

motherland. We are grieved to see that the weeping willow of sorrow still droops heavily over thy green turf; but we submit to the rulings of Providence, which so ordains, that the people who suffer most at home, should be the civilizers as well as the evangelizers of their sister peoples abroad."

The stirring words of "God Save Ireland" brought out the musical ability of the banqueters. It was the best sung chorus of the afternoon, and a fitting introduction for the toast,

IRELAND'S DESTINY

"Erin! oh Erin! though long in the shade
Thy star shall shine out, when the proudest
[shall fade."

Responded to by E. BOLGER, '98.

In proposing it Mr. McGee gave utterance to the following sentiments.

"To lesser nations leave inferior crowns," sang Erin's national poet. And such indeed, fellow students, seems to be Ireland's Destiny. That, having preserved her escutcheon stainless for centuries, she is not a nation of power and renown but seems destined to bear the standard of our Lord before the world and to keep alive the light of faith amidst many peoples. It would seem also, fellow students, that Ireland has another and very difficult mission set aside for her by Divine Providence. It would appear as if she were destined to constantly bear the cross of expiation up the hill of national trials. But as surely as the crucifixion was followed by the Resurrection, so surely must there be an end to that long road of national persecution, and a grand Easter of Liberty come to crown the Lenten season of Erin's sufferings. And fellow-students, may you and I and all of us be alive to see this dream of Ireland's destiny fully realized.

Gentlemen, I propose to you the toast "Ireland's Destiny."

Mr. Bolger seemed to enter into the spirit of the toast in his excellent reply. He said:—

Previous speakers have addressed you on Ireland's past and Ireland's

present. You have listened with evident delight to their eloquent remarks. Erin's national apostle has been extolled and his long and profitable life touchingly eulogized. We have heard of the glorious deeds of Erin's gallant soldiers in many lands and under many flags. We have also been shown how Irish literateurs have enriched the world with the productions of their genius, and Irish statesmen have astonished nations by their political wisdom. Ireland's undying faith has been painted in glowing colors.

But, gentlemen, a task quite different has fallen to my lot. I come not to fill the role of an historian but of a prophet; not the past but the future is my theme. What then shall be Ireland's destiny? What has the future in store for her as a compensation for the sorrows and injustice she has so heroically borne? Are we to behold again the glorious days of Ireland's golden age when she was known to the whole world as the "isle of saints and scholars," or is the future to show her once more persecuted and oppressed, the Niobe of nations?

It would require prophetic insight to perceive what lies on the other side of that mysterious, impenetrable veil that screens the future from us. But every man with Irish blood in his veins may be pardoned for picturing Ireland's future in the brightest colors, for outlining a noble and sublime destiny for the land of his fathers.

Not therefore, what Ireland will be, may I speak of, but what I earnestly trust and pray a bounteous future will bring her. And, borrowing the words of Cardinal Newman, exultantly would I repeat with him, "I look towards a land both old and young; old in its christianity, young in its promise of the future; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never questioned it; a church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustine and Paulinus found and Pole and Fisher