

left behind them. I contemplate a people who have had a long night, but will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come and I dimly see the Ireland I am gazing on, become the road of passage between the two hemispheres and the center of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm." I might picture her enjoying a degree of commercial prosperity unequalled in her history and unsurpassed in the world, with her people the leaders in society and the bankers of the nation. I might dwell on the glories of some coming Irish republic, "great glorious and free, first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea," with a magnificent array of great battles fought and won for the precious inheritance of liberty. I might represent her to you in the vanguard of human progress, a light to the world, and making true the poet's lines:-

"And when the nations onward march
To better days to be,
The Irish flag shall float among
The banners of the free.
Its colors then shall speak of hope
Like sunshine's glittering sheen.
And all the world be better for
The wearing of the green."

I might predict the unrivalled achievements of her sons in the realms of literature, and the consequent glory brought on the land of their birth. Still further might I depict the untiring zeal of Ireland's missionaries preaching the gospel of Christ to rude, untutored nations. Then their final conversion to the faith would be the grandest, the most imposing spectacle presented in the course of human events since Christ drew all things to himself on the cross. With regard to the consummation of all these ends I can only express my ardent hopes.

But whatever ages to come may accomplish in determining Ireland's destiny, there is one point, concerning which, I sincerely pray that Ireland's

future may be an exact reproduction of her past.

Ireland's mission is truly neither political nor military nor literary; it is first, and above all, religious.

She has been a Christ among the nations of the world. She has preached the cross and worn the crown of thorns, and though her life's blood was often well nigh spent for truth's sake, yet her faith remained intact and strong. She must hope on, work on, suffer on; her palms are not yet won. She is to be a light in darkness to evangelize pagan nations, and to bring to those who live in error's endless night, a resplendent day. She is also to show that all things earthly fade and pale with time, but that the gift of divine faith is imperishable and indestructible. To this priceless dower she has clung with such constancy, that we may well say with O'Connell, that it is Ireland's greatest privilege to be the most faithful and the oldest daughter of the Catholic church.

And may it ever be truer on each succeeding St. Patrick's day, when Irishmen, young and old, have assembled the world over, to commemorate their national feast as we do now, that they may recognize in the intimate and inseparable union of their religion and their nationality the distinctive characteristics of Ireland's true destiny."

If there is one class of Irish more intimately connected with the history and welfare of the nation than another, it is the Irish priest, the faithful Soggarth Aroon. Hence the company drank with special honors the toast—

SOGGARTH AROON: Response by Rev. A. Newman, '93.

Rev. Mr. Newman's reply was beautiful in thought and style. He spoke as follows:—

"On this glorious morning, every Irishman the wide world over sprang up to greet the first rays of the rising sun, with the sweet prayer of "God save Ireland" trembling on