

# Ireland's National Festival.

See also Pages Nine and Ten.

## ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY BANQUET.

CONTINUED.

The health of the "Ladies" was proposed by Mr. Frank Lavery, B. C.L. He said:—I have often wondered, and have never been able to understand, why the toast of the ladies has always been placed towards the last of the programme. Perhaps it is because he who occupied the first toast list was some fond admirer of the sex, who placed the ladies last, on the principle that that is the proper place for the sweets to come. Perhaps he was some cynical old bachelor who gave the ladies this place on account of their proverbial propensity to always have the last word. If I had the ordering of the toast list I would follow the maxim of the gallant Frenchmen "place aux dames," and place the ladies where they deserve to be, at the head of the list.

I am fortunate in having such a subject. There is no need to dilate upon it at any length, for, sir, the ladies speak for themselves, and so evident and eminent are their merits that this toast might best be drunk in silence. Especially is this true of the ladies of Ireland. England may boast her power; France may vaunt her glorious history; Italy may chant praises of her artists; Germany and the United States exalt their wealth and enterprise; each nation may put forward its own particular title to fame and glory; and Ireland will be the first to bow the head in cordial recognition, without envy or jealousy, for has not Ireland that which is better than riches; greater than power; higher than art? Has not Ireland ever been distinguished among all nations for the bravery of her sons and the beauty and purity of her daughters? We have all heard, sir, the touching story of the Roman mother, whose friends were displaying with pride their gold and jewels. She listened in silence, and when they asked her, the noblest among them, to display that which she prized most among her treasures, she did not display her diamonds, her emeralds; she called her two young sons and said with simple pride: "These are my treasures." Ireland, gentlemen, is like this noble Roman matron. Her greatest treasures are her sons and daughters. "None but the brave deserve the fair," and the eloquent speakers who have preceded me have unanimously admitted that the sons of Erin are worthy of her daughters. And let me say here, sir, that if to-day the horizon of Ireland's hopes and aspirations is brighter than it has ever been since the death of Charles Stewart Parnell; if to-day the hearts of the Irish and our Anglo-Saxon brethren have been closer than they have been for centuries; if the emblem of our country decorates the breast of every Irish soldier in the British army, from Wolseley and Roberts, and Kitchener and French, and Clerly and Kelly-Kenny to the merest private in the Dublin Fusiliers and the Inniskilling Dragoons, and they are no longer "Hanging men and women" for the "Wearing of the Green" it is due, gentlemen, to the noble generosity of a woman, of a good and great woman whom we all respect, and at the mention of whose name we all take off our hats. The greatest pleasure in this life is to please others. Then what a glorious privilege it must be, by a single word, by a single act, to spread happiness through the hearts of a whole nation, four million strong at home, twenty million scattered throughout the confines of the globe. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but if the cares of Empire were always compensated by such pleasures, there are, I feel sure, but few of us who, however great the sacrifice, would not consent to try the experiment of wearing the crown.

Mr. M. J. Morrison, B.C.L., responded in a clever and witty speech. "The Press" was proposed by Mr. W. E. Doran, and responded to by Mr. F. J. Curran.

After a song from Mr. W. Crowe, the gathering rose to the strains of "God Save the Queen," "God Save Ireland," "Vive la Canadienne" and "Yankee Doodle."

## St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

The members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society surpassed, on Saturday last, their efforts of former years; and the crowds that witnessed the production of "The Hero of Limerick" and packed the large hall of the Monument National, both in the afternoon and evening, thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment.

Mr. Daniel J. O'Neill, the able and popular President of the Society, opened the performance by some very appropriate remarks. He tendered the sincere and heartfelt thanks of the officers and members for the hearty support of the vast assemblage which was present. After reviewing the history of the society since its organization fifteen years ago, he commented with pride upon the fact that the society numbered amongst its ranks young men possessing the ability of presenting plays of their own. This spoke volumes for the excellent system of those sons of Ven. de La Salle, the good Christian Brothers, who were the teachers and guides of their youth.

He concluded by introducing "The Hero of Limerick" and his little band of patriots; and hoped that at the conclusion of the play, all present could say from their hearts, "Well done St. Ann's young men." "The Hero of Limerick," as all know, is from the pen of Mr. James M. Moran, member of the society, and has already received, like this

former productions, extensive and favorable comment from the public press of Canada. The plot deals with the stirring times incidental to the memorable siege of Limerick and centres around Dermot O'Gorman, a young Irish patriot, who has enrolled himself under the banner of Sarsfield. Dermot's father, Major O'Gorman, has already espoused the cause of William of Orange, and tries in vain to win over his son. The inward struggle between his sense of duty and paternal affection was often very pathetic; and the latter finally conquered. Glimpses of Irish peasant life are also introduced into the action of the play together with the din of battle and the tramp of soldiery. Many of the tableaux and groups were very striking.

The stage settings, scenery and costumes were most complete, even to the smallest detail. The costumes, and especially the very elegant, and the gorgeous green uniforms and military trappings were very picturesque. Mr. T. F. Sullivan, as Dermot O'Gorman, the Irish patriot, was undoubtedly the star of the cast; and Mr. W. E. Finn was a very close second. Their dramatic ability is worthy of the professional ranks. Mr. J. P. McKeown, as Dermot's Irish friend, was also very satisfactory. They were ably supported by Mr. Ben Pitts, as Patrick Sarsfield, and Messrs. T. Walsh and C. C. Conway, as officers of the Irish army. Messrs. R. J. Byrne and J. F. Shanahan, as Micky Cassidy and Tim Brannigan, kept the whole audience in good humor throughout, and the actions of Mr. Ed. Quinn, as the French domestic Beaucaucus, caused continual laughter. Mr. Quinn is one of the stalwarts. Mr. F. J. Hogan, as Sergeant Blackley, was very good, and merited a more important part. Messrs. N. W. Power and T. McArthur, as officers of the King's Army, were very acceptable, as were also Messrs. P. Kenehan as an Irish blacksmith, D. O'C. Curran as his assistant, Geo. Gummerson as an Irish carman, Jno. Mooney, as an Irish sentinel, and Mr. F. Parker, as an army surgeon.

Incidental to the play, Mr. J. Pierson, the favorite soft-shoe dancer, gave an Irish jig; Mr. Mitchell, in a rich falsetto voice, sang "Come Back to Erin"; Mr. M. C. Mullarky, the sweet singer of St. Ann's, rendered "Sweet Inniscarra"; and Mr. W. J. Murphy gave "The Dear Little Shanrock," in a finished manner. All the music was arranged by Prof. P. J. Shea, than whom there is no more clever musician in Montreal. He also directed the orchestra. Mr. Ed. Quinn was stage manager, and Mr. C. C. Conway had charge of the properties.

The play was produced under the direction of Mr. Drew Martin, formerly of the "Theatre Francais," who acted as instructor; and he, as well as all those connected with it, have every reason to be proud of the success of this year's production of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

A very pleasant and very timely feature of the evening's performance was the presentation of a beautiful gold watch to Mr. T. F. Sullivan, the hero of the play. Father Strubbe, the Spiritual Director of the Society, with the usual warm heartedness and generosity, conceived the idea of tendering a slight recognition of his appreciation of the great success, which Mr. Sullivan has rendered to the Society, and as Mr. Sullivan is shortly to lead one of the charming young parishioners of St. Ann's to the altar, Father Strubbe took advantage of the occasion of the presentation of the play to thus honor one of his boys. There are many talented young men in St. Ann's parish, who are forging their way to the front in commercial life, but there are few indeed, amongst their number which have won a warmer corner in the hearts of good men and true, than Mr. Sullivan. We welcome the new recruit.

## Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association.

The entertainment held in Her Majesty's Theatre, on St. Patrick's night, under the auspices of the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association, was both a financial and artistic success, the theatre being crowded to the doors, hundreds having to be turned away; standing room was at a premium—in fact, the advance sale of reserved seats for this year's entertainment has been larger than any in the history of the Association, and if the theatre were twice as large, it would have been crowded just the same, if one were to judge by the number who applied for and were unable to secure tickets. The performance was the best that the dramatic section have ever given; they excelled themselves in the production of the Irish drama "Eileen O'G" (The Rose of Limerick), a most creditable and meritorious performance being given; the numerous Irish songs and dances introduced during the progress of the play were cleverly rendered. The audience was an enthusiastic one, too, and showed its appreciation of the work of the performers by loud and frequent applause.

Previous to the rise of the curtain, the President of the Association, Mr. Geo. A. Grace, delivered a capital speech, he said in part: Another year has passed since we last assembled in this theatre to keep alive our National Festival, and to do honor to the memory of the Apostle of Ireland. In my capacity as President, it is my privilege to open this evening's entertainment and tender you, on behalf of the Association, its warmest and most sincere thanks for

the kind manner in which you have patronized it at all times, in all its enterprises which have been undertaken to elevate the standard of our nationality. I assure you, our members are fully sensible of this support, and I am proud to publicly say here to-night, that while the Young Irishmen's Association be, in Montreal, an organization ever willing and ready to stand up for all that concerns our nationality in this city.

The drama that will be presented to you to-night, is thoroughly national in character, and has been prepared with care. It will aim at placing before your view, scenes from the home life of our forefathers, scenes that have been kept green and fresh in song and story, scenes that will be remembered by many, and as the spirit of a nation never dieth. I know these scenes will awaken sentiments dear to the hearts of all, sentiments that will live through generations, and which will be yet young when Ireland, in the words of Emmet, shall take her place among the nations of the earth.

One of the prime objects of our association is to endeavor to keep warm, and not only to keep warm, but to kindle a burning love for that fair land of the Shamrock, of which we, born in this country, have heard so much from our fathers and from our mothers from our very cradle. We are anxious to succeed, and we feel confident we will succeed. But while we have your approval and good wishes, we really must have your co-operation. We want you to encourage the young men whom you would like to see educated in that love of country to join our ranks.

In order that our success be great, we must have a larger number of disciples at work. No single member will reap a special reward. Our organization does not exist for any individual, but it aims at the advancement of our people as a body, in this community. By helping in this way you will not only be helping us, but at the same time you are doing a great deal of good to the common cause. A young man who joins our Association can depend upon learning a great deal if he goes earnestly into the work. Needless to say numerous instances could be given to show how past members who have been called into public life now look back with pleasure to their days of active membership when they learned so much that has been of value in later years.

Mr. Grace closed an admirable opening address, which was frequently applauded during its delivery, by introducing the dramatic section of the Association, to whom he paid a high tribute.

The play was in four acts, and the scene laid in the Parish of Ballyshea, County Limerick. It tells the story of the love of Patrick O'Donnell, a young Irish farmer for Eileen Moriarty (The Rose of Limerick). They are engaged to be married, and on Harry Loftus, nephew of O'Donnell's landlord, learning of it, being himself infatuated with her, he resolves to prevent it. Through the intrigue of McLean, Loftus's agent, a letter in Patrick's handwriting is sent to his landlord, which causes his arrest just as he and Eileen and their friends are on the way to church to be married. Patrick is exiled, and Loftus determines to win Eileen. Moriarty is in trouble over loss in speculating and falls back in his rent. Loftus taking advantage of this, causes McLean to serve a notice of distraint on Moriarty's farm; Tim the Pennan, and the bailiffs arrive to serve it, but are beaten off by the haymakers. Loftus makes believe to Eileen and her father that the process was served without his knowledge, and that he has taken steps to prevent any trouble arising over the assault on the bailiffs by acknowledging that himself and his agents were to blame by attempting to serve a notice of distraint on the goods of a tenant who owed him nothing. Eileen is deceived by this, and is grateful to him; he asks her hand in marriage in return, and she promises to do so within a certain time. Patrick's return from exile arouses the plotters, and they scheme to get him out of the way until the marriage with Eileen is consummated. They find out his hiding-place, surprise him and cast him into the mill-race. Loftus thinking Patrick dead now sees no barrier to his gaining his purpose, and the marriage with Eileen is about to take place, when the return of Patrick puts a different face on things. The soldiers arrive on the scene, and Loftus is arrested for conspiracy and attempted murder. Eileen and Patrick are at last married, and everything ends happily.

Too much praise cannot be given the ladies and gentlemen who portrayed the various parts. Mr. J. J. McLean, as "Brian O'Farrell," the jobbing haymaker, fully sustained his reputation by the excellence of his acting; his songs and dances were keenly enjoyed by the audience—while Miss Tina Kitts, as "Bridget Maguire," Brian's sweet-heart, shared the honors with him; she looked very sweet, and played her part to perfection. Mr. T. J. Grant, as "Patrick O'Donnell," the hero, gave a careful interpretation of the part; he made the most of a very difficult character—and Mrs. J. Frank Tigh, as "Eileen Moriarty," sustained that trying role in a very creditable manner; her songs were exceedingly well rendered. Mr. M. J. Power, as the gentleman villain, Harry Loftus, played the part, both in the reading of the lines and appearance, capitally. Miss Annie Rowan, as "Norah O'Donnell," was also very good, and looked and sang charmingly. The part of "McLean," the Scotch Middleman, was ably handled by Mr. J. P. O'Connor, who gave a finished performance; his make-up and acting were splendid. Messrs. J. P. Cunningham and Edward Tobin, in the characters of "Father Mahoney" and "Mr. Moriarty," respectively were very good, and carried themselves with dignity, without once overdoing. A fine piece of character work was done by Mr. C. P. Hamelin, as "John Thomas," the cockney servant, and he brought all the comedy possible out of the part. Mr. J. A. Flood, as "Tim the Pennan," portrayed

this difficult role excellently, while Mr. Robt. H. Baird, as the ruffian "McShane," gave a carefully studied conception of the part—great things may be expected of this young man in the histrionic line. A word of praise must also be given Mr. John P. Smythe for the excellent way in which he handled the part of "Sergeant Watt," and the peasant "Andy"; he was very fine, as were also the two groomsmen, and Messrs. R. J. Love and Peter Flood as "Creagh" and "Talbot," friends of Harry Loftus. Mrs. P. Clark, as "Mrs. O'Donnell," is also deserving of praise, also the bridesmaids: the Misses Ethel Jones, Agnes Mulligan, Alice Wrenn and Gertrude O'Brien, whose costumes were very pretty—the latter little lady sang her songs with perfect enunciation and sweetness. Miss Sarah Mullins, as "Nelly," looked charming and played with much grace. The peasants, especially in the haymaking scene, were good. The triple Irish jig as executed by Messrs. J. J. and J. P. McLean and J. P. Smythe, and the haymakers' reel by Brian, and peasants were much appreciated by the audience. Altogether the entertainment was a huge success in every way, and everybody seemed satisfied. During the evening the ladies were the recipients of very handsome bouquets.

## Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The seventh annual entertainment of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, under the auspices of the Hochelaga County Board, was held on St. Patrick's night, in the Windsor Hall. Although a most enjoyable programme was rendered, the attendance was not near so large as had been anticipated. This is not as it should be, as the giant Irish society of our city should have been better recognized; and even had all the members and their families alone given their patronage to the A.O.H.I., the result would have been very different.

Of course, it must be remembered that the Order had made all arrangements for the presentation of a splendid Irish drama at the Theatre Francais, and hundreds of tickets had been sold in advance. But the disastrous fire, which destroyed the theatre, some few weeks ago, destroyed all the bright hopes of the gallant Hibernians.

Mr. Wm. Hawley acted as Chairman, and opened the evening with a few appropriate remarks. He expressed regret at the small attendance; but supposed that it was due to the change in the form and place of the evening's entertainment, necessitated by the burning of the Theatre Francais, which had been engaged for this occasion. He briefly reviewed the objects of the Association, whose motto was "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity," and referred to the tribute that had been paid to the wearing of the green by the Sovereign and people of the whole British Empire. He concluded by expressing the hope that this better feeling would lead to the self-government of Ireland.

Mr. John Lavelle, President of the Montreal Gaelic Society, was then introduced. He spoke in Irish, and extended a "Cead Mille Failte" to all present. He also invited those desirous of learning the Irish language, to attend the weekly classes, which are held gratuitously in Hibernia Hall, Notre Dame street. The next feature of the programme was most interesting, and was a complete entertainment in itself. It consisted in an illustrated lecture, or a series of stereoscopic views of Ireland, by Miss Martha Craig, of Belfast, Ireland. Her comments upon the various scenes, as they were thrown upon the canvas, were very entertaining and instructive; and the views were particularly fine. They composed scenes in all of the four provinces of Ireland; and included many ruins of Pagan and early Christian times.

At the conclusion of Miss Craig's lecture, Miss Louisa Morrison, gave in her beautiful soprano voice, "The Dear Little Shanrock"; Mr. J. J. Rowan, the well-known soloist of St. Patrick's choir, rendered "Kathleen Mavourneen"; and Miss Sadie Dowling, merited an encore for her excellent rendition of "Eileen Aroon," as did also Mr. T. C. Emblem, in "Keep the Old Flag Floating Boys."

The Chairman then introduced Mr. Edward O'Brien Kennedy (Timothy Featherstone), who delivered an address upon "Sixteen Years in English Prisons." Mr. Kennedy said in his introductory remarks, the conditions of life in a British prison all combine to destroy the power of public speech; and, whatever ability he may have possessed previous to his sixteen years' incarceration as a political prisoner, in Chatham prison, has been naturally lessened by his long confinement.

After expressing regret at his inability to do justice to the assembled array of intelligence that he saw present, he proceeded to enumerate the objects and aspirations which actuated himself and his companions in prison, namely, love of their native land, and a desire to check the depredations of their country. He spoke of the troublesome days prior to his arrest; and of the struggle then going on in the old land between the tillers of the soil and the land-owners. He also narrated the active part he played in the struggle, which finally landed him, with others, in Chatham prison; and found him undergoing a life sentence. He described his entry and his first impressions of prison life. The strange sensations aroused by the dismal surroundings and the consciousness of their helplessness, made it impossible to do anything to concentrate the mind.

The prisoners arose at 5 a.m., and breakfasted at 7 o'clock. The period between being occupied in arranging the articles in their cell. They labored from 7.30 a.m. until 5.00 p.m., and retired at 8 o'clock. They were daily compelled to strip and allow themselves to be searched. Even at breakfast he was often compelled to stand aside and undergo the searching process. If a tool in the shops were missing, or out of place, all work was suspended until it was recovered. On account of these tacti-

## Catholic High School.

A most enjoyable and pleasant hour was spent at the Catholic High School, on Monday evening, when the pupils of the school entertained their parents and friends with songs, recitations and a dialogue in honor of their patron St. Patrick. The hall, which was most artistically decorated for the occasion by Messrs. Bernier and West, was used to its utmost capacity by a large and appreciative audience. At the close, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, who presided, gave an eloquent address, urging the boys to strive to follow in the footsteps of their glorious ancestors. The following programme was much appreciated:—

Chorus ..... "Jingle Bells" ..... Choir  
Recitation ..... "St. Patrick's Flag" ..... Choir  
Recitation ..... "The Boy Who Cried Wolf" ..... Choir  
Song ..... "Welcome a Kindergarten" ..... Choir  
Recitation ..... "A Close Call" ..... Choir  
Song ..... "The Gingerbread Boy" ..... Choir  
Dialogue ..... "The Thief of Time" ..... Senior Boys  
Song ..... "Come back to Erin" ..... Choir  
Erin go Bragh.

## St. Mary's Young Men.

The St. Patrick's Day concert, under the auspices of St. Mary's C. Y. M. Society, was held on Monday evening, March 19th, in St. Mary's Hall, and was, in every possible way, a decided success. The audience was the largest seen for years, the spacious hall being crowded to the doors. The programme was a long and varied one, and was carried out with remarkable precision. The first part of it opened with an address by President J. A. Heffernan, who in a few well chosen remarks, took occasion to congratulate the people of the parish in turning out in such large numbers. The Victoria Rifles' orchestra rendered a beautiful medley, and were recalled several times. The chorus by the convent pupils was charmingly rendered, and showed careful training. Miss B. Kelly's song was much appreciated. Mr. N. J. McShane, in his recitations, was a great favorite with the audience, and had to respond to several encores. The banjo selections by Messrs. Howard and Chambers, also won great favor with the audience. As usual, Miss Tootsie Durand carried the audience with her, and was repeatedly recalled. Miss Vidri-caire's song was well rendered, and received a round of applause. Mr. Jack Gallagher in his song and dance was a great success, and had to come to the front a few times before he could satisfy the audience.

Part 2nd, opened with a selection of Irish airs on the piano by Miss Katie Phelan and Miss May Gibson, which roused the enthusiasm of the audience. Mr. J. D. McKay in his comic songs proved a great success, and he was kept quite busy for some minutes, responding to encores. Miss Mollie Brennan's recitation, entitled the "Lost Ship," was a splendid effort, and showed the skilful training which the talented elocutionist received. Miss Vaillancourt's song was very well rendered, as well as the recitation given by the convent pupils. The proceedings closed with a song from Miss Tootsie Durand. The audience admitted they enjoyed a ge-

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## HISTORY OF THE UNION.

Recently Mr. Barry O'Brien delivered a most interesting lecture in Dublin, under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society. While his lecture was announced to be on "The Last Hundred Years of Irish History," in reality the learned speaker devoted considerable time to the enumeration of the various broken promises of the English governments in regard to Ireland. But one special feature of the lecture was the story of "The Union." It was thus Mr. O'Brien dealt with the subject:—

"Lord Byron called it the history of the shark with its prey. At that time the population of Ireland was about 5,000,000, consisting of 4,000,000 Catholics, 600,000 Protestant Episcopalians, and about 400,000 Presbyterians. All places of power and emolument were in the hands of the Protestants. The church of the Protestants was established and endowed, that of the 4,000,000 Catholics, was supported by voluntary contributions, but besides that the Catholics had to support the church of the Protestant minority. Dealing with the question of education, the lecturer said for nearly 300 years Protestant education had been helped and endowed by the state. The Protestants had their schools and the university, but up to this hour there was no university in Ireland for Catholics. Catholic Ireland must not have a university because it would hurt the conscience of England. The lecturer touched upon the struggle for Catholic emancipation. Before Catholic emancipation was granted, Sir Robert Peel, speaking in reference to that matter, said: "I cannot consent to widen the door of political power to Roman Catholics. I cannot consent to give them civil rights and privileges equal to those possessed by their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The Catholics of Ireland are 4,000,000, and the Protestants 800,000. If we admit the Catholics to equal rights with their Protestant fellow-countrymen they will swamp the state, and, therefore, they must not be admitted to equal rights." He (the lecturer) had heard much of equality in the present day—equality among whites. For equality among whites commend him to the English in Ireland.

The lecturer then dealt with the system of primary education given to Ireland, and said the Irish wanted denominational education, but the English said "No; you must have mixed schools." Then they appointed an education board, which consisted of four Protestants and two Catholics. This board was denounced by Archbishop Whately, an Englishman, and Mr. Carlyle, a Scotchman. The lecturer read extracts from school books which this board provided for the children in Irish schools, of which the following, he said, were samples. "At the east of Ireland is England." "Many people who live in Ireland were born in England." "We speak the same language and we are the same nation." These were put in by the Englishman on the board, and the Scotchman put in lots of things in praise of Scotland. The government of England in Ireland had not been all tragic, it was sometimes grotesque farce. Anything that was ever gained by Ireland was won by her own right hand. He (the lecturer) did not by any means take a gloomy view of the future of the Irish nation. He believed that the qualities which preserved the Irish Celt in oppression and persecution, scarcely paralleled in the history of any civilized country, would preserve him to the end. The Irish Celt survived the day of Cromwell; he will survive the day of Drummagem and the Rand.

None of us may know when the echo of a careless word will cease vibrating in the hearts of some that hear.

O the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed, to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinity thing God had given us to know.