

hammer of royal auctioneers, the Soggarth Aroon caught up the dying strains of the Irish Harp, so that I might well say "The harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed" then sounded only in the silent depths of the lonely forest and in the inmost recesses of the hidden cave. A barbarous code—a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression of a people and the debasement in them of human nature itself as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man—stifled the voice of the Irish people and set a wolf's price upon the head of an Irish priest. The muffled groan of this crushed nation falls like a death-knell upon the ear of outraged humanity. Then the shamrock entwined itself lovingly around the protecting stem of the white lily of France; Irish priests were educated in Sister France, returned to the Isle of Saints to offer up sacrifice in mountain defiles, to sanctify Ireland with rivers of martyrs' blood.

"And for this I was true to you

Soggarth Aroon ;

In love they'll never shake

When for ould Ireland's sake,

We a true part did take,

Soggarth Aroon.

Wherever there lives a man, whose heart can be moved, thrilled, spiritualized, whose intellect can be charmed; whose memory can be delighted by the heroic deeds of men who have consecrated courage, who have nourished patriotism, who have preserved the faith of their fellow-men with their lives—there will be found an ardent admirer of the immortal Irish Soggarth.

Fellow-students, well may we unfurl the glorious, green flag, over our College home on Patrick's day. Not an act of oppression, not a drop of innocent blood, will cry out for vengeance against that grand, old banner on the last day. On the eve of battle, in the moment of strife, the Soggarth Aroon was there, the flag in one hand and the Cross in the other, to cheer on his

flock: "Men of Ireland," was his cry, struggle onward and upward. Fight bravely. Ireland expects every man to do his duty. But, first, tune the harp emblazoned on your ensign to sing the praises of your crucified Redeemer, whose image you see before you." In the hour of victory, he exclaimed: "Be merciful in your moment of triumph. Mercy droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven. It is twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

The red flag of communism has never been entwined with the green banner. Irishmen and the Irish Soggarth Aroon would prefer that Ireland should be a nation of slaves—heavers of wood and drawers of water—than that the sacrilegious banner of infidelity should be unfurled over the "Island of Saints." In our day, the sword has been broken; then pen and political agitation have taken its place. He is in awful ignorance of the Irish heart and the Irish nature, who fondly imagines that the Irish people and the Irish priest have been divorced. Cross in hand, the Soggarth Aroon preaches a new Crusade for the political emancipation of his native land; he purifies, sanctifies, christianizes every political movement. Catholic Emancipation and Home Rule would be dead letters in the alphabet of politics were it not for the patriotic labors of the Irish priest. Show me another nation in God's wide world, that for six hundred years has suffered confiscation, robbery, exile, martyrdom until every foot of their national domain is washed with their blood, that have kept the faith, and have converted even their oppressors. Then and then only will I admit that the Irish people is not the most Catholic and the Irish priest is not the most devoted in the world. The Irish have stood, shoulder to shoulder, with their Soggarth Aroon during centuries of oppression. It is not strange, as Lord Macauley perceived when he wrote of the Irish people and the Irish priest: "You stand by the bold tribunes that well have stood by you."

The toast to "Our Guests" was