

their grey ruins of a gorgeous past, their very stones are eloquent of heroic memories to which Irish hearts fondly and proudly turn.

Among the many memorable events in Irish history, there is one pre-eminently distinguished and associated with that event there looms up a grand character whose name has become a household word and whose memory shall ever remain as green as the shamrock that grows in our cradle-land. After the lapse of nearly fifteen hundred years, the name of St. Patrick shines forth as the brightest star that illuminates the historic page, filling the soul with the light of Christian faith and ever directing the Irish people to the God he taught their fathers to love and to reverence.

The conversion of Ireland to Christianity affords ample proof that the pagan Irish had not only reached a point relatively advanced in the social scale, but that the apostle of Christ found them in a state of intellectual and moral preparation superior to that of other nations. When Christ commissioned His apostles, He commanded them to "go teach all nations." They went with their message to a world devoured with selfishness and steeped in impurity. And so ungraciously did their teaching fall upon the ear of sinful men that every nation—with one exception—that heard the gospel for the first time laid hold of its apostle and put him to death. In her conversion to Christianity, Ireland alone among the nations furnishes the grand exception to the general rule of persecution. Never was there a people of any other nation that so peacefully, so earnestly and so abundantly embraced the Christian faith. "St. Patrick's career resembles more the triumphant progress of a king than the difficult labor of a missionary." Christianity burst forth at the first ray of apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer covered the land.

From that memorable Easter Sunday morning when St. Patrick ascended the hill of Tara, Ireland everywhere welcomed him as her apostle and deliverer. "She never cost him an hour of sorrow, or a drop of blood, but gladly received the truth from his lips, made it the leading feature of her life, put it into the blood of her children and into the language of her most familiar thoughts and repaid her benefactor with her utmost veneration and love." And in those early days of the Irish Church, when ignorance brooded over the world it was in Ireland that learning found an asylum and sanctity a home. A writer of Irish history speaking of this period, says: "The arts and sciences flourish in the land, saints of both sexes pass in review before our eyes. The cowl and the veil eclipse the glory of the regal crown, and instead of the grand and festive halls of Tara, the lonely cell of the fasting penitent becomes the scene of fame." Attracted by Ireland's scholastic fame the youth of other countries flocked to her shores to borrow light from the fire of learning that burned within her consecrated cloisters, and the doors of

Armagh, Bangor, Clonmacnois, and famed Tismore were flung open to afford hospitality to the stranger student that came to learn the lessons of wisdom taught within those hallowed halls. The virgin Church of Ireland unstained by one martyr's blood became the prolific mother of saints and scholars.

The voice of history clearly and emphatically proclaims that for three hundred years Ireland held the intellectual supremacy of the Christian world. Schools, colleges and Churches crowned every hill and sanctified every valley. Exulting in the fullness and richness of her inheritance, enjoying the blessings of Catholic faith and national independence, Ireland, during the sixth, seventh and eight centuries, led the van in the grand march of an eminently Christian civilization. She saw within her bounds the Christian religion arise in all its divine majesty, shedding its benign influence far and wide, ennobling, purifying, sanctifying every department—intellectual, moral, commercial, political and full of holy joy and gratitude for the grandeur of its results. Ireland became the great school-house and university of Europe, and the light of the Christian world.

The learning and the sanctity that Ireland so eminently possessed, and that made her so singularly renowned, she poured out upon the nations shrouded in the darkness of barbaric ignorance. When the Goths had overrun Spain, when the Franks had conquered Gaul, when the Saxons had invaded Britain, when the Vandals had gained strongholds beyond the Alps, who was it that in those stormy times brought order out of chaos, Christianized and civilized these rude and ruthless conquerors, preserved the treasures of science and literature and handed them to us across the isthmus of the dark ages of barbarism? Who did all this? The Irish missionaries that under the fostering favor of the Catholic Church flooded the gloom of heathen darkness with the light of their learning and sanctity, and victoriously planted the standard of the Cross among the nations of Europe. The names of St. Columkill, St. Columbanus, St. Gaul and others of no less renown, are to this day bright traditions on the hills of Scotland, by the lakes of Switzerland, among the historic cities of Germany, on the shores of the Danube and over the classic plains of Italy and France.

In conclusion, I would say that our own beloved Canada owes much to the sons of the Emerald Isle. In perilous times, the strong arm and fertile genius of Irishmen were enlisted in the service of this country. The genius of Lord Dufferin, the great grandson of the great Sheridan, helped to tide us over a critical period. If space permitted, I could mention the names and works of other Irishmen who assisted in making our history. The names of Sir Francis Hincks and Thomas D'Arcy McGee will never be forgotten. Some other time I may pursue the subject, and now I only voice the sentiment of true Irishmen the world over in saying "Erin go Bragh."

The other day, I met J. F. Bledsoe, who has just returned from the North Coast where he was engaged in working on the Savory Island murder case for the Provincial police. Mr. Bledsoe informs me that the case, which is a mysterious one, is nearer solution than what it was two months ago. This is owing to the extreme difficulty experienced in securing reliable information from the Indians. This drawback is being overcome, however, in this and other cases by relying more and more on the assistance of intelligent and trustworthy half-breeds. After a pretty thorough investigation, it is concluded that the man Lynn, who was first accused of the double murder of Green and Taylor last October, was himself a victim, and that the list may be supplemented by the addition of Lynn's klotchman and his half-breed 8-year-old boy.

This woman was a native of the Kimoquit village, a branch of the Bella Coola tribe. Her friends, having anxiously awaited the return of the missing woman a sufficient length of time to convince them that she was no longer alive, have resolved on pursuing a course which may eventuate in a vendetta. They are now disposed to lay the blame of the killing at the door of one of the tribes in the vicinity of Alert Bay. They propose to undertake the solution of the mystery by methods peculiarly their own, or, in other words, making it a test of craft against craft.

While speaking of the matter, I would direct the attention of the Government to the fact that nine-tenths of the murders and crimes generally among the Indians can be traced directly to the indiscriminate and ever increasing sale of intoxicants among them. Confirming my belief in the truth of this assertion, I lately received information from a most reliable source that a Victoria grocer has been in the habit of shipping, under various unique disguises, regular consignments to his agents a brand of alleged liquor, the component parts of which are alcohol, Chinese gin, red pepper and chewing tobacco. The enormous profits on this vile stuff evidently outweigh any consideration of the evil results which must necessarily follow in the wake of its consumption. It is gratifying to note that the Provincial police are investigating this and other matters of like character, and to be better able to down the traffic and prevent crime, have inaugurated a patrol boat system, to facilitate the work.

The question whether or not a chaperon is a necessity of our present day civilization is receiving considerable attention both in England and Canada. A lady, who signs herself "Amber," seeks to enlighten us on the subject. She believes that "if a girl is brought up right, she needs no chaperon to protect her. Her own dainty discrimination, her own sweet sense of *savoir faire* will carry her the wide world over as the May morning carries a bird through its azure air, or as June carries a rose in its bright bosom. I do not mean to say that the pure women are not sometimes molested through no fault of their own. But such cases are rare. They form exceptions to the broad and general rule. If a woman is forced to be