for Ireland and recovered much that seemed irrevocably lost is William Butler Yeats, the Poet of the Gael. The influences of parentage and early environment were well adapted to fit him for his life work. The son of a successful Irish artist, he was born about forty years ago in Dublin, but belonging to an old Sligo family like his friends Douglas Hyde and the late Lionel Johnson, he spent much of his youth at the home of his grandparents in their native county. This had much to do in nurturing his inherent love of beauty and in the making of the future poet. The panorama of sky and sea and land that he looked out upon in Sligo is unsurpassed in scenic loveliness. He tells us himself that "the scenery is most wild and beautiful and the sky ever loaded and fantastic with flying clouds." Strewed over hill and plain are architectural monuments ranging from the round tower of doubtful purpose to the battered castle and ruined abbey of no uncertain story. There are, too, cromlechs, pagan and Christian battlefields and haunted raths.

The town, a thriving little seaport of about eleven thousand, is situated like a bead near the mouth of a silvery thread of river that steals down from Lough Gill to the Atlantic. A few miles to the north, running parallel to the shore and sheltering the valley of Drumcliff and the mainland of Rosse, near which the poet lived, towers Ben Bueben, "the mountain in whose side the great white door swings open at nightfall to loose the fairy riders on the world."

Across the bay to the south, like a mighty sentinel, and on its heath-clad summit the huge cairn that marks the last resting-place of Queen Maeve, the prototype of Shakespeare's Mab.

This picturesque region of myth and story is much nearer heaven than many places outside of Ireland, for in soft accents the peasants greet one another with blessings; their hearths are hospitable and their passions well controlled. A deeply religious and highly imaginative people, indeed, they are.

"To the wise peasant," according to Mr. Yeats, "the green hills and woods round him are full of never-fading mystery. When the aged country-woman stands at her door in the evening, and in her own words, 'looks at the mountains and thinks of the goodness of God,' He is all the nearer because the pagan powers are not far; because, from Ben Bueben at sundown rush forth the wild, unchristian riders upon the fields, while so 'thward the White Lady still wanders under the broad cloud night-cap of Knocknarea.'"

THE HOISTING OF THE SIDHE.

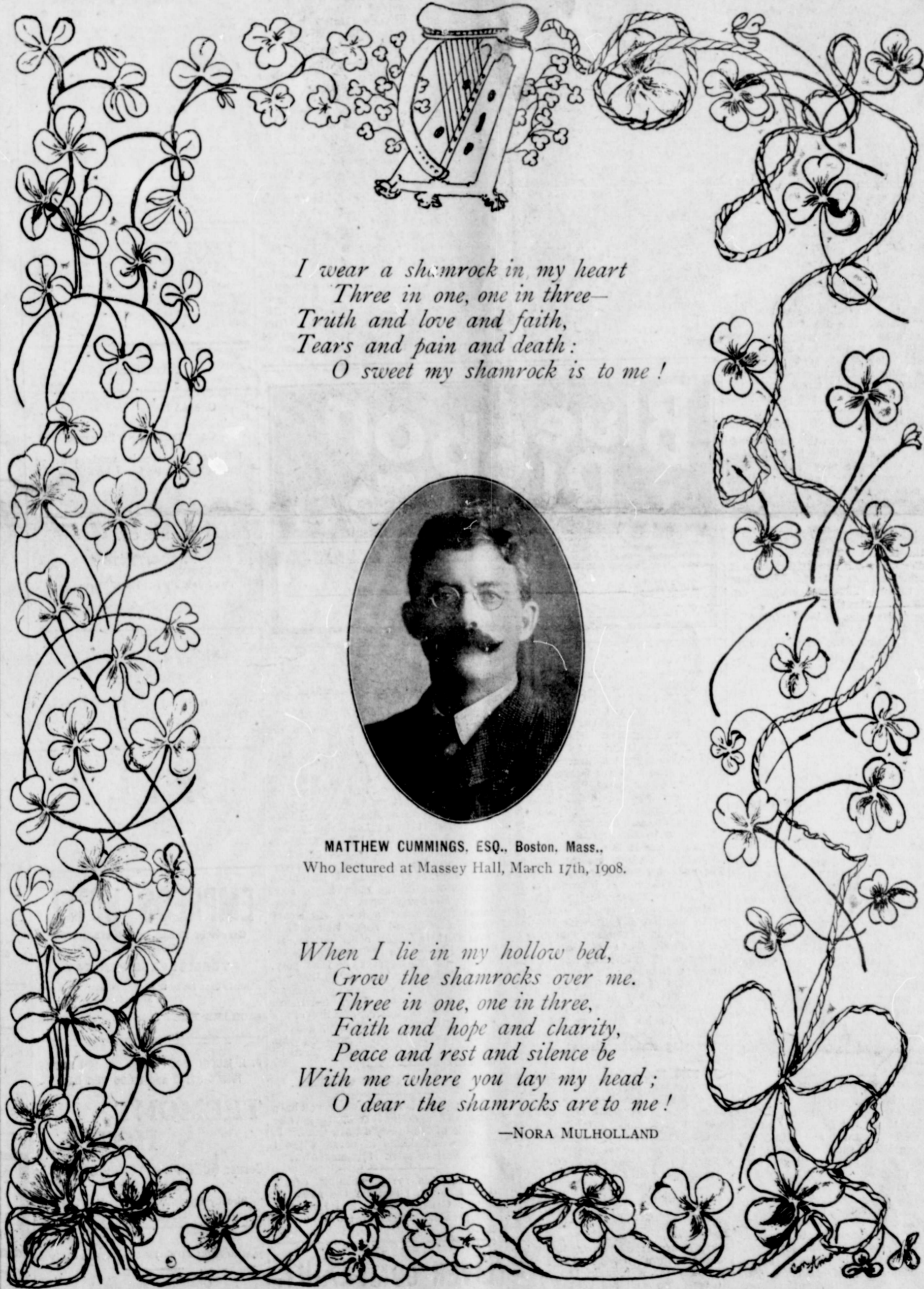
The host is riding from Knocknarea
And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare;
Carlin the tossing his burning hair,
And Niamh calling: Away, come away!
Empty your heart of its mortal dream,
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a gleam,
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart;
And if any gaze on our rushing band
We come between him and the deed of his hand—
We come between him and the hope of his heart.
The host is rushing 'twixt night and day,
And where is there hope or deed as fair?
Carlin the tossing his burning hair,
And Niamh calling: Away, come away!
A similar spirit breathes in "The Stolen Child," from which the following lines are quoted:

Where the wave of moonlight gosses
The dim gray sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosse
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances,
Mingling hands, and mingling glances,
Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap,
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles,
And is anxious in its sleep.
Come away! O human child!
To the woods and waters wild,
With a fairy hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping
Than you can understand.

Listen to the profound, strongly beautiful appeal:

INTO THE TWILIGHT.

Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn,
(Continued on page 5.)



*I wear a shamrock in my heart
Three in one, one in three—
Truth and love and faith,
Tears and pain and death:
O sweet my shamrock is to me!*



MATTHEW CUMMINGS, ESQ., Boston, Mass.,
Who lectured at Massey Hall, March 17th, 1908.

*When I lie in my hollow bed,
Grow the shamrocks over me.
Three in one, one in three,
Faith and hope and charity,
Peace and rest and silence be
With me where you lay my head;
O dear the shamrocks are to me!*

—NORA MULHOLLAND

classes of Padrig Lewis. The heaviest share of the literary programme fell to Miss M. O'Connor of Berkeley street, who read a most interesting and clever paper upon the present-day and literature and patriot, T. P. O'Connor.

At the close of the programme daily refreshments were served. The appreciation and thanks of the gathering were tendered to the hostess, Mrs. Murphy, after which the gathering withdrew to meet on Monday evening next at the home of Miss Hart, 40 Shannon street.

were The Day we Celebrate, Our Society, Our Guest, Ireland a Nation, Canada and United States, Sister Societies, Our Athletics and The Ladies. In happy speech and appropriate quotation, the toasts were responded to by Messrs. McCauley, V. McCarthy, F. Walsh, F. Slattery, L. V. McBrady, G. J. Owen, J. T. Loftus, D. Hinds, H. McCaffrey, P. W. Falvey, N. Kennedy and Arthur Stuart. The event was a pleasant close to a successful and joyous day.

lated to St. Martin of Tours. He also tells us that it was at Bononia or, as it is now called, Enon, that he was first taken captive and brought by his captors to the Northern shores of Ireland. Here for some time he acted as herdsman, and in the lonely occupation of shepherd he had ample time to meditate on the holy religion which had been instilled into him in early childhood in his sunny home in France. From the beauty of its surroundings, the lofty mountain, green sward and leafy forest he seemed to gain a deeper appreciation of the wonderfulness of Almighty God and His power to protect him in his lonely captivity. It was no wonder then that by prayer and constant reflection, thereby coming in close contact with holy things, that St. Patrick often had strange visions and in fact the whole course of his life was directed by these divine communications. It was through the instrumentality of one of these he returned to his native land, there to fit himself for his future vocation of

from receiving recognition or encouragement the study of Irish language and history found no place in the new educational system. English was taught instead, and with the powerful efforts made to impose it, the ravages of famine and emigration, Gaelic and all that it stood for seemed doomed inevitably to destruction. During this critical and cunning transition in which many failed to see a national disaster some were found trying to save a precious relic or two before all would be lost. They cried out a warning in a stronger tongue, but it was very evident that "our hearts and thoughts were of the Gaels. Some, overcome by the ruin they foresaw, swept their lyres in grief and despair or sounded the wild note of rebellion, while a few more hopeful, like Davis, inspired confidence and proclaimed surer means of preserving the national life.

As years went on and politics claimed the mind of the multitude, Gaelic still continued to lose its hold, and the old tradition and folk-lore began to vanish quickly before the sorsor

(Continued on page 8.)